

Viña Delmar  
Isabel Moore  
Adela Rogers St. Johns

The Return of  
**HIRAM HOLLIDAY**  
By Paul Gallico

Faith Baldwin  
Sophie Kerr  
Louis Bromfield

Hearst's *International* combined with  
**Cosmopolitan**



*"United We Stand"*



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# Even though the Night is Magic it takes two to make Romance



## Romance fades when a girl is careless—Guard charm every day with Mum!

ROMANCE seems in the very air tonight! There's a moon to inspire unforgettable words, a lovely girl ready to listen. But there's no man to whisper them to Jane!

Too bad someone can't tell her that a girl must be more than pretty—more than smartly dressed to attract a man. Unless she *stays* nice to be near, how can she win his heart—how can a man stay in love?

The shocking thought that she's care-

less has never entered Jane's pretty head. She bathes each day, of course, before dates, too—shouldn't that be enough? She forgets that a bath's job is to remove *past* perspiration. To prevent risk of *future* odor, so many popular girls rely on *dependable* Mum.

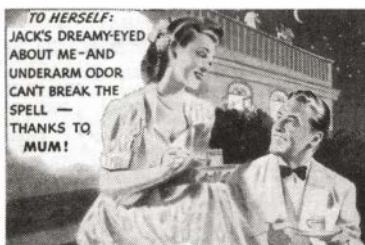
With Mum your bath-freshness lasts for long hours. Mum keeps you a charming companion, helps your chances for romance! You will like Mum for its:

**SPEED**—30 seconds to use Mum! Even when you're late for business or a date, you still have time for Mum!

**CERTAINTY**—No guesswork about Mum—because without stopping perspiration it *prevents* odor all day or all evening.

**SAFETY**—You can use Mum even after underarm shaving, even after you're dressed. Mum won't irritate skin. Mum won't harm fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering. Guard your charm with Mum!

### QUICK, CONVENIENT MUM KEEPS YOU BATH-FRESH FOR HOURS



FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—You need a gentle, safe deodorant for sanitary napkins. That's why thousands of women prefer dependable Mum this way, too.

# MUM

takes the odor out of perspiration

Mum is a Product of Bristol-Myers



Hearst's International combined with  
**Cosmopolitan**  
 Frances Whiting • Managing Editor  
 VOL. 113, NO. 2



Published in this space every month



The greatest star of the screen!

The theatre is now the junction of the Crossroads to Pleasure and Duty.

For, with bonds and stamps on sale in all lobbies, you can buy your two tickets—one to Joy, one to Victory.

The word "crossroads" throws us into a paragraph or two about Jack Conway. "Crossroads" is this sure-fire director's latest film.

It stars WILLIAM POWELL



and HEDY LAMARR no less.



But more about them anon.

Meanwhile back to JACK CONWAY



Possessing the charm of a music-box and the gallantry of a Walter Raleigh, our hero Conway has worked side by side with this leonine columnist for many years.

He has been an M-G-M standby, having directed "Honky Tonk", "Boom Town", "A Yank at Oxford", "Viva Villa" and a whole card-index of hits.

"Crossroads" is his latest. And his most different. But it is the same in one sense. It is a hit.

William Powell gives a dramatic performance that provides a complete change of pace from his equally brilliant comedy-ness. It is something to see.

And Hedy Lamarr is something to see, too. We don't know about you, but Hedy gets us. And if she doesn't get you, there are a lot more like us than like you.

"Crossroads" is ably abetted by Claire Trevor, Basil Rathbone and Margaret Wycherly. John Kafka and Howard Emmett Rogers wrote the original story; Guy Trosper, the screen play. Edwin Knopf produced.

An incident to the drama is a song by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, entitled "Til You Return". It's hum but not drum.

—Lea



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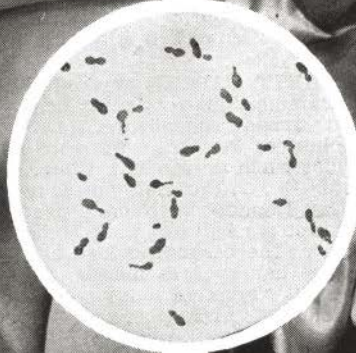
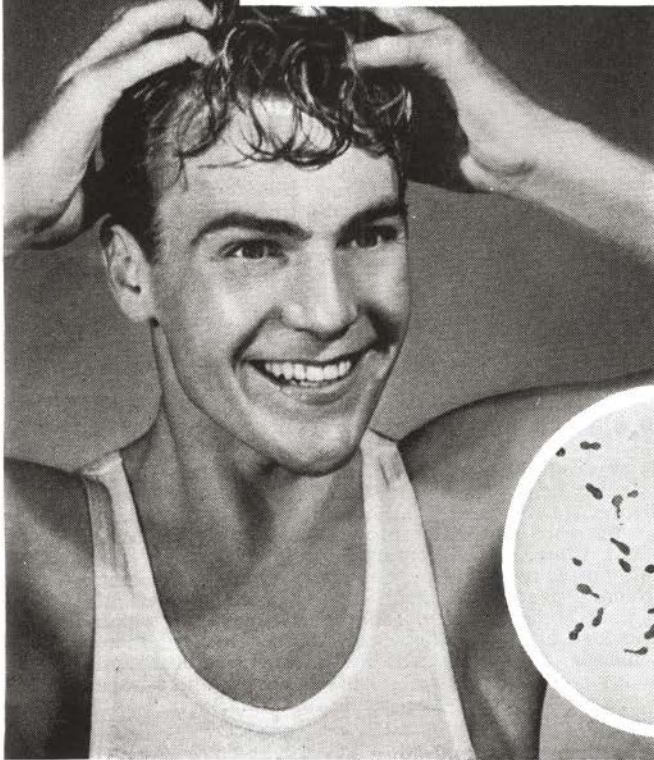




In these busy times



## DON'T NEGLECT YOUR "CROWNING GLORY"



*Pityrosporum ovale*, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

EVERY WEEK WHEN YOU WASH YOUR HAIR,

# Listerine *to guard against* Infectious Dandruff!

When defense work takes so much of your time you're likely to side-track some important things. Well—don't side-track your hair and scalp.

Remember that neglect can help bring about a case of the infectious type of dandruff, with the ugly flakes and scales, the irritated, itchy scalp that so often accompany it. Fortunately there's a simple, delightful precaution against this condition, which takes only a few minutes at home—Listerine Antiseptic and massage, as part of your regular hair wash. While there's no assurance, of course, that this guarantees perfect protection, thousands find it very effective.

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Remember—in clinical tests, 76% of the dandruff sufferers who used Listerine and massage twice a day showed complete dis-

appearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms within a month.

Keep on doing your "bit" but don't neglect hair and scalp. Don't wait for infectious dandruff to get started. The Listerine Antiseptic precaution is as delightful as it is easy. Buy the large economy bottle today. Bear in mind that Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of the new Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

## **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

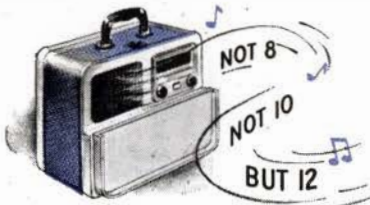
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**FIBS\***—the Kotex\* Tampon



NOT 8—NOT 10—BUT  
12 FOR 20¢

(\* Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

# Strictly Personal



BY DON MOORE



WHO, in real life, is *Hiram Holliday*? We know two newspapermen who modestly admit to their friends that they're the original inspiration of our popular character . . . "I have posed for Hiram through all of the three series and I almost feel that I am Hiram," says model *Ralph Bancroft* (left). He was "Elmer," the typical average American of the 1940 World's Fair . . . We've sometimes suspected that there was a little wish-projection on the part of Hiram's creator *Paul Gallico*, whose career is almost equally colorful . . . Anyway, Hiram goes on to another gloriously American adventure next month.

PRUETT CARTER was on the night shift of a California air-raid sector headquarters when he wrote our art director, *Ed Witalis*, about an amazing coincidence. He was getting authentic costumes in various volunteer women's workrooms for this month's "Home Front" illustrations when he ran into *Viña Delmar*, coming on duty. (She wrote the story!) . . . Carter is now illustrating next month's serial, "The Long Way Round," by Nobel Prize winner *Pearl S. Buck*. It's a novel of women's need for work, independence, self-respect—an urge which drives the heroine to lead a double life . . . Mrs. Buck has led more lives than that, as missionary, author, wife and mother, lecturer, and ardent worker in many war causes. She has been making short-wave broadcasts in English and Chinese to the people of China.

WHEN she got word that we'd bought her new short novel, "Families Are Like That," *Nancy Titus* got excited, ran out to celebrate, started her jalopy too abruptly . . . The engine caught fire, burned up the car. (We refuse to comment on burning enthusiasm or the spark of genius) . . . Her forthcoming story is being illustrated by *McClelland Barclay* (Lieut., U.S.N.R.), whom we ran into the other day in the Navy Building in Washington, delivering a Navy poster. Washington's a small world—as *Faith Baldwin* shows in her next short novel in the series about our war capital.



REPORTING at random on just a few of many other authors who are busy with *war work*, we're amazed that they find time to write the *Cosmo* stories and articles that help us to escape from our problems these days . . . For instance, *Libbie Block* is working for the Interceptor Command; so's our Fashions in Fiction author *Lee Russell* . . . Like so many writers, *J. P. McEvoy* practically commutes between his home and Washington to cover Government and war effort subjects . . . *Mary Hastings Bradley*, who's working on a serial for us, is traveling and making speeches selling War Bonds . . . *Margaret Culkin Banning* has been doing war writing and lecturing. She just flew to England on a war mission; hope she'll bring back a yarn for us.



ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS got the idea for her next story about a girl in a war plant from her beautiful blond daughter *Elaine*—who's working in a New England aircraft factory . . . *Marianne Barrett* makes her bow soon with an exciting aviation story—she's pinch-hitting for her writer son who's now in the Air Corps . . . *Andrew Loomis*, who illustrates the coming book-length novel of family life by *Kathleen Norris*, works as a civilian defense fireman.

*Eric Knight* just returned from a flying (literally) trip to his native England, as assistant to the director, *Major Frank Capra*, making films for soldiers. Knight brought back a new story for us . . . *Stewart Beach* has just been commissioned in the Army . . . And your correspondent is going into the Army too; so long!



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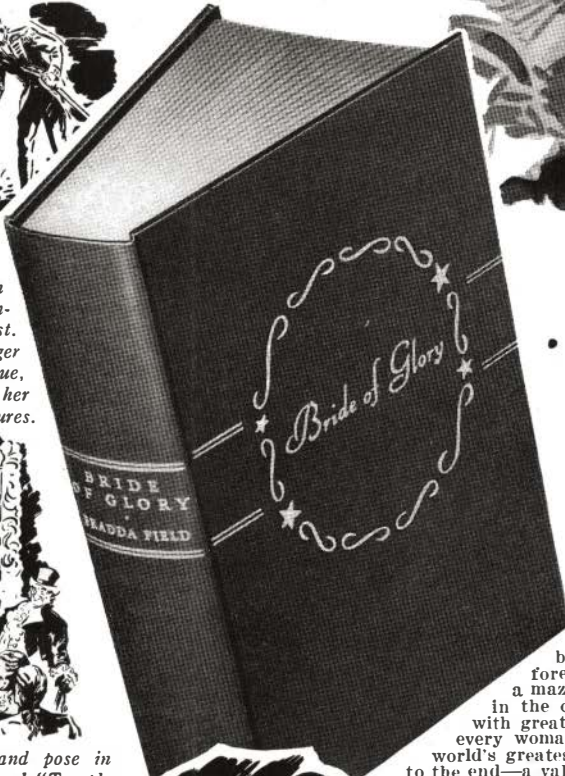
"You spur me on!  
Like a guardian  
angel, you stand  
pointing the way to  
fame and glory.  
Miledi—Emma—  
will you give me one  
real kiss—to re-  
member in the hour  
of battle?"



A servant girl swept along by a riotous crowd in the streets of London, Emy is lost. A gallant stranger comes to her rescue, starts her on her amazing adventures.



Hired to sing and pose in Dr. Graham's quack "Temple of Health," Emy's fame spread and her rise was swift. Fortune brought her to Naples, a guest of Sir William Hamilton, the British Ambassador. On a stormy night, in the glare of erupting Vesuvius, Sir William knew how much he wanted her. . . .



.. this gay tale of a beauty whose pranks and passions scandalized a nation!

963 Action-Packed Pages—One of the Most Sensational Best-Sellers of the Year, Selling at Retail for \$3.00—Yours FREE!

AT FIFTEEN Emy Lyon was initiated in the arts of love by a British sea captain who plucked her out of a London riot. When his shore leave ended he blithely passed her on to his wealthy young friend Sir Harry—and Emy as blithely went. Her breathless, enchanting beauty became the talk of London, England's foremost artist found in Emy Lyon his greatest inspiration. Through a maze of love affairs, intrigues and betrayals, she fought her way upward in the court society. She became the confidante of royalty, was entrusted with great cares of state. Then, in her full maturity, the great love for which every woman longs was consummated. As beloved mistress of Lord Nelson, "the world's greatest hero," she took her place in history, but she remained Emy Lyon to the end—a valiant and laughing spirit. This is the exciting and colorful story told in BRIDE OF GLORY, the great new novel by Bradda Field. It is unfolded against one of the most dramatic and most eventful backgrounds of world history.

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Critics have accorded this romantic story the highest praise. "Bradda Field keeps the tempo swift-paced from the beginning to the end, the reader fascinated. . . . *Bride of Glory* will become one of the year's best sellers because it, like its heroine, is irresistible."—Chicago Tribune. "A rich tapestry of living . . . the very stuff of romance."—N. Y. Herald Tribune. Although this big 963-page book sells at retail in the original publisher's edition for \$3.00, we will send you a copy absolutely free if you join the Literary Guild now. Read details of Guild membership below.

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"Knickerbockers should be worn as lace petticoats produce falls." *Cosmopolitan*, July, 1895.



"To women the bicycle is deliverance, revolution, salvation." *Cosmopolitan*, July, 1895.

# Beauty and the Bike

by jon whitesomb

Heads turned when Grandma went whizzing by—and they will again when this young siren in shorts burns up the road this summer.





Score one for love!  
Something old, something new  
As youth starts from scratch  
On a bicycle built for two.



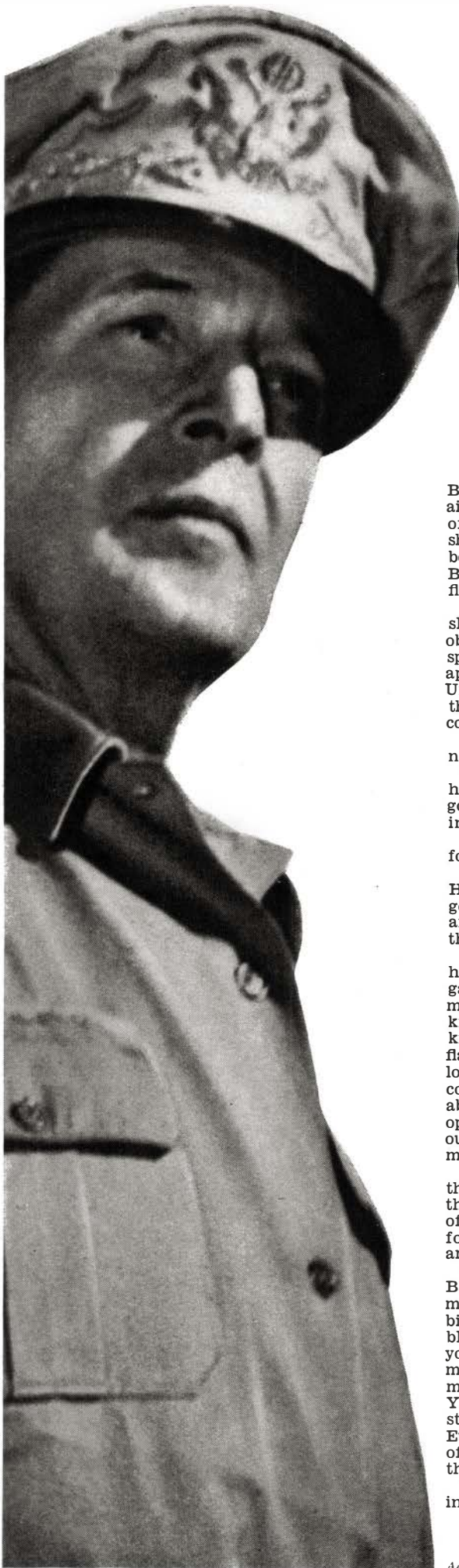
"Moderate women will wear gaiters and a skirt reaching to the ankles." *Cosmopolitan, July, 1895.*



Riding is fun, but at the end  
of a perfect day there is nothing  
like time out for romance.







★ FROM THE FIGHTING FRONTS ★

# General Douglas MacArthur

THE COSMOPOLITE OF THE MONTH

BY CLARK LEE

A.P. Correspondent Under Fire with MacArthur in Bataan

BY CABLE FROM AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND, via London: As the air-raid siren atop Corregidor's Malinta Tunnel screamed a warning of approaching death from the skies, General Douglas MacArthur, with shoulders back and chin forward at a fighting angle, walked from behind the sandbag barricades at the tunnel mouth into the open air. Bright midday sunlight sparkled on the calm waters of Manila Bay and flashed from the gold braid of MacArthur's jauntily tilted cap.

Soldiers racing pell-mell for safety in the quarter-mile-long tunnel slowed to a walk as they noted their commander scanning the skies in obvious unconcern. The late Melville Jacoby, the American correspondent killed in Australia, and I stood waiting the enemy raiders' appearance. We knew MacArthur had been hoping for word that the United Nations had accepted his plans for a major effort to reinforce the Philippines, which he believed possible while the Japanese were concentrating their principal drives against Malaya and Java.

As the General approached us, Mel said, "You look as if that good news had come at last, sir."

MacArthur flashed his brief grave smile and motioned us aside. "Boys," he said, pointing his cane at a near-by drainage ditch, "if I'd received good news, I wouldn't be standing here smiling. I would be prostrate in that ditch from shock."

Then the Japanese planes came over with load after load of bad news for Corregidor's defenders.

This characterizes one of the great qualities of MacArthur's leadership. He takes the burden of bad news on his own shoulders and shares the good with his subordinates. His very appearance inspires confidence, and after a word or a handshake from him the boys in Bataan felt that through some miracle they would win through in the end.

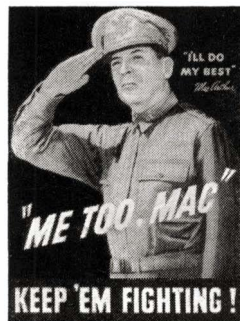
MacArthur looks born to command. There is an aura of victory about him, a self-assurance so supreme it is contagious. One feels Destiny gave him superb confidence in his own ability and judgment. Other men may doubt themselves; MacArthur never does. He has the training and knowledge to back his assurance. He is a master of military tactics. He knows every weapon of war and how and when to use it. He has a real flair for movements on a big scale and a love of combat. He has unbounded personal courage plus a sense of timing which enables him to outguess and outmaneuver his opponents. All these qualities, plus a thorough knowledge of the troops under him, made Bataan's long defense possible.

Time after time MacArthur outguessed the enemy and saved Bataan by bold strokes that kept the Japanese from realizing scores of thousands of imperial troops were being fought to a standstill by a mere skeleton army.

You've read MacArthur's communiqués on Bataan—battle-brief, vivid, living words that must have burned your nostrils with the bitter sting of cordite; made you sweat and bleed with those Filipino and American youngsters though you were thousands of miles away. You've read his congratulatory

message on Roosevelt's birthday, his memorable words on Bataan's fall. You know he has a gift of stirring prose. His conversational style is stripped of adjectives but is equally forceful, impressive and inspirational. Every word, inflection and gesture builds to a climax. He has the knack of making every man under him feel his own job is so all-important the fate of the United Nations depends on that job's being well done.

Jacoby and I thought of ourselves as hard-boiled reporters. We had interviewed so many generals, so many important peo- (Cont. on p. 10)



Acme





*Vertical boring mill, built by Fisher expressly for tank production, machines a tank turret at a Fisher Body plant.*

# *Master hands at many crafts*

Long ago Fisher Body acquired leadership in an exacting trade through the mastery of many skills and crafts. Today this diversified craftsmanship is of indispensable value, as busy Fisher plants turn out war products in a variety that ranges from aircraft instruments to bomber assemblies and from machine tools and jigs to

anti-aircraft gun mounts and tanks. Master hands are busy at many crafts, impelled not only by pride in their work, but by the knowledge that in the speed, the excellence and the volume of their work lie the seeds of final and conclusive victory.



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**PROUDLY FISHER FLIES THE "E" FOR EXCELLENCE**—highest service award in the Navy. Fisher, the first in the automotive industry to receive this coveted emblem for its ahead-of-schedule production, is also the first in the industry to fly the burgee with a star, awarded every six months for continued excellence of production.

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General MacArthur attends a session of the Australian Parliament.

(Continued from page 8)

ple in so many countries that we considered ourselves unimpressible. We knew that losing a battle like Bataan was not flags and drums but blood and guts and the fear of terrible suffering. But after listening to MacArthur for five minutes, we'd gladly have charged over Bataan's No Man's Land under fire.

We agreed that MacArthur doesn't just talk to you—he hypnotizes you! MacArthur had his heart sold on the defense of the Philippines, not only because his own and his country's prestige was at stake, but for broad strategic reasons. He wanted the islands held even at the tremendous risk which reinforcement would have involved, because the Philippines were the last Allied stronghold inside the Japanese lines.

MacArthur knows that the Pacific war will be won by fighting, not by long-range attrition nor by remaining on the defensive. Immediately after he arrived in Australia he started planning for a northward drive which will someday end in Tokyo. The spectacular American air raid on the Philippines in April was planned by him. Subsequently, from northern Australia, his planes have been reaching out for the enemy, ranging thousands of miles across land and sea to smash Japanese advance bases. Planes and ships under his command, combined with units of the Pacific Fleet, dealt the Japanese a serious though not decisive blow in the Coral Sea battle. In terms of over-all strategy, the Coral Sea defensive action, which at least temporarily kept the Japanese from occupying bases closer to Australia, was also an example of MacArthur's tactics to smash and smash, hammer and hammer the enemy wherever and whenever possible.

If MacArthur is given sufficient forces, such blows as that of the Coral Sea will be followed through by overseas offensive operations in the future. MacArthur doesn't underestimate the task confronting him, nor the strength of a foe who, in five short months, overwhelmed three of the world's great fortifications—Hong Kong, Singapore and Corregidor—smashed Allied sea power and air power in the Far East and drove the white man completely out of the Orient.

Japan hasn't succeeded only through numerical superiority, as popularly supposed; in fact, the Japanese have won many battles since December seventh with inferior forces. The Japanese have won because they are willing to take risks and because they use their war weapons superbly. The co-ordination of their army, navy and air force has been flawless. Sea-borne supplies have moved over tremendous distances with express-train regularity. The limited Japanese air force has been shifted from front

### "WHO — ME?"

Not right now, sonny. But you just wait! This whole great country is going to be needing you. Say about 15 years from now, when you've acquired a little algebra, and a best girl, and 100-odd more pounds of bone and muscle.

### "What'll it need ME for then?"

For lots of things. For jobs a great deal different and better than today's. You like airplanes, don't you?

### "Airplanes? You bet!"

Well, we'll need you to fly them. Better planes than any we have now, flying higher and faster. They'll be safer, and the whole world will be safer, too, when you take to the air. We're determined on that, and we're doing everything in our power to make sure of it. What else do you like to do?

### "Well, we're buildin' a clubhouse..."

Building! Just the thing! We're going to want your help with a lot of building. Houses, and the things that go into houses. Things like air conditioning, and better heating and lighting, and refrigerators. I tell you, you're going to be busy!

### "Bu—but I like to PLAY!"

And you'll have some wonderful things to play with! Radio such as nobody knows today, and television, and the results of new research in electricity and plastics and electronics—things that aren't even imagined yet. Things that you'll have a hand in imagining, and then making real. And you'll find there's no play in all the world that's as much fun as helping to build the world of the future.

Yes, sonny, we're all going to need you. And we're all of us—fathers and mothers, soldiers, men and women of American industry—working and fighting right now to make sure that this world of the future will be a better world. A world in which a young man like you can find the fullest opportunities to work and build and play. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

★ ★ ★

*The volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we cannot tell you about it now. When it can be told we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of industrial progress.*

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**

952-317N3-211



to front as needed and has performed its job magnificently. The Japs have shown imagination, daring and perfect planning. Repeatedly they bluffed and won.

MacArthur knows the mettle of his foe; he knows too that the United States must win the Pacific war for itself and that winning is going to cost us dearly in blood and suffering. No one else is going to win the war for us—not Russia or China; nor will there be a revolution in Japan. MacArthur knows the Jap isn't Superman—that the strongest Samurai spirit won't survive a well-aimed shot from a Springfield.

His formula for beating the Japanese can be put simply and bluntly: Go where the Japanese are and kill them. Only after hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of Japanese are killed will the lives of Americans be safe. MacArthur has the formula and plans. He's getting the men and weapons slowly but surely.

But a general can only plan. He can't fight battles himself. Japanese fanaticism is a powerful weapon which can be matched only by a determination on the part of every American in uniform to sell his life as dearly as possible, and of the Americans behind the guns to turn out war weapons and get them to the fighting fronts as fast as possible. For time, as MacArthur realizes, is now on the Japanese side—time to solidify the Japanese position in new island strongholds, time to attempt to unite the Oriental peoples against the beaten and humiliated white man.

MacArthur realizes the value of time. He won't waste an hour or a second getting the offensive under way. MacArthur's Filipino forces regarded him with a reverence close to idolatry. Australians, traditionally hard-boiled, took one look at the General, then handed him the keys to their hearts and their country. The Australians expected him to do everything from settling labor disputes to standardizing gauges on their railways. They regarded him as a combination Washington, Lincoln, Napoleon and Paul Bunyan. In Australia you hear dozens of times daily, "MacArthur will straighten that out," or "MacArthur won't let them get away with it."

In fact, the Australians welcomed MacArthur so enthusiastically that he threatened to be overwhelmed with inconsequential details which would distract him from his only job today: to fight and defeat the Japanese. But he dealt adroitly and speedily with political and international problems and got down to the task in hand. MacArthur knows the details of military problems, knows men and how to handle them, but he has no time for details now. He does his planning on a broad scale, maps out movement and general strategy and leaves details to his efficient, fast-working staff.

MacArthur likes men about him who are tough in mind and body, such as Major General Dick Sutherland, his Chief of Staff, the late Brigadier General George and the dashing Air Corps General Ralph Royce. He took an instant liking to young Lieutenant John Bulkeley of the United States Navy, hero of many long-shot night attacks in swift torpedo boats against Japanese shipping. The General affectionately nicknamed Bulkeley "that buccaneer."

If MacArthur has a motto in personal life it is undoubtedly "*Mens sana in corpore sano*"—a sound mind in a sound body. Regardless of conditions, MacArthur always manages to get daily exercise and at sixty-two is a picture of health and energy. He believes the body can do anything the mind wills it to, and that mind and body can and must be  
(Continued on page 15)



# First Aid to wartime food budgets

SOME HINTS TO HELP YOU KEEP FOOD COSTS DOWN

## 1. PLAN AHEAD!



It is best to make up menus for several days ahead, remembering that *what* you eat is as important as *how much* you eat. The essential foods for a balanced diet should be included first, then whatever extras your budget allows. Latest market news is often carried in newspapers and radio broadcasts. It helps you plan meals around the foods in good supply at moderate prices. Leftovers should be included, too. When you bake, fuel may be conserved by cooking a second baked dish at the same time—for example, a dessert or some food for the next meal. Buy what you need and can use, but do not hoard. There is plenty of food.

## 2. BUY WISELY!



The most expensive foods are not always the most nutritious. Less expensive cuts of meat and smaller sizes of fruits are as high in food value, and frequently as good-tasting, as fancier ones. Foods in season are usually cheaper. Larger sizes of canned and packaged foods are generally more economical. Information on labels enables you to compare values. Evaporated milk and most kinds of cheese supply the same food elements as fresh milk, and sometimes enjoy a price advantage. Canned fruits and vegetables may be used interchangeably with fresh. Beef, lamb and pork livers are as nutritious as calves' liver. Cereals and bread should be whole grain, or enriched.

## 3. COOK WITH IMAGINATION!



Higher wartime food prices are a challenge to our ability as cooks. Good cooking can make masterpieces out of the humblest foods; poor cooking can ruin even the best foods. Many ordinary dishes can be made most attractive with just the right seasonings, sauces and imagination! Cook books and magazines suggest new and interesting ways of preparing foods. Don't waste anything! Trimmings and bones from meat and fowl, and outside leaves of vegetables, may be added to soups. The water from vegetables is good for soups and stews. The tendency is to overcook most foods. This wastes fuel and harms food values.

**OTHER HINTS:** Home canning can save money, when vegetables and fruits are available in good quantity at low prices. A home garden is excellent—if you have the space, the good soil, the time and knowledge necessary for success. Every farm family should have a home garden. Wild berries and wild greens sometimes are available—your state department of agriculture may issue a pamphlet on wild greens.

Metropolitan will send you a free booklet, 82-B, "Three Meals a Day," containing directions for budgeting your food money to best advantage.

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CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD  
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# Family Quiz



**FATHER**

1. What state legislature is bilingual?
2. What Cabinet member was once a newspaper reporter?
3. Where is the world's largest collection of fingerprints?
4. Distinguish between Flying Fortress, flying buttress and Flying Dutchman.
5. Do you know what a fathometer is?
6. How is the Governor of Alaska chosen?
7. What is the commonest chemical element in the earth's crust?
8. What is the nearest United States port to the Orient?
9. Why do savages listen with an ear to the ground?
10. What is the franking privilege of Congressmen?
11. From what general region does briar for pipes come?
12. What does the word "khaki" really mean?  
(Answers on page 98)



**MOTHER**

1. What state did John Hancock, Declaration of Independence signer, represent at the Continental Congress?
2. What is the principal substance from which glass is made?
3. Who wrote "Hedda Gabler" and "Peer Gynt"?
4. What three states in the U. S. have four letters in their names?
5. Who was the first American to win the Nobel Prize for Literature?
6. What noted American statesman was born in the West Indies?
7. Give the last six words of the Gettysburg Address.
8. Is the piano a string or a percussion instrument?
9. Is lagniappe a French dish, a disease or a gratuity?
10. Is a case of plumbago similar to a case of lumbago?
11. What four important words are written on the three-cent postage Defense stamps?
12. Who discovered X rays?  
(Answers on page 76)



**SISTER**

1. Name the eleven Confederate States.
2. If you were a pedagogue, to which profession would you belong?
3. Where are the Falkland Islands located?
4. What color are the blossoms of each of the following: (1) mustard, (2) onion, (3) okra, (4) strawberry?
5. Which state in the Union has no counties?
6. Who wrote Poor Richard's Almanack?
7. Was Victor Herbert born an Irishman, an Englishman or an American?
8. What was Rembrandt's last name?
9. What republic was founded as a home for freed slaves?
10. Name five words of five letters or more that spell the same backward as forward.
11. What did Paul Revere do for a living?
12. Tagalog is the official language of what peoples?  
(Answers on page 88)



**BROTHER**

1. What is the motto of the United States Marine Corps?
2. Name the only West Point graduate to become President of the U. S.
3. You know what a U-boat is and what an X ray is. What is a Y-gun?
4. What was the earliest metal used by man?
5. What is a manta ray?
6. What is a scupper?
7. In boxing, which is heavier, a bantamweight or a featherweight?
8. Distinguish between a brace and a leash of dogs or other animals.
9. Where is the wake of a ship located?
10. What is Alaska's most important industry?
11. Is the baby grasshopper a grub, a poult, a nymph or a caterpillar?
12. Of what material is the top of the Washington Monument made?  
(Answers on page 115)

We will pay \$2 for each original question submitted which the Editors find acceptable. Please give the source or proof of your answer. All questions submitted will become the property of Cosmopolitan. Address FAMILY QUIZ, Cosmopolitan, 959 —8th Avenue, New York, N. Y.



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PHILCO  
by Sykes



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## “DIG ‘EM OUT!”

“More! Better! Sooner!” is the war-cry of Philco’s soldiers of production. In this cartoon, C. H. Sykes interprets the spirit that spurs them on. Posted on the walls of the Philco factories, it is one of a series being drawn for Philco by America’s leading editorial cartoonists as an inspiration to the workers who are helping to produce the weapons of victory.

★ ★ ★

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And with that victory another triumph will come. Peace, yes! Freedom, yes! But a vastly greater enjoyment of both. The new and deadlier swords that men fashion with fierce inspiration today will be beaten into plowshares of untold happiness for tomorrow.

Here at Philco, our engineers and scientists are devoting their toil and their genius to the weapons of war . . . communications equipment, airplane and tank radios, artillery fuzes and shells. Already in their laboratories and assembly lines, the fruits of their efforts hold undreamed-of promise for the future. American industry will deliver the implements of victory to our valiant forces . . . and with them, new and abundant joys for the tranquil years of peace!

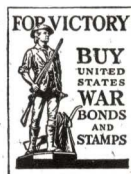
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# America Responds to:

# Even One is Too Many

The name of the writer of this article is withheld for obvious reasons.  
This manuscript came to us unsolicited and Cosmopolitan presents it.

## From a Foreman's Wife:

"I have just finished reading 'Even One Is Too Many' in your June copy of Cosmopolitan. I felt I had to write to you. My husband and I came here from another section of the country two years ago. He went to work in a new factory making parts for airplanes. He stayed there three months and he had to quit. He had to work much harder trying to work slow as the author of your article explained. We stayed there a year as inspectors. He received an opportunity for a much better position in a near-by city in the airplane plant. He is foreman now. He tries to keep the men busy but he can't watch all of them at the same time. There are over 400 men in his department.

"Production is up—yes—because more men are working longer hours. Something must be done to change this distressing situation. Perhaps if the rates were lowered and the standard number of pieces were raised, it would help. I know of hundreds of men, directly or indirectly, who have made claims that they could put out anywhere from 1/3 to twice as many pieces as they are doing.

"It turns me cold to think my brother died for men like that. He was in the Navy and only 22 years old. He's been dead a month now.

"I have an adorable little girl, three years old. I've been going to school since the first of February. I've finished my course now. The salary will go for bonds and half of my husband's does now. I hate to have other people take care of my baby but I can't stay idle. My brother's time was up in the Navy January 7th, a month after Pearl Harbor. He was going to be married on the 16th. He re-enlisted though. The girl he was going to marry is coming to live here and work in the defense plant. My father is selling his business and coming too. We can't bring him back but he put his country first. It is the least we can do in his memory. Life and death seem unimportant now. If we go he'll be there. All that's left is work. Our country and way of living has to be preserved for my baby and her babies and all future babies. We aren't kidding ourselves that this is a war to end wars. Freedom—it's a lovely word and worth fighting for, again and again."

## An Automotive Executive Writes:

"There has come to my desk a removed page, evidently from one of your publications, entitled 'Even One Is Too Many' written by a defense worker.

"Since we are running a plant entirely on defense work, we are very much interested in this article. I would like to ask whether it has been reprinted, or can be reprinted, so that we can place it on our bulletin board as I believe it will do many of the workers good to read such an article.

"I will await your early reply."

## From a Defense Council in an Eastern State:

"We were deeply impressed by the article 'Even One Is Too Many' which appears in the June, 1942, issue of Cos-

mopolitan. Would you grant us a permit to have this article reprinted to be sent to factories throughout the state?"

## From a Company Making Tanks:

"I am employed by \_\_\_\_\_ and as you know we are building tanks, etc., for our country. I have just finished reading a story in your June issue of Cosmopolitan called 'Even One Is Too Many' which I thought was very good. I do not know, but I think we people of \_\_\_\_\_ are not like those people in the story. I would

In the June issue of Cosmopolitan appeared an article By a Defense Worker describing his personal experience with the "slow down" in a plant engaged in vital war work. "Slow down" means that the individual worker is not permitted to produce at normal speed; that his output is held to an arbitrary low daily average.

Donald M. Nelson, in a foreword to the article, stated that such practices were not prevalent, but deplored them where they might exist and called on every worker to correct them.

Response to this article was instantaneous and gratifying. Letters and telegrams poured in from all parts of the country, and all shades of opinion were represented. We present a few of the letters here so that you may observe public opinion at work in a democracy and judge for yourselves how very intelligent, sound and loyal the average American is.

like to have your permission to be able to have this printed in our own company magazine. Thanking you for such a wonderful magazine . . ."

## From a Business Executive

"There is going over my desk today for circulation among people who are in charge of defense work an article taken from one of your issues entitled 'Even One Is Too Many.'

"May I ask if you know positively that this did not emanate from our enemy's propaganda machine? I don't like this kind of literature being circulated in any way so that soldiers might read it. I know from experience that this kind of stuff doesn't do a soldier any good."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The proper authorities were supplied with all names, dates and places for checking before we published the article.*

## "A Lowly Private" Writes:

"This is my first offense at throwing my two cents' worth at a mag, but then this is the first time anything rubbed the wrong way so much. Incidentally, there are a few thousand of us here putting in twelve hours a day almost every day. The grouching is at a minimum. Could be that it is impressed on us every day that we are playing for keeps that accounts for it."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Thank you, Private! Please read the next letter. It demon-*

*strates how public opinion works to correct such conditions.*

## A Worker Writes:

"The wife of one of our foremen thought she recognized the plant. She showed the piece to her husband and he has been cracking down on any laggards. When I got to work the other day I was tipped off that everybody had to be on his toes or they'd be kicked out fast."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A number of workers, foremen and managers "thought they recognized" the plant. None guessed right.*

## Another Worker Writes:

"The company employing me, and its workers, were proud of their work record before December 7th. Yet on the week following that Sunday, one department of the plant nearly doubled its usual production.

"The company had made no appeal to those men. The flag hadn't been waved. The gang felt the time for speeches and flag waving had passed. Flags are grand in a parade. But when the fighting starts they belong on top of poles, while guys keep their eyes on the gunsights.

"Our gang didn't slow down. They sort of took charge of things themselves!

"If Boss Don Nelson finds any plant where men are lying down on the job, tell him to farm groups of those slackers out to plants that are getting things built on time. Give us a crack at them. We'll kick their pants for the boys on Bataan. And keep on schedule, too."

## A Thoughtful Citizen Says:

"The defense worker who wrote the article must be one of these people who are too shy to stand on their two feet and speak up for themselves. I am wondering how he can salve his conscience. Did he tell someone in authority about the conditions? Did he tell their names? Or did the article do the trick? When he says that he was afraid of being called a flag waver, did he mean that? Why should anyone be afraid of that? For heaven's sake, please tell me how this country can win a war when people are afraid? Certainly common sense is needed in these times, but it is not common sense to be afraid of being called a flag waver. Just think what it would mean to not have a flag to wave or a country to fight for, or a body to call your own, or a home, or a friend, or a President, or an America. How could this defense worker have the courage to write the article after waiting so long to bring the condition to light?

"If this war is to be won every American must be tough, he must use his good common sense, BUT if there is any doubt in his mind as to his duty, he should do any one of a thousand things BUT HE MUST NOT STAND COMPLICITLY IDLE. It would be far better to make a mistake while doing than to stand aside, do nothing, and lose the war. In the case of doubt, shoot first, then ask questions."



(Continued from page 11)

trained to the brutal nerve-shaking shocks of war.

MacArthur knows his own abilities but dislikes hero worship. He knows he's been placed on a pedestal which can be blasted from under him as readily as it was erected. He feels he still has to earn the Congressional Medal, the honor which was voted him for the defense of the Philippines. He isn't a tin god but a human being with human qualities which, in some people, may be faults, but which are virtues in a fighting leader.

MacArthur fiercely resents any insult to his honor or challenge of his soldier's courage, and consequently is occasionally disturbed by comparatively unimportant affronts which another man might ignore. His instinct, inherited from Scottish clan ancestors, is to reach for his sword and fight to the death against the man who dares question his bravery. Seeing him in those moods, you can picture his ancestors with flashing dirks and swirling kilts, locked in mortal combat with enemy clansmen beside some lonely Highland lake.

MacArthur's disregard of his personal safety often causes him to take extreme risks, to the despair of his staff. At Corregidor he insisted on remaining without shelter in the target area during the first of the Japanese air raids which were to make Corregidor share with Malta the dubious honor of being the world's most air-blitzed islands. With only his orderly and his chauffeur—both Filipino scouts—MacArthur stood in front of his house while thousand-pounders rained on Corregidor's "topside" area.

Zero fighters followed the bombers, diving so swiftly that MacArthur had time only to lean back against a grass embankment in front of the house. More bombers came over, and one large bomb hit near by, showering the house with fragments. The General's orderly instinctively took off his tin hat and held it in front of MacArthur's face. A flying piece of shrapnel hit the orderly's hand holding the helmet, cutting a finger deeply. Except for the helmet, MacArthur would have been killed or wounded.

During the crucial days on Bataan in early January, when the Thirty-first Regiment was fighting desperately against at least one division of Japs, MacArthur visited the Thirty-first's front-line positions and gave weary and battered American troops the inspiration to go on. Once in Bataan, while we were smoking a cigarette during an air raid, I remarked to MacArthur that I had interviewed Lieutenant General Masaharu Homma in Tientsin in late 1939, at which time Homma said Japan would probably have to fight the United States. I remarked that Homma was "widely traveled, well-educated and well-informed. He's more like an admiral than a general." I meant the comparison to apply only to Japanese admirals and generals; I didn't realize how it would sound addressed to an American general.

MacArthur laughed heartily and said, "I'll be happy to meet the gentleman someday and receive his sword when he surrenders to me."

Today MacArthur is more than ever eager to meet Homma if the Jap general is still alive, as Tokyo claimed after MacArthur reported his suicide at Manila. Under his warrior's code, Homma alive is an affront to MacArthur, and MacArthur will never be satisfied until he returns to Manila at the head of a conquering army and receives Homma's sword in token of surrender. Then, with Bataan avenged and the Philippines freed, it will be "On to Tokyo," for MacArthur has a date with Destiny.



catch-on to  
**Crispness**



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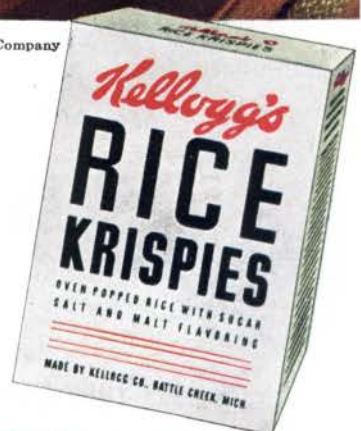
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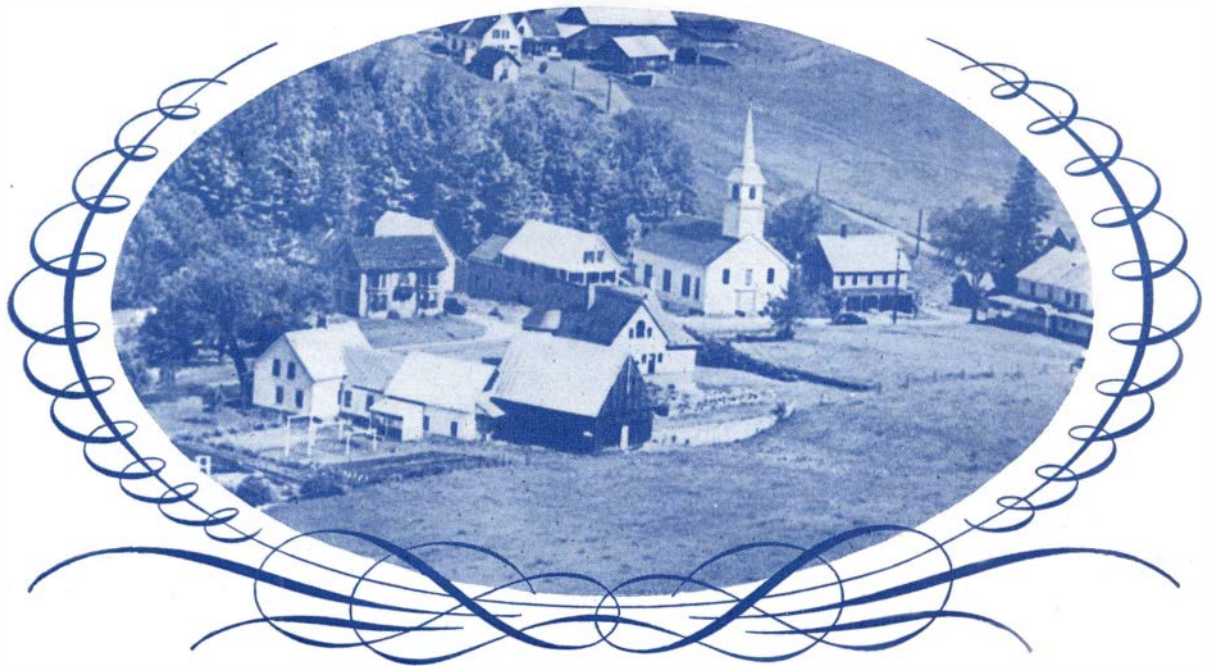
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# Independence

. . . . . A LETTER TO MYSELF

Dear McEvoy —

When you were a little boy, remember how you went to Fourth of July celebrations and fidgeted through those star-spangled speeches about Independence? And you said, "That's all very well except I'm not independent. I've got to get away from this farm and go to the city and make a lot of money—then I'll really be independent and have something to celebrate."

So you left the farm and went to the city and worked for your independence, and the harder you worked the more people you hired—and the more people you hired the harder you had to work to pay them, and instead of being independent you found you were entirely dependent on them, because you were so busy earning money to pay them you forgot how to do things for yourself. You couldn't write unless you had a secretary to dictate to, or drive without a chauffeur, or mix a drink without a butler, or keep the house warm without a handy man in the cellar. You couldn't raise your own potatoes without a gardener, or peel them without a cook, and all these people had to eat and you had to work seven days a week to feed them. If there was anything left, that's what you got.

Something was wrong, but you couldn't figure out what it was. One week end Otto Kahn invited you out to his estate on Long Island. His house—it was really a castle—stood in the middle of a private golf course deep in the heart of a wooded park slightly smaller than Texas. One little item that stuck in your mind was the thirty-five assorted automobiles, domestic and foreign, in the garage. As butlers, maids, valets, golf professionals, trainers, hostlers and jockeys came and went all over the place, you realized that you weren't earning enough money. Here was a man who was really independent. So you went out to Hollywood and worked five times as hard and made seven times as much, which enabled you to have a house eleven times as big with thirteen times as many people working for you. When they all lined up on payday, they looked like the entire cast of "Gone with the Wind."

Now your secretary had secretaries. Your agents collected your salary, which your business managers divided up and passed around, accounting to your auditor who faithfully reported to your attorney that you were now spending twice as much each week as you were making but not to let you know about it because it might worry you and interfere with your work and then what would happen to all of them?

"This can't go on," you'd say now and then, but it did.

Then one day on your way back from Hollywood you stopped off and visited your home town. There you met many of your boyhood friends, now grown-up. They envied the independence which they *thought* you had. But you envied them the independence which you could *see* they had—for they did everything under the sun with their own capable hands. They built their own houses and barns, raised their food—their meat and grain, their fruit and vegetables. They tapped their maples for sugar, their hives for honey. Fuel? Coal cropped out of the ground, wood grew for the cutting. Did they worry about gasoline and tires? In their barns were buggies for the summer, sleighs for the winter, and they bred their own horses that could pull a plow or sport a saddle. Snug from the storm, they nestled beneath their own tight roofs, and underfoot the good black earth was theirs and the fullness thereof.

"This is It," you said. "This is that independence you left in the country and went to the city to look for, only to find it back here in the country." But is it to be found only in the country? Maybe you could find it any place where there are people who haven't stopped doing things for themselves—who have real independence because they are not dependent. Simple as that!

You had always thought of independence as something won by George Washington and handed down intact as a national heritage; something that you would never have to do anything about, personally. But now you know it can't be handed down intact. That it isn't national but individual, and that it isn't a right you are entitled to but a privilege you must continue to earn by making it work in your everyday life.

Maybe the war will help you by forcing you to *do*—as well as *do without*. Servant problems will vanish with the servants—who will be serving their country, not you. This morning your gardener problem disappeared with the gardener and you got out yourself and mowed that lawn.

And did you notice how neatly your secretarial problem was solved when you dictated this on the typewriter to yourself? Soon you will be back where we all started in 1776—doing everything the old American Way—doing it yourself. And then every day will be Independence Day —for you. Sincerely,

J. P. McEvoy



# The Return of Hiram Holliday

By PAUL GALLICO

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BAUMHOFER

"What's become of him?"  
the FBI official asked.  
"He was a one-man war."

**Our readers sent out an SOS for Hiram Holliday. Here he is! In the first of a new series of thrilling novelettes Hiram finds Heidi and his inspiration to carry on a one-man crusade against the Fifth Column**

**T**HE FRAGRANT dusk of spring descended upon wartime Washington. A hundred thousand lights blossomed in the windows of the government buildings down by the Potomac. Night was approaching, but the desperate work in the hives of offices continued.

In one of these sat a lean, tired official of the Department of Justice, haggard from work and strain and worry. At a near-by desk a young assistant pored through sheaves of documents.

The older man had been reading a small tabloid newspaper black with headlines and uneven smudgy type. He uttered an exclamation of anger and, when the assistant looked up, turned the paper so that the young man could see the name across the top in pseudo-Gothic

type: THE AMERICAN FREEDOM CRY; the four-inch headline below it: DEFENSE BONDS BLOOD MONEY! and the sprawling subheads: "American Youth Sacrificed"—"Germany Wanted Peace!"

"Ugh!" grunted the assistant. "Another?"

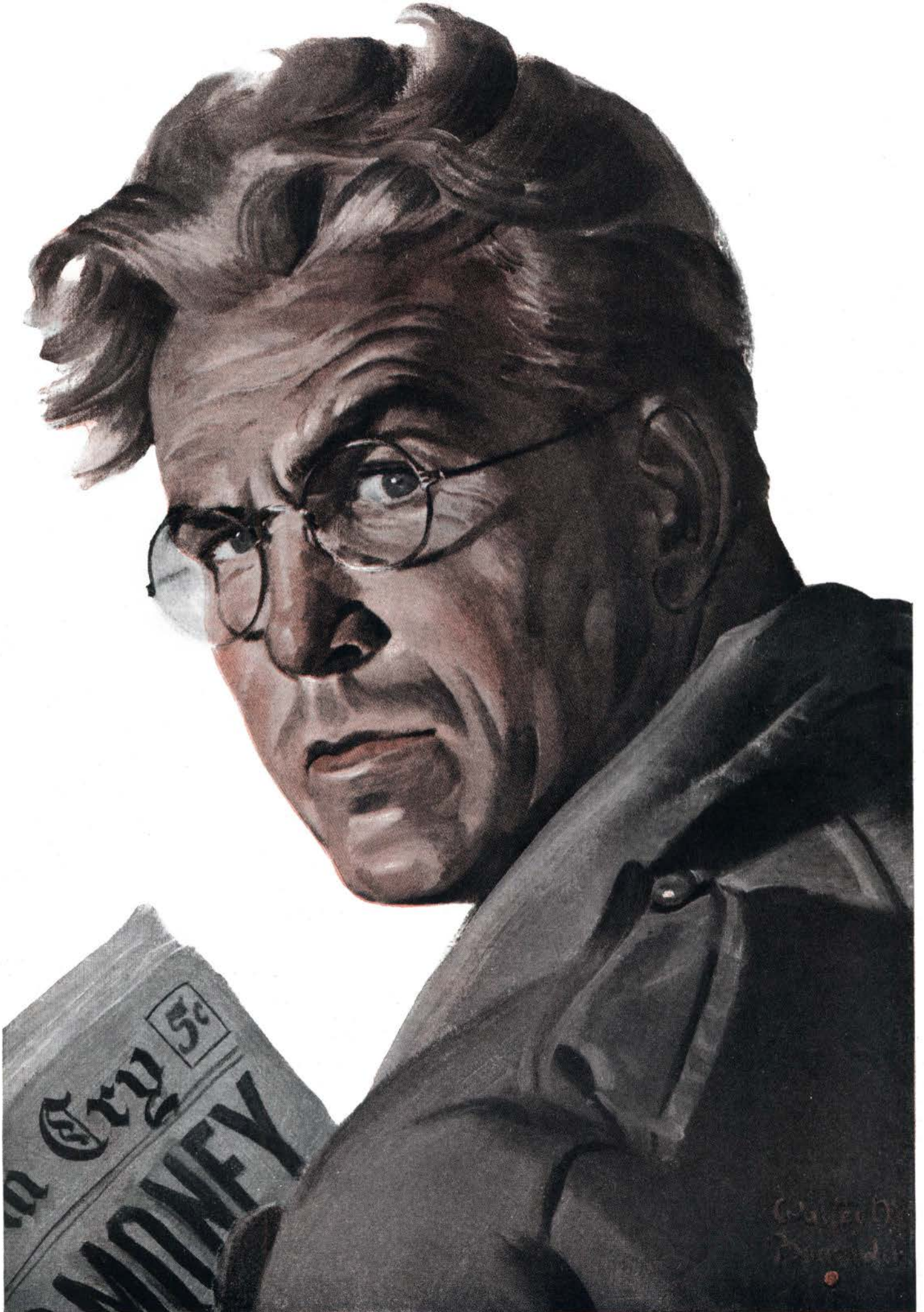
"Right from Berlin," growled the official. "Goebbels could have written it. And that is published right here in the United States, which is at war." He studied the sheet for an instant. "Clever, like all the rest of them. Goes right up to the borderline of treason—and doesn't step over. Seditious, defeatist, Axis propaganda, poison in every line. Published by an American; financed by German money. Benedict Arnold had many heirs, and

## I: TERROR LEAVES PORT SHERIDAN

"Return the dossier of Holliday to the active file," the Gestapo officer ordered.

"I knew an American once," the Princess said. "He believed in romance and freedom."







until they cross the line we can't touch them. Wanted—more of that old breed of men who loved freedom and hated slavery so much they couldn't think of anything else. We had them a hundred years ago. Rough, tough, hard, but by God, they loved their country and hated tyrants! That's what all Americans used to be like."

The young assistant sucked at his pipe. The words of the other man had awakened memories. He said, "You know, chief, some years ago when I was in Europe, attached to the Embassy in Berlin just after Munich, I knew a man like that. He was an American correspondent, an insignificant-looking guy. You wouldn't take him for what he was. He hated Fascists and everything they stood for. It used to boil up in him and get into his eyes and his face until he'd shine like a crusader. One night, during the big November pogrom in Berlin, he went into a melee where a bunch of Nazis were wrecking shops and beating up Jews, walked up to a Storm trooper and smacked him right between the eyes."

"He did?" said the other man. "What happened to him?"

"They half killed him, but he got away. He was mixed up in a lot of funny stuff. I only got part of the stories. Trouble

for Nazis. The Gestapo was after him, but he managed to get out of the country. His name was Holliday—Hiram Holliday. A stoutish guy with mussy hair and goggles; looked soft and sort of tame. But if half the stories they told about him over there were true, he was a one-man war when he got started."

The chief's eyes gleamed. "Really? What became of him? That's the kind of man——"

"Darned if I know. He's dropped out of sight."

The chief appeared to be lost in thought again. He was doodling idly on the margin of the Nazi-loving propaganda sheet with a pencil. He printed: "H-I-R-A-M H-O-L-L-I-D-A-Y."

The white-haired General, the breast of his full-dress jacket blazing with decorations, caught a snatch of cross-boards conversation out of the hubbub at the brilliant head table of the Royal Canadian Air Force Relief dinner in progress at the Château Victoria Hotel in Montreal. He said to his left-hand neighbor, an Austrian Princess in exile, "My dear Princess, forgive me, but we have purged ourselves of the sin of self-delusion, at least. We admit things are going damned badly for us."

He was surprised to find himself speaking so earnestly to her, because she was so completely feminine. She had the delicate beauty and coloring of a Meissen figurine, slim and youthful with a childlike mouth. Her hair, the color of strained honey, was bound around her head in thick, gleaming braids. So did the Viennese of long ago conceive a woman: eyes the color of young field violets, porcelain-clear translucent skin through which glowed the vibrant stream of blood royal.

The General had been conscious of the beauty of his dinner partner. Now, as she turned to him, he became aware likewise of strength within her. Beyond the sweet, proud tilt of her head and the gentle expression of her eyes, there was the quiet poise, the regal carriage of one who has earned from life the knowledge of how not to be afraid.

The Princess inclined her head gravely. "Yes, things are going badly. They will not be better for us until we have found our souls again."

"Hmph!" grunted the General. "Well, of course. But give us planes and tanks and guns and men——"

"With souls to man them," interrupted the American diplomat who sat vis-à-vis. He was a writer, an elderly distinguished-looking man who had been Ambassador to many countries. "Souls," he repeated, with a smile and a nod to the Princess, "and romance."

"Romance!" The Princess drew a quick breath. Color came to her cheeks.

A wing commander with a fighting face joined in: "There's dashed little romance in war."

"Perhaps that is what is the trouble with us," said the American. "Or at least with many of us in the United States. It has been a theory of mine that we tend to lose sight of the fact that the quest of liberty is essentially romantic. It has been the great-





est continued epic the world has ever known. Down through the ages, the great romanticists have been the men who engendered the words 'Freedom' and 'Liberty,' who dreamed of being free; who fought and died for those dreams.

"To love a woman is natural and poetic. But to love liberty enough to die for the attaining of it is divinely romantic. There is no sweeter gorge than that which rises against a tyrant. If the men of our country ever again feel it as they once did, God help those who stand in their way! You see our attitude, those boys of ours who feel about this terrible war that 'they must go out to do the job and get it over with.' They've shut out the romance of the eternal struggle of good against evil, the spirit that conquers. Our citizen army must burn with it, like——"

"I knew an American once!" The Princess hardly realized that she had interrupted. Her voice was throbbing with excitement. "The fire in *him* burned so brightly one could hardly bear to be near it. He was a shining sword against evil and tyranny." She was conscious that they were all staring at her. She hesitated and continued, "I—I met him in Europe a few years ago. He believed in—in romance and good. The Fascists were afraid of him and tried to kill him. He was America."

The wing commander said, "Well, well. Stout fellow," and then asked, "Who was he?"

"His name was Hiram Holliday!" the Princess replied. Somehow, she made the name ring like a trumpet call.

"Holliday?" said the General. "Can't say that I've——"

The American was reaching back into a voluminous memory. "I remember the name," he said. "I believe he was in London for a while. I recall hearing some fantastic story in connection with him. What became of him? Where is he now?" He addressed his question to the Princess.

And she replied slowly, "I do not know. It has been several years since I have heard from him. I often wonder where he is."

On the Alexander-Platz, a busy square a short distance from the former Imperial Palaces in Berlin, there stands an ugly four-story building of brick and gray stone with a sloping roof. Two black-uniformed S.S. men with black-painted steel helmets coming almost to their eyes, bayonets affixed to rifles, stand guard ceaselessly at the bronze doors that give entrance to a small courtyard. The citizens of Berlin give the building a wide berth.

For it is here that the *Geheime Staats Polizei*, the Gestapo, is housed.

Brigade-Fuehrer Gunther von Diehlse, uniformed, belted, booted in black and silver, sat at his desk in a grimly furnished office on the third floor, studying dossiers. Having read them, he placed them on the desk to his right in a neat pile, whence an S.A. man removed them. Every so often, another orderly brought in a fresh pile.

The files of the Gestapo were undergoing spring house cleaning. Those names in which the Gestapo no longer had any interest were being removed from the active files and destroyed.

Von Diehlse was approaching the bottom of a pile, scanning each dossier with a particular eye to the last sentences. He checked them off: "Fritz Heisemann—suspected of connection with the Strasser underground movement. Executed April twelfth, Moabit Prison."

Finis! He placed it to the right. "Samuel Hochschildt—Jew—department-store owner. Sentenced to twenty years at Dachau, May sixth. Died there July ninth, causes unknown."

Von Diehlse was bored. They were all of a pattern. "Hoffman—liquidated; Hogasch, Prague, executed; Hokanisch, shot attempting to escape from Concentration Camp Egenhaus; Holliday, Hiram, American: suspected of being secret agent in the pay of British and American Intelligence . . ."

*Donnerwetter!* This was something different! The Holliday dossier was a long one. Von Diehlse read on, no longer bored.

He went back to the beginning: "October, 1938. Hiram Holliday, American citizen. Correspondent New York Sentinel. Age: thirty-nine. Height: five feet eleven. Weight: one hundred and seventy pounds. Hair: sandy. Eyes: blue (wears steel-rimmed spectacles). *Dangerous!*"

The dossier swung into high. "Exposed Vinovarieff plot, Paris, 1938. Suspected of liquidation of agent Mikoff. Berlin, 1938, suspected of complicity in unsolved killing of Dr. Heinrich Grunze, *Minister der Auslands Propaganda*, and disappearance of Gräfin Irmgarde von Helm. Vienna, March, 1939, implicated in the escape to Italy of Austrian Archduke Peter



Hiram pointed. His voice was trembling with anger. "Here is the poison sac, Heidi, more deadly to us than bombs or bullets."

and the Princess Adelheit (Heidi) von Fürstenhoff of Styria."

Von Diehlse's eyes began to pop. He turned the page: "Paris, 1940, killed Gestapo agent Fritz Rau. Assigned to British Expeditionary Force. Present at retreat to Dunkirk. Suspected of instigating the kidnaping of General Helmuth von Dobelitz by the British." Then: "Crossed to London."

He came to the final page. "May, 1941, flew London to Lisbon. In Lisbon, evaded agents Schippe and Krehaus, sent to intercept him. (There was a footnote here to the effect that Schippe and Krehaus had not been heard from since.) Escaped to the United States via transatlantic Clipper. Agents in United States report no further activity. Case closed."

*Case closed!* Von Diehlse sighed. *L'affaire* Hiram Holliday had not been one of the Gestapo's most conspicuous successes. He shrugged, closed the cover of the dossier and placed it atop the pile on his right. He was glad that he had in no way been involved in the case.

The orderly stepped to the desk, clicked his heels, picked up the pile and marched toward the door. His superior appeared to be sunk in thought. The slamming of the door roused him.

"*Hola! Kuffke! Come back, blockhead!*"

The door reopened and framed the orderly with the dossiers clamped under his arm.

"Come here, *Junge*. Give me that Holliday dossier. The last one."

"*Zu Befehl!*"

Von Diehlse held the fat dossier in his stubby hands for an instant. Then, in the manner of a man who is acting on a hunch, he called to a subordinate (*Continued on page 67*)



# I Escape from the JAPS

BY I. EPSTEIN

**A firsthand report on the horrors of life in a Japanese prison camp by a famous American correspondent who escaped from Hong Kong**



KWEILIN, KWANGSI PROVINCE, CHINA (by Wireless): The swirling waters of the Kwei-kiang seem to sigh with me as they surge south to join the west or main river in its rush to the China Sea. Sitting in the morning sun in the peace of this ancient walled city, I find it difficult to believe I have escaped the savage monkey-men. My festered wounds, sustained in the defense of Hong Kong (in which action I was reported killed), are healing. My body is recovering from the ravages of exposure and near-starvation. Best of all, my mind is slowly being cleansed of the horrors of Hong Kong—rape, murder and worse—and of the Jap prison camp on the Stanley Peninsula.

As I write of the siege and fall of Hong Kong, of the devastation, the looting and the prison camp, life moves on here as it has moved for more than a thousand years. Junks, braving rapids and whirlpools, move up and down the river. Mist hangs on the mountain peaks—peaks which rise immediately from the plains, apparently without connection with one another. The poet Fan Shin-hu compared these peaks to young bamboos, shooting out of the ground. As I survey the picturesque scene I'm glad I am alive, and free again!

But on with my story. It has its proper beginning on December eighth when war—the war nobody in the Hong Kong Colony believed was coming—burst over Hong Kong!

In the early morning twenty-seven Japanese dive-bombers wheeled in neat formation over the undefended airfield from which Kurusu, Tokyo's "peace envoy," had flown to Washington only a few days previously. They blasted the historic old Hong Kong Clipper and seven other passenger planes on the ground, and made off just as the air-raid sirens, which sleepy officials had only then put into operation, sounded. At the same time wave after wave of squat, yellow-clad infantrymen began charging into the advance defense line of the colony's land frontier, constantly being mown down but ever coming on.

In homes and streets incredulous Hong Kong residents were still in hot debate as to whether this was the real thing or an exceptionally realistic air-raid

practice. The Government, as throughout the hostilities, failed to find a prompt way of notifying the population of what was going on. But many had seen war in other parts of China and they knew. I knew. At sunup I awoke and heard the familiar belly-tlingling *crump-crrump* of bombs. By noon planes over the city itself were dropping missiles in plain view of all, on dockyards, harbor shipping and points of defense.

Looking back, I remember it all as a kaleidoscope picture. I see again the lobby of the famous Peninsula Hotel during the first air raid on the urban area; the blank faces of the guests who only that morning were to have left by the now-destroyed Clipper; a fantastic, dapper, tweed-dressed little old man beating back with a riding crop the crowds of Chinese seeking shelter in this safest building in the colony.

I think of the Royal Scots and the Rajputana Rifles at the front line, half-starved as a result of the incompetent food and other services, holding on forty-eight hours instead of the anticipated twelve. I think of Kai-tak Airport and the most danger-hardened commercial pilots in the world shuttling ceaselessly between Hong Kong and Chungking with passengers.

The Japanese, outflanking the defenders' first line by sneaking around the coast in inflated rubber boats which they first carried on their backs, landed silently near the main fortified lines to which the British had hoped to retire. Parts of those lines were blasted by mines which fifth columnists had laid long before the war. Strategic pillboxes were put out of business by hand grenades daringly tossed down airshafts.

I remember the sudden panic of the civilian authorities, the wild outbreaks of looting, the bewildered faces of the Indian constables milling in the compound

of the Police Training School, repeating again and again, "Our officers have gone without giving us orders. They have left us rifles but no ammunition. What shall we do?" I see the rapid retreat of the dog-tired British and Indian troops across the harbor in Kowloon, with the Japanese appearing suddenly at points supposedly far in the rear; the wild-eyed boys and girls of the A.R.P. service slaughtered by cross fire in the Kowloon streets.

On December twelfth the inhabitants of Hong Kong who had slept awoke to find themselves on the front line with the enemy plainly visible across the narrow harbor. Their hearts were heavy. The smoke pall over Kowloon was black but the news of the sinking of the Prince of Wales and the Repulse was blacker, spelling the end of the colony's hopes of naval relief.

A close-range artillery duel was under way. Shells were bursting on Connaught Road along the water front, on the cricket grounds, in Aberdeen Street, Albert and Hollywood roads, close to the Club Germania, and were shaking the foundation of the Queen Victoria Monument in Chater Road. But at noon of this day everything suddenly became quiet while the Jap mission came over, under a flag of truce, to ask the unconditional surrender of Victoria Island, all fortifications and utilities—intact! Sir Mark Young, the Governor, refused to see the plenipotentiaries. Though Hong Kong was supplied with provisions for a siege of six months, it had only 8,000 troops to man the forts and defend the thirty-mile coast line. But Hong Kong settled



★ FROM THE FIGHTING FRONTS ★



They shot the medical staff at Saint Stephen's Hospital.

down to hold out the best it could with the expectation of relief.

The appearance of the city changed completely. Although damage from the bombardment was not yet obtrusive, the streets rapidly assumed the littered and unkempt appearance which everywhere attends war and pestilence. Private cars no longer were seen. All had been commandeered by auxiliary services. Many of the better-dressed civilians had armbands, gas masks and tin hats. The tin hats hung carelessly over their backs. On the chairs of Bessie's Bar in the Hong Kong Hotel were hundred of shirkers, including some in uniform, who drank ceaselessly. Meanwhile many members of essential services not provided with helmets were declining work in the dangerous areas, while thousands of Chinese stood in endless queues outside the rice-distribution centers, absolutely unprotected, wordlessly and patiently refusing to give up their places in line even under heavy fire.

On the night of December eighteenth Jap shells ignited oil tanks separated from the mainland by only four hundred yards of water. Taking advantage of the dense smoke overhanging the entire district, the Jap command sent a small group of shock troops over Causeway Bay to establish a bridgehead. A British police officer telephoned Regional Headquarters. A bored colonel told him to stop seeing life through the bottom of a whisky bottle—and presumably returned to bed. British troops, finally sent down hours later, found the enemy had already landed over a thousand men, horses and a profusion of automatic weapons, mountain guns and five-inch trench mortars—these last responsible for the deadliest execution in the battle. This force was too great for the British to deal with, so they retired.

Before daylight, the Japs had established invasion headquarters. Camouflaged sharpshooters had swarmed up the hillsides and now commanded the Wong-Nei-Chong Road—the main military road running north and south across the island. Below the sharpshooters was the Happy Valley Race Track. To the west was Hong Kong proper. Worse, they had seized Hong Kong's only power station and the Tytam Reservoir which supplied

water to the city's 1,000,000 inhabitants.

The Jap tactics were not original. During previous general maneuvers, the British had learned of a "blind spot" whereon Hong Kong's fixed artillery was unable to fire. The Japs knew of this and copied every move of the British "practice" attack on Hong Kong. With equal precision the British repeated the method of defense which they had tested—and found wanting! The only thing changed about the picture was that the skilled and veteran troops who had participated in the maneuvers had been removed elsewhere and replaced by Canadian recruits totally unfamiliar with the terrain.

Twice before the final collapse headquarters was ready to give in, causing a terrible slump in the city's morale. But each time the troops had different ideas and launched successful local counter-attacks. As a result the colony held out six days following the invasion of the island. The Japanese lost heavily at a new landing in the Stanley Fortress area. But the end came. The troops were exhausted, the civilian services broken down, and despite the Governor's continued opposition, headquarters surrendered at a moment when the relieving Chinese army was already poised.

Christmas Day I saw a white flag go up—for the first and last time in my life, I hope. The Japanese had 10,000 dead and wounded, compared with our 4,000. They did not get the island's heavy artillery, which had been destroyed or spiked, but they did get the colony's great supply of materials and the naval and civil shipyards, virtually intact.

Hong Kong's conquerors lived up in every respect to the traditions of the Imperial Japanese Army. Singing paeans to the brotherhood of the Oriental peoples, they raped, robbed and slaughtered far more Chinese than members of the hated white race. Talking unceasingly of Asiatic co-operation and prosperity, they shipped off in the first fortnight of their occupation more than a hundred thousand tons of metals, machinery and rice—the people's food. Harping on how they behaved much better than the perfidious British, they performed marvels of mass pocket-picking, leaving hardly a wrist watch, fountain pen or camera in the whole of Hong Kong. In addition, the

Mikado's incorruptible officers, as persons of superior culture, politely solicited gifts of pianos, rugs, pictures—or else. In one respect only the Japanese lived up to their promises. Within ten days of the surrender all British, American and Dutch men, women and children were locked up. Germans, flocking in from Macao and Canton sporting swastika armbands, were treated with scant courtesy.

The Japanese had no reason to love me, so I took care to keep out of their way. When the white flag was hoisted, I was in a Hong Kong hospital, hiding behind a fake name, flesh wounds and a luxuriant growth of beard, plus the story of my death which a few friends told so vividly that even now I run across people who pale and falter at sight of my grinning ghost. I'll not forget for a long while the first night of the defeat. Only the evening before patients were joyfully eating Christmas pudding. Now all were silent. Some people were discussing in whispers the quickest method of suicide: Chinese nurses were clustering in corners with the whole war-long ordeal of Chinese womanhood smoldering in their tortured eyes; English doctors and nurses were hiding their nervousness.

Then next day new people came in. Fugitives from Stanley Peninsula who had seen the shooting of the medical staff and wounded at Saint Stephen's Hospital, the merciless bayoneting of Canadian prisoners against the wall of Maryknoll Mission. A soldier from Repulse Bay who, with twenty comrades, was shot in the back of the head and pushed into the sea, somehow survived and swam to safety. Each of these arrivals cast a new pall over the hospital.

Hong Kong's atrocities were committed in the heat of the fighting. The Japanese were now uninterested in revenge, only in loot. The sole remaining atrocity was the crowning one, the coldly planned and calculated starving out of 1,000,000 Chinese within a month.

In the middle of January American and Dutch civilians, numbering three thousand, were removed from previous places of confinement and dumped on the south side of Stanley Peninsula. The area was entirely unprepared for the formation of a (Continued on page 142)



UNTIL THAT golden twilight when she walked, incredibly elegant and exquisite, into the small Virginia church, Jinny Landis had thought little enough of this event in which she was, as usual, to play a leading rôle.

Mrs. Scott Landis, as everyone in Washington knew, attracted the spotlight by nature, heredity and beauty, and while it had not often followed her into church she would move there with the same grace that made her outstanding at horse shows, Embassy functions and exclusive dinners.

When Mary Lou had asked her to be godmother to the very new Thatcher offspring, Jinny Landis had said, "I'm

flattered, lãmb, but why me? I've never been a godmother."

"Well," said Mary Lou, "it's my first and a girl and you've had just about everything and I thought maybe you'd teach her how you do it. She'll need a personality like yours because I'm afraid she's going to look like her papa."

Jinny Landis laughed. The adoration Mary Lou exhaled had a familiar fragrance. Mrs. Landis knew that a good many girls in Washington copied her swaying walk and her smooth shining hair and her throaty laughter.

"What do I have to do?" she said.

"Just show up at the church and hold the baby while they pour water on her head," Mary Lou said.

"And promise to look after her morals if Wag cracks up and I get run over by a taxi, which may happen any day."

"What are you going to call her?" said Mrs. Landis.

"Victoria Alice, after

Wag's mother," said Mary Lou. "Isn't it awful?"

That was two weeks ago. Mrs. Landis had sent her prospective godchild her own baby string of pearls and forgotten all about the christening until the day arrived and, at the Trines' Sunday tea, she found herself talking to that South American ambassador who had been madly in love with her ten years ago, when she was twenty, the year before she married Scott Landis.

In those two weeks she had had so much of which to think. If she were going to leave Scott, the time must be now. Now.

The Ambassador was watching her with wise eyes that knew all about women, and why should they not, since he had been Washington's most eligible bachelor for twenty years? People said that he was still in love with Jinny Landis, but she said gently that he used the legend of that romance as a shield from Washington debutantes bent upon pursuing the good neighbor policy to any extent.

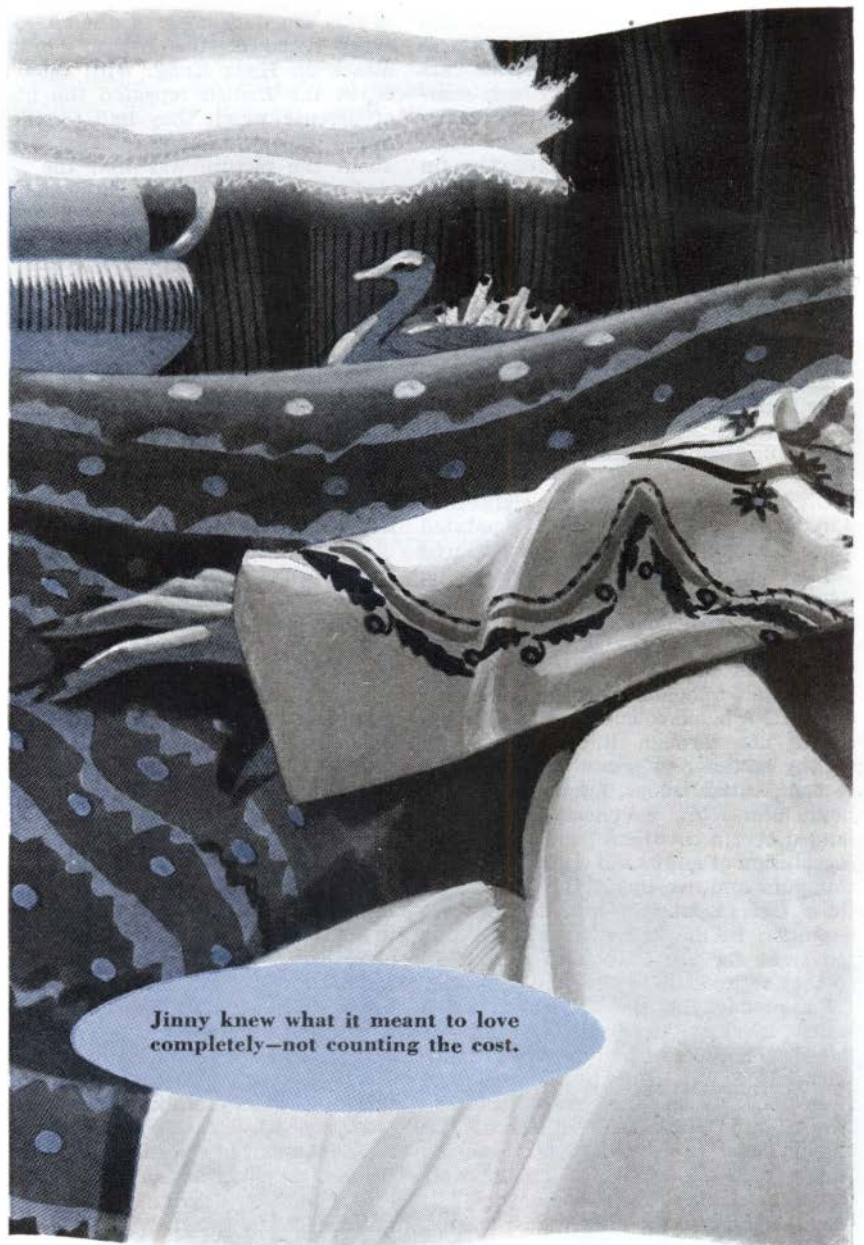
She hoped that the trembling of her

# Gift for Tomorrow

**She was given  
another chance at love  
in one short moment  
of wishing happiness  
for somebody else**

**BY ADELA  
ROGERS ST. JOHNS**

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



Jinny knew what it meant to love completely—not counting the cost.



lips, which persisted in spite of her, was not apparent to those wise, dark eyes. Surely not even Mario could sense that inner trembling which had not stopped since last night when Scott said, "I promise, Jinny. You mustn't do this. Can't you believe in me a little? I promise."

People moved about them and Jinny nodded to a Cabinet member, smiled affectionately at her hostess, spoke to a distinguished journalist.

All that she could do with the surface of her mind and face, as smoothly and effortlessly as she shifted gears in her car. Jinny Landis was used to making decisions, facing vital moments, experiencing great emotions in the midst of crowds. In Washington, your private life must keep step with the march of destiny that pervaded all things.

None of the guests who glanced with admiration or friendship or even envy at the famous Mrs. Landis could have guessed that she was torn and shaken inside, that at last she was facing a decision she had put off for heartbroken months and years. Scott Landis' wife had survived in Washington because she

never confided. The news that she had made up her mind to leave her husband would have exploded in that room like a bomb.

The Ambassador said, "Is Scott here?"

Mrs. Landis shook her head. "And I must run now, myself."

But she thought it strange that he should have asked that. Mario knew Scott's genius for public relations—he had seen it work in a South American crisis—but he did not like Scott and seldom mentioned him. The Ambassador had reason to know something of Jinny Landis' capacity for love; there had been a time when he hoped he had won it—and then she had married Scott Landis, a Pied Piper, a triumphant mountebank.

She had never been able to get away from Scott's promises. They were artistic; they found their way to the heart, but they were discredited. They were like the rich green bank notes of a country which has been conquered and has nothing with which to back its promise to pay.

If she could not believe him, she could

not go on living with him. It was useless; they would both sink.

A little secret smile touched her eyes. If she were free would it destroy the grace of Mario's sweet sorrow? Or would he find in her, after the years, still the one woman he wanted to help him carry the bright burden of diplomacy? Worth doing, that would be; part of the vital victory, the great future.

"Come and lunch soon," she said.

"Where are you going? Can I take you somewhere?" the Ambassador said.

"I am going to Virginia to become a godmother."

"A godmother?" said Mario. "In my country we take that very seriously. At the christening she is the most welcome of all guests. We believe she brings the one so priceless present which is to protect in the future from the evil ones. Your godchild—she is fortunate. Touch her with your magic and the best gift you choose for her, it shall come true."

As she drove across the white city which was now hub of the world's battle, Jinny Landis found that Mario's words had awakened (*Continued on page 119*)





# THE Home Front

BY VIÑA DELMAR

**Jim MacIntyre finds that women don't drop all their feminine characteristics—even in war work. It sometimes takes a man to straighten them out**

**J**IM MacINTYRE is over six feet tall and he is neither thin nor fat. He is strong, hard and healthy. He looks like a man who can fight, and appearances are not always deceiving. Jim MacIntyre can fight. What's more, he really likes to fight.

After Pearl Harbor he craved to do the kind of fighting he'd never done before, but they wouldn't take him. They wouldn't give him a gun.

"I don't know exactly what Jim does at the plant," his wife said. "He tells me, but I don't listen much. What do I know about machinery? Anyhow, it's important, I guess, because they call it essential work. They told him he was more useful here than fighting in the war. He's building things for the Army—or maybe it's the Navy."

It made Jim MacIntyre pretty sore that they wouldn't take him. For days he walked around with a sour expression on his face, and he grunted instead of speaking.

The other fellows at the plant took to kidding him. "What's a big healthy guy like you doing toward winning the war?" they'd ask him, and then they'd duck.

But nowadays Jim doesn't swing on them any more when they ask that question. They've almost given up asking it. It's no fun now. Jim just chuckles. He doesn't answer. Except once. Just once he answered, and then it was in a peculiar way. Not funny enough to be meant as a gag; not serious enough to be taken on the level. It was sort of funny, though.



Jim's so powerful, so broad-shouldered, and standing there at his machine, he looks like a poster depicting the force and greatness of American men and American industry. That's why his answer was kind of funny.

"What am I doing?" he asked. "Well, I'll tell you. I'm seeing that pink and blue flannel gets cut into them little

layette things, and I'm also arranging a series of teas."

He didn't explain. Maybe what he meant was sort of secret.

When Jim MacIntyre married Anna Flint he took her to live in a small cottage with a square of lawn in front of it. Neither of them had ever lived in such a nice place before. The cottage had a tiled bath, and there was red linoleum on the kitchen floor. Of course the cottage was small. Jim couldn't afford a larger one, and besides, he wanted Anna to have as little housework as possible. She had worked hard enough for her mother.

Not housework, of course. The Flint home looked as though the floors had never been swept. The look of that house had almost kept Jim from going to call on Anna a second time. Almost, but not quite. He had gone back because from the first moment he had seen her he had known that no one but Anna would do for him. And, he told himself, there was plenty of reason why the Flint house was





In the workroom Anne was able to mingle with the society girls she had dreamed about—even when they were photographed for the newspapers.

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

a good boy. He had been taught many things by his hard-working parents, and they stuck with him although he was not aware of it. He would have been desperately uncomfortable if anyone had said to him, "You're unselfish, Jim MacIntyre, and forgiving and generous just as your nice parents told you to be." But the fact remains that Jim MacIntyre was the same obedient, kind-hearted child that he had been at nine years old, only now he was bigger.

It never occurred to him that his marriage to Anne had been a mistake. She was sweet and pretty. Some men had wives who flirted with other fellows. Anne didn't do that. Some men had wives who were always picking fights. Anne didn't do that, either.

Of course she wasn't a good housekeeper. But what the devil? The poor kid had done a lifetime of work for her mother by the time she'd turned twenty.

It was Jim's custom to come home in the evenings and rest a few minutes in the big chair before showering and dressing to go out to a restaurant. He wasn't really tired. He had got into the habit of resting in order to give Anne a start on getting into her clothes. She spent most of the day in a flowered thing she called a hostess gown, and it always took her a long time to get dressed.

But one evening when Jim came off his shift he found Anne completely dressed sitting in the living room with a satisfied grin on her face. It occurred to him that probably Reginald Fiddledeedee had finally married Angelica Rabbitspaw, and Anne had had a front spot in the crowd outside the church. That would account for her being dressed and for the contented smile.

He kissed her and asked, "What's doing?" He saw that she was bursting with something.

"Well, you'll never guess what I did today!"

Jim looked about the living room. No, she hadn't cleaned. "What did you do, honey?"

"I went downtown and registered with a volunteer group that's doing war work."

"You did? Good for you! When do you start? Tell me about it."

"Oh, I started already," she said loftily. "I worked like a dog today."

"Doing what?"

"Oh, all sorts of things. I sewed and I helped pack a big box of old clothes

dirty. Neither Anna nor her mother ever had time to clean.

Mrs. Flint was a dressmaker. The sign in the window said: "Madame Flint. Original Designs. Repairs and Alterations." Jim didn't know about the original designs, but he knew that Mrs. Flint accepted every job that was offered her and turned it over to Anna to do.

Mrs. Flint would smile at Jim and coo disgustingly. "I taught her the dress-making business, but no one would ever believe it. She's so much cleverer than I am at it. You won't mind if she stands you up tonight, will you, Jimmy-boy? I've promised this dress to a lady for Monday."

Jimmy-boy minded very much indeed. So he married Anna as quickly as he could and got her away from her mother, the sewing machine and the huge shears that her small hand guided so expertly.

Anna moved into the cottage and settled down to the business of being Mrs. MacIntyre. This consisted of changing her name to Anne, slamming the door in the face of anyone who tried to sell her a sewing machine and sitting all day with a fluffy white dog and a box of candy on her lap. Jim soon learned that the unappetizing appearance of the Flint house had not been solely due to the eternal sewing. Distaste for housework had had a great deal to do with the case.

Anne MacIntyre also disliked cooking. Since she also disliked getting up in the morning, Jim took to eating his breakfast out. When he'd had all he wanted of

cold cuts from the delicatessen store they ate dinner out too. Anne liked dinner out. It was the only thing she really seemed to enjoy, except reading the society page.

"Tootsie Graham is going to marry William Dexter the Third," she'd say in wonderment. "What do you know? Everybody thought his engagement to Wilhelmina Randolph would be announced any day."

Jim would smirk. He was an extraordinarily good-tempered young man, and he was more easily amused than irritated. He also had the gift of sympathy. He was sorry for Anne because she couldn't know her precious Randolphs and Dexters and Grahams. Poor kid! She didn't get a lot out of life, at that.

He never asked himself what he was getting out of life. Jim MacIntyre was a good man in the same way he had been



that were going to some poor souls somewhere and I fixed a sewing machine that couldn't be used because none of the dumb Doras could see that there was nothing wrong with it except the tension and I counted sweaters and——”

Jim laughed. “They're going to have to get another girl to help you. You can't take care of the civilian war effort all alone.”

“Oh, there are oceans of girls down there. Some of them drive cars and pick up donations, and some of them—— I think I'll go every day, Jim, from one to five. You wouldn't mind, would you? Of course it would mean neglecting the house, but this is wartime and we must do what we can.”

“Of course, honey.” He kissed her again. He usually had only one reason for kissing her. This time he had two additional ones. The old reason was that he loved her. The new ones were that he wanted to hide the smile her mention of the house had caused and the other was that he was touched by Anne's desire to help win the war.

She babbled all through dinner about the workroom. She told him about the uniforms of the workers, the stirring posters on the walls, the organization's record of things already accomplished and their aims for the future.

He kept saying, “That's swell, honey,” marveling at the excitement in her eyes. Funny how you could live with a person and not really know what they were like inside. Who could have guessed that Anne would feel the need to do something? She had seemed so complacent about the war; so disinterested in what was happening. Now here she was begrudging the hours that must elapse before she could be about her war work again.

He felt a new something for her. He wouldn't have called it respect, because that's what a man always had for his mother, wife and sisters. He thought he was a little prouder of Anne tonight; a little happier that she was his. It was a great thing for a woman to want to help. What did it matter if the bathroom needed mopping?

He beamed at Anne across the table. Something was coming to her for this day's work. “Movies tonight, baby?” he asked.

“Oh, no, Jim.” She shook her head. “I bought a uniform from the organization—you have to have one—and it's too

long, and it fits awful across the shoulders. I gotta shorten it tonight and fix the shoulders, to make it look trim. They sell 'em at cost, you know. Do you mind not going to the movies?”

“Of course not. I only thought maybe you'd like to go.”

“No, not tonight. I can't.” She looked like a little girl playing at having grave responsibilities.

Jim squeezed her hand and paid the check. Then they went back to the cottage.

While she sewed he read the morning paper. He never had time for it at breakfast. Now he read what the rest of the town had read before noon. As he turned the pages, his eye was caught by the picture of a uniform that was identical with the one Anne held in her hands.

Under the picture he read: “Social leaders flock to serve in Mrs. Forsythe Graham's volunteer organization.” Mrs. Forsythe Graham. She would no doubt be the mother of Tootsie Graham, who had married William Dexter the Third.

Jim looked at Anne. So that was it! She only wanted the same old thing—a glimpse of the big shots, a chance to stand near them, the hope of touching them. He thought maybe the veal cutlet in the restaurant hadn't been so good. He didn't feel quite right.

“I appreciate what my girls are doing. I'm sorry I've been rude,” Mrs. Graham said.





He got to his feet. "I'm going to bed," he said.

Anne looked at him in puzzlement. "I thought you wanted to see how I looked in the uniform when I get it fixed."

"I'll see it some other time," he said.

He walked into the bedroom feeling sore at himself for the acute sense of disappointment that had descended upon him. What the hell? Some fellows' wives were nuts about movie stars. Why shouldn't Anne be interested in the social page if it gave her pleasure? Where was the harm? No harm at all.

But he would have given a week's salary not to have seen Mrs. Forsythe Graham's picture. It would have been nice to go on believing that Anne really wanted to do war work.

Anne did very well indeed with her war work. It was no time at all before she was wearing the special blue star uniform that set her apart from the un-inspired workers of the organization. The blue star meant that Mrs. MacIntyre was permitted to give orders, to accept responsibilities and to be treated with respect by women who frankly didn't know much about the workroom.

Anne MacIntyre knew practically everything. The leaders of the organization discovered quickly that they had a woman in their midst who really understood sewing machines. Of course lots of women knew how to make them sew, but only Anne MacIntyre knew what made them stop. Anne knew all about sewing machines.

She knew about figuring out patterns, too. She knew how to substitute one idea for another, thus making the garment simpler for mass instruction and production.

But the thing she did best was the cutting. Until Anne had arrived in the workroom the organization's cutting had been a problem. Some of it had been done by tailors and dress shops when they had the time. This often left the willing ladies of the volunteer group with no garments upon which to work. It was at such times that the leaders of the organization had dared to cut into the flannel. Weird things had resulted, and the ladies had found that it takes more than a good pair of scissors to make a cutter.

"Honest, Jim, you should hear the things that happened before I started cutting for them. They're lucky they got me. I get eight garments out of the same size piece of flannel that Mrs. Herrick was getting six out of."

"You must be a big help to them, honey."

"Oh, I am. They depend on me for practically everything. Only yesterday Mrs. Forsythe Graham herself said that production had gone up since I'd been around."

"No kidding? Did she say that to you?"

"No. No, of course not. She never really talks to us, unless she's got an announcement to make. She's awfully busy. Mrs. Stolz said she said it. Miss Green told Mrs. Stolz."

"Who is Miss Green?"

"Oh, she's head of the donations-receiving department. Outside the place, she's social secretary to Mrs. Kinsley Barton. Mrs. Barton lets her do the volunteer work, even though it interferes

with the secretarial stuff. Isn't that nice of her?"

"Very. Who's Mrs. Stolz?"

"Her husband's a druggist or a grocer or something. There's lots of women in the organization who aren't anybody. They had to let all kinds of people come in so—"

"So there'd be someone to do the work," Jim said mildly.

"That isn't true, Jim, and I think you're horrid! Mrs. Forsythe Graham works very hard for the organization, and her daughter, Mrs. William Dexter the Third, was in there yesterday running a machine as hard as I ever did."

"Did she come back today, honey?"

"No. She couldn't. She had to see about getting some bias tape donated to us."

"Well, that's a job too," he admitted.

"You bet it is! Those society girls are wonderful, Jim. I wish you could see them work. Why, we had a day recently—the day the news photographers took those pictures that you saw in the paper—when every single machine was being used by a girl whose name is important."

He kissed her and said, "That's nice, honey."

"Of course it is. I wish you could see them. They're such cute girls."

"No cuter than you."

She brushed his comment aside. "Jane Van Orden is simply stunning, Jim, and she's so nice."

"So you got to know one of them at last"

"Well, I wouldn't say I got to know her. We're all too busy for that. But she passed a box of candy around, and I took one and of course I said, 'Thank you,' to her, and the way she smiled and said, 'You're welcome,' was so—well, I can't explain. It wasn't what she said, but the way she said it."

"I'd like to 'a' heard her," Jim said, and Anne glanced at him swiftly.

"Are you kidding me?" she demanded.

"I don't know why I tell you things. You don't understand."

"I guess I'm too hungry. Come on, baby. Let's go out and eat."

Anne put her hat on in front of the hall mirror. She hummed as she patted the curls behind her ears. She was very happy these days. Jim was glad for her; glad she was getting a chance to see those precious society queens she had always dreamed about. He wished one of them would really get friendly with her. It would mean so much to the poor kid.

After all, she couldn't help it if she was a little wacky on the subject. Probably her mother, who had sewed for the lower middle class of the town, who had copied the clothes of the Grahams and the Randolphs for the Smiths and the Thompsons, had brought her up to believe that the society dolls were the finest people in the world. Anne couldn't help it.

And there was an evening when Anne, her eyes blazing with excitement, met him at the door.

"What's up, honey? You look like you'd hit a jackpot."

"Oh, no. I was just figuring something when you came in. Mrs. Forsythe Graham called me into her office today, and we were talking the work over together.

I was doing a little adding when I heard your step."

"Mrs. Forsythe Graham! Gee, Anne, that was swell, wasn't it? Talking the work over with her, were you? Well, I guess that proves she appreciates you."

"She does, Jim. She really does. It's thrilling. She said I was to figure out on the basis of what's been produced this month how much flannel we should buy for the next three months."

"Can you do it, Anne? Can you figure it?"

"I think so. Golly, she's nice, Jim. We got real friendly. She said I was such a help to her. You know what, Jim?"

"What, baby?"

"I bet I get invited up to her house before long."

"Oh, Anne, please——" He stopped. He didn't want her to set her heart on the impossible. He didn't want her to be hurt and disappointed. But what was he to say to her that would serve any purpose aside from dropping a wet blanket on her hopes?

"Please what, Jim?" she asked, and there was a touch of frost in her voice.

He laughed. "Please don't get me into anything I can't handle."

"Oh, you'll get by," she said. "I just have a hunch we'll be asked. That's how friendly she was. And when I was leaving her office she said, 'Feel free to run up here with any of your problems, dear.'"

"Look, Anne, she meant problems of the organization."

"Of course she did, you dope! Did you think I thought she wanted me to bother her if I had a fight with my husband? Of course she meant the organization, but it was awfully sweet of her. If I was a big society leader like Mrs. Graham I wouldn't have people running in and out of my office with their tales of woe. I'd tell them to beat it. But she's gracious and generous, like they said about her in the paper."

"Yeah, I guess so, Anne, but you gotta remember she's the head of the whole works. Who would you turn to if you couldn't turn to her?"

"Oh, you just don't understand, Jim."

He supposed she was right. After all, the organization, the society page and Mrs. Forsythe Graham were all matters he knew nothing about. How could he understand? Anne was right, and he was a fool to chip in his two cents' worth.

So he said no more for quite a while. As a matter of fact, he said no more until the evening he said everything he knew, everything he thought and a lot of things he hadn't known he had been thinking.

It started off like a special sort of evening. Things were different. To begin with, Anne was still in her uniform when he came in. She looked funny in it, because she had a flowery cellophane apron tied over it. You could see the uniform, Anne's merit award and the blue star gleaming through the red-and-orange flowers.

"What's the idea?" he asked.

"Well, we won't have time to go out to dinner tonight. I'm fixing a snack here. I've just opened some sardines, and I'm toasting crackers. Look, Jim, will you drive me back to the workroom? I've got to be there by seven-thirty."

"Sure, honey, (*Continued on page 75*)





**Inscription worn on fliers' jackets which asks co-operation of all Chinese people.**



**Sgts. Larry Moore and Ken Sanger.**

# We Fight

**A blow-by-blow fliers who have**

**F**IRST, let me, Larry Moore, get one thing off my chest. I want to shout it through America to all those moony melancholics, those calamity-howling zombies who are singing the blues:

Don't worry; we can whip the Japs. It won't be too difficult and it won't take too long.

I know, because I've been fighting Japs in their own front yard, as a member of the American Volunteer Group—the Flying Tigers—in Burma and China.

The Japs aren't so tough. They're good in gangs, like all gangsters, but lousy as individualists. When you break 'em up, split 'em into small groups, they go to pieces. Keep it in mind, you fellows who are going over.

What the Japs have won so far, they've gotten through surprise. We were not ready for them. But I've been around the airplane plants and the tank factories and the arsenals since I was invalidated home last spring (from fever, not from any Jap bullet), and as I write this I know we are almost ready.

When the time comes, when our big drive begins, when we can meet them man for man and plane for plane and tank for tank—well, you don't need to worry about the outcome.

You can take it from me: we'll win, and hands down.

So settle back in your easy chair and I'll tell you about the Flying Tigers, the guttiest gang of angels that ever split a cloud. I'll tell you how they started and how they grew. Part of the story is going to be told by my pal from the A.V.G., Sergeant Ken Sanger. He's sitting here beside me ready to take over. I'll let him start. Come in, Ken:

Okay, Larry; here we go.

I guess it starts at an Army air field in California last summer. Larry and I were sergeants in the United States Army Air Corps, and we were roaring for action. I'm a radio man, and one night I was batting the breeze with a chum at another field. He asked how things were going.

"I'm going nuts with nothing to do," I told him.

"You ought to go with me," he shot back. "I'm going to China."

I knew the boys were listening to us all over the area, so I shot him a code signal to switch to another frequency where we couldn't be overheard, and then I got the dope.

in the war, then, for they loaded us onto a rattletrap railroad in the middle of the night and shipped us to Toungoo, a smelly town on the Burma Road. About fifty fellows were waiting at the broken-down depot, among them the chum who had tipped me off about the A.V.G. They set up a yell that must have rocked Burma. We felt swell. They had cars and took us to the field. We had to stop on the way to let a herd of wild elephants go by.

The first base of the A.V.G. was Kye-daw Airdrome. It was a clearing about ten miles from Toungoo, a collection of grass huts spattered around a 4,000-foot runway. The whole thing had been carved out of dense jungle.

Except for our planes and station wagons and a portable generator for the radios and old-fashioned flickering electric lights, there was no semblance of modern conveniences. Sometimes, when the generator could be coaxed to run smoothly, we had movies in one of the grass huts—old ones, like "Ben Hur" and "The Covered Wagon." Natives would stand in the windows to watch. The bugs and smells were bad, and every night we heard beasts howling in the jungle.

Not many of the pilots had flown combat ships. Many were transport men, accustomed to lumbering cargo planes, and

He said he was going over with the A.V.G. to fight for the Chinese government. I'd never heard of the A.V.G. He said if I wanted to go, to write a letter to a certain man whom I'll call Mr. Blank. Mr. Blank would take care of all the red tape.

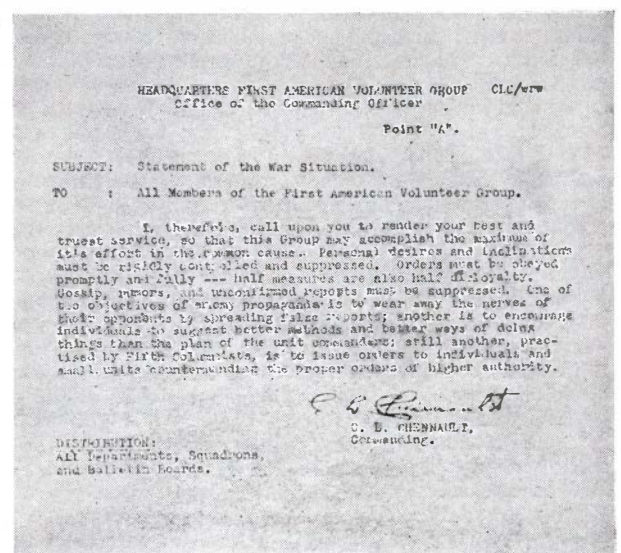
I got Larry out of bed and he wrote Mr. Blank a letter. Nothing happened for a couple of weeks. Then, all at once, our Army discharge papers came through and we got a telegram to report at a big hotel in San Francisco. It was pretty mysterious.

We walked into the hotel, and they were expecting us. We really lived on plush—suites and everything. After a few days other men began checking in—pilots from the Army and Navy and commercial air lines, armorers, skilled mechanics. Finally there were twenty-eight of us. We sat around on the soft plush and wondered what we were being fattened up for. One night in August we got orders to sail on a Dutch boat.

We didn't go as soldiers; we went as tourists and businessmen. I was listed as an embalmer. Larry went as a hardware salesman. The toughest, hairiest guy in the gang, whom we called Bull, went as a ladies' milliner. The boat was blacked out and we cussed the American luxury liners going along with all lights blazing and orchestras blaring, but otherwise it was de luxe. We visited at Honolulu, Manila, Batavia and Singapore, and finally they threw us off at Rangoon.

We knew we were

## **Orders of the Day from Colonel C. L. Chennault, Commander of the A.V.G.**



HEADQUARTERS FIRST AMERICAN VOLUNTEER GROUP C.L.C./C.W.  
Office of the Commanding Officer

Point "A".

SUBJECT: Statement of the War Situation.

TO : All Members of the First American Volunteer Group.

I, therefore, call upon you to render your best and truest service, so that this Group may accomplish the maximum of its effort in the common cause. Personal desires and individualism must be rigidly controlled and suppressed. Orders must be obeyed promptly and fully -- half measures are also half disloyalty. Gossip, rumors, and unconfirmed reports must be suppressed. One of the objectives of enemy propaganda is to wear away the nerves of those opponents by spreading false reports; another is to encourage individuals to suggest better methods and better ways of doing things than the plan of the unit commander; still another, practiced by Fifth Columnists, is to issue orders to individuals and small units countermanding the proper orders of higher authority.

*C. L. Chennault*  
C. L. CHENNAULT,  
Commanding Officer.

DISTRIBUTION:  
ALL Departments, Squadrons,  
and Battalion Boards.



# with the Flying Tigers

account in typical Americanese by two young  
been fighting the Japs in their own front yard

BY SERGEANTS  
LARRY MOORE & KEN SANGER

many others never had been in anything better than a trainer. We had no trainers, nothing but fast P-40 fighters, and the boys had to learn the hard way. At night, we set kerosene lanterns around the runway and covered them with buckets. When we heard a plane coming in, we'd run like hell and take off the buckets, but you can imagine this didn't make for accurate landings or take-offs. It was really flying by the seat of your pants.

We had our share of washouts, but the Lord had His hand on our shoulder; we lost few men in training. The second night we were there, a pilot we called Eddie came roaring in. We saw he was too far to the left. All we could do was stand on the sidelines and give him body English, like a line of kibitzers in a billiard parlor. He saw what was happening and tried to correct it, but too late. One wheel hit and buckled and he skidded down the mat like a dopey bug, crashing into the wall of jungle.

I remember somebody next to me moaning, "Oh, mamma!" We thought he was a dead pigeon, sure. But when we got there Eddie was walking around looking at the wreck and cussing a blue streak. Our pilots seldom got hurt if they could get one wheel on the ground.

A thing we like about the A.V.G. is the absence of formality. There are no

ranks, grades or ratings, no castes or salutes. Each man is supposed to be an expert in his line, and the only orders are to be capable, efficient, self-respecting and courteous. Each man is the equal of all others, and we call each man by his name or nickname, for there is no military formality. We didn't even have uniforms. Some of us went to Toungoo and got a cross-eyed native tailor to whip up khaki shorts and blouse which, with riding boots and topee, looked pretty fancy. We only used them to impress visiting native nabobs.

The only man who rates a salute is the chief, Colonel Claire L. Chennault, and believe me, he gets it gladly. He picked Larry for his personal secretary, but the rest of us didn't see him very often. He had been railroaded out of the United States Army with Billy Mitchell for daring to believe that airplanes were important in warfare, and had gone to China to train native pilots. This was a big headache, and he'd been there a long time and had plenty of grief, so he had wound up with a bum heart. But what a heart it was!

You fellows who are not in the service because you've got flat feet or hangnails might remember that the commander and organizer of the Flying Tigers is a sick man, so sick he can only leave his

quarters at intervals. Yet he has created a fighting force known and respected all over the world. Especially, I imagine, in Tokyo.

We lacked almost everything in the way of fighting tools. No sidearms were issued, because the A.V.G. had none. Most of us had taken some sort of shooting iron, and a few had hunting knives. I had a .45 automatic and Larry had a .38. There were perhaps a dozen .22 rifles scattered among the 200 men. Yes, that's all there were. We never had more than 200 Flying Tigers, including pilots and ground crew. Their average age was twenty-four. We had only fifty-five planes in commission at the peak—all pursuits, no bombers.

The Japs came over every Sunday morning, regularly as clockwork. They knew we didn't work Sundays and slept late, so they circled around very high and took pictures and went away. The first few Sundays Larry and I ran out to watch them, but after that it got monotonous. They were based about sixty miles east, over a range of low mountains. It made us sick to realize we couldn't conceal our ships. The jungle was too dense to run them under the trees. We had to leave them on the apron in plain sight. We tried to cover them with leaves and (Continued on page 141)

A group of Flying Tigers and one of their shark-painted planes.

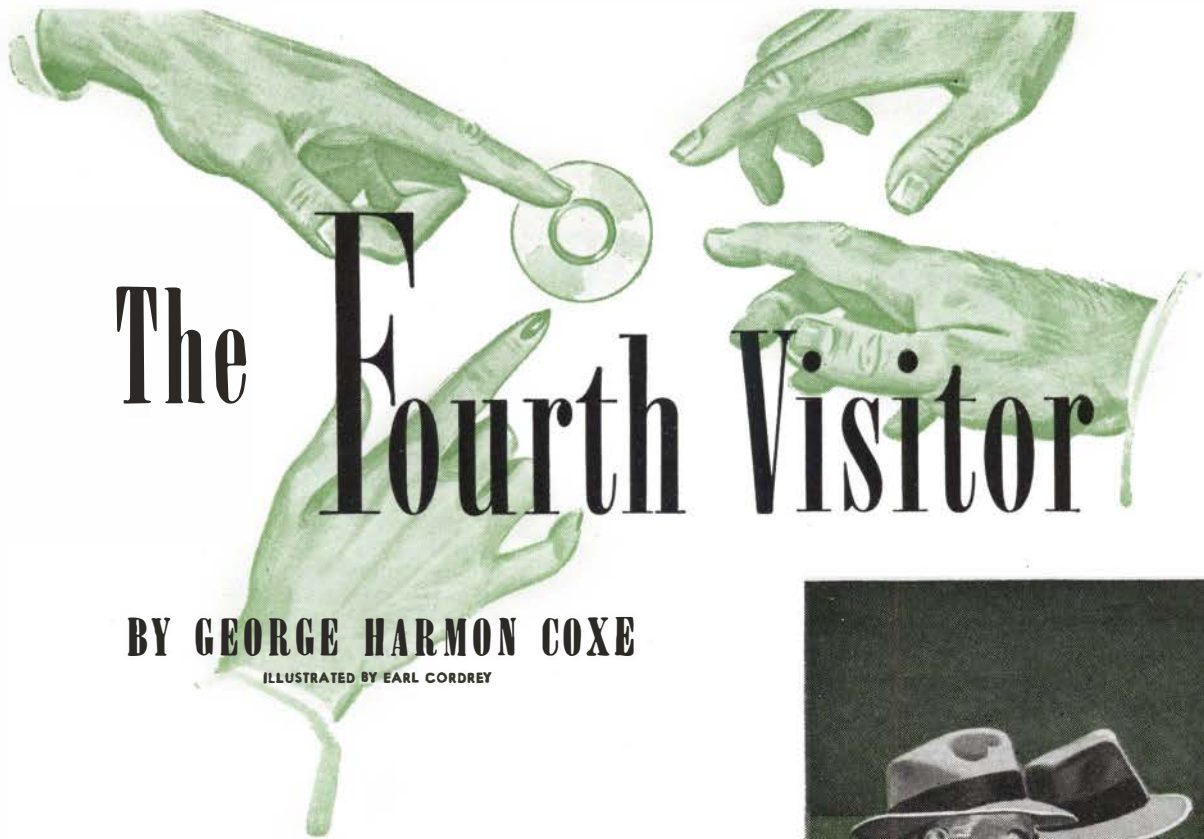


Relaxing between flights at A.V.G. headquarters somewhere in China.



Acme





# The Fourth Visitor

BY GEORGE HARMON COXE

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

**Meet Cosmopolitan's newest fiction detective, handsome young Dr. Paul Standish who as medical examiner of his home town shows the police that he has as keen an eye for crime as he has for a lovely girl**

**E**DDIE TYLER, the night operator at the Mansfield Arms, opened the door of Jay Arnold's apartment for Doctor Standish and pointed a trembling finger at the still figure on the floor.

"He was like that when I came in," he said. "I thought maybe he'd passed out and I shook him a little only"—he swallowed fast—"only he don't seem to be breathing."

Young Doctor Standish knelt beside the man, his swift gaze absorbing details as he opened his bag. The moment he touched the face and felt its lifelike warmth he reached for his stethoscope. Opening the tan flannel sport shirt, he applied the instrument to the heart area of the chest, listened, moved it over the larynx and listened again. There was no sound in the room now and there had been none in the stethoscope.

"Dead?" Eddie whispered. When Paul Standish nodded, the boy broke into a rapid explanation that made up in earnestness what it lacked in unity and coherence.

"I come up with that." He pointed to a wrapped bottle on the desk. "The guy from the corner store brought it. Scotch, he said, for Mr. Arnold. I

come up figuring I might rate a tip, and knocked. I knew he had a dame up here, but when nobody answered I tried the door anyway. It was unlocked and I stuck my head in and there he was . . . Only the dame—"

Paul Standish, listening with half his brain while the other half considered the dead man, brought his thoughts into sharp focus. "What dame?"

"That's what I'm tellin' yuh," Eddie said. "She came up maybe five minutes before I did."

"There's a back way, isn't there?" "Well—sure. You figure she shot him or somethin' and scrambled?"

Doctor Standish did not know just how he was figuring at the moment. He knew why he had been summoned. He lived only a block away and since he called here fairly often to see a patient on the fourth floor, it was natural that Eddie should think of him. Now it occurred to him that this was the first time in his two years' experience as medical examiner that he had beaten the police to a homicide. That this was homicide, he was fairly certain even now.

"Look, Eddie," he said. "Close the door when you go out. And stay by



"In the bedroom," Dr. Standish whispered, and pushed her along.



that switchboard. I'll be calling the police."

Eddie registered disappointment, but he went, and Paul Standish surveyed his surroundings. The room was quite ordinary, though the divan was oversized, and there was a leather-topped kneehole desk and a fireplace with a black composition hearth, raised an inch or so above the floor. Later, waiting for the police, he would make a rough sketch of the room; now with the layout clear in his mind, he began his inspection of the body.

At the very first he had noticed the bruise on the side of the jaw, and when he found no mark on the torso, he examined the scalp, finding a contusion easily discernible above the ear.

The man, in life moderately tall with a soft, well-fed look about him, lay near the center of the room, his head about three feet from the edge of the hearth. The surface of this was shiny and as Paul Standish moved closer he saw that a decorative design had been etched here, in the hollows of which was some liquid substance.

With the help of a medicine dropper, he retrieved two or three drops, put the dropper in a test tube. When he had sealed it, he went to the telephone and asked Eddie to get Lieutenant Ballard at police headquarters . . .

The girl might have made it if she had been more careful of the doorknob. The doctor was standing with his back to the foyer, and the clinking sound as the knob

was released made him turn. By that time she was out of the foyer closet and reaching for the outer door and he uttered a startled, "Hey!" When she didn't stop, he started to run after her.

He caught up with her as she darted into the hall. "Wait a minute," he said, grabbing one wrist, and though her face was white and panic-stricken, he saw that she was young and very lovely. He drew her back into the doorway.

"Let go!" Her voice was ragged, stiff.

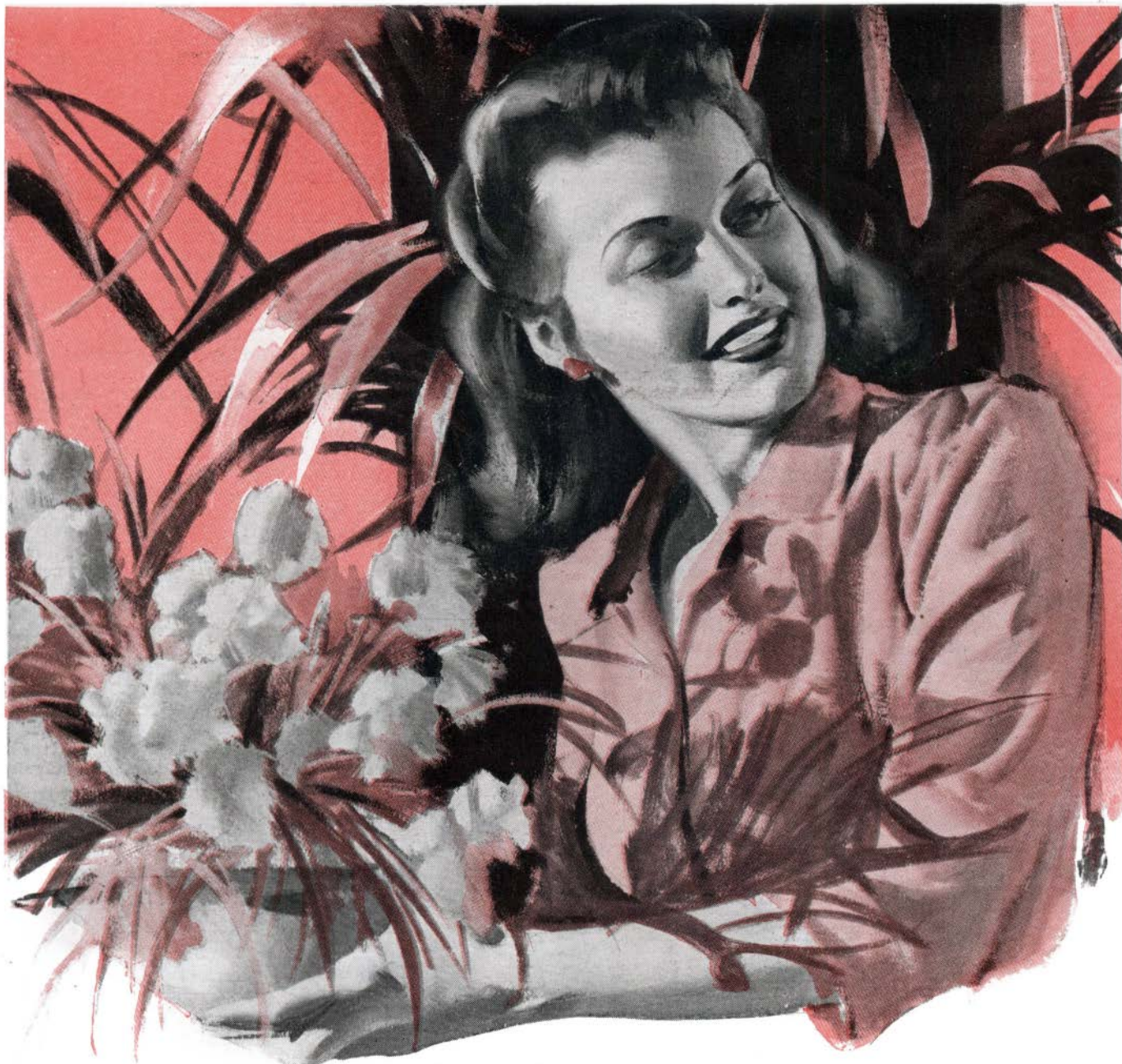
"When we get inside."

"Let go, I said." And then she slapped him.

He pulled her into the room and heeled the door shut. "You'd better sit down," he said quietly. (Continued on page 95)







Mr. Preece looked at Denzie as if he had suddenly remembered. "Any news from Edgeville?"

AS THE tall young man entered the Palace of Flowers, Inc., the salesman up front stepped back and said, "Miss Denzie—Mr. Preece." So Denzie Markell left the centerpiece she was making and came to meet the customer. A small dark girl, Miss Denzie, certainly not pretty, but so quick and sleek and with so engaging a smile that no one had ever called her plain.

"Hi, Denzie," said Mr. Preece, but his voice was not gay.

"Good morning, Mr. Preece," said Denzie, and waited.

"I want something—something propitiatory. Something guaranteed to square a mistake. Not too obvious, though."

"Corsage, loose flowers, or a little arrangement?"

"I leave it to you, Denzie; only send them round as soon as you can." He turned to go, then turned back as if he had suddenly remembered that Denzie was real. "Any news from Edgeville?"

Denzie's eyes sparkled. "The high-school Nine has licked everything in the

county. And the Methodist ladies are having a bake this week."

"Mm-m-m-m-m—Miss Pinner's orange layer cake and old Mrs. Smithers' spice cookies! I know! What wouldn't I give for a taste of those spice cookies!"

"I could send an order down for you—the ladies would be pleased to pieces. And maybe—"

"Maybe what, Denzie?"

"Maybe Mrs. Preece would enjoy some cookies. Maybe she'd like them better than flowers."

His mouth gave a hopeless down twitch. "Oh, no; Maggie's on one of these ninety-year diets—no sweets, no starch, no fats, no nothing." He glanced at the clock. "I'm late. Rush those flowers, Denzie, please. G'by."

Denzie took a square glass tile and filled it with yellow rosebuds at one side, giant white pansies in a ruffled rosette at the other, bits of baby's breath and maidenhair and rose-geranium sprays to trail. When it was done she was satisfied but not happy. That ought to suit her,

she thought. That ought to look all right in those queer white rooms. Why can't she quit clawing at his feelings all the time? Dick Preece was the grandest fellow in Edgeville, and the brightest. His folks were grand, too. Who is she, for goodness' sake? Just because she was a swell debutante and all the papers printed pieces about her don't give her leave to be highhanded with Dick Preece. I'd like to tell her something.

She summoned a delivery boy. "Jimmy, carry this up to Mr. Preece's. Skip!"

The Palace of Flowers was furiously busy. Three church weddings, a luncheon, special decorations for a fraternity dinner plus their regular orders. No one on the Palace staff had any lunch except chocolate malteds from the drugstore. Denzie's hands were grimed and scratched, her legs ached like toothache, but she toiled on. Flowers, flowers, flowers! She reached for them blindly, clipped stems, twisted wires, tied ribbons in a fantastic weary haze.

The proprietors, Mr. Alec and Mr. Vic,





# Home Town Girl

BY  
**SOPHIE KERR**

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON

**When a girl risks her love on a Manhattan romance it's well to have a sweetheart in the old home town**

worked as hard as anyone, and at the end of the day when the porter at last closed the front door, Mr. Vic dealt out a handful of dollar bills. "Supper's on the house," he said, "and we thank you heartily, one and all, for your co-operation. What a day!"

Denzie and Miss Kettner, the cashier, went out together into the twilight, and Miss Kettner turned south toward Grand Central, for she lived in White Plains. Denzie stood waiting for the light to go across Park Avenue, wondering if her tired feet would carry her the three blocks east to her one-room home.

The light changed and she started over, limping. Someone stepped beside her. Someone spoke: "Why, hello, Denzie. You look dead-beat."

"Good evening, Mr. Preene," said Denzie wearily. "Were the flowers all right?"

"Perfect! Maggie sent a telegram to the office to tell me. Denzie, you're all in. Come along, I'm going to buy you a drink—you need it."

"I don't drink liquor," said Denzie, "and I can't go any place looking like this. Thank you just as much, Mr. Preene."

"A drop of sherry isn't liquor." He seized her arm and steered her into a welter of blue and scarlet leather, shining chromium, mirror panels and not-too-bright lights. He pushed her into an easy chair beside a low table. "La Ina for the lady, Chico," he told the waiter, "and make mine a double Scotch."

Denzie tasted La Ina and made a face. "I thought it would be sweet."

Dick Preene pushed crackers and nuts toward her. "Eat something to cushion it. You're an idiot to let them work you

so hard, Denzie. What do you do it for?"

"Today was an extra rush. Three weddings."

"H'm, yes, weddings. People keep right on marrying." He said it angrily.

The wine, the food, made Denzie feel better, but she could see herself in the mirror and that made her feel worse. "I must go home," she said. "I look like a bunch of old dustrags."

"Don't run out on me, Denzie. I can't go home yet. There'll be a mob screaming the place down, and it will smell of cocktails and perfume, and all the women will have bloody lips and bloody nails, and all the men—never mind what the men will be. Home, sweet home. Drinks, match-games, jazz and double talk!"

"Doesn't sound much like Edgeville," said Denzie drily. She thought with a thrill: This bar looks like the movies, only not so big. She pushed her hair behind her ears, straightened her hat, adjusted her collar. The mirror approved.

"Does Edgeville really exist, Denzie, or is it just a dream? Is there any place



with peace and quiet and no—no worked-up emotions over trifles?”

“It’s just like it always was—people rocking on the front porches, Wednesday-night prayer meeting and Saturday-afternoon ball games and full-moon dances.”

“What on earth made you leave, Denzie? You don’t belong in New York. You don’t look New Yorkish. I don’t believe you feel New Yorkish, either.”

Denzie felt baffled. She might resemble a bunch of dustrags at the moment, but her dress was new, and Miss Alice, the French lady who lived across the hall, had copied her hat—for two dollars—from a thirty-five-dollar model. If she didn’t look New Yorkish, it wasn’t the fault of her clothes. She must ask Miss Alice about it later.

She answered Preene’s question as if he had made it without comment. “Oh, you know Pop married again, and his wife and I didn’t get along. Then Aunt Theresa wrote and offered me a home—she lives in Queens—but it was pretty crowded there, so as soon as I got a job I moved out. I’m not lonesome. I’ve made some nice friends. Sundays, I go out to Aunt Theresa’s.”

He wasn’t listening; he was hearing something going on inside of him, something sad and destructive. It was that wife of his, Denzie knew. She might look glamorous in the Sunday picture section, but that was all there was to her. She hadn’t any idea how to treat a fine man like Dick Preene.

A great temptation seized Denzie. She

would ask Dick Preene an indirect question, a question that meant everything to her—if he gave the right answer. She would never have another such chance.

“You liked Edgeville, didn’t you?” she said. “I mean, the river and the trees and going to high school and et cetera?”

“Of course I liked it, especially the et cetera.” He was laughing at her, but she didn’t care.

“School was fun. I mean, we had nice teachers. And we used to have nice picnics and entertainments.” Her hand gripped the sherry glass. “You used to be in some of the entertainments.”

Dick Preene laughed again. “You don’t do me justice. I was a great actor in those days. I must have been a scream.”

“No, you were awfully good, really. The school gave Shakespeare’s ‘Tempest’ once, and you were Ferdinand. My, you were good in that!”

“Don’t, Denzie, or I’ll be crying on your shoulder. I hadn’t thought of that in years. I had blue tights and my mother’s silver evening cape and a squashy hat with a feather. That girl who played Miranda—who was she?”

“It was Jeannie Royde, the redheaded Royde girl.”

“I remember now! A mean little wench she was: stole my lines; stood in front of me so the audience couldn’t see my blue tights. I hated that girl. But one person in the cast I do remember.”

“Who?” asked Denzie, holding her breath.

“Chuck Blake! He played Duke Prospero, with false whiskers, the funniest

thing I ever saw!” Dick laughed so loudly that everyone in the bar turned to look, startled. His laughter even startled himself. “Lord, I haven’t laughed like that in I don’t know when! But those whiskers were a riot.” He laughed again softly. “All the same, that’s a gorgeous play, full of gorgeous poetry. Things like, ‘Come unto these yellow sands,’ and ‘Where the bee sucks there suck I, in a cowslip’s bell I lie’—somebody sings that in ‘The Tempest,’ but I don’t remember who. A lovely song.”

“Ariel sings it,” said Denzie, very low.

“Of course. Ariel, the sprite Ariel. I had some swell lines! ‘Though the seas threaten they are merciful. I have cursed them without cause.’ Isn’t that great? And earlier I said, ‘I am, in my condition, a prince, Miranda. I do think, a king.’” He repeated wryly, “‘I do think, a king.’ I felt like a king in those days.”

“You needn’t talk as if you were Methusaleh,” said Denzie. She rose. “Thank you very much for the treat, Mr. Preene. It made me feel a lot better.”

“Please don’t go, Denzie. I shall have to stay here by myself, and I’ll probably drink too much and—”

“You’re a little on the tight side now, Mr. Preene. You’d better not take any more.” She wanted to add: “And if you don’t like the people who’re at your house, show your spunk, let ’em see they’re not welcome. You’re too easy.” But she dared not advise Richard again. She just said, “Well, thank you again and good evening.”

She was gone before he could reply.

## The trouble with women is—

**W**HAT is wrong with women? May I answer that question by asking, “What is wrong with women?” I am speaking now of American women—Japanese women excluded.

Was there ever a more definite answer than the song of yesteryear, “My Mother Was a Lady”?

Women in Russia are fighting side by side with the muzhiks and giving a mighty good account of themselves. There are a lot of women fighting here at home too.

I remember several years ago when I was a tot my father ran an elite café on the outskirts of Philadelphia. They were called saloons in those days, Family Entrance on the side. A woman named Swampoodle Sadie entered the swinging door one sultry afternoon, approached the bar, placed her dainty foot upon the rail and said to Father, “Rat gut straight.” Rat gut, may I explain, was the sobriquet bestowed upon five-cent whisky, also known as “a shock.”

Father suggested somewhat firmly that Sadie repair to the rear room and seat herself. Sadie was not amenable to the suggestion. Father was adamant. Sadie made a bad noise with her mouth right in his face, suggested he proceed to Gehenna and emptied the dregs of a glass in his face.

Father leaped over the bar, got a firm

hold on Sadie’s Adam’s apple and dragged her to the vestibule, feinted her with a left, then clipped her on the chin with a mighty right, dropping her to the floor. He then applied the boots to her stomach, a great mistake in those days. Sadie was wearing a tightly laced Elvira corset. Father broke his great toe.

He called the gildersleeves and Sadie was dragged off to durance vile and charged with disturbing the peace. She returned about a week prior to the Natal Day. Father’s toe was out of the splints. He whistled as he polished the glasses with his apron. He was admiring a rococo rural winter scene, a snowscape a traveling artist had just finished in soap with some gold and silver tinsel added. A snod old farmhouse, a lady and gentleman snugled together in a sleigh. Even the old Chic Sale with the crescent air vent in the door.

Sadie entered, picked up a partly consumed quart of Monongahela rye and let fly. The bottle patted Father on the scone and ricocheted off into the great mirror, scattering flies to right and left. Father always had great respect for women after that and could never see anything wrong with them. We children probably inherited this instinct. There is nothing wrong with women. I’m sorry.



by  
W.C. Fields





## The trouble with men is—

**MEN** are simply men. While that is their greatest charm, it is also their principal drawback. It is too bad we can't cancel all their other faults with their virtues. But we can't. If you try it, you always end up with the real man and a lot of minuses left over.

Please remember this—if anything good or bad I say about men applies to my husband, it is purely coincidental. Men may not be really stubborn, but why is it that after you marry a man for what he is, you find out that you wanted what he wasn't? In all fairness, we women are to blame for spoiling men. When a man's grouchy, dull, lazy, egotistical or childish we say, "Oh, well—he's just a big grown-up boy." When he's not we think he's sick. Saying a man is a grown-up boy is doubly bad—it's bad for the man and it gives growing boys very little to look forward to.

In some ways a man is hard to under-

stand. Out in the world he discovers the secrets of steam, electricity, radio and aviation, but at home he can hardly ever find his hat. He builds bridges, skyscrapers and automobiles—but ask him to tack down a corner of the carpet! I'll admit that a man is broad-minded. He has to be to blame all his weaknesses on his mother and his wife and take all the credit for the virtues he thinks he has. If men always do the wrong thing at the right time it's only natural. They spend their boyhood hurrying the day when they can shave—and when they reach the point where they ought to they're too tired.

Of course, these aren't just my own opinions. Any woman will tell you the same thing. So there's nothing radically wrong with men. There's nothing radically wrong with green onions, either—except they give you indigestion. The trouble is we women can't leave men and green onions alone.

The night had come on, and there was air from the East River, brisk and cool. At Third Avenue, Denzie stopped and bought half a dozen apricots—an extravagance—and two oranges—a necessity. She lived still farther east in an old tenement, its face lifted with stucco and paint and its interior cut into square cells, each with two cubbyholes fitted respectively as bath and kitchenette. Denzie's cell was the third-floor back, and when she reached it all the splintering pain of the day was again in her ankles.

She undressed and bathed and put on a nightgown and over it her pink-and-white housecoat and prepared her supper. She had made potato soup the night before, so that could be reheated. Yellow snappy cheese melted on brown bread under the flame while the soup was getting hot. There was a red tomato to slice and touch up with salt and sugar and vinegar. When all was ready on the table beside the window Denzie put coffee in a tiny biggin and left it to drip.

She ate absent-mindedly, her thoughts full of the last exciting hour. Mr. Preene wasn't happy with his Maggie, that was all too plain. But how good-looking he was, happy or unhappy!

When Denzie had finished the soup and the cheese toast and the tomato she cleared away the dishes, put the apricots on the table in a blue bowl and set out her coffee cup and biggin on a blue tin tray. And then from the top drawer of her bureau she took a box.

Opened, it revealed an old photograph and a sheaf of newspaper clippings. The photograph was a group picture of young people in home-contrived costumes. In the center was a tall boy in tights and doublet and long cape. At his right was a gangling girl dressed in what Denzie recalled as Mrs. Payson-the-principal's-wife's old crepe teagown. "He didn't re-

member *you*, Jeannie Royde," Denzie said to this girl. And there was Charlie Blake with those comic whiskers of raveled gray yarn. "Chuck was funny!" Denzie admitted. "We all thought we were as good as anything on Broadway!"

Then her eyes sought Ariel at the end, slight and slim, with a mop of curls and a pair of plaited paper wings that didn't match. "He didn't remember me either," she said, "but he remembered the song I sang. He didn't remember that he laughed and said I was the cutest thing he ever saw. He didn't remember that he kissed me. Of course, he didn't kiss me like I was a girl; he kissed me like a big fellow kisses a child, I know that. But he kissed me." She put her finger on her cheek. "Right there, a nice sweet kiss. Oh, my, was I a set-up kid! I was set up anyway, being in the play with the big girls and boys—and scared to death, too. Everybody said I did fine, and Pop and Mom were proud as Punch. 'Come unto these yellow sands and there take hands.'"

She hummed the tune. "I was nine and he was sixteen, going on seventeen." She picked up the clippings. "Edgeville High School presents 'The Tempest,' by William Shakespeare." Denzie read it through, smiling. "I wasn't in high school, but they had to have somebody little for Ariel, and Mr. Payson came over to the third grade and asked for somebody who could sing. I wish I could show this to Mr. Preene."

Now she looked at the other clippings. They were all about Richard Preene, going away, coming home, entering college, graduating, getting a job in New York, coming home for Christmas. Then: "Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dill Russell, of New York and Tuxedo, announce the engagement of their only daughter, Margaret, to Mr. Richard Preene, son of the late Judge and Mrs. James J. Preene." There

were pictures—Richard in profile, gay and ardent; Maggie in a big hat beneath which her wide-eyed gaze was so angelic that the petulant lips and determined round chin were forgotten, except by Denzie. "She was a hard one even then, I say," remarked Denzie slightly.

There was a wedding picture from a Sunday paper, and Denzie looked at its date. That was four years ago, two years before I came to New York, she thought. I never would've come if it hadn't been for him. I'd've stayed home and married Chuck Blake, sure's the world, and lived in a six-room bungalow, not jammed in like this. But I said no, I'd try New York. I knew he was married and all, but it was like being blown along by a wind. Then when I got the job at the Palace and found out he dealt there I thought the hand of fate was surely in it. And when I got up the nerve to tell him I came from Edgeville, he wouldn't let anybody else wait on him! I was glad he looked so happy, honest I was. Glad even when it hurt. And now he's not happy—and it's all her fault. It's a shame!

There was a knock at the door, and she closed the box and slipped it into the drawer. "Come in, Miss Alice," she called.

Miss Alice was fortyish, short and plump and very French. Her black dress fitted like a million dollars, and she had a silly smart hat in her hand. "I thought we might go to a movie," she said.

Denzie laughed. "You didn't think anything of the kind or you'd have your hat on. You smelled my coffee and you wanted a cup so's you could tell me how much better French coffee is. Come in and have an apricot." While she spoke she placed another cup, a plate, a napkin.

Miss Alice laughed. "I don't fool you." She tasted an apricot. "Sweet as heaven! It will make that bad coffee better."

They ate (Continued on page 121)



# Mrs. Parkington

BY  
LOUIS BROMFIELD

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

**In all her fabulous years Mrs. Parkington had never been touched by scandal. Now she faces one from which there seems no escape**

**THE STORY SO FAR:** Susie Parkington, at eighty-four, had a curious feeling that she must go on living because of some impending tragedy in which she was to play a part.

It was not new, this sense of foreboding. She had had it many times since that first occasion, more than sixty years before, when, back in her birth place, Leaping Rock, Nevada, both her parents had been killed in a mine explosion.

Augustus Parkington, the wealthy Easterner who owned half the great Juno mine and who boarded with Susie's parents when he came West on business, broke the news to her.

"Major" Parkington's years had totaled almost twice Susie's seventeen, but when he said, "I'm going to take care of you now. You're going away with me—to New York," she asked innocently, "Do you mean, will I marry you?"

"Yes, why, yes—of course," he replied, and coughed as if astonished . . .

Susie and the Major spent their honeymoon at the famous old Brevoort Hotel in New York, and there young Mrs. Parkington was introduced to two women who greatly influenced her life.

There was Mademoiselle Conti, a French actress who had once been the Major's mistress. She taught Susie many things: how to put on a hat or a frock; how to make conversation about nothing; how to destroy the slight nasal quality in her voice. There were French lessons which went remarkably well and books which Mademoiselle Conti gave her to read, sometimes in French. She also taught her about music and the opera.

Harriette Thornton, a lady in reduced circumstances, was engaged by the Major to teach Susie about conservative "Old New York" which did not live in public but behind closed doors in great houses on Washington Square, Lower Fifth Avenue and Murray Hill.

The years that followed had been rich years—rich in experience as well as in material things. The Parkingtons had traveled all over the world and met many important and interesting people.

Mrs. Parkington was still enjoying her wealth, but the Major hadn't lived to see this new America with laws which would have put him in jail for acts which in his day had been called "developing the country."

Mrs. Parkington was thinking of all these things on Christmas night, as she chatted with Mattie, her masseuse, hairdresser, secretary and friend through forty-one years.

Mrs. Parkington's old beau, Harry Van Diver, was coming to the family dinner that night. So was Mrs. Parkington's daughter Alice Sanderson, still called the duchess, although twice married since her divorce from the duke.



The old lady never felt quite comfortable in her daughter's presence. In fact most of the family bored her—her granddaughter Madeleine who came with her fourth husband, a "cowboy," Al Swann; Madeleine's sister Helen, and her broker husband, Amory Stilham; their son, Tommy.

Rumor said that Amory had been gambling with securities belonging to his firm, and that disturbed Mrs. Parkington because, if true, it might spell tragedy for Amory's daughter Janie, who was in love with a splendid young government employee, Ned Talbot. And Janie meant more to the old lady than all the rest of the family together.

Janie herself was painfully aware of the decadence of the world in which she had grown up, and had spent most of her time trying to escape from it by keeping "on the go."





At the foot of the stairs Gus picked her up tenderly and for a moment she forgot all about what happened at the party

AT THE British War Relief office there were things to do and other women to talk to. Some of them, like Janie, came there to escape from themselves. And Janie thought again: This is a cursed world in which to be young, for it seemed to her that it was a world in the process of disintegrating before her very eyes. Only small broken pieces of it remained, integrated and held together by illusion and hatred of all that was superseding it.

Their big gloomy house was like that, and her father's firm and Wall Street itself. One found the shattered pieces of that broken world in clubs on Long Island and at dinner parties in big houses—a world corroded with hatred and defeat. Without knowing quite what she did, she avoided these broken fragments, searching for the new world which was to

take the place of the old one without ever seeming to find it.

Ned, she knew, was a part of that new world. He talked to her about it—a new world which would be a great step forward in civilization and the development of Democracy. But it was not yet here.

She did not talk about these things to the other women, for she had discovered that most of them did not understand. They simply grew angry and called her a Red. It was not in this background, she knew, that one would find the beginnings of the new world.

So she talked about trivial things until five-thirty, when she said good afternoon and went in search of her great-grandmother. She had need of her great-grandmother's tremendous sense of peace and security.





The hysterical voice of the maid came over the phone to Mrs. Parkington. "There is something the matter with Mrs. Sanderson, madam!"

Janie had not called earlier to say that she was coming, because Mrs. Parkington was always at home at teatime. As she stepped out of the taxi, she was troubled to discover at the curb a battered station wagon with "Dutch Harbor Farm" painted on the side. That meant her great-uncle Henry would be there, and he always made her feel uncomfortable.

For a moment she debated the question of going away, but finally thought: Perhaps he will be leaving soon, and Granny will ask me to stay to dinner.

Taylor opened the door, and when Janie asked, "Is Mrs. Parkington alone?" he said, "No, Miss Janie. Mr. Henry Parkington is here, and Lord Haxton."

She said, "Perhaps I'd better come back tomorrow."

"No, Miss Janie. I'm sure Mrs. Parkington would like you to meet Lord Haxton." Taylor added with the faintest glint of a smile, "Mr. Henry is very quiet today."

"You'd better announce me."

He went away, and while she was making up her face, Mrs. Parkington came out of the sitting room. The old lady kissed Janie, and suddenly the girl felt warm and secure again.

"My dear, I'm very glad you came," her great-grandmother said. "I telephoned your house, but they didn't know

where to find you. There's an old friend of mine here I wanted you to meet." As they walked along the hall, Mrs. Parkington added, "It's Lord Haxton. He's in America on some mission that has to do with the war."

In the sitting room Uncle Henry was standing with his back to the fire, a big, heavy, bearded, vigorous man of nearly eighty. He was dressed in rough farm clothes—corduroy trousers, plaid flannel shirt and woolen jacket. The flames behind him lighted up his thick white hair, so that he appeared to have a halo about his sunburnt face.

Seated in a big chair by the fire was the stranger who must be Lord Haxton. As the two women came into the room he stood up.

He was old too, with silvery-white hair, but very thin and straight with a look of extraordinary distinction. His face was handsome, with finely cut nose and chin, high forehead, flat temples and high cheekbones. His eyes were bright blue.

Mrs. Parkington said, "This is Lord Haxton, a very old friend. I haven't seen him for years."

Lord Haxton shook hands with Janie and said he was glad to know her. Then she had to kiss her great-uncle because he always expected it and might be angry if she refused. She hated the feel

of his beard, but she liked the smell of soap and horses that hung about him.

"As I was saying," continued Uncle Henry, addressing Lord Haxton, "if England would adopt proper agricultural methods she could feed herself. But get an Englishman to change his ways! Never! That's what is the matter. Now, I've got only four hundred acres—none of it too good, and ninety acres of it in timber—but I produce enough to feed a village."

As he talked, Lord Haxton seemed to shrivel. Beside Henry, he seemed delicate and very old.

Mrs. Parkington, watching them, thought: James is bored, and he is wrong to be bored. Henry is talking sense. He should listen to Henry, who loves his acres and likes common people, and had married again at seventy and produced a son at the age of seventy-one.

She sighed, thinking of Henry's other four children by his first wife, who was the daughter of his farm manager, and of his grandchildren and how different they were from her own descendants. And her mind wandered back a long way to the time when she had first seen Henry, when the Major brought his brother to the Brevoort, a rugged, awkward lad of fifteen, twenty years younger than the Major, with a different mother. And she remembered the news of Henry's marriage ten years later to the farmer's daughter, and the scandal it had caused and the Major's fury. But Henry had been right, and the Major wrong. The Major had wanted to "be

somebody"; to know kings and have his daughter marry a duke; to have a great house on Fifth Avenue and a yacht. The Parkingtons were common and earthy, and the Major had tried to escape his own destiny. He had remained common, thank God, until the sordid end in the hotel in Cannes. That was his great quality and he had not been able to escape it, as none of us can escape the molding thumb of destiny.

But Henry was right. People called him eccentric and even crazy, but he was not in the least crazy. Like Mrs. Parkington herself, he had lived long enough to see all the others who had called him crazy decay and disappear, along with their fortunes and ambitions. He had lived through the whole of the indecent era, going his own way like a peasant, beyond destruction. And look at him now, standing there like a young man! His children and grandchildren hadn't made "good matches," watering the blood with each generation. He hadn't allowed them to.

Janie, listening, felt bored with Uncle Henry's talk of "concentrated farming" and rotations and fertilizers and soils. Yet she could not help feeling the stimulus of his vigor and masculinity. She suspected that perhaps he had spoiled her great-grandmother's afternoon by bouncing in without warning. Granny



had meant to have tea alone with an old beau, talking about the old days, and now that was all spoiled.

Mrs. Parkington, behind the tea tray, had virtually ceased listening to the discussion between the two men. She managed to hear enough of their conversation to follow its trend, but her mind lingered in another world of boredom and disillusionment. She was aware now that James' call had been a failure even before Henry arrived. To be honest, Henry had made it better by bouncing in, ruddy and smelling of horse manure.

She supposed one should never try to take up old friendships after so many years. Too many things happened in between—to yourself and to the world. Certainly too many things had happened since she had last seen James—things which he seemed unaware of, upholstered in his conceit and trust in his own security. He still talked as if there were no danger; he still talked as if this war was not serious, but only an annoyance.

She saw now that he was a fool and that he had always been a fool, for all his record at Oxford and his brilliant career. She wondered suddenly what that career would have been if James had had to make it on his own as the Major had done, without privilege and position and friends.

Henry was really going to town now, in his blunt way. He was saying, "In fact, there has really been no British Empire since the Statutes of Westminster. It is dead, but it has refused to lie down."

She heard Lord Haxton protest, "But my dear sir, you don't understand the intricacies of British politics!" and she felt contempt for him. Those damned intricacies they always fell back upon! They had talked the same way forty years ago.

Something was loose in the world, something exasperated, which would snuff all the Lord Haxtons and the intricacies out of existence. It was loose in Russia, in Germany, in England, in America, in India and the islands of the East. Even before the Major died, he had known it, the way he had known when it was a good time to sell wheat or cotton or railroad shares. That was why he put everything into nontaxable securities and left it all to her.

And for no reason at all, she suddenly wanted to cry, partly because she remembered the Major as he had been in the red-and-gold room at the Brevoort. Henry always made her think of him. And with the memory came the knowledge that out of all the women the Major had known, he had loved her best. He had loved her and trusted her. It was there in every sentence of the long and intricate will. Again and again he had written: "To my beloved wife, who will understand my purpose." Or: "To my beloved wife, who may be trusted to carry out my wishes." And she wanted to cry too out of cosmic sadness at the vanity and folly of the human race.

She wanted James to go away and never return, because, while he sat there arguing feebly with Henry, he had become a symbol of all the years in her life which might have been rich, but were empty and wasted. Henry had done a much better (Continued on page 110)





# First Line of Defense

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVAN DOHANOS

**Sam Dobie thought there was nothing he could do to help win the war. But one night the war came to his gas station**

**SAM DOBIE**, at his desk in the shanty of the gasoline station, tried hard to concentrate on the ledger; but his mind was so full of other things that he scowled and turned page after page without seeing any figures at all. It was a month after Pearl Harbor and Sam was thinking about the war. Whenever he thought about the war he lost patience with himself.

There ought to be *something* a man of forty-seven could do, he reasoned, aside from putting his money into defense bonds. Forty-seven wasn't old. Thousands of men older than that were in the Army, in the Navy, in the factories. Yet here sat Sam, not doing a thing; just running a gas station, same as usual, as if nothing had happened in the world. It was enough to make a man squirm.

"I know how you feel," Mrs. Gillespie had sighed. Mrs. Gillespie owned the house where Sam boarded. "The Government says every man and woman has to do his part, so you go around, kind of desperate, asking yourself, 'What can I do? How can I help?' And when you can't find an answer, it's enough to drive you crazy. Yes, I know."

Sam had growled, "Trouble is they won't give me a chance. They take one look at my leg and mark me No Good. Don't see as my leg ever hindered me from operating a gas station, did it? I can work!"

Still, he had to take his leg into account. A man who leaned on a cane when he walked could hardly expect the Army to use him. But if he couldn't be in the Army, he could at least work *for* the Army. That was all Sam asked. That's what he'd had in mind when he'd gone down into the valley for a job at the munitions plant.

"I'll rent my gas station or sell it," he'd said to Joe Herrick, who did the hiring. "I'm a fair mechanic, Joe. I could keep machines oiled or—"

Big, bald Joe Herrick, making a point of ignoring Sam's twisted leg, had tried to ease things with a friendly smile. "I wish I could do it," he'd said. "But I just

wouldn't know where to fit you, Sam. Sorry." And then, coming around his desk, Joe had put a hand on Sam Dobie's shoulder. "Why don't you forget it and go on running the gas station? Some of us have to keep the normal things going, Sam. That's part of fighting the war, too."

"Sure. I know. But I want to feel I'm *in* the fight."

"What the hell, Sam, aren't we all in it?"

Sam Dobie grunted at the memory of the interview. "A nice friendly brush-off," he thought. He lighted his pipe and bent over the ledger again—a lanky figure in overalls, wearing a greasy windbreaker and a shapeless felt hat. His face was gaunt and his eyes were unhappy. It wasn't much fun selling gas and oil when you knew you ought to be sweating in some kind of war work. This business of piddling around with five gallons here, ten gallons there—

Sam forced himself to look at the figures in the book.

They used to be important. Not only accounts of the sums he had taken in and spent, but definite money-earning records. For example, he had always set down the mileage at which he changed a car's oil and grease. By watching the customer's speedometer for a lapse of fifteen hundred miles, he knew when it was time to suggest, "Better change your oil. You're just about due." It was good business. It proved to a customer that you were giving him individual service and interest.

Sam had kept other records, too. He never failed to jot down the amount of gas a man bought. Often this had brought carburetor, valve-grinding or spark-plug jobs—when his gas-sale records, on comparison with speedometer readings, indicated that a customer was using too much fuel for the mileage he got. Things like that had all seemed shrewd and important before the war. They had given Sam Dobie a comfortable pile of savings to put into defense bonds. But now . . .





A horn sounded loudly on the road. Taking the pipe from his mouth, Sam turned to see the Fraley brothers' farm truck rattle into the driveway. The Fraleys were comparatively new customers, but he had a page in the ledger for them. Because the book lay open under his hand, he gave their account a quick glance before going out. A hundred and forty gallons of gas in the past twelve days. Probably doing a lot of carting. He

hadn't yet sold them an oil and grease job, but the day he'd started their account he had set down the mileage on their speedometer—12,197. They must be about due for oil, Sam figured.

He got his cane and limped out to the gas pumps. It was windy up here on the hill. If you glanced down the road, you could look over the whole town of Ryerson, with its factory chimneys smoking and the munitions plant going full blast

by the railroad tracks. When you remembered that every streamer of smoke meant materials with which to win the war, Ryerson was a pretty inspiring place to see. *That* was where he belonged --down there.

"Fill her up, Ed Fraley called. He was the big blond one at the wheel. He sat blowing on his hands while his brother Steve, leaner and smaller, with bright little eyes, lighted a cigarette.

While the gas gurgled. Sam twisted his head for the usual look at the truck's speedometer. It registered 12,457 miles. And that surprised him.

"Anything wrong with your speedometer?" he asked.

"Not that I know of," Ed Fraley said. "Why?"

"Well, according to the amount of gas you been buying, you should've made about two thousand miles since you started coming here. The speedometer shows only two hundred and sixty. Two hundred and sixty miles on a hundred and forty gallons. *Something's* gone wrong." And Sam, grinning, added what he intended to be a little joke. "Unless you boys are storing gas away for a rainy day. Better be careful or I'll report that."

He saw immediately that he had said the wrong thing. Ed Fraley stiffened. He stopped blowing on his hands and gripped the wheel and looked at his brother. Steve forgot the match he was holding. He let it burn between his fingers, watching it. After a moment he said in a careful way, "Yeah. I guess the speedometer *must* be wrong. Didn't know you kept such a close check on us."

"Do it for all steady customers," Sam answered. "Helps keep their cars in shape. Want me to look at that speedometer?"

"Not now. We'll come around when we got more time."

The Fraley brothers drove away, and Sam limped into the shanty to ring up their money. If it hadn't been for the queer way Ed and Steve had behaved when he'd mentioned all the gas they'd been buying, he might have forgotten them. As it was, he had to wonder. They'd acted as if he had given them a jolt.

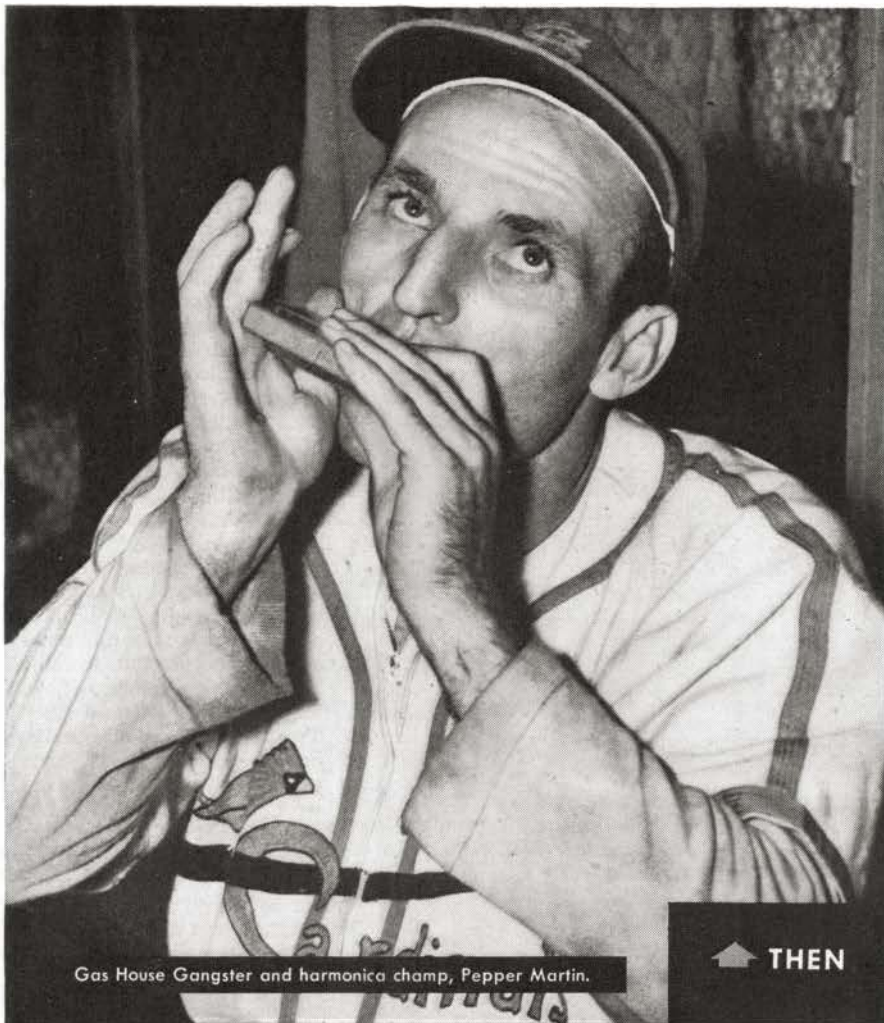
The longer he considered it, the queerer it seemed.

(Continued on page 59)



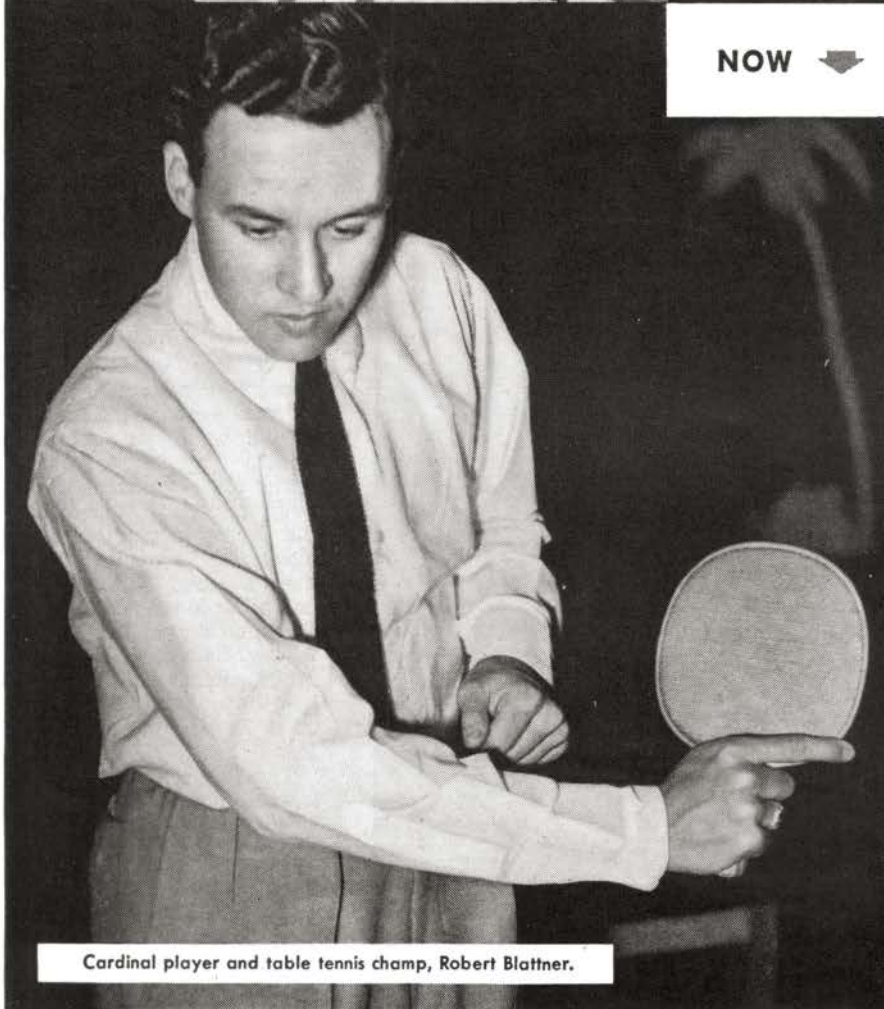
"You can't make the police think I was killed by thieves," Sam said. "They know about the gas."





Gas House Gangster and harmonica champ, Pepper Martin.

↑ THEN



Cardinal player and table tennis champ, Robert Blattner.

NOW ↓

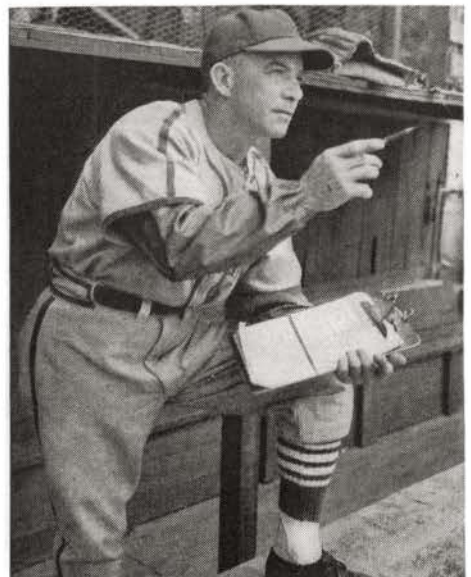


Good-by, Medwick! Only time player was ever ordered from a Series game by Judge Landis.

## The Passing

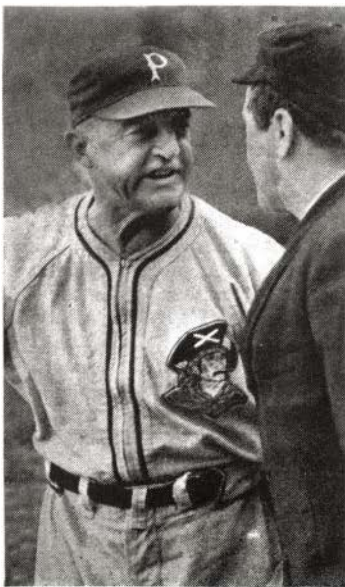
**GENTLEMEN (and Ladies), do you want your baseball rough and tumble, or with tennis etiquette? This article gives you something to think about. The author has to live with the Cardinals. We do not!**

**B**ASEBALL'S once famous "Gas House Gang" is better known today as the "Campus Kids." The once notorious ten-man riot has gone soft. Gone are the days when a team bearing the colors of the St. Louis Cardinals, with spikes flying high, tore wide apart everything in the National League, defied the authority of Ford Frick, the league presi-



Billy Southworth—present Cardinal manager.





Frankie Frisch arguing with an umpire.



Maestro Pepper Martin leading his Musical Mud Cats.



Dizzy Dean after winning argument with Ford Frick.

# of the GAS HOUSE GANG

BY SID C. KEENER

Sports Editor, St. Louis Star-Times

dent, cuffed umpires, battered opposing players, and even slugged it out among themselves in the clubhouse. For one purpose: to win a pennant.

Call it the march-of-events on the diamond, or the end of the bare-knuckle type of baseball, but anyway, the Gas House Gang is no more.

You can score an assist for this transformation in the personnel of the Cardinals to the club's builder-upper, Branch Rickey, the old professor, himself. And the put-out to Billy Southworth, the current manager.

They engineered the double play that snuffed out the Gas House Gang. Remember 'em? Let's see, there were Frankie (The Flash) Frisch, Jerome Herman (Dizzy) Dean, Paul (Daffy) Dean, Johnny Leonard (Pepper) Martin, "the wild

horse of the Osage," Joe (Muscles) Medwick, Leo (The Lip) Durocher, Ernie (Showboat) Orsatti, Jimmy (The Ripper) Collins, Bill (Kayo) De Lancey, Wild Bill Hallahan and Bill (Lefty) Walker.

They were members of that famous 1934 team—the tough mugs that won the National League flag, and then went on to crush Mickey Cochrane and his ultra-gentlemanly Detroit Tigers, American League champions, in the World Series.

It is a matter of record, that the Cardinals have not since won another title. Whether Rickey, and his employer, Sam Breadon, are satisfied with this new setup is not known, but it is a fact that those old knock-down-drag-out tactics were more successful on the ballfield and, more important, at the box office.

This writer has been an eyewitness to Cardinal activities since the poverty-stricken days of 1919, when Cardinal owners did not have money with which to send the team South for training. This observance has continued throughout the years of pennants and prosperity on to this new deal. Your Gas House Ganger of today is—well, he would crash Hollywood with little effort; he is the type who marries a banker's daughter and feels right at home in the drawing room. And get this: they have a world's champion ping-pong player on the squad!

This 1942 cast really astounds those who vividly recall the old days. There's Robert Blattner, for a starter. He's an infielder. He's twenty-one years old, stands exactly six feet, weighs 175 pounds, has dark, wavy hair. (Continued on page 75)



Handsome Ray Sanders who replaced Jimmy (The Ripper) Collins.



Now it's bridge and hearts instead of poker and dice.



A college touch — Cardinals Jurisich and Beazley harmonizing.



**“YOU'RE** a lawyer,” George Wilder told himself gloomily. “Find yourself a loophole.”

Instead, George Wilder lost his soap in the bathtub. When he finally retrieved it, he applied it vigorously to his scalp. This didn't seem to stimulate his brain much.

George ran through a couple of the best engagement-breaking lines that occurred to him. “It is indubitably true, Dolores, that we have entered into a verbal contract to marry . . .” No, that sort of thing wouldn't do at all. Too legal. Might put ideas into her head.

The simple, manly approach, possibly something like: “Let's face it, Dolores. A man is a man. A woman is a woman. And . . .” No, that was terrible.

George sighed. Suppose, just suppose, he reflected, he told her the truth. That when you are called into the Naval Reserve and spend close to a year of your life among icebergs, with nothing more enticing than sea lions around, it does things to your emotional setup. That you are then likely to go overboard for the first non-tobacco-chewing female who swings into view. That this was exactly what had happened when, furloughed from the Navy, George had taken a vacation.

And that, summing up for the defense, if Dolores hadn't crooned a song at him on the first night—if, for instance, the

old lady in the wheel chair had spoken a kind word to him first—why, he would have become engaged to her instead.

“So you see, Dolores,” he would tell her, “it was just an ill-advised, momentary infatuation.”

George stopped, discouraged. A small shudder ran through him as he thought of the consequences of telling Dolores she was a momentary infatuation. The fury ratio of a woman scorned, even an ordinary type of woman, is well known. And Dolores Darrell was the sultry, flashing-eyed singer of a top-flight band, whose lofty opinion of herself was shared by a large public. Furthermore, her press agent had an easy time of it publicizing her in gossip columns, just by featuring her temper.

Gloom closed in on George. Suppose he just said—

His train of thought was derailed at this moment by a deep-throated, rumbling noise. It sounded much like a lion's roar.

Lions, George reasoned to himself nervously as he ducked under water to get the soap out of his eyes, do not normally come into people's bathrooms. Yet there

it was again—a low, ominous rumble. Closer, this time.

George opened his eyes reluctantly and peered over the tub's side. Lions don't come into bathrooms. But evidently, George realized with a start, English bulldogs do. There was one right there, not three feet away from him.

The dog was enormous, and all of him appeared delighted that George's attention had been gained. He immediately assumed an attitude of joyful expectancy, his rear end high in the air. From that point, the rest of the animal sloped downwards, head between his front paws, flush against the floor. His eyes rolled up roguishly.

He gazed expectantly at George for a moment. Then he approached the bathtub, wagging his entire latter half in a sort of mincing prance.

The dog rested his chin on the tub and gazed at George soulfully. George gaped back, his nose only a few inches from the dog's. George was the first to break the silence.

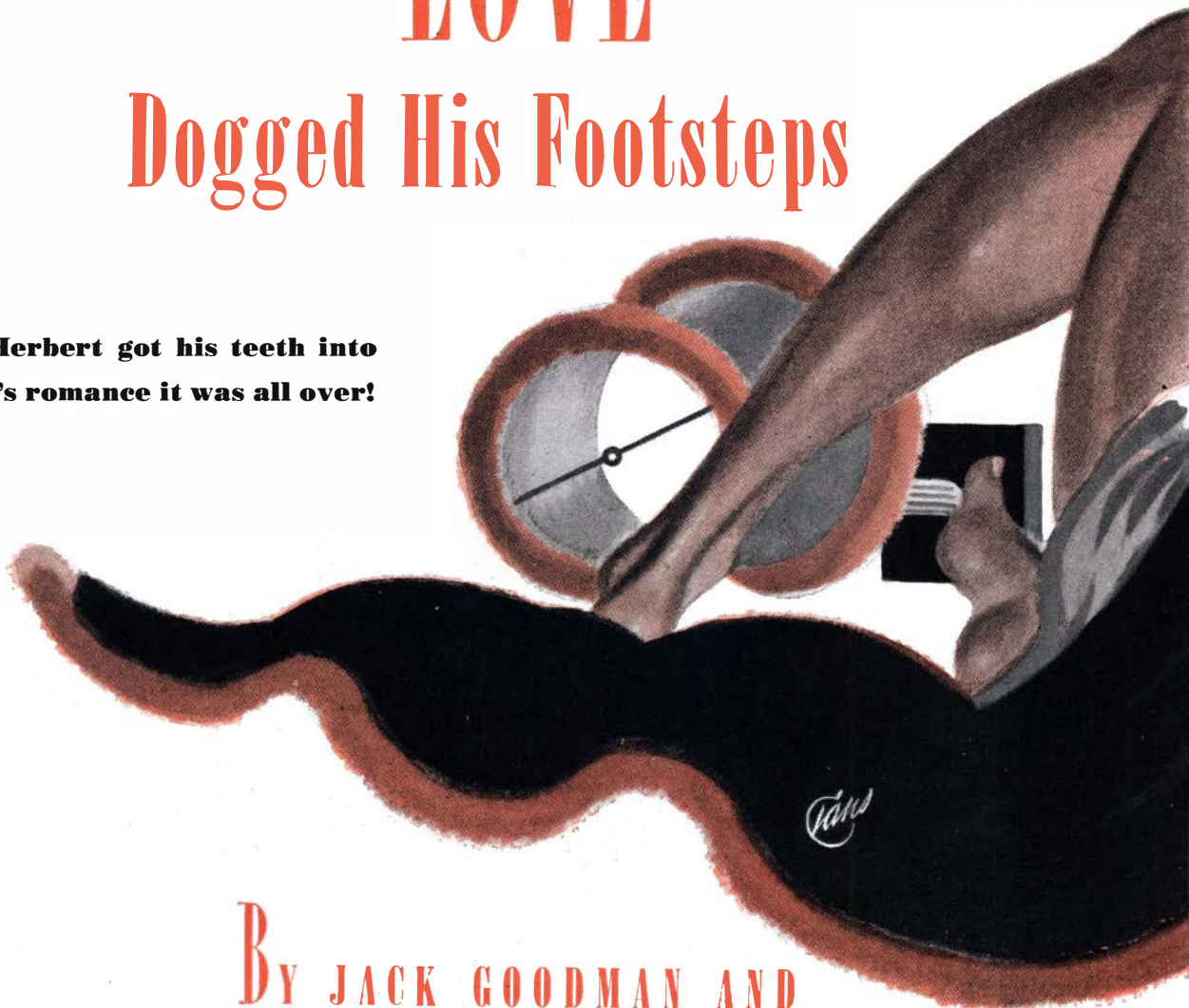
“For Pete's sake, say something,” said George.

The dog replied with direct action. His tongue shot out and sluiced George's face from chin to forehead with a joyous caress. He then barked happily, gave George a Last-One-Out's-a-Big-Sissy look and beat a noisy retreat, pausing only to take the bath mat with him.

# LOVE

## Dogged His Footsteps

**When Herbert got his teeth into George's romance it was all over!**



BY JACK GOODMAN AND





George scrambled out of the tub, seized his towel, whipped it around his middle and gave chase.

As soon as he reached his living room, George realized what had happened. The doors leading in from his terrace were open. The bulldog had obviously come from one of the three other apartments that bordered on the same terrace.

George stretched out one dripping arm toward the dog and made low, clucking noises. "Here, boy," he said in a wheedling tone. "Right here, old fellow."

The dog was on the sofa, panting happily, the bath mat in shreds. George started toward him. The dog leaped from the sofa, dragging a pillow with him as he did so. He growled furiously and began shaking the pillow. In no time, the room was full of flying objects, among them clouds of feathers, George and the dog.

The dog made the tactical error of retreating behind one of the portieres, evidently convinced that if he couldn't see George, George couldn't see him. George crept up on the portiere and made a flying tackle. There was a loud ripping noise and the portiere descended. A moment later, George and the dog were locked together in an embrace on the floor.

"Broafff!" the dog protested, trying to get his head free of the confining folds of drapery. Then a new voice spoke.

**George, wrapped in a towel, and Herbert, wrapped in the portiere, were in a hopeless tangle when the pretty girl appeared.**

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE EVANS





Dolores kissed George soundly. "Mama's home to protect her wandering boy!"

"Herbert!" it said. "Herbert, if you don't come here this minute, I—ooooh!"

The voice belonged to the girl who had just appeared outside George's terrace window. She was wearing a red housecoat and carrying a leash in her hand. Her original comment had turned to something midway between a gasp and a scream as she caught sight of George, still dripping, and saved from total exposure only by the towel.

She turned and began to flee.

"Hey!" George called after her desperately. "Come back, I need you!"

This didn't seem to reassure the girl, although she stopped running. "I can't come back," she said. "You're not decent."

"If I had known you and your dog were going to drop in," George said bitterly, "I would have worn my new blue organdy."

She giggled. "We're sorry," she said. "I never dreamed Herbert could crawl through that hedge between our apartments."

"Herbert could crawl through a battleship hull," said George with conviction. He was still lying on the floor, with Herbert clasped firmly in his arms. "If you'll chuck that leash in, I'll snap it on."

A slim forearm appeared. "Here," she said. "Catch. But be careful. He's terribly quick."

George managed to get Herbert's leash on. Then, dragging the dog after him, he went to his closet and got a bathrobe.

"Okay," he called. "You can come in now."

She entered, looking contrite. You couldn't call her beautiful, George decided. Her nose was slightly too short, her mouth a little too large for perfection. On the other hand, these features managed to blend pleasantly with honey hair and blue-green eyes.

"Oh, dear," she said. "He did a lot of damage, didn't he?"

"Mostly to my nervous system. It was love at first bite."

She smiled. It did attractive things to her whole face. "I'll fix that portiere, of course," she said. "And I'll replace the pillow and everything else that—" She stopped short. Herbert, who had been busily investigating the closet, suddenly became aware of the fact that she was there. Before George realized what was happening, Herbert, a loyal type, broke away and went hurtling toward his owner.

His idea was evidently to leap into her arms. Because she backed away hastily, however, his sixty pounds succeeded only in reaching a point just above her knees—just high enough to knock her off her feet. She fell, amid a sound of splintering wood.

The girl looked up at George from the floor. "I will also," she said, "replace the end table."

Her name was Janet Starr. She was an Interior Decorator.

George discovered this when she started to talk about buying him new draperies.

"I'd recommend ceiling-high beige," she said professionally. "Those maroon ones you had underdramatize this whole side of the (Continued on page 136)



# One Disease Everybody Has

**Nine-tenths of all deaths of persons above the age of ten are caused by aging. It's our greatest medical problem today. Here's . . . NEWS ABOUT YOUR HEALTH**



**BY GRETTA PALMER**

**P**UT yourself in my shoes. I had been assigned to survey the entire field of medical knowledge and research in order to bring to Cosmopolitan readers news of scientific advances which might mean life or death to some of them. These readers were old and young, sick and well, men and women in all walks of life. What single field of research offered news which should reach into every home in the country, touch every man and woman reading the article?

I wondered—until I discovered that there is a disease which causes *nine-tenths of all deaths* of persons older than ten. It is a disease which claims more than a million lives a year. Beyond that, it is a disease from which you and I are suffering today.

*The name of that disease is growing old!*

Growing old does not begin somewhere in the sixties or seventies—it doesn't wait for the first white hair to appear. As soon as we have passed our tenth birthday, age becomes the chief cause of death for all of us!

Dr. Henry S. Simms of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City is a leader in this field of research. He is no visionary, but a scientist who has received grants from the Josiah Macy Foundation and other sources to conduct his investigations. And these are some of the things which Dr. Simms told his colleagues in a medical congress on aging:

If we retained, throughout our lives, the ability to fight off disease which we possess when we are ten, our life expectancy would be 550 years, instead of the present sixty-three!

Last year, 1,770,000 persons over ten years old died in this country; if they had been able to resist disease as successfully as the average ten-year-old, 1,646,000 of them would still be alive.

Age kills most young and middle-aged persons, as well as the really old—nine-tenths of all deaths of persons above the age of ten are caused by aging!

This is, I believe, the foremost medical problem of the day. Many of our leading medical men think so: they have founded the new science of "gerontology" or the study of why we age. Practicing physicians, for the first time, are stressing the allied specialty of "geriatrics" or care of the aged. Geriatrics aims to give men and women added years of healthy life, *in their prime*, and to remove many of the disabilities which we now associate with old age. Dr. Oliver H. P. Pepper of the Pennsylvania Medical School promises that physicians will soon be able to prevent ill health, loss of teeth, baldness and whitening of the hair in their aged patients!

Can you imagine a world in which the average man or woman works with full vigor at eighty-five? In which death comes, after a brief old age, at around 115? Such a world seems very close, after the conversations I have had with eminent gerontologists.

While we wait for the research men to isolate the age virus and thus double or triple our life span, we can study what medical knowledge *today* tells us about warding off the symptoms and maladies that usually afflict the old:

*Would changes in our environment ward off deterioration through age?*

The world has been made a good deal safer for all of us

by such changes in the environment as the control of water supply, which eliminated typhoid fever as a common threat. But the world is still safer in some sections than in others, for reasons not clearly understood. Why has New Zealand a life expectancy five years longer than ours? Why do Americans in the prairie states tend to live longer than those on the Eastern Seaboard? For that matter, why do the married live longer than the single or the divorced?

*Does heredity decide the age at which we die?*

You know of families in which all the members have lived into the eighties. You know of others where death at sixty seems to be the rule.

Dr. A. J. Carlson of the University of Chicago offers one ingenious explanation of this: he says that heredity is important in giving some of us "the capacity to overcome, resist or adjust to unfavorable external factors." He believes that there are many unhealthy elements in our present way of living and that the long-lived among us are those who can best endure these strains. Remove the strains, he says, and the rest of us will live as long as they, and longer.

Dr. Carlson believes that four of the prominent enemies of long life today are faults of diet, working habits, infections and poisons. He suggests that we should study how the deterioration that accompanies age is speeded by gases from factories and automobile exhausts; by the effects of preservatives used in some foods; by our habits of smoking and drinking; by the aftereffects of diseases from which we have "completely recovered." The only one of these factors which has been seriously studied so far is diet—and the results in that one field come close to magic!

*Do we "dig our graves with our teeth"?* We probably do. At least one series of experiments suggests that if we ate much less, we might prolong our lives.

Dr. C. M. McCay of Cornell University took a colony of rats whose normal life span was 600 days. He experimented with the diet of several groups of young rats, giving them enough food to support life, but not enough to permit them to grow normally. Different sets of the rats were held back, on the reduced diet, for 700 and 900 and over 1,000 days. Then, at an age when normally fed rats would have lived, aged and died, Dr. McCay gave the retarded animals enough food to permit growth. The rats grew and lived out their normal lives; some of them became old and died when they were twice the age at which rats of this stock usually die. None of the retarded rats grew to full size, but otherwise they seemed quite normal and the females had litters at an advanced age. Does this indicate that a very lean diet will prolong life.

If Dr. McCay's experiment were performed on human beings we would give children too little to eat for them to grow beyond, say, the eight-year-old size. After sixty or seventy years we should give them a more generous diet and expect them to grow up, lead normal lives and finally die at a ripe 110. It is not likely that any parents will offer their children for so cruel an experiment, but it shows that we can, even today, double the life expectancy of a living being, if we are willing to pay the price.

*Within the limits of the present (Continued on page 99)*



**R**OBERTA WALKED to the window and stood looking out, her back to Pete. Her glance swept unseeing across the unfamiliar, shadowy front yard. Behind her, the house seemed very quiet, the patter of children's feet, the sound of their voices stilled for the night.

"Hold on, Bobbie!" she was saying to herself. "You haven't yet had a real quarrel with Pete. It's his brother and his brother's wife, and you're visiting in

He put his arms around her and for a moment Bobbie forgot her problem—forgot everything but Pete.





their house. It never does any good to lose your temper, anyway." But this wise counsel did not quiet the quickened beating of her heart.

She had known Pete for two years before they had become engaged; and long before he had broached the subject of marriage, she had admitted to herself that she loved him. But even in the midst of the happiness of the early days of their engagement, they had both recognized that there might be difficult adjustments. With their jobs and their friends, they had both been self-sufficient for so long; they had both lived alone, he at his club, she in her small apartment.

"When it comes to big things," Bobbie had confessed, "I am pretty calm, but in little things I go off the handle very easily."

Pete had answered with a grin and a kiss. "To tell the truth, darling, before breakfast I'm fit to be thrown out of the house!"

"Well, we haven't any in-law problem, anyway," she had laughed.

Her mother had married again and had gone to the Coast, and Pete's parents were both dead. His nearest relative was a married brother, living upstate.

"No woman in the family to look me over," Bobbie said gaily, "and tell you all my faults!"

But there was a woman in the family, she had just discovered, and a very important one, at that—Janice, Harold's wife.

Pete had come into the apartment one evening looking troubled. "I'm afraid, Bobs, we'll have to drive up to Harold's some week end before the Great Event."

She had smiled. "Oh, a family inspection? All right, I'm game!"

But he hadn't smiled back.

She had put her arms around him, brought her face close to his. "What is it, Pete? Not afraid I won't like them, are you?"

"Oh, no! Harold's a fine fellow, and Janice—well, Janice is a remarkable person and the most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

There was a little silence. Then: "You're afraid they won't like me?"

"Oh, of course they will. But you see, darling, Janice is so domestic and maternal and—"

Roberta had laughed. "And you think I may not quite fit into that atmosphere? Don't you worry, Peter, m'lad! I won't let you down. I'll ask her for her recipe for pie, and I'll rave about the youngsters."

At that, Pete had given her a fleeting smile. "Well, they are cunning children, bright and lively—three little girls, you know. I don't see how Janice does it. Harold doesn't make much, and she hasn't any regular help, but she manages somehow. And the children are so well trained. She's wrapped up in them, just giving up her whole life."

And now Bobbie had not been twenty-four hours in the house, and she was holding on to herself to keep from telling Pete what she thought of Janice and her precious children!

The week end had started out well enough. After a pleasant drive Pete and his fiancée had arrived in the middle of

the evening. The children had already gone to bed and Bobbie had had to admit that Pete's verdict on Janice's looks was correct: she was very pretty, with limpid brown eyes, curly golden hair and a charming smile. She and Harold were so very cordial that Bobbie began to like them right away.

But the next day—this day that was now drawing to a close!

As she stood at the window, the day's events passed before her in quick, maddening succession.

First of all, she had been awakened by whispering in her room. Near the bureau stood two little girls, one thin, dark-haired, the other golden-haired and plump. They were busily exploring her jewel box and experimenting with her cosmetics.

"No, Stookey, that isn't for your lips; that's for nails."

"Oooh, Helen, look at those beads!"

"Hi, there, kids," Bobbie had said.

They swung around, not at all abashed. Stookey ran to the bed, poking her pointed face close to Bobbie's. On each cheek was a glaring red spot.

"Aunt Bobbie, have I enough rouge on?"

Before she could answer, the door had opened without even a hint of a knock, and Jan had walked in, the eldest girl, scrawny, gray-eyed.

"Are those two shrimps here?" she demanded in a loud voice, without any greeting to Bobbie. "Helen, you've got to come right downstairs. Daddy says so. I've squeezed the orange juice, but you've got to help set the table." Then: "Oh, Aunt Bobbie!" It was a squeal of delight. "May I have some lipstick too? Ple-ase!"

At last Bobbie had got rid of them, dressed and gone downstairs.

Janice, it appeared, was not yet up.

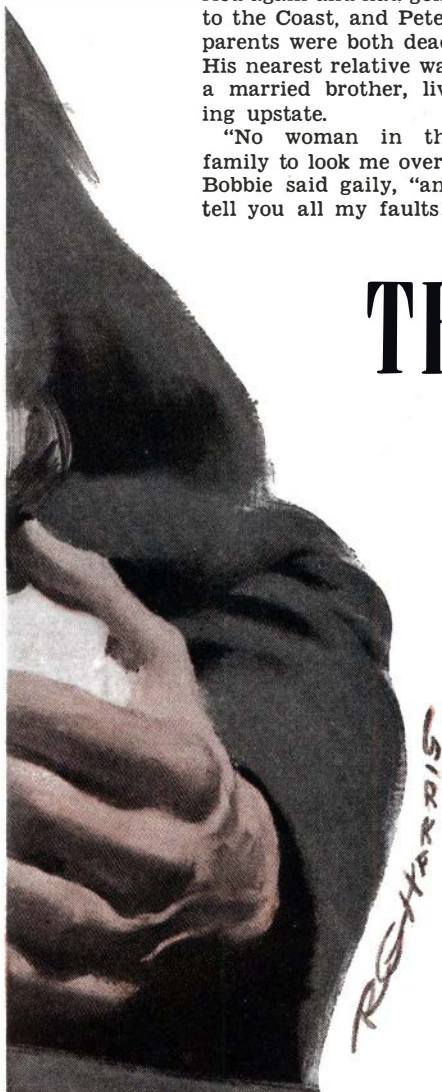
(Continued on page 100)

# THE Martyr

BY  
DOROTHY SANBURN  
PHILLIPS

**His brother's marriage was so successful  
Pete wanted Bobbie to learn the formula,  
but "the perfect wife and mother"  
was just a pain in the neck to Bobbie**

ILLUSTRATED BY  
R. G. HARRIS







★ FROM THE FIGHTING FRONTS ★

# *The Early Birds*



The fliers who made yesterday's headlines  
are writing new and glorious records



"Wrong-Way" Corrigan

**N**EWs note for Ireland: "Wrong-Way" Corrigan is flying the right way now.

The Flying Irishman, who "read his compass wrong" and landed at Dublin, has joined the Army Ferrying Command. For a man who flies his oceans by mistake, this seems little short of a miracle. But the Army hasn't gone haywire: no more than Corrigan did, that day in '38.

Douglas Corrigan got his "wrong way" start while helping assemble the Spirit of St. Louis, Lindbergh's flight to fame fanned the spark; the dream grew through the years. At last he had his secondhand ship. He built up hours, taught himself navigation. But:

"Fly the Atlantic in that crate? Not a chance!" said Air Commerce officials.

Smash an Irishman's dream, would they? A dream that had kept him going for ten years. They didn't know Corrigan. So he took off for California—and landed in merry Ireland. The world laughed at the "flying clown." And Corrigan laughed at the world, while back in Washington disgruntled officials called him (off record) a stubborn fool.

Perhaps it was pure stubbornness that made Corrigan stick to his story, after official forgiveness. But he must have been dubious about that "wrong way" course when he came to the Ferrying Command. For the Army wants the best, when it comes to flying bombers and fighters across oceans, jungles and deserts. There were many questions to answer . . . Previous transoceanic experience? . . . Give full details . . .

Corrigan's twisted smile was a trifle uncertain before he was through. But he needn't have worried. The Army was the first to laugh at that "wrong way" alibi. And if he got to Ireland without even trying, what couldn't he do if he tried?



Acme



## Clyde Pangborn



**W**HEN it's "done again," perhaps you'll be hearing the name of another old-timer: Clyde Pangborn, aerial globe-trotter, daredevil of early days. For flying over Jap bases, "Pang" was once jailed as a spy; the Jap army wanted to shoot him.

Until recently attached to the Ferrying Command, he is now on secret assignment. Quiet, wiry, determined, "Pang" is a skilled engineer. Any attack he maps out will be planned with slide-rule precision.

A native of Wenatchee, Washington, Pangborn was—briefly—a forester, deputy sheriff and college student, before April, '17. He enlisted—and was made an instructor. Pangborn later became "Diavolo," daredevil wing-walker. His only disaster, in 18,000 hours of flying, occurred when he missed a rope ladder, making a car-to-plane change.

"Pang" carried passengers, tried testing, in the late '20's, but found it dull. Teaming with Hugh Herndon, he started to circle the globe. In Russia, they received a telegram from a Tokyo paper: "Come try for \$25,000 prize, first transpacific flight." They flew to Tokyo—over Jap forts—and were sentenced on fifty-five counts. Washington got them free, after a fine, with the ban: "Never again fly over Japan!" "Pang" promptly took off, flew the Pacific and collected the \$25,000—by way of indemnity.

Back home, Pangborn pioneered in mid-air refueling, stayed aloft eight days.

Meantime—

The stern Jap edict still stands: Never again must Clyde Pangborn fly over any part of the Imperial Japanese Islands.

But—who knows, if he took the notion? He wasn't called "Diavolo" for nothing.

# Return

in the war-skies of today

BY DONALD E. KEYHOE

## Jimmie Doolittle

**W**HEN Jimmie Doolittle led the Tokyo raid he was making up for lost time, for he was cheated in '17.

Stocky, genial, young at forty-five, Jimmie grinned when the Army ordered him to Washington last January.

"Desk job for the old man," he told Jim, Jr., then sprouting Army wings. He had reason to grin: he had secret orders.

Doolittle spent his early years in Alaska. He was a semi-pro boxer at fifteen; a pilot-instructor at twenty. First man to fly the continent in a day, he later won the Schneider Trophy Race, and became Army's ace test pilot.

In Chile, before a competition, he did gymnastics on a second-story ledge. A pillar broke, and Jimmie broke both ankles. Next day he hacked off his casts, had himself lifted into his ship. With feet tied to the rudder he literally drove his German rival out of the air.

At the Cleveland Air Races in '29, the wings sheared off his fighter in a practice stunt. He bailed out, landed, wrote his report: "Wings broke. Thrown out." Then he borrowed another ship and repeated the identical stunt—a sharp pull-out at 400 feet—before the crowd.

In 1930, after pioneering blind landings, Jimmie "retired" to commercial aviation—to win the Harmon, Bendix, and other trophy races. Demonstrating American planes abroad, he became familiar with twenty European countries.

With more decorations than he can wear, Brigadier General James Doolittle is still the same "Jimmie" who gave first hops to awed youngsters back in the early days.

As a general, Jimmie now has charge of a fast-growing, long-range attack force. Hundreds of pilots, bombardiers, navigators and radio men will get the benefit of his Tokyo experience. When will the next raids be? General "Jimmie" just grins.

"It will be done again," he says.



Press Association

## Bernt Balchen

**R**EMEMBER Bernt Balchen—the shy blond Viking who flew Byrd across the South Pole? Who brought Byrd's fogbound America down to a safe landing in the surf at Ver-Sur-Mer, France? Look behind the raids on Nazi-held Norway, and you may see a blond Hercules.

Balchen is the world's most experienced pilot in Arctic and sub-zero flights. To the United Nations, his experience has been priceless, in ferrying and war operations.

Balchen has a strange love for cold. At twelve, he would tunnel a hole in the snow, to sleep. An Olympic skier and boxer, his strength is phenomenal; he once worked in a lumber camp to pay for technical school.

A natural pilot, Balchen soloed in four hours. While with Amundsen at Spitzbergen, he met Floyd Bennett and Byrd, returned with them to America. He tested ships for Fokker, flew gold in Canada, became the guiding genius in Byrd's expeditions.

For a while, Balchen ran an air line in Norway; then he joined the Finns in '39. After his return to America, he was made a reserve captain in Air War Plans; he has been a citizen since 1931. Even before we went to war, Balchen could have had the Army office assignment. But the Nazis were in his homeland, shooting men and women he had once known.

Bernt Balchen is married; his son, Bernt, Jr., is only ten. But he joined with British forces, in their fight to free Norway. The name of Bernt Balchen is a talisman in that Northern land. Once, years ago, he carried food, supplies, medicines to stranded Norwegians when a transport system failed. His blond head, bare in bitterest weather, has come to be a symbol to that hungry and suffering people.

When the American Air Forces reach to strike the Nazis' bases in Norway, they'll find Balchen waiting to guide them.







Cornelia was sitting there stunned and frightened when someone came in. "Andrew?" she asked. "No," Jay said, "it's I."

**CONCLUSION:** Cornelia wakened slowly to bright sunlight across her eyes. Her body felt curiously light, her head ached and her mouth was full of a bitter taste like quinine. She thought: What has happened?

"Andrew!" she called. And again: "Andrew!"

The door opened, and Dr. Marston came in. "Good morning," he said coldly. "Do you feel like living today?"

Then she remembered. She had swallowed almost all of a bottle of sleeping tablets which Dr. Marston had prescribed for her when she had been unable to sleep after her last illness. She hadn't had any intention of committing suicide. She had only wanted to frighten Andrew and bring him back to her. And now she perceived that Dr. Marston knew that as well as she knew it herself.

"I don't feel well, if that's what you mean," she told him. "I feel wretched." Weak tears of self-pity began to flow.

Dr. Marston said, "You came close to dying, Mrs. Stanton. And you risked your life just to get your husband back with you." Cornelia began to protest, but Dr. Marston waved her explanation aside. "You were delirious last night. You explained a good many things to me."

"You're a doctor," Cornelia said. "You're supposed to forget the confidences of your patients."

"Sometimes a doctor has to heal sick minds as well as sick bodies. Mrs. Stanton, all over the world people are trying to get and hold things by force, and it can't be done. You can't hold a country or a husband or a child by sheer force or ruthlessness. I'd advise you to be sensible about this. These are difficult days, and there's no longer time for selfishness. Doctors no longer have time to take care of women like you, Mrs. Stanton—women who play at committing suicide in order to scare their husbands into coming back to them."

Cornelia turned her head away. "Did you get in touch with my husband?"

"Yes. He telephoned last night. He's on his way home, very upset, very worried."

"Doctor, will you tell him—anything?"

"Oh, no!" Dr. Marston said wryly. "Professional ethics. But for heaven's sake, Mrs. Stanton——"

"Will you please give me whatever medicine I need and go now?"

Dr. Marston's impulse was to shake the lovely woman lying there between pale blue silk sheets. He had been outraged by the things which her babbling had revealed. He wished there were some way he could tell Stanton what he had learned as he sat at Cornelia's bedside trying to save her, not knowing why anyone should try to save her. She was spoiled, pampered, idle, vicious.

"The nurse has instructions about medication. I'll be back this afternoon about three. Good day, Mrs. Stanton."

When he was gone, she relaxed. Nothing mattered except the fact that her plan had worked; that even now Andrew was hurrying home to her. Hilda came upstairs with a tray, and then the nurse came in and gave her medicine to make her sleep again and at the same time said that Mr. Stanton had phoned from New York that he would be home about three that afternoon.

Cornelia's heavy-lidded eyes closed. She did not sleep for a while, but lay in that pleasant half-state between sleep and wakefulness thinking over the things that had added up to this moment of her triumph over Andrew and that other woman.

Ever since he had walked out on her, she had thought of nothing but how to get him back. Because life without him had proved to be as bad as she had imagined it would be, and Jay had been no help. Jay, in fact, had depressed her horribly. Jay and Edith Barlow, between them.

Jay had lost everything now except a small annuity from his mother's estate. He was living on in the big old mansion simply because the creditors had no idea what to do with the place.

"I don't mind losing the money so much," Jay had said a day or so ago when he had dropped by for a cocktail. "It's this awful feeling of uselessness when everybody else is busy. If there were only something that I could do—but

the service has turned me down cold."

Cornelia had looked at his handsome face—so much thinner and older than it had been last spring—and she had the strangest feeling about him. It had seemed to her as though Jay, along with the rest of the country, had grown up. And that disturbed her, because it intensified her feeling of aloneness. Now even Jay didn't mind giving up the luxuries he had thought so essential a few months ago.

"You sound sophomoric," she had told him irritably. Of course everyone wants America to win the war, but we don't all have to run around giving away our shirts, do we?"

"Speaking of shirts," Jay had said, "reminds me, oddly enough, of your husband. What do you hear from him?"

"Nothing," she had replied. And then, aware of the mocking glint in Jay's eyes, she had become defensive. "He's on some secret government work. I don't know when he's coming back."

"Look, darling," Jay had said, "why not be a good sport and admit that the guy's left you?"

"Because he——" She had stopped; flung out her hands in a surrendering gesture. "All right, so he's gone," she had admitted. "It's partly your fault that he left, so why shouldn't you know about it and have it on your conscience if you have a conscience!"

"It's a little out of practice, but maybe I could whip it up into a frenzy of remorse for you." Then his mood had changed. He had become tender, thoughtful, as she once had dreamed he might be. "I'm terribly sorry about that accident, Nelia," he had said gently. "And I'm sorry too that you and I between us lost your husband for you before you realized you loved him and needed him."

"I never did anything that gave Andrew the right to walk out on me!"

"No, darling. You just wished you had the courage to be unfaithful to him. You never were, though. Never mind. I shouldn't pick on you like this. You can't help what you are."

The words had had a familiar ring. Where had she heard them before? Why,

I'll Never Let You Go

BY ISABEL MOORE  
ILLUSTRATED BY MC CLELLAND BARCLAY



Andrew, of course. Andrew had said to her, just before he went away, "I'm sorry for you rather than angry with you, Nella, because you can't help what you are."

What couldn't she help? she had asked herself angrily. What was she, for heaven's sake?

But she had brushed the words aside and said, "Never mind; he'll come back to me someday. When he and that dark-haired *femme fatale* he's probably run off with realize that I'll never give him a divorce, she'll send him back to me. Neither of them is the kind who can live in sin for very long!"

And her words had been truth, for if Andrew had been sublimely happy, if that other woman had fought to keep him with her, he would probably not be coming back even now, when his wife was ill and needed him.

The house pulsed around her. Muted noises slipped up from the kitchen. Once, the telephone rang and Cornelia heard Hilda answering it.

"Yes, Mrs. Barlow, she's feeling much better, thank you. No, you can't talk to her now. She's sleeping."

Cornelia buried her face against the cool pillowslip. Even the thought of Edith Barlow and the wretched life she had been living lately—the life into which Cornelia had felt herself being pulled, little by little!—could make Cornelia shudder. Edith had begun to drink too much.

Without a husband and a normal life around which to schedule living, it was amazing how you found yourself sleeping late into the day; killing the long afternoon at cocktail bars with other idle, unattached women and filling your home, evenings, with crowds of people who helped banish the terrible emptiness of a house that didn't have a man in it. Cornelia had found herself spending more and more time with Edith and Edith's questionable friends, and one night, eating at a restaurant before going to a movie, they had both felt sharply the pointlessness of their lives.

"At least," Edith had said, "you've got a husband coming back to you. Mine's gone for good, and it's amazing how many men would like week-end trips to

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★ ★ ★

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Atlantic City and how few want a trip to the altar." She had added, "Everyone thinks it's so funny for Andrew to have quit his job and gone away. When is he coming back?"

"I don't know. Soon, I hope."

"I know," Edith had agreed grimly. "Is there anything worse than being a lone woman in a suburb full of married men—unless you want to play around with misunderstood husbands, which I don't—yet! Hal's cut my alimony to the bone, though his new wife doesn't want for anything. Honestly, Nella, sometimes I almost go out of my mind thinking about the future. If I had the courage, I'd kill myself rather than live on like this."

"What good would that do?" Cornelia had asked. "That wouldn't bring Hal back to you."

"No, but it would make him feel rotten! He'd know it was his fault. But I'll never do it. Oh, I've tried; but at the last minute my courage fails me, and I go on living! Once I did swallow something and got pretty sick, and Hal came tearing over and hushed it up and made me promise never to do it again, and believe you me, he looked scared! I'd like to do it, though. I'd like to make *him* suffer for a change!"

Cornelia had stared at Edith, and all at once her heart had leaped at the daring idea that came to her. If it could be done safely!

And when she got home from the movie, she had read over the printed instructions on the bottle of sedative Dr. Marston had once prescribed for her. "Four tablets taken within two hours will induce heart attack," she read under

WARNING, "and a larger dose may prove fatal. Follow your physician's instructions *carefully*."

Even now, when it had worked, when she had come through safely, she could remember vividly the terror that had made her hands tremble so that she could hardly raise the glass of water to her lips. *If she took too much!* she had thought. But she had not. She had been frightened when the terrible pain clamped down on her heart like a vise. She had screamed for Hilda; had told her to call Mr. Ingram and ask him to get in touch with Andrew immediately. Beyond that, she remembered nothing.

But she had been right in her estimate of Andrew. His loyalty and his innate kindness—the homely virtues she had mocked and derided, and which she now thanked God he possessed!—had come to the fore and he could not turn away from her when she needed him.

Her thoughts deepened, drifted off to the back of her mind. She realized vaguely that it was half past one. And then she slept.

Andrew looked at his watch. It was half past one. He and Leslie stood beside the tall wire fence that enclosed the airport and the landing field, and he said, "This is where we part for a while. What are your plans, Leslie?"

"New York for a few days, and then Washington. I wired last night I'd take that job if it's still open, and I imagine it is."

The sunlight was very bright. Cruelly so, she thought. It showed up all the imperfections of their lives—the worry lines, the laugh lines, the fatigue, the general letdown because so many things had failed them—and it glittered against their eyes so that Leslie half closed hers. When Andrew asked quickly, "You're not crying?" she said, "No, darling, of course not. It's just this bright sunlight." And he pretended to believe her.

"Leslie," he said, "before we say goodbye I want you to know you've made me happier than I ever thought I could be. Thank you for that, darling, and for everything."

That helped. It steadied her smile. She said, "I hope (Continued on page 92)

COMING SOON . . . A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

## COME BACK TO ME BELOVED . . by Kathleen Norris

One of America's truly understanding authors writes a novel about people you'd like to know:

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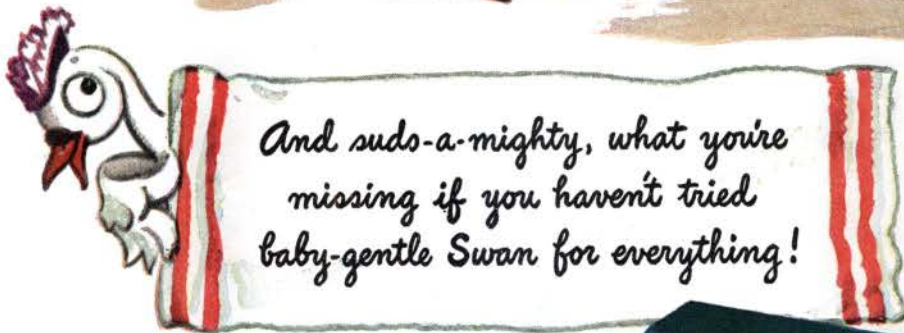
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# “Back to your corral, me Boundin’ Bedouin!”



**KEEPER:** Now listen, me maunderin’ Mo-hammedan, ye are nothing but an ordinary city zoo camel, an’ it’s back to yer cage ye go!

**CAMEL:** But Master, I am *not* one of your zoo camels! I am the *Paul Jones* camel!

The living symbol of—

**KEEPER:** Whoosht! *Wurrooo* Clancy, we’ve got hold of a symbol! Put some rivirince in your pullin’ there, Clancy me lad, ’tis a symbol ye’re draggin’ around!

**CAMEL:** But Sahib, I am a symbol! I am the living symbol of *dryness* in whiskey! The qual—

**KEEPER:** So! Ye’ve befuddled yerself, me Boundin’ Bedouin! This *dryness* you talk of has to do with fancy champagne! It has no connection with whiskey at all!

**CAMEL:** But Master, it *has*! Have you never heard of that magnificently flavored whiskey, *Paul Jones*? Do you not know, O Watcher Over Lions, that it is the *dryness* of Paul Jones—its lack of sweetness—which permits its *full* flavor to come through . . . clear and undistorted, for your greater enjoyment?

**KEEPER:** Me greater enjoyment, ye say, Camel? Shure I’m thinkin’ t’would be me greater *amazement* if all this were true!

**CAMEL:** But Master, it is true! Go to *any* liquor store, and you will find this truly magnificent Paul Jones—at a price so modest that it does not tax the purse!

**KEEPER:** *Wurroo!* Clancy, ye gape-faced gossoon, what the blazes are ye pullin’ that fine camel for? Can ye not distinctly see that he is an old friend of ours? *Be-lay*, Clancy, an’ bring him the finest hay in the house!



## Paul Jones

*The very best buy  
is the whiskey that’s dry*

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore



You'd think a couple of men would notice that their speedometer hadn't worked for almost two thousand miles. Besides, Sam couldn't understand why they were doing so much driving. They owned the old Judson farm which they'd bought a year ago, and considering how run down it was, you'd imagine there was enough work to keep them tied to the place.

After a while, with other customers pulling up for gas, Sam quit thinking about the Fraleys. But not for long . . .

It must have been almost ten o'clock when he decided to close for the night. He switched off the outside lights, then went into the shanty to check receipts for the day. Business had been slow; the cash register held less than fifty dollars. Sam was counting the bills when he saw the lights of a car pull into the side road a hundred yards below his station.

That puzzled him, because few people used that road this time of year. It led only to Wilcey's Pond. Now and then a young couple might drive in there to park, but they generally went all the way to the lake. This car stopped and put out its lights a few yards from the highway.

Sam had never been troubled by thieves. With the money in his hand, however, he felt a little uneasy. He shoved the bills into his pocket and dropped an uncertain glance to the telephone. It was on the desk, against the other wall of the shack. He reached for his cane.

Then he saw two men walking up the road. They came quickly. Even by starlight he recognized the Fraley brothers.

That stopped him. The Fraleys, he was sure, wouldn't be coming here to rob him of fifty dollars. Why they were coming at all, he couldn't guess. Something coiled up tight inside him.

Steve Fraley stayed outside the shanty. He stood at the door, looking up and down the road. It was the big blond one, Ed, who came in; and Ed was pale.

Sam Dobie, leaning on his cane, asked, "What's the matter, Fraley? Trouble with the truck?"

Ed didn't answer. He drew his right hand out of his Mackinaw pocket, and it held a gun. It was a big gun—a Luger.

From outside Steve called sharply, "Hold it! Car coming!"

Sam's throat went dry, and he could feel sweat ooze out of his skin. Through the window he saw a pair of lights speeding up the long hill from Ryerson. He couldn't understand what was happening but he began to pray the car would stop.

Ed Fraley spoke in low tones. "If he pulls in for gas, you stay where you are. Steve will take care of him." Then Ed pushed the gun back into his pocket, out of sight. The bulge showed he was still aiming at Sam's heart. He looked at the open drawer of the cash register.

"Where'd you put the money?" he asked.

Sam said, "In—in my pocket."

"Let's have it."

"Look here, Fraley—"

"Let's have it!"

Sam groped in his pocket, dragged out the bills. He let Ed snatch them from his fingers. He was watching the car on the road, praying harder than ever that it would slow up, swing over . . .

He didn't know what to do. There didn't seem to be anything he could do. He watched the car in agony—and all but groaned. It wasn't going to stop. He saw it drone past the gas station. He stared in dismay after its tail lights.

Sam's mind began to flounder for

words. Any words. Words to delay a shot, words to give himself time. If he knew why they had come, it would have been easier. All he knew was that he had jolted them with talk about their gas.

He forced out, "Why you doing this, Fraley? What is it? Shooting won't do any good."

Ed was drawing out the gun. "No?" he said.

"Even taking the money—it won't make the police think I was killed by thieves. They'll go right after you, Fraley. They know about the gas. I told 'em. I told Cap Rogers of the State Police only an hour ago."

It was strange how your mind, once it started, could spin faster and faster, grinding out words, thoughts, ideas. Sam could see that what he'd said about the gas disconcerted Ed. He pressed his advantage.

"You can shoot if you want to, but they'll have every road blocked. They'll—"

"Steve!" Ed called. And when Steve came in, he asked, "Hear him?"

"Yes," said Steve. "I heard him. He's lying." Steve's tiny eyes were black and angry and penetrating. He asked Sam, "What d'you mean, you told the police? What did you have to tell them?"

"Just about the gas!"

"What about the gas?"

Sam Dobie let the ideas drop off his tongue as fast as they came. "I told 'em you must be hoarding it. Buying lots of it and not using it to drive with."

"And just why," asked Steve, "should we be hoarding gas?"

"I don't know. Cap Rogers couldn't figure it, either. That's why he went over to your place. To investigate. I—I guess he must be there by this time."

STEVE and Ed looked at each other. It was an uneasy look, and Sam knew he had struck at the right spot.

"Time of war," said Sam, "no man's got a right to hoard gas. That's what made Cap Rogers go. When he don't find you home, chances are he'll head over here for a talk with me. Guess he won't have much trouble figuring out who shot me."

Steve repeated in a whisper, "You're lying!"

"You can check that easy," said Sam. He nodded to the telephone. "Just call the State Police."

Again Steve and Ed looked at each other. This time they were definitely worried.

"What do you think?" Ed said.

Steve didn't answer. His lean face was gray. He walked toward Sam slowly.

"What the hell made you call the police?" he demanded. "We told you our speedometer was wrong!"

"That's what you told me, all right," said Sam. "But you acted so scared I knew you were lying. If you'd been using that gas in an honest way, what was there to be scared about? There must be something crooked about you."

That made Steve Fraley lose his temper. He swung his fist. He swung it with all the fury in him, straight at Sam Dobie's face. Sam tried to dodge, but he'd never been very spry with that bad leg. The blow crashed against his jaw, just under the ear. He staggered, hit the desk and fell to the floor behind it.

Sam lay there for quite a while before his senses returned. When at last he opened his eyes, the shanty rocked and swayed over him like a ship at sea, and he felt sick. But after he shook his head

a few times he saw that the Fraley brothers were gone. That made him feel easier. He propped himself on an elbow and reached up for the phone.

Captain Rogers of the State Police telephoned the news to Sam just after midnight, at Mrs. Gillespie's house. The Fraleys had been seized, the captain said, driving along a side road sixty miles from Ryerson.

That was fine. But Sam still felt puzzled. He couldn't understand why the Fraleys had bought so much gas. It bothered him, and he talked to Captain Rogers about it, but the captain, too, seemed perplexed.

In the morning, however, just after he opened the gas station, Sam learned the truth.

That was when Captain Rogers' car swung into his driveway. Captain Rogers had a couple of newspapermen in the back seat. Behind him came another car, and this belonged to big Joe Herrick of the munitions plant.

It was Joe himself, his eyes excited, who strode into the shanty first to tell Sam what had happened. The police, Joe said, had given the Fraley brothers a thorough going-over; and they'd got some amazing information.

"They siphoned that gas into beer kegs at their farm," Joe reported. "Kept the kegs hidden under hay in the barn."

"But what for?" asked Sam, bewildered.

"The idea was to put fuses into the kegs and roll 'em down the long hill to the munitions plant's grounds. The kegs would be stopped by the wire-mesh fence, of course. But the Fraleys figured the things would blow up by that time. And then burning gasoline would flow down to the buildings. Burning gasoline could raise quite a bit of hell in a munitions plant!"

Sam leaned on his cane. His eyes were wide as he looked from Joe Herrick to Captain Rogers. "Gosh," he said.

"The Fraleys," Joe went on, "planned to do it at night, when nobody would see them. Only, it happened you noticed they were buying too much gas for the amount of traveling they were doing. They were afraid you'd remember and report that after the explosion. The only way they saw of being sure you wouldn't do it was to kill you. It seems, though, you talked them into thinking even that was useless."

Sam couldn't speak at all just then. He was awed.

"Their real name's Graumann," Captain Rogers said. His tones were choppy. "The farm was bought for them last year with Nazi money, so they could be near the munitions plant."

Then Sam saw that big Joe Herrick was grinning. Joe took a cigar from his vest pocket and began to clip its end.

"Remember, Sam," he said, "how I told you sometimes a man can help the Government best by tending to his own business? If you hadn't been up here, running your gas station, God knows what might have happened."

Sam Dobie blinked a little at that. He looked at the floor and nodded. "I guess you're right, Joe," he said after a moment. "I guess maybe I did do more for the plant up here than I could have done down there. Still, I *did* want to get into war work. You know how a man feels. I'll bet you'd have given me a job if it hadn't been for my leg."

One of the newspapermen asked, "How'd your leg get hurt, Mr. Dobie?"

"Oh," said Sam, "that happened a long time ago. Back at Château-Thierry."





# After you...Soldier!

**P**PULLMAN'S job today is moving troops *and* moving you. Sometimes, the number of sleeping cars needed for troop trains leaves less than enough to handle increased wartime travel on the trains *you* want to take. That's why three things happen:

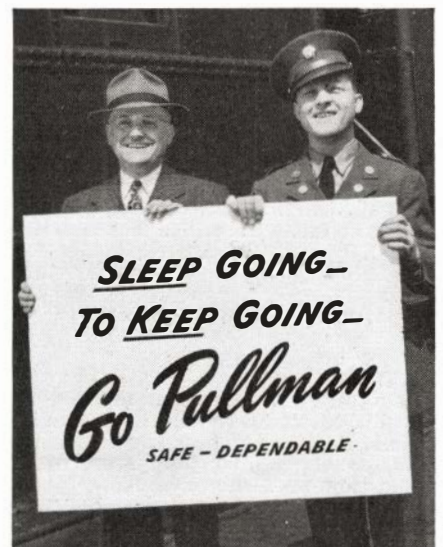
1. *You aren't always able to get the kind of accommodation you ask for.*
2. *Occasionally, you can't get any accommodations and have to postpone your trip.*
3. *Your cooperation becomes mighty important. Early reservations help decide how many Pullmans will be needed. Prompt cancellations, should your plans change, permit other wartime travelers to sleep in space that otherwise would be empty.*

Fortunately, surprisingly few of you are having any real difficulty actually getting a bed—a comfortable, full-length Pullman bed of one kind or another—on the night you need it.

*That's* what counts, for all-in men can't do the all-out jobs that face us now. You have to *sleep* going to *keep* going. And sleep you do—on a Pullman—whether you punch the pillows and stretch luxuriously in an upper, a lower, a section or a room.

It may not be the accommodation you requested, but those *extra* Pullmans that *used* to be available are attached to troop trains now. And the cheerful way you accept what sleeping space there is seems to say what all America is saying:

"After you, soldier!"



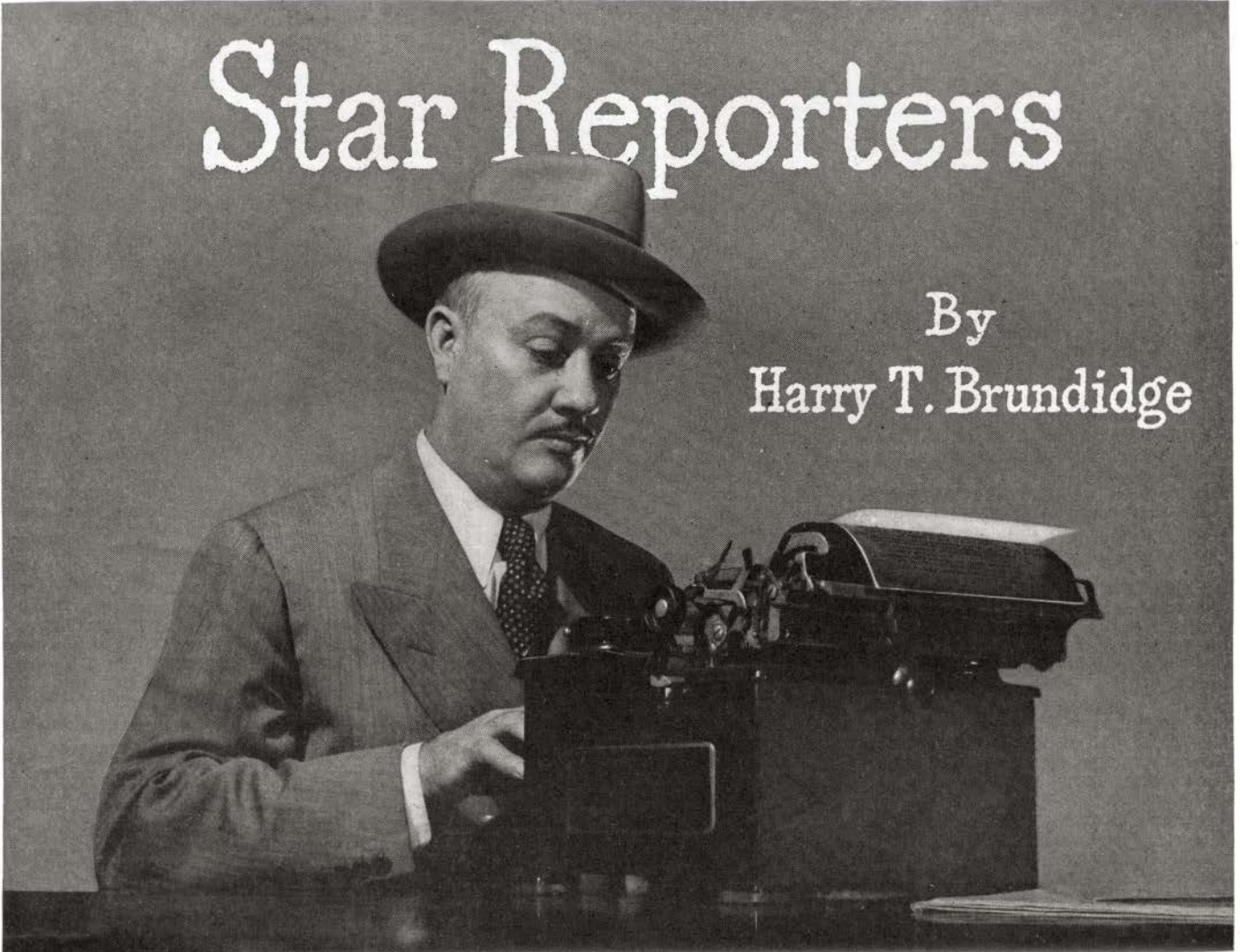
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# Star Reporters

By  
Harry T. Brundidge



Photograph by Valentino Sarra

## True stories that made nationwide headlines, when newspapermen turned detective and made their own "breaks"

**WE** SAT in the dining saloon, three weary correspondents, returning home from European war fronts. We had all been blitzed. I had been shot—four times. We were spinning yarns concerning the adventures of reporters in this war, unconscious of the fact we were actually living one of those great adventures.

The saloon of the *M. S. Lochkatrine*, an old British freighter, was a shambles. Tables were overturned and chairs smashed. German submarines, in wolf-pack formations, had chased our convoy north of the Arctic Circle and we were facing a new menace—a full hurricane with wind velocity of 110 miles an hour. As we spun yarns, the voices of the hurricane screamed with demoniac fury. Water seeped through tightly closed portholes. Wind-borne sleet—pellets of ice that could burst an eyeball—hammered and popped. The old *Lochkatrine*, groaning from bow to stern, staggered under battering blows of the North Atlantic's mountainous seas. We knew our lifeboats had about as much chance in those seas as an eggshell.

Our convoy, fifty-odd merchant ships, tankers and whaling vessels, and our escorting destroyers and corvettes, had long since been scattered like sea gulls and we were on our own, alone in the North Atlantic. We had been at sea ten days and it would be fourteen more before we moved into Halifax harbor. So it was, on a night like this, with our port Diesel pooped out and the skipper doubting we would be afloat at dawn, that we sat in what remained of the saloon yarning.

We talked a great deal about Pete Huss, Bob St. John, Pat Robinson, Larry Allen, Clark Lee (and not a little about ourselves) and over deck-chilled ale came to one very positive conclusion: While war correspondents do stick their necks out and ask for it, their big adventures are accidental. They do not plot and scheme to have ships shot out from under them, get ambushed in the desert, be arrested as spies, have enemy troops surrender to them, get stymied on Bataan with General MacArthur, or get themselves wounded. We agreed the "big breaks" were made for the correspondents.

As the *Lochkatrine* battled her way through the North Atlantic, our conversation turned to star reporters at home—the newspaper guys who made their own breaks and in making them, came up with glorious scoops, or beats, for their newspapers. Many tales were unfolded. I told one: How I became a full-fledged doctor of medicine and master of surgery in fifty-seven days and in doing so, exposed a nationwide medical-diploma mill ring. Another yarn was spun about a reporter who, singlehanded, tracked down and caught a kidnaper and held him captive while his newspaper published a daily installment of the abductor's confession—while spokesmen of the police department yelled bloody murder and threatened all sorts of dire consequences.

While waiting to drown in water of near zero temperature, we continued to spin "star reporter" narratives. Ten or more were told throughout that night. I have selected five, which are herewith presented.



## THE CASE OF THE RAGGED STRANGER

DEFENDANT Carl Oscar Wanderer

CHARGE Murder: 1st degree

VERDICT Guilty: Death penalty

Solved by reporter . .



Harry Romanoff

**J**UNE NIGHT in Chicago. Twinkling lights and a star-studded sky. Carl Oscar Wanderer, handsome former Army officer, sat on a Lake Shore bench with Ruth, his pretty young wife. An arm drew her close to him, as they talked of the future, of the expected baby.

Halsted Street. Panhandlers and down-and-outers. Place of forgotten men. A young bum, withdrawing from a group of bums, looked at the clock on the wall of a greasy spoon and started walking north.

Harry Romanoff, star reporter, idled in the city room of the Herald-Examiner. He complained that nothing ever happened any more.

At ten o'clock on this June night pistol and revolver shots in a North Side apartment disturbed the peace of the neighborhood, the police, and of Harry Romanoff. They found Ruth Wanderer slumped against the inside door of the apartment-house entrance, dying of bullet wounds. They found Wanderer straddling the body of a ragged stranger, beating him furiously with his fists. Wanderer's blows had drawn blood from the stranger's nose, but bullet wounds were pouring blood from his heart.

The distraught Wanderer, muttering, "I got the dirty dog as quick as he shot Ruth," aided officers in carrying his wife upstairs, where a few moments later she was dead. The ragged stranger died in an ambulance. Wanderer made a statement to the police in which he said:

"We had been to a movie and had paused in the parkway to talk about our happy future. We were very much in love. Later, as we strolled toward home, I noticed this ragged-looking fellow following us, but thought nothing of it. As we entered the vestibule my wife had difficulty unlocking the door, and I asked, 'Can't you open it, sweetheart?' She laughed and said, 'Wait until I turn on the light.' At that moment the stranger appeared and ordered, 'Don't turn on that light.' Then he fired at Ruth, and I heard her sob, 'My baby,' as she slipped to the floor. I had been held up some months ago and since then had been carrying the small revolver with which I shot the intruder."

A coroner's jury exonerated Wanderer. Chicago idolized him.

The hard-bitten Romanoff had been the first reporter at the scene of the shooting and had openly said he did not believe the husband's story. Mrs. Wanderer had been killed by bullets from an expensive automatic pistol; the ragged stranger by slugs from a cheap revolver. Romanoff wanted to know why the stranger had such a pistol in his possession while wearing rags. Wanderer, he argued, had only a cheap weapon. But if

the motive for killing Ruth was not robbery, what was it? Romanoff was determined to find out—even though the case was closed.

There had been no identification of the stranger, although hundreds had viewed his body, and Romanoff decided to trace the dead man's pistol, in the hope of identifying him. In this he was aided by Police Sergeant John Norton. Romanoff and Norton followed the trail of the pistol, No. C-2282, and finally traced it to the home of one John Hoffman. He was shown the pistol.

"Did you ever own this?"

"Yes, I owned it for seven years."

"What did you do with it?"

"I sold it to a fellow named Fred Wanderer—he's a letter carrier working out of the Edgewater station."

They dashed to Fred Wanderer's residence, taking Hoffman along. Wanderer was home.

"Is this your pistol?"

"Yes."

"What did you do with it?"

"Gave it to my cousin, Carl Wanderer."

"When?"

"The day of the shooting."

Whereupon Fred fainted.

"That was the first break in the case," Romanoff told the writer. "But the end was not yet. Wanderer, arrested, had a plausible excuse for everything. No man, he asserted, could be expected to make a sane statement following such an experience. In his overwrought condition he had claimed ownership of the wrong weapon. As he looked back upon it all now, he realized there had been a terrific struggle between the stranger and himself and wild shooting. He believed he had had both guns in his hands during the fight, and it was even likely his wife had been killed accidentally by a bullet from his own pistol. Why should he have killed his beloved wife? What could have been the motive? Where did the ragged stranger fit into the picture?"

"I was certain Wanderer had killed Ruth and also the stranger. I had a hunch that somewhere in Wanderer's bedroom was the key to the mystery. I decided to search that room. But how?"

"The shootings had taken place in the Summerdale district, but Wanderer was being held by the homicide squad. I knew Lieutenant Mike Loftus of the Summerdale district was rankled because he was on the outside of the case. I told him I had an idea for solving the mystery and would let him in on the glory if he co-operated. The plan was this: Loftus was to call on Ruth's parents, with whom Wanderer was living, and smooth things out for me. I would arrive, chat for a few minutes and ask to use the phone, which was in Wanderer's bedroom.

"The plan worked. While Loftus engaged Ruth's parents in conversation I searched the bedroom. I found a number of cheap photographs of Wan-

derer posed with different girls. Most of the pictures had been made in Chicago amusement parks. A number of pictures showed him with one girl in particular.

"Pocketing the pictures, I turned to the wastepaper basket. There I found torn bits of a letter.

"Back in the office, I pieced the fragments together. It proved to be a letter written by Wanderer. Dated fifteen days after the shootings, it read:

"Sweetheart: I am very lonesome tonight. I am thinking of you . . . I am longing to have you close to me. If you don't want to meet me alone you can bring Hilda with you. Please Julia! Good night little love.

"I had only the name of Julia to go on. Amusement-park photographers failed to identify any of the pictures. So I called on Wanderer, alone, in his cell.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Julia sent me. She's coming to see you."

"Not here—don't let her come here."

"I'll try to head her off. I'll phone her. What's that number? I've forgotten."

"Wanderer gave me the telephone number and I found Julia. She was a pretty youngster of sixteen. Wanderer had courted her as a single man and had proposed marriage. I called Loftus. He took Julia into custody, and an hour later Wanderer confessed both murders. Loftus got his glory. I got my story."

Yesterday's hero became Chicago's "Butcher Boy." His confession was a blood-chilling narrative. He disclosed he had been a gay Romeo throughout his short married life and that when he decided marriage was not for him he began plotting a perfect crime. He wanted to get back into the Army, he said, and felt Ruth was a handicap. Slowly he worked out the details of his crimes until at last all he needed was a "holdup" man. He found that man among the bums of Halsted Street, and hired him.

He explained to the innocent down-and-outer that he merely wanted to play a holdup joke on a girl friend. Complete instructions were given the stranger on the rôle he was to play. Even as Wanderer sat on the park bench with two loaded pistols in his pockets, making love to Ruth, the ragged one was loitering in the shadows. In the vestibule of the apartment Wanderer shot the stranger, and then killed his wife.

Carl Oscar Wanderer was but one of many who plotted the "Perfect Crime" and who realized while on his way to the gallows there is no such thing.



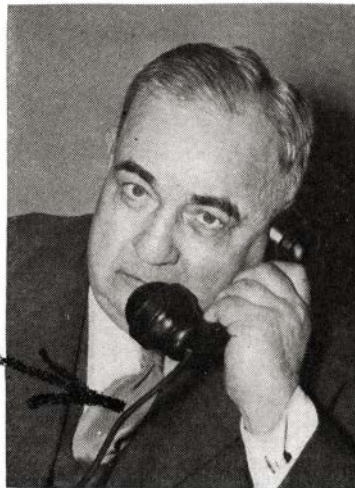
## THE CASE OF THE 43 TELEGRAMS

DEFENDANT John Schidlowska

CHARGE Murder: 1st degree

VERDICT Guilty: Death penalty

Solved by reporter . . .



William S. Brons

**T**HIS strange tale has to do with the affable William S. (Bill) Brons, regional director of International News Service, with vast offices in Chicago, and how he came by the sobriquet "the Wizard of the Wires." While Brons' newspaper exploits are legend, as his friends are legion, the particular achievement which pinned the WOW on Brons was a journalistic masterpiece. It will be discussed as a classic so long as good reporters get together to yarn over "inside stories," for often as not the "story of the story" is far more interesting than the printed matter. It's an old tale that is to be unfolded, but it is told in print for the very first time on these pages.

Brons sat at his desk in the offices of the old Chicago American one hot July day a long time ago, cursing fates responsible for making a good reporter a wire chief. For Brons had been one of the brightest stars in the reportorial firmament. One of his great stunts in the pre-wire chief days, when reporters on out-of-town assignment depended on telegraphic communication, was to "hog" all outgoing wires and prevent his competitors from getting their stories back to their respective papers. Brons' method was simple. The moment he arrived on the scene of a big story he would go to the telegraph offices and tie up the outgoing wires by telegraphing to the American chapters from a novel, the Bible, or the full contents of a newspaper. He kept the wires busy until ready to telegraph his story. Then, having gotten it off, he would order the operators to continue sending the text of the novel, Bible, newspaper, or whatever was at hand, until the last deadline of his competitors had been ticked off by the clock.

Brons, sitting at his desk that hot July afternoon, was thinking of those more exciting days, as he watched the world move by. Then a brief dispatch caught his eye. He read:

BOSTON, Mass., July 15.—Police today identified the body of the woman found yesterday on the Arlington golf links as that of Mrs. Marianne Schidlowska, bride of John Schidlowska of near-by Brockton. The woman had been beaten into unconsciousness and her throat slashed. She had withdrawn a large sum of money from a savings account a few hours before she was murdered. The woman married Schidlowska in February, this year. She was ten years the senior of her handsome husband. Police are searching for the husband who is believed to have fled the city with the money.

Bloodhound blood surged through the former star reporter's veins. "Wonder if a newspaperman could catch a murderer without leaving his desk," he mused. "Ought to be worth a try. Wonder what direction Mr. Schidlowska picked for his

fight. Not east, if he departed on a train. Not much east of Boston but the Atlantic. Doubt if he'd go north—not much sanctuary in that direction. Mr. Schidlowska is moving west or south, for my money. Well, let's see what a good reporter can do while office-bound."

The wire chief began to yell for office boys.

"BOY! Bring me a big map of the United States.

"BOY! Get me every railroad timetable at the stations.

"BOY! Bring me a flock of telegraph blanks."

Brons wrote the first of the forty-three telegrams. It was addressed to the chief of police of Boston.

PLEASE WIRE COLLECT COMPLETE DESCRIPTION SCHIDLOWSKA.

Within an hour he received the reply.

MEDIUM BUILD. TWENTY EIGHT YEARS OLD. FIVE FEET SIX INCHES. LIGHT COMPLEXION. LIGHT BROWN HAIR. DARK BLUE EYES. SMOOTH SHAVEN WHEN LAST SEEN. RUSSIAN BY BIRTH.

The former star reporter went into a huddle with his map and his timetables. With Boston as the focal point, he drew a fan-shaped map of railroad trains in movement in the United States in which it was possible Schidlowska might then be riding. He began firing telegrams at the conductors of those trains—forty-one telegrams.

The text of each included a description of Schidlowska and added:

MAN WANTED FOR MURDER PROBABLY ABOARD YOUR TRAIN. PLEASE LOOK AT YOUR PASSENGERS AND IF MAN OF THIS DESCRIPTION IS ABOARD WIRE CHICAGO AMERICAN COLLECT. REWARD.

With the telegrams dispatched, Brons sat back and waited. Hours passed, but he remained at the office. Then, early the next morning, July sixteenth, he received a telegram which read:

HAVE LOCATED MAN IN SMOKING ROOM ANSWERING YOUR DESCRIPTION. S. M. KISER, PULLMAN CONDUCTOR, SANTA FE TRAIN No. 1.

The telegram had been sent from Lakin, Kansas.

Brons turned to his timetables. Santa Fe No. 1 would reach La Junta, Colorado, about noon this same day. The wire chief yanked a reporter out of bed by telephone, told him to catch the first train for La Junta, and then sent his forty-third telegram.

CHIEF OF POLICE OR TOWN MARSHAL, LA JUNTA, COLO. WE ARE INFORMED MAN ANSWERING DESCRIPTION JOHN SCHIDLOWSKA IS ABOARD SANTA FE TRAIN REACHING LA JUNTA NOON. HE IS WANTED IN BOSTON FOR WIFE MURDER. SEE

KISER, PULLMAN CONDUCTOR. PLEASE ACT AND INFORM CHICAGO AMERICAN.

While the reporter was en route to La Junta, Brons received a telegram from George Barr, sheriff of the county. The message:

HAVE ARRESTED YOUR MAN. ADMITS HIS IDENTITY. HOLDING HIM PENDING YOUR INSTRUCTIONS.

A few minutes later the American was on the streets of Chicago with a story recording Schidlowska's arrest. But the name of Bill Brons did not appear or in the article. The reporter arrived in La Junta and obtained a complete confession from the man.

The reporter learned that the train upon which Schidlowska traveled west from Chicago had been searched by police in Chicago and again in Kansas City. Schidlowska's confession was brief and to the point:

"When I married Marianne she told me she had eight hundred dollars in the bank. I wanted to move to California and farm. When she drew her money out of the bank she had only two hundred and thirty. I was furious. I was in a frenzy. On the way home I picked up a rock and beat her over the head. Then I slashed her throat with my pocket-knife. As I cut her, she kept saying, 'Why are you doing this, Johnny?' That made me more furious. I picked her up, threw her over the fence of the golf links and started for California."

It was just the other day this writer sat with Brons in his Chicago office and went over details of "The Case of the 43 Telegrams." We had been talking for hours. The regional director of International News Service leaned back in his swivel chair and grinned.

"It was a long, long time ago," he said, "but it was a lot of fun—for an office man."

"What was the aftermath?" I asked. "Well, let me see. Maybe—"

Brons opened a drawer of his desk, found an envelope and pieced together the four quarters of an old telegram. It read.

THANKS. I CAUGHT SCHIDLOWSKA AS RESULT OF YOUR TELEGRAM WHICH WAS THE ONLY INFORMATION I HAD FROM ANY SOURCE.

"I received that from Sheriff George Barr," Brons told the writer. "What else happened? Oh, yes, the American paid Sheriff Barr and Conductor Kiser a reward of five hundred dollars each. The reporter who obtained the confession was given a bonus."

"What happened to Schidlowska?"

"Schidlowska? Oh! He was returned to Boston and executed."



THE CASE OF THE PRISONER OF LOVE

DEFENDANT Mrs. Clara Smith Hamon

CHARGE Murder

VERDICT Acquittal

Solved by reporter . . .



Sam A. Blair

**A** NOVEMBER wind rattled doors and windows in the little hotel in Ardmore, Oklahoma. It was after midnight. Sam Abdill Blair sat in a room of the hotel pondering two threats against his life.

One block from the hotel, Jake L. Hamon, millionaire oilman, financial and political dictator of Oklahoma, was living his last hours. He had been shot under mysterious circumstances. He claimed to have shot himself accidentally. Blair, star reporter of the Chicago Herald and Examiner, was in Ardmore to learn the truth.

Hours earlier Blair had learned "a beautiful girl, with big brown eyes, a slim figure and delicate hands" was in Hamon's apartment when the shooting occurred. It took Blair less than an hour to identify the girl as Mrs. Clara Smith Hamon, lovely protégée of "Uncle Jake." Blair knew Clara had facts he wanted to know.

As Blair pondered, the door of his room rattled. As he opened the door a masked plug-ugly jammed a six-shooter into his abdomen and said, "You've been warned twice before. This is the last warning. Get out of Oklahoma. If you're here for breakfast you'll never eat another."

Blair went to bed and to sleep. He breakfasted with his back against a wall of the hotel dining room and then went out to continue his investigation.

At the railroad station, Blair picked up Clara's trail. He learned she had shipped two trunks to Kansas City, Missouri, on the day after Hamon staggered out of the apartment with a bullet in his stomach. The bloodhound in Blair urged him to follow the trail of the trunk, but Scotch caution suggested that it was a "plant" to send him away on a false scent. He remained in Ardmore and within a few days established that Clara's parents were named Smith and lived in El Paso, Texas. It was a hot tip. The Smiths of El Paso. The Smiths of any town! Blair went to El Paso, learned exactly nothing and returned to Ardmore. Digging again, he found Clara had actually gone south in an automobile. Burning with a hunch that Clara was in or near El Paso, Blair went back.

With a city directory under an arm, Blair started a house-to-house canvass of the Smiths of El Paso. At each Smith home he would say, "I have an important message for Clara. Where can I find her?" For fifteen days and nights Blair made the rounds of the Smiths, without result. On the fifteenth night, he found an interested Smith.

"What is the message?" a man asked.

"It is for Clara's ears alone."

"Who are you?"

"A friend of Clara. I must get in communication with her. How can I?"

"You can't."

A week later Blair sat in the lobby of the Paso del Norte hotel. A bellboy handed him a telegram. Blair read it,

folded it and put it in a pocket.

It was one A.M. when the reporter aroused the Smiths, for he realized the dramatic value of that eerie hour. Smith, wearing a long, old-fashioned nightgown, opened the door. "You again? What do you mean by getting me up at this hour?"

Blair handed him the telegram. "I just received this. You ought to read it before I return to Chicago." Smith read:

SAM BLAIR, PASO DEL NORTE HOTEL, EL PASO, TEX. HERALD-EXAMINER TIRED OF YOUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND CLARA. UNLESS FAMILY CO-OPERATES IMMEDIATELY AND PUTS YOU IN COMMUNICATION WITH HER, RETURN HOME. DO NOT WASTE ANY MORE TIME OR MONEY ON THIS.

As Smith finished reading, Blair said, "Well, good-by, Mr. Smith."

"Wait a minute," said Smith. "I'm Clara's father. This is important. I will show the message to my wife."

Blair agreed it was important, but he had to wipe a grin from his face—for Blair was the author of that telegram. He had telegraphed it to Chicago, to be retelegraphed to him. But the ruse worked. Blair and Smith made a deal.

"It was agreed Clara's brother Jimmie would take me to Clara, who was hiding in Mexico City," Blair told me. "He was to keep her address a secret until we reached our destination. A carnival photographer made pictures of us for the immigration authorities, three pictures on each strip. Only two were needed, and I put the others in my pocket. We boarded a train for Mexico City.

"On the train Jimmie confided that Clara had been spirited away from Ardmore, on advice of Hamon, after shipping two trunks to Kansas City to cover her trail. She had been driven to Fort Worth, Texas, where she took train to El Paso, then had gone on to Mexico City, to find sanctuary in the home of a Mexican friend of Hamon.

"At Chihuahua City we stepped to the platform to stretch our legs. A minute later a Mexican, about to board the train, stopped and embraced Jimmie. 'Where are you going?' the man asked.

"To Mexico City."

"To see your lovely sister?"

"Yes, sir."

"She is not there. She is here in Chihuahua City at my brother's home."

"The stranger boarded the train; I retrieved our baggage and joined Jimmie on the platform.

"Early next morning I located the Mexican's brother, a state senator, but he declined to talk. Remembering the photograph of Jimmie, I showed it and asked the senator to tell Clara her brother and her unknown friend were waiting for her at the Robinson Hotel.

"Hours later a Mexican, covered to

the eyes with a serape, handed me a note. It was from Clara.

"Clara saluted me as her wonderful unknown friend, thanked me for my interest and asked

me to return home and keep her whereabouts a secret. I wrote a note in reply and enclosed the telegram I had shown to the Smiths. I told her I would waste one more day.

"A day passed and I received a telephone call. A woman's voice said, 'A messenger will call for you in an hour.' Was this a trap? Frankly, I was thinking about all those threats in Ardmore. But I was in too deep. The messenger called and I followed him to an automobile. He drove me to a public park and led me to a bench where a woman, wrapped in a black mantilla, was seated.

"The woman was Clara Smith Hamon.

"Clara begged me to go home and 'leave poor little Clara to her sorrow.' I told her I knew she had shot Hamon and could prove it, but would be on her side if she would tell the whole story.

"Suddenly, as I talked, a brilliant meteorite burst in the sky. 'It's a sign!' she exclaimed. 'I'll tell you everything,' and she did. She said, 'Hamon dominated me from the first time I ever looked into his eyes. I was seventeen years old then, working behind the counter of a store in Lawton. I hated him in those first meetings—hated him just as I did years later, when he would beat me.'

"Clara told me about her eleven-year romance with Hamon. She related, too, how she became a Hamon. Hamon took her to a Texas town, married her to one of his nephews and, following the ceremony, paid off the nephew and ordered him to 'beat it.' Clara's story of the fatal shooting was brief. Hamon, regarding himself as presidential timber, decided to clean up his life and after eleven years was telling Clara good-by for the last time. There was a fight. Hamon struck Clara, and she clawed him. He picked up a chair; she obtained a small pearl-handled revolver Hamon had given her. In a struggle for possession of the weapon, Hamon received the fatal wound.

"Clara went to the hospital an hour after the shooting. Hamon forgave her, arranged for her departure and insisted she be kept out of the case."

Blair hurried to El Paso with his scoop. Keeping Clara's whereabouts a secret, he wrote her story in three installments, then arranged another scoop. He surrendered Clara to Sheriff Buck Garrett at the Juarez-El Paso border. Clara was indicted and tried for murder. On the stand she reiterated the story she had told Blair and finished with the assertion: "I wanted to be free, but Hamon held me a prisoner of love."

The jury walked out, and walked right back in with a verdict of acquittal.



## THE CASE OF THE THREE-FINGERED MAN

DEFENDANT Guy Tallmadge

CHARGE Murder: 1st degree

VERDICT Guilty: Life imprisonment

Solved by reporter . . .



Frank Winge

**W**OMEN have intuition; dogs and children have natural inward impulses, and reporters have hunches. Frank Winge, star reporter for the Chicago Times, will lay his money on the line in favor of hunches.

On a day in May, not so long ago, Winge (Win-gee) sat at his desk in the newsroom, looking over an old file. Mike Fish, the city editor, reading a dispatch, had one of those hunches. He sent an office boy for Winge. Winge, affectionately known as "the Bashful Norwegian," reported at Fish's desk.

"Take a look-see at this," ordered Mike. Winge read the dispatch:

OREGON, ILL., May 20.—Ambushed by a swarthy, cursing gunman who stripped her of her jewels and then attempted to kidnap her, Mrs. Bessie M. Tallmadge, wife of Guy Tallmadge, Rockford undertaker, was shot through the head and died in a muddy country lane while her husband looked on. This was on her fifty-fourth birthday. Tallmadge, owner of a farm near Oregon, had gone to the farm to collect the rent but had been unable to locate the tenant. He said a man leaped onto the running board of the car, brandished a gun, took a small sum of money from him, tore a glove from his wife's left hand to obtain two diamond rings, took her purse and wrist watch. "The bandit ordered my wife to get out of our car and get into his automobile," Tallmadge said. "She screamed and began running in the opposite direction from his automobile. Without a word the man raised his pistol and fired one shot. Bessie fell and lay in the mud, moaning. The man ran across the highway, jumped into a dark blue coupé and sped away. From the way the car started, almost as soon as he stepped in, it looked like he had a partner waiting." The bullet entered Mrs. Tallmadge's head behind the left ear and emerged through the right eye.

Winge finished reading. "What about it?" he asked.

"Scram to Oregon," said Mike Fish. "Find out who really killed this dame and make it snappy."

Winge did not go to Oregon. He went to Rockford and within an hour became the buddy of Sam Dailey, brother-in-law of Tallmadge. Dailey took Winge to the Tallmadge home. Poor Tallmadge, a squat little man with blinking eyes, shed tears as he told Winge the low-down on the holdup and murder. Tallmadge gave Winge a minute description of the killer. He stood about five feet five inches, weighed around a hundred and sixty, wore a suede jacket, baggy pants and a slouch hat. Tallmadge told Winge about the glove torn from his wife's hand, and said she was shot from behind while running south down the road.

Leaving Dailey and Tallmadge, Winge went first to Oregon and then to the scene of the crime. He studied the terrain and then returned to Rockford, where he examined the body of Mrs. Tallmadge.

After that Winge sought Tallmadge and found him in his undertaking establishment.

"Did you ever own a pistol?" Winge asked.

"Never," replied Tallmadge.

As Tallmadge talked, Winge noticed the first, or trigger finger, and the second finger were missing from Tallmadge's right hand!

Leaving Tallmadge, Winge went back to the home of Sam Dailey, to ask one question:

"Did your brother-in-law, Tallmadge, ever own a pistol?"

"Yes. He owned an automatic. On the day following the murder of his wife he handed the pistol to me and said, 'You better do something about this—hide it—I might do something.' I presumed he meant that in his grief he might kill himself."

Dailey gave Winge the pistol. Winge established the fact that Tallmadge had purchased it from a Rockford pawnshop.

Winge telephoned Fish.

FISH: "Okay, lug, what gives?"

WINGE: "Listen, Little Tuna. I know who killed who. But I don't know why. I need some hell-up. How about sending Frank Smith down to give me a hand? . . . What? . . . Okay—I'll tell you. I was fascinated by Tallmadge's eyes. When I questioned him I learned he couldn't distinguish an object a yard away. He couldn't even describe me. Yet he gave me a complete description of the murderer. His sketch was much too good for a near-blind guy. Listen, you big Cod. Tallmadge told me his wife was shot from behind while running south. Had she been shot as Tallmadge narrated she would have pitched forward and fallen on her face, and her body would have been lying with the head to the southeast. But the body was found with the face up and the head to the northwest. Do I get Frank Smith? . . . Thanks."

Frank Smith joined Winge. The pair of bloodhounds learned domestic troubles had haunted the Tallmadge ménage. Then a beautiful widow raised her pretty red head into the mystery. Winge and Smith discovered Tallmadge was infatuated with the redheaded cosmetic clerk in a drugstore. He had given her an engagement ring and for months before the murder of his wife had been sending her tender messages concerning his contemplated divorce.

Winge and Smith put the facts before

State's Attorney S. Donald Crowell. Crowell ordered the arrest of Tallmadge and at the same time wired Fred E. Imbau of Northwestern University's Crime Detection Laboratory to bring a lie detector to Oregon. Imbau arrived with M. E. O'Neill, also of the laboratory. Tallmadge readily consented to submit to the test. Up to the moment he had maintained his innocence.

The lie detector was rigged.

Tallmadge was "tuned in."

Imbau asked a question: "Do you know a red-haired woman named Mrs. —?"

"NO!" shouted Tallmadge.

"Did you murder your wife?"

"NO!" shouted Tallmadge.

Imbau studied the lie detector. The indicator showed a violent emotional disturbance on the part of Tallmadge.

"Our subject is not telling the truth," said Imbau.

"No—I'm not!" exclaimed Tallmadge, and his full confession followed.

In his statement, the undertaker told how he took his wife for a ride, from which she was to return in another undertaker's dead wagon. For a long time the elderly Romeo had been thinking of "killing Bessie" and had purchased a pistol for that purpose.

Finally, he plotted the "Perfect Crime." He took his wife out to dinner, then for a ride. On a lonely strip of road, he stopped the car and, pretending motor difficulties, got out. Cold, unemotional, Tallmadge dictated:

"I asked my wife Bessie to bring the flashlight, telling her I had dropped my watch . . . When she came with the flashlight I shot her . . . I tossed her left glove into a ditch, pocketed her rings, purse and wrist watch, removed the currency from my wallet, tossed it aside and started shouting for help. Two cars passed without stopping. Then Mr. and Mrs. Abe Molzahn of Chana, Illinois, stopped.

"They've just shot my wife!" I shouted.

"They went with me to my wife's body. I asked them to help me take her body to Oregon. They demurred, pointing out it was against the law to remove a body under such circumstances. They drove to Oregon to notify the sheriff. When the authorities arrived I told them about the fake holdup. In the days that followed, everyone except that reporter from Chicago—that guy called Winge—believed me."

Despite his confession, Tallmadge entered a plea of "Not Guilty." The redhead was the star witness for the prosecution. Four jurors insisted that Tallmadge should be hanged. After seven ballots the jury returned with a verdict of guilty. Tallmadge was sentenced to prison for life.



## THE CASE OF THE PERFECT BOMB MURDER

DEFENDANT	A. D. Payne
CHARGE	Murder: 1st degree
VERDICT	Suicide before trial

Solved by reporter . . .



A. B. Macdonald

**T**RAGIC hours were soon to be ticked off by the big clock in the attractive dining room. Yet there was no hint of this as A. D. Payne, prominent lawyer, sat down to breakfast with his family in their suburban residence in Amarillo, Texas. It was going to be a gala day. Payne was going to walk to the office so his wife and three children could have the automobile for a shopping excursion.

Payne kissed them good-by, but at the last minute one of the little girls, Bobbie Jean, begged her father to let her walk to his office with him. Smiling, he consented. Two hours later the automobile glided down the driveway from the garage, and Mrs. Payne and Junior waved farewell to the other girl, Lavell, who had decided to remain at home.

Three minutes and ten blocks later the Payne automobile exploded like a giant firecracker. Mrs. Payne was blown to bits. Junior, thrown forty feet by the blast, was mangled and hovered between life and death for weeks, but lived.

At first it was believed fumes from the gasoline tank, ignited by a spark, caused the blast. But inquiry proved that a powerful explosive had been placed in the car. Amarillo and the Texas Panhandle were shocked. A fiend was in their midst.

Payne was questioned as a matter of police routine, but everyone quickly agreed that no guilt attached to him. He was a civic and religious leader, a kind husband and father. His devotion to Mrs. Payne was such that their friends called them "the Honeymooners."

Payne had a \$12,000 accident policy on the life of his wife and \$2,000 on each of the children. But Payne was wealthy, and city, state and insurance detectives decided that collection of insurance was not a motive for the crime.

The police finally relegated the case to the "unsolved crimes" file.

Gene Howe, editor of Amarillo's two newspapers, the Globe and the News, wanted the crime solved and offered a \$500 reward. Payne thanked him for his interest and added a \$5,000 reward.

Weeks passed. Then Howe sent a telegram to his friend, Roy Roberts, managing editor of the Kansas City Star, asking that the Star's famous ace reporter, the aging A. B. Macdonald, be sent to work on the mystery.

Macdonald arrived in Amarillo on a Saturday night. He went to Howe's office and asked for all the newspaper clippings relating to the Payne family.

Macdonald took the clippings to his hotel. He read every line that had been published about Payne, his family and the murder. There was no evidence the Paynes had an enemy; no apparent motive for the murderous crime against them. Macdonald was just about to agree that here at last was the "Perfect Crime" when a small clipping from the Amarillo Globe, printed three months before the murder, caught his eye. He whistled.

Howe called for Macdonald Sunday morning. "Found a clue yet?"

"I think so," answered Macdonald.

"You do, eh? Where did you get it?"

"Out of your newspaper."

"What is this clue?"

"You'll learn presently. But first I want to see Payne."

"Okay, but you're barking up the wrong tree."

Payne, gracious and hospitable, received Macdonald and Howe.

Macdonald went straight to the point. "I noticed a clipping from the Globe recording the fact that Mrs. Payne had a narrow escape from death some months ago when she opened the door of a clothes closet and both barrels of a shotgun exploded. I would like to see the closet, and the gun."

Payne took him to the closet and explained his theory of the accident. Someone had placed the gun on a sewing machine in the closet, instead of standing it in a corner. Mrs. Payne had knocked it down when she entered to get a pair of shoes.

"Shoes for you?"

"Why, yes."

Macdonald examined the shotgun. "To whom does this gun belong?"

"To my son, Junior."

"How old is he?"

"Eleven."

"Isn't it a rather heavy gauge for a small boy?"

"I wouldn't say so."

Macdonald moved with Payne to the living room, sat down and asked, "Will you please give me the names of all the stenographers who have worked for you in recent years?"

Payne smiled. "Find the woman, eh? That will not be hard for me to do. I have had only two stenographers in recent years. Call on Mable —. She's my stenographer. Then see Verona —, who worked for me several years. Mable is young, very attractive. You won't find Verona quite as interesting. She is plain and unattractive to men."

That afternoon Macdonald faced Verona. An hour later he conferred with police and Mayor Thompson. Verona made a hurried trip to police headquarters.

Mayor Thompson sent for Payne, who, calm and cool, walked into police headquarters. The mayor, the chief, Macdonald and Howe led Payne to a private office, where Verona faced him. Payne whitened.

Verona screamed at him, "I have told the truth! You murdered your wife on my account. You know it's true."

Payne said, "Yes. It is true."

Twenty-two hours had elapsed since Macdonald arrived in Amarillo!

Assisted by Macdonald, Payne dictated a 54,000-word confession in which he characterized himself "the most fiendish individual in the annals of

crime." He told of his love for Verona and his desire to wed her. He confessed the shotgun plot and described gadgets he invented which caused the gun to be discharged when Mrs. Payne, requested to bring him a certain pair of shoes, opened the closet door. He had pocketed the devices immediately following the "accident." Payne related how after the failure of this plot he decided to work out a perfect crime to destroy not only his wife but his three children. It took weeks to work out all details of his bombing crime and to make the infernal machine.

A mob tried to lynch Payne and did lionize Macdonald. "How did you, a stranger, solve so quickly a mystery that had us all baffled?" he was asked.

"The clipping about the 'shotgun accident' was the most important clue," Macdonald explained. "The gun itself was never intended for a small boy. My conversation with Payne and examination of the closet convinced me both shells could not have been discharged in the manner explained by Payne. I knew too that only a mad infatuation for a woman would give Payne an urge to slaughter his whole family. My big job was to find the woman: Payne actually disclosed her identity in trying to convince me she was unattractive to men.

"When I called on Verona I looked her in the eyes and said, 'Verona, you are highly respected and have many friends. But tomorrow, after I write my story about you and Payne, you are going to need a friend. If you tell me the truth, I'll be your friend. If you do not, I'll be an old bloodhound on your trail. Do you want to tell me all about it?"

"She did. She unfolded the entire story of Payne's love for her and how he told her he was going to divorce his wife and marry her. He had sworn her to secrecy. While Payne had never told her he had murdered his wife, she knew in her heart that he had. The next move was to take her to police headquarters and obtain a signed statement of the facts. That was done. Payne's confession followed."

A few weeks later, while awaiting trial for murder, Payne killed himself as he had killed his wife. With a bottle of nitroglycerine and a percussion cap which had been smuggled to him in the Amarillo jail, he blew himself to bits.

Some months afterwards Macdonald received a telegram from Roy Roberts, his managing editor. It read:

YOU HAVE BEEN AWARDED THE PULITZER PRIZE FOR YOUR SOLUTION OF PAYNE'S PERFECT CRIME.

Macdonald grinned happily. It was his seventieth birthday.



working at a near-by desk: "Werner!" "Jawohl, Herr Brigade-Fuehrer!" The fellow was out of his seat, clicking to attention.

Von Diehlse handed him the folder. "Return the Holliday dossier to the active file. *Verstanden?*" The man stared at him. Von Diehlse spoke again, half to himself. "With such men, the case is never closed. Who can tell where he is, that he will not appear again? *Abtreten, Werner!*"

The subordinate tucked the file under his arm, saluted and went out of the room.

At the very least, reflected Marlham Snedeker, owner and publisher of The American Freedom Cry, he would be made Gauleiter of New England. He was sitting with his feet on the desk in his office on the third floor of the gloomy brick building on Oak Street in Port Sheridan, New York, that housed the paper, indulging in the luxury of day-dreaming.

Snedeker opened a drawer, took therefrom a letter that had reached him in devious ways. It was headed: "Division of Foreign Cultural Relations, Hamburg, Germany," and it read:

My dear Herr Snedeker:

The work of your brilliant newspaper is highly appreciated here, and with patience will accomplish its noble mission to open the eyes of all true Americans to the evils of Democracy and a better understanding of the aims and humanity of our Great Leader. We need hardly caution you to remain within the framework of existing laws, since it would be a pity if through too much zeal your good work were interrupted. Rest assured that we are not unaware of your services and will continue to assist you as before.

"Not unaware of your services." Snedeker licked his lips over the phrase. He saw himself in gray belted uniform with chest and shoulder straps, shiny black boots and black-visored military cap, riding in an open car through Port Sheridan, Steel Shirt troopers lining both sides of the street, citizens, their hands upraised, chanting, "Hail, Snedeker!"

The sallow-faced, mean-looking publisher had been conducting some noble experiments with the Nazi technique in Port Sheridan that went far beyond his adoption of a short mustache beneath his nose and the training of a forelock to fall over one eye. And with exalting results. The town was his, lock, stock and barrel.

Combining crooked small-town politics with a supply of money from unrevealed sources, he had the city manager, a majority of the city council, the chief of police and the leading banker in his pocket. He swelled with power the way an adder puffs with poison. It all worked like a charm. When the Bijou Palace Theater scheduled an anti-Nazi picture, the chief of police closed it up for an alleged ordinance violation. When Editor Holt of the Clarion fought him, the leading banker foreclosed on the editor. And when Holt continued to raise his voice, the Steel Shirts put the editor in a hospital.

The Steel Shirts had been Snedeker's version of the Storm Troopers. A state law against uniformed groups, aimed at Bundists, had driven them underground. Now the make-up of the Steel Shirt gang was Snedeker's secret and gave him more power than ever. When no man dared

trust his neighbor or associate, terror came to Port Sheridan.

The door to Snedeker's office opened, and Small, his editor, came in with a handful of galley proofs and laid them on the desk. Snedeker motioned for him to remain, picked up a pencil and began to read. He clicked his lips in annoyance, saying, "Small, you're a fool. I've ran this as is, those Federal men parked in the Port Sheridan House would be on our necks in a minute. We don't want to incite the soldier boys—yet. That's treason, understand? Just stir 'em up; make 'em dissatisfied. Here, like this." He crossed out several lines and penciled corrections in the margins. "There. Can't touch us on that." He read further and made another correction. "When you write about the progress Japan has made, call it '*irresistible*' progress, get it? I gave you a list of the words I wanted used: '*unconquerable*,' '*overwhelming*.' Ding it into 'em that we can't win. Okay. I'll wait to see the proofs on the corrections. Then you can lock her up."

Small handed Snedeker a paper. "Pelker's list," he said.

It was a sheet of stationery from the Port Sheridan House containing a list of names—a copy of the hotel register for the day.

Snedeker scanned it carefully: Smith, Grayson, Nussbaum, O'Donnough . . . Two drummers from Albany; a refrigerator man from Schenectady; three tourists from Boston; a clergyman; a couple of engineers going out to the airplane-parts factory. The usual miscellaneous collection. There appeared on it also the name "Hiram Holliday, New York City." Snedeker asked, "Who's this Holliday? There's no information on him here."

Small said, "I know. I called Pelker. He said there was nothing to worry about. The man seemed to be a dope. Went right up to his room and stayed there. No telephone calls. He kept querying the desk about whether a girl had been asking for him. You know!" Small winked. "Joey left him a copy of the paper. He took it without saying anything."

"Okay," said Snedeker and dropped the list into a drawer. His mouth curled with pleasure. That was the way the Gestapo worked it. It gave him that thrill of power again. Pelker was the desk clerk at the Port Sheridan House. He reported all the comings and goings there.

Small picked up his proofs and departed, stopping at the door to say, "One of the printers got tough, chief. I threw him out."

"That's your business," said Snedeker coldly. He was anxious to be alone again. Things were going well. He could give himself up to the delicious reveries of the future and the New Order in Port Sheridan.

Hiram Holliday sat in Room 602 of the Port Sheridan House waiting. Where was Heidi? Was she in danger and unable to get word to him? He read her note again:

Dearest Hiram: I must see you. Will you meet me at Port Sheridan, New York, next Thursday afternoon? Come if you can. It is important.  
Heidi.

There was no doubt in his mind that it came from her. There was her signature. It had been mailed from Montreal, Canada, and sent to him care of the New York Sentinel. It bore no return



## Summer Serenade

When the thunder stalks the sky,  
When tickle-footed walks the fly,  
When shirt is wet and throat is dry,  
Look, my darling, that's July.

Though the grassy lawn be leather,  
And prickly temper tug the tether,  
Shall we postpone our love for weather?  
If we must melt, let's melt together!

OGDEN NASH





**What is the matter  
With gadabout Gwen?  
Moping in bed  
Though it's way past ten!**

**Even if it is** one of those "certain days," don't waste it moping. Take a tip about keeping comfortable from that amazing 3-out-of-4 verdict . . .



**Gwen be clever!  
Gwen be wise!  
3-out-of-4 ought to  
Open your eyes!**

**"Modess is softer!"** voted 3 out of every 4 women in a nationwide test\*. So try Modess, Regular or Junior sizes. You'll like the new Boudoir Box, too. No tell-tale name need show on your closet shelf.

**From its print design you'd never guess  
That the Boudoir Box contains Modess!**

**3 out of every 4 voted**

# Modess softer

\*Get the full details of the Softness Test! Write The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

address, only the engraved crest of the royal Austrian house of Fürstenhoff.

But why Port Sheridan? As a working reporter, he knew what was happening in that city. Had her summons something to do with this fear-ridden town in which he found himself for the first time in his life? His imagination gave him no rest. He had arrived in Port Sheridan at two o'clock in the afternoon. It was now six. He would wait until seven. Then he would go out and look for Heidi. He remembered a day three years ago in the ancient walled city of Prague when he had gone out into the rain-swept streets to search for her. Was he being a romantic fool again?

It was the first time Hiram had heard from Heidi in over two years. That had been his fault. He had been in torment ever since receiving her note.

There in the dingy hotel room, his restless mind took him back to a night in Rome before the war when he had stood in a jasmine-scented garden and said to the Princess Heidi: "I feel I must rip and tear through this world, Heidi, and by the force and urge of my mind and body carve out a piece of it that will be mine because I have won it. I must go alone, Heidi, until I have done those things which I must do . . ."

Such fine, brave-sounding words!

He remembered her answer and the promise it implied: "When you are ready, my dear."

They had kissed each other then in pledge. He had never forgotten the touch of her hand on his cheek and the tenderness of her mouth.

No, he had never forgotten. But time had passed so swiftly. A tortured world had moved faster than he. He was lost in a world that seemed to have no use for him. He had put off writing to Heidi until in some measure his promise should have been fulfilled.

In the days when Hiram Holliday had been a copy reader, a fourteen-year fixture at the copy desk of the New York Sentinel, he had as compensation skilled himself in things that were romantic and exciting to him; that hardened his body and stimulated his imagination; that made him feel he was a man. He had learned how to pilot a light sport plane; to box and wrestle Judo; to shoot a rifle and heavy pistol with more than usual accuracy; to fence with foil and saber and épée.

Some of these things had stood him in good stead in Europe, which he visited before the war. But suddenly, with a rush and roar of exploding bombs, the world had swept ahead and left Hiram Holliday a lost and confused anachronism.

Youngsters of twenty were throwing their ships through the skies at four hundred miles an hour and bombing battlewagons to death from thirty thousand feet. Rifle and pistol were on their way to the museums, replaced by the submachine gun. Battle Panzers roared across the face of the earth, piloted by supermen with bodies of iron. The Commandos called into being the greatest all-round athletes and fighters the world had ever known. Only youth was fit to stand the strain of total war. And Hiram was forty-two.

"We'll get around to you someday," they had told him when he tried to enlist.

What would Heidi ask of him when and if she came? And what had he to give her if she needed help? He would die for her, but dying was not enough.

Nervously, he went to the window and looked out on Main Street, black with home-going traffic. There was a newsstand. High up as he was, he could see

the big headlines of The American Freedom Cry and people stopping to buy, one of them a soldier. In the distance he could see the beginning of the endless barracks of Fort McChesney.

He turned back to the table, on which lay a copy of the same paper. Joey the bellhop had deposited the copy there with "Compliments of the house. Hot stuff!" Hiram read some of it, and his light blue eyes darkened with anger. Patently clever and concealed behind flag-waving though the context was, Hiram smelled out the filthy Nazi technique of mind and soul corruption as though swastikas had been stamped on every corner of the sheet.

He picked up the sheet as though he were throttling it. "If I could only do something!" The sound of his own words brought him up short, and he said to himself bitterly, "A couple of years ago, Holliday, you *would* have done something."

Hiram had learned a lot about Port Sheridan in the short time he had been there. A good reporter coming into a strange town acquires a good deal of information by the time he has run the gantlet of station porter, cab driver, hotel clerk and bellhop. With an Army camp and a dozen war factories in the vicinity, the decent citizenry was being throttled and poisoned by a pro-Nazi. Hiram had heard how the picture house had been closed and the free paper suspended. He had observed the fishy-eyed desk clerk with his personal questions; the bellhop who planted the copy of Freedom Cry on his table—the first adjunct of the secret police in the dictator countries was the hotel help. And this in America!

There came a knock at the door. Heidi! At last! Heidi, whom he had never stopped loving. His heart batted violently against his chest. He drew a deep breath, went quickly to the door and flung it open.

The individual who stood there was tall, thin and untidy, with a long furrowed face and a droopy underlip that gave him the aspect of a tired cab horse. A battered too-small derby perched on top of his head. He exuded pure essence of distillery. Weaving slightly, he held out a hand and said, "My ol' pal Hiram Holliday! Put her there. Boy, it sure is good to see you again, pal." He came into the room pumping Hiram's arm.

Backing away, Hiram racked his brains. He seemed reasonably certain that he had never before set eyes on the individual.

The man removed his hat, displaying a naked, lemon-shaped dome, and sat down in the one armchair. His close-up smirk revealed five tobacco-stained teeth with the rest vacancies.

"Lovejoy," he said. "You remember me—Ike Lovejoy. Used to work together back on the old Mail-Express. I was in the composing room. Saw your name down on the register. 'By hooky,' I said, 'it's my ol' pal Holliday. He'll be sore if I don't stop in and pay him a visit for ol' times' sake.'"

A glimmer of light began to dawn on Hiram.

"Just quit my job here," continued Lovejoy, talking rapidly. "Had a little tough luck, pal. Lost my poke. Got a job waitin' for me on a paper in Syracuse if I can jus' get the bus fare. I thought maybe for old times' sake you might spare a fin, pal."

Hiram had to grin. Now he recognized it. It was a harmless gift, one of the oldest in the country—the Printers' Bite. Tramp printers, drinking their way from job to job, would recognize the name of a reporter in a strange town and tell him the tale of how they had worked to-



gether in the old days. The victim, who probably had known hundreds of men in various newspaper composing rooms, would usually fork over rather than admit that he had forgotten an old friend.

Anxious to be rid of him, Hiram pulled out a dollar and held it up. "That's it," he said. "Take it or leave it."

Lovejoy took it with alacrity. "That's white, brother. I knew my ol' pal Holliday wouldn't let a pal down. Maybe I've had a few drinks, but I'm gettin' outa town. I quit. I says to Small, I says—"

Hiram was edging Lovejoy toward the door, listening with only one ear as the printer rattled on.

"I says, 'Nuts!' I says, 'I'm not settin' any more of your stinkin' stuff, see? I'm a good American, I am. I was inna las' war. I ain't no Heinie lover,' I says. I says, 'You can take this tripe an'—' So he says, 'You're fired,' an' shoves me, so I was gonna let him have it, an'—"

Hiram was suddenly listening with both ears. "What's that?" he asked. "Where were you working?"

"That phony Freedom Cry. I been settin' type on this stink sheet. Ya know how it is, pal, a guy's gotta eat, an' I figger it's jus' another rag. So pretty soon I get wise to the kind of stuff it is. Say, pal, I don't got to eat that bad. Get it? I'm no fifth column. Why, I was on the other side in the last war. Them stinkers taking a rap at the boys in the Army! So I ups to him with the copy and tells him what to do with it and got trun out."

Hiram produced a ten-dollar bill. He said, "Ride to Syracuse on a Pullman, Ike, or drink it up. I don't care. If you walked out of that plant, I'm for you. God bless you—and beat it!"

The telephone rang. With a shove, Hiram boosted Lovejoy into the hall, slammed the door, ran back and picked up the receiver. "Hello . . . Hello!"

"Hello! Hiram?" It was Heidi's lovely voice. "My train was late. Oh, how good to hear you again."

"Heidi dear!" Her voice brought him such great joy. "Heidi, are you all right?"

"Come and see for yourself, Hiram."

"But where are you?"

Her sweet laughter had all the old enchantment. "Downstairs in the coffee shop. Will you come down?"

"Will I? Right down the elevator shaft!" Hiram charged down the hall at full speed. He ran right over Ike Lovejoy, who was leaning against the wall gazing ecstatically at his ten-dollar bill.

Heidi and Hiram had met for the first time in a London park in the feverish days before Munich, and again in the medieval city of Prague when that ancient stronghold was writhing under the deathblow of the sellout. They had fled to Italy with the young Archduke Peter, heir to the Austrian throne. High romance and high adventure had dogged their footsteps across Europe.

And now, after more than two years, they met again and shook hands almost shyly on the threshold of the noisy, smelly Coffee Shoppe of an American commercial hotel near the Canadian border. Here were no walls or towers, no mysteries or dangers, but only the rattle, bang and clatter of small-town America at supper.

Short-skirted waitresses wove through the aisles, laden trays swung high, delivering Yankee pot roast, ham and beans, pork chops and Java. Traveling men, tourists, townsmen out with their wives, plain American citizens with the stamp of America on them and the swift, racy language of America on their lips sat at the tables. It was all familiar to Hiram.

Yet there was something unfamiliar



**WHAT DID HE MEAN... "SEE PAGE 69"?**

**HE WANTED YOU** to read this ad, my dear . . . it's his way of telling you love will die, *unless* you learn the feminine secret of "double-protection" against offending! You see, it's no longer necessary to risk your daintiness with an unpleasant-smelling soap! Discover "double-protection" in your bath—right now, with one soap that's truly gentle and fragrant . . .



**UMMMM! HEAVENLY SUDS! HEAVENLY PERFUME! BUT WHAT IS "DOUBLE PROTECTION"?**


**IT'S THE TWO-WAY** insurance of daintiness Cashmere Bouquet Soap gives you! First, Cashmere Bouquet makes a rich, cleansing lather that's gifted with the ability to bathe away body odor almost instantly! And at the same time it actually adorns your skin with that heavenly perfume you noticed—a protective fragrance men love!



**THANKS FOR THE TIP! AND HERE'S ONE FOR EVERY GIRL! SMELL THE SOAP BEFORE YOU BUY...YOU'LL PREFER CASHMERE BOUQUET!**

**SMART GIRL!** You appreciate the way Cashmere Bouquet leaves your skin soft and smooth . . . subtly alluring with the lingering scent of costlier perfume! And even if your face and hands are *super-sensitive*, remember Cashmere Bouquet is *one* perfumed soap that can agree with your skin! Be real smart . . . get Cashmere Bouquet Soap—*today!*

**Cashmere Bouquet Soap**



**THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING**



too, some undercurrent he could not place. Was it that the presence of Heidi overheated his imagination as in the old days? Or was it that for the first time in too long a while he was feeling again the slow stirring of his queer, extra-perceptory power to absorb moods and feelings?

They looked at each other across the small table. "Hiram! It is so good to see you."

"How wonderful you look, Heidi."

A waitress came up. "What'll it be, folks?"

Hiram studied Heidi as she examined the menu. In her neat suit and small hat she already looked Americanized.

"Hamburgers," she said. "I love so much your hamburgers. With everything on them, please."

Heidi studied Hiram too as he gave their order. How greatly he had changed, and how the change hurt her! He looked smaller, stouter, less distinguished. He still carried the same old raincoat, but now it seemed to be just a raincoat. In Europe, she remembered, it had seemed to her almost a battle cloak. But the thing that brought the heaviest weight to her heart was what had happened to his eyes. The fires had gone out of them. Were those fires only banked, or had they inexplicably burned out in this strange man? He looked beaten.

Hiram turned to Heidi. "Tell me about Peter. Is he all right?"

Heidi smiled. "He is wonderful. He has grown so. He is in a military school near Montreal. He wants to be a flier. He asks after Uncle Hiram often."

Hiram avoided her gaze. "And you, Heidi? But I can see. You are lovelier than ever."

"There is nothing to tell about me, Hiram. But I want to hear about you. I have so often wondered——" Heidi checked herself.

Depression settled on Hiram Holliday. He must face it now. The queer feeling of the room clamped down harder on him. With a start, he recognized two men sitting in one corner drinking coffee. They were Strake and Benson, two agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation working out of New York.

Heidi's sweet gaze was on him. Hiram replied at last, "I have done nothing, Heidi. I am a failure. I was in London when the war broke out. I got mixed up in some queer business, thought I would be the greatest war correspondent in the world and wound up playing the fool. I did get to France and got chased out by the Germans. I got back to London through Dunkirk. But London was full of better correspondents than I, so they brought me home. Then there was South America. I didn't do so well there." He sketched his travels, always on assignments of less importance, and as Heidi listened she could follow the slow dampening of his spirit.

"Do you know where I was on December seventh? At the casino in Viña del Mar. In Chile, tossing pesos onto the roulette tables. By the time I got back to the United States all the correspondents to the Pacific war fronts had been assigned. When I tried to enlist they said I was too old. I thought some of the things I had learned in Germany might be of help. They didn't seem to be interested in Washington. I stayed on as a reporter. I didn't even sign my stuff any more."

Hiram leaned forward earnestly. "It didn't seem to matter so much before we got into the war, except for my own pride. But you see, Heidi, now we are in it. We're fighting for everything that is honest and decent in humanity, as well as for our very existence. It is the great-

est crusade of all mankind. And I'm out of it! I'm not good for anything. There is nothing I can do. And this is my fight, Heidi. I was in it from the start, long before anybody over there knew what Nazism meant. I tried to tell them from Europe. I hit them where I could."

Fires that had flickered for a moment died again. He continued dully, "It's different over here, Heidi. I don't understand what has happened to me. The story has moved away from me. I haven't kept up. I'm a newspaper hack, hanging around New York waiting to interview torpedoed survivors or write a story about production curves in a factory. Yet I love this country and what it stands for with all my heart and soul. I'd be so grateful if they would let me die for it."

Heidi's heart ached with sympathy for him. For the first time she wished she had not followed the impulse to write him and arrange to see him. Once they had loved each other so greatly that they could bear to part for the high purpose that dwelt within them. And then he had given no sign. Did he suppose that it had been only for his deeds that she had loved him? As time passed, she could judge only that he had forgotten; that he no longer cared. Womanlike, before she made her final decision, she had come to see him again.

If he still loved her, he had given no indication. That love seemed to have vanished with the disappearance of the man who was Hiram Holliday. And now he asked the question she had been dreading.

"HEIDI, why did you ask me to meet you here?"

They had talked for a long time. The coffee shop was nearly deserted, except for the two FBI men. It was Heidi now who bent her head so that Hiram could not see her eyes.

She began haltingly, "I am not able to come to New York often. This is so close to the border, I thought if you were free to come here it would—make it a little easier. I—I must return tomorrow, and there was something I had to say to you."

Hiram was watching her closely—the bent head; the lovely curve of her neck. Color had come into her cheeks, and his heart was like a stone inside him because he had half guessed what she had to say.

Yes, there went the last of his romantic dreams. Of the Hiram that had been, only the deluded fool remained; a fool who had paced a room and seen his Princess in danger again, hearing the ancient cry from the battlements: "*A moi, Hiram, à moi!*" She had sent for him. A Holliday to the rescue! All delusions.

Heidi was speaking again in a low voice. "There is someone I have come to know, Hiram. I—I am fond of him. He has asked me to marry him." Now she raised her head and looked into his eyes to see what she would find there. She saw only the misery of self-reproach and failure.

It had been this sense of failure that had kept Hiram from Heidi. He had grown much since he had left the copy desk of the Sentinel to range the world, but not enough to know that all a woman, even a princess, asks of a man is love. Love was there as it had been from the first time he saw her, but he felt he had forfeited the right to offer it.

Heidi was young. In his mind Hiram pictured the man who loved her—a soldier in uniform, a leader of men, stalwart, youthful, a flier perhaps, a daring Commando leader, a new hero of the world at war. They deserved each

other. And if Heidi had once seemed to care for him, that had been long ago when things were different. She was a princess. He was a reporter. It never could have been. Hiram was much too blind to see that, first and last, Heidi was a woman.

He smiled at her, though he felt more like weeping. "Heidi dear," he said, "you'll be happy." Then he asked, "What made you send for me?"

His smile made it easier for Heidi. It would all be over soon. She could not tell why her heart was so heavy. And yet, if love was gone, he had in a way re-established their old comradeship.

"In Rome one night," Heidi told him softly, "a long time ago, I—I made a promise. It was——" She stopped. So great was the hurt and misery in his eyes that she could not finish.

But as though he understood, Hiram reached across the table and took her hand. He held it for an instant, looking at her, then kissed it and put it down. It seemed to Hiram at that moment that, long as he had loved her, he was only now beginning to learn how great the pain of loving could be. He spoke finally,

"I failed in my promise, Heidi. It cancels out, my dear. And you—you are matchless and magnificent. He must be splendid too for you to love him. Take happiness, Heidi. No woman ever deserved it more than you. I'll pray for your happiness to the end of my days."

She should be happy, Heidi thought, but all she felt was emptiness.

"We're closin' up, mister," said the waitress. She was standing over the table with the check in her hands. The Coffee Shoppe was empty but for them. Even the Federal men had gone.

Hiram came back to the world again. He looked at his watch. The end of the world had come exactly at midnight.

Arm in arm, they went out into the deserted lobby. The night clerk dozed behind the desk. They waited outside the elevators a moment.

Heidi said suddenly, "Couldn't we go for a little walk, Hiram? I—I am not sleepy."

They walked in the spring night through the streets of the sleeping city. Because of blackout regulations, even the lights in the show windows were out. There was a half moon that kept dodging behind lightly moving clouds.

They went in silence, aimlessly. The oppression, the living *feeling* of oppression that had manifested in the dining room, gripped Hiram again.

At first he refused to credit it. Here was the typical small American city, so like thousands of others the length and breadth of the land; the same low buildings with their square roof lines; the bank, the telephone building, the telegraph office; the plate-glass store fronts. These were warm, familiar things that Hiram had known all his life: the drugstores with their long soda fountains, the gaudy filling stations, now closed and dark by virtue of gasoline rationing, the Gas and Power Company with its inevitable window display of white enamel stoves and refrigerators.

And he knew the souls who peopled them too—honest, gay, good, peace-loving, slow to anger, trying to live in honor and decency.

All these, the animate and the inanimate, the very bricks and stones and mortar seemed to be sending up a plea, a cry for help and deliverance. For the moment Hiram might have been walking through the Europe he had known under the terror; the crooked alleys of Paris; twisted London with its ancient dwellings; Prague, brooding beneath the



shadow of the massive Hradčany fortress. He had heard the same cries there too.

He felt it so strongly once that it was as though someone had called him. He shuddered and paused to look around.

"Hiram, what is it?" Heidi asked.

He did not answer her, and she watched him as he gazed uneasily about the deserted streets. The battered moon had come out again and the sharp roof-lines of the buildings were outlined against it. Black trees flung their arms, newly feathered by the spring, straight to the sky. Then he spoke.

"The city! It's trapped. I've felt it ever since I came here. Do you remember Europe? What it was like? How you could feel the fear and the despair?"

Heidi looked about her. The power of his emotion seemed to flow to her. One moment the town had been a sweet, sleeping American city; the next it had taken on menace and mystery. Every house seemed to have become a citadel.

Hiram said, "I can smell it! This city isn't free any more. The enemy has taken it!"

Heidi shivered and took his arm. "Hiram! No. Not here. This is America. We are at war."

Hiram growled. "I heard a lot this afternoon, but I didn't believe it. Now I know. They've taken the town."

"But who? And how could they?"

He told her about the paper, crooked small-town politics, officials bribed; the hidden terror of the Steel Shirts, the miniature Gestapo which had its grip on the decent people of the city.

They found themselves beside a darkened three-story building. Hiram stepped close to read the lettering on a steel side door with a mesh-glass upper half. A street light down the block made it legible: **THE AMERICAN FREEDOM CRY.**

Hiram pointed. His voice was trembling with anger. "The American Freedom Cry! To use those words of beauty. What a filthy snare! Here is the poison sac, Heidi. From this building flows the venom that has seeped into the veins and hearts of the people here. Defeatism! Distrust! Sedition! From here, by *misuse* of the freedom of the press, the enemy moves into war plants and Army camps. This place is more dangerous than the whole Axis army; more deadly to us than bombs or machine-gun bullets or gas. Destroy this, and the power of evil that has taken this town would be broken. If one but could! What a service it would be to the cause of freedom."

Heidi sighed. "If one but could!"

In the darkness, Hiram flushed. Had Heidi's words been only an echo?

He said, "But you can't, Heidi. This is America. It's different here. Somehow, you can't do the things you could do in Europe."

Heidi was wondering. Had the strange do-nothing-until-it-is-too-late fumes that seemed to have paralyzed all the freedom-loving countries of the world stupefied the brain of this man too; robbed him of his initiative?

"Is freedom then less dear to America than it was to Europe?" she murmured.

Hiram only looked at the building again, shaking his head. Heidi felt his anger, but even more strongly she perceived his bafflement. Hiram Holliday was lost. What had happened to this high adventurer whom she had loved?

The night was cool, but it was disappointment that chilled Heidi and made her shudder. She said, "It's late, Hiram. I am cold. Let us go back."

They walked to the hotel in silence. Hiram was conscious only of the defeat that gnawed at his heart. They shook



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hands and said good night in the elevator when it stopped at the second floor to let Heidi off.

Hiram said, "We'll have breakfast together. Then I'll take you to your train."

Heidi smiled and nodded, then turned to go. But the operator was slow in closing the gates, and Hiram caught a glimpse of her face. It was a living mirror of sorrow, disappointment and pain. What a bitter, bitter night!

"What floor?" the elevator boy asked.

Hiram was about to say, "Sixth," but changed his mind. There would be no sleep for him now. Better to walk the streets all night. "Take me downstairs again," he ordered.

The clock in a church tower was striking one as he emerged once more from the Port Sheridan House.

The moon had gone. The night was black. Blacker was the turmoil within Hiram. He stumbled through the streets, yearning for the thing he had lost. He hardly realized that by accident or subconscious direction he had returned to the plant of The American Freedom Cry.

He had walked alongside the dark, silent building for some seconds before he looked up, surprised to see where he was. Then he saw something else that surprised him.

The steel-and-glass side door, which had been closed and presumably locked a scant fifteen minutes before, when he had been there with Heidi, now was open. He glanced upward, but there was no light showing in the building.

Something long disused stirred inside Hiram. It was an inner voice with which he used to do business in Europe. It said, "Steady Holliday. You've no call to go poking into open doors in a strange town." In the old days Hiram was always grateful for the voice. It cleared his conscience for going ahead and doing it anyway.

He went inside quietly and closed the door. It was pitch-dark. The floor seemed to be of steel. He groped along a plaster wall to the beginning of a flight of steel steps. And at this point he knew that he was no longer alone.

The attack followed the realization so swiftly that they were almost one, yet his instinct of preservation was even swifter as he threw himself to the floor and against the wall.

He heard a lurch, a whistling grunt, and a heavy object crashed against the partition over his head; or rather, where his head had been a moment before. Simultaneously, Hiram began to roll, and rolling, he encountered legs. A twist, and the owner thereof was brought heavily to the steel floor. Hiram seized a foot with his right hand, and using his left arm for a bar, an old Judo trick, applied pressure. There was one kick, and then a terrible groan.

"Hold still or I'll break it!" Hiram pressed again. The man kicked no more. Hiram thought: Well, this is pretty. Now what do I do?

From the mouth of the man there now issued a stream of fluent cursing. At the same time Hiram was conscious that the air which previously had suggested only oiled metal and ink, that inescapable newspaper-plant smell, was suddenly surcharged with the unmistakable odor of ingested spirits. The voice and the accompanying scent clicked something in his mind. He released the leg.

"Ike! Ike Lovejoy! What the devil are you doing here? I thought you were getting out of town. I'm Hiram Holliday!"

There was a painful stirring in the darkness. "Oh, it's you, ol' pal. Say, pal, you hadda narrrr 'scape. If you hadna

ducked I mighta brained you. You oughtna come creeeeeeepin' roun' in dark like that, pal."

Hiram struck a match. The flare glinted off the printer's bald dome. He was sitting on the floor rubbing his leg. A quart bottle stuck out of the side pocket of his coat. Next to him lay a short, wicked-looking stonemason's hammer.

"You're drunk, Ike," Hiram said. "You'd better get out of here—quick."

Lovejoy blinked fuzzily up into the matchlight, which glowed for an instant and then went out. "I'm drunk, all right, pal, but I ain't gettin' out." Hiram heard him groping on the floor for the hammer. "I'm gonna go up an' wreck the joint; 'at's what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna wreck it with my li'l ol' hammer, pal. The lousy rats! Throw me out, will they? I quit. I'm a good Amerrican. I was onna other side. Buncha lousy traitors, thass what they are. Pal, I like to see 'em print their paper in this joint when I get through with it."

"Ike, you fool," Hiram said, "you'll land in jail."

Lovejoy's voice came back from a higher level. Apparently he had succeeded in getting up. "So what? I been in jail before. Whadda I care? Okay, so I'm in jail. But this stink-joint ain't printin' no more. Beat it, pal. I got work to do."

In the silence that ensued, Hiram could hear the pounding of his heart. Then he said softly, "All right, Ike. Come on. I'm going to help you."

"Nix, pal, nix! You'll land in the can." Hiram paraphrased the printer, "I've been in the can before, Ike," and he added with grim satisfaction, "Only it was a Nazi jail. I'm glad you reminded me. I've been forgetting it too long."

Ike groped with his free hand until he found Hiram. "Follow me. You're a white man, pal. I always said so."

**T**HEY STARTED feeling their way up the stairs.

The combination composing room and press room was on the second floor. Two dim watchlights burned there. They were not visible from the outside, because the windows of the plant had been painted for complete blackout.

They moved cautiously past two long flat-bed presses at the near end. Hiram motioned toward them. "Old-timers."

"Yup. It's gonna be easy to bust 'em. The forms are locked on 'em already. They lock 'em on the night before. The press crew comsh on at six inna mornning an' rolls 'em. Are they gonna be surprised?"

Two rows of six linotype machines confronted them, the fan-shaped backs with their metal type racks glittering faintly in the dull light. There were two machines for casting big headlines on the right, type saws, racks of hand type for special jobs, and two long make-up stones or tables.

Here it was, thought Hiram, the arsenal of words. Words of hate were fed into the hoppers of the chattering linotypes to be cast into metal slugs more deadly than bullets, locked into forms carried to the longest-range cannon in the world—the newspaper press.

Words had proved a more terrible weapon than bullets in the fall of Europe. Here they were stocked to help encompass the downfall of America and the enslavement of its people. For a moment Hiram felt like a soldier who has penetrated through the lines to an enemy ammunition dump. He burned to touch it off. He gave no further thought to the consequences. He had decided upon his course. There were more ways

of serving one's country than by donning a uniform; ways that might never be known or recognized, ways that might even be punished.

"Where are we going to start?" Hiram asked. This was Lovejoy's expedition.

The lanky printer, weaving drunkenly, threaded his way to the linotype machine at the end of the row and in the back. "Atsa one," he replied. "Atsa one I been workin' at. I owe it a good bust-in'." He went around it, hammer in hand, looking for the place to begin.

Sabotage, Hiram thought. Hiram Holliday—saboteur. No! Counter-saboteur. That was it. Every word that issued from this evil shop went forth on a mission of sabotage. Sabotage worked underground. It had to be destroyed underground. That was where this battle of sabotaging the saboteurs would be fought, if men were willing to fight it . . . And he knew now that he was willing.

"Here she goes," said Ike Lovejoy, and raised his hammer.

"Wait!" The force of the idea behind the cry had made Hiram shout, and Lovejoy, startled, paused with the hammer in mid-air.

*What about the men behind these machines; the men who fed them?* Not the printers who worked for a wage, but the men who conceived the lies and wrote them. Their work would go on.

"Ike! Wait! I've got an idea. Better than the hammer." The plan was formulating rapidly as Hiram spoke. It could be done. He had known it could be done ever since he had seen the old-fashioned flat-bed presses which printed directly from the type forms instead of from a plate cast from a matrix. If it was to be counter-sabotage, then let the weapon be the same as that used by the enemy: that dangerous, powerful, high explosive; those combinations of letters known as words! "Put that hammer down, Ike, and listen to me."

Hiram told him the plan slowly. Lovejoy's eyes kept roving longingly to the hammer, but he waited for Hiram to finish.

Then he said, "Ya know what I think? I think ya nuts, pal. I didn't come in here to set no paper. I came to bust one. An' I'm gonna do it, pal."

But Hiram was possessed by his idea. He could see the consequences of it the next day, pyramiding, the words rolling like molten fire, unstoppable, unquenchable.

"Ike, you've got to do it. Smash those machines, and the men who own them will buy others. They've got German money to do it with—all they need. Come on, Ike. Just a couple of galleys."

But the stubbornness that comes over drunks had laid hold of Ike. He stood before the linotype machine, swaying, the hammer clenched in one hand, an unpleasant expression about his mouth.

He said, "Get outa my way, pal. I said I was gonna wreck this joint. You said you was gonna help me. You're a hell of a newspaperman what don't know ya can't set type when the lead pots is cold. This shop's been down since six o'clock. Ya couldn't set a line for four hours."

Hiram felt sick. When the linotype machines were turned off, the pots of molten lead that cast the slugs of type cooled down. It took hours to heat them to the temperature where the lead would flow again.

"Damn it, Ike, there must be something we can do! Can't you understand? Put that hammer down or—"

The printer lashed out—not with the hammer, but with his right fist. "You ast for it, pal!"

The blow took Hiram squarely in the  
(Continued on page 116)





# Attention! The Flag!

By LEE RUSSELL

**T**HE BANDS are playing. The boys are marching. The Flag is passing in review. Men uncover their heads; women and children stand silently alongside in respect to the American Flag. You love that Flag, and rightly so. It represents so much—freedom of thought, word and action; tolerance and justice to men of good will.

We have not been able to find a Federal law which covers the manner of displaying, hanging, saluting or conducting ceremonies in connection with the Flag. Congress has provided penalties for misusing the Flag in the District of Columbia only. But every state prohibits the use of the Flag for advertising purposes and New York State covers Flag handling in its penal code. However, there is Flag etiquette which has come to be nationally accepted as a code for all to observe:

The Flag should be displayed only from sunrise to sunset on buildings and on stationary flagstaves in the open. The Flag should not be flown in wet weather. It should always be raised briskly and lowered ceremoniously, and must never touch the ground. The church pennant is the only flag allowed to fly at the masthead above the Stars and Stripes, and only during religious services in a military chapel or aboard a ship of our Navy. During other religious services flags may be displayed on a staff equal in height to our country's Flag, but the latter should be in the position of honor, at the speaker's right. Our Flag should never be draped over the hood, top, sides or back of a vehicle, and should never trail in the water.

During a parade, when there is a flank of various flags, the American Flag should have the place of honor—the right. With a line of flags, Our Flag must be in front of the line at center. When used high up over the middle of the street, the Stars and Stripes should be suspended vertically with the union to the north on an east and west street, or to the east on a north and south street. The Flag should not be carried flat or horizontally but always aloft and free.

For interior display, if you wish to place Old Glory in a vertical position the field of stars should be to the Flag's own right. The union should be uppermost and to the observer's left if the Flag of the United States is displayed against a wall in a horizontal position. When used on a speaker's platform, the Flag, if displayed flat, should be above and behind the speaker. Our Flag should never be used to cover the speaker's desk nor to drape the front of the platform. As a signal of distress the Stars and Stripes may be flown from the mast upside down. A wornout National Flag (to display a torn, soiled or badly faded Flag is disrespectful) should be destroyed privately, preferably by burning.

When the Flag is flown at half staff as a sign of mourning, it should be hoisted to full staff at the conclusion of the funeral. Also, in placing the Flag at half staff, it should first be hoisted to the top of the staff and then lowered to position.

Last, but not least, don't let anyone embroider Our Flag upon a cushion or a handkerchief, nor print it on paper napkins or boxes.



# Don't just Dream of Loveliness— go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. James H. McClure of Chicago, Ill., says: "I'm so grateful for the way the Camay Mild-Soap Diet has helped my skin look so lovely!"

**This exciting beauty treatment is based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by lovely brides!**

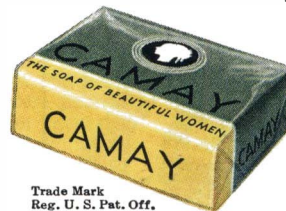
**D**ON'T WASTE time idly envying the woman whose complexion is lovely! With a little time and the right kind of care—your skin can also win envious glances! Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

This exciting idea in beauty care can arouse the sleeping beauty in your skin. For, like so many other women, you may not realize that you are cleans-

ing your skin improperly. Or that you are using a soap that isn't mild enough.

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine, mild soap. And Camay is actually *milder* than dozens of other popular beauty soaps! That's why we say "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!"

Cleanse your skin with milder Camay night and morning for at least 30 days. Even the very first treatment will leave your skin feeling fresh and glowing. In the days to come, your mirror may reveal an enchanting, exciting new loveliness.



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## GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashing.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your face is ready for make-up.



# THE 10 BEST WAYS TO BE A PEST



- Dr. Seuss

1



**For wives exclusively.** Defrost the icebox the night your husband's gang is playing poker.

2

**For husbands exclusively.** When your wife surprises you with a dinner of noodle soup, lamb chops, French fries, cucumber salad and strawberry shortcake, tell her that her effort is greatly appreciated, *but it just so happens* you had noodle soup, lamb chops, French fries, cucumber salad and strawberry shortcake *for lunch!*

3

**For Willie.** On the table next to Papa's bed is a book with a blood-red cover, called "The Murder in Wilbingham Mews." Papa is planning to finish it tonight when he gets into bed. But never you mind *that*. Didn't the Scout Master tell you to bring in old used books?

4



**Husbands again.** Discover your wife's new outfit on a Mortally Homely Woman.

5

**Anyone may play.** When the man who is telling a story says, "Stop me if you've heard this one," *stop* him if you've heard that one. That always puts him in a position where all he can say is, "Oh."

6

**Variation on No. 5.** When the man who is telling a story says, "Stop me if you've heard this one," *don't* stop him if you've heard that one. Let him shoot the works. Then quietly say, "Now the version *I* like goes this way . . ."

7

**Wives again.** This one takes time, but to a subtle pest the pay-off's worth it. *Stage 1.* When you're first married, explain to your husband that you always keep your alarm clock set fifteen minutes fast. *Stage 2.* Keep it set this way for about twelve years, allowing husband to adjust his habits accordingly. *Stage 3.* Then one night, without telling him, just set the blamed thing right.

8

**Newspaper readers.** When you start reading a paper next to me in the subway, naturally I read it over your shoulder. I'm no pest; just a fellow seeker for truth. But *you're* the pest when you avoid co-operation and turn pages before I'm halfway through.

9



**Any American.** At the slightest opportunity, brag about the condition of your tires.

10

**Husbands once more.** Discover your wife's new outfit on a Mortally Homely Woman. (*I know. This was No. 4. But since starting to write this article, I've gone and done it again.*)



I PLAY SAFE—LUX MY RAYONS!

## Wartime Washing Hints About Rayons

Wartime needs make rayon extra-precious—it's needed to help replace silk and nylon stockings and for military uses, too. So be wise—keep rayons lovely *longer* the way you do silk and wool—the new, quick Lux way. Don't risk cake-soap rubbing, strong soaps. These may harm texture, color. Anything safe in water alone is safe in Lux.



Squeeze lukewarm LUX suds gently through garment. Don't rub, don't use strong soaps. Rayon is temporarily weak when wet.



Rinse, then roll in Turkish towel, press moisture out, unroll, hang away from heat. This gentle care keeps rayons lovely *longer*.

Gentle LUX keeps rayons lovely *longer*

New Quick Lux is thrifty... see how much one box will do!





## The Passing of the Gas House Gang (Continued from page 45)

Not a scratch on his well-manicured fingers as souvenir of his three-year career as a ballplayer. Blattner teamed with Jimmy McClure of Indianapolis, and those kids captured the world's doubles championship at table tennis in London a few years ago.

Then there is Ray Sanders, first baseman, a mild-mannered chap who could pass a movie test as a new heart-throb.

Howard Pollet, a twenty-year-old southpaw pitcher from New Orleans, is tall, dark and handsome; you should see him stroll a boulevard in his assorted ensembles. A fashion plate!

Stanley Musial, left fielder, is the "rookie of the year," and another "Campus Kid."

These athletes are typical of the newcomers of the reconditioned Cardinals, destined to become great stars, matching such frisky youngster "veterans" as Ernie White, Frank (Creepy) Crespi, Howard Krist and the Cooper brothers.

Who is responsible for scrapping the Gas House Gang? Rickey's the man. *The inside story is one of baseball's best sellers, and is unfolded for the first time in this article.*

Rickey is a college graduate, via Ohio Wesleyan and the University of Michigan. He's been a Prohibitionist all his life, and up to recent years a nonsmoker. As vice-president and head man of the Cardinals' farm system, Branch dreamed of the day when he'd win a pennant with a varsity of fraternity boys.

What happened? Frankie Frisch was appointed manager of the Cardinals in July, 1933, and Rickey's dream of the collegiate stuff went up in smoke. Frisch—of Fordham was also a graduate of the old John J. McGraw school. Frisch borrowed pages from the McGraw catalogue, not from Fordham, the moment he became manager. The appointment of Frisch did not meet with the approval of Rickey, but President Breadon, holder of seventy-eight percent of the club's stock, hires and fires managers, with no questions asked by Rickey.

The Gas House Gang was born the moment Frisch became manager. He mounted a bench in the clubhouse for his first pep talk and blared:

"Now, listen, you guys, we ain't gonna let nobody run over us in this league. Get me? You gotta win those ball games. I ain't gonna be no detective and watch over you nights. Your nights are your own. Your days belong to me. If you'd rather go back to the mines and dig for coal than travel in Pullmans, ride in taxicabs and live in the best hotels at the expense of this ball club, speak right up now. We don't have room for a sissy. No holds barred on this team. That's the way we're gonna play baseball."

No dissenting vote was heard. "Dizzy" Dean was the first to leap to his feet. "You said more'n a mouthful, Frankie," snapped Jerome the Great. "If a guy

ever gets a base hit offa me, he'll get the duster (bean ball) next time at bat."

A new era arrived in baseball with the advent of the Gas House Gang.

The Gang played the game the hard way, not because they were ruffians and rowdies at heart (they were a lovable crew), but because they believed their way was the short cut to the pennant.

Martin invented, mastered and all but copyrighted the famous "belly-bustin'" slide. He was one of those hell-bent-for-victory and get-out-of-my-way players. Frisch added amendments to the old Baltimore Orioles' book. No. 1 was the breaking-up-of-the-double-play down at second base, with the runner, or slider, upsetting the fielder in any way possible. It was a duplicate of the take-out spill in football. The opposing player covering second base had no chance to catch the runner at first. The fielder had been knocked off his props.

In one of his numerous "I am the law" skits, Dean was fined and suspended by President Frick of the National League for talking out of turn at a banquet in a Midwestern city. "Dizzy" had lost a tough pitching duel to Carl Hubbell and the Giants, 2-1, with the winning run scored by the New Yorkers after Umpire Barr called a balk on the Great One.

"Dizzy" orated at great length that night, chiefly about Frick and his umpires. J. Herman was the victor in the showdown bout, thumbing his nose at Frick's office and refusing to sign a specially written apology which Frick had prepared for sports editors.

"I ain't signin' nothin' even if I am suspended!" shouted Dean in Frick's New York office. "And if you don't reinstate me at this moment, and lift that fine imposed on me, I'll sue the National League for a million dollars."

Dean was restored to good standing, and pitched the following day, knocking over the Giants in a 1-0 thriller with Pitcher Hal Schumacher opposing him.

The Gas House Gang was riding high, on and off the field. They played poker, with the blue chips running into important money. They rolled dice for high stakes. One Gas House Ganger sloughed off \$1,200 at one session with the cubes.

Alcoholics had been legalized for the gang. Highballs were sipped right out in the open. Frisch always had a case of iced beer in his room.

Stories about the offing of the lid eventually reached Professor Rickey. It was terrible, but what could he do? Money was rolling in for Breadon and the holders of the remaining twenty-two percent of the stock. And Branch was receiving quite a chunk of salary and bonus—a sum approximating \$75,000 each year. The Gas House Gang was doing its stuff.

Rickey's hands were tied, but he bided his time. The major insult to his pride occurred on a surprise visit to Rochester, New York, to see the Cards play an ex-

hibition game with their International League cousins, the Red Wings.

The Gas House Gang had long since spread its wings. They had formed an orchestra, a tin-pan contraption featuring everything from mouth organs to washboards. Martin was maestro of "The Musical Mud Cats."

On his arrival in Rochester, Rickey saw the town plastered with huge signs that announced: "Hear 'Martin's Mud Cats' at Red Wing Stadium tonight."

That was too much for Rickey—Martin's Mud Cats had top billing over the ball game! Rickey agreed with himself that the Mud Cats and the Gas House Gang would have to disband!

This reel now shifts to the spring of 1938. Fading stars were replaced by mediocre talent. Not intentionally by Rickey, of course, but it is a fact that in the spring of 1938, Frisch found a lot of hand-me-downs in camp.

The Cardinals of 1938 were a complete bust. Dean had been traded to the Cubs; minor-league recruits failed to make the grade, and the Cardinals finished in the second division. Frisch was released. The Gas House Gang was no more.

The Cardinals of 1942 now quench their thirst with water and soda. Alcoholics are barred. The boys play hearts for their recreation. No rolling dominoes. They gather around a piano, singing not "Red-Hot Mama," but "Trees" and "Aloha." These successors to the Gas House Gang fulfill Rickey's dream of years ago.

What happened to those colorful Gas Housers? Dean is popping off again as a baseball radio announcer in St. Louis. Frisch continues true Gas House as manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates. He is Baseball's No. 1 Baiter of Umpires.

Durocher is bossing the Brooklyn Bums, and also having his difficulties with the umpires. "Muscles" Medwick is busting leather for "The Lip." Ernie (Showboat) Orsatti is a Hollywood agent; Bill De Lancy is manager of Asheville's team in the Piedmont League. Jesse Haines (who wore the skin from his right hand in more than one ball game while hurling knucklers) is a politician in Montgomery County, Ohio. William (Lefty Bill) Walker is doing okay in politics in East St. Louis, Illinois.

Paul Dean is pitching for Houston in the Texas League. Collins is an attraction in the Eastern League as manager of the Albany team. And "Pepper" Martin, known as "the one-man team," is thrilling the Pacific Coast League with samples of his famous slide. He is manager of the Sacramento team.

July isn't over and you never can tell what will happen down the stretch. But our one prayer right now is that sports writers will not have a chance to revive that old classic about St. Louis:

Fust in shoes,  
Fust in booze,  
Last in the National League.

## The Home Front (Continued from page 29)

I'll drive you down, but what—"They're opening the workroom specially for me tonight. I've got scads of cutting to do, and two women are coming down to help me. So many workers came in today that we'll have nothing for tomorrow if I don't cut tonight."

Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes shining with joy at her own importance. He could smell the crackers burning out in the kitchen. He didn't say anything. He didn't want the crackers, anyway. In

fact, he didn't want the sardines. It occurred to him that while she was cutting the flannel he would go cut a thick steak. He started for the shower.

"Oh, Jim," she called, "I wish you wouldn't take the time to clean up now. You can do it after you drop me."

"Have a heart, honey! It takes me ten minutes to bathe and change."

"All right, Jim, go ahead. I didn't expect you to help me. I'll go back to the place by bus. That's all right with me.

The minute I ask you to do something it's always too much trouble."

"Now, Anne, that's a silly way to talk." He watched her as she tossed the burned crackers into the garbage pail. "I'll drive you down, only you know a person likes to clean up after work."

"You have all evening to clean up. It'll probably be ten o'clock before you can come for me."

"Okay, baby; anything you say."

He was rewarded by a small, guarded



smile. Apparently he didn't rate full forgiveness yet. To refuse the sardines would lose him the ground he had gained with her, so he sat down and helped himself from the flat tin.

Anne ate three sardines, drank half a cup of tea and began to look anxiously at the clock. This business of opening the workroom for her was evidently an honor. She was eager to get going.

"Look, Anne," he said. "If we go now we'll just have to sit outside in the car till the janitor or whoever's going to open the place comes along."

"It takes twenty-five minutes to get there. I ought to know. I go every day."

"You go by bus, baby, and you're counting the walk to the bus stop. We'll go in just a minute. Would I have time to change my shirt, do you suppose?"

"Oh, I suppose so."

As he passed through the tiny hall it occurred to him that it would take only a minute to wash up, and that he owed it to the clean shirt. Reluctantly he put aside the knowledge that there was plenty of time to shower. He splashed his face and hands, combed his hair and went into the bedroom.

When he got there Anne was doing the last thing in the world he would have expected. She was taking off her uniform.

"What are you doing that for, honey?" "Because I'm not going."

"What?"

"Don't you understand English? I'm not going."

"Why not? Do you feel sick?"

"No, I don't. I'm just not going."

"But you have to go! They're opening the place for you. You said there won't be anything to sew on tomorrow if you don't cut tonight."

"Well, let there be nothing to sew on. What do I care?"

He blinked and considered the matter. She was throwing the uniform carelessly on a chair—the uniform she cherished as she had never cherished any other possession. He saw her reaching into the closet for her hostess gown.

"There'll be two women sitting there waiting for you, Anne."

"Let 'em sit!"

He watched her as she dropped into a chair by the window, her eyes hot and sullen, her mouth twisted in anger.

"Baby, I don't know what's happened, but you can't let people down when they're depending on you."

"Why can't I? Who's going to stop me? I'm sick of being a slave for every dope in the organization who can't learn to sew a straight seam. I'm fed up with being that nice little Mrs. MacIntyre who does all the work!"

"You got me dizzy, Anne. Not five minutes ago you couldn't get there fast enough. What's got into you?"

She seemed to think he had asked a fair question. "I was glancing over the paper while you were washing up. She's giving a party tonight."

"Who?"

"Mrs. Forsythe Graham. It made me sore."

"Why? Because she's giving a party? Gee, I'm sorry, honey, but I can't—"

"I'm only good enough to cut the damned old flannel and fix the sewing machines and figure out how to get a lot of droops making garments that can actually be worn! I'm only good enough to be friendly with when they want me to do something they're too dumb to do. I'm not good enough to be asked to her precious house or to be treated all the time the way she treats me when she wants something."

Jim was beginning to see light. "Now, wait a minute, Anne. You're being silly,

aren't you? Mrs. Whozis can't invite everybody in the organization to her house, can she?"

"But she did invite some of them. The names are in the paper."

"They're probably people she always knew, Anne, not just acquaintances through the workroom. I don't like to see you acting this way."

"Don't you? Well, that's too bad! I'll act any way I like. If I'm not good enough to go to her house, then I'm not good enough to cut flannel for her."

"But you're not cutting it for her!" Jim was aware that he was suddenly shouting; that he was no longer on Anne's side. "Good God, don't you know you're cutting that blue and pink stuff for women like yourself; women whose husbands were called on to fight and die! How'd you like to be having a kid with

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### Family Quiz Answers MOTHER

(Questions on page 12)

1. Massachusetts.
2. Sand.
3. Henrik Ibsen.
4. Utah, Iowa, Ohio.
5. Sinclair Lewis in 1930.
6. Alexander Hamilton.
7. "Shall not perish from the earth."
8. Percussion.
9. It is a trifling present given customers by tradesmen in Louisiana.
10. No. Plumbago is a form of carbon used for lead pencils. Lumbago is a rheumatism of the muscles of the lower back.
11. Security, Conservation, Education, Health.
12. Roentgen, in 1895.

Questions accepted from Mrs. J. J. Ladner, Warren, Pa.; Mrs. W. W. Pace, Nevada, Mo.; Mrs. Pauline Schwartz, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. J. Alma Balls, Hyde Park, Utah; Emelyn L. Petersen, Chicago, Ill.; Grace A. Loudon, Coopers-town, N. Y.; J. P. Callahan, Beuchmont, Mass.; Anne Krupelak, Elvria, O.; W. B. Davis, New-kirk, Okla.; G. D. Peterson, Stevens Point, Wis.; Wayne E. Mowris, Grand Valley, Pa.; Fred G. Roberts, San Francisco, Calif.

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no home to raise him in and no clothes to put on him?"

She hadn't heard a word. "The way she acted when she wanted me to measure out all them bolts of flannel I was sure she'd ask me to her house next time she entertained. It was 'Anne dear' this and 'Anne dear' that!"

"Come on. Get into your uniform."

"No I'm not going. She can cut her flannel herself or get one of her society friends to do it. I'm just not going."

"Oh, yes, you are." He was amazed at the cold rage that swept over him. How could he feel this way toward Anne? How could he long to grab her and shake her? "Get into that uniform!"

She was as amazed as he. "What's the matter with you?" she demanded. "This is none of your business. It's strictly between me and Mrs. Uppity Graham. It's got nothing to do with you."

"Hasn't it? It's got plenty to do with me. Plenty!" Suddenly he felt as though a pinwheel was revolving in his head throwing off scarlet sparks. "I made you the lazy, selfish little brat you are. I took it laying down when you made me live in a dirty house and fed me on cold junk that was no trouble for you to fix. I let you get away with sitting around in a kimono all day. I let you be that kind of a woman, so you see I'm responsible to the workroom, to Mrs. What's-her-name and to God knows how many women who are expecting clothes for their kids."

"Oh, pipe down!"

"Pipe down nothing. Maybe you don't recognize the symptoms of a man who's had all he can stand. Maybe you can't tell that this is one deal you're not going to get away with."

"Well, I'm not going down there and cut for her, if that's what you mean."

"You're not cutting for her. This is something bigger than you or your Mrs. Graham. Get into that uniform."

"Says who?" Anne asked jeeringly.

The pinwheel whirled faster in his head, and he suddenly longed to grab her not by the shoulders, but by her white throat. He had not known that somewhere within himself he had painstakingly listed every one of her careless, selfish actions. Now the long scroll of the many times she had failed him unrolled before his mental vision. Why had he let her cheat him of the creature comforts he had worked for? Why did he breakfast in a dank beanery? Why did he live in a house he was ashamed to ask other men to visit? Why did he eat cheap restaurant cooking night after night?

And now she was going to fail people who were waiting for her to deliver the goods: women she knew and worked with; women she didn't know, who were depending on someone like Anne MacIntyre to send them the things that only America could send, she was going to let them down because her silly, useless soul valued nothing but the Big Names, the Big Money, the Big Lie that birth and breeding make a gentleman or a lady.

He did not know that he was walking toward her with slow, heavy steps. She screamed his name in horror, and he saw that her face was ashen and that his hard hands were extended toward her. He let them drop. What would he have done with them had she not screamed?

Jim MacIntyre stood there trembling. He might have killed her. Why, yes. He could see it plainly. The newspapers. The courtroom. The electric chair. They'd call it the "Volunteer Work-r Murder."

"She wouldn't go cut the material, so I killed her." It would say that under his picture. He breathed deeply. It had been a crazy moment, but it was over. "Get into your uniform," he said.

She did not argue. She got into her uniform.

Two women were watching for her at the door of the workroom. They were married. They understood the tight lines around the mouths of Mr. and Mrs. MacIntyre. Anne's apology for being late was received with understanding nods.

Jim drove away. He was a free man. A man who was not in the hands of the police. A man who had not strangled his wife. He felt a wave of excitement rising within him. There was nothing he could not do while this glorious sense of escape raced inside him.

He was sorry now for Anne. Poor kid. She must have been frightened almost out of her wits. And after all . . .

On an impulse he swung the car toward Imperial Boulevard. She had a point too, Anne did, when you came to think about it.

High on the knoll above the traffic stood the Graham home. There were lots of cars parked in front of it. Jim pulled in behind a haughty limousine.

He walked up the stone steps. He rang the bell. The door opened immediately, and Jim MacIntyre was staring into the pale blue eyes of a butler.

"I want to see Mrs. Graham."

"Who's calling, please?"

"Mr. MacIntyre."

The butler withdrew. When he returned his chin was tilted a trifle higher. "Mrs. Graham can't recall the name."

"Tell her my wife's Anne MacIntyre. She'll know my wife. Tell her Anne's



something down at her volunteer place.”  
“Could you come back tomorrow? Mrs. Graham is occupied at the moment, and—” Perhaps the butler felt Jim’s eyes resting on that uptilted chin. He carried the message.

A moment later Jim was being offered a chair in a small room off the foyer. And a moment after that Mrs. Forsythe Graham arrived. She was a blaze of diamonds and fluttering gray chiffon.

“Has something gone wrong at the workroom?” she asked.

Jim took a moment to gaze at the elegance of Anne’s Mrs. Forsythe Graham.

“Yes,” he said. “Something’s gone wrong.”

“Oh, heavens, what? Was anyone hurt? Your wife? Was she—”

“Just her feelings, Mrs. Graham.”

“What do you mean?”

“Mrs. Graham, I got a lot of things to say to you. Would you mind sitting down?”

“I have guests. I—”

“And you have a volunteer workroom too, Mrs. Graham. That’s pretty important nowadays. Don’t you think so?”

“Why, of course I do. What point are you trying to make, young man?”

“Just this. There’s a war going on. What are we fighting for?”

“Why, for freedom, of course.”

“Sure. That’s a swell word, and an awful big one. It’s big enough to cover all the things that everybody’s fighting for. To one person, it’s the right to go to night baseball games. But you wouldn’t fight for that, would you? To another, it’s the right to lie in the sun on a crowded beach. That wouldn’t excite you either. You’d fight for other things. For this house, maybe, and that’s fine. Everybody must fight for what America means to him, if it’s only having a slice of cheese on his apple pie. And we gotta fight, Mrs. Graham, in the way we can do it best. Me at a machine; Anne with a pair of scissors; you with your workroom and your money and—”

“Of course. Of course, young man.”

“Anne’s using her knowledge of dress-making as a weapon, and you know what she’s fighting for?”

“Why—to make this a better world.”

“That’s words again, Mrs. Graham. Anne’s fighting for her right to read the society page; for your right to be society. That’s what America means to her. Ladies like you who have big homes and cars and horses and dogs and daughters who marry guys in silk hats. Anne don’t want an America where ladies like you are liquidated because you’re useless. She wants you and people like you. So do a lot of other women.”

“Well?” Mrs. Graham was amused now.

“Well, give them a break, those kids who hang on every word you say because you’re a big shot. Don’t drive Anne away from your workroom by falling all over her when you need something done and forgetting her the minute she’s done it.”

Mrs. Graham flushed.

“Sure, you do. And you mustn’t. I can tell in the evening how you treated Anne during the day. Would you believe it? No, you wouldn’t. You don’t understand how women feel when you walk past them without speaking. And why don’t you understand? You’re a woman.”

Mrs. Graham did not answer, and Jim answered for her. “I know. It’s because no one ever walked past you. You were always big enough to do the snubbing yourself. You can’t run that workroom, Mrs. Graham, with women of your own class. Somehow, they don’t know the things my wife knows about saving material and fixing machines.”

Mrs. Graham smiled. “You know a lot about the workroom, don’t you?”

(Continued on page 80)



## “I’m Going Back to FELS-NAPTHA...

. . . . Dad’s shirts lasted longer than this. They stayed white, too. Mother *always* used FELS-NAPTHA soap . . . can’t remember why I changed . . . too much bargain-hunting, I guess. Well, this shirt’s no bargain, now . . .

## the Golden Naptha Soap”

The way things are today, *golden* Fels-Naptha Soap is, more than ever, a *real bargain*. There’s no better—or safer—way to dislodge ground-in grime, or remove destructive perspiration stains. The Fels combination of gentle naptha and richer *golden* soap does a thorough job—in a jiffy—without harsh, ruinous rubbing.

This young woman will find Fels-Naptha a better soap than she remembers. Making richer suds. Making them quicker. More helpful in reducing the wear and tear of washday . . .

By the way—have you tried *today’s* Fels-Naptha Soap?



Golden bar or Golden chips... **FELS-NAPHTHA** banishes “Tattle-Tale Gray”





NEW

# Pictures

YOU'LL WANT TO SEE

Cosmopolitan lists a few of the many fine pictures now in production in Hollywood. Release dates are approximate, but they will probably be shown at your neighborhood movie during the next few weeks. Titles are subject to last-minute change.

M-G-M—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

20TH—20TH CENTURY-FOX

W.B.—WARNER BROS.

COL.—COLUMBIA

P.R.C.—PRODUCERS RELEASING CORP.

F.S.A.—FEDERAL SECURITY AGENCY

UNIV.—UNIVERSAL

PAR.—PARAMOUNT

TITLE AND COMPANY	TYPE	STARS	WHAT IT'S ABOUT
<b>Her Cardboard Lover</b> M-G-M	Comedy	<i>Norma Shearer Robert Taylor George Sanders</i>	Fast-moving comedy about a lady who hires one man, who loves her, to keep her from falling in love with another!
<b>Wings for the Eagle</b> W.B.	Drama	<i>Dennis Morgan Ann Sheridan Jack Carson</i>	There's a lesson in patriotism in this story of men and women who make our planes. Some sequences filmed at Lockheed.
<b>Beyond the Blue Horizon</b> Par.	Adventure	<i>Richard Denning Dorothy Lamour Jack Haley</i>	Hair-raising adventure with a difference—boy meets girl in America and together they return to the jungle. Technicolor.
<b>Crossroads</b> M-G-M	Drama	<i>William Powell Hedy Lamarr Basil Rathbone</i>	Paris, 1935. A diplomat, accused as a notorious criminal, fights blackmail to establish his identity. Smooth, heady fare.
<b>Deep in the Heart of Texas</b> Univ.	Drama	<i>Robert Stack Anne Gwynne Jackie Cooper</i>	A reporter, in Texas after the Civil War, scoops the country when he captures a secessionist leader and quells rebellion.
<b>Flight Lieutenant</b> Col.	Drama	<i>Pat O'Brien Evelyn Keyes Glenn Ford</i>	A story of the regeneration of a once-great flier through his son's determination to follow in his footsteps. Tense moments.
<b>Hidden Hunger</b> F.S.A.	Short Subject	<i>Walter Brennan Lloyd Corrigan</i>	Do Americans <i>really</i> eat well? This short feature is part of the national campaign to keep "the home front" strong.
<b>It Happened in Flatbush</b> 20th	Comedy-Drama	<i>Lloyd Nolan Carole Landis Robert Armstrong</i>	A field day for baseball fans as the Brooklyn Club, under the guidance of an explosive manager, brings the pennant home.
<b>They Raid by Night</b> P.R.C.	Drama	<i>Lyle Talbot June Duprez George Neise</i>	Led by an American captain, the Commandos make a thrilling sortie into Norway and win another victory.

★ ★ ★ **Three Good Bets** ★ ★ ★



**TAKE A LETTER, DARLING** (Paramount.) The clever title of this delightful comedy barely hints at its charm. The cast, headed by Rosalind Russell and Fred MacMurray, play the laugh-laden situations to the hilt.

The "boss" is a lady advertising executive—brilliant, beautiful Rosalind. She fired four secretaries who couldn't keep their minds on *work*. When Number Five appears she thinks he'll prefer business facts to her figure, but Fred is more than a match for her.



**FOOTLIGHT SERENADE** (20th Century-Fox). A bright musical, easy to take as iced lemonade on a July day; with Victor Mature, Betty Grable and John Payne.

Betty and John snare parts in the Broadway play starring Victor, boxing champ, and at last they can plan to marry. But Victor complicates matters by falling in love with Betty. When she turns him down he really fights John, who spars with him in a boxing scene you shouldn't miss. There's a happy ending.



**MRS. MINIVER** (M-G-M). Lovely Greer Garson surpasses herself in Jan Struther's memorable story of an average Englishwoman who faces war on the home front with quiet courage and faith. Walter Pidgeon co-stars.

Lightening the wartime background are human touches that draw together all people of good will. Ever worry about your husband's reaction to that hat you shouldn't afford but couldn't resist? This, too, personifies Mrs. Miniver. Unquestionably one of the year's great pictures.



**"I** don't know who or what you are  
...deserter... spy... coward... hero!  
All I know is this—*this, above all,*  
**I LOVE YOU!"**



The most widely  
read novel since  
"Gone With The  
Wind"!

*Tyrone* **POWER** *Joan* **FONTAINE**  
His Greatest Starring Role!      Another Academy Award Performance!

# "This Above All"

By **ERIC KNIGHT** • Produced by **DARRYL F. ZANUCK**

Directed by **ANATOLE LITVAK**

with **Thomas Mitchell • Henry Stephenson • Nigel Bruce • Gladys  
Cooper • Alexander Knox • Philip Merivale • Sara Allgood**  
Screen Play by **R. C. Sherriff** • A **TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX** PICTURE

WATCH FOR THE OPENING OF THIS GREAT MOTION PICTURE IN YOUR CITY





1. Glendora Donaldson, Holyoke, Mass., deb, takes a "Facial Cocktail" with Woodbury Soap. "I spread on a creamy lather of Woodbury. Pat it in gently. Then rinse well to lift away drabness."



2. "I'm not immune to compliments, so I choose Woodbury Soap to help keep my skin clear and smooth. Woodbury gives such fragrant lather. It's gentle, too. Feels soft as mist against my skin."

## "For Dating Glamour" says Deb "Try my Woodbury Facial Cocktail"



### Miss Glendora Donaldson

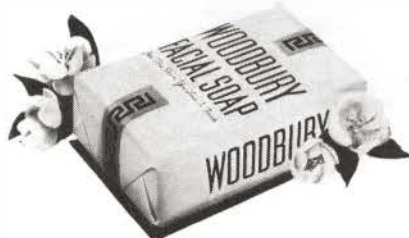
Society reporter Cholly Knickerbocker (Maury Paul) says of her: "She's slim as a reed, has camellia-clear skin. No wonder she's popular!"

This deb's beauty aid, Woodbury Facial Soap, is made by skin scientists for the skin, alone. Pure, gentle, fragrant. A costly ingredient in Woodbury's famous formula contributes to its mildness.

Try Woodbury! Soon see your complexion glow with starry radiance.

FOR THE SKIN  
YOU LOVE TO TOUCH

10¢



(Continued from page 77)

"A lot more than you do, lady. I know that you take the bows and the girls do the work. That's all right. That's fair. You had the name and the money and the contacts to get it rolling. But you can get more out of it than you're getting; you can produce more. You can speak every day to your workers, even if you don't need something done. You can send them home glowing. All you have to do, Madam President, is remember you're not paying them."

"Well, they're not working for me."

"You're right. They're working for something bigger than you, and if you keep remembering that, it won't be so hard to smile and say, 'Hello, there. How's that aching tooth today?' or 'How's the baby?' or 'We sure did a lot of work last week, thanks to you kids.'"

Mrs. Forsythe Graham spoke in a tight voice. "I like my girls," she said. "I appreciate what they're doing. I'm sorry if I've been rude. Tell your wife—"

"I'll tell my wife nothing, and if you tell her I was here I'll sure be sore. But I got a suggestion. Have the kids up to your house."

"Would they like that?"

"Like it?" Jim laughed. "They'd love it! Show 'em the place. I bet you'd enjoy it yourself. It must be a long time since you showed this house off. As I understand it, the same gang always gets invited."

Mrs. Graham laid a hand on Jim's arm. "I'll have a tea this coming week. In fact, I'll have a series of teas. Every month I'll have the girls up, and we'll talk over the workroom problems."

"Now you're cooking with gas, Mrs. Graham! See? That's the kind of thing I meant." He paused. "But that tea business isn't to be a substitute for saying hello on the other days."

She laughed. "I promise."

"Okay." He stood a moment, not certain how one took one's departure from a lady of high degree. Then: "So long," he said, and bolted out of the house.

Outside, he breathed the air that was even nicer than Mrs. Graham's perfume. Gee, he'd had a nerve to talk to her like that! he thought.

He picked Anne up at nine-thirty. The other women had gone, and he helped her lock the windows and put out the lights. They exchanged no words till they were in the car.

Then Anne said, "Jim, I'm glad you made me go down there tonight."

"Are you?"

"Yes. Mrs. Lambert—she was the plump blonde—her husband was sore because she came. He wanted to play bridge, and he was wild because she had promised to work tonight. Gee, I spoke right up and said you almost hit me because I wasn't coming. I was kind of proud that you were so set on me working tonight. And I told them about you trying to enlist and all. How come you're so patriotic, Jim? After all, just exactly what does America mean to you?"

He grinned. "I don't know unless maybe it means the right to scold anybody, no matter how big they are, and getting them to admit they needed it."

Anne was silent a long while. Then she said, "I needed the one I got tonight, Jim. I'll admit it with a clean house and a hot dinner tomorrow."

"That'll be fine, honey." They were stopped at a traffic light, so he turned and kissed her. It wasn't part of his war effort, but it was fun.

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Dina

Clara

Rose

Betty

Cynthia

# II: Dina Meets Her Match

BY FAITH BALDWIN

WASHINGTON\* U.S.A.

BOOK 2 THE COMPLETE SHORT NOVEL



**N**ORTHEAST from the Capitol stands the Senate Office Building. It contains ninety-nine rooms, numerous busts of vice-presidents and plenty of potential dynamite.

The fictional and cinematic fable of the beautiful girl secretary who ministers to the comfort of the newly elected, bewildered, babe-in-the-woods Senator is pretty, but inaccurate. The majority of United States Senators have male secretaries; when a female secretary does emerge, she is apt to be fortyish and strictly utilitarian.

But each duly elected Senator has at least six staff members, one secretary and the rest clerks, who file and type, answer telephones and run errands. It is not erroneous to report that many of these clerical cogs are not only female, but very attractive.

For instance, take Dina Bates. It would be no hardship.

**Dina was fancy free and determined to stay that way. So was the young naval lieutenant. But even in busy Washington, there's no priority on love**

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED PARKER

Dina was Southern. Dina had all the attributes of jasmine and moonlight. She was little and rounded, her hair was black, her eyes were brown, her provocative mouth the color and texture of a red camellia, while her skin possessed the overtones of pink honeysuckle; her voice was honey in the comb—honey with a Southern accent.

The Senator's secretary, Ike Lansing, a happily married man with two rambunctious children, had more than once permitted his thoughts to stray in her direction. But not for long. Ike was a good egg, and no Tyrone Power. Besides,

his redheaded wife provided all the excitement, uncertainty and amusement he needed.

Everyone liked Dina. She was cheerful, she worked hard and she could be extraordinarily naive when she wished to be. This might deceive the innocent bystander, but not for long.

Ike had been fooled for perhaps six weeks and then awoke to the realization that large dreaming eyes could veil a quick, realistic intelligence and a voice of honey could put a man properly in his place—without stickiness.

This was an essential quality, as the senatorial offices in which Dina worked were usually a welter of strange men, all wanting something. Cooling their heels in the outer offices, they offered Dina the sun and moon and stars, in case she could expedite matters. The sun, moon and stars usually boiled down to dinner at the Shoreham or theater seats. It was



"Isn't it wonderful," said Dina, "that all four of us



very interesting, especially to Ike, to observe Dina's demeanor on such occasions. Occasionally she accepted an invitation, and her host never regretted it despite two frustrations—the first, that after dinner, theater, or what have you, he was permitted to escort Miss Bates to her boardinghouse and say farewell on the steps; the second, acceptance or no acceptance, his admission to the Senator had not been expedited by even ten minutes. After all, it wasn't Dina's job to see who got to the boss and when. It was Ike's.

Dina was twenty-four. She had been in Washington for some years. She was an old hand and looked with understanding and commiseration upon the wild influx of girls armed with Civil Service jobs. In the boardinghouse, she liked a group of them and felt singularly maternal about their loneliness, their heartaches, their ambitions and disappointments.

Her residence in the boardinghouse was, however, not of long tenure. For the

first two years of her employment in Washington she had lived with her married sister Elsie, in Georgetown, and then Biff, her brother-in-law, got himself an elegant job in California, and Dina was on her own.

So, up to the first of the year she had been living in one of the big boardinghouses. But she was fed up with it, she confided to her current date, Jimmy Ellsworth.

Jimmy worked on the WPB, serving in some mysterious minor capacity. He was a delightful person, a great friend of Biff's; he was forty pounds overweight and on a depression diet.

"Why?" demanded Jimmy. "It can't be because you're completely surrounded by women. You aren't. I know how hard it is to get a date—"

Dina had dimples, and she now displayed them. She said, "Well, for one thing, I like to cook."

Jimmy had an inspiration. "Why don't you team up with some other girls and take an apartment?"

They were having coffee and cakes at a Hot Shoppe following a movie, having driven there in Jimmy's ramshackle car. Dina cried, "I wonder why I didn't think of that before?"

"You aren't very bright, darling," Jimmy told her.

Dina wasn't listening. She said, "There's five of them."

"Five of what?" asked Jimmy. "In addition to being less bright than most, you have a grasshopper mind, if any."

"Girls," explained Dina, "in an apartment. It's cute; I've been there. Clara Linton—you know, she works with me—and Betty Rogers, secretary with OEM. You must know her, Jimmy."

"Child, I have more to do with my time than ogle every little tomato in the new Social Securities Building."

"And, Miss Thompson," Dina went on. "She's got a good job somewhere; she's older than the rest. I don't know her at all, but she's Betty's cousin. Then there's Janet Carruthers, I think her job's OCD, and Rose Dunning—in the War Department."

"Well, what of it?" asked Jimmy.

"Nothing, except that Clara said yesterday Janet was going to be married. So that leaves her place vacant, and maybe I could persuade them—"

"Probably not," said Jimmy, "as you are much better-looking than they are."

"Why, sugar!" said Dina, pleased.

"None of that, with rationing," said Jimmy severely. "Dina, why hasn't someone married you? I would, only I'm not the domestic type."

"And also because I wouldn't have you," said Dina. "Look, I don't suppose they pay more than a hundred for the apartment. That would be twenty for me. I pay twenty now, and twenty more for board—it comes to a little more than that, really. Jimmy, I believe I could afford it."

"You haven't told me why you aren't married," Jimmy reminded her.

She said, "I was engaged before I left home, but it didn't take. And once since. That was no good either. Besides, I like my work, and I'm having fun. There's plenty of time."

"You're aging," Jimmy warned her hollowly. "You used to look eighteen; now you might almost be twenty-one. Or don't you want to marry and be the girl someone leaves behind him? You know, anchors aweigh or the caissons go rolling along."

Dina's expressive face became grave. She said, "Funny, but I think you've hit on it."

"Why? Now's the time when most girls yearn for romance, marriage, a war wedding and all that sort of hoopla."

Dina shook her head. "My mother had a war wedding—my father enlisted with the Canadians in the autumn of nineteen fifteen. I was born in nineteen eighteen, and I never saw him, Jimmy. Because he was killed—after his transfer to our Army."

Jimmy said, "Sorry, Dina. I didn't know."



are so terribly happy!"



"Of course you didn't." She smiled at him. "Mother had two sisters. Both of them married during the war, and one became a widow. The other one got her husband back, half blind and crippled. She has taken care of him ever since, and he resents it. They love each other, but they're unhappy. And my mother's best friend married a Navy man—they hadn't known each other long, and when he came back she'd fallen in love with someone else and it was all pretty horrible."

"Why should you assume that anything like that would happen to you?" asked Jimmy.

She said after a minute, "It's different if you've known a man a long time before he goes away; been in love with him; even planned to marry. That isn't taking such a chance, no matter what happens. But all this war and excitement and the tomorrow-weddie business!" She shook her head. "It's all just emotion, Jimmy, and being sorry for someone and afraid for yourself, perhaps; afraid you won't have another chance. So many things can happen. He doesn't come back, or he comes back an invalid—or there's a baby. Or he comes back and you find you are strangers; or there's someone else, in the meantime." She thought: Like Carolyn. Her husband hasn't been gone two months and she's stepping out.

Jimmy nodded. "I get you. You're young and life goes on and it gets tough, waiting. But girls don't think of that before they rush into a war marriage, Toots."

"I'd think of it." She added, "I'm fickle—always have been. Fickle and scared. I haven't an ounce of character, Jimmy."

"You have plenty, or you wouldn't be the girl you are. Every man you've met since you've been here has made passes at you, except me."

"You, Ike, and a few others." she smiled again. "It doesn't take character to intercept the passes, Jimmy, when you aren't attracted."

"And haven't you been, or shouldn't I ask?"

She said, "If I had been I wouldn't tell you. And it's time to go home. We both have jobs."

On the way back to the boardinghouse they were silent.

At the door Dina said, "I think I'll talk to Clara about the apartment. It would be fun. I could puddle around in the kitchen sometimes. And they all seem to get on well together."

Next day Dina approached Clara Linton with her suggestion during their lunch hour, and Clara was enchanted. "Not that you wouldn't be dangerous to have around," she said. Clara was a small flat-chested girl with brown hair and pleasant blue eyes, "For my part, I don't care. I'm going home to be married next summer—sooner than that if Frank's called—and I'd take care he never sees you! But you'd afford great competition." She eyed Dina thoughtfully. "Betty's our glamour girl, although Rose runs her a close second."

"Idiot!" said Dina.

"In Washington, a girl who is lucky enough to have dates has to be stingy," Clara explained. "Did you ever stop to think how many more girls than men there are in this crazy town?"

"Often," Dina admitted; "but it doesn't worry me. Also, I don't go in for trespass."

"That makes you absolutely unique."

"Clara! Stop clowning. Ask the other girls, will you? I won't be any trouble. I'll pay my share, I can cook, and I don't sing in the bathtub."

Clara grinned. "Look, Dina, I'd like to have you a lot, but I'm warning you in all fairness. There isn't an ounce





of privacy in our flat. In the boarding-house, you have a little—quite a lot if you room alone. But at the apartment we're under one another's feet. There are two bedrooms, as perhaps you remember, and we share 'em. You'd be in with me, as Janet is my roommate. The fifth girl used to take the living-room couch but that didn't work out. It's a funny old-fashioned place, and there was one big closet with a window in it. So we put a cot in there and a chair and set up an extra dressing table in Janet's and my bedroom. Cynthia Thompson has the closet now. She said she didn't care where she slept. It didn't seem fair, so we insisted on cutting her share a little—the rest of us chipped in an extra dollar."

"Well," said Dina, "you talk to the others and report back. When is Janet leaving?"

"Next week, and we'll miss her. But she's marrying an awfully nice boy. He's a marine."

"Well, I wish her luck," said Dina. "She has more courage than I'd have."

"It doesn't take courage to marry," said Clara.

"What does it take?"

"Love," replied Clara, "and believing and wanting to be together, no matter for how short a time."

"Sez you!" Dina remarked. "You're a romantic. I'm not." She looked at her watch. "Back to the treadmill. You *will* speak to the girls, won't you, Clara? I'm sick of the boardinghouse."

"I'll call a conference and report our findings."

A couple of nights later Dina had dinner with Clara at a teashop near the apartment and went around afterwards to see the other girls. The conference had taken place, and Clara had reported that the Ayes had it, only they'd like to talk to Dina first. Everyone was at home, including Janet, who was packing.

The apartment was a walk-up. The living room was unusually large; the two bedrooms were adequate. Cynthia's converted closet had probably been intended for a small storeroom, because it was almost as big as the ordinary hall bedroom. The bath was bigger than most apartment baths, and the kitchen was just that—a kitchen, not a kitchenette.

The apartment had been rented unfurnished. The girls had bought, borrowed and begged their furniture. Janet was leaving hers to be sold if possible to her successor. It consisted of her bed and dresser, a slipper chair, a desk and another chair, which graced the living room, two occasional tables, some kitchenware and a towel rack.

When Clara and Dina reached the apartment Janet was pressing blouses in the living room on a folding ironing board; Cynthia Thompson was lying on Betty's big couch, reading the evening papers; Rose was washing her hair, with Betty assisting, in the bathroom. She came out with a towel around her head to greet Dina. Betty followed her.

Rose was redheaded and very pretty. She grinned at Dina and said, "If you can stand us, we can stand you."

Betty looked doubtful. She was a true blonde with silver-gilt hair to her shoulders, narrow turquoise-blue eyes and a wonderful figure. She said, "We all get along pretty well," in a tone of inquiry.

Clara said, "She means she has more dates than the rest of us and that two

of them are serious. But she can't make up her mind; she can rely on us not to make it up for her. But she isn't so sure of you, ducky."

Dina made a face. She said, in her ineffable drawl, "Tell her I'm harmless—as I'm never serious."

Cynthia Thompson sat up. She was a slender young woman, twenty-seven or twenty-eight. She had dark hair and luminous gray eyes. She wore no make-up. Her skin was pale and close-textured, her unpainted mouth a faint rose.

She said, smiling at Dina, "We hope you'll like being with us as much as we'll like having you here."

Betty's mouth, an incredible fuchsia, curved in a reluctant smile. She shook her head at Dina. She said, "Don't mind Clara. She's always picking on me."

Janet folded the blouse she had ironed. She said, in horror, "I spent a lifetime over that thing, and it isn't mine, after all. It's yours, Rose. Remember, we bought two just alike, and I spilled ink on mine a couple of weeks ago."

"Take that one," said Rose, "a second-hand offering, and put it in the hope chest."

Janet laughed. She said to Dina, "You see, we're a nice gang, after all."

Dina went over to the wood-burning fireplace. She stood there looking at the other girls: Rose with the towel slipping from her red head; Betty, tall, wary, done in pale rose marble; Cynthia, friendly and quiet, her gray eyes steady; Clara, her familiar face reassuring; Janet, vivacious and attractive. She thought: I'll like it here.

**A**Loud, she said, "If you decide I'll do, I'll be very glad. I can't tell you how tired I am of the boardinghouse. Nights when the kitchen isn't in use I'll spend my time cooking and—"

"Can you really cook?" asked Rose, staring at her.

"Of course. Didn't Clara tell you?"

"We cook, after a fashion," Cynthia said. "Coffee, for instance. We can squeeze orange juice, whip up a salad, make sandwiches; but beyond that, we're helpless."

Dina said, "Look, it's expensive to eat out. On the nights you haven't dates, any of you—any of us, I mean—I'd be glad to bring something in and cook it. We could share the damage, and it wouldn't be much. I'm thrifty," she went on proudly, "and I can do things with a stew that will astonish you. And I love it." She added, "And if anyone wanted to ask someone in for dinner—"

Rose fell into Dina's arms. She said, "Darling! My current heart interest never gets enough to eat. He hates restaurants. If I could bring him home to a really decent meal, I think I'd rate a proposal—for which I've been working for months," she admitted shamelessly.

"Is it a bargain?" asked Dina.

"It is!" said Clara, Cynthia and Rose in a chorus.

Janet said wistfully, "I'm going to miss all the fun." But she didn't mean it, dreaming ahead to her wedding day.

Betty nodded, her narrow eyes on Dina. She thought: She isn't Win's type. She wasn't sure about Cal. Win's preference was certainly blondes, but Cal played the field; Win was steady and adoring; Cal was exciting and unpredictable. She thought, further: If she as much as looks at either of them, I'll scratch her eyes out. Aloud she said, "It will be swell having you, Dina."

So it was settled.

Dina had discovered a number of things by the end of her first week in

the apartment. First, that Clara was untidy and the orderliness of their shared bedroom would depend solely upon Dina herself; second, that the more you knew Clara, the better you liked her. Third, she perceived that Rose Dunning was amusing, fun to be with, generous and gayhearted; and fourth, that Cynthia—whom she liked and admired, even on short acquaintance—did not approve of her cousin Betty. As for Betty, Dina had known from the first that Betty did not like her. And that goes double for me, she decided. Not that it mattered.

Things settled into a routine. If Dina had a free evening and any of the other girls were free, she knew it in time to market and cook dinner. She liked that; it reminded her of home—of fussing around the kitchen, getting in her mother's way; smelling the good odors of baking, of spices.

Sometimes the routine was upset. A date would be broken at the last minute, and dinner would have to stretch to feed an extra girl, or an invitation would come just when dinner was almost ready, and Rose or Betty, generally, would dash out and there'd be too much. Now and then on such occasions Dina called Jimmy and he came around.

Clara went out very little, except with other girls or married friends or distant relatives who came over from Baltimore and looked her up. Now and then she had a platonic date, but even these she avoided as much as possible. Brushing her hair, she confided to Dina that she was scared of dates.

"Why?" demanded Dina, who was darning a run in a stocking. "You're crazy!"

"No, I'm not," said Clara. "Only, Frank and I have been going together forever. We just haven't had other dates."

"Is he jealous? I mean, doesn't he want you to go out with other men here?"

"He wouldn't mind, but I do." Clara put down the hairbrush. "I'm scared green of meeting someone who might attract me. I love Frank. I want to be with him for the rest of our lives; I want to keep house for him and have his children. But I haven't seen him in over a year, and it will be summer before I see him again."

"But if you love him, you wouldn't be attracted by anyone else," argued Dina.

"Oh, yes, I might be. I have been; once, about eight months ago. I ran like the dickens. I never saw the man again; I didn't want to—attraction's different. It's exciting and dangerous, and you're curious about it. Loving Frank—that's something big and deep and steady. I can't explain it. But you get so lonely here, Dina. At least, I do. And there's something in the air. I can't explain that, either. It's stimulating and exciting too; there's even something reckless and desperate about it. So much change from day to day, and people wondering what will happen tomorrow; where will they be next week. They get—deflected. I don't want to be. I want to go along in my job, sewing on my trousseau, saving my money and thinking of Frank. I don't want to forget even for a moment. For it would be just that, I think—for a moment."

Dina put down her stocking and went over to the dressing table. She hugged Clara. She said, "You're nuts; but you're sweet."

Clara and she were often alone, evenings. Sometimes Betty might ask if the living room would be free. That was their cue to go eat out, take in a movie, and have a soda at a drugstore. Rose would bring her dates home, not caring who was there; sometimes she brought one

**Dina was closing the door softly when Betty came out of the next room. "What do you mean by going out with Cal?" she said.**



of them for dinner. Cynthia was out often; she had a woman friend with whom she usually dined and spent the evening, but every so often Betty demanded privacy and the apartment.

It was therefore inevitable that Dina should meet Win and Cal, though never together. She liked Win, the little she was permitted to see of him. His name was Winthrop Patterson; he was a quiet young engineer, with a defense job of the hush-hush sort. He lived with his people in Baltimore and came to see Betty about twice a week. Calvin Burke was a different type. He would take Betty out three nights in succession and then let her alone for a week.

Cal was in the Navy, a reserve officer, stationed in Washington. He was a New Yorker, with an excellent job in an advertising agency before he joined up. He was incredibly good-looking, big, dark, with extraordinary charm. He had looked Dina up and down on the occasion of their first meeting and inquired where Betty had been hiding her. Betty hadn't liked that; nor had Dina, particularly.

She told Clara, and Clara shrugged. "Cal's all right," she said. "Of course I don't know him well. Betty sees to that. As far as I can make out, it's this way with her: Win's got money, background, with extra-ordinary charm. He had looked Dina up and down on the occasion of their first meeting and inquired where Betty had been hiding her. Betty hadn't liked that; nor had Dina, particularly. She told Clara, and Clara shrugged. "Cal's all right," she said. "Of course I don't know him well. Betty sees to that. As far as I can make out, it's this way with her: Win's got money, background, a stodgy county family—well, not too stodgy; his sisters married more money, and his mother's pretty formidable, I fancy. Betty knows they want Win to marry one of last year's debutantes, not an outsider with a job in the OEM. And that gets her back up. Win's doing wonderful work, whatever it is; he's a key man, not likely to be called. If she marries him, they'll live on Mt. Vernon Place and have a farm outside the city and raise horses, maybe—and she'll be secure. He's insane about her, and he has his job and a legacy from his grandfather. Cal's terribly attractive. But he isn't going in for matrimony. That infuriates her. She wants to marry Win—I believe she likes him, at that."

"She'd better," said Dina. "He's too nice to be cheated."

"She might even be in love with him," said Clara thoughtfully, "if Cal didn't keep turning up." She looked at Dina with speculation. "Your good deed for the day," she suggested. "Take Cal away from Betty, and Win will fall heir to her."

Dina remembered this on the night Win came to take Betty out and found that she had already gone. Cal had commandeered her company for dinner.

"But what am I to tell Win?" asked Cynthia, who was at home.

"I don't care what you tell him," said Betty balefully, "but I'm going out. I haven't seen Cal in ages, and I'm bored."

When Win arrived, Clara and Dina let Cynthia break the news to him.

"He's too nice," Dina said hotly, after he had gone, "to be treated as Betty treats him. She's downright ornery."

Cynthia sighed. "I'm devoted to my aunt, Betty's mother. I promised her I'd keep an eye on Betty. I haven't been able to. Betty isn't the type who takes to supervision kindly, and I can't pry or advise gratuitously."

"If," said Clara, "she thinks she can take Win as second best if she doesn't get Cal—well, she's a fool. Win won't be kept dangling forever, and Cal has no intention of marrying."

"Jimmy Ellsworth says Cal won't marry till he's fifty," Dina remarked. "He says it will take Cal that long to reconcile himself to double harness."

"How would Jimmy know?" asked Clara.

"He knew Cal in New York; didn't I tell you? They worked together, same advertising agency. He said even then

Cal was giving models, debutantes and secretaries the run-around. He told Jimmy once when they got tight together that his parents had been divorced. His mother remarried a couple of times, and his father too. He said he was afraid of marriage."

Clara followed Dina into the kitchen. She said, "It's your duty to snitch Cal. He can be had, you know. He isn't in love with Betty. He isn't in love with anyone but himself."

"That's even stiffer competition than Betty," laughed Dina.

"You could be of great assistance in his serious love affair," said Clara.

"Betty—or what?"

"The one with himself. You could show him just how worthy is the object of his affections. You know how Betty's tricks are different. She's in love with herself too—it's quite a foursome, isn't it? It would take you, Dina, to tell him how wonderful he is, in a quiet sort of way."

"Clara," said Dina, "I hope Frank doesn't know you as well as I do, you conniving little so-and-so!"

But on the day that Betty announced she was going out with Jimmy Ellsworth, Dina's objections were overruled.

Betty said, coming in after work, "I met Jimmy Ellsworth—ran into him in the office—and he's taking me out tonight. You don't mind, do you, darling?"

"Why should I mind?" asked Dina. Indeed, why should she? But Jimmy had said he'd be working overtime all week.

It wasn't Win's night in Washington, and Cal was evidently not available. Cynthia was out. Dina and Clara were having dinner when the buzzer sounded. Dina released the downstairs latch and was astonished to see Cal ascend the stairs.

She said, "Betty's out."

"May I come in, or shall I be in the way?" asked Cal.

**D**INA thought: Well, why not? Win's nice. I'll do it for him—if I can. Two can play at this game, or even three.

Aloud she said, "There's some fancy hamburger left, salad, coffee, dessert."

"Lead me to it," said Cal hollowly.

The hamburger was very fancy. Dina could do things to hamburgers. She fried more potatoes, the salad was just right and the coffee close to perfection.

"Gosh," said Cal, leaning back and lighting a cigarette, "R.H.I.P."

"Come again?" asked Clara.

"Rank hath its privileges."

Dina looked at Cal's two stripes. She said, "I used to cook for a big gun."

"Is that so?" said Cal. "How come?"

"He was—still is—my uncle," said Dina. "Commander P. L. Rogers, U.S.N. You wouldn't know about that, as I take it you came in through the cabin window."

No man likes to have it suggested that his commission has been obtained by influence. Cal looked ferocious. He said, "You don't like me much, do you?"

Dina replied candidly, "Not much. You're very good-looking, of course."

"Thanks too much," said Cal. "How about taking in a movie?"

Clara said hastily, "You two go. I'll do the dishes, Dina."

Dina said, "You don't really have to pay for your supper. As a matter of fact, I have a good book."

Cal rose. He said grimly, "We're going to the movies. Then I'll buy you a drink, and you'll tell me why you don't like me."

They found a movie. Later, they went to the Cosmos Room, where Cal had three drinks and Dina had one. Cal talked about himself, and Dina listened.

Once she said wearily, "You never run out of conversation, do you? Let's dance."

He danced extremely well, and so did she. She remarked as they returned to their table, "Well, that's one thing we have in common."

"Nothing else?"

"No."

"We're young, and you're beautiful."

"You're pretty too," said Dina sweetly.

Cal's dark eyebrows drew together.

"Why do you go out of your way to be nasty to me?" he asked.

"I don't. I don't have to."

"Is this a new line?" he inquired.

Dina shrugged. "You ought to know—you've been around."

"Look," he said suddenly, "let's call a truce. You're very pretty, and I like pretty girls. We could have fun together."

"Betty wouldn't like it."

"Betty is a great kid," said Cal. "I'm fond of her—but she doesn't own me."

"Who does?" Dina asked gravely.

"I own myself." He smiled. "Are you unattached?"

Dina nodded. "I aim to stay that way."

"A girl after my own heart!" cried Cal.

Dina laughed. "Not at all. Set your mind at rest."

"It is. Why don't you like me, Dina?"

"No special reason. I don't dislike you; I can't get emotional enough for that. But I don't mind going out with you. I like the way you dance, and in Washington a girl can't pick and choose."

"Well, good Lord!" cried her escort.

Dina looked at her watch. "I work, you know. So suppose you take me home."

They taxied to the apartment. In the taxi, Cal put his arm around her.

"Must you sit so far away?" he asked.

"No," Dina told him, "but I'd rather."

His arm dropped away. "Damnedest dame I ever met!"

"Quite," agreed Dina in her honey-and-gall accents.

The cab stopped, Cal paid the driver and helped Dina out.

She said, "Thanks. It's been a lovely evening."

"Wait a minute! When am I going to see you again? No, I don't mean that. I mean, I *am* going to see you again."

"That will be nice," said Dina indifferently. "Call me up sometime."

He took her hand, said, "You still don't like me much, but I'm someone to go around with. Right? I don't know whether I like you or not, but you're cute. And I've been looking for someone just like you."

"How come?" inquired Dina, startled.

"Someone who is pretty and fun to be with; someone who dances well and doesn't drink much; someone with brains as well as beauty, who doesn't want to play for keeps."

Dina thought: If Betty heard that, would it send her rushing off to Win, or does she know it and hope to combat it? Aloud, she said, "It's getting late."

After she had gone in, he stood looking at the apartment house. He thought: What a girl! I wonder what Betty will—But he could manage Betty. He had been crazy about her at first. Recently, he had begun to be a little alarmed. Betty was playing him against Win. Which of them did she want? He didn't want to be wanted, because sometimes when you are wanted enough you surrender through sheer inertia.

He thought: Perhaps this is a way out.

The living room was dark. Only one dim light burned. Dina went in softly, but as she put her hand on the knob of her door Betty came out of the next room.

Without preliminary she said, "What do you mean by going out with Cal?"

"Why shouldn't I? You aren't engaged to him, are you?"



"No," said Betty, "I'm not. But—" "I'm not engaged to Jimmy, either," said Dina. "I don't mind his dating you." Betty said, "You might have told me." "That's silly," Dina said, "as I didn't know Cal was coming here tonight. Clara and I were having dinner—"

"I know all that. Clara explained it to me," Betty said impatiently.

"Well," said Dina, "the least he could do was to offer to take us both out. Clara wouldn't go and I didn't want to especially, but it was something to do. And if you don't want him to date me or any other girl, why don't you marry him? That should put a stop to it—for a while."

Betty went into her room and slammed the door.

The next time Dina went out with Cal, it was with a crowd. She saw to that, maneuvering it with some brilliance. Betty and Win; herself and Cal; Clara and Jimmy. It was a highly successful evening from Dina's viewpoint.

Dancing with Dina, Cal asked, "Why the mob?"

"I thought it would be fun. You'd better dance with Betty, hadn't you?"

"I'll dance with whom I please. Look, I'm free Sunday. Want to come out in the country with me? We could drive out in my car—Olney Inn for lunch; dinner somewhere else. How about it?"

She said, "All right."

Looking back later on that Sunday, Dina wondered if that hadn't begun it. Cal told her a good deal about his family, his lonely disrupted boyhood, his school and university, his job thereafter. "I was a pretty good advertising man," he said.

"Only pretty good?" she asked, smiling.

"You think I'm conceited, don't you?"

Dina looked at him. "Not to evade the issue, I do."

He said, "Maybe I am. At first it was a cover-up. I felt—inferior. Oh, I was bigger than a lot of kids and all that; I could hold my own, in fights, on the football field. But most of them had things I didn't have: security; a home; people to go to. When my mother wasn't getting divorced, she was getting remarried or traveling. She was very pretty, very gay. She loved life."

"She's dead?" asked Dina softly.

"Automobile accident a few years ago. My father remarried too—he's busy, a big shot. Occasionally I saw him; he lived in Chicago. I felt I didn't belong anywhere. I had no one but myself. So I had to make myself count. I had to be my own booster. I took on a veneer. It helped me through college; it helped me get my first job; helped to promotions."

Presently Dina said, "You know, Cal, you'd be all right if you weren't so sorry for yourself."

"Me? Sorry for myself?" he repeated, astonished. "You're out of your mind!"

"No, I'm not. Lots of boys have come from broken homes. It's hard, but they don't let it throw them. They believe they have it in them to found a home that will last. But you've used it as an excuse for everything you want to do—and to keep you from doing the things you don't like."

He said, shocked, "Funny, I thought you'd understand."

"I do. That's the trouble."

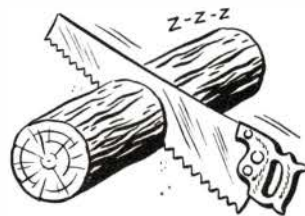
"Don't tell me you believe in the hearthstone and the sanctity of marriage and all that sort of thing!"

"You must have believed in it," she retorted, "or you wouldn't have envied the boys who had all that. Yes, naturally I do. My mother and father have been happily married for nearly thirty years. They're swell people. I don't say they haven't had upsets and quarrels and



*How to keep cool today...*

*and sleep soundly tonight!*



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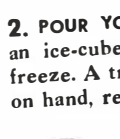
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For it's made with Sanka Coffee... the *real* coffee that is 97% caffeine-free. Sanka Coffee is *all* coffee, nothing *but* coffee... *only* the caffeine is removed! It's delicious iced... and you *drink it and sleep!*

*Recipe for ice-cube coffee*



1. MAKE SANKA COFFEE by your usual method\*, but make it *double strength*. Use *two* heaping tablespoons of Sanka Coffee to each cup (1/2 pint) of water.



2. POUR YOUR freshly-made Sanka Coffee into an ice-cube tray. Cool. Set in refrigerator to freeze. A tray of these coffee cubes can be kept on hand, ready for instant use.



3. NOW... WHEN iced coffee is wanted, simply heat milk. Do not bring milk to a boil. And do *not* use cream!

4. FILL A GLASS with the frozen coffee cubes. Then fill with warm milk. Instantly, you have delicious, refreshing iced coffee... of a consistency similar to iced coffee served with expensive cream.



**SANKA COFFEE**

*"Drink it and Sleep"*



\*SANKA COFFEE COMES IN REGULAR, AND DRIP GRINDS



plenty of trouble. Everyone has. Marriage isn't like something in a book with the happy-ever-after ending. Funny, we're both afraid of marriage—you because you don't believe in its happiness and endurance, I because I do."

"Explain that," said Cal.

"I can't," said Dina. "Isn't this chicken marvelous?" She smiled at him. "Over at that table, in case you're interested, is my boss, his wife and a party. The good-looking girl is Bettina Parker—Cave Dweller and all that."

Cal said, "I've met her," and added, "I wish you'd tell me more about yourself."

"I've told you. I'm from South Carolina. My father's a small-town doctor, my mother was a nurse. I have an older sister who married and came to Washington to live. I came up later and took a job—and now Biff and Elsie and the two kids have moved to California."

"I don't mean that," he said. "I mean, about what you think and feel."

"But that would mean a lifetime, Cal, and we don't go in for lifetimes, you and I." She looked up. "Here's Betty and Win."

"Hell!" said Cal.

"Hello," said Betty. "How amusing to find you two here!"

Win joined them, friendly as always.

Dina thought: Now's my chance. It may be crazy, but it's a way.

She put her hand across the table and touched Cal. She said, "Cal darling, maybe they'd have a drink with us—to celebrate." Her voice was all honey.

Cal stared at her, and his pulses quickened. She had never called him darling before. He said feebly, "Why, of course. Sit down."

Chairs were brought. Cal was flushed, and Betty's full scarlet lips were a straight line. Dina looked demure. Only Win was innocent of guile. He asked, "What's cookin'?"

Dina said quickly, "We weren't going to tell anyone—except you, Betty, and the other girls and Win. I never could keep it from you. After all, Cal and I wouldn't have met if—"

Cal said, "Dina, I think—"

"Honey, I know what you think. No plans yet, with the war as it is and you expecting to be transferred every day."

This was news to Cal. He turned a curious shade of mauve.

"I'm sorry. That's secret too," Dina said hastily. "But Win is used to hush-hush, and Betty won't tell."

Win said heartily, "That's swell, Dina!" He raised his glass. "You two," he said. "Lucky people."

Betty was paler than usual. Damn Dina; damn everything! But I'm not in love with Cal, she told herself. I never was. It's Win I really want. Win's safe, settled, and he's crazy about me.

She said brightly, "You aren't the only ones! Win and I settled everything, just today. We're going to be married as soon as possible."

Win was pale too. He had asked her to marry him a dozen times. He had the ring in his pocket. Not half an hour ago, he had produced it and asked her again. "I love you so much," he had said, "but a man can't go on without hope forever." And Betty had wept, because she was so terribly fond of him, she said, she couldn't bear the thought of losing him, yet she couldn't make up her mind. She wanted to be free a little longer.

"Betty," he said now. "Betty!"

Cal looked from one to the other. He thought: The poor devil didn't know any more about this than I did. He looked at Dina. He thought: If she thinks she's sprung a trap . . .

"How marvelous!" Dina cried. "Betty, Win, I'm so happy for you!"

Betty said sweetly, "I'll wear my ring now, Win. I want to."

It was a beautiful ring. Dina admired it extravagantly. She said, smiling, "Cal and I haven't had time—after all, this was pretty sudden."

"It must have been," said Betty venomously. "Why, you haven't known Cal nearly as long as I have, even."

"It isn't the length of time that counts," said Dina dreamily. "You can know a person all your life and still feel he or she is a stranger. Then you meet someone, and it's as if you had always been together and you know that you must be—isn't that so, Cal?"

Cal gulped. He agreed, "Of course, sweet!" He thought: When I get my hands on her, I'll wring her neck!

"Isn't it wonderful," said Dina, "that

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### Family Quiz Answers SISTER

(Questions on page 12)

1. South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, Virginia, Arkansas, North Carolina, Tennessee.
2. Teaching profession.
3. 300 miles east of the Strait of Magellan in the South Atlantic.
4. (1) Yellow, (2) white, (3) cream, (4) white.
5. Louisiana. It has parishes.
6. Benjamin Franklin.
7. Irishman.
8. Rembrandt van Rijn.
9. Liberia, on the west coast of Africa, in 1822.
10. Madam, level, succus, civic, refer, tenet, sagas, minim, susus, solos, shahs, etc.
11. He was an engraver or silversmith.
12. The peoples of the Philippines.

Questions accepted from Faye Grills, Newbern, Tenn.; F. E. Kelson, Alexandria, La.; Janet R. Bostick, New York, N. Y.; Lucy Kate Rogers, Eagle Lake, Tex.; Mrs. H. S. Truitt, Norfolk, Va.; Mrs. W. W. Pace, Nevada, Mo.; Mrs. Eva Denst, Denver, Colo.; Mary Knorr, Belmont, Mass.; Mrs. Clair Pettit, Roseburg, Ore.; Dorsey E. Moorefeld, Chicago, Ill.; Katherine A. Hume, Lansing, Mich.; Mrs. Ivan Longenderfer, Lancaster, Pa.

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all four of us are so terribly happy?"

Win was dazed. He couldn't believe his good fortune. When he and Betty had gone to their own table, he said, "But dearest—why?"

She said, "Win, I don't know. Half an hour ago I thought I couldn't bear to lose my freedom, and then, when I heard that Cal and Dina . . . Well, I thought, I do love Win, after all, so much more than my silly freedom."

It was a thin excuse but it served, for Win's head was surrounded by pink clouds and he was incapable of logical thought. Betty felt pleased with herself.

At Cal's table, as Betty and Win left, Cal said, "Dina, will you kindly explain?"

His eyes were angry; his mouth and jaw were set. Dina giggled. "Thanks," she said. "You played up—not much, but enough."

He asked ominously, "Are you quite right in the head, Dina?"

"Now, look, sugar," said Dina, "I'm not in love with you, nor you with me. This isn't a trap—except for Betty."

"You'd better start explaining."

Dina explained at some length. "Betty was having quite a whirl with you, wasn't she? You didn't want to marry her—or anyone else. Meantime Win has always been in love with her. He could offer her money and background, and a single-track heart. Yours is like a terminal, Cal; all lines meet there. But Betty was holding off because you attracted her. You

were hard to get, and she hates not getting what she wants. If she could have you for a little while—"

"Hey!" interrupted Cal warningly.

Dina said, "I don't mean what you mean—or do I? I have no interest in Betty's morals. I don't give a whoop about Betty. I think Win merits someone far superior, but he loves her and I like him, and I thought that if Betty believed you were tabu where she was concerned, she'd take Win out of sheer annoyance. And curiously enough, I believe she'll make him a good wife. I'm sure of it. Otherwise, I wouldn't have lifted my little finger—"

"Your little finger!"

"Skip it," said Dina. "I know something of Betty's background from Cynthia. She has a wonderful mother, but her father drank, ran around with other women, raised hell. Betty grew up in that atmosphere; very sorry for herself, rather like you. There'd been money in the family, but Betty's father saw to it that it didn't last. Still, she can remember moderate luxury; but she also remembers the struggle and her mother's difficulties and she swore it wouldn't happen to her."

"She told Cynthia she got her job here in order to meet some man who'd marry her and give her a decent background and financial security. Well, with Win, she'll have more than that. The Pattersons are old-line. Once Betty gets into that outfit she'll stick; she'll be more a part of it than if she were born to it."

Cal said, "Quite the little psychologist. Did you think this up all by yourself?"

"I have developed considerable powers of observation," said Dina modestly. "You don't toil in a Senator's office without cutting your eyeteeth. Honestly, Cal, if I didn't think Betty would make Win happy; if I didn't think he'd never find her out—"

"That's silly. Of course he will."

"No; because after a while she will be Mrs. Winthrop Patterson through and through, and then there won't be anything to find out."

"All right," said Cal. "I feel a little blank, however. And it doesn't explain us."

"I thought it did," said Dina; "and thanks for not spilling the jelly beans. I'm afraid we'll have to go on with it."

"What!" shouted Cal.

"Pipe down," said Dina. "Nix on the quarterdeck voice. I mean, go on with it for a little while. Then we'll have a fight and break the engagement. It never was official, anyway."

He said, "That's good. Am I supposed to dance attendance?"

"No," said Dina. "I'll send myself flowers when the budget permits. We'll decide to wait for the ring. And it won't be difficult to be starry-eyed for a while. It might, in fact, make me interesting to other men."

Cal put back his head and laughed.

"You're completely gaga," he said, recovering his breath. "But I'll play—for the duration. And remember there are—er—certain prerogatives."

"Oh, no!" said Dina in alarm.

"I might as well have some fun out of this. I'll pay you back," he warned, "and with interest."

"Entirely on your side," she told him.

"Shall we go back to Washington now?"

"I thought we were going to the country for dinner."

"Some other time," said Dina. "I'm all worn out emotionally."

When they reached their car, they found Win and Betty close at their heels. "We hadn't much appetite," said Win, grinning, "so we're heading for Baltimore and a family conference"



"Are you? How exciting!" said Dina. "I'm scared," Betty said. Cal put his arm around Dina. Betty stared at them, incredulous. She still didn't believe it, but if ever she had seen two people in love . . . Cal hadn't looked at her that way, not ever. Yet he had kissed her dozens of times. She slipped her arm through Win's. "Let's go before my nerve deserts me."

They were off in Win's car, and Dina said, "You can let go of me now, Cal. The rest of the audience consists of people unknown to me . . . No, good heavens, there's my boss! He's seen us. Good Lord, this will be all over the office tomorrow if he remembers to tell Ike."

Cal kissed her lightly and then not so lightly. He said, as if amazed, "It's more fun being engaged than I thought," and opened the car door.

Dina got in. She was shaken. She said, "Take me home, will you, Cal?"

"Mad?" he asked.

"No."

"It's only what you deserve. And I deserve something, for I could have repudiated you and all your works, and then where would you have been?"

Dina swung around. Her brown eyes snapped. She said, "You know why I did it. Perhaps I was a fool. Certainly I took advantage of you, and I apologize for that. I'm always doing idiotic things, and Win's such a nice person. I'll play up as long as I have to when we aren't alone, but this sort of thing isn't necessary. I know it's a punishment—"

"Sadistic, am I not?" he asked.

She said, "I was beginning to like you. Now I've stopped."

"It's a bad start for a wonderful marriage." He grinned at her. "All right, Toots, I'll see you through, although why, I've no idea. But if I break out—or down—now and then—"

"Cal, I'm sorry," she said.

"You should be! A girl who thinks she's Mrs. God is always out on a limb."

"Just the same, they will be happy. I know it," she retorted stubbornly.

"Good!" said Cal. "Sure you don't want to find some little joint where we can have dinner?"

"I just want to go home."

"Okay, Garbo. But we started out having a lot of fun."

"We could go on having fun if you'd forget all this."

"If I promise, may I turn around? You owe me something. I had dedicated this day to you. What shall I do with it if you run out on me and every other girl I know is busy? Betty, for instance. Look how busy she is!"

Dina laughed. "All right," she said, "as long as we don't even mention—"

"We won't. That is, not now."

When Dina came home, Betty was not there. Rose and Cynthia were also out. Clara was writing at the living-room desk. She looked up as Dina came in.

"Dina, I've been waiting—I thought I'd burst. Betty telephoned around supper-time. She's in Baltimore with Win; they're going to be married. She was so excited she could hardly talk. He's bringing her back later, and—"

"Calm yourself," advised Dina, casting herself on the couch. "Cal and I were present at the Birth of an Alliance. At Olney Inn. The ring's about four carats—not the kind you eat for your eyesight; this kind causes night blindness. Win's so happy he's scared, and Betty's taking it very well."

Clara said, "There's more in this than meets the ear. Give, Dina, give!"

Dina gave, and Clara became mildly hysterical. "I'll die!" she prophesied.

Dina whacked her back, brought her



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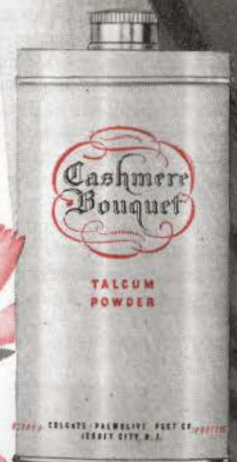
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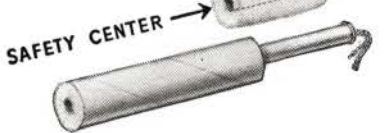


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some water. "And if you tell a living soul . . . Perhaps," she added hopefully, "the boss will forget."

"Not he! He's an elephant in instinct if not politics," Clara warned her. "But after all, what's a kiss nowadays? Dina, you've brought it off! Win should give you an annuity."

"Or have me arrested as accessory before the fact," said Dina. "If I weren't sure he'd be happy, I'd—"

"Oh, he will be," said Clara.

Dina went into the bedroom and got ready for bed. She wished fervently she could forget the way Cal had kissed her.

The flowers were there that afternoon when she came home from work. After luncheon Ike had drawn her aside. He'd said, "Better watch your step. The boss reports you had one too many at Olney's yesterday and were seen kissing a Navy man with passion and abandon."

Well, that wouldn't do. Dina had said, "Tell the Senator I was perfectly sober, and the gentleman is my fiancé."

"I've wondered when this would happen." Ike had patted her head. "Good luck, and when's it to be?"

She'd said hastily, "We aren't to be married until after—after the war."

She had thought, going home: Suppose Cal never shows up again? How am I expected to explain that?

But the flowers were there—Rose had arranged them—a great box of spring bloom. Rose's eyes were almost as red as her hair.

"Rose, what's the matter?"

"Nothing. Oh, it's Gus, as usual. He's being transferred—I don't know where yet. He'll be overseas before long, and he hasn't asked me to marry him."

Dina said, her arm around the other girl, "Look, if he loves you he'll ask you, unless he's afraid to because of the uncertainty of everything."

Rose said, drying her eyes, "It seems so petty to think of yourself with the world the way it is, but I can't help it, Dina."

Dina said, "It isn't unpatriotic to fall in love, and Lord knows it isn't unpatriotic to be human. People can't be expected to dehumanize themselves because there's a dreadful war in progress."

"But," said Rose, "I think of the people all over the world suffering as they do, and I hate myself because I seem so important to *me*. I mean, the way I feel about Gus seems so important."

"Perhaps," said Dina, "one difference between us and the Germans and the Japanese is that we have stayed human and are able to suffer and be happy over things that would be trivial to a historian. Perhaps the difference is that we can remain people with personal emotions, and they can't."

She thought: But I've always been afraid to feel.

Rose said, "I'm all right now." She tried to smile. "Silly," she apologized, "breaking up like this, but your flowers were so beautiful and you're so happy and— Oh, I forgot. I put the card on the desk." She picked up the small envelope. "Here it is."

Dina opened it. She had never seen Cal's handwriting before. It was like him, very self-assured. The card read: "I am mindful of the graceful gestures." It wasn't signed.

The telephone rang as Dina was getting dinner for Rose, Cynthia and Clara. Betty had come home from work and gone out again.

"It's for you," said Clara, answering. Dina went to the instrument.

"Darling," said Cal, "just to report. I'll see you tomorrow night. Dine and dance. Wear your green dress."

He called for her about seven the next

evening. She wore dusky pink, and he surveyed her with pleasure. "Just what I wanted you to wear. That's why I specified green. I'm learning how to manage you, angel."

She could have slapped him. Not only then but later, when he made himself too charming; when he held her tighter than was necessary as they danced.

She said, "You don't have to do that."

"Don't I?" he asked. "Funny thing, I like it. Look, isn't that your fat friend?"

It was Jimmy, waving at them. When they sat down, he came to join them.

"You might have told me," he said reproachfully to Dina.

"Told you what?"

He gestured with a thumb. "You and the Service here. I ran into Betty at noon. She flagged me with that rock on her left hand and told me about you."

"It was just a gag," Dina found herself saying. She couldn't lie to Jimmy.

"Gag?" repeated Jimmy.

"That's what she thinks," said Cal.

"Number three?" asked Jimmy. "Dina, it's none of my business, but isn't it time you settled down?"

When he had gone Cal said, "Make up your mind, Dina. First it's a secret gag, and now it's an open jest . . . What's it to be?"

She said soberly, "It doesn't seem funny, just now. I don't know why, and Jimmy's such an old friend."

"What does he mean by number three?"

Dina smiled. "I told him in a burst of confidence that I'd been twice engaged."

"It—they—didn't take?"

"No."

Cal sighed, "We're very much alike, aren't we? Why?"

"Why are we alike? Oh, you mean the engagements. Well, the first time it was growing up with someone: propinquity; people expecting it. The second it was excitement. He was older than I. He'd been divorced; he was very attractive."

"You haven't said why they didn't last."

"I suppose I wasn't in love," she said; "not really."

"And you'd have to be?"

"Yes, of course." She shivered. She said, "I don't want to be, not ever."

"That suits me," he said.

"Cal, we needn't keep this up—I mean, before other people—very long. Betty expects to be married soon. After that—"

"The big quarrel, eh?" asked Cal. "Well, I can work myself up to it without much trouble, can't you?"

"Of course."

After a moment he said, "Look. Day after tomorrow, how about a movie or something? We might take in a show."

She said, "I can't, Cal. My aunt's coming to town. She'll stay at the Willard for a few days; her husband's going into Walter Reed Hospital for a while."

"Oh, I see. Won't the girls think it funny if you don't exhibit me to her?"

"I never thought of that. Would you have dinner with us day after tomorrow?"

She thought: I wish I'd never got into this; it's all so complicated.

Dina went directly from work to the Willard and up to her aunt's room. Mrs. Ellis, a small thin woman, looked tired.

After the greetings, the usual exchange of home news, Dina asked, "Did you get Uncle Bill safely to the hospital?"

Mary Ellis nodded. "He's very ill. The last hospitalization wasn't—satisfactory. It seemed wise to bring him here. There's a specialist at Walter Reed who might—"

She broke off. She said, "I can't stay long, Dina. I can't afford it, really. I would have found a roominghouse, but Bill wouldn't hear of it. You know how



he is. Perhaps when he's better you'll go to see him?"

"Of course I shall." Dina added, with unusual timidity, "I've asked a friend of mine to come here for dinner. My party. I—I wanted him to meet you."

"Who is it? Not your Jimmy?"

"No. His name is Calvin Burke. Navy."

"Dina, is it serious?"

"Of course not. But I had a date with him, and then I had your wire. You don't dare break dates here, unless you never want another."

"I see. I'd hoped . . . You're so young and so pretty. I'd like to see you happy as I've been."

"You?" Dina stared. "You?"

Her aunt was astonished. "But of course," she said. "You didn't think that because Bill—" She couldn't go on. After a moment she added, "No, naturally you wouldn't understand. You thought because he was ill; because sometimes I was tired and irritable—"

"I knew you loved each other," said Dina, "but—"

"Happiness," said her aunt, "is something you have to build. It wasn't the sort of happiness we knew at first. It couldn't be. It was a growing together, an understanding and a sharing. It took a long time to come to that. Bill resented everything so: the fact that we hadn't much to live on; that I had to work; that he was so nearly helpless.

"He tried to get out of it, tried to set me free. He took an overdose of sleeping medicine. But we saved him. I told him then that there was no freedom for me without him; that I'd rather have him just as he was than any other man in the world. He belonged to me. We belonged to each other; it's always been that way. He's ill, Dina, and sometimes he's difficult. I'm not young any more. There have been some bad times—wanting children, for instance. That's past now; we won through together. I sometimes think we have been happier than anyone I've ever known."

Dina's throat was tight. She said slowly, "It must have taken courage."

"That's not what you need," said Mary, much as Clara had once said. "Not courage; just—loving, Dina."

"I couldn't," said Dina in a whisper. "I couldn't love a man and see him go to war and wait, wondering if I could wait; wondering if we'd grow apart, become strangers; wondering if he'd ever come back, or if he did, *how* he'd come."

"You say that," said her aunt, "because you've never loved anyone. If you ever had, you'd know you'd risk *anything*. Because that's the way love is. And I believe that more often than not it turns out right—as my marriage did."

Incredible words; incredible belief. Dina looked at her aunt. Then the telephone rang. She answered it. "Cal's in the lobby," she said. "Shall we go down?"

At dinner, Cal was charming, attentive. Mrs. Ellis looked at him with approval. She asked, "Will you be in Washington long?"

Cal said, "My job's been here for some time, but I'm to be transferred soon."

Mary said, "My husband was with the Army in the last war. He came home badly crippled, as perhaps Dina told you. It is terribly hard on him that he can't do anything—now. He has, in a way; when he feels well enough he speaks over the radio, and he's been selling war bonds. But it is a bitter blow for him that he can't—get in it again."

Cal was grave. "You mean to say that after his experience—?"

"What difference would that make?" asked Mary. "He believes that if freedom was worth fighting for once, it is doubly worth it now."



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"I suppose so," said Cal. His quick smile flickered. "I wasn't spoiling to get in on the fighting end. I had a lot of the usual ideas, and I could be useful in the job they gave me, but"—he looked at Dina with some defiance—"I applied for that transfer. Silly, isn't it? A big brute like me wanting special duty when I get seasick in a rowboat."

Dina didn't hear much of what followed. Later she remembered saying good night to her aunt, promising to see her the following evening. But she remembered how she and Cal went out on the sidewalk and she said, "Let's walk, shall we?" and they walked.

She asked, "Is it true—sea duty?"

"That's it. So you have a good excuse."

"For what?"

"For forgetting me after I go away."

She found herself saying in a loud, unnatural voice, "I won't forget you."

They walked on silently. After a while he beckoned a cruising cab, and they drove to the apartment. He asked, "Dina, may I come up—or are all the girls washing their stockings?"

"I don't know," she said, still dazed. She thought: I'm crazy. I can't be in love with him. I *won't* be!

"It doesn't matter. Maybe they'll vanish discreetly. After all, we're engaged."

"Oh, please!" said Dina. She was close to tears. They went up the stairs, and he took her key and opened the door.

Clara was home, alone. She took one look at Dina, another at Cal, and vanished.

They stood stock-still in the living room and looked at each other.

Cal said, in an astonished voice, "When I asked for my transfer I thought: But that means I'll be going away. I won't see Dina again in God knows how long—and then I knew. I've been in love with you ever since you slapped me down the first time we met. I didn't want to be. I'm sticking my neck out now."

"No, you're not," Dina said. Without volition, her arms went around him. "Except this way. It happened to me too," she added, low. "I pretended it didn't. I know now. Perhaps after all, I was trying to trap you, and Betty and Win were just an excuse. I don't like her; I hardly know him. Oh, Cal—*Cal!*"

After a while he lifted her face and kissed her, not lightly, not just expertly, not briefly. He drew a long breath. He said, "We're both crazy. I've been so

afraid. Didn't you know that? Always protecting myself, picking the sort of girl I wouldn't ever want to marry, really. Hell! I love you, and I swore I'd never— But I've been a damned coward, afraid of getting hurt."

"Me too," said Dina; "afraid it wouldn't be perfect. I don't want to let you go; I don't want to wait for you, being terrified all the time. But it will be better than not having had you, Cal. You can't analyze it after it happens; you can't weigh it, ask yourself: Will it last? Is it good enough? You must believe it will be; you *know* it's good enough—better than good. Cal, can we be married before you go? You see, darling, I'm afraid; but I'm more afraid of being afraid."

He said, with his cheek against her hair, "If we love each other, nothing can frighten us again—nothing."

Kissing him, Dina knew she was sure. She said, "Do you know what has been wrong with us all along; why we've been cowards? Aunt Mary told me."

"Why?" he murmured. "Never mind why. Kiss me again, Dina."

"Because," she said, "because neither of us has ever been in love until now!"

THE END

Coming soon: Another of Faith Baldwin's stories of life today in Washington, U. S. A.

### I'll Never Let You Go (Continued from page 56)

you find Cornelia much better. Andrew."

"So do I," he said, and Leslie knew he meant that gaining freedom through Cornelia's death would cast a shadow over any future he and Leslie might have together. He added, "I hate to leave you, Leslie. I've taken up so much of your life, my dear, it doesn't seem fair. If you find someone else, you must feel free—"

He stopped. Leslie smiled. As though the fact that she had lost him could free her of him! That kind of freedom would have to come slowly, painfully, from the inside. "Yes, Andrew," she said. "And let me hear from you, won't you? How Cornelia is, and everything."

"I'll telephone you tonight," he promised, and then an airport attendant came over to tell Leslie that the car that would take her to New York was ready to leave. Mr. Stanton's car—a private car that would rush him to his home—would be ready in a few minutes. Andrew said, "Good-bye, Leslie." He kissed her, and muttered, "God bless you, darling, and take care of you." Then she was gone.

She did not look back as she stepped into the waiting car. She knew that if she were to turn back, say, "Please promise you won't stay with Cornelia!" he would promise, and he would keep the promise, but he would not be happy doing it.

She knew many things about him now. She knew that he could not run out on a bargain he had made and be happy. She knew he had not been entirely happy in exile. He loved work and had always been proud of his business success. He liked friends and solidity, and he had found runaway love in a French-Canadian village as lonely and guilty an affair as in any middle-class suburb.

She knew he wanted the best of everything for her and for himself and for any children he might have. So she did not look back, but closed her eyes against the bright, hurting sunlight.

As Andrew stood looking at the silver wings of waiting planes, a tall, thin man came up beside him.

A moment later a uniformed attendant stepped up to the man and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Van Sant, but the Washington plane will be a few minutes late."

So this is Henry Van Sant, Andrew

thought, and all his bitterness about the way in which he had been jockeyed out of the presidency of his company narrowed down to a fine pin point of dislike for this tall, thin man. He spoke abruptly.

"I'd like to introduce myself, Mr. Van Sant. My name is Andrew Stanton, former president of the Northboro Paper-Box Company. I've wanted to meet you."

Van Sant's head swung around slowly. "So you're Stanton. I've wanted to meet you, too. In fact, I went to Northboro looking for you, but you had already left. However, I had an opportunity of meeting Mrs. Stanton. A remarkable woman, your wife."

Van Sant regarded Andrew quizzically. When he had first met Cornelia, he had caught his breath in admiration, and thought: What did a woman like this see in an average man like Stanton? But after he had talked with her, he had thought: What did Stanton ever see in a woman like her?

Because by that time Van Sant knew a lot about the man whose company he had taken over. He had studied pictures and brief biographies of him in the monthly newspaper which the employees issued. He had talked to the men who had worked for Andrew and to people in the town.

He had heard about Mrs. Court, a young widow with a little boy who had been killed in a tragic automobile accident. "Stanton lost his head over her," people had said. "He took a year's leave of absence from his job, and I'll bet he chased after her, wherever she is."

All those things Van Sant knew, and now he balanced them against the man himself. And when he spoke at last it was not as one businessman to another, but as one man to another—two tired, no-longer-young men, who had worked hard all their lives for what they had; who had carried heavy responsibilities; who had both tried to escape.

"You know," he said, "once I ran away too. I came back eventually, because I learned that no man can live alone, without work or friends or ties. I suppose that's why you've come back. And I suppose you hate me."

"I fought you tooth and nail every inch

of the way," Andrew told him. "That was my company. I built it up bit by bit, order by order. It wasn't losing a job; it was half of my life."

"I know. I understand that. Unfortunately, business can't be personal. It has to be carried on for the good of the majority, and you just can't let yourself think too much about the few who are sacrificed to the good of the many. I sincerely think the merger will be to the benefit of the greatest number of people, Stanton. With this war on, you couldn't possibly have continued to get raw materials without our help."

"But the big companies, the big people, will get through," Andrew said. "It's little men and little companies like mine that are being swallowed up or crushed out of existence, and that's all right for now; but what's going to happen to us afterward? Most of us are too old to start in again from the bottom."

The plane for Washington started up.

"I've wanted to talk to you about that, Stanton," Van Sant said. "There are thousands of you in this country today, and they're all wondering the same thing. They want to do their share toward winning the war, but they wish there were someone like themselves down in Washington to speak for them, to protect them, to help them keep going until things clear up. And a surprising number of those little businessmen in your industry have asked us to bring you to Washington to be their spokesman. Would you care to come? There'll be very little glory in it and even less money, but you'll be doing something that you'll be damned proud of."

Andrew felt oddly humbled. *Imagine their asking for me!* he thought. And all at once he felt ashamed, because he realized that all these months he had been thinking of himself in relation to the world, and now he began to think of the world in relation to himself, and he saw that his problems and disappointments were universal, and others were not running away. He said, "Of course I'll come."

"It's only fair to tell you that I spoke to Mrs. Stanton about this, and she was opposed to your going." Van Sant looked away from Andrew as he added, "She



didn't think it fair to ask you to go to Washington and work for practically nothing, when other people are making a small fortune out of this war boom."

"How soon do you want me?"

"As soon as we can get you. Afterward, there'll be a place for you in New York."

"I'll be down within a week—as soon as Mrs. Stanton is well. She's been ill."

"My plane leaves in a minute. Good-by, Stanton."

Van Sant moved off. Andrew stood watching him. He was thinking about what Cornelia had said. Oh, God! he thought. And then: But I've got to go back to her. I've got to!

He stepped into the private car he had hired and explained to the driver the quickest way to get to Northboro. The driver glanced at his watch.

"We ought to make it by three-thirty. I'm in a hurry myself," he explained. "They've hinted they're going to call a surprise air-raid alarm in New York tonight, and I don't like to leave the wife and kids alone."

Northboro was quiet at three in the afternoon. As the car topped the hill that left the town behind and turned a corner, Andrew saw the toiling figure of Louise Erway. And though he had never liked Louise, she looked so exhausted he could not drive on without offering her a lift. He asked the driver to stop, and Louise turned around.

"Why, Andrew Stanton! When did you get back?" And then: "Oh, they sent for you, of course. I'd forgotten."

"Hello, Louise. Can I give you a lift?"

"I was just going up to see Cornelia, and the bus stops down at the corner, so the rest of the way is hoofing it." Louise smiled, and for the first time since Andrew had known her, she became a human being. "I don't feel I have any right to use my car these days if I can possibly get places without it." She added, "I was dreadfully distressed to hear about Cornelia. Of course, she hasn't been really well since she lost the baby. I'm glad you're back again, Andrew. She's needed you. I've never known anyone so lost as Cornelia since you've been away."

"I was sorry to have to go," Andrew said. Then they turned into his driveway, ending the necessity for further discussion.

There was another car parked in front of the door, and Andrew frowned. The car was Jay O'Donnell's.

Jay O'Donnell was thirty-one, but usually he felt a great deal older than that. There had been many women in his life, but he had never been in love. He was not in love now. As he sat beside Cornelia's bed holding her hand, he was feeling not passion for her, but only pity. He pitied her as a woman who was afraid of growing old, afraid of losing her money, afraid, above all, of being alone. And this pathetic hoax she had played to get her husband back appeared to him the most pitiable thing of all.

He felt sorry for Andrew Stanton, who was a man of honor dealing with a woman without honor. And he said, "I wonder what's going to become of Leslie Court now."

"Oh, she'll get along!" Then: "I wonder if they were really living together," Cornelia speculated. "I never could see what you or Andrew saw in her. She certainly wasn't beautiful."

Jay smiled. Cornelia hadn't changed a bit; she was still seeing only the exterior of things. "No," he said, "she wasn't beautiful. I guess the word for her would be—gallant."

"Oh, you men are always so sentimental about women alone—widows, especially. And when they have children, your hearts just melt. I think that's what at-

## "If he spanks me, I'm gonna run away from home!"



1. It was one of those scenes that can leave a family feeling unhappy for days. I'd spent the afternoon at Cousin Sally's, leaving Timmy and Big Tim home together . . . Well, Timmy

needed a laxative, but he balked at the bad-tasting medicine, so his father tried to force it down him. Timmy shrieked and struggled, and Big Tim lost his temper . . .



2. He'd just gone for the hair brush as I got home, and it made my heart ache to hear Timmy threatening to run away if he got spanked. I decided there must be some way to avoid these scenes at laxative time.



3. "Tim," I said, "maybe we're at fault about this. Let's call Sally. She used to be a nurse, you know." Tim agreed anything was worth trying, so I phoned Sally. "Heavens!" she said, "you shouldn't force medicine down the child."



4. "Forcing can upset his whole nervous system. Give him a pleasant-tasting laxative . . . Fletcher's Castoria. It's made especially for children. They like to take it. And it's effective, yet safe and gentle. Why not try it?"



5. That night, our druggist told us he always recommended Fletcher's Castoria. He said many doctors approve it, too, because it's a laxative made especially for children. I was convinced and got the money-saving Family Size.



6. Timmy took Fletcher's Castoria like a lamb, and just loved the taste. It worked wonderfully, too. Since then the only use Big Tim has for the hair brush is to brush his hair.

Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

**Wm. H. Fletcher CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative made especially for children.



1. Senna, obtained from the leaf of the Cassia plant, is the chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria.

2. Medical literature contains many favorable references to senna as a gentle and effective laxative ingredient . . .



3. Seldom does senna disturb the appetite and digestion, or cause nausea . . .

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tracted Andrew to her in the first place, he felt so sorry for her. Well, anyway, it's over. She's gone and Andrew's on his way back to me, just as I always knew he would be—eventually."

"No matter what you had to do to get him here?" Jay inquired. "No, never mind. Don't get mad, darling. I shouldn't have said that. I'd better be going. Now that you and Andrew are in love again, he'd better not find me here."

"No, don't go!" Her hands twined around his.

She was beautiful and appealing in her helplessness. And suddenly Jay knew what had defeated him and what would in the end inevitably defeat Cornelia. They were greedy. They were not gourmets at life's table but gourmands, wanting to stuff themselves on every possession, every luxury, every sensation.

He had been so anxious to have every one of life's emotional experiences that in the end he had been incapable of responding to any of them; they were all alike, all tasteless. And Cornelia, spreading her greedy hands to gather in money and position and the security of marriage, was at the same time unwilling to relinquish the balm to her vanity which Jay's attentions supplied.

Jay was dimly aware of a car coming into the driveway, but Cornelia seemed unaware of anything except this game she was playing, to see whether her old power over Jay still held. And Jay thought, as he had thought on a Sunday morning long ago: This would be the answer for Andrew and for Leslie—two people who are worth fifty of Cornelia and me!

Without speaking, he put his hands on Cornelia's shoulders, pressing her back against the pillows, and when his mouth touched hers, she uttered a quivering sigh. Her arms went around his neck and that was the way Andrew found them.

He stood in the doorway, one hand on the doorknob and the other flung out instinctively to keep out Louise Erway, who was directly behind him. Her gasp made the two spring apart, flushed and guilty. The nurse and Dr. Marston, who had just arrived, backed discreetly away.

Jay bowed to everyone and walked out coolly, arrogantly insolent as only Jay could be.

Louise was flustered. She came in and handed Cornelia the book she had bought for her, said she couldn't stay a minute, thank you, and hurried away.

"She won't be able to wait until she gets her hands on a telephone and calls every woman in town!" Cornelia said furiously. "You might have knocked."

"If I'd known Jay was your lover, I would have granted you that courtesy," Andrew told her.

"You needn't put on any air of outraged innocence, Andrew. As a matter of fact, this *was* innocent—a good-by kiss, nothing more! And you and that Court woman have been living together!"

Andrew stood beside the bed looking down at the muddled creature who lay there fighting a battle that had been lost long ago. "Cornelia," he said gently, "I came back because you were ill and you sent for me. I would have stayed with you until you no longer needed me. But as soon as you thought you had me back, you were up to your old tricks again. You're like a child crying for the moon, and after you get it you want the stars and the sun, until the whole sky is emptied, and then you cry because it's dark and you wish them back again. Nobody can swallow the whole world, Cornelia. You've got Jay now. You'll have to take him and let me go."

She began to cry. "I didn't mean to

kiss him, Andrew. I didn't want to."

"I know. You can't help what you are. I'm not blaming you."

"Oh, stop it!" she cried. "Why does everyone keep saying I can't help what I am? What's wrong with me?"

"Never mind; it wouldn't help you to know. Anyway, I'm glad you're better. I'll stay for a day or two to cover up for you, if you'll promise to go away as soon as you're well and get a divorce."

"But I love you, Andrew!"

"No, you don't. And if you did, it wouldn't matter." He sighed wearily. "I'm going out now, Cornelia, but I'll be back. I'll keep my bargain; I'll save face for you in the town as long as you keep your bargain."

"I suppose you can't wait to get to Leslie Court; to tell her that you're rid of your wife at last!"

"I have many things to tell her," he said, "and none of them can wait another hour." He added, "I'm sorry, Cornelia."

She watched him walk out of the room. Damn Jay! she thought. This was his fault. She would have to leave Northboro now. When Louise Erway got through with her, there wouldn't be a shred of her reputation left.

She lay back against the silken pillowslip; she ran her hands across the blue silk sheet. Actually, she still had all her possessions, she thought. Here was her home with its luxurious appointments, and Andrew would leave her most of his money. These things were what she had always wanted; it was for these things that she had married Andrew. But as she lay there alone, she began bit by bit to understand what Andrew had meant when he had tried to tell her that her money, her possessions, no longer counted for much.

**S**HE couldn't go anywhere or do anything; she couldn't be useful or make money or add to anyone's happiness, and that was why the future had always frightened her. She knew that now. And she and Jay, wandering from place to place, spending their money and their lives like misers, would be lost. But Andrew could go anywhere and take his knowledge with him and make a living, and that's what people meant when they said that security was not in banks or government bonds, but in themselves.

It was amazing how quiet the house was. There ought to be sounds of activity from the kitchen, at least, as Hilda made preparations for dinner; but not a pan rattled. Cornelia threw back the covers, slid her feet into slippers, pulled on a robe and went downstairs, feeling faint.

"Hilda!" she called sharply. "Hilda, where are you?"

The girl came from the kitchen into the hall and stood staring up at Cornelia with eyes that were reddened from weeping. "I'm here," she said, "but I won't be for long! I'm leavin', Mrs. Stanton. I only stayed on because Mr. Stanton was such a fine man; but you're a mean, stingy, bad-tempered woman and nobody with any pride could work for you! Hagglin' over every mouthful of food a girl eats! Mr. Stanton's gone—he didn't say so, but I know he is."

"You spied on me!" Cornelia cried.

"And what if I did? So many funny things have been happenin' around here I wanted to know where I stood. I heard you makin' love to Mr. O'Donnell too!"

"Get out of here!" Cornelia screamed. "Gladly, ma'am," Hilda said. "Mr. Stanton's given me my wages." She picked up her bag and went out the front door, which had always been forbidden her.

Cornelia stood in the hall, clinging to

the stair post. The house was still and peaceful and empty. Empty of everything, of everyone.

"But I don't deserve such treatment!" Cornelia cried aloud, in the still house. I haven't done anything really wrong, she thought. I only wanted what every woman wants—a home and security and a husband. And I'll get him back yet. I can't let him go. There must be some way!

But there was not. She knew that. She had done all the fighting, but the victory was Andrew's—Andrew's and Leslie Court's. It's funny, she thought. They didn't fight for anything, yet they got everything, in the end.

Her mind struggled with that, but she was too ill to think it through.

She wandered into the shadowed living room and dropped into a chair, and she was sitting there stunned, frightened, shaking, when the front door opened and someone came in. Her heart leaped. "Andrew?" she called.

"No," Jay said, "it's I."

"Oh," she said. And then: "Jay, isn't this awful? I mean, none of it is really my fault. I never meant anything like this to happen; but now Andrew's really gone. He'll never come back, will he?"

"No, my dear, except for a few days to protect you until you can leave Northboro."

"But where will I go?"

"I don't know, but we'll go together."

"Jay," Cornelia said, "why didn't I have the courage to give you up? I never loved you, but I couldn't bear the thought that someone else might have you. Now I've ruined everything."

"We've both ruined a great deal, just because we're what we are." He drew her to her feet and held her against him. "You know, we remind me of Francesca and Paolo. It was not their reward, as they had thought, but their punishment always to be together."

"What do you mean?"

"Never mind," he said, and held her close, pitying her and, in a way, loving her. And the loneliness and the quiet and the darkness gathered around them and shut them in.

Leslie said, "It's getting late, Andrew. Hadn't you better go back to Cornelia?"

They had been talking quietly in the living room of Leslie's tiny hotel apartment, with the door discreetly open.

"She's all right," Andrew said. "Dr. Marston intimated that she had been careful to take enough of that stuff but not too much."

"Poor Cornelia! I feel sorry for her. It must be awful to be so frightened; to want so many things from life and not be willing to pay for any of them, and then have to pay for them all at once like this."

"I know. We'll have to be kind to her, Leslie. Money, for instance. Would you mind terribly if I let her have most of what I have?"

"Of course not."

They sat there hand in hand, and presently Andrew said, "When all this is over, Leslie, when the war is finished, you and I will go away. But meanwhile, there won't be much time or much money for ourselves, I'm afraid. You won't mind waiting, will you?"

"I would have waited forever for you, darling. You know that. Are you sure Cornelia will go through with her promise to let you go?"

"Oh, yes," Andrew said grimly. "I had a talk with Jay. She'll follow through."

They were silent then, and suddenly the night was filled with noise. Sirens blew and airplanes roared in the darkened sky and fire engines shrilled by in the streets below. Then the lights went



out—first in the streets and then in buildings and apartment houses.

"The blackout," Andrew said. "I heard there was to be a surprise one to see if we were prepared."

They went to the window and watched the lights blinking off one by one until the whole city had been blotted out as though a vindictive giant hand had been set down on it.

"It's like some terrible, frightening game," Leslie whispered. And though she had lived through many blackouts and many air raids, she had never been afraid like this before. It was probably because she had always thought that America at least was safe from it, and now she knew that no place in the world was safe; that the blackout was spreading like some insidious sickness.

Andrew's arm went about her, strong, steady. "Don't be afraid," he said. "In a little while the lights will go on again." He stopped, and the sound of his words seemed to linger on in the room, and he listened to the echo of them, and suddenly he knew that what he said was the truth. In a little while the lights would go on again, not only here, but all over the world, because men like himself and women like Leslie would work, would sacrifice, would die if need be, until the lights did go on. "Yes," he said aloud, "in a very little while, my dear, the lights will go on again—for all of us."

She looked at him, and though she could not see him clearly in the darkness, it seemed to her that she could see him as though a bright light were focused on him. An average man who had courage without heroics; who wore a business suit instead of a uniform; who was fighting without fanfare, and wanted none.

She said, "Yes, darling, I believe they will. I know they will." They stood together, a little unit of courage, one of millions of such units all over the country. She went on, "I'm not afraid any longer, Andrew. I'll never be afraid again."

"Good!" he said, and held her close while his eyes watched the darkness, knowing that nothing, not even the woman he loved, was important until the lights started going on again.

THE END

Neglige in illustration on page 54 from Bonwit Teller



## The Fourth Visitor

(Continued from page 33)

She sat down, very straight, a slim blond girl in a green felt hat and a camel's-hair coat. When he realized how beautiful she was an odd excitement raced along his spine.

"Isn't there a back door?" he asked.

She didn't know. Her glance strayed to the body. She jerked it back. "He was that way when I came in," she said.

"You were up here five minutes before the boy came."

She didn't answer that one. Her eyes were on the handbag she had lost in the struggle, and on impulse the doctor picked it up and opened it. He took out a half-dozen letters held together with an elastic, but before he could see what they were she had snatched them from his hand. With no attempt to retrieve them, he continued his inspection, finding a sheaf of fifty-dollar bills, some ones, and then the thing he sought—her driving license.

Janet Payson, the license said, and gave her address, and if Paul Standish had had any further capacity for surprise he could have used it then. For he

*For Adventuring in the Sun...  
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had heard the name ever since he had been an interne in City Hospital; everyone in that part of the state knew it, the readers of the society pages best of all. A Payson had helped found Union City. The current ruler of the clan was a dollar-a-year man in Washington; one of the daughters was marrying some Park Avenue blue blood. This one?

Paul Standish dropped the license back in the bag and returned it. What he did then was something he had a hard time explaining, even to himself.

"I'm Doctor Standish," he said. "I'm also the medical examiner. I live about a block from here," he added and gave her the address—and his keys.

She grabbed the keys as though afraid the opportunity would be snatched away.

He went with her along the inner hall to the back door. He opened it and then she stopped, a frown biting at her young face. "Why?" she said.

Why indeed? Because she was so lovely? Because her name was Payson? Was it the realization that once one is involved in a murder case, even though innocently, the results are seldom pleasant when the police start working? Or simply that, deep down, he could not believe she had done this thing.

"Call it a hunch," he said.

"I didn't do it," Janet Payson said.

"That's what the hunch says, but it doesn't prove a thing . . . I'll be along in a couple of hours," he said. "And I'll expect you to be there. If you're not, I'll have to tell the police who you are."

She started down the stairs, the hurried tap of her heels heralding her passage. Paul Standish stepped back into the kitchen and wiped the doorknob with his handkerchief.

Jay Arnold had been a lawyer. He had been up before the Bar Association once, though nothing came of it, and according to Lieutenant Ballard, of the homicide squad, he had a weakness for women, gambling and sharp practice. Tonight he had had four visitors—three men and a woman.

Two of the men, the first two to call, had given their names to Eddie Tyler. They had already been summoned to the apartment. The third man and the girl had not yet been identified, though Eddie described them both.

"The redhead," he said, speaking of the third man, "asked what apartment Mr. Arnold had and I told him. But he kept right on going when I asked who was calling. He was in the elevator before I could do anything. I phoned up—"

"He was up here about five minutes, huh?" Captain Cavanaugh said. "What about the dame?"

"She said did Mr. Arnold have apartment 2C. I said he did and she breezed on by."

"You didn't phone up that time?" Cavanaugh said.

"Well—no. I figured he expected her. He's had other dames up. It's none of my business. This one looked different—"

"How, different?" Ballard asked.

"She looked more"—Eddie felt for a word—"well, she had class."

"We'll find her," Cavanaugh said, "and when we do—"

"She must have had quite a punch," Paul Standish said.

Cavanaugh, a hairy-eared veteran and czar of Station Four, bristled at the interruption. He had resented Doctor Standish since they first met when Standish, as old Doctor Lathrop's deputy, had proved one of Cavanaugh's theories wrong.

"Women have beaten guys to death with the heel of their shoes," the captain said. "This can be figured for a dame. Somebody hit this bird and he

fell and fractured his skull, didn't he?"

"I don't know about the fracture," Paul Standish said. "But he certainly hit his head on something."

Cavanaugh might have said more if the door hadn't opened then. A plain-clothes man came in with a slender, well-dressed man who was perhaps thirty; he wore glasses and a little mustache.

Under Ballard's questioning, it developed that he had been the first visitor. He said his name was Henry Ewing. Until recently he had been an automobile salesman. He had a practically new car of his own, expected to be called in the draft shortly, and had sold the car to Jay Arnold for twelve hundred dollars.

"He gave me a bum check," he said. "It bounced. He told me to put it through again and it still bounced, so I came up to find out what about it."

He added that he'd come at eight-thirty. When Ballard asked him what happened he said, "I told him to make good or I'd take the car. He tried to stall around, but when he saw I meant it he said he expected some money later tonight and that I could have mine in the morning . . . What happened to him?"

Ballard said that was what they were trying to find out. He had other questions to ask, but Paul Standish didn't hear them. The police photographer was still busy with his camera and lights, so the doctor went into the bedroom, more worried now than he cared to admit.

Eventually the police would trace Janet Payson. And when they found her Doctor Standish was going to be in a spot.

**T**HIS THOUGHT remained as he inspected the cluttered top of the chest of drawers. A discarded necktie had been tossed here, and a starched collar, now badly wilted and soiled; there was a crumpled shirt on the floor, and on the bed, the coat and vest of a blue sack suit. When he saw the telephone he sat down and dialed the number of the city chemist. "Hello," he said presently. "I've got a job for you, Les." He gave the address and explained what he wanted. "Go over the hearth carefully, and if you find anything put it under a spectroscope. I'll want to know what's in a medicine dropper I've got, too. If I'm not here I'll leave it with the cop on the door."

When he returned to the front room his men had arrived from the morgue. When they took the stretcher out he said, "Get hold of George Stein. See if he wants to assist me. I think I'll do the p. m. tonight."

Al Dumont, the second of Jay Arnold's visitors, was a snappily dressed, thick-bodied man with a round swart face that looked fat but which, on close inspection, proved to be hard-muscled and shrewd. "What's up?" he asked as he entered.

Ballard told him, asked what time he had called and why.

"He owed me some dough," Dumont said. "Six hundred fish. I had his I. O. U.'s."

"Did you collect?"

"No," said Dumont. "Arnold said he was getting some cash tonight and I could get mine tomorrow."

When pressed, he stated the time of his arrival, said he thought he had stayed five minutes, maybe ten. No, he hadn't been tough. He'd merely said he needed the money and if he didn't get it he would have to do something about it.

There were some more questions but nothing much came of them, and when Dumont left, Paul Standish asked the lieutenant about the man.

"He's a promoter," Ballard said. "He's got a piece of the Cuban Quarter out on the Pike. He used to put fights on at the

Arena, and if you liked gambling he could fix you up . . . Well, here's what we've got."

He glanced down at his notebook. "Ewing came in at eight-thirty and left about eighty-fourty-five or so. Dumont came at ten-twenty. He was here maybe five or ten minutes. About eleven the redhead came. He wasn't here more than five minutes, according to the kid, and ten minutes after he left, the woman came."

"Between Dumont and the redhead, Arnold calls the liquor store and asks to have a bottle sent over. It's delivered a few minutes after the woman goes up. The kid brings it here. He sees Arnold tries to rouse him and calls you—"

"And by that time the dame is gone," Cavanaugh said, watching Paul Standish. "Four visitors the guy had, and the dame is the fourth. When we nail her—and we will—I think we'll wrap it up."

"She didn't do it," the doctor said.

"Maybe you can prove she didn't."

"Not now, I can't."

"When you can—" Ballard began.

"I'll let you know," Standish said.

When Janet Payson opened the door for him, Paul Standish forgot for the moment the trouble he was storing up for himself and for her.

Her hair in the lamplight was like buckwheat honey in the sun. He watched her, finding her slenderness curved and tempting; then she looked at him and he saw that deep down in her green eyes there was uneasiness.

That brought back to him the inner struggle he had been having ever since he let her go. One part of him was saying she was innocent, could have had nothing to do with the murder; the other part argued: You say that because she's beautiful, because you like her and that's what you want to believe, but she was there, wasn't she?

And Janet Payson, seeing him frown, felt her own uncertainty mount. A word from this man would plunge her into a scandal she might never live down. Yet he had let her go. Why? What did he expect now? What was the price for his help? "Do—do the police know who did it?" she asked.

"Not yet," he said and told her what he knew. "What were you doing there? Why didn't you go while you had time?"

"I couldn't," she said. "I came to get something. When I saw him I felt there was a chance to find what I wanted."

"Letters?"

She nodded. "Not mine. My best friend's." She went on quickly then. The story was an old one. Paul Standish heard the details vaguely, but the main facts were plain: An orchestra leader, a schoolgirl infatuation, letters, the promise of a week end never kept.

"Last week the man phoned from New York," Janet Payson said. "He told my friend she could have the letters for five hundred dollars. And then, yesterday, she had a call from Mr. Arnold saying he had them, as the man's attorney. She went there this morning with the money."

"He said the price was twenty-five hundred. He said things had changed, now that the letters had been given him for collection."

"So you went up there tonight?"

"I couldn't let her go back. We raised a thousand in cash. I—I said I'd get them for her. If the boy from the switchboard had come a minute later—"

She broke off as Paul Standish rose and began to pace the floor. She watched him—a tall, straight-backed man in well-cut tweeds, thin but with good shoulders and a look of muscular fitness about him. His hair was dark, with a slight wave;



his face was bony and there was a harried restlessness about it now.

He paced with head bent, his left hand stroking the back of it. His right played with a cigarette lighter, lifting and snapping the little arm that covered the wick. Studying this man, Janet felt her fears slip away. She had been wrong. There wasn't going to be any price. In her relief her mind began to work normally again and presently curiosity overcame her reticence.

"Why are you the medical examiner?"

He stopped pacing and stared at her.

"I mean, that's like a detective, isn't it?" she asked. "And I should think if you wanted to be a doctor—"

"No, it's not like being a detective," Paul Standish said. "And there are a couple of reasons. One, it helps pay expenses; the other, it gives me a chance for research that would be hard to get any other way."

"Oh. You're a surgeon, then?"

"Not exactly. Let's say a general practitioner who has hopes of being a really competent diagnostician someday."

"Oh," she said again and subsided.

Paul Standish resumed his pacing.

Suddenly Janet said, "What should I do?"

"Stay here until tomorrow," he said. "I've got to go out, and I probably won't get back. If the autopsy shows what I think it will, the best thing for you to do is get a lawyer."

"But why? No one knows."

"They'll find out who you are."

"How? I look like any other girl—"

She broke off when she saw his grin. He was thinking: No. Not like any I've seen. He felt a curious glow in his breast.

For he believed this girl. He liked her courage and her spirit, and he was glad he had obeyed the impulse that made him send her here. Not that it helped much now. Even if he proved that she could not have killed Jay Arnold, it wouldn't be enough. Unless the case was solved suspicion would be forever attached to her . . .

The knock was so loud it made him jump. Then he found himself striding, picking up Janet's coat and hat and purse and piling them in her arms. "In the bedroom," he said, and pushed her along, closing her in.

Lieutenant Ballard and Captain Cavanaugh moved in when the door opened. Ballard said, "Saw your light and—"

"Thought we'd come up," Cavanaugh finished. "To tell you we got the dame. At least we know who she is."

"Oh?" said the doctor. "How?"

"Her car," Ballard said. "It's still outside the Mansfield Arms."

Standish let his breath out slowly. It was silly trying to outsmart the police.

"Payson," Cavanaugh said. "Janet Payson. The Paysons, I guess, from the address. You know, it's funny; she must've ducked out the back way and yet there ain't no prints on the kitchen doorknob."

"She probably wore gloves," Paul Standish said, and then he saw that Cavanaugh wasn't paying attention; instead he was moving towards the inner hall.

"Nice place you got here," he said. "Mind if I take a look at the layout?"

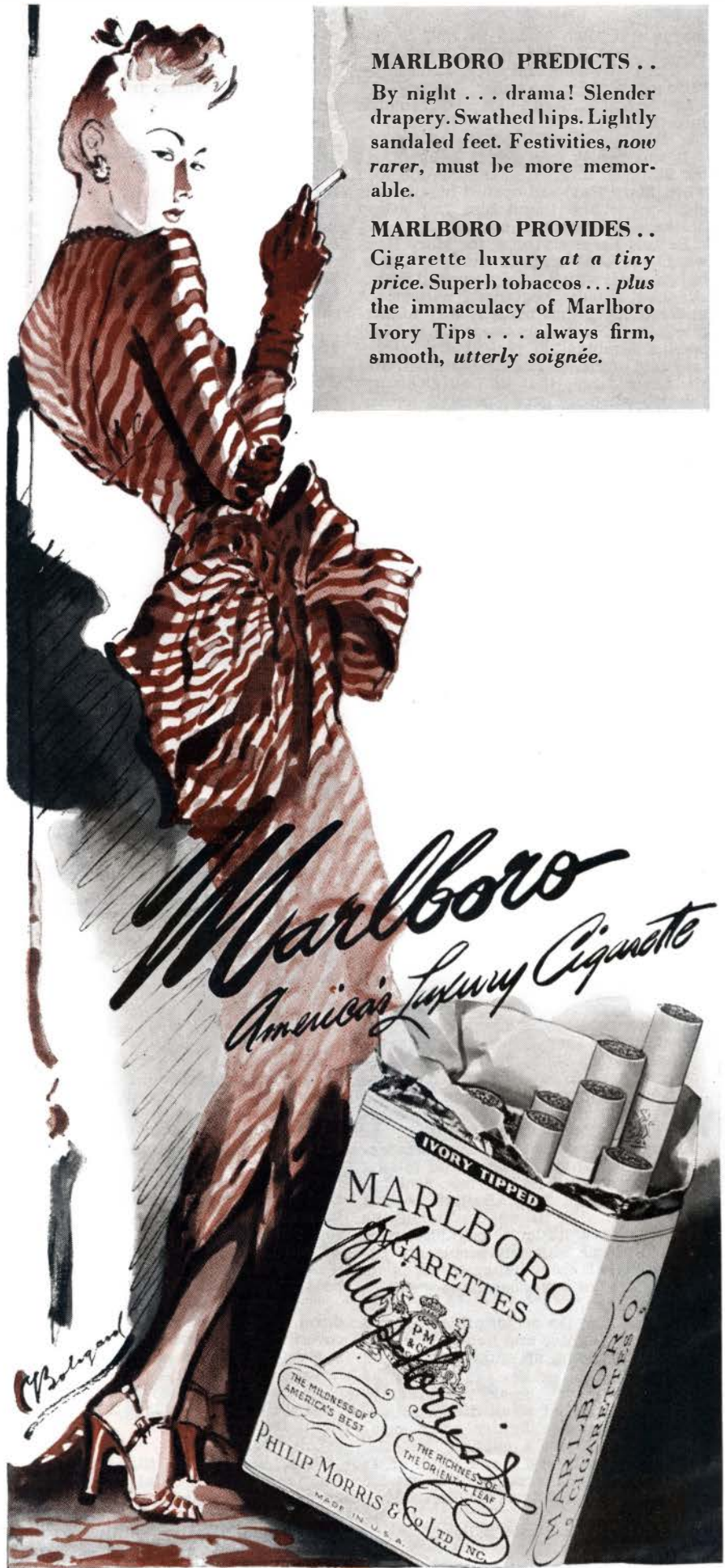
Paul Standish moved between the captain and the doorway. "I'm afraid I do," he said evenly. "Perhaps some other time—if you're still interested."

Ballard coughed and said, "Maybe he's entertaining."

Paul Standish looked over Cavanaugh's shoulder. Ballard had something in his hand that he was just pocketing.

Paul Standish kept Cavanaugh in front of him. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I am. So if you don't mind . . ."

Cavanaugh glanced irritably at his col-



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league and when he saw no support was coming from Ballard, turned away. "Okay," he said and then, insultingly, "It don't surprise me none."

Lieutenant Ballard followed Cavanaugh into the hall.

It was nearly five o'clock before Doctor Standish finished at the morgue, and when Mary Hayward opened his office at eight-thirty she found him fast asleep on the reception-room couch.

He told her everything, for Mary Hayward was that kind of person. Young, brown-eyed, with a firmly rounded figure, she had a quiet eagerness, a sense of understanding that made it easy to confide in her. For nearly two years she had been a combination receptionist, secretary and nurse to Doctor Standish, and she never forgot that he had given her this job when she so desperately needed it and at a time when he could ill afford even her small starting salary.

"What will the police do when they find out you double-crossed them?" she asked.

Doctor Standish gave her a twisted smile. "They won't like it."

"I guess that's an understatement. You're sure she didn't do it?"

"Arnold died of a subdural hemorrhage. Possibly while she was there, but the injury came before."

"Will it be hard to prove when he was hurt?"

"That's the trouble."

"Why don't you pass up the clinic this morning?" she asked. "You need rest."

"Those kids need treatment too, Mary," he said, and went out. He did not return until noon.

Lieutenant Ballard came in at one. "We found the third guy," he said cheerfully. "Name of Dean Forbes. He's plant manager at Standard Manufacturing Company. Seems Arnold was bothering his sister, and he went up to tell him off."

Doctor Standish waited, knowing there was more to come. Presently it came. "The Payson girl gave herself up."

Paul Standish thought of a lot of things in that moment. He thought of his mother, depending on him for support in the little upstate town where he was born; he wondered how he could justify his deceit to old Doc Lathrop, who had taught him so many things. And he said, "Did she? What did she say?"

"Nothing yet. She's coming in with her lawyer at four. What about the p.m.?"

Doctor Standish told him and Ballard paced the office, eying Standish in a speculative way. He was thinking of things the young doctor had told him—his experiences riding ambulances, and talking with cops; his interest in crime. And, because he needed help, Ballard took a chance. He said, "If we don't nail the right guy—and it don't look like we're going to—three innocent people are going to have this thing hanging over them. You haven't got any ideas, have you?"

"I've got one."

Unconsciously the doctor's fingers found the cigarette lighter and habit made him snap the little arm up and down, up and down.

"Don't you ever break that thing?" Ballard said. "What about the idea?"

Standish put the lighter away automatically. "It's just a chance," he said, "but it's the only way I can think of. If you want to check a couple of things for me, and if you'll let me do the talking this afternoon . . ."

"It's a deal, doc," said Ballard.

They were in a conference room at police headquarters. Doctor Standish, Lieutenant Ballard, and Leahy from the district attorney's office, sat at one side

of the long table; opposite them were Henry Ewing, Al Dumont, and Dean Forbes, a redheaded, pugnacious youth.

They were waiting for Janet Payson, and when she came in with her lawyer the room seemed suddenly brighter to Paul Standish. Her glance slid past him as though she had never seen him before.

Leahy started in on her, politely but insistently. Paul Standish watched her, not listening at all to her story until Leahy said, "If Arnold was on the floor, how did you get in, Miss Payson?"

"I left the door unlocked," said Forbes. "He let me in and sat down. When I left he said to push the catch on the door. He said he was expecting somebody."

"What happened after you left Arnold's apartment?" Leahy asked Janet.

The doctor mentally braced himself. And then he heard her say, "I was afraid to go back to my car so I walked

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### Family Quiz Answers

#### FATHER

(Questions on page 12)

1. That of New Mexico, where both Spanish and English are spoken.
2. Harold Ickes.
3. In the files of the FBI in Washington, which contain more than 33,500,000 fingerprint cards.
4. Bomber, building arch, mythical ship.
5. A fathometer is a device for measuring the depth of water.
6. He is appointed by the President.
7. Oxygen: it forms, in combination, nearly fifty percent of the known rocks of the earth.
8. Seattle, Washington.
9. Because sound travels faster and farther through the ground than through the air.
10. The right to use the mails free.
11. From the countries around the Mediterranean.
12. It is a Hindu word meaning "earthlike."

Questions accepted from G. D. Peterson, Stevens Point, Wis.; Mrs. Stewart Baldwin, Oil City, Pa.; R. C. Mayfield, Harlingen, Tex.; Evelyn Kading, Keeseville, Wis.; Nell Earnest, Austin, Tex.; Corwin F. Peterson, Minneapolis, Minn.; J. A. Flickinger, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Hugh Pomeroy, Henderson, Tex.; Chester W. Walker, Upton, Mass.; Mrs. Andy Murphy, Augusta, Kan.; Mrs. John L. Pegg, New Stanton, Pa.

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around until I realized how silly it was. Then I woke up a friend and spent the rest of the night at her house."

For a moment Paul Standish could only stare at her. Watching her smile at Leahy, realizing how simple and effective her explanation was, he was ashamed that he had ever doubted her. He heard himself saying, "In any case, Miss Payson couldn't have been responsible for Arnold's death."

Leahy looked at him skeptically. "Suppose you tell us why, doctor."

"The autopsy showed he died of a subdural hemorrhage . . . The dura is the covering of the brain. Arnold was struck a blow on the jaw and fell, hitting his head on the hearth—an analysis of the edge, made by the city chemist, will corroborate this—and this fall resulted in a slight fracture."

"Ah!" said Leahy.

"Yes," said Doctor Standish, "but the fracture was not fatal. There was no brain injury. What happened was that some veins in the dura were ruptured and as the bleeding continued underneath, the brain was compressed. Arnold died from cerebral compression, Mr. Leahy, and the development of this condition takes time. Death was not instantaneous or anything like it."

"Oh," said Leahy. "Well, if Miss Payson couldn't have been responsible, perhaps you can tell us who was."

"I think I can," Doctor Standish said. "You have the prints and the glass?" he asked Ballard. "Fine."

He explained how he had examined the body the night before. "And when I looked at the hearth," he said, "I noticed a design had been cut in it, and in the hollows of that design there was some liquid substance. That also has been analyzed. It was water."

He paused, glancing at the redheaded Forbes and then at Al Dumont. The promoter sat very still, his eyes half shut.

Standish said, "The man who knocked Arnold down must have been scared for a while, and when Arnold didn't get up he did what anyone would have done—looked for some water. The bathroom was a logical place to go. That's what our man did. He drew a glass of water, threw it in Arnold's face and—"

"Who did?" Leahy demanded.

Doctor Standish's swift glance took in all the room and came back to a figure across the table. "He did," he said, and pointed his finger. "Didn't you, Ewing?"

Henry Ewing stiffened visibly. "You're crazy!" he said.

"No," Standish shook his head. "You hit him and you got that glass of water. Arnold had a flannel sport shirt on when I found him. But he didn't wear one when you came in. He had a white shirt and stiff collar, and you drenched it in your efforts to revive him; later he changed. I saw that collar in the bedroom. It couldn't have got so badly wilted any other way."

"You didn't know Arnold was fatally hurt, nor did he. He seemed all right when you went out. But he probably had a headache and it got worse. He didn't say anything about it to Dumont, but it finally got so bad he sent out for a bottle of whisky. He must have been close to a coma when Forbes was there but—"

Ewing jumped up, his face livid. "You lie!"

"No, he doesn't," a crisp voice said, and Ballard produced a glass and a card with two fingerprints on it. "This is the glass from the bathroom, and these are the prints from it. When we take yours—"

Ewing seemed about to lunge for the glass; then, as though realizing it was no use, he sat back, shoulders sagging. "All right," he said finally. "But it was self-defense. You can't make it murder."

"Possibly not," Leahy said. "If you tell the truth we may not even try."

Later, when they were alone in the hall, Lieutenant Ballard handed Doctor Standish a small handkerchief, shaking it out so that the embroidered initials J.P. were visible. For a moment, he could only stare at it, not knowing what it meant; then he remembered Ballard's putting something in his pocket the night before while Cavanaugh held the floor. "All right," he said. "You picked it up at my place. Why didn't you say so?"

Ballard's grin was mildly sardonic. "I don't know. But sometimes that Cavanaugh gets in my hair too. We knew who the girl was then. I could get her any time. And you're the kind of guy that gets ideas now and then. I figured if I gave you a little time maybe you'd come up with something we could use."

"Thanks for the benefit of the doubt. Are you happy now?"

"Me? Sure . . . You want to take this along? It'll give you a chance to see her again, in case you think it's important."

As it happened Paul Standish didn't need the handkerchief, because when he went out to his coupé he found Janet sitting inside smoking a cigarette.

"Hello," she said. "I thought maybe



you'd give me a lift home, and then I could thank you properly."

Paul Standish got in fast. "Fine," he said. "And I can thank you too."

"Thank me? For what?"

"For covering up."

"Oh, that." She laughed softly. "You didn't think I'd tell on you, did you?"

Paul Standish didn't answer that one. He was a little ashamed that he had ever considered it. As he pulled out into the traffic she said, "How did you know? That it was Ewing, I mean?"

"From the time element, mostly. That type of hemorrhage doesn't work very fast. Usually the victim gets up and walks around, not knowing how badly he is hurt. Sometimes it's a day before the compression becomes fatal. With Arnold it was under three hours; the thing was to force Ewing into a confession."

"And his fingerprints were really on the glass?"

"Oh, sure. But we couldn't prove when they were put there. That's why it seemed best to crowd him before he could think of that angle. There was another thing that pointed his way too. From what I'd heard, Arnold wasn't the sort to take a beating without retaliating. If it had been young Forbes I think Arnold would have phoned the police immediately; with Dumont too. Probably he could have made a deal whereby he got his I. O. U.'s. But with Ewing there was something else. Ewing had a bad check. If Arnold brought the police in, he'd face charges himself. No, Ewing was the only one Arnold wouldn't dare report."

"Well!" Janet sighed. "If it hadn't been for you, I'd always be that girl who was mixed up in the Arnold murder. So if there's anything I can do . . ."

"There is," Paul Standish said.

"All right. What?" she said.

"I know a place where the Martinis are dry and the broiled lobster is—"

"Dinner?" Janet said. "I'd love it."

Paul Standish felt his grin crack wide. When a traffic light stopped him he looked at her again and now he saw something in her eyes he had never seen before, something warm and intimate that stirred a new excitement in him. Right then, looking at her, he had the feeling that he had found something he had been seeking for a long time. He felt that now he would have a chance to know this girl, and it was hard not to forget the traffic and take her in his arms and tell her so.

## One Disease Everybody Has

(Continued from page 49)

age span of about 110 years, will changes in our diet help most of us to live longer?

The answer to this question is a definite Yes. It is in this field that the gerontologists have, to date, provided the most immediately practical answer. For this we must largely thank Dr. Henry C. Sherman of Columbia University.

Dr. Sherman recognized the fact that rats have a digestive system very similar to our own—the greatest difference is that we are more responsive to changes in the diet than rats are. So he built up a "symbolic" diet for a colony of rats—the kind of diet which would be approved, in human terms, for students in an up-to-date school with a good dietitian. The rats thrived on this diet. Then Dr. Sherman took other rats, members of the same family, and placed them under identical living conditions. But to this second group he fed a diet in which the proportion of milk powder had been tripled. What happened? The second colony became super-rats: they had sleeker

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furs, larger litters, healthier offspring. Not only that—their average length of healthy life increased by ten percent.

Dr. Sherman believes that it is possible, on the basis of these experiments, to increase the average human life today by seven or eight healthy years, with increased buoyant health until the end. To do this, he believes we must double the protein, triple the calcium and multiply by four the normal intake of vitamins A and G, in fixing the proportions of our diets. Our diets should include more fruits, vegetables, and much more milk.

*Quite apart from prolonging life, can diet remove the symptoms that today make old age an unpleasant state?*

Most gerontologists believe it can. They think that such things as decaying teeth, white hair, wrinkled skin—which you and I consider proofs of age—are only the result of years of partial starvation. And it is certainly true that these same symptoms appear in the young suffering from gross deficiency diseases.

Dr. Herbert T. Kelly of the University of Pennsylvania Graduate School of Medicine is a pioneer in this field. He believes that if the hair, teeth or skin show deterioration at any age, it means that the body is suffering a serious deprivation and is retrenching. Gray hair, loss of the teeth and wrinkled skin may indicate that we are not getting the vitamins or minerals we need for health: on perfect diets we should all have naturally colored hair, perfect teeth and youthful skin into advanced old age. More important than that—our nerves on a perfect diet would remain as strong and resilient as a child's.

I have seen remarkable films made by Dr. Kelly, in which he shows how sickly, bald-headed, wrinkled men and women can be restored to full vigor and youthfulness by corrections of their diet. It is his belief that even with the modern nutritional knowledge, almost none of us get proper nutrition.

There are several reasons why our diets are usually imperfect. For one thing, the soil in which our food is grown has, in many sections, lost important chemical factors. For another thing, city dwellers do not always get foods fresh enough to derive their full food values. Nearly all of us cook dishes in ways that rob them of some much-needed elements of health: if we served the juices in which all vegetables have been cooked, we might eliminate one important cause for the appearance of age.

*Can the lack of any one diet element be blamed for the appearance of age?*

Probably not, in spite of the fact that some enthusiasts have called pantothenic acid (a vitamin B complex) "the acid of life." It is quite true that leaving pantothenic acid out of the diet of some rats

and foxes has turned their fur gray; but the lack of vitamin C or of copper has the same effect. And every claim which a scientist may make for pantothenic acid as the "anti-gray-hair vitamin" is matched by a claim from the rival school, which believes that p-aminobenzoic acid destroys many symptoms of age.

What is the evidence? Well, pantothenic acid has worked wonders in the animal world. Leaving it out of the diet of rats was proved, by Dr. Agnes Fay Morgan of the University of California, to turn them gray and wrinkled and old long before the normal age. Dr. Claus Unna fed the vitamin to another group of rats from infancy: they never turned gray, up to the time of death. But the effect of this acid on human beings is still in doubt: some investigators doubt whether our diet is ever deficient in it. Results of experiments are not clear.

P-aminobenzoic acid—paba, for short—has been more widely tried on human beings and with apparently dazzling results. Dr. Benjamin Sieve of Tufts College used paba and hormones on 800 patients of both sexes whose hair had turned gray (their ages ranged from sixteen to seventy-four). In every case it restored the hair color and relieved other symptoms.

Similar studies on gray-haired inmates at Sing Sing prison were reported by Dr. Stefan Ansbacher: the hair color here was restored more completely in the old than the young. But when the paba treatments were stopped, the hair turned white again within two months.

*When we cure the symptoms usually associated with old age, are we prolonging the individual's life? Probably not—in some cases we may be shortening life.*

Suppose, for instance, that you are a woman who has passed the menopause. Your doctor can, through injections of ovarian hormones, force you to menstruate again, as has been done with women of eighty-six years. He may even make childbirth possible for you. But if he's a good, sound doctor, he won't do it. For the sex functions make heavy demands on the body. Nor should we recklessly dose ourselves with paba or pantothenic acid, even if these things were available in drugstores today—which they are not. Of paba, in particular, we know that it has a mysterious hookup with the internal glands and if it is administered along with hormones, fewer of these are needed for the same results. But the Journal of the American Medical Association has warned against the assumption that no ill effects accompany paba's changes. We simply do not know, at this stage, whether paba shortens life by apparently restoring youth to some organs and not to all of them.

*Is it true that some parts of our body age at a different rate from others?*

All through our lives, parts of us are growing, other parts are wearing away. The tonsils and the thymus gland shrink and atrophy while we are still young. The jaw continues to grow even into advanced old age. The prostate gland, today, is usually definitely old at sixty. But oculists tell us that the healthy human eye would not actually wear out in less than 120 to 130 years; stomach specialists state that most elderly people die with a digestive system capable of working for many more years; Dr. Macdonald Critchley says there appears to be no such thing as a strictly old brain.

*What can we do to lengthen life and eliminate the symptoms of premature old age?*

Research scientists are doing everything possible to bring you and me the gift of twenty or fifty or a hundred years of added life. But do not yet ask your family physician to deliver the secret of a tripled lifetime in a pill.

Don't beg your doctor to let you replace your familiar hair dye with paba or pantothenic acid. These things are still too new and untried for general use.

But you can ask your doctor, today, to find out whether you are getting all the possible benefits from your food. You can ask whether your digestion is all it should be, or whether your diet should be supplemented by injected vitamins.

Without troubling your doctor, you can fortify your own diet by doubling or tripling the quantity of milk you take and by eating more fruits and green vegetables. You can have these cooked so as to preserve their essential values. You can take vitamin pills to supplement your food.

And you can, by your attitude toward life, do a great deal to ward off premature death. One specialist told me, "The chief cause of death in the seventies is the phrase 'three score and ten.'" Many patients become alarmed as they pass the seventy mark and think it's useless to try to get well.

Another way in which you can prolong life is by refusing to worry or hurry. Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins studied 2,000 men and women who had lived to be ninety or more. He found that "emotional stability" distinguished them. They had taken life at an even, unhurried pace. Worry and hurry may be poisons as deadly as arsenic.

Those years from eighty to 100 which you may properly anticipate, if you are middle-aged today, should be years in which you will look and feel like the sixty-year-old of today, at the very worst. At the best, they will mean that you have passed one of the early milestones on your way to the ripe age of 300 or 400 years, which some of our scientists seriously expect you to enjoy.

## Soon: Another dramatic chapter in Cosmopolitan's Medical Series— "News About Your Health" by Gretta Palmer

### The Martyr (Continued from page 51)

"She always stays in bed late on Saturdays and Sundays," Harold had explained. "You see, she's so busy—three children and a house like this. The children are so good," he added, beaming. "They never disturb her when she's asleep; they tiptoe past her room."

Bobbie wanted to remark that they hadn't tiptoed past hers, but she held her tongue, smiled at Pete, poured coffee and made toast. The meal, however, was not very peaceful. Helen wept because her father wouldn't let her have a doughnut till she finished her milk; and Stookey had a disturbing way of eating her break-

fast en route around the dining-room table.

Janice did not appear until breakfast was almost over. Lovely, unruffled, she sat down while everyone waited on her.

Then there was the episode of the rug. It happened that Stookey had elected to finish her milk standing directly behind Bobbie; and Bobbie, unaware that the child had halted her march around the table, had pushed back her chair, with the result that the milk had splashed onto the rug. Harold had taken the accident with good grace, but Janice had been quite disturbed.

"Another spot on the rug? And we just got it back from the cleaner's!" With a sigh she turned to Bobbie. "You just aren't used to looking out for children."

Bobbie blinked.

"No, of course Bobbie isn't used to children," Pete put in soothingly. "It's too bad it happened, but—"

"Yes, I'm sorry," Bobbie interrupted him, "but do children always drink their milk walking around? I'm very ignorant, I know, but is it the usual custom?"

There was a hushed silence; then Janice spoke in quick tones. "I'm sure if you'd asked Stookey to sit down—"



"I did ask her, and her father did too. He told her to at least five times."

"Five times!" Janice laughed. "Really, Bobbie, you are exaggerating. If Stookey had been told once, she would have sat down. She minds very well—so do all my children!"

"Of course they do, darling," put in Harold.

"Yes," said Pete, "it was just an accident. Bobbie didn't mean— We'll try to get the spot off, won't we, Bobbie?"

Janice was again all smiles. "Oh, no, I couldn't let you do that."

But she *had* let them. And after that Bobbie had helped with the breakfast dishes, and after that she and Pete had driven downtown to do some errands for Janice, with Stookey and Helen in the back seat. And after that . . .

As Bobbie's mind leaped over the day, it seemed to her that she had been busy almost every hour doing something in the house or with the children. Every hour, except at noon, when she and Pete had taken Harold and Janice for a mid-day dinner at a tearoom in the next town. "So Janice can get away from the children for a while," Pete had explained.

They had a picnic supper, and Bobbie had to confess that had been fun. Janice, it was true, did not help much with the preparations; and Stookey had eaten all the olives and drunk all the lemonade before anyone noticed. But the children had had such a good time! And furthermore, on the return home they had been so tired that they had fallen into bed.

Bobbie and Pete were alone in the living room, and he had put his arms around her. "Strenuous day, darling?"

For the moment she forgot everything but Pete. "We-ell, a different day," she said. Then she had heard steps coming down the stairs. Harold was pausing in the doorway, Janice beside him.

"I hope you people don't mind if we run off and leave you for a little while. Some old friends of ours wanted us to drop in. I don't think you'd be particularly interested in coming with us."

"Run along," Pete had said.

"Of course," Bobbie had added. "Perhaps we'll take a drive."

"Oh!" There had been a queer note in Harold's voice. "You mean you aren't going to stay here?"

"Then," Janice had sighed, "we'll give up our party and stay home. We never leave the children alone at night. You haven't any children, Bobbie, and it's hard for you to understand. So if you people want to take a ride, we'll stay home."

"Oh, no, Janice," Harold had put in quickly. "I'm sure Pete and Bobbie wouldn't want you to do that." Then, turning to the others: "Janice really ought to get out, she's so tied down, all day, day in, day out."

"Oh, of course you must go!" cried Pete. "Bobbie didn't know . . ."

"Well," Janice had smiled prettily, "if you're sure you don't mind, Bobbie? They're sound asleep now, and they always sleep right through."

So they had gone. Bobbie had turned to the window and stood, trying to still the anger that was sweeping over her.

"What's the matter, Bobs?" Pete came over to her.

She tried to smile. "Oh, nothing."

"You don't think they should have gone off, is that it?"

She shrugged. "N-no, not exactly. I was just wondering if perhaps one reason they asked us here was so they could go out tonight."

"That's an uncalled-for dig. Janice is a hard-working mother, and I should think you'd be glad to help her out."

"Yes, I would if she were a hard-

## How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Williamson



**The Boss:** Sorry. Can't use it. That song's got no whoosh! No bang! No *pep appeal!*

**Joe:** That lets us out, Art. You've got no words—I've got no tune!



**Art:** No pep appeal, huh? Say! I was reading the other day about how you can't have pep without vitamins. And that's us, pal! I bet we haven't been eating right. You know, not getting all our vitamins.

**Joe:** Maybe you're right, Art. And *that* gives me an idea. Come with me, boy!



**Joe:** This is the ticket, Art. Look what it says: "KELLOGG'S PEP is made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat and contains extra-rich sources of the two vitamins most likely to be missing in ordinary meals—vitamins B<sub>1</sub> and D."

**Art:** And, mister, does it taste *good!* Boy! If getting the rest of our vitamins is as much fun as eating this swell, crunchy cereal, we'll be in the big time before we know it!

## Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

*Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.*

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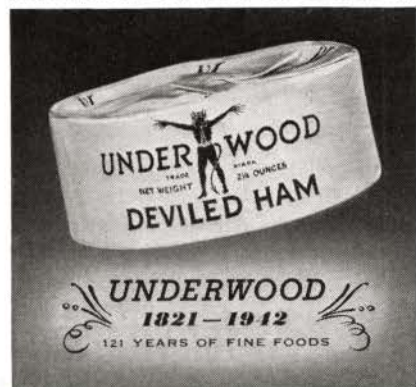
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working mother; but she isn't—so far as I can see. And if she didn't have those big brown eyes you'd see it too! Setting aside the fact that the children are little devils and haven't had any training at all—she hasn't raised her finger for them all day. If anyone needs a little time off, it's Harold and you and I. Don't you understand, Pete? It isn't that I mind doing it; it's just that I don't see why everyone should look after her children for her—and she get all the credit."

"You don't like her much, do you?"  
"No, I don't!"  
"Well, I don't think she's very keen about you, either."

"Of course she isn't—for two very good reasons: first, I'm on to her; I don't subscribe to the devoted, hard-working-mother legend—and second, you fell in love with me, instead of adoring her and cherishing her memory! Oh, Pete, how could you? When you'd once known her, a wonderful wife like her!"

"That isn't the reason she doesn't like you. It hasn't anything to do with me!"

"Oh!" Bobbie's tone was ominous. "So you've been talking me over with her!"

"No. But from what Harold said—"

"What did Harold say?"

"Oh, just that you were so different from Janice."

"Thank God for that!"  
"And that it was hard for her to understand women like you—businesswomen, who've never had families and haven't had to give up things for others."

"Selfish—in plain words! Well, I'll tell you something, Pete. I've known a lot of businesswomen, but I've never seen one as selfish as that devoted, hard-working mother you're so crazy about! Why, all day, she's considered no one but herself. She's a self-centered, sponging, lazy little fourflusher! I don't care if she is your brother's wife. If he weren't a silly, infatuated fool, he'd see it."

"So that's what you think of my family? Well, now I'll tell you something! If you don't like them, if you can't get along with them—" There was a threat in Pete's tone.

For a moment Bobbie's heart stood still; then her anger leaped again. "Oh, that's it, is it? All right! If you think more of that woman than you do of me, you can go—for all I care!"

They stood staring at each other. A child's voice suddenly rang out from above, shrill, frightened. "Mama! Mama!"

Bobbie whirled and ran up the stairs. It was Stookey. She usually occupied the little room where Pete was sleeping; but for this week end she had a cot in the room with her two sisters. She was sitting up in bed, her face white. "I want my mama!"

Bobbie gathered the trembling figure into her arms. "Mother isn't here, darling. It's Aunt Bobbie."

"I got a stomachache!"

The other two girls were awake now. "She would eat all those olives," remarked Jan in a cold tone.

"And drink all the lemonade," added Helen.

"And wake us up with a nightmare. That's why she has a room to herself," went on Jan. "Helen and I couldn't stand this business of being waked up!"

Bobbie glanced at Jan. "Oh! Does she do this often?"

"I should say so!"  
"I don't either!" This from Stookey, dissolved in tears.

Helplessly Bobbie glanced at Pete in the doorway. "There's a hot-water bag in the bathroom," he volunteered.

"Mother gives her bicarb," put in Jan. Bobbie caught at a straw. "Oh, does she? Well, that wouldn't do any harm—just a little in warm water."

Helen and Jan leaped from their beds. "I'll get it for you, Uncle Pete!"

"I'll heat the water!"  
Barefooted, they dashed for the door. "Come back here!" cried Bobbie. "Put on your slippers and robes."

But they paid no heed. Stookey sank back on the pillow. "There, darling, that's right, lie down," whispered Bobbie; "you'll be all right."

The minutes drifted by. She could hear noises downstairs. At last Pete came into the room. "Here you are."

Stookey gave a long sigh, and Bobbie motioned Pete to put out the light.

"Where are the others?" she whispered.

"Why, I don't know. They were with me just a moment ago."

"Go get them. I'll stay here."  
She heard him go downstairs, calling softly, "Helen! Jan!" Silence. Then, louder: "Children, come here!" No answer. Then the opening of the front door.

Bobbie hurried downstairs and out on the porch. In the bright moonlight she saw Pete striding around the lawn. In front of him, dodging, flitting, danced Jan's slim, pajamaed figure.

"Jan, come here!" he cried. She paused a moment; he lunged for her; she darted away. "Can't catch me!"

Suddenly, beside Bobbie's shoulder, laughter echoed. She glanced up. Perched in the low fork of a tree was Helen.

Bobbie pulled her to the ground. "Stop that laughing!" she commanded. Then she swung around. "Jan, come here!"

Meekly Jan trailed back to the house. "What do you mean by running out like that in your bare feet? You're naughty, both of you!" She gave each one several resounding slaps on her little behind. Helen burst into loud sobs.

"Stop that crying!" ordered Bobbie. As they came into the house, she lowered her voice. "Your feet are soaking wet, Jan, and so are the legs of your pajamas. You go right upstairs and change and get into bed."

Subdued, they slunk up the stairs. Bobbie swung around to face Pete.

"I don't know about you," she flung at him in a hoarse whisper, "but I've had just about enough of this family for one day. I'm going to bed!" She turned on her heel and went up the stairs.

Next morning, when she went downstairs, Pete was behind the toaster; Harold was bringing in eggs; Helen was the only child at the table.

"Good morning, everybody!" Bobbie called out as she came in. Her eyes sought Pete's, but his glance was on the toast.

At that moment Janice came in from the kitchen carrying a tray. "Wh-why," Bobbie stammered, "is Stookey—"

But just then Stookey appeared, her nose buried in a glass of milk.

"It's Jan," said Harold shortly.

"She has a sore throat," added Janice.

"Oh, that's too bad!" said Bobbie.

"She isn't used to running around in wet grass in her bare feet," Janice said.

"Well, it isn't a good idea," said Bobbie.

Janice faced her. "Why didn't you stop her, then? We left the children in your care, and I should think the least—"

"Bobbie was busy with Stookey," put in Pete. "Stookey woke up frightened—one of her nightmares."

"Her nightmares?" Janice repeated. "But Stookey doesn't have nightmares. She hardly ever wakes up."

"Oh! I understood from her sisters that she did it often." Pete's tone was cold, emphatic. Bobbie's heart gave a leap: he was standing up for her against Janice! "Anyway, she woke up last night," he went on, "and while Bobbie was trying to quiet her and I was in the kitchen



getting something for her, Helen and Jan ran out."

"Pete went after them," Bobbie said, "but they wouldn't come in."

"Wouldn't come in?" Janice gave a short laugh. "You talk as if my little girls didn't mind. Of course I realize that you don't know anything about children. They do have to be handled with understanding and gentleness. I can't tell you how terribly Harold and I felt when Helen told us that you spanked her."

"See here, Janice," said Pete, "you have Bobbie all wrong. I don't know anyone who could have handled those children better than she did. You've said several times that Bobbie doesn't know anything about children. Why did you leave your children with her, then?"

"If anything happened last night, it's your fault. Why did you and Harold let Stookey eat all that junk? You were at the picnic. She was in your care then. It seems to me that if you stopped talking so much about being a mothah and concentrated more on the job—"

"Oh! oh!" Janice's voice rose in piercing shrieks. "Harold! Do you hear what he's saying—that I'm not a good mother? Oh! oh! oh!" She ran from the room.

Harold sprang to his feet, pushing back his chair. It collided with Stookey, upsetting her. Her voice mingled with her mother's in outraged cries, but her father dashed on up the stairs.

It was Bobbie who picked up Stookey, wiped the tears from her face. At the same moment Helen broke into loud sobs. Pete glanced wildly from one to the other.

"You get out the car and take them for a ride. I'll take up Jan's breakfast," said Bobbie. "Stop crying, Helen. You and Stookey can go with your uncle Pete and get the Sunday papers."

The sobs died away. Helen jumped to her feet and grabbed Pete's left hand.

Stookey appropriated the other. The screen door banged behind them.

Bobbie picked up Jan's abandoned tray and went up the stairs. "What's the rumpus?" Jan demanded when she came in.

Bobbie grinned at her. "Just a family discussion. Here's your breakfast."

Jan drained her orange juice. "I'm sorry about last night," she said.

"I'm sorry you've got a cold."

"Oh, that wasn't from last night. I had that before."

"Oh! Did you tell your mother?"

"Sure"—she grinned impishly—"but not until after the picnic. She made me gargle before I went to bed."

Bobbie made no comment. So that was it—Janice was trying to blame this on her and Pete when she knew . . .

She went over to the bookcase. "My, what a grand encyclopedia! Yours, Jan?"

"Yes, I got it with coupons."

Bobbie took out a couple of volumes and glanced through them, Jan now and then putting in comments. She's a nice child, Bobbie thought as she picked up the tray and went out, if only someone would teach her some manners.

As she came into the dining room, she remembered she had no breakfast, so she heated the coffee and made toast.

The house was quiet. Helen and Stookey were on the living-room floor with the funny papers.

Pete came strolling in. "Good morning." He bent and kissed her. "Didn't have a chance to say it before."

Just then Harold came down the stairs. He looked serious. "Janice is terribly upset about this business. She's so sensitive about anything that concerns the children. If you could go upstairs, Bobbie, and apologize or—"

"Apologize?" put in Pete. "I don't see why Bobbie should be the one to apologize. After all—"

"Yes. Yes, I know. But Pete, you and Bobbie don't understand; you—"

"Haven't any children," Bobbie finished for him. "We admit it. After all, we've never been married. And you know, Harold, it isn't considered quite moral to have children unless you are."

The room was very still. Bobbie's eyes met Pete's. And suddenly she knew that going back in the car they would laugh together about this week end.

Bobbie's dislike of Janice, her anger, melted away. What did Janice matter, anyway? As long as she and Pete recognized Janice for what she was, what did it matter if, for the sake of family peace, they gave in to her?

Bobbie rose. "Of course I'll go up to see Janice," she said.

At that moment, however, Janice herself appeared. In spite of tear-stained eyes, she still looked very pretty.

For a moment the eyes of the two women met. Then slowly Bobbie moved across the room.

"I'm sorry about last night, Janice," she said, "and about everything. We didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Pete and I, or say anything against the children. We were upset ourselves, last night. You're right. We don't know much about children, but we did our best."

Janice smiled, a sweet smile of forgiveness. "I knew you'd come to see it my way," she whispered.

Harold gave a sigh of relief. Gently he drew Janice to the table. "Now, darling, do have a bite of breakfast. I'll get your orange juice and make some fresh coffee."

At the same time Jan's voice called from above: "Hi, there, are you shrimps going to hog all the funnies?"

"Go back to bed, Jan!" Bobbie called. "I'll bring them up to you in a minute."

Smiling, serene, Janice went on eating her breakfast.

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OF



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*Book 3: The Nonfiction Book Digest*



*Our Hearts were Young and Gay*

*by Cornelia Otis Skinner  
and Emily Kimbrough*



**This is the hysterics department! For summer reading that will make you forget your troubles, meet Emily and her best friend, Cornelia Otis Skinner, who begin here the uncensored story of their Jurid (they hoped!) past**

**E**MILY and I had been planning the trip for over a year. Pinching, scraping and going without sodas, we had salvaged from our allowances and the small-time jobs we each had found the preceding vacation the sum of eighty dollars, which was the cost of a minimum passage on a Canadian Pacific liner of the cabin class. Our respective families had augmented our finances by letters of credit generous enough to permit us to live for three months abroad, if not in the lap of luxury, at least on the knees of comfort. For months we had been exchanging letters brimming over with rapturous plans and lyric anticipation. Now June had really rolled around and the happy expectancy of the brides-to-be of that year had nothing on us.

It was settled we should meet in Montreal, at whatever hotel it is that isn't the Ritz. I was arriving from New York, Emily



**Emily was engaged in animated conversation with a swank uniform that was at least an admiral's.**

from Buffalo. That is, I hoped Emily was arriving. Emily's notions concerning geography, like some of her other notions, were enthusiastic but lacking in accuracy. Some weeks previous she had sent me a rhapsodic letter which ended with the alarming words, "I live for the moment when our boat pushes out from that dock in Winnipeg." I had written back in a panic and block letters stating, somewhat crushingly, I thought, that the C.P.O. seldom sent its ships overland; that we were sailing from Montreal, Province of Quebec; that the name of our vessel was the Montcalm and the date June tenth, the year of our Lord I shan't say which because Emily and I have now reached the time of life when not only do we lie about our ages, we forget what we've said they are.

Emily wrote back not to worry, darling, she had it all straight now. Moreover, she was being motored up from Buffalo by friends who had been abroad often and who wouldn't dream of driving her to the wrong place. They would arrive sometime the afternoon of the ninth.

No such traveled and plutocratic friends offered to motor me to Canada, so I purchased an upper on the Montreal sleeper—a bit of misguided economy, because once aboard the train I had to pay for another upper in order to accommodate my collection of luggage.

### **My Mammy Done Tol' Me**

Mother, the most exquisite of women, was fastidious to a degree when it came to the care of her clothes and mine, but she didn't care what she packed them in as long as the receptacle was clean. Consequently, on this occasion of my first long trip on my own, she had, with loving care and acres of tissue paper, stowed my effects in an assortment of containers which ranged from a canvas trunk Father had used when he played at Daly's to a patent-leather thing for hats that looked like a cover for a bass drum. There was a strap-bound straw affair known for some reason as a "telescope" and various other oddments.

At the station I tried to rise above my luggage and bid my parents a worldly and somewhat indifferent good-by. It was hard to get away with. Father, when it came to travel, went on the theory that I wasn't quite bright, and as I look back on myself I don't think I was. Mother, despite my nineteen years and a lamentable determination to look like Theda Bara, still

persisted in calling me "Baby." She kept reminding me to put my purse in my pillow, never to speak to any strange men, always to spread paper on "the seat" and to wire her if I arrived safely. (She said nothing about wiring her if I didn't.)

Upon reaching Montreal my emotions were indeed those of a little girl. It was my first experience of registering alone at a hotel, and far from feeling emancipated and like Theda Bara, I felt frightened and forlorn. The clerk verified my misgivings about myself by assigning me a room so high up under the eaves I half expected pigeons to fly out of the dresser. I had explained that "my friend" was arriving—just when I couldn't say, but I hoped around noon. This hope also was forlorn. When Emily says she'll arrive around noon it can get so far around, it merges into noon the following day. I had a foreboding I'd spend hours waiting for her and I was right.

I was too shy to venture forth alone in a strange town. Besides, I was afraid of not being on hand for that significant moment when Emily should arrive and our trip officially begin. The time dragged along. I wrote some letters, studied bits of Baedeker and every fifteen minutes made certain my passport and letter of credit hadn't been stolen.

This last activity involved the sporadic opening up of a little contraption so humiliating that even now the memory of it makes me turn my attention rapidly and, if possible, loudly to something else. Mother, who despite years of travel, still cherished the colorful idea that any journey beyond the boundaries of the United States was beset with brigands and bandits, had harnessed about my person an incredible object known as a "safety pocket." This was a large chamois purse which dangled at the knees in the manner of a sporran and was attached in a sort of block-and-tackle system of tape and buckle to an adjustable belt around the waist. It was worn—supposedly inconspicuously—under skirt and slip, and I dare say in Mother's youthful and voluminously clad day which engendered this prudent accessory, it flapped away subtly beneath yards of broadcloth, watered silk and batiste, and nobody was the wiser. But in my youthful and skimpier era, everybody was not only the wiser but the more bewildered.

The bag was heavily stuffed with a few British banknotes, my passport and letter of credit. I could never find a way of wearing it comfortably. If I arranged it so that it hung down in front, when I walked it would get to swinging, catching between my knees and making me go into the gait of an animated ice hook. Hung in the rear, it did even worse things, and when I sat still it had an unfortunate way of coming to rest either upon my upper leg or along my outer thigh, giving me the outline of someone concealing a squash. Wearing it beneath the skin-tight exterior of my then wardrobe was particularly complicated.

### **Blueprint for a Vamp**

Those were the days of Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri, and it was my secret yearning to look like that macabre specimen known as a "vamp." I went in for "slinky" dresses, high heels, long black earrings which I wore even when I played tennis, and perfume so strong my school buddies used to say they could smell me coming several seconds before they saw me. However, for this trip when it came to my traveling costume I had added a quaint and varying note to my wardrobe. What flight of whimsy made me purchase a baby-blue homespun suit with a Norfolk jacket, heaven knows. To go with this I, who was anything but an outdoor girl, had added a Panama sports hat with a band around the crown. I had even gone in for a pair of stout oxfords.

I suppose the idea back of this bright little getup was that when I wore it I shed for the time being my Elinor Glyn tiger skins and became the glowing, healthy American girl—a type that would look well on a steamer. It was a pretty idea but not too successful. Being unused to sensible heels, I had a hard time with those oxfords and more than once found myself stepping with one foot onto the extended sole of the other. Then the weather or something shrunk the brim of my hat, making it turn up all the way around, and I rather imagine that I looked less like Eleonora Sears than I did like Buster Brown.

However, I got into this costume now. I thought it would be appropriate for meeting Emily. Besides, my safety pocket wasn't as noticeable under it as under more exotic garments.



**Emily's trick crown.**



At long last, Emily burst into the room. We were still at an age when girl friends, upon meeting after a long absence, did a good deal of shrieking, and the sounds of our greeting made ring whatever the welkin is. A bellboy, barely discernible under Emily's mountain of luggage, looked on with disgust until Emily became aware of his presence and, with the grand manner of royalty bestowing maundy money, doled him out a tip. His expression deepened from disgust to the epitome of sullen persecution and with a suppressed snarl he strode from the room. As he turned, I caught a glimpse of the coin Emily had handed him and, shocked by a sudden suspicion that my friend might be what was then opprobriously known as a "tightwad," I ventured to ask, "Do you never tip more than a penny?"

"Nonsense!" she snorted. "I gave the boy the largest coin I had. What's more, it was an English coin."

"Yes. And it was an English penny. Two cents." Grabbing up her purse, Emily rushed from the room, crying, "Wait! I didn't mean it!" after the bellboy, who by now had vanished past a turn in the corridor. When finally she returned, her face was the color of bortsch before they add the sour cream. It seems that after making good with the bellboy, she had wandered back counting her change, had opened a door which, for some vague reason, she thought was ours and had acidly remarked, "Well, I hope you feel better now" to what when she looked up proved to be an elderly gentleman completely in the nude.

### Emily a Sartorial Dream

Emily hailed originally from Muncie, Indiana, and had never journeyed beyond American shores farther than Catalina Island. Her traveling costume was also not without its element of originality. It was tweed—that flecked variety known as



Something strange began to bump against my knees. It was my sporrán at it again!

"pepper and salt." She had designed it herself and her mother's dressmaker had run it up. There was a skirt which was innocuous enough; with it, however, went not a jacket but a loose, rather billowing cape of the same material, lined with orange taffeta. What topped everything off, and in more ways than one, was her hat, which was of the same tweed cloth and had also been run up by local talent. It had a small brim and a soft, folded crown that was meant to fit snugly to the head. Through some oversight, the folds hadn't been stitched together and as a result, at the slightest breeze or toss of the head, the crown would open out like a collapsible drinking cup and rise in the air to its full length of a good yard. And there it would stay unless I found a chance to whisper to her, "Your hat's up again," at which she would grab hold of the clownish peak and crush the sections back into place.

Emily, who usually looked neat and chic, in this cape and Robin Goodfellow hat seemed curiously Shakespearean, which was the last effect she'd had in mind when she designed the ensemble. The fact that Emily should suddenly turn up looking Shakespearean at the same moment I turned up looking like an adult version of the Little Colonel is just one more proof that at that age, you never can tell.

Those distinguished friends who had driven Emily from Buffalo had asked us to dine with them at the Ritz, and we felt the occasion called for a bath and a change of clothes. Neither of us is the modest type of girl who disrobes behind doors or struggles out of her garments under cover of a slip. I knew the moment was at hand when Emily would see me in my shame and nakedness, attired only in that safety pocket. Knowing the sight would shock her, I thought it wise to break the information gently. "Emily," I began, "I think you ought to know. It's very unfortunate but I have to—to wear something."

Emily cut me short. "Stop!" she cried. "I've been wondering for days how to tell you." And with a dramatic gesture she swished up her skirt. There, dangling between her legs like a gourd from a vine, was the twin of my ghastly appendage.

"Mother fastened one on me too," she groaned. "She says it's the only way I'll keep my money safe."

The discovery that Emily was the victim of the same motherly precaution heartened me a good deal.

Next morning we woke up in a state of elation. June tenth had actually dawned and the world hadn't come to an end.

We gulped some coffee, packed and counted over our luggage for a bit, but gave it up because each time we came out with a different amount. Somehow we got to the dock, and there, actually moored alongside, smoke pouring from her smokestack and the blue peter fluttering, was the Montcalm—a real live ship, not just that paper diagram we'd been mulling over for six months!

A brass gong sounded and Emily emitted her first apprehensive "What's that?"—an interrogation she was to repeat at short intervals clear across the Atlantic. Not long after that the gangplank was hoisted clear; the foghorn let forth its shattering but beautiful bark, and slowly, proudly, unbelievably the little steamer moved from the dock, backed into the St. Lawrence, turned her nose toward the east and headed for England.

Again we clutched each other and I guess we cried a little—certainly we tried to. Then I got efficient and suggested perhaps we ought to go locate our places in the dining room. But Emily said she preferred to stand by the rail and be emotional, so I went below, trying to create an impression of being an experienced, cultivated traveler.

The impression apparently didn't take with the chief steward, because after one look at me he allotted us two cards for First Service (Second was the chic meal; First was definitely hick) at the table of an obscure officer—the sort who, on a three-class ship, would head a table in student-steerage. By the time I came up on deck, Emily had completed her emotional orgy and was engaged in animated conversation with a monocled officer in a swank uniform with a lot of gold braid and a strip across his chest like a color chart that meant medals or something. The gorgeous creature was of course British; in fact, so much so that his speech, which was "frightfully pukka," came from him with an effort almost apoplectic. Emily, not to be outdone, had launched forth in a novel accent of her own—one which, it later developed, she used whenever she conversed with English people and felt ill at ease, which was whenever she conversed with English people.

Emily turned to introduce her dazzling conquest. It was clear she had no idea of his name, but the glitter of gold braid and brass buttons made her feel she should mention his rank.

"This is Miss Skinner, Cap—er—Command—er—Admir—"

The glorious creature put an end to her floundering by barking out something that sounded like "Cracker" but was probably MacGregor, adjusted his monocle and resumed his talk with Emily, which appeared to be on a very cultural plane.

With admirable tact I slunk away, ordered our deck chairs and sat in one with a book which I was too excited to read. I kept looking up in the hope that some Prince Charming might be looking down. Our trip of independence had begun. There were no parents, no chaperons to cramp our style, whatever that was. Who knew what delectable adventures awaited us? Who indeed? Even now little Emily, radiant and tremulous, was embarking on what might blossom into romance.

My reverie was cut short by Emily, who plopped into the chair beside me looking anything but radiant and tremulous. Moreover, she appeared to be quite cross with me. As she said nothing, I asked tentatively, "What have you done with your Admiral?"

"I haven't done anything with him," she snapped. "And he isn't an admiral. He's the leader of the ship's band. And it isn't even the orchestra. It's some sort of band that plays in the morning to let you know that bouillon's ready."

The only reply to this was an "Oh," and to avoid further embarrassment we resorted to our books. We were roused by the blast of a bugle played by a young steward who must have been studying the instrument in six easy lessons and hadn't progressed beyond the fourth. At the sound Emily leaped like a salmon upstream, got to her feet pale but controlled and said:

"Our life preservers are in our cabin, aren't they?"

"Yes," I said. "Why?"



My baggage looked awfully Ellis Island.



We finally found our life preservers.



"Why? Didn't you hear that trumpet? It means something, doesn't it?"

"Certainly," I answered. "It means the First Service for lunch is ready." And I yawned to show what an old sea dog I was. Then I remembered that we were in the First Service and we went below.



**June tenth actually arrived and there was our ship.**

the left of me an English lad with a beefsteak complexion and a good many prominent teeth uttered in my general direction that the weather was jolly decent. I agreed rather strenuously yes wasn't it and he said yes it was and that stretch of ice was broken.

Emily's companion was named Mr. Blot. He was correct, good-looking and said little. Reflecting now upon Mr. Blot, I imagine that this was because he had little to say. However, discussing him later that day in the privacy of our cabin, we came to the more romantic conclusion that he was the strong, silent type. My buddy, the one with the teeth, was anything but silent and I also suspect anything but strong. But he was pleasant, wore pants and was unattached. Moreover, as further proof of his desirability, he presented me with what he had left of a box of candy because he was afraid that when we got on the high seas he might be sick.

Our cabin, at minimum fare, was an inside cubicle so far below decks it appeared to be resting just above the keel. If we had some vague idea of spending the afternoon there unpacking, one glance at it informed us that nothing could be unpacked in it with the possible exception of our toothbrushes. Our luggage, piled in hopeless confusion, covered the three square feet of floor space. We tried stowing some of it under the berth but it wouldn't go, owing to the presence of some bulky obstruction that felt like a body but turned out to be life preservers. Emily, who was the apprehensive type, said we'd better keep those accessible because you never knew.

### The Montcalm Lives Up to Its Second Syllable

Unpacking being out of the question, we left our effects stored in suitcases like the wares of an itinerant lace merchant and climbed up several layers of deck to more spacious regions. We found the writing room and a couple of unoccupied desks, and set to work using up as many free postcards as we could think of people upon whom to inflict them. My list of friends being considerably shorter than Emily's, I left her busily repeating, "Dearest So-and-So. This is our ship. X doesn't mark our cabin because it's below the water. We're having a glorious, etc., etc." and went on deck. The day was sparkling and I leaned on the railing taking the sort of deep, brave breaths people who lean on railings think it their duty to take, and in a state of happy vacuity watched the scenery slip past.

Gradually I became aware that the scenery was no longer slipping. It was staying perfectly motionless. The engines were still pounding, if anything harder than ever. Looking down over the side, I saw that water was passing the ship, only it was going the wrong way. Also, it was suddenly very muddy. The English lad with the teeth came up beside me and announced cheerfully, "Well, we've caught bottom," as if it were a record sailfish. "All right for a time, but when the tide goes down she'll settle onto rocks."

By now everyone was rushing out onto the deck—everyone but Emily. I went in search of her and found her the sole occupant of the writing room, penning a blissful letter to her family telling them how much she loved the ship.

"Emily," I began, breaking the information as gently as possible. "Emily dear, I hate to bother you but we're shipwrecked." She grunted but failed to look up. I thought perhaps the news was too much for her. "Didn't you hear what I said?"

"Yeah," she replied, still writing. "You said we were shipwrecked."

"But we are. We're aground. Don't you care?"

"Oh, go away!" she snorted.

"All right, if you want to stay there and drown!" I said and strode dramatically outside.

The shore was still stationary but one side of the deck was perceptibly lower than the other. There was an atmosphere of suppressed excitement about. Seamen were appearing in doorways and disappearing down hatches and ladders. One could hear pumps being worked. A lifeboat was swung out on the davits, then a second and a third. Apprehensive passengers began making muttering sounds like the crowd extras in "Julius Caesar." The engines were now working themselves into a threatened angina, trying to shove the ship out of the mud.

A little later Emily, blanched and wild-eyed, shot out of the companionway like a bat out of the Carlsbad Caverns. She grabbed my arm and pointed at the motionless farmhouse we'd all been watching for at least an hour.

"Look!" she cried. "We're stuck! The boat's tipping over. Don't you think we ought to tell the captain?"

The afternoon passed and so did a number of other ships (the cads!), and by dinnertime there was nothing to do but go eat it, even if it wasn't very appetizing to eat at an angle. The captain being occupied with the pumps or something, the purser made a speech to the cheery effect that we ought not to become alarmed, that the vessel wasn't ready quite just yet for Davy Jones' Locker (humor but not very successful), and that by morning they expected to have some good news for us. (Emily muttered, "Probably a bouncing boy.") He went on to say that everything would continue as per "shed-ule" and that the first night get-together dance would be held as usual.

Our table companions seemed to think this a ripping good idea and Emily and I, to show that we too could "carry on," said we'd go.

The festivity took place in a canvas-enclosed area of Deck B, where a steward had strung up some giddy paper lanterns. The orchestra (not conducted by Emily's Admiral) played excerpts from "The Chocolate Soldier" and a handful of us tried to pretend it was fun. Attendance was poor. People on a grounded, listing ship aren't in a gala mood. We stuck at it only because there wasn't anything else to do.

Mr. Blot twirled Emily about with all the animation of one of Mme. Tussaud's more refined figures, while my friend capered me around, keeping eager and energetic time to something that wasn't at all what the music had in mind. Spinning or hopping, we would manage to gain the summit of the sloping floor; then, like tangled-up skiers, we'd whoosh down to the other side, the railing being all that kept us from continuing on into the waters of the St. Lawrence.

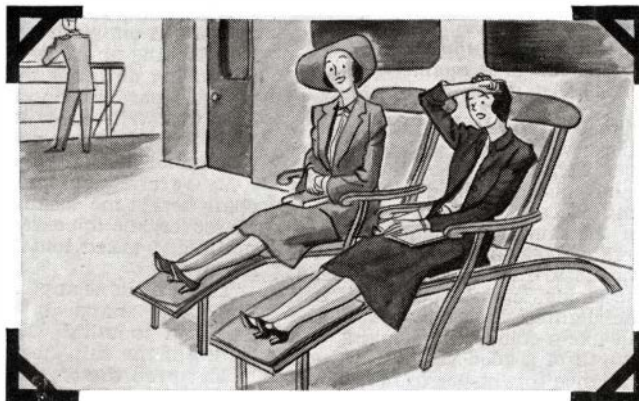
It was hard work and I grew breathless and slightly dizzy. Gradually I became aware that something soft and strange

was bumping against my knees and the portion of my legs that might be called "upper," having not quite graduated into thighs. At first I thought it had something to do with my partner's knees. But I couldn't fathom how he was doing it or why, or what gave his knees that padded, detached quality. He in turn began glancing downward uneasily and I realized that, in all probability, something was hitting him too.

Then, with a wave of horror, it dawned upon me what was happening. That mortifying safety pocket of mine had got swaying and was rhythmically and indiscriminately thudding first against my limbs, then against those of the mystified young man. It was all extremely awful and I began to wish fervently the boat would choose that moment in which to capsizes. Any explanation was out of the question. To confess that under my modest skirt I harbored such an object would have been like owning up to wearing a red-flannel union suit. There was no alternative but to say that I thought maybe I'd better stop now and he agreed with alacrity.

We left the dance floor somewhat abruptly and at the precise moment in which Emily and Mr. Blot also walked off, Mr. Blot was looking perplexed and Emily was red and seemingly on the verge of tears. It seems that Emily's sporrán too had caught the spirit of things and had likewise started booms-a-daisy-ing.

We excused ourselves in haste and fled to our cabin, where



**I kept looking up in the hope that some Prince Charming might be looking down.**



once and for all we divested our persons of those abominations. I often wonder if Mr. Blot and that toothy lad ever got together and if so what awful conclusions they could have reached.

Next morning at breakfast we were told that all passengers would be taken off on tenders and that we must be packed and ready to leave by noon, and by eight that evening the only palpable results of the idea were the fact that we were still sitting in our traveling clothes clinging to passports, handbags and forlorn hopes. Everyone was afraid to leave the vicinity of the purser's office, for fear of losing out on the latest rumor.

We waited and waited for hours. Then a Government boat came alongside and some C.P.O. officials boarded our derelict. They strode into the main saloon, spread a lot of lists and diagrams out on a table and announced they were there to book passages on whatever other ships might be sailing within the next few days—and all hell broke loose.

Eventually a near-panic was averted by some level-headed stewards who took it upon themselves to form us into line. It was a line so long it had to double back on itself a number of times, and since each person fortunate enough to gain the desk took at least fifteen minutes to adjust his or her tickets, it moved with the celerity of a very old glacier.

It seemed needless for both of us to suffocate, so we decided to take ten-minute turns, one holding the place in the line and the other going out on deck for air. The system revived us to a certain degree, but after two hours we were still removed from our goal by several laps. Our hopes dwindled.

The clock pointed to eleven-thirty. It was my turn to hold our place, Emily's to be relieved. And that she should have been relieved at that particular time is just one more manifestation of the fact that things happen to Emily which never happen to anyone else. At the instant she emerged from the saloon onto the upper deck there came from down over the side the sound of a heavy splash and a moment later the voice of the watch calling out the colorful words, "Man overboard!" Then a second voice, less colorful but more practical, shouted, "Throw him a deck chair."

Emily rushed to secure one. It was heavy and awkward. Bits of it kept opening out, pinching her hands and ankles. She managed to drag the unwieldy object to the rail, however, and with herculean effort heaved it to the top and pushed.

There was a crack like the sound of a torpedo you whang on the sidewalk on the Fourth of July. She leaned over the railing and peered down. A searchlight was now flashing from the bridge. It was all too clear what had happened. She had landed her missile squarely on the top of the man's head.

From the general buzz of conversation I gathered what had happened and in a flash of intuition I suspected Emily of having some unfortunate connection with it. She was standing apart from the others, looking as if a deck chair had fallen on her too. I went right up to her and said in a low voice, "Did you do that?" Emily managed to gasp out "Yes" and I said, "Well, we'll just keep on walking."

Silently we walked around the deck, returned to the scene of the crime and with the expressions of Raphael's cherubs inquired what the commotion was about. Stealing myself, I asked if the man was dead. Emily couldn't speak and I thought we ought to know the worst. The reply was no, only unconscious. The doctor had administered first aid and he was going to be all right.

The Handy Twins lead the parade  
with proof that  
**PEPSODENT POWDER**  
makes teeth  
**TWICE AS BRIGHT**

HI! I'M CHARLENE:

...AND PEPSODENT  
MADE IT EASY TO  
KNOW I'M SHIRLEY!



"YOU MAY HAVE SEEN US...performing as drum majorettes...at the Chicago Bears' football games...or other places. You know we really do look a lot alike. When we made the tooth powder test, Mother suggested that Shirley be the one to use Pepsodent. I chose another leading brand."



"IT SURE TURNED OUT to be a swell suggestion...for Shirley! While her teeth had never been quite as bright as mine, after she used Pepsodent her teeth became easily *twice as bright!* Mother was so impressed she immediately switched to Pepsodent and could hardly wait 'til I did."

**HANDY TWINS TEST AND CONFIRM THIS FACT:**  
INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS FOUND NO OTHER DENTIFRICE THAT COULD MATCH THE HIGH LUSTRE PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT. BY ACTUAL TEST, PEPSODENT PRODUCES A LUSTRE **TWICE AS BRIGHT** AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS!

"Two Cheers!  
Pepsodent  
leads the  
parade  
with us!"



For the safety of your smile...  
use Pepsodent twice a day...  
see your dentist twice a year!



Remembering we hadn't yet secured our passage on another ship, we returned to the saloon, which by now was deserted except for an unfeeling purser's assistant who told us the agents had disposed of the last inch of space on every available ship and we'd have to wait till we got to Quebec to see what the main office could do for us. We went to bed feeling, considering we were on a crowded vessel, strangely marooned.

### We Proceed in Reverse

When the tide came in at three A.M., with a heave and a wallow which brought Emily out of the upper berth and onto my face, the Montcalm lifted off the rocks and slowly, at an angle like an invalid with a droop to one side, and with a bevy of attendant little tugs fussing, nosing and encouraging her, began staggering downstream.

It looked as if we were going to reach Quebec, after all. Then arose the question of what was to become of us, once we had reached it. No one told us anything except that there was apparently no room for us anywhere. We might have to stay in Quebec for days and that wasn't our idea of a trip abroad.

Then suddenly, blessedly, I remembered that near Quebec was a tiny French-Canadian village called Les Eboulements where Miss Mary spent her summers. Heavenly, incredible Miss Mary! Her other name was Mrs. Charles B. Dudley and she hailed from the Main Line (Philadelphia to some, perhaps). She was my mother's most intimate friend.

I sent her a wireless saying we were barely making port on a rapidly sinking vessel and were about to be turned loose on the streets of Quebec without a

passage to our name and was there anything she could do about it? By noon the Plains of Abraham hove in view and by way of distraction we tried to recall our history and wondered lugubriously if it was Montcalm or Wolfe who perished there. We had received no answering message from Miss Mary.

All passengers left the ship the moment the gangplank was down, and I may say they left more in the traditional manner of rats than of human beings. Then out of the gloom there burst upon us the vision of a C.P.O. official. He came right up to us and informed us that we were the two young ladies he was out to get, and as he was quite handsome and distinguished that was all right by us too. We were to go at once to that swank hostelry, the Chateau Frontenac, and stay there at the company's expense until the Empress of France sailed in eight days. The other ships were small and overcrowded, and by waiting we'd get better accommodations on a luxury liner for the same fare. We must of course say nothing to the other passengers about it.

Someone had come to our rescue. We had an impulse to fling our arms about that official's well-tailored shoulders and sob "Daddy," but we were afraid it might make him change his mind.

Just then a boy approached us with a telegram. It was that long-awaited message from Miss Mary. She couldn't get to Quebec that day because it was Sunday and the trains didn't run, but she'd be there in the morning and we were not to worry.

### Miss Mary to the Rescue

Early next morning Miss Mary sailed into our room like a rescuing battleship,

and at the sight of her we shed our sophistication like a pair of shoes that have been pinching for days. All our pent-up emotions of the last forty-eight hours gave way and we collapsed onto her turreted bosom and howled because it had all been so awful and we were so glad to see her again—albeit before that moment Emily had never set eyes on her. She later told us we were the dampest pair of adventuresses anyone had ever encountered. Wonderful, overwhelming Miss Mary!

The Empress of France was a beautiful vessel and even our minimum-fare quarters seemed spacious. Miss Mary toured us about the ship, introduced us to the purser and first officer in a manner that implied we had just passed our mid-years at an institute for the feeble-minded, and gave us a lot of advice for young ladies traveling alone. She particularly stressed the point that nice girls never let themselves be conspicuous. We must be careful not to create the "wrong impression." A very politic move, she said, would be for us to single out a few nice older women and make friends with them.

Politely, but without much enthusiasm, we told her we would. She kissed us good-by and went down the gangplank in the manner of a dreadnaught being launched. On the dock she turned and waved and then shouted in her wonderful Main Line accent, "Don't forget, girls, get close to some nice women!" Which shamed us as profoundly as it fascinated all near-by passengers, who eyed us as if we might prove to be a light-fingered team and Miss Mary our boss who was giving us some last-minute instructions in code.

THE END

Next month: More highlights from the forthcoming book by these authors, under the same title, which is to be published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

## Mrs. Parkington (Continued from page 41)

job, farming and leading his warm, solid existence with a dull healthy wife.

She thought: I must be getting old, wandering into the past. And she was aware that James was rising. He looked handsome but fragile. He seemed to have flowered and gone to seed in futility.

"I'll go with you to the door," she said, and they went out together.

"It has been very nice seeing you," he said. "You were always a wonderful woman. You still are."

"Thank you, James. Good-by again, and good luck."

She stood at the top of the three low steps until the door closed behind him. Then she went back to the sitting room, thinking how extraordinary it was that James had not changed at all. He was the same James, older and more tired, whom she had known at Sandringham, in London, at Monte Carlo. It was she who had changed.

When Amory came in, Mrs. Parkington noticed that his eyes were bloodshot. "Good evening, Amory," she said. "I'm just having coffee. Would you like some?" "No, thanks, Granny. But I could do with a glass of brandy."

She pushed the bell, flushing. Nothing irritated her so much as to have Amory call her Granny—a great, stupid man patronizing her!

Taylor brought the brandy and poured a glass for Amory.

Mrs. Parkington said, "Don't disturb us, Taylor. If anyone calls, take the message." As the door closed behind him, she told Amory, "Janie was here this afternoon, and Uncle Henry."

"I haven't seen Janie since the Christmas party," Amory said. "She's never at home any more."

He poured a second glass of brandy. Then he leaned against the yellow marble mantelpiece to steady himself. His elbow touched the Dresden shepherdess and slowly pushed it over the edge.

The shepherdess struck the marble slab and shattered, and Mrs. Parkington cried, "Oh, Amory, how could you?"

What she saw in the movement of the crash was not the death of the shepherdess, but the death of her mate the shepherd, which had been shattered long ago in the house on Thirty-fourth Street. The shepherd had not been thrust to destruction by a drunken man, but hurled across the ballroom by a man who was nearly insane with fury.

She had said almost the same words to the Major, "Oh, Gus, how could you?"

Aspasie Conti was in the room and Harriette Thornton and Mrs. Manson Mingott, an eccentric who had the advantages both of blue blood and enormous wealth, and Gus had shouted, "I'll be damned if I'll take it lying down!"

In Harriette's eyes there was a look of shock and alarm; but in the eyes of Aspasie and Mrs. Manson Mingott there was a bright look, such as comes into women's eyes at the sight of an angry man whose anger is not directed at them. As the shepherdess fell, the scene of sixty years earlier returned in utter clarity.

The shepherd and shepherdess had been a pair until Gus had smashed the shepherd. Susie had admired them in Tiffany's window, and the Major had presented them to her on her birthday. And

now Gus had shattered the poor shepherd.

She heard Mrs. Manson Mingott say, "You shouldn't have done that, Gus. The evening has already been bad enough for poor Susie. You should have considered her condition."

Then she felt Gus' arms about her and heard his voice, the rage melted out of it, saying, "I'm sorry, sparrow. Forgive me. I'll buy you ten shepherds tomorrow, only don't cry. It wasn't you I was angry at."

"Take her to bed," said Mrs. Manson Mingott, and Gus had led her out of the ballroom past the dining room, where the men from Delmonico's were putting into big wicker panniers all the rich food which had not been eaten by the guests who had not come.

At the foot of the stairs Gus picked her up and carried her. Halfway up the stairs, he stopped and kissed her throat. Then he said, "They'll pay for it, sparrow! They'll pay for it!"

"No, Gus. You mustn't feel like that," she whispered. "I didn't cry because of that. It was because I'm tired."

He did not answer her, but carried her the rest of the way up the stairs and laid her on the double bed of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Then he called her maid, an Alsatian girl named Thérèse, and said to her, "Will you see that madam is put to bed at once." He kissed Susie again and when he had gone Thérèse helped Susie out of Madame de Thèbes' white satin, and then Susie went into the next room to look at the children. Alice was sleeping with one hand thrown across her face, her straight dark hair rolled in the *bigoudis* which produced the sausalike curls the nurse



thought fashionable. Herbert lay on his side, his face pressed into the pillow, his blond curls damp.

Susie stood longer at the side of Herbert, because he was beautiful and the sight of him always brought a pang. Alice was a nice child, docile and good, but she was sallow and dark, without the radiance of her small brother. Susie admitted these things in the darkness, secretly, but in the daylight she always treated Alice as if she were a beauty.

What went on belowstairs she did not know until years afterward, when Mrs. Manson Mingott told her just before she died in her marble house on Fifty-seventh Street. And even then, Susie was able to reconstruct the scene, because she knew the participants so well.

After they had dispatched Harriette Thornton to her invalid father in the Parkington brougham, the Major and Mrs. Manson Mingott and Aspasia went into the gold sitting room and sat down with bottles of iced champagne.

In the hearts of the three there was fury. In the heart of Aspasia was the fury of a baffled performer. She had expected to read before a fashionable audience, the cream of New York society, and on the gold chairs after dinner she had found herself confronted by thirty or forty stockbrokers, speculators, politicians and their wives; not one of them understood a word of the sonorous passages of Racine or the wit of Molière.

She was enraged too because the *bourgeoisie* had insulted her darling Susie. Many of them had refused the invitations. That was understandable. But most of them had accepted; then failed to appear. The ones who had come were the "wrong people," friends of the Major whom he had insisted upon inviting.

Opposite Aspasia, in purple velvet and diamonds, Mrs. Manson Mingott enjoyed a special fury of her own. At heart, Mrs. Manson Mingott was a tyrant and a dictator. She was furious now because by the insult to Gus and Susie Parkington she too had been insulted. Susie was Mrs. Mingott's protégée, partly because Susie was pretty and charming, but more because Susie's husband was a challenge. Mrs. Manson Mingott enjoyed challenges, and she had made up her mind that she would "put over" the Parkingtons.

It was not wise to cross Mrs. Manson Mingott if you wished to survive. She had immense power, and she was aware of it. It was compounded of many things. She had great wealth, born of the original fortune of a grandfather who dealt in cattle. She managed it admirably and was not above investing in ventures with Major Parkington, whose touch appeared to turn everything into profits.

But she had more than wealth: she had an impeccable position, with an ancestry on her grandmother's side studded with Van Rensselaers and Suydams.

She had a marble house far uptown on Fifty-seventh Street—within sight of squatters and their goats. She had lived much abroad, and when ambassadors and princes and dukes came to flatter the middle-class snobbery of her fellow citizens, they stayed with Mrs. Manson Mingott. She would have preferred living in Paris or Rome, but two things held her back: one was her greed for money and the other a deep-rooted patriotism which she concealed almost shyly. She had an idea, indeed a kind of mission, that she could civilize New Yorkers. She would say, "By God, I'll civilize them if it's the last thing I do!"

This, then, was Mrs. Manson Mingott, a free woman unhampered by conventions, who now sat with Aspasia and the Major. While she listened to their conversation, she was compiling a list of



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those who had defied her espousal of the Parkingtons and who would never again enter the doors of her house.

The Major said little, but he too was making lists of names, checking over those who had come and resolving he would never forget them—the politicians, the hangers-on, the speculators. Without even knowing it, a dozen men were started that night on their way to becoming rich men. Augustus Parkington was not a man to forget either a friend or an enemy.

It was for Susie that he suffered most, not understanding that Susie did not care; that she would have preferred not to give a ball; that in her heart she did not even like the big house.

In the morning after the Major had gone away, Susie felt suddenly ill, and Harriette sent for Dr. Westbrook. But by the time he arrived it was too late to do anything. Susie lost her third baby and for a long time afterward was very ill.

When she was well enough, the Major took a summer house for her in Long Branch. It was a small, pleasant place near the sea, and Susie was happy there with the children and the nurse.

The Major came down on Friday and stayed until Tuesday. Sometimes during the week Aspasia came down.

Harriette did not come down, since she could not leave her father. He knew now about her connection with Major Parkington, and he had become reconciled to it, because it meant that he lived almost in luxury in a new flat and no longer had to write rich relatives to remind them that their contributions to his upkeep were overdue. Major Parkington took care of everything, lavishly.

The time passed lazily. The city seemed far away, like something Susie had dreamed. At last she even ceased looking at the newspapers, although Aspasia could not pass a day without reading her journal. That was how Susie came to hear about Radnor Beaumont's suicide.

Susie and Aspasia had been sitting under a big parasol while the nurse and children walked along the edge of the surf collecting shells, and when Aspasia read the headline, the name Radnor Beaumont meant little more to Susie at first than the dim image of a big heavy man with gray hair and a pompous manner and his tall thin wife whom she had met at one of Mrs. Manson Mingott's soirées. She remembered them as a disagreeable couple, to whom the Major had presented her with pride.

Aspasia went on reading. Aspasia had clearly hoped that the suicide was *une affaire passionnelle*, and when she discovered that it had only to do with money the interest went out of her voice. Radnor Beaumont had inherited a large part of his wealth and influence, and so, like most conservatives, he had been a careful man. The news that he had plunged and that he was a bankrupt was probably more shocking to his friends than his suicide. He had hanged himself in his house on Fifth Avenue.

Aspasia folded the newspaper and looked out at the sea. When she did not speak for a long time Susie glanced at the strong fierce profile, and in a swift wave of intuition, she thought: Aspasia is thinking that Radnor Beaumont was one of those who accepted for dinner and the ball and did not appear.

Presently Aspasia said, "I did not like him. He was a vulgar, provincial man who put on airs."

Two days later a letter came from Mrs. Manson Mingott. She was at Newport and she thought it might be a good idea for Susie to leave the children and come to Newport for a visit. She was certain

Gus would not object; in fact, she had discussed it with him, when they had met recently at a directors' meeting.

Susie did not go to Newport. She answered that while she could think of nothing more enjoyable, the doctor advised against it.

She did not like the idea of the friendship between Gus and Mrs. Mingott. It was not that she was physically jealous of Mrs. Mingott; Susie was not by nature a jealous woman, and it would have been preposterous to suppose that the Major could find anything physical to admire in a war horse like Malvina Mingott.

Her jealousy was of another kind—because she divined that Gus talked to Mrs. Mingott about politics and railroads and mines and banks, and never mentioned such things to his own wife. And her instinct told her that they were bad

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for each other because they were too much alike—ruthless, willful and contemptuous of others.

Susie was thinking of all these things for the thousandth time one morning as she watched the two children playing in the sand, when Aspasia began again to read aloud from her newspaper. There had been, it seemed, an epidemic of failures in New York. Radnor Beaumont was the first, and three other firms had followed in quick succession. The partners of one of them, William Bradish and Alister Alsop, had been arrested. More arrests would probably follow. Again when she had finished reading, Aspasia folded her paper and looked out to sea, and again Susie remembered that Bradish and Alsop were among those who had not come to the ball.

Then for the first time a fantastic suspicion came to Susie. She asked suddenly, "What are you thinking, Aspasia?"

The Frenchwoman replied, "I'm thinking what a remarkable man your husband is. He should have been a general like Bonaparte."

When they arrived home from the beach, there was a telegram from New York on the table in the hall. It was from Harriette Thornton. It read: "Am arriving by afternoon train. Hope it will not inconvenience you but need is urgent."

Susie and Aspasia drove to the station and brought Harriette to the house. She was tremulous and full of apology.

"I know Aspasia will forgive me if I don't say why I have come. I would not have troubled you, but it was so important. It is something secret." She laid a gloved hand on Aspasia's hand and said, "You will forgive me, won't you?"

"Of course," said Aspasia politely, but Susie knew curiosity was devouring her.

Inside the house, Susie led Harriette to her own bedroom, to freshen up, but Harriette could not even wait for that. The moment the door was closed she said, "It is a great favor I have to ask."

Susie said, "What is it, Harriette?"

"It's about my cousin, Goodhue Warren. He came to the flat last night. He was intoxicated, and he said that if I could not help him there was only one thing to do and that was to kill himself. Goodhue is a very respectable man. I never saw him like that before. He said he knew I was a friend of yours. I hope he was not exaggerating. He said that whether or not he killed himself was entirely in the hands of Major Parkington."

"How could that be?" asked Susie.

"I'm afraid I don't understand myself," said Harriette. "I'm not very good about things that have to do with money. But it seems that Goodhue's firm is in great difficulty, and the Major could save it and Goodhue. It is a very good firm, old and well-established. I have never seen Goodhue in such a state before. He said he had appealed to Major Parkington, but the Major had refused to help him. There is not much time, Goodhue said." Harriette had neither the tact nor the intelligence of Aspasia, and now she plunged full into the fire. "I know Goodhue and his wife did not come to the party, but I think he meant to come. He said Esther—that's his wife—was ill in bed. I think he was telling the truth."

Susie said quickly, "I'm sure all this has nothing to do with whether they came to the party or not, Harriette. The Major isn't like that. I'll explain it to him as best I can. I'm sure he'll know more about it than either of us."

"You're very good to me," said Harriette. "You are really an angel, Susie."

"Never mind that. Will you spend the night?"

"No, I couldn't do that. Father will be expecting me. There's a train to New York tonight, isn't there?"

"There's a train at six-ten. Aspasia is going back on it. If you'd like to stay, we'd be delighted to have you."

"No. I'll go back with Aspasia." Suddenly Harriette began to cry. "I love you and the Major so much," she said. "Your kindness has made all the difference to Father and me."

"It's nothing," said Susie. "There is just time for you to have tea. Come along."

She held the door open and followed Harriette out. She knew now that her suspicion was true. Gus had deliberately set about ruining the people who had humiliated them. He had been responsible for Radnor Beaumont's suicide and the arrest of Bradish and Alsop. And now there was Goodhue Warren and many others. And in the background was Mrs. Mingott. Between them, they had planned this revenge. The knowledge made her violently ill.

After Aspasia and Harriette had gone to the train Susie went to her own room and lay on the bed preparing what she would say when the Major arrived.

She heard the carriage come into the driveway, heard the Major open the hall door, and still she thought: He cannot be like that! Harriette must be crazy! Always she was glad when he returned and was at the door to kiss him, but tonight she could not bring herself to meet him, because she experienced a curious feeling of shame, as if she had been involved in something disgraceful.

Then she heard his voice calling, "Susie! Where are you?"

She rose and opened the bedroom door and said, "Here I am, Gus."

He came up the stairs three steps at a time, but when he saw her, something in her face chilled him, and he stopped and said, "What's the matter, sparrow?"

She sat down on the bed, confused and unhappy. "Something happened. Harriette was here. She told me about Goodhue Warren—and all the others."



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## DURING WARTIME SHORTAGE OF RUBBER PARTS!

He sat down and looked at her with a coldness she had never before encountered in him. "So Harriette has been telling tales!" he said.

"No. She didn't come for that. She came to ask me to ask you a favor—not to ruin her cousin. She said it was entirely in your hands, and that her cousin would kill himself like Radnor Beaumont if you didn't help him."

"Goodhue Warren won't kill himself. He hasn't the guts. The worst he could do would be to drink himself to death." The contempt in her husband's voice was like ice. After a moment he said, "Do you know what you are talking about?"

"No. Only what I've been told and what I guessed. You never let me know anything. I'm not a fool, Gus. I've plenty of brains. That's the only thing I've ever resented—that you've always treated me like a fool in these things."

"Business has nothing to do with women. It's ugly."

"But Mrs. Mingott—"

"Mrs. Manson Mingott is not a woman. She's much smarter than most men. Tell me, what is it you guessed?"

"That you ruined a score of men because they didn't come to a ball we gave—and caused one man to kill himself."

"Yes," he said, "that's true. People can't do a thing like that to my wife."

"But that's not all the story. There's much more to it. Those men would have ruined me just as ruthlessly. They were trying to do it, but they weren't strong enough. They weren't clever enough. I can tell you one thing—if they had succeeded I wouldn't have hanged myself. I'd have made another fortune and got them in the end. They weren't only my enemies; they were the enemies of the whole country as well."

Susie could not imagine what he meant, but she was aware of a change in his manner. The anger was gone; he was calm and serious.

"Do you know what this country is?" he asked. "It's the biggest thing there has ever been on this earth! It's got everything. Did you ever think about the coal, the oil, the mines, the fertile soil, the forests? There aren't ten people in this country who understand what this nation can become. It needs big men to build it up—not men like Radnor Beaumont and Goodhue Warren. They're New Yorkers and small-town men."

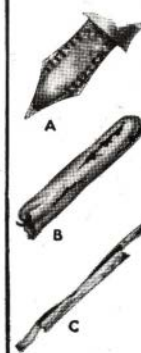
"Why, they've never even *seen* this country! What can men like that know about a place like Leaping Rock? What can they know about the West, when they stick around New York and worry about whose parties they should go to or not go to? Do you know where they made their money? They inherited most of it, and it didn't even take much brains on the part of their fathers and grandfathers to make it. They just sat and watched their land turn into money because other people developed businesses and made it valuable for them."

"Always remember one thing, Susie: that the people who inherit money are always the tightest with it. They're afraid that if they lose it they'll never be able to make it again. That's why Radnor Beaumont hanged himself—because he knew in his heart that once he was ruined there wasn't any coming back."

The Major stood up and began walking up and down. "Those men were trying to run the country—this wonderful country they didn't know anything about. They were trying to make it into a closed corporation for themselves."

He whirled about suddenly. "They'd have ruined the country! They'd have let it stagnate! All they wanted was to keep it for themselves. They wanted to stop all progress; to keep it the small

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tight world they'd always known. They had to go, just as all such people all through history have to go. There's a new world coming, a world so big most people can't even understand it, and it needs men who can take chances and think big—big as the valley at Leaping Rock. This tight little world is busting open. There are men who are big enough to break it wide open and make it into something: Gould and Harriman and Vanderbilt and a lot of others—and me. In another twenty-five years all the Goodhue Warrens and Radnor Beaumonts will be living on back streets if they won't learn!"

Susie was dazzled by his eloquence and the look of fire in his blue eyes. She had never thought of him like this. She began to understand many things.

"It happened to work two ways. It killed two birds with one stone—because it killed off a lot of birds who were rude to you. You see? I'm sorry you thought me so small that I'd do something like that just out of revenge."

"I didn't—really, I didn't know."

"We're set now. The world belongs to us. I'll take care of Goodhue Warren," he added, "if it means so much to Harriette. I'll leave him with enough to live on, but not enough to be dangerous."

"Thank you, Gus. I'll telegraph Harriette." And then, out of curiosity, Susie asked, "And Mrs. Mingott?"

"What do you mean—Mrs. Mingott?"

"Was she in on it?"

"Yes. She's one of the ones who understand how big this country is." He grinned. "Remember she always said, 'I'll civilize 'em or know the reason why!' Do you understand, and will you forgive me?"

"Yes, Gus." He kissed her, and for the moment she forgot all her anxieties.

In the moment Mrs. Parkington stood watching Amory clumsily trying to pick up the pieces of the shattered shepherdess, it had all come back to her—the painful memory of the ball and the figures of Aspasia and Harriette, Mrs. Mingott and the Major.

She said, "Let it go, Amory. Taylor will clear it away later."

Relieved, Amory said, "I'm very sorry, Granny. I don't know how it happened."

The word "Granny" infuriated her again, but she said, "I think some coffee would help you." She poured a cup and carried it over to him.

He drank it, and she said gently, "You wanted to talk to me. What about?"

"It's about the money," he said. "You told me that you would consider lending it if I explained all the circumstances." "Yes. That's right."

He was silent for a moment, staring into space. At last he said, without looking at her. "You never liked me much, did you?"

"No, Amory. Although it wasn't exactly dislike. I thought you were the wrong person for Helen and wrong in our family. I did not think you and Helen loved each other enough to make up for that."

"Maybe you were right."

"Let's not bother with that," she said. "It's all water under the bridge. What do you want this money for?"

He said bluntly, "To pay back what I have stolen."

"Why did you do it? You had plenty of money. You knew there was more in the background. You had only to wait until I died."

"All that hasn't much to do with why I did it. I wanted to make more money. I wanted to be successful."

"What I did wasn't really wrong," Amory continued, "I used clients' securities as collateral on loans. It's been done many times before, by people we all know in Wall Street. If things had

gone as I expected, there wouldn't have been any trouble. I'd have replaced it all. But the government began to pry into the books. It's the interference of the government that has ruined everything," he was saying. "It's killed our business. It's made it impossible to operate."

It was a curious point of view, leading nowhere but backward. He did not feel guilty of wrongdoing, because he was Amory Stilham and a broker!

She asked, "How much do you need?"

"About seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

She caught her breath. "That is a great deal of money. If I gave it to you, Amory, it would have to come out of Helen's share. Does she agree to that?"

"She knows nothing about it."

"There is another thing. If I gave it to you to pay back your clients, would it stop the whole thing?"

"I don't know."

"How soon would this have to be done?"

"As soon as possible. It's about to come before the grand jury."

"Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"I hoped to get money from partners and friends and hush the thing up."

"And they didn't give it to you?"

"No. A lot of them didn't have it, with all the new taxes and restrictions."

"And if the thing can't be stopped?"

"I shall have to stand trial."

"And then?"

"If they find me guilty . . ." He looked away from her without finishing the sentence, and she felt a sudden chill come over her whole body. "Prison" was what he had not said. She had felt the same awful chill years ago when a reform campaign and the law had nearly caught Gus, and they had had to live out of New York State for a whole year while he bribed himself out of the hole.

Bribery! That was how Gus had done it. He had bought his way out. Perhaps it could be done now, half a century later. She was not afraid for herself—she was beyond being touched by scandal; nor was she afraid for Amory. What happened to him was of no importance. It was only for the sake of Janie and her young man!

She said, "I shall have to talk to Judge Everett before I can do anything. Does he know anything about it?"

"I don't know."

"He mentioned the possibility of some kind of trouble to Alice."

The color came into Amory's face. The hatred between the duchess and Amory was of long standing. "Why did he tell her, of all people?"

"I don't know."

"When can I have an answer? It must be quick or it will be too late to do any good. Once it's in the papers they'll all be after me, just because I'm Amory Stilham and in Wall Street."

Calmly Mrs. Parkington said, "That has nothing to do with it, Amory. It's exactly as if you were a bank clerk who stole money out of the till to gamble with at the races."

He looked at her in astonishment. "I don't see any likeness at all. I'm a respectable businessman with background and connections."

There was no use trying to make him understand, so she asked, "Are you going to tell Helen and the children?"

"If it can be settled, there will be no need to tell anyone." Bitterness corroded his voice. "Sometimes lately I think nothing that happened to me would matter much to the children. They're like strangers to me."

She did not deny this. She only said, "If I can arrange this I want only one promise—that I'm to be allowed to tell



Janie. Now I think the best thing for you would be to go home and get some sleep."

"I don't sleep."  
"And Helen?"

"She doesn't sleep either. She hasn't slept for months." He rose and asked, "Could I have another glass of brandy? It's the only thing that keeps me going."  
"Of course; but I wouldn't depend on it." As he poured the drink she added, "The Major always had a remarkable rule. When things were going well, he could and did drink many a man under the table. When things went badly, he never drank anything at all."

Amory drained the glass and said, "The Major was a remarkable man. I could never hope to emulate him." He said this without sarcasm.

"The Major was a remarkable man, Amory," Mrs. Parkington agreed, "but in many ways not admirable. I should advise you against emulating his morals."

He looked at her, shocked by her honesty. "But you were devoted to him."

"I was devoted only to a part of him. I felt only contempt for the rest. I have never said that before. I wanted you to know. He caused much tragedy through his ambition. That is unforgivable in anyone." But she knew she was getting beyond his depth, and she drew back. "If you don't mind, I'll go to bed. I'll need a lot of strength for tomorrow."

He flushed. "Of course. I'm sorry. But before I go there's one thing I'd like to say. It's about Janie. I wish you could persuade her to stop seeing this young man she's lost her head over."

"What's wrong with him? He seems very nice."

"He hasn't anything to offer her. Besides, it's very embarrassing for me. He was the one who uncovered the trouble."

"But I thought she met him in your house, Amory."

??

### Family Quiz Answers BROTHER

(Questions on page 12)

1. Semper Fidelis. (Always faithful.)
2. Ulysses S. Grant.
3. It is a gun with a Y-shaped arm used to fire double discharges of depth bombs.
4. Tin.
5. A huge fish found off the coast of Lower California.
6. A small opening through which water drains overboard from the deck of a boat.
7. A featherweight. A bantamweight is not more than 118 lbs.; a featherweight is not more than 126 lbs.
8. A brace is two, a leash three.
9. It is the trace left by a vessel in the water.
10. Fishing.
11. A nymph.
12. Aluminum.

Questions accepted from Katherine Caldwell, Fort Morgan, Colo.; Sam Chase, Newburyport, Mass.; Miss L. Methot, Toronto, Can.; Mrs. J. J. Ladner, Warren, Pa.; Carol Crain, Pasadena, Calif.; Melvin Calif, Muskegon Hts., Mich.; Mrs. Clair Pettit, Roseburg, Ore.; Margarette N. Pease, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Laura L. Peck, Minter, Ala.; Diane de Bonneval, Yonkers, N. Y.

??

"That's true. He did come out for a week end. I wanted to see whether there was some way of inducing him to call the thing off before he found out too much."

"Was there?" she asked bluntly.

"No. He's a damned fanatic."

She smiled and moved toward the bell to summon Taylor. Amory followed her, and a moment before Taylor appeared

he said, "You have been very good and understanding. Thank you."

"I'll do all I can, Amory."

Then Taylor came in, and Amory said good night and left. Taylor said, "Judge Everett telephoned, madam. He said he would call again in the morning."

"Thank you, Taylor, and good night."

She went out thinking: If he called, it must be bad enough for him to offer to help. In any case, he knows. It will save me the trouble of having to explain.

She did not go to sleep at once. Her mind went round and round like a carousel, always returning to this ugly business of Amory's.

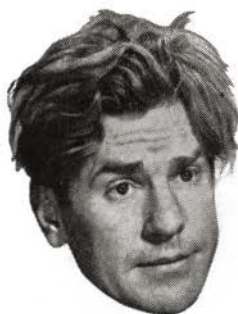
She began to plan her day. She would see Judge Everett and find out how serious the whole thing was, and after that she would get in touch with Janie's young man and have a talk with him. She would try anything to get Amory out of the mess—not for his sake, but for Janie's.

And as she fell asleep she remembered Judge Everett as the first man whom she had ever heard openly defy the Major. It was when he had come to Newport as a young lawyer to see the Major about the Consolidated Mills business.

After dinner, while the two men sat in the next room having their cigars and brandy and she worked at her needlepoint, she overheard fragments of their conversation. And, listening, she discovered an admiration for the young man who dared defy a man so powerful as the Major, who might make or break him.

Toward the end she heard the young lawyer say, "I'll have nothing to do with the whole affair, and I'll advise my firm not to touch it! There are some limits, and I think, sir, that you have passed them in this business." Then the Major said something she could not hear, and she heard the young man saying, "Some day there will be a reckoning. It may

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not happen in your time, but it is certain to come, and when it comes it will be very nearly a revolution against you and all your kind."

Then she heard the Major say, "You talk like an anarchist, young man, but there may be something in what you say."

Then she had slipped out to the piazza overlooking the sea, and when they came into the room where she had been sitting, she made an innocent entrance from the piazza as if she had been there all the time and had heard nothing. But the young lawyer seemed a new man to her, and she thought: If I had married someone like that it would have been better in spite of everything, and Alice wouldn't be marrying a week from now a dissolute man who wants her money as much as she wants to be a duchess.

She marked the young man then, thinking: If Gus dies before me, I shall take him as my lawyer. It will make me feel respectable again. And now, as she fell asleep, she remembered the speech about the revolution. It had happened too late to capture the Major; it had caught instead his grandson-in-law, who was only a pitiful imitation of the old Titan.

When the judge telephoned in the morning about ten o'clock, he said that he had something serious to discuss with her, and at once she said, "I know what it is. Amory was here last night."

The judge appeared at eleven-thirty. He was a tall, thin man with white hair and a white mustache and rosy skin; he carried himself very erect, with an air of pride. In this Mrs. Parkington thought him justified, since he had been an Ambassador and a Cabinet member, but above all, he had led an honorable life and done much good. Always, even as far back as the night she had overheard him facing down the Major, there had been a kind of secret understanding between them. When they were together, they could go directly to the heart of anything, without preliminaries. That was why she did not dread his visit now, but welcomed it.

She said, "This business of Amory is pretty bad."

"I'm afraid it is."

"I don't know how bad it is or whether anything can be done. He seems vague about the whole business. I might as well explain my side of the situation." She picked up one of the dogs and continued, "I'll be frank. I've never admired Amory."

"I think that's been apparent to a good many people." The judge smiled.

**Next Month: Mrs. Parkington's courage proves equal to any situation**

**The Return of Hiram Holliday (Continued from page 72)**

mouth, sending him staggering backwards. He put out his left hand to save himself, and cried out with pain. There was a sizzling noise and the sharp odor of burned flesh.

Lovejoy's drunken anger left him. His long face looked frightened as he said, "Aw, pal, I didn' mean nothin'." He stopped and stared.

It was Hiram who was swaying now. Slowly he brought his left hand from behind him and held it out into a patch of light where the printer could see it. Palm and wrist were seared.

"There's a hot lead pot, Ike," Hiram said quietly.

The printer stared. "Gosh, pal! It's my own machine. I didn' shut 'er down when I quit and they gimme the heave-o. Say, pal, I didn' mean—"

"Will you set type for me, Ike?"

"Certainly it has been to me."

"He was always arrogant without having anything to be arrogant about. However, that has nothing to do with the present situation. The point is that I want to do whatever I can to help. Above all, I should like to hush it up before it gets out. It is not a question of money. I'm prepared for that. If paying back the whole amount will help, I'm perfectly willing."

There was no need of going into detail with the judge. He was her lawyer. He knew how enormous was her wealth.

He said, "I don't know, Susie, how far it has gone or whether it can be mended. Until now, it has been officially none of my business. What I know I have only heard through channels which are not exactly public. However, it is beginning to get around." He pulled out his wallet and took a newspaper clipping from it, which he handed to her. The clipping was from a gossip column, and read:

Keep watch for a scandal concerning money in which one of New York's richest, most prominent clubmen with powerful connections is involved. If worst comes to worst, he may have to join some of our other financiers up the river.

As she came to the end she felt sick. Trying to control herself, she said, "Do you read the gossip columns regularly?"

"I read everything. I discovered long ago that it was the best way to understand this fantastic country of ours."

"Whose securities has Amory used?"

"I don't know all the names. Some you will know. They are friends of yours."

"In a way, that makes it worse. What do you advise me to do?"

"Sit tight. If anything can be done, I should be able to manage it."

There was a knock at the door, and when she answered it, Taylor came in, "It is Mrs. Sanderson's maid, madam," he said. "She wants to speak to you. It is urgent, she said."

Mrs. Parkington took up the telephone beside her and heard the hysterical voice of the maid: "There's something the matter with Mrs. Sanderson, madam. I can't waken her. She just lies there. She won't speak or open her eyes."

Mrs. Parkington said, "Call Dr. Thursday and ask him to come over at once. Put hot-water bottles at her feet and wrap her in blankets. I shall be right over."

She put down the telephone and said to the judge, "It's Alice. The maid can't waken her. She's been taking things to make her sleep and likely took too much."

"Ya can't write with a hand like that pal. You oughta see a doctor."

"I'll write. I'd write if they were both off at the wrists."

Lovejoy sat down at the keyboard of the linotype. The brass keys tinkled as he ran off a trial slug. "Gimme copy!" he said, and then, looking up at Hiram: "But if it don't work—"

"You can take it out of my hide," said Hiram. "Where's a machine?"

"Down at the end. There's a desk with a light."

"Okay. I'll get you started in ten minutes."

But it took more than ten minutes. Hiram's burned hand was an agony, yet he forced himself to use two of the fingers that would still move.

When he finally brought the first page over to Ike, the printer read it blearily,



then threw it on the floor, snarling, "Say, if you think I'm gonna—"

"Ike!" Lovejoy hardly recognized the man who stood over him. Surely it wasn't the mild-mannered reporter who had been a sucker for a ten-dollar bite a few hours ago! Drunk as Ike was, he could recognize the devil behind the steel-rimmed spectacles. "Get to work, damn you! Tell you I know what these words will do, and they're going to get hotter and tougher. Don't lose your nerve now, Ike. This is shot and shell. Remember when you were over there in 1917? Well, we're putting an enemy battery out of commission. Come on, soldier."

Lovejoy picked up the paper and rippled a line off the keyboard. He shook his head sadly. "Either I'm drunk or you're nuts, pal. Okay. Here goes. I'll find out which in the morning."

Hiram went back to his typewriter and wrote in a raging fever. He bawled the length of the room to Ike, "What's the name of that clerk at the hotel? I know he's in it. And the police chief and the city manager." Ike told him. Hiram wrote. He forgot his pain for the moment. "Libel. Pure libel," he murmured. "And no one's going to edit it. What a luxury!"

Ike strolled down to him. He said, "It's all off, pal. I just hadda idea. Wha's gonna happen when the first papers come off and the press crew gets a load of this?"

Hiram said, "Nothing's going to happen. This is going inside on page two. I know pressmen. They never read the paper. They just scan it for bad printing. We've got to make it up exactly like the old page. Here, take this one. This is the powder that's going to blow this plant sky-high, if it comes off. Set it in ten point, two-column box. For God's sakes, Ike, move. It's getting late!"

Driving himself, driving Ike, Hiram raced the clock. Headlines had to be hand-set, the old page two removed from the flat-bed press and copied for style. The make-up was a duel between them, Ike moving with aggravating deliberation, Hiram pressing, urging, cajoling, always with one eye on the moving hands of the electric clock. At six in the morning the pressmen would arrive.

Ike seemed to work more and more slowly as the deadline approached, a deadline such as Hiram had never faced before. Exasperated, forgetting everything but the necessity that drove him, Hiram picked up six inches of silvery type from the galley and laid them in the form.

Lovejoy laid down his make-up rule and said, "I quit. You touched type."

Too late, Hiram realized he had broken the cardinal composing-room taboo. "Ike, I'm sorry. You can't possibly get it done in time alone."

"Don't make no difference. You know union rules. You touched type. I quit. So long."

"Okay, Ike," said Hiram. "I guess you're right. Let's have a drink before you go."

"Sure, pal. No hard feelin's." Ike came back and produced the bottle. They had a drink and then two more. When they had another, Ike looked at the clock and said, "Five-thirty. Don't think we can make it, pal. Well, I still got time to smash her." He had forgotten that he was quitting.

They faced each other across the make-up stone. "Ike," said Hiram, "you listen to me. I know the kind of guy you are. You're a drunk and a bum and a no-good, but you love your country. You fought for it. You're a hero inside, Ike. You didn't care if you went to jail as

long as you smashed this place. But tomorrow when you sober up you'll be sorry all your life that you didn't finish this job."

Lovejoy picked up his make-up rule again. "Okay, pal; anything you say. Only we gotta hump. Here, take this." He fished into his wallet and produced a union card, which he handed to Hiram. "Now ya got a union card. Let's go."

They worked like two maniacs those remaining minutes, whipping the type and heads into the form, cutting, trimming, building the page to look as it had looked before. At ten minutes to six Ike was pounding the type level with block and wooden mallet. They rolled the form to the press, slid it in place, locked it.

Downstairs, they heard the door slam and feet on the iron stairs.

"There's a front way out!" Lovejoy said, picked up his stonemason's hammer and started to run. "Come on."

Hiram stopped just long enough to snatch up the type they had removed from the old page and dump it into the boiling pot of hot lead. Then he tore the file of new and old copy off the hook by the copy cutter's desk and ran after Ike.

Downstairs, they unlocked the front door from the inside. Dawn was breaking. A few men were in the street going to work. Hiram said, "We've got to get out without being seen. We'd better go separately."

"Okay, pal. Where you goin'?"

"Back to the hotel. I've got a date for breakfast." It was the first time Hiram had thought of Heidi since he had come to the plant. She would never know, but he could face her now.

Ike hefted his hammer. "Okay. But ya see this? If nothin' happens I'm comin' back tonight an' do the job right."

Hiram held out his hand. "You're a good guy, Ike."

Lovejoy took it. "Okay, brother. You got a lotta crackpot in you, but maybe you ain't so dumb. I'll be seein' you." He slipped out and was gone down the street swinging his hammer.

There was a sudden humming and rumbling. The building began to shake. Hiram looked up. The presses were rolling. He said a little prayer and went out too. He walked back to the hotel and went upstairs to his room.

At half past eight Heidi came down into the lobby. Hiram met her at the elevator. She looked pale and tired as though she had not slept much.

When she saw the bandage on Hiram's hand she gasped, "Hiram! What happened? You've hurt yourself."

Hiram waved the paw. "Bright, wasn't it? It isn't much. I scalded it turning on the shower last night. Wonderful things, hotel showers."

She looked at him curiously and started to speak, then changed her mind. They went into the Coffee Shoppe and sat at the same table they had occupied before, looking out on Main Street.

The room was crowded. There were more than a dozen soldiers eating there. The two Federal men were at their table. Outside, the street was filling with traffic and people hurrying to work.

Hiram was nervous. He ate awkwardly with one hand and kept staring out the window, saying little. He felt as though he were sitting on a volcano—one that might not erupt.

A truck drove by with "The American Freedom Cry" painted on its sides, stopped at the corner newsstand, dumped a bundle of papers and drove on. Simultaneously, newsboys appeared on the streets selling the paper.

One of them invaded the Coffee Shoppe. A dozen people bought copies, including three soldiers and the two Fed-

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eral men. Hiram motioned the boy over and extracted a nickel.

Heidi said, "Hiram, how can you bear to look at it?"

Hiram said nothing. His heart was pounding. He turned the page—and breathed a blessing. The pressmen had discovered nothing. Drunk or sober, Ike Lovejoy had done a job!

Now something was happening in the crowded Coffee Shop; something that made Heidi look up, and Hiram too. There was a stirring, an uneasy scraping of chairs, a raising of voices. A man got up quickly and ran out.

Suddenly one of the soldiers, a lanky boy, with a badger haircut and a broken nose, got up and said, "Son-of-a—!" and slammed his paper down on the table so that a cup bounced to the floor. Then he snatched up the paper again and said to a soldier at another table, "Ya seen that, buddy? Come on!" The other soldiers looked up as the two headed for the door. The boy who had spoken motioned to them. "Come on, soldiers. There's gonna be a little trouble!" All the soldiers got up as one man and followed him out.

A police car, its siren screaming, went tearing down the street.

There was a crash from the lobby and a confused murmuring. Strake and Benson, the two FBI men, arose quietly. Hiram heard one say, "That's it, Ben. Let's go."

On the way out, the man named Ben shifted his shoulder as though to get something there into position.

"Hiram," Heidi said, "What is it? What has that paper done?"

She thought she heard him say under his breath, "God is good." He was standing, and there was a curious light in his eyes. He looked down at her with a puzzling smile. "I—er—think the balloon is about to go up, Heidi," he said. "Let's go out and watch."

As they reached the lobby they were just in time to see a burly red-faced man step up to the desk, reach over and take Pelker the clerk by the collar. "Whick-smack, whick-smack!" Four times he smashed across Pelker's face with open palm and backhand. "That's for being a dirty spy!" he bellowed.

There were cries of "Atta boy, Al! Kick him out." The red-faced man hauled Pelker across the desk and booted him through the doorway.

Heidi took Hiram's arm. "I don't understand. What is happening? What did he do?"

Hiram replied, "He was just a little man who was playing at Gestapo."

A glimmer of the truth began to come to Heidi. "Oh, Hiram," she said, "they do still love freedom here in America. They will do something for it."

There was a stir at the elevator, which had just descended. The glass doors opened and a crowd poured out. In their midst were Strake and Benson, and towering above them, Marlham Snedeker, publisher of The American Freedom Cry. His face was pale and sweating, his forelock over his eyes. He was handcuffed to Benson. He looked thoroughly frightened. But he mistook the mob in the lobby and took courage from it for a moment, yanking on the chain.

"You can't do this to me! I tell you I didn't write that stuff in the paper this morning. I never saw it before. I'm innocent!"

Strake said curtly, "We don't care who wrote it, Snedeker. You published it. You can tell it to the grand jury."

There was a forward surge of the mob packing the lobby. A voice cried, "There he is, the traitor! Get him."

Other voices began to shout, "So you

want a revolution, eh? We'll give you one! Let's take him away, fellers, and give him a taste of some rope for some lying neck. Lemme at him! He said the boys at Fort McChesney were cowards and gutter rats! I got two sons there. Lemme take a poke at him! He wants Hitler in the White House, does he? Let's string him up. Give him to us. We'll take care of anyone who says we ain't fit to be free!"

Heidi crowded close to Hiram as the men closed around the two Federal men and their prisoner. "They—they're going to kill him!" Her voice was shaken.

"Sh!" Hiram pressed her arm. "Watch."

Agent Strake raised his hand. "All right, boys. We know how you feel, but that isn't the way we do things. That's the way *he* wants it in this town."

A single voice cried, "Give him a taste of his own medicine. His gang put Editor Holt in the hospital."

Strake held up the copy of The American Freedom Cry, and said, "You've all read this. There's enough treason in this issue to put this man behind bars for the rest of his life. He's lucky if he isn't shot. Sooner or later we knew he would go too far. Are you boys going to act like Americans or 'Shirt' men? It's up to you."

Snedeker suddenly bawled, "Steel Shirts! Come and get me!"

Somebody laughed and said, "Oh, Mama! Bad mans wants his night-shirts!" There was general laughter.

A tall gray-haired man said, "The government man's right, boys. We don't do things like that in this town. You heard what he said. Snedeker is cooked." He turned to Strake. "Okay. Get that piece of carrion out of here so we can fumigate."

The two agents took Snedeker out and drove away.

For the moment the lobby of the hotel had become the center of the city. New-comers continued to arrive. They brought news.

"Say, a bunch of soldiers went over to the Freedom Cry plant. Boy howdy, they did a job! Didn't hurt nobody, but they won't print that lousy sheet there any more."

"Judge Blake has taken over as chief of police. Chief Diltson, he skipped out. They've got three of the gang that beat up Editor Holt locked up already."

"We've come from the city manager's office. He's blown. Can't find him."

The gray-haired man raised his voice: "All right, boys. Citizens' committee meeting! Upstairs in the Rotary Club. Everybody upstairs to the Rotary Club. We've got to get this town organized."

"Who'll preside?"

"Let Sam Grossman preside. We all know him."

"Okay. Hooray for Sam! Let's go."

"Hey, everybody!" The latest excited arrival commanded attention. "The G-men took Snedeker down to the plant—what was left of it—and up to his office. They got the list of all the Steel Shirts."

Several men in the lobby pushed toward the door, sweat beading their faces. Grossman, an elderly merchant who had been invested with the chair by his townsmen, laughed as they went out and said, "Let them go, fellas. Once we know who they are, that's the end of them. Okay. Let's go up and hold the meeting."

The crowd moved toward the elevators, excited, laughing. Hiram watched them go and they seemed to him like a boyish, irresistible army that had heard the trumpet call to freedom. Young, old, of every race and creed and ancestry, they were determined to maintain and exercise their rights of citizenship.

He said softly, "Democracy at work."



There were tears in Heidi's eyes. She stretched out her arms toward the elevators ascending with their last loads of triumphant human beings. "I love you all, you dear Americans. Oh, Hiram, I am so proud of them."

"They're good, aren't they?" he said. Something in the tone of his voice made Heidi look up at him, and what she saw startled her. It was the change that had come over him. The sand-colored hair was standing up from his head in a wild, triumphant tchatch; the old fire was lighting his eyes. Strong lines had returned to the face that the day before had seemed flabby and hopeless. The body beneath the loose clothes looked hard again, and—she groped for the word—dangerous.

Somehow, she knew a miracle had happened—to the oppressed city and to Hiram, too. He had found himself again. Her old friend, the adventurer, the incurably romantic knight and gentleman had returned. But had he had any share in the amazing happenings?

He looked at her and smiled a little sadly. "I'll walk with you to your train, Heidi. We have twenty minutes."

They walked in the sunshine, Hiram carrying Heidi's bag. The streets seemed to be full of excited, friendly people—people who smiled again.

Hiram walked with springy strides, his head up, nostrils wide as though he were sniffing the very essence of the freedom that had come to the city.

He cried, "It's America again, isn't it? Last night it was like Europe at its blackest. Today the city is free. Smell it—feel it, Heidi. This is what I love and what I am fighting for. That dirty garage over there looks more beautiful than the finest palace on the Continent."

They talked a little longer on the station platform. Hiram's spirits fell again as the time for parting approached. Heidi's heart was heavy too, and yet, beneath the sadness, something seemed to be singing, something that she did not quite understand. They heard the noise of the approaching train.

Then Hiram held out his hand and said, "Good-by, Heidi, and God bless you. Be happy with him. He must be the best, because you deserve the best."

For a moment they searched each other's eyes. The train rumbled in, sighed and stopped.

A long, battered-looking man with a too-small derby perched on his head and a brown bottle poking out of his side pocket stepped up to Hiram. He carried something under his arm wrapped in newspaper.

He did not say a word, but merely

**Next month: Hiram Holliday gets caught and almost killed in the wild forest country along the Georgia coast, while he is on the trail of another romantic adventure**

**Gift for Tomorrow** (Continued from page 25)

sleeping memories. From the covers of a book floated the fairy godmother, in glittering robes, with a long wand at the tip of which a star shone. In the tree house, when she was a long-legged little thing full of secret dreams, Jinny had opened the covers of that book upon many magic lands. When she first knew Scott Landis she had tried to find the dress the godmother had created for Cinderella; she had wanted it to wear for Scott, but she had never quite found it. As she parked the car, Jinny Landis looked into her mirror and made a face at what she saw. The small feathered

fumbled inside the paper and took out what appeared to be a stonemason's hammer. Then he winked and handed the hammer to Hiram. Hiram took it, grinned, and suddenly seemed to remember something, for he reached into a pocket and gave the man a dirty card.

The man winked again, waved a hand in a parting salute and walked away.

"Who was that, Hiram?" asked Heidi. Hiram watched Ike Lovejoy weaving into the distance. His heart was very warm. He replied, "Just a tramp printer I met in town last night."

"Board!" The engine bell set up a clamor. Hiram handed Heidi's bag to the porter and helped her onto the step. But she did not go into the car. She turned and faced him as the train began to move.

"Hiram, where were you last night after I left you?"

Hiram walked alongside the train to answer her. "In my room."

"And you scalded your hand in the shower?"

Hiram held up the bandaged paw, and the face he turned toward her was full of youth and sparkle and innocence. "Silly, wasn't it?"

"Hiram, come here a moment," commanded Heidi.

Hiram leaped to the bottom step.

Heidi leaned down. "I just wanted to tell you. I couldn't sleep last night. I was nervous and miserable. I called your room several times. There was no answer."

"When I sleep, I guess I—"

"And something else, Hiram. I wanted to take a bath before going to bed, and again this morning. There wasn't any hot water. There hasn't been for the past twelve hours. It was out of order."

Hiram stared. "Gee. N-no hot water?"

Then it was that Heidi bent and took his face in her hands in an old gesture of hers, kissed him and kissed him again, and then turned him so that he could drop off onto the platform.

She leaned from the step, and her voice came drifting back to him as the train picked up speed. "Oh, Hiram, Hiram! I love—"

"Tawoooooooooooo Wooooo Wooooo!" went the train whistle, and drowned out what it was that Heidi loved, though Hiram knew, of course, that the missing word was "Americans."

He walked down Main Street of the shining town, tossing the stonemason's hammer by the handle and catching it again. Heidi was always saying that she loved Americans. But supposing it hadn't been Americans. Supposing . . .

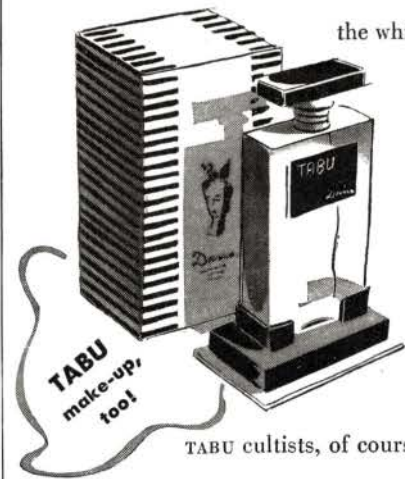
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Even now, her blood leaped as it had done the first time she saw him long ago, standing bareheaded and arrogant in the Press Gallery of the Senate. It took all her strength to rein back her response to him, to know clearly and coldly that she was weary of this mad failure of love.

The waste that selfish, useless unhappiness must be in these days stirred her anger. The waste of Scott Landis in these times when he was needed so desperately struck her head on, but she was able to control the tumult of her senses and her pity as she controlled a horse in the show ring.

The abomination of his betrayal had brought her last night to tell him she was going to leave him. His betrayal of himself she had forgiven over and over again. But when he drank he was no longer master of his fantastic ability to sway men with words. His mocking personal enemy who lived in a bottle could destroy instantly his power of clear and simple speech; he became moonstruck with his own music; he deserted truth for fantasy.

In the past it had not mattered so much. Now he was needed. No one knew better than Scott Landis what the men and women of the country wanted to know, what questions they wanted answered and how to answer them. Even the White House knew he had no equal for the things that must be done. But they could not trust him. How could they?

A broken reed, Jinny Landis thought, staring at him. Ahead lies the great task. The most amazing days in human history are before us. This man whom you love cannot serve because he is reckless and uncontrolled and his indulgence and his nerves betray him.

The softness had gone from her face and left it hard and pinched. If I cannot save him, I must save myself; I must not be wasted too; there are places where I can serve.

Last night he had promised. If she could believe him!

He said, "Jinny." But she walked by him into the church; he followed her.

The church itself, filled with a pure, very pale gold light, seemed to speak to her. She knew that inanimate things do not lie, but she could not understand the language.

Mary Lou Thatcher sat in a back pew, glowing with excitement. Beside her sat that noble old Cave Dweller who was her mother-in-law. "You're late," Mary Lou said. "Here—take her. She's asleep. Just hold her; no—there, that's the way."

"Don't you come?" Mrs. Landis said, panic in her low voice.

Mary Lou shook her head violently and Wag said over her shoulder, "Get going, Jinny. He's finishing the other one now."

Mrs. Landis found herself walking down the aisle toward the white font, her knees shaking. She looked down at the silken cocoon in her arms and the baby's eyes were wide open, looking at her with a blue trustfulness that caught at her heart and turned it over.

She hadn't bargained for this; she had thought of the whole thing as a gesture, a formality; she hadn't counted upon those blue eyes and the littleness and the warmth against her breast and the idiotic nose that wrinkled with a sort of impudent friendliness. Jinny Landis fell in love with her goddaughter at first sight.

Beside her, she discovered a chunky young man in the blue-gray uniform of the R. A. F. He was grinning from ear to ear, but he looked as nervous as she felt. In a piercing whisper he said, "I'm the godfather. Fine thing! I daresay I shan't be any good to it, actually. Can't imagine why Wag wanted me."

He was still grinning, but she knew what he meant. The chances were fairly good that he would not be around when Victoria Alice grew old enough to need him.

Something fierce and wild rose in Jinny Landis' throat. To come into this mad world now, to be part of its fight back to peace and better things after colossal tragedy. And then not even to have a godfather, probably.

That puts it up to me, Jinny Landis thought, and held the baby tighter. She had never had a baby. It had never occurred to her before that she wanted one.

How long would it take to build a fine new world upon the wreckage of the old? Why, this squirming bit of new life in her arms would see it all, be part of it all. As though she had read the thought, Victoria Alice let out a yell, her small face a purple mask of fury.

"She's bored," Jinny Landis said softly, smiling down at her with delight. "She is going to have personality. That will make it better—or worse."

Godmother. And the time had come for the gift, the one perfect gift of which Mario had spoken, the sacred right of the fairy godmother at every christening. She must choose quickly, but she could not. How could she? How could she be wise enough?

It was true, what Mary Lou had said. Jinny Landis had had everything the world could offer a woman. She should know what was most needful, most wonderful, for a woman to have as she went through life. Her veins crawled with apprehension. If she should make a mistake! If she should choose badly and Victoria Alice have less than the greatest thing in the world for the hard years ahead.

There was beauty. Jinny Landis knew that she was beautiful. To a beautiful woman came many things that other women did not know.

And there was the love of life. Fantasy and humor and invention and laughter—loving life because it was the supreme miracle, lustily, deeply, good and bad, so that even now Jinny Landis could look ahead with zest, so that she almost envied men who would know the terrible drama of danger.

And perhaps courage.

In the golden light that filled the little church, Jinny Landis felt the old deep admiration for courage which had put it first in her demands upon those she loved. The courage of men who fought for better things, of women who faced loss and pain, of the heart to recover from defeat and disaster.

Victoria Alice would need courage in the years to come. But would she need it more than anything else?

The gift of love. The word "love," like the word "music," could mean a senseless, pretty tune, the jungle rhythm of tomtoms, or the majesty of Bach and Beethoven.

Bitter as it was now upon her lips, Jinny Landis had known love—all of it. The mountaintop by moonlight, at sunrise, in darkness and storm. Not all women had the capacity to love; it was not as easy or as usual as it sounded. A woman should have that capacity to love without thinking of the cost, without regret for disaster or betrayal so long as she loved to completion.

A dangerous gift—but, ah, if a woman missed it!

The understanding heart. Solomon had chosen that. In that perhaps was truth, and Victoria Alice must be taught that in the world in which she would live it would be dangerous to pull the wool over her own eyes, to pretend that the bitter was the sweet, or the sweet the bitter.



And then there were all the kingdoms of the world. Victoria Alice's godmother knew about those too; she had walked in them often. Fame had its pleasant fruits, so did success, and genius had its rewards for pain.

The things that money could buy were important to many people. To say that they had not meant much to Jinny Landis, who had possessed them all, would be to lie.

All these things she wanted fiercely, with an amazing yearning, for this small, squalling thing in her arms that would someday be a woman in strange and unpredictable times. But she could give her only one—that was the true legend of the fairy godmother. Only one, for tomorrow and tomorrow.

A bell rang somewhere within Jinny Landis. . . . For the world of tomorrow, with all its danger and change, one good and perfect gift.

**Coming: Adela Rogers St. Johns' powerful story of a beautiful New York debutante who fought her way to an important job in our war industry**

**Home Town Girl** (Continued from page 37)

and sipped in satisfied companionship.

"The apricots of France are larger than these. Ah, my poor France!" said Miss Alice.

"I know. It's tough to think about France nowadays, but she'll come back."

"You are kind, Denzie. I wish I could stop thinking about France."

Denzie thought: I wish I could stop thinking about Dick Preene. No, maybe I don't wish it. Aloud she said, "Nothing kills memory, does it? But it's thin stuff to live on."

"It is only good to live on memories when we see nothing in the future that we will ever want to remember. Look at you and me, Denzie, women alone, heavy work at small pay, little sad rooms! You are young, Denzie; don't let this be your whole life. You ought to get married. Why don't you?"

Denzie said, "My taste is better than my opportunities."

"Ah, you are in love with someone out of reach. I have suspected it."

Denzie had no intention of making a confidante of Miss Alice. She smiled. "You French always talk about being in love, or else about food or about clothes."

After Miss Alice had gone Denzie remembered that she had not consulted her about being more New Yorkish. Oh, well, that would keep. She went back to her absorption in Richard Preene. It had been such a wonder, that half-hour in the café. He talked like we were old friends, Denzie thought. It was almost like that kiss he gave me when I was Ariel. . . .

Business was not so tempestuous at the Palace the next day or the next or the next, and Denzie's ankles ached no more. Flowers came in and went out normally, the number of weddings diminished, and there was a general staff buzz about vacations. The society columns spread the news that the Richard Preenes had taken a cottage of nineteen rooms and eight baths at Southampton. Some cottage! thought Denzie.

Now and then Richard Preene came in to order flowers for Maggie, and though he did not ask for anything propitiatory, he looked more and more downcast and troubled. Denzie thought about him constantly, and Miss Alice told her that she was pale. Just as July arrived and the Preenes went off to the sea, Denzie had a letter from Chuck Blake. There had been letters from him before, but not like this one.

The old priest touched the small, soft head. Jinny Landis did not hear the words he said. She was listening to her own heart. And the surge of it swung her a little so that she found Scott's face, his eyes pleading still, and she knew that in her gift to Victoria Alice she had found her own answer to that plea.

The woman who had had everything that life could offer in the kingdoms of the world touched the little head against her breast almost shyly, as though her hand held a wand. "For you, little god-child," she said, very low.

Later, in the car, Scott said; "Jinny—you look—I love you; you know that."

"I'm not going to leave you," Jinny said. "We will fight this out together. You are worth saving and—this time you will keep your promise."

With faith, a woman could move mountains.

You were not meant to live in a big city (he wrote). You don't belong there. You are not meant to be one of these career girls I read about in the papers; you are a homebody, and I want to give you that home. You know I am steady and hard-working. I can make you a good living, and I don't drink or raise the dickens like some fellows. My feelings have always been set on you and I don't change. Don't answer me flat yes or no, Denzie, but when you get your vacation you come to Edgeville and let's talk about things.

He signed it: "Yours, and I mean yours for keeps if you'll have me."

Well, there it was, the plain and simple way, the good way. She would sink into the easy groove of Edgeville life as if she had never been out of it. Chuck would be kind and jolly, and she would have a house, a wide porch, a garden. She would have children to rock and sing to. She would never have to worry about food or shelter or losing her job or getting old. But in exchange for all this, she must give up her foolish sweet dream of Richard Preene forever.

With an impulse to be fair, she sent Chuck a postcard: "My vacation is the last of July and have not made up my mind what I will do. Appreciate your message." Then there was nothing to do but wait until she had thought out the right decision.

Business was very slack. Miss Kettner held forth to Denzie on the relative charms of Belmar and the Catskills. Miss Alice talked of vacation, too. There was a farmhouse on Lake Champlain where she could get a rate and the cooking was French. "You come with me, you will enjoy it," she told Denzie.

"I suppose the coffee is half chicory," teased Denzie. "That would spoil the whole thing s'far as I'm concerned."

"You and your coffee! But what will you do? You can't stay in this boiling city."

"Whatever I do for vacation I don't want to drink coffee with chicory in it!"

Denzie did not tell Miss Alice that she had two plans in mind. One was to go back to Edgeville. That meant accepting Chuck and the bungalow and the steady commonplace for always. The other was simpler, but for Denzie, daring. Chuck had said she did not belong to New York. Mr. Preene had said so too. She would spend her vacation seeking a better understanding of the city, trying to make

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herself more a part of it, fitting her spirit to its vivid, sharp-angled, hard pattern. She did not want to go away; she was uneasy about Richard Preene; there had recently been a succession of stinging little quips by a gossip writer about him and his restless Maggie. The last one intimated that Maggie was on the verge of making a break for liberty. To Denzie, liberty for Maggie meant only that there would also be liberty for Richard Preene.

Here in the city she would be near him if such liberty came. And while she was keeping near him, there would be time to study the city. She would visit the markets and bridges, sail to the Statue of Liberty, watch the seals in the park pool, at night listen to the concerts on the Mall. Maybe she would go to some broadcast where questions were asked and silver dollars awarded the smart answers. Surely if she did all this she would be a much more knowing person, able to hold her own with Miss Kettner and Miss Alice and, most important, able to talk of something besides the doings of Edgeville when Richard Preene came into the shop. The city's right here and I can get to know it as well as the next one, she thought doggedly.

When she came to try her program it was not as rewarding as she had expected. It was dreary to go about alone. Merely looking at places and things didn't teach her much, and New York was so big! She wisely realized that this was only nibbling round the edges; she wasn't getting inside at all.

Then came the heat wave. It descended on the city like doom. Denzie's room, even with the lights off and the windows open, was as hot as the inside of a boiling kettle. She sat in the close darkness as long as she could bear it. She would go down to the street; at least, there would be space to draw breath. But the street was unbearable too, the stoops filled with disheveled, irritable people. Children shrilled around, and an ice-cream man was doing big business.

Denzie walked on. She had never felt so lonely. She thought of Richard Preene with humble tenderness. It was good to know that he was by the sea, out of this heat and dirt and stench; but she found herself hoping wickedly that Maggie would keep on behaving badly until he could stand it no longer. She wondered passionately when she would see him again.

By this time she was in the next block, which was better than the one she lived in, but even here people were hanging out of windows. The next block was another social step upward—real apartment houses, half empty now and quiet, with limp doormen, caps off, their dignity melted in perspiration. Near the corner was the café where she had sat with Richard Preene. As she passed it, the door opened and a man staggered out, almost fell against her.

"Sorry," he muttered, without looking at her.

She dodged and stared. "Why, Mr. Preene!" she cried. "What are you doing here?"

Even in the half darkness of the night she could see how strange he looked, and what he said was stranger still. "Maggie, you didn't mean it!" He seized Denzie's arm. "Maggie, Maggie, Maggie," he murmured. "Maggie, darling!"

A good old Edgeville phrase came to Denzie's mind—"tight as a mink." She was dismayed, but not scared. She braced herself to keep him on his feet. "I'm not Maggie. I'm Denzie Markell—you know, Denzie in the Palace of Flowers."

"I knew you wouldn't do it, Maggie. I knew you wouldn't do it." And then the

words jumbled together, making no sense.

Denzie thought: What am I going to do? I can't let him stay out in this condition. He's out of his head. If there were only a doctor or maybe a hospital.

A cruising taxi sidled to the curb, and the driver leaned forward. "Want any help, miss?" At least she could get Richard off the street. "Yes—he's sick," she said.

"Sure, sure. Where to?"

Denzie pushed her charge into the cab and gave the address of the Preene apartment, but Richard made violent outcry and struggled to get out. "I won't go back there, Maggie."

"Better ride him round till he snaps outa it. He's got a honey," said the driver.

Denzie thought: I can't ride him round. I've only got sixty cents. But I could get him to my room and let him stay there till he's all right. I could take care of him. This is my great chance to do something for him.

She gave the driver her own address and was thankful to find that a fight farther down the block had drawn the sitters from her stoop. It was a mighty catch-as-catch-can to get Richard up the stairs, but she pushed and pulled and supported his lurching, wavering body. Once in her room, he collapsed on the bed like a bag of old clothes. Denzie turned on one light and tugged him onto his back, propped his head, lifted his legs so that his body lay straight. In awkward haste and fear, she managed to loosen his tie and open his shirt, and for a moment he seemed conscious, for he murmured, "You're very kind to me."

Exhausted, she mopped her dripping face. She had no experience with men far gone in liquor, but she guessed he'd have to sleep this off and no telling how long that would take. Small-town thrift suggested that he oughtn't to be making his good suit a mat of wrinkles. She thought that over, and at last unlaced his shoes and slipped them off, then his socks. He didn't move or speak, so with great difficulty she managed to get his coat off.

Then she got a terrific shock. With the strange blind automatism of the completely drunk Richard Preene sat up, took off his trousers and shirt, let them fall to the floor, then dropped back on the bed, turned over on his face and began to snore into the pillow. His long lean legs and arms stuck out of his shorts and thin undershirt, naked and brown. Denzie tried not to look at him; it seemed so awful to have him there stripped like this. It was unheard-of; it was indecent!

Presently she rallied her practical sense. She gathered up his clothes and got out her ironing board and iron. With her back to him, she pressed his suit and shirt, even his tie, and hung the outfit in her closet. It was a relief to be doing something with her hands because her head refused to work. For now she was frightened. She tried to think of what she would say when he at last awoke; but convincing words would not form themselves. He might be very angry.

He might think I had a big nerve dragging him into my room, she told herself. He might think I did it to be familiar, and he might say I'd ought to have made him go home or taken him to a hospital. But he wouldn't go home, and I don't know any hospitals. Anyway, I only had sixty cents.

When the clothes were hung up Denzie went into the bathroom and washed her hot face and hands, and the touch of the cold water was so reviving that she wondered if it would not also be good for Richard. She wrung out a towel



and approached him shakily. Gently she wiped the side of his face that was uppermost, and the back of his neck and his arms and legs. And as she did it, her fears left her and the joy of service rushed over her.

"Even if you are angry when you wake up you can't take this night away from me," she whispered to him. "I washed you and fixed your clothes for you, like I was your mother and sister and—wife, all in one." She smoothed his rough brown hair, and then, leaning down, she kissed his cheek. "There's the kiss you gave me such a long time ago. I give it back to you."

The night air was freshening; morning was on the way. Denzie left the bedside and went to stare absently at the graying sky and the grim vista of grubby backyards, garbage litter and straggling dusty ailanthus trees that for two long years had been her substitute for Edgeville gardens and Edgeville maples and sycamores. She sighed. Oh, but I am a fool! she thought.

She was standing there when Richard Preene woke and stirred. "Maggie," he said, thickly but sensibly. "Maggie, are you there?"

Denzie turned, her heart trembling. She tried to speak steadily, but her voice trembled too. "Mr. Preene," she said, "don't—don't be—surprised. You—you've been—pretty sick."

He sat up now, dazed, clutching his head. "My God, what is all this? Who is it? It sounds—it couldn't be—"

"It's Denzie Markell, Mr. Preene. I found you on the street, very sick, not knowing what you were doing, so I—I brought you up here, to sort of—rest yourself."

"Denzie!" He was trying to understand, but his pounding head confused everything. "I—I must have been very drunk. Oh, Denzie, could I have a drink of water?"

She ran to fetch it, put it in his hand and stood back.

He gulped it, gagged. "My mouth's foul!" he muttered. "And my head! I need some ice."

She brought ice cubes from the tiny refrigerator. He bit them, rubbed his forehead with them, the water dripping down his face, soaking his undershirt and the bed.

He groaned. "I still don't understand it."

Again she explained. She had found him on the street, helpless, hardly able to walk, and he wouldn't go to his own apartment. "I thought you'd be safe here," she ended. "I didn't know what would happen to you if I left you like you was."

He swung his feet out on the floor, talking to himself, not to Denzie. "I remember now," he said. "Maggie and I came up to town for dinner, and then—then it began all over again, only this time it was worse. She said she was going to leave me. She *did* leave me! She said she'd take the night plane. Look, where are my clothes? I've got to get out to the airfield—no, I can telephone. Where's the telephone? Quick, quick!"

"I haven't got a telephone. There's one across the street in the drugstore."

He had forgotten Denzie completely. "Where are my clothes?" He saw his shoes and stockings and tried to put them on, but when he leaned over, his head was too much for him. "I'm a wreck!" he groaned. "What'll I do?"

Denzie took his clothes out of the closet and hung them in the bathroom. "You go in there and wash and dress," she said. "I'll make you some coffee. That'll straighten you out." She helped him into the bathroom and hastened to get coffee

going. No time to drip it, she would just boil it up, the way her Grandmother Markell used to do.

When he came out he looked better, but his face was pasty under its tan, and his eyes were sunken and dark. He gulped the coffee. Even now, he seemed scarcely aware of Denzie's reality. He was away with Maggie. "If she didn't go—I mean, if she didn't take a plane, she'd probably be at her father's. I'll phone the airfield first and then Tuxedo. As soon as I find out where—" He drank again, brooding, distracted.

Denzie knew that she must again ask one question. "Mr. Preene," she said, "you and Mrs. Preene don't get along very well, it seems to me. Why—why don't you let her go?"

"Let her go! What do you mean? You don't understand. I'm talking about Maggie—my wife Maggie."

His words might have come from Mars, they placed Denzie so far away from him and his world. They were cruel; they were meant to be cruel. They were meant to put Denzie in her place. The truth of this cut through to her; silenced and stunned her.

"I can't tell you how grateful I am to you, Denzie," he went on, in an awkward tone, "finding me blind drunk and taking me in and taking care of me—it was the most wonderful thing I ever heard of. I can't thank you, but I'll certainly try as soon as I've got this—this other matter in order."

"That's all right, Mr. Preene," said Denzie slowly. "Any friend would have done as much. You better hurry along."

"Oh, yes—yes, of course." He did not offer to shake hands with her, he was so eager to go. "Good-by, and thanks—thanks a million. I'll see you soon."

He was gone, and Denzie closed the door behind him. There was his cup; there was the disordered bed where he had slept and she had tended him so faithfully. She put her head in the hollow where his head had lain. She did not cry. She wished for death.

Presently she got up and went again to the window. Came the dawn, she thought. Came the dawn, as they say in the movies! And this is over and done with. He has gone back to her; she can push him around as she likes, and all that will happen is that he will go out and get drunk again and again until finally he is good for nothing. He is a weak man, and I thought he was so grand. I loved him.

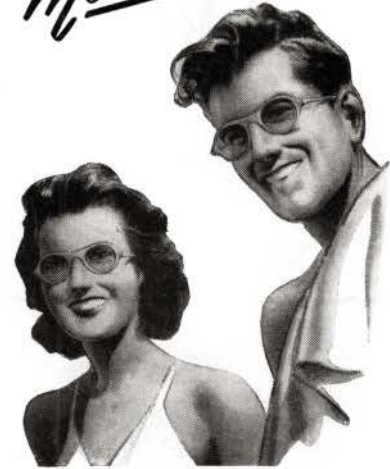
She was not tired, and she was not sleepy. She was sure her heart was breaking, but her mind was determined, sane. She was possessed by an utter realism, harsh but cleansing. This realism set her to work. First she made the bed and put the room in order. Then she took her suitcase from the closet and packed it carefully with her best dresses. Then she changed her clothes and took her small savings from their hiding place under the shelf paper in the kitchenette.

There was a train to Edgeville about eight o'clock. There would be plenty of time to catch it, and she would wire Chuck Blake to meet her at the station. With her hat on her head and her light coat on her arm, she carried the suitcase outside and set it in the hallway.

Before she locked the door she looked back into the room. It was a small place to hold so much. It held her great dream and her awakening, her shining frail hope and the destruction of that hope. "I'm going where things are real," said Denzie, head high, voice proud. "I'm going back where I belong to somebody who wants me. I don't care anything about New York."

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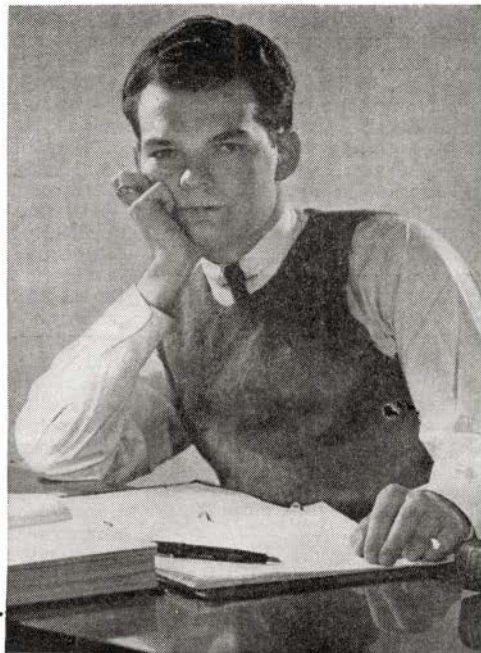
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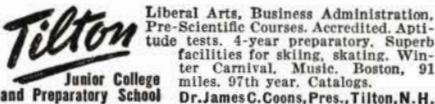
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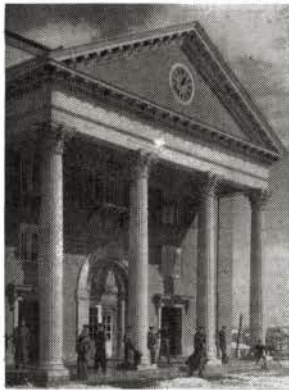
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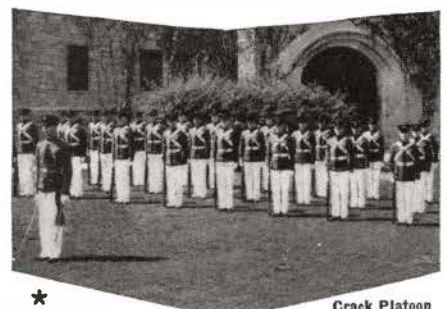
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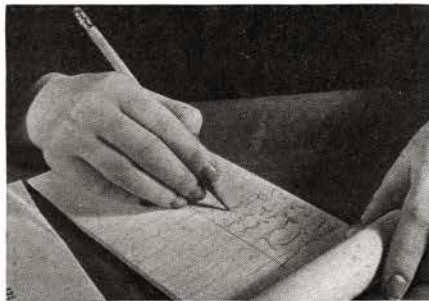




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room." She stepped back a few paces, squinted and looked worried.

"What's wrong?" said George. "Shouldn't Herbert be barking?" Herbert had been locked in the bathroom for some time now.

She shook her head. "That chair. It doesn't belong near the window. Certainly not with beige drapes. It would ruin the whole motif." She glanced around her. "Let's move it over there. That should bring the room together."

"You and Herbert work well together," George said. "He takes the room apart, you bring it together."

For the next half-hour they picked up feathers and rearranged the living room. They took down pictures here and hung them there. They moved a bookcase. Only the sofa was spared.

"It's quite adequate where it is," Janet said. "That celadon green achieves just the note of leisure and sophistication that we're striving for."

George did not mention that he was striving for neither of these goals. At the moment his thoughts were a long way off. Several thousand miles off, as a matter of fact—in the region of Mexico City where, her contract at the Copacabana fulfilled, Dolores Darrell was preparing to fly back to New York.

"We'll leave it where it is," Janet continued. "But what we simply must do is adapt that long wall arrangement to complement the large windows."

"Undoubtedly," said George absently. He was wondering how a girl who talked such gibberish could be so appealing. Nonetheless a half-hour with Janet Starr had convinced him that she was the sort of girl who could adapt his long wall arrangement any time she liked.

He looked at her, puzzled. It must be that he was not only a fickle bounder, but a rebounder, too. Rebounding like mad from Dolores.

George took himself severely to task. When a chap is tangled with one girl, it does not behoove him to begin thinking tender thoughts about the next good-looking one that comes along. Reminded by the word "behoove," George started quoting bits of law to himself—law having to do with various legal actions.

This didn't help much. Later, when Janet started to leave, George was in even worse mental condition. The more he saw of Janet, the more he felt that the most wonderful girl in the world had stepped through his terrace window.

"There you are!" she said triumphantly. "Your whole room's redone. Now, don't forget to have that wall painted a warm raspberry pink." She started toward Herbert's bathroom prison. George followed, admiring the natural, untheatrical way she walked.

"Herbert hasn't made a sound for quite a while," she said suspiciously. She opened the door. Herbert looked guiltily up at her, sideways. Bits of George's slippers were scattered on the floor.

"It's only when I leave him alone that he tears up things," Janet said. "He resents being left alone."

Immediately after Janet left, George discovered that he understood Herbert's point of view. He, too, resented her leaving. He, too, felt like tearing things up.

The following day a new end table arrived. And the day after that, a new bath mat and a pair of bedroom slippers. George and Janet then indulged in a polite "you-shouldn't-have-done-that," "I-hope-they'll-be-all-right" phone conversation. George told himself that the best way to get rid of his romantic notions about Janet was to see more of her.

It had worked with Dolores, certainly. He therefore took Janet to dinner to discuss interior decoration in general.

The result was unfortunate. Instead of achieving disillusionment, George came home in the walking-on-air stage.

He then tried not taking her out. Every time he passed Janet's front door, he repressed the slight quivering sensation that came over him. He thought harsh thoughts of himself, of Dolores, of the tangled state of his private life. He put temptation aside.

It got in front of him again, though, when he happened to learn an important fact about Janet Starr's bank balance. This fact was that she hadn't any.

His first inkling of this came on a Saturday morning. As he passed her door, he noticed a small blue envelope, bearing their landlord's name, lying in front of it. George recognized it as identical with an exhibit in a case he had handled, a pay-that-rent-or-else notice.

George's inkling became a certainty that same afternoon. Janet rang his bell. "I'm terribly sorry to disturb you," she said. "But I wonder if you'd do me a big favor."

George gulped. "Anything," he said. Meaning anything.

"I'd like to borrow the new end table. It'll just be for a few days, I hope."

"I'll carry it over to your place for you," he said. "Is one enough?"

Her reaction was even more puzzling than the request itself. "Oh, yes!" she said. "I mean no. I mean, one's enough and I'll—I'll carry it myself, thanks." Before George could argue, she seized the table and whipped off with it.

Vastly perplexed, George wandered into his kitchenette and poured himself a glass of milk. He immediately began to hear voices: Janet's and a strange man's. They were outside in the back hall, waiting for the service elevator.

"Couldn't you just trust me with it for another week?" Janet was saying unhappily. "I'll pay you for it then. I—I give you my word of honor."

The man was patient. "Lady," he said, "Fink and Frobisher has got as kind a heart as you'll find in any store in town. With us, the customer gets practically anything she wants. For the customer, there's just one thing we will not do. We will not deposit her word of honor in a bank."

"But why won't you take this post-dated check?" Janet asked.

The man's voice turned downright sorrowful. "Lady, think good," he said. "Only two days ago you give us a check for this here table, and it come back like it was shot from a gun. We of Fink and Frobisher do not want to get in a rut. In this type situation, we like a cash type transaction."

George went back to his living room and thought hard. Clearly, Janet Starr was in an economic spin. But what to do about it? He couldn't very well put money in an envelope and slip it anonymously under her door. The dog Herbert would be certain to get to the envelope first. The same fate would befall a basket of food—and if it didn't, she'd know who sent it anyway.

George reached a decision. He would take Janet out to dinner again. This would at least postpone the moment when she'd swoon from lack of nourishment.

He went over to her apartment. She looked neither undernourished nor in danger of swooning.

"I'm glad it's you," she said. "I want to tell you the truth about—"



George looked sympathetic. "I know all about the table," he said, and explained how he had overheard the conversation.

She didn't look as embarrassed as he had expected. "Come on in," she said. "You can help. I've half a mind to sue Fink and Frobisher for defamation of character, or something. They claim I have no money in the bank, and I have."

"What makes you think so?"

"The bank made a mistake," she said.

"I hate to sound pessimistic," said George, "but banks hardly ever make mistakes in their statements."

Janet made an impatient little sound. "Don't be silly—I've been over my checkbook three times and every time the bank's six hundred dollars off."

"Mmmmmmm," said George, and glanced around the room. Janet had been conducting her research in the middle of the rug. A checkbook was lying there and around it in a wide arc were scattered canceled checks. Herbert lay asleep in a chair, snoring slightly. A fragment of canceled check hung from one dewlap.

"Just to be on the safe side," George said, "how would you like me to double-check your statement for you?"

"By all means," said Janet. "If you'd like to bet a nickel I'm wrong—"

"Shall we say one dinner to the loser?" suggested George cannily.

"One dinner," said Janet.

The statement showed a balance of only thirty-nine cents. George, feeling that it was a very flat statement indeed, worked over Janet's checkbook for several silent minutes.

"No Einstein you, I'm afraid," he said suddenly. He showed her what he meant. At the top of one page she had carried over a balance of \$403. The next three checks amounted to \$151.

"What's wrong with that? Four hundred and three dollars plus one hundred and fifty-one equals five hundred and fifty-four, doesn't it?"

"Look," said George gently. "When you spend one hundred and fifty-one dollars, you do not *add* it to your balance. Not unless you are a New Deal Democrat in a Republican cartoon. The usual way is to subtract. Banks prefer it that way."

Janet looked unhappy. "It makes quite a difference, doesn't it?"

"Frankly," said George, "yes."

A few minutes later, after he had discovered a half-dozen other mistakes, a gloomy silence descended.

"About that dinner I owe you—" Janet began. She hesitated. "Would you mind if we postponed it? I'd hate to have to wash dishes in the restaurant."

The following afternoon, George called on Pete Cunningham in Pete's twelve-room, five-bath hideaway on Park Avenue. He was George's best friend and best client. He had been George's friend since their freshman year at Yale, and his client since the evening four years before when Peter had tried to elope simultaneously with four members of the chorus of a musical comedy.

George glanced disapprovingly around his friend's fifty-by-forty living room. "Pete, old boy," he said, "this place is running to seed. What you need is a thorough decorating job."

"What I need," said Peter hollowly, "is a drink." He poured himself one.

"It's drab," said George. "Dingy. Depressing. Look at all that dull paneling. The room needs a new motif—something gay, with chintz in it."

"Not a chintz," said Peter. "Pun."

"Warm pastel colors," George persisted. "To accentuate your furniture. Asymmetric patterns. New accessories."

Peter looked intently at George. "Go to court," he said. "Prosecute someone."

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"No," said George. "Not until you promise to give Janet a crack at your apartment."

Peter stared at him. "That can't be right. Dolores, not Janet. You're going to marry Dolores. You told me so yourself. Have you forgotten?"

"Of course I'm going to marry Dolores," said George peevishly. "What's that got to do with it?"

"If you wanted to marry Dolores," Peter answered with crushing logic, "you wouldn't come pounding in here babbling about some Janet or other. Furthermore, I have ten dollars that says she comes from the South and uses a perfume called 'Passion's Awakening' or 'Desire at Dawn' or something. You're a sucker for anything with jasmine in it."

"Don't be a fool," said George sharply. "If she did use perfume you couldn't tell, because her dog Herbert would overpower it. And she's from Elkhart, Indiana. Furthermore, she's going back there unless she lands a job right away."

Peter Cunningham continued to listen. He was a tall, good-looking young man who happened to possess a large part of all the loose money in New York. Currently he was about to join the Air Force.

"It doesn't make sense," said Peter. "Why should I have my apartment redecorated, when in two weeks my décor is going to be an instrument panel?"

"I explained all that," George said. "Because Janet is flat broke. And because if she doesn't get a job she'll have to go back home a failure. How would you like to go back to Indiana a failure?"

"It's an unanswerable argument," Peter grinned. "I don't see what else I can do but be redecorated."

"Don't mention my name when you call her," said George. "Tell her you read about her work in a magazine, or something. She wouldn't take the job if she thought I'd drummed it up for her."

He started for the door but paused on the threshold. He had suddenly remembered the four chorus girls. He also recalled the long succession of subdebs, debbs and non-debbs who had found Pete irresistible. And vice versa.

"One more thing," said George casually. "You can arrange everything over the phone, of course. No need to see the girl. She wouldn't interest you—she's not your type. Just give her *carte blanche* and tell her to start next month while you're on duty, so she won't upset the place while you're here."

Pete Cunningham smiled with exaggerated sweetness. "I hope you and Dolores will be very happy together," he said.

That evening Janet paid George a call. "Here's the ten dollars you lent me," she said joyously. "The most wonderful thing has happened!"

George listened glumly as she told him of Cunningham's call. Without paying much attention to what she was saying, he noted the wonderful things that excitement did to her face. Vaguely, he heard her say that she'd been up to the apartment; that she was going to redo it in Chinese modern. References to water-color scrolls, kongs, grass-cloth walls, ginger blossoms, burl tables and moribana fretwork swirled meaninglessly around his ears.

"How he heard about my work is a mystery to me," said Janet breathlessly. "It's practically a miracle. There I was this morning without a nickel and now—" She stopped short, hurt. "You don't seem pleased—or even surprised."

"Sure I am," George said with forced heartiness. "It's great. It's terrific."

"All right then. Get your hat. You and

I and Herbert are going to celebrate. I plan to pay off that bet to you. In caviar."

As it turned out, Janet wasn't able to make good on the caviar. Restaurants specializing in it have rules against dogs. So the party wound up in a small Armenian restaurant which had no objections to Herbert and his lamb bone being under the table.

Janet painted a glowing picture of Pete Cunningham. "One of those people who have everything," was her summary. "Looks. Intelligence. Charm."

"In another ten years," said George, "he will also have a paunch."

"I don't think so," she said. "He isn't . . ." Her voice faded away and she regarded George suspiciously. "I thought you told me you hadn't seen Peter Cunningham since college."

"I haven't," said George hastily. "I just know that type, that's all."

"Well, it doesn't matter. He's got a fine forehead. He's the true intellectual type."

George did not mention that Pete's intellectual interests during recent years had been confined almost entirely to a comic strip entitled, "Rocket Ship Roy." Instead, he pursued a policy of dignified silence.

The days that followed grew increasingly difficult for George. On the one hand he was forced to listen to Janet's growing enthusiasm for her new client; on the other he was obliged to fight a retreating action against his own feelings for Janet. George was now deep in the life-isn't-worth-living-without-her stage.

**T**HINGS reached a climax the day he took Janet and Herbert to the South Shore of Long Island. The three walked down a deserted stretch of beach beyond Patchogue. It was a beautiful day and George was having a sort of melancholy good time, until Janet looked at her watch. "It's nearly four," she said. "I've got to be getting back."

"I thought we could stay out here," said George. "There's a swell place to eat just a couple of miles down the road."

Janet shook her head. "I'm afraid I can't. I've got those wallpaper samples and I promised Pete we'd have dinner tonight and discuss them."

George swallowed hard. "If you're through dinner early enough," he said, "maybe you'll meet me. Wasn't this the night we were supposed to go bowling?"

Janet bit her lip. "George, I'm so sorry! I forgot all about it. You see, Pete mentioned something about the theater and the Stork Club and—"

"I quite understand."

Janet sighed. "I'm afraid you don't." Once back in town, George returned to his apartment, changed clothes, slumped in a chair and stared into space. Presently his doorbell rang. It was Janet again.

"Herbert seems to have caught cold," she said. "Could you lend me a little whisky? That always helps him."

Wordlessly George handed her a bottle. She took it, started back toward the door, then hesitated.

"Is there something else I can do for you?" he asked. A studied politeness was becoming practically second nature.

"Yes," said Janet. "You can stop acting so childishly. There's nothing more ridiculous than a jealous male," she said.

"Me jealous?" said George, outraged. "Don't be absurd."

"Then why do you keep turning green?" She gave him no chance to answer. "Not green, exactly. It's more a purple—sort of a bilious purple."

"My scheme is my own business," returned George with dignity. "If you and Cunningham have found you are made for each other—"

Janet stamped her foot. "Stop it, stop it, stop it!"

George stopped it.

"I've broken my date with him," she said. "Does that make you feel better?"

George brightened, but only momentarily. He thought of Dolores again.

Janet sighed once more. "When I took my course in Charm at Miss Benson's School," she said, "I never thought I'd be driven to this." She looked thoughtful. "Of course, I *could* get building blocks and spell it out for you."

"Driven to what?" said George. "Spell out what?"

"Driven," said Janet, "to throwing myself at a man who's too silly to say the things that are sticking out all over him." She put down the whisky bottle, walked over to George and took his face between her hands. "See—like this."

With which George found himself being kissed. It was only a fraction of a second later that he himself was doing the kissing. And it was several minutes before he heard the doorbell ringing again.

"There was a reason why I acted as I did," George said.

Janet was still in his arms. "I know," she said. "You thought Pete and I—"

"No, that wasn't it exactly. You see, it's something that happened to me a while ago. I'm—that is, I got myself into a—"

The doorbell rang once more, violently. "Better answer it. Tell me later," Janet said, resuming possession of the bottle.

George walked on air on his way to the door. It is a wonderful sensation, but you cannot continue walking on air if your knees suddenly sag, as did George's when he opened the door.

"Ah," said his visitor. "Company." She entered in a swirl of silver foxes.

"Miss Starr," said George anemically, "meet Miss Darrell. Hello, Dolores."

Dolores showed her perfect teeth. "Hi, Miss Starr. Hi, Georgie-Porgie."

There was a moment's silence. Dolores stared interestedly at the whisky bottle Janet was clutching, then at the lipstick marks on George's face.

"I hate to interrupt an orgy when it's really going well," she said sweetly. "But maybe you were preparing to protect your honor with that bottle, Miss Starr. If so, I'll save you the trouble." She kissed George authoritatively, her lipstick quite obliterating Janet's previous effort. "Mama's come home to protect her wandering boy."

Hanging the silver foxes over a chair, she sat on the couch and smiled brightly at George and Janet. "You know, Miss Starr," she said, "I don't suppose he's told you much about me—he's so shy. But when he proposed to me week before last, I never *dreamed* he was the wandering-boy type. 'Here,' I said to myself, 'is a man who likes to stay home at night and play gin-rummy.' And now I find—why, Miss Starr, must you be leaving?"

"I could stay," Janet said thoughtfully. "Now that I realize how *very* susceptible George must be, you and I could go on playing post office with him all evening."

"Oh, I think things like that are only fun when there's real competition, don't you?" said Dolores.

"I'll guarantee to do well if we play in a strong light," said Janet. Dolores showed her teeth, but not in a smile, as Janet added, "Good evening, Miss Darrell."

According to the code George had always read about, there's only one thing for a girl to do when she finds the man she's engaged to involved with another woman. She is supposed to withdraw—quietly, and with dignified tears.

Dolores accepted the entire Janet situation with admirable tolerance. George's



behavior was, she implied, only to be expected under the circumstances.

"In cases like this," said Dolores analytically, "a girl must be broad-minded. You were lonely. Naturally, you missed me terribly. You went for the first blue-eyed babe to make with the clinging-vine routine. It was the sort of thing that can happen to any man. I understand."

"There's more to it than that," George insisted. "The trouble is, Dolores, that you and I never really got a chance to know each other. How do we know we're really in love? How do we know—"

Dolores patted him on the cheek. "Don't bother with all that think stuff. We'll get married and decide the minor details later on."

George continued to wriggle on the hook, with the usual result of getting more firmly attached to it.

For the first few days after Dolores' arrival, he made several attempts to get in touch with Janet. When these efforts resulted in nothing more tangible than slammed doors, refused telegrams and the snapping noise of telephone receivers being jammed back on hooks, George's mood changed. He lapsed into a state of apathy, one of those nothing-matters-any-more phases that psychiatrists waggle their beards over. He accompanied Dolores around town, on shopping tours, to theaters, dancing. Gradually he began to laugh again. Or rather, he developed a hollow substitute for a laugh. He accepted his imminent marriage as inevitable. News bulletins from friends, to the effect that Pete was spending most of his time in Janet's company, didn't help.

It was a bleak June morning, a Friday, that Dolores phoned him and unaccountably asked if he was packed yet.

"Packed?" echoed George. "What for?" Dolores made a small, impatient noise with her tongue. "If you'd only listen,

pet. I told you last week. It's that yachting party—the Williams one."

"Sorry," said George. "Can't make it." "Don't be silly," said Dolores.

"No," said George. "Yes," said Dolores.

The yacht was moored in the East River. It was a large one, and somehow it looked familiar to George. When he and Dolores went aboard, several portable radios were making music simultaneously. Most of the guests were drinking Martinis and dancing. There didn't appear to be a host.

The yacht presently headed for Long Island Sound. By the time Pelham was reached, George, who was already a trifle seasick, went below to the cabin assigned to him and tried to sleep.

He was still trying when someone knocked on the cabin door. It opened and Pete Cunningham entered.

"Astonishing!" Pete said. "Just the man I wanted to see."

"Quite a coincidence," replied George coldly. "Just the man I didn't want to see at all. This Williams is pretty reckless with his invitations."

"Don't say that," said Pete with a deprecating shrug. "I'm Williams."

"The hell you are," said George.

Pete beamed. "The hell I'm not. I knew if Dolores told you the truth, you wouldn't come."

George rose to his feet. "Out of my way," he said. "I'm going ashore."

"You can't," said Pete. "You always get that leg cramp if you swim over a mile. Remember?"

"I would rather have a leg cramp for company," said George with dignity. He tried to pass but Pete barred the way.

"Stop acting like a B-movie hero," Pete said. "I want to talk to you." Over George's protests, he explained that his boat was being turned over to the Gov-

ernment in the morning and that this was its farewell party. "I leave day after tomorrow myself. What I want to get straight is why you have decided that I am head heel in this piece."

George didn't reply.

"Answer me," said Pete. "Are you or are you not engaged to Dolores? And if so, whose fault is it, mine or yours?"

"Mpf," said George.

"Okay. What I'm driving at," said Pete, "is that we should at least shake hands and wish each other the best of luck."

George smiled hollowly and shook Pete's hand. "You're a good guy," he said.

When Pete had gone George decided on a drink of Scotch. Straight.

As he was approaching the small bar that had been set up in the main saloon, he came face to face with Janet Starr. But only for a moment; Janet spun on her heel and retreated fast. George had a double Scotch.

It didn't make him feel better, so he tried several more of the same. Time passed. As the yacht (its name, George remembered now, was the Irresolute) reached Stamford, the wind stiffened. George enlisted the aid of still more Scotches to fight off seasickness.

He was on his sixth drink when one of the guests scratched at his leg and whined. George looked down. It was Herbert.

"Go away, Horrible Herbert," said George stiffly. "You and I have phffft."

Herbert, whose left dewlap had become tucked under one tooth, giving him a raffish appearance, scratched at George's trouser leg with a muscular paw and gave voice to a plaintive whine. Even through the haze that was closing in on him, George could see that the dog had something on his mind.

"I am sorry," said George. "You will have to keep your affairs to yourself. I

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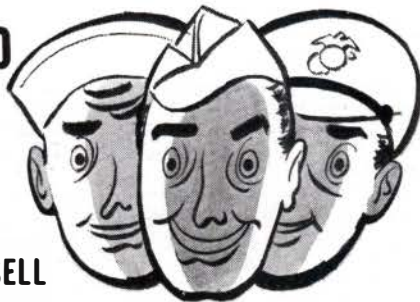
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# What You Can Do FOR HIM



BY FRANCES RUSSELL

If you think there's nothing too good for "our boys" in the service who are in there giving their best for us, you can prove it. A hero's life can get pretty lonely, even dull at times. Here's how you can brighten it:

## WRITE HIM A LETTER



Nothing bucks up a man away from home more than a letter from a loved one or a friend. Even a chatty, amusing letter from a stranger helps. In one Army camp the boys are corresponding with a home-town grammar-school class—and enjoying it.

Write regularly and often!

If you haven't a near relative or a friend in the service, write to the chaplain at your nearest Army camp

or naval station for the name of a man who would like to correspond. U.S.O. clubs throughout the country receive requests from men who want to correspond with girls. They even specify their preference and it's up to the U.S.O. worker to obtain such correspondents.

When you write, don't ask a service man for any information that could be useful to the enemy, and don't send him any. Don't burden him with your worries and troubles. He has enough of his own.

## SEND HIM A PACKAGE



Almost anything that isn't bulky is welcome, especially little luxuries—hard candy, cookies in tins, chewing gum, cigarettes and tobacco, razor blades, sun glasses, shaving soap, other toilet articles, shoe polish, handkerchiefs, home-town papers, books, magazines. Don't send perishable food or soft candy unless you are certain the man will receive it within a few days. Don't send him wearing apparel that is not "regulation."

Wrap and tie your package securely and address it the same as a letter. Don't send large packages—service men have limited storage space. When

in doubt ask your local Red Cross or U.S.O. unit for advice on how much to send and how often.

If you wish to send a package to a man in the A.E.F., it must not weigh over eleven pounds and must be very carefully packed. The overseas bases particularly need games, books, portable radios, magazines, and supplies for hobby clubs, such as photographic materials and paints. Don't send expensive items, as there is no guarantee that your package will arrive.

## WELCOME HIM—IN YOUR HOME



Invite a service man on leave into your home for a family meal. Simple home-style cooking pleases him most. Don't have many guests.

Invite him in for informal evenings with a few friends. Don't make him

do things—he must jump to commands on duty.

If you live near a camp, naval station or marine base, adopt a boy for the duration of his stay so that he may feel free to drop in on you at any time for a game of cards, potluck meals or a shower (much desired).

## WELCOME HIM—IN YOUR COMMUNITY

Invite service men to join regular club groups for celebrating special occasions.

Plan dances and parties for men on leave.

Plan and accompany men on sight-seeing tours.

Organize or work with a group that does mending for the men.

Aid in the collection of books, mag-

azines, games, phonograph records, etc., for U.S.O.

or other clubs that offer facilities for those in the services.

Help introduce the soldiers' wives who live in town near a camp.



do not love you any more. Go away."

Herbert gave an excited bark and bounded toward the nearest exit. Then he turned, regarded George and executed an expectant waggle.

"You are making it look good," George said. "Is something really up?"

Herbert barked again.

"Smart," said George admiringly. "Smart as a whip. Why do people say that, Herbert? How smart can a whip be—even a very superior whip?"

More barking. George weighed the situation. Possibly the boat was on fire and Herbert had read in some newspaper that a dog always warned people in such an emergency. Or perhaps a passenger had fallen overboard. George, having met some of the passengers, rolled this latter notion over in his mind with relish. He rose to his feet and unsteadily followed whither Herbert wended.

Walking wasn't easy, he discovered. For one thing, the Irresolute was pitching, and George was in no condition to catch.

All the walls, floors and ceilings had developed a mean, underhanded trick of whirling rapidly around him as he walked.

Next thing he knew, he was in a corridor that had cabins on both sides and Herbert was scraping and whining and snuffling in front of one of them. George didn't hesitate. Herbert, he felt, was no fool. George opened the cabin door.

The next few seconds were a little too confused for George to notice everything. He didn't observe, for example, that what Herbert had really been after was a large, juicy steak bone lying unobtrusively under a chair close to the door. He was unaware of Herbert's hasty dive for the bone and subsequent retreat under the bed without so much as a thank you to George.

All this George missed. He was too busy gaping at Pete Cunningham. There was a girl in his lap. Dolores.

"Well, what do you know?" said George in an awed voice.

"About as much as you do, now," Pete answered calmly. "Come on in and make this a crowd."

For a brief moment George decided to see red. It was only the right thing to do when you found your best friend sitting with your fiancée on his lap. But it suddenly occurred to him that, actually, he was overjoyed.

Dolores swung around and regarded George thoughtfully. "I've just been telling Pete," she said, "that although you're a splendid fellow, you have one drawback. You're dull, George. Very dull."

"I know," said George happily. "Isn't it disgusting?"

"It's like that with all lawyers," observed Dolores. "I don't know why."

"It's the way we're tort," said George. The red he had decided to see had somehow turned a rosy rainbow pink.

"That's the sort of thing I mean," said Dolores, wincing. "And considering that I am a girl who likes to have a good time. I have just been telling Pete that maybe you and I have made a mistake."

George nodded and edged toward the door. "I wish you bliss, I wish you joy," he said, quoting from a greeting card he happened to recall. "I wish you first a bouncing boy."

Ten minutes later, having soaked his head in cold water, George went in search of Janet. He found her alone in a steamer chair near the stern. She tried to get up as he approached.

"I love you," said George. "Wildly. Don't go away."

Janet was very pale. "I don't want to move," she said faintly. "I feel terrible. I'm seasick."

"Darling," said George, "so am I. We will not take a honeymoon boat trip."



"Go away," Janet moaned. "Please don't—"

"I will, too," said George. Lying back on the chair beside her, he clutched his head and proceeded to explain everything. It was an uphill battle, but he won. A long while later, Janet smiled wanly and slid one of her hands into his.

"Your friend Pete is wonderful," she said. "You don't know how wonderful." "That lug?" said George indignantly. "If I ever—"

"He is," Janet said. "I know now why he wanted that bone."

"What bone?" said George, baffled. "I happened to tell him about Herbert's little quirk—the bone one. If there's a bone inside any room within smelling distance, Herbert goes berserk until he gets it. I told Pete how Herbert nags

people and nags them, and how he'll always lead them right to the door where the bone is. That's what Pete did for you. He planted the bone so you'd burst in and find him with Dolores."

"How did Pete know that Herbert would pick me? He could have come back with practically anybody."

Janet shook her head. "Herbert wouldn't think of nagging anyone he doesn't know well."

For a long while neither of them spoke. Then George leaned over and kissed Janet gently on the forehead.

"That's not fair," she said. "You can't make love to a girl who's seasick."

"I wasn't kissing you," said George. "Consider that one Herbert's." He sighed happily and snuggled down beside her. "My turn comes later on."

## We Fight with the Flying Tigers (Continued from page 31)

branches on Saturday nights, but I don't imagine we fooled the Japs.

I'll never know why they didn't wipe us out the first day of the war. They didn't even try. They neglected us. Larry and I were sitting on the ground outside the Colonel's shack when Frank Dudzik came running over. Dudzik's hobby was listening to news broadcasts and getting out a mimeographed bulletin. As he came up that morning his hair was on end where he'd jerked off the earphones. All he could say was, "I gotta see the Colonel!" Larry thought he'd gone nuts, but he insisted the Japs were bombing Manila and Honolulu. The Colonel was skeptical. We all were. We tuned in every piece of radio equipment and in about fifteen minutes we knew it was true.

You should have seen the camp blossom out with artillery! Every man who had any sort of weapon buckled it on. The others got clubs. Fellows went around with their .22 rifles tied on with ropes and vines. We rigged up a listening tower on top of a tree and manned it day and night, and orders were issued to sleep in our clothes.

The listening tower was a good idea, although we had nothing but our ears to listen with. One of the boys made a megaphone from banana leaves, but the Burma Road was only two miles away and I don't think we could have heard an airplane over the constant roaring and backfiring that went on day and night. That fooled us many times. We had scares every night. The third night there was a big electrical storm over Rangoon and we thought sure the city was getting it. Tex Hill grabbed a plane and went up to look. Coming back, he overshot the field and washed out in the jungle, spraying gasoline all over the place. He was knocked a little goofy. When we got there he was wandering around, his clothes soaked with gasoline. He had a cigarette in one hand and a match in the other. Luckily, he hadn't struck the match. Somebody took it out of his hand.

My squadron was ordered to Rangoon to work with the British. I left Larry with the rest of the Group at Kyedaw, and since he saw the Japs in action before I did, I'll let him take over. Come in, Larry:

Okay. This is Larry speaking.

As Ken said, the Japs ignored us at Kyedaw. It made us pretty sore. We waited around for eleven days and finally moved to Kunming, China, the midway point of the Burma Road. The P-40's could barely carry enough fuel to get there, and there was no place in between to set down. They had nothing but stars

and small compasses to guide them, and only rough Chinese maps. We were jittery.

We stood on the edge of the mat that night and bade them good-by. It was pitch-black. An electrical storm was flickering off in the distance, as usual, and the jungle seemed unusually restless. Nobody said much. The men came along one by one. We all shook hands, and that was all. We could watch them a little way by the flame of the exhausts. Finally the last plane was gone, every one we could patch together. Only the Colonel and four others of us from headquarters were left. We wandered around the dark deserted camp like lonely ghosts.

After midnight, we heard a heavy ship overhead. Presently, two lights appeared up there and a commercial transport came in for a perfect landing. We five got aboard. It was a twenty-two-place job, but somehow each of us sat as far as possible away from the others. We took off, and that was the end of Kyedaw Airdrome. A few days later the Japs bombed it savagely, not realizing they were wasting their stuff.

It took us three hours to get to Kunming. The sky was alive with sheet lightning. We sat in the black plane without saying a word. Dawn came up and the clouds beneath looked like fields of fresh snow. I never wanted to see the daylight less. Suddenly the plane stood on its nose and dived. I thought the Japs were coming, but it was only one of those violent air currents you find in China. We came through the overcast, and there was Kunming. Even from the air we could see it was a shambles. It has been bombed and strafed for years, but it's still doing business.

I found a cot in the barracks and went to bed. It seemed I had barely closed my eyes when I felt something tugging at my shoulder and looked up to see a coolie hopping around and screaming, "Jin bao! Jin bao!" That didn't mean anything to me. I told him I wanted no gin so early in the morning and would he kindly get the hell out and let me sleep. But he kept hopping and screaming. Finally he made a long squeaking noise climaxed with a "Boom!" Then I got the idea "Jin bao" means air raid. The Japs were coming.

I heard our ships going up as I scrambled into my clothes. They were all gone by the time I got outside. Nobody was around. I started walking across the mat and then I saw one of our boys coming back. He came in like a streak. I ran over. It was Jack Newkirk—Scarsdale Jack, we called him—and he was mad as a hornet. Something was wrong with the electrical mechanism that fired his guns.



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We found a loose wire and fixed it and he took off in a cloud of dust. But the fact is that Scarsdale Jack never got in the fight that day. Another wire came loose and his guns never fired a burst. I can't set down here what he said at mess that night. He was the maddest human I ever saw. Later, as everybody knows, he made up for lost time.

After he took off, I went on across the field and climbed a little hill. Then I saw them—ten Jap bombers, quite high. There were a lot of round holes on the hill, so I sat on the edge of one of the holes to watch the show. It wasn't long. The first bomb fell about 400 yards away. I heard the fragments going past. Some of them whooshed and some popped like firecrackers. The next bomb was closer. The third one sprayed me with dust and dirt, but the fourth one landed on the other side of the hill and I knew they had straddled me.

I was standing there like an idiot, firing at the planes with my revolver, when a young Chinese in American clothes came along. He was nonchalant, even jaunty. "Better come off the hill," he called to me. "They always bomb it." Not until then did it occur to me that those round holes were bomb craters. I went down and the Chinese explained that the hill was squarely between the barracks and an airplane factory on the Burma Road. The Japs always tried to get all three objectives—the barracks, the fac-

tory and the road—so naturally they always hit the hill.

The explosions were getting farther away, and finally they stopped. We looked up and saw something beautiful. The Japs were streaking for home, and in and out among them darted the tiny P-40's of the Flying Tigers. My Chinese friend was yelling like a fool. That was the first time in three years he'd seen anybody challenge a Jap. I yelled too.

The Tigers tasted yellow meat that day, and they tasted plenty. It was their first fight.

In a few seconds the first Jap began to smoke and curl down like a kite with a broken string. I watched him all the way down. He crashed in a dry wash about three blocks away. I looked up again, and two more were falling. The rest were scattering all over the sky, and that was their death knell. Get a Jap off by himself, and you've got a dead Jap.

Of the ten bombers, only one got back to his home base, and he went down out of control just across the border.

The Chinese have written a song about that battle. They sing it to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

We went down to the Road and it was pretty awful. About 300 Chinese civilians had been killed. We kept detouring around bodies, some in sheaves like cut-down cornstalks. The thing that got me was part of a woman's body hanging from a telephone wire. My stomach was

full of grasshoppers. My Chinese pal said carelessly, "It's nothing; they do it every day." It had been going on for years.

My pal insisted on taking me to see his parents. They lived in a bamboo lean-to where their house used to be. His mother was cooking over a little fire in the gutter. The way she looked at me made me feel like God. I had to wait while she cooked me a rice cake. It was flat, like a pancake. She used the palm of her hand to smear it with some black goo. I wanted to be polite, but I could only get away with half of it. I was about to toss the other half into a ditch when my friend exclaimed, "Don't do that!" He ate the other half.

We didn't lose a ship in that first fight—not one. Bud Layher came closest to it. He was coming up behind one of the Japs when slugs began ripping into his cockpit. He ducked, and that was how we discovered the Jap bombers had a whirling machine gun, like a rotating garden spray, on their tails. It was operated by remote control by the pilot, or somebody up forward, and it whirled around spitting lead in a circle. After Layher got the idea he came up under the Jap's belly and tore him to pieces, but a little later he had to make an auxiliary landing.

Supper that night was something to remember. The Chinese brought goat-skins of sour wine, and there was plenty of whooping and hollering.

Next month the authors will tell you more about their exciting adventures

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## I Escape from the Japs (Continued from page 23)

camp. The Japanese supplied raw rations, but did not afford facilities for cooking. Buildings previously housing single families are now accommodating a hundred or more each, six to twelve men, women and children in a single room. Internees are entirely cut off from the world; no notes, no visitors, no parcels allowed.

Rations were distributed through puppet Chinese supervisors, two of whom worked in the National City Bank before the war. These rations were three-quarters of a pound of rice daily, plus a spoonful of sugar. But actual amounts were less, owing to the supervisors' taking a rake-off on each bag. Additionally, each internee was allowed one ounce of meat or fish, the weight including bones, head, offal. For these princely extras the internees were mulcted of \$88,000 in checks on their personal accounts. Objections met with total starvation.

Cigarettes and soap were obtainable rarely and illicitly. Lack of smokes demoralized hundreds. Internees grew ever shabbier, more unshaven; ate out of tin cans and looked more and more like denizens of a hobo jungle. At the end of the month they had begun to get diseases. Decayed teeth, festered sores and sudden fainting were common. Pellagra and beri-beri appeared.

Without affording any means of doing it, the Japanese ordered internees to "run your own affairs." For this purpose each community chose its own committee in what were, ironically, the first democratic elections Hong Kong ever had. The camp's 2,500 Britishers signaled their opinion of the former government by not electing a single ex-official. The 350 Americans were headed by William Hunt, prominent businessman. The committees appointed work parties, to supervise sanitation, cooking and repairs. Requests for American Red Cross cracked wheat to supplement diet, an operating table and

hospital equipment for a dental clinic were refused, while permission for the internees to collect their own effects in town was never obtained.

Unfortunately, the camp morale was low. All the abnormality of the Hong Kong structure emerged mercilessly in this light. Snobs from the exclusive "Peak" district made themselves a laughingstock by petitioning the Japanese for separate internment. Unscrupulous policemen and petty officials previously existing on small bribes stole necessities from their fellow inmates. A hundred years of colonial administration made obsequiousness to power the chief virtue. Therefore there was much toadying to the Japanese. Well-known American businessmen went about camp croaking disaster. But also there were redeeming features. In a limited sense the camp brought a return to the fundamental values, with men able to look forward to victory, to endure cheerfully, to use their hands, improvise boldly as natural leaders among their fellow men.

Such was captivity.

What was the reason for Hong Kong's fall? I can answer that question. First, the colony's basic defenses were forts with long-range artillery against a sea attack only. The Japanese advance on the land frontier in 1938 so dismayed the authorities that they decided Hong Kong was indefensible. Only in 1940 did they begin to re-orient and re-equip and re-man the Hong Kong defenses. But aircraft was still completely lacking. Nothing was finished when the war broke out.

Second, Hong Kong society was an entirely artificial ladder with no fellow-feeling between successive rungs. Senior and junior officials, officers, soldiers, British, Indians, Eurasians, Portuguese and Chinese all moved in mutually exclusive orbits. The population were generally without political rights, even the British

residents not having elected representation, wherefore they acknowledged no responsibilities. Hong Kong proved that the time-honored colonial principle, "divide and rule," is worse than useless when the ruling power needs the united aid of its subjects in repelling attack.

Third, ninety-nine percent of the population was Chinese. Britain was facing a foe who was also China's enemy. The Chinese not only wanted but clamored to help, even offering before the war started to dispatch disguised Chinese troops to reinforce the garrison. But the Hong Kong Government evinced a complete lack of interest in all such offers. Its own Chinese population was not trusted and therefore was not organized. Speaking practically, the Government chose to defend Hong Kong with twenty thousand people, only half armed, when it had two million to draw from if it wanted to do so.

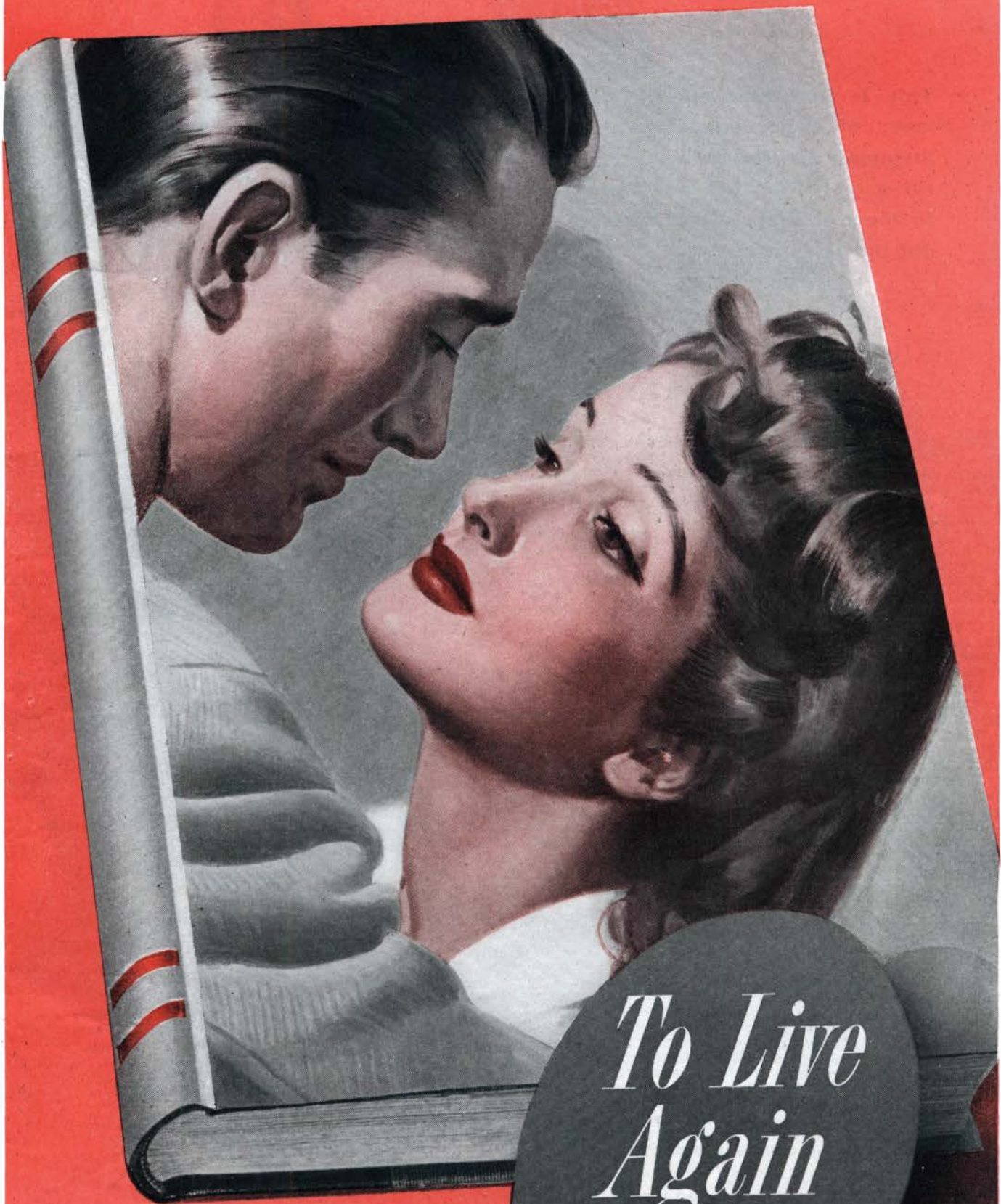
One more question. Was Hong Kong worth defending? It is nonsense to say that Hong Kong was unimportant! The colony had good docking facilities plus auxiliary war industries vital to China. Hong Kong and Manila together could have controlled the narrow neck of the South China Sea, not allowing enemy craft southward. The triangle of Hong Kong, Manila and Singapore could have formed a formidable base for Allied action. In the event of the Soviet Union's entering the war, four fleets and many submarines could have ranged the seas between the terminal bases of Hong Kong and Vladivostok. Most important of all, though, the Hong Kong sea fronts against Japan could have formed a junction with the great land front of China.

How did I escape? The facts must not be disclosed. Other prisoners on Stanley Peninsula may find the same way open through a moon-gate to unoccupied China. Those doors must not be closed!

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Join the army behind the army by helping Bundles for America





*To Live  
Again*

BY

ERIKA ZASTROW

BOOK 4 THE COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL



**This is that rare novel, the story of a perfect marriage. Stephanie and Mark had everything, yet when life put them to the test they failed. Where did the fault really lie?**

**T**HE MODEST hotel before which the taxi had stopped was not situated directly on the Atlantic City boardwalk. Nevertheless, Stephanie, as she eagerly got out of the cab, could glimpse the tumbled green-blue of the sea and a portion of beach a short distance away down the corridor of buildings.

"This is it," said Mark, smiling down at her.

Stephanie suddenly felt conscious of the interested glance of the hotel doorman. She said, her voice seeking an effect of dignity, "Yes, darling."

The room clerk glanced at Stephanie with admiring appraisal before he looked at the register. "We have your reservations, Mr. Owen. We've given you one of our nicest rooms."

It was Mark who suggested, as he and Stephanie followed the bellboy to the elevators, "We'd better let Randy and Tom know, hadn't we—about us?"

She nodded. "Of course! And don't forget Eileen. She'll be surprised—after all, we more or less surprised ourselves!"

Mark grinned. "I hope I don't detect a regretful note in your voice, Mrs. Owen?"

She slipped her hand through his arm and hugged it to her. "Randy will be wild because I didn't go home and have old Dr. Petersen marry us—she won't think this is legal!"

Mark could not put his arm around her, not in the hotel lobby, but his eyes were a caress. "This is a regular wedding and very legal, don't you forget that!"

His eyes, their almost electric blue deepened by his summer tan, were half a foot above hers. His shoulders were broad, his middle nicely lean.

"You send the telegrams now, before we go up, Mark," Stephanie suggested. "I'll wait here for you."

"That's an idea."

She watched him bend his dark head over the desk and draw a blank toward him. When I met you, she thought, on the day Randy was married to Tom, I looked at you, my darling, and you didn't matter. You didn't matter at all. I can't understand that now, but it was true. You were just the man Tom had known at college and you had come West to see Tom married. That was only a year and two months ago.

Her mind went back to the Stephanie who had wakened early that morning, fourteen months before. She had glanced at the other bed, where Randy still slept. It was her sister's wedding day, but for Stephanie, it had meant a day to be gone through in a resolve that Randy's happiness should not be marred.

Stephanie had awakened quickly. But Randy came slowly up from the depths of slumber. Her eyes were shining, her mouth as soft as though she had been dreaming of Tom's kiss.

"Stephanie, are you awake?"

With forced cheerfulness, Stephanie had jumped out of her bed to sit on her sister's. "Something old—something new . . . Randy, this is the last time you and I—" She stopped. She had not meant to say that. The early morning sunshine, pouring through the open window, made a nimbus of Randy's pale blond hair. With sudden compunction, Stephanie put her darker head down beside Randy's on the pillow. "Please skip that remark, darling. I guess I've got the jitters. You should be having them, not I."

As though Randy could have any jitters about marrying Tom! Thomas Newcomb, M.D. All Randy's life had marched steadily to this moment when she would put her hand into Tom's and say, "I, Alexandria, take thee, Thomas . . ."

Fourteen months ago Randy had been twenty-three and Stephanie twenty-one. They had never been separated. Sensing the thought in her sister's mind, Randy put one hand over



ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

Stephanie's. "Darling, if only you'd stay in Sagamor! Tom wants you to just as much as I do."

Stephanie turned her head quickly, so that Randy could not see her eyes, hoping her laughter sounded as gay as she meant it to. "Wouldn't that be something! Don't you know the first law of a happy marriage? 'No in-laws underfoot!' No, Randy, I've made up my mind to shake the dust of Sagamor from my feet. New York, here I come and heaven help you!"

This day must be kept happy for Randy! Stephanie, as maid of honor, must be gay and smiling; she must never, never allow herself to think: All these people are watching me as well as Randy. Looking to see if I remember that I too once expected to walk down this aisle to "Lohengrin." Wondering whether I have got over Kent.





**"Throw me out if I'm in your way," Eileen said. "I should have waited for an invitation before calling on newlyweds."**

She strove frantically to prevent her thoughts from going back into the recent past. But with bitter clarity she saw again that item in a morning newspaper:

The elopement of Kent M. Roberts, Jr., and Myra Lancy came as a surprise to Manhattan's young social set. After spending the summer in Ohio's quaint little town of Sagamor, Mr. Roberts returned to his studies at Harvard. The former Miss Lancy, who is the charming daughter of one of Manhattan's oldest families, the Dartmor Lancies, cruised about in the Maine waters while her fiancé was evidently sent West to make up "deficiencies" in his college standing. But neither cruises nor Ohio towns can impede the course of true love.

The young Robertses have taken an apartment in Boston, and the bridegroom will go on with his final year at

Harvard. Your Uncle Dudley predicts a happy future for this marriage, which unites the scions of two of Manhattan's finer families.

"I will not think of that!" Stephanie told herself wildly. "I must forget." Forget Kent saying in his low voice, "When they sent me out here to visit grandfather, they couldn't have known they were sending me to meet a girl like you."

Forget that too-short summer; forget dances at the old clubhouse, she and Kent; forget canoeing on the lake at night with Kent. Forget racing madly across the country in a low two-seater; forget Kent flinging his racket triumphantly on the grass to catch her hands. "We beat them, my pet—six love! We do this sort of thing well together. In fact, we do almost everything well together."



## To Live Again

Forget, most of all, a garden drenched with moonlight and Kent's arms about her, Kent's eager kisses on her mouth. His voice saying, "Moonlight and you, Stephanie! The night is in your hair, and there's a dream in your eyes."

Sagamor, Ohio, and New York City were social pages apart. No one had hinted at a Myra Lancy. Of course, Kent had not said in so many words, "We'll be married, Stephanie, someday." He had only said, "I'm mad about you, my sweet."

She might not have been such a complete dolt or so vulnerable if the father she had adored had not died late the winter before. It was because her heart had been so desperately in need of an overwhelming emotion that she had thrown herself into this delusion, believing it love.

Kent had been a key which had unlocked the wall of terrible pain she had built around her heart. He had taken her out of her grief into a new world. Because of him, she had been able to exchange sorrow for a rushing happiness.

All Sagamor had taken it for granted that she and Kent would be married. All Sagamor must have been collectively shocked at reading that notice in the Sunday metropolitan papers. Stephanie Temple jilted! "Oh, poor Stephanie!"

Randy, with one look at her sister's white face that morning the unbelievable item had appeared in the gossip column, had cried, "Stephanie, it's just something that happened and you've got to realize that fact and face it!" She had added angrily, "I never liked Kent Roberts anyhow!"

"This is why he didn't write," Stephanie had said, as though she hadn't heard Randy at all. "I thought it was his studies." Her voice had risen to a cry. "Randy, I'll have to face everybody, and I can't! Love is a cheat, isn't it? A cheat and a lie, and a girl is a fool to believe in it!"

"No, Stephanie, no! Never let yourself believe that. You don't, really."

Love wasn't a cheat or a lie for Randy. "But for me it is," Stephanie had told herself bitterly. "If last summer was a lie, how will I ever know what is a lie and what is truth?"

She could not remain in Sagamor, faced with the careful kindness of all her friends. She had to get away, out of sight and hearing of anything that could whisper "Kent!" to her again. In New York, a girl could begin completely over, building a new life. No one in New York would ever say, even casually, "Kent Roberts? That was the boy who . . ."

Now it was May. Today, Randy was marrying Tom, and tomorrow . . . Tomorrow, Stephanie thought, I'm leaving for New York. She repeated out loud, "New York, here I come!"

As though punctuating her words, she heard Purdy knocking at the bedroom door. "Randy! Stephanie! I need some help."

Stephanie called, "I'll be down in a moment, Purdy."

Purdy was Mrs. William Purdy. She had kept house for the Temples ever since Mrs. Temple had died in giving birth to Stephanie. She was an integral part of the household, and she was going with Randy and Tom.

"Dear old Purdy," Stephanie said. "I'll be easy in my mind about leaving you because she's going to be along to boss Tom and see he doesn't abuse you, my pet."

Randy laughed. "That reminds me," she said. "Be nice to Mark Owen, will you? Thomas thinks he's pretty special swell to come all the way from New York to be best man at the wedding, just because they roomed together at college."

Stephanie reached for a bathrobe. "Mark Owen? Of course I'll be nice to him. Look—better let me use the bath first. Then I can help Purdy while you take all the time you want . . ."

Mark had finished one telegram. In reaching for the second blank, his elbow scattered the yellow pages all over the floor. He gathered them together and threw Stephanie a rueful grin.

Laughing back at him, she remembered: You looked at me just that way that afternoon in the church. You were late and held up Randy's wedding, and everyone was getting impatient.

Mark had been late for the ceremony, holding up Tom who had driven to the station to meet the train. Randy and Stephanie, with Purdy, waited in the room at the rear of the small church. They could hear the soft strains of the organ.

Randy's face had a radiant beauty. She wasn't put out or impatient. "Everyone knows the New York train is always late," she said calmly.

Just then the signal had come. Then the wedding march, people turning to stare at the bride, rustle of frocks, Randy moving with beautiful steadiness down the aisle to Tom.

The first person Stephanie had noticed was not Tom, waiting at the altar rail, but the stranger beside him. The strange man's glance had touched Randy, paused there a moment, startled by her loveliness. And then Mark's glance had gone on to Stephanie herself and across his mobile mouth had come a grin that was boyish and apologetic.

Stephanie instinctively had made a small face at him. Mark recalled that to her afterwards at the reception dance. Randy and Tom had been gone by then. Stephanie had thought un-

happily: When they get back, I won't be here. When will Randy and I see each other again?

Perhaps Mark Owen had sensed her unhappiness. They were dancing together, and his arm tightened a little. He said quickly, "I couldn't help it, you know—the train was late. You looked mad enough to bite, and that wasn't nice."

Stephanie collected her thoughts, looked up into his face. "I was," she told him a little grimly. "I was furious."

But she was smiling, and Mark smiled also. "I'm sorry, really I am." Then he said, "She's lovely, isn't she? Good old Tom! I'm very glad for him."

"Randy is—" Stephanie's voice choked. Mark took her arm and led her outside the clubhouse to a secluded walk.

"If you must cry at a wedding!" He slipped a clean handkerchief into her hand and patted her shoulder as though she were a small girl. "Here, use this. I shan't tell."

Stephanie indignantly tried to repudiate her tears. "I'm not crying. It's just that I loathe weddings."

Mark looked at her in surprise; then he laughed. "Don't tell me you're jealous of Tom!"

At that, she laughed also. "Of course I'm jealous of him. No one could be good enough for Randy, and besides, this is the first time we've been separated since our father died."

"Tom told me about your father." Mark paused, then added, "I'd like to have known Professor Temple because I'm entering that field, and he was evidently one of the best. Not that I'll have luck enough to start out with a college job, but one of these days!" He grinned and went on, "I'm spending this summer in Chicago. The university there has something new in educational methods I want to study."

Stephanie looked at him vaguely. "That's interesting, and I hope you succeed in the job you want."

Mark Owen said, "Tom tells me you're going to New York soon. Do you have any friends there?"

"Just Eileen Shane. She's our second cousin and she's lived in New York most of her life. She has a position with some advertising firm. However, I don't expect Eileen to get me a job. I'll do that for myself."

Mark grinned. "I bet you will. And will it be all right if I look you up when I get there in the fall? I'd like to. You can give me the latest reports on our bridal pair."

Stephanie nodded. "Of course. That will be nice of you."

A whole summer, filled with thrilling adventures for Stephanie, lay between Randy's wedding and the day she saw Mark Owen again. In spite of her resolve to shift for herself, she had accepted Eileen's suggestion about an opening in the advertising firm of Harcourt & Company.

She had not given Mark Owen a single thought all that summer. She hated remembering that now, but it was true. Mark had vanished as completely from her mind as though he did not exist at all. She had forgotten him completely until one sunny October afternoon Eileen, waiting downstairs in the apartment-house lobby, announced, "Darling, there's a man upstairs waiting for you to get home—a Mark Owen. He's nice. I'm going out for the evening, so you can have the place to yourself."

For a moment Stephanie had stared at her cousin in blank wonder. "Owen? Mark Owen? I don't—but of course, Eileen! That's Tom's best friend. Didn't I ever tell you?"

"You did not. And I can't imagine why." Eileen added impulsively, "Unless it was 'hands off.' Anyhow, I've got a date."

Stephanie frowned. "Don't be silly, Eileen. I'd completely forgotten about Mark. I've a date too—with Jeff."

"Lucky girl—two dates! I wonder which one you'll keep."

Stephanie had broken her date with Jeff Hardy, and that was important, because Jeff was the sort of man you were lucky to be dating. Jeff Hardy was a junior partner in the firm of Harcourt & Company, but that wasn't why having him date you was something special. With Jeff, you were certain to pass an amusing evening, and his dating you more than once was a sign you were something special yourself.

Never had she thought that she would be telephoning Jeff, of all people, "I'm so sorry, Jeff. But a friend of the family's suddenly appeared and . . . Tomorrow? Of course."

Yet it would have been very simple to explain a previous engagement to Mark who had, after all, shown up without warning. But she had chosen to telephone Jeff and didn't then know why . . .

"I wrote Tom for your address when I left Chicago," Mark told her. "I wanted to look you up—do you mind?"

She said sincerely, "I'm rather flattered, Mark."

"Can't we go somewhere and make an evening of this? Or has some lucky man got ahead of me?"

She had said to that, impulsively, "I did have a date, but let's just stay here and talk. I'll rustle up some eggs, and there's a chocolate cake in the kitchen."

So she had called Jeff Hardy. That was how it had started. Not with fanfare and trumpets, night clubs or gaiety. Just she and Mark Owen seated on the divan eating scrambled eggs and crisp bacon, nibbling chocolate cake—and talking. As freely and intimately, Stephanie found to her surprise, as though they had known each other most of their lives.



## Erika Zastrow

They talked about her job. "Eileen got it for me, after all, Mark. I love everything about it."

"Good for you, Stephanie."

They talked about Randy and Tom, about Mark himself. He seemed pleased when she recalled the Chicago trip and what he had said about teaching. He had a position now lecturing on American Literature in the Sloan School, a private school in midtown New York.

"But that's only a port in a storm," he told her. "College is my meat. Tom's promised to see how the land lies in Sagamor College. He knows a couple of trustees."

"You'd like to bury yourself in Sagamor—a little town like that?" Stephanie asked in amazement.

His hands slipped between his Enees, a trick he had when he was very much in earnest. "I'm thinking of the college. It rates high. Anyhow, it seemed a swell little town to me. What's so humorous about that?"

She was laughing a little, her eyes teasing him. "Just that you live in New York and you want to go to a small town. I was in Sagamor and couldn't wait to get to New York."

Mark grinned at that. "We all have our Meccas—wherever we don't happen to be. That's human perversity for you."

He left early. Early, that is, for a date in New York.

"I have a lot of personal 'must-sees' in New York I'd like to show you if it's all right with you, Stephanie."

She said, "I'd like that, Mark, very much."

He had not attempted to kiss her; simply given her his warm smile and left. I like him, Stephanie thought defensively, as though she had been challenged.

Eileen let herself in quietly, much later. Stephanie was still up, pretending to read. Eileen called, "You still up, Stephanie?" Then, coming to the bedroom door, she looked at Stephanie with a grin. "So you stood Jeff up? Have a nice evening, darling?"

Stephanie said lightly, "Quite nice. We stayed here and talked. Who was your date with—Jay?"

Eileen glanced at her, then away. She said evenly, "Jay and I went places and did things." That had meant, as Stephanie knew, that Jay Vidal was off the wagon again.

Stephanie said impetuously, "I'm sorry, Eileen."

"About what, darling? Jay and me?"

"About life," Stephanie wanted to say. "Everything. You and Jay; people who dream dreams; things that don't come true." She had been startled to feel tears rising to her eyes. What in the world did she have to cry about?

"Of course not," she said, forcing a smile. "I don't really know why I said that."

She saw Mark again and again. Suddenly he was taking up all her spare time. His voice over the telephone became in some strange fashion the most important event in her day.

"Stephanie? How's about taking in Radio City's newest colossal film?" Or: "The flag's out for skating in the park."

Her letters to Randy were filled with Mark. "Mark said this . . . Mark and I did that." One morning she realized that, stared at the sheet of notepaper and asked herself, "What is happening to me? In love—oh, no, that can't be! I don't want this to happen again. I won't let it!"

Love was an item in a social column. "The elopement of Kent M. Roberts, Jr., and Myra Lancy."

**L**ove was Jay Vidal, and Eileen wearing her heart out because Jay's passion for drinking was stronger than his passion for loving. Love had a catch in it, and it did not mean happiness. "But love too," something whispered in her heart, "can mean Randy and Thomas—and Mother and Dad!"

"Only," she replied to that, "how would I know? I don't want to take that chance—not again. I'm afraid!"

Then came the day when the news of Randy's first-born son had been telegraphed to Stephanie. She and Mark had gone that evening to Riverside Drive. Summer had come again. The heat of the July evening had crowded all the streets, and New York sprouted lovers as lawns sprout dandelions.

"Randy has a baby," Stephanie told Mark. "Oh, my darling sister Randy—and I wasn't there!"

Mark said in a low voice, "Tom was there."

She repeated, "Tom was there."

Suddenly those few simple words took on a tremendously vital meaning, as though they held in themselves all the importance and beauty of life—all that was real and true.

They were sitting on the grassy slope above the river. Mark rolled over on one elbow and looked into her face. "When your son is born, my darling," he whispered, "I'll be there. Isn't that the way you want it, Stephanie?"

As simple as that, and she knew it was true. She couldn't stop love now, and she did not want to. "Mark," she heard herself whispering, "I was in love once." Wondering, as she said it, why she did, because she could no longer conceive of Stephanie Temple being in love with anyone but Mark.

He said, "I guessed that. But it doesn't matter any more. This is real, Stephanie. You feel that, don't you? Darling,

## BOOK 4 THE COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

darling!" Mark bent his head and kissed her on the mouth. "You love me as I love you, Stephanie. It had to be; it's happened to us."

It's happened to us, she thought. Everything was a dream except herself and Mark, his mouth on hers. Kent Roberts was a mistiness in a past she could not recall; a name; nothing.

Love was Mark. His mouth on hers, his arms about her, his voice in her ear. Love was a glory and a shining; a rushing beauty which caught her in wings and soared her to unknown heavens.

"I loved you from the first moment I saw you, the day Randy was married. I'll love you all my life, Stephanie. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes," she breathed. She lay back, feeling Mark's arm around her, wanting to become one with Mark forever. "I love you," she whispered. "Mark, I love you!"

Watching Mark at the telegraph desk now, the words swelled and magnified in her consciousness. "I'm married to Mark. All my life is beginning now—this moment. No one has ever been so happy before; no one will ever be again!"

Mark finished the telegrams. He came toward her, his glance leaping ahead. "That's done. I've shouted it from the rooftops!"

He took her arm, tucking it joyously under his. The waiting boy hopped forward with their bags, saying to the elevator man, "Fourth floor."

Stephanie caught the sly grin that passed between the boy and the man, and she flushed. They know Mark and I are newlyweds, she thought. But she didn't care.

In the room, the bellboy put down the bags. He threw open the windows with a flourish. "Everything all right?"

Mark said, "Everything's fine." He flipped the boy a coin and watched him go out. He looked, then, at Stephanie.

She had taken off her hat. With a gesture suddenly touched with shyness, she put her hand up to her hair, loosening it. From under her hand, she looked at Mark. Her eyes were leaf-brown. "It's a nice room, Mark," she said. "We can smell the ocean. This is the first ocean I've ever seen."

"Ignorant little darling!" Mark grinned and Stephanie laughed, and suddenly she was in his arms, her mouth lifted to his. "We're married," he said. "What are you thinking, Stephanie? There are dreams in your eyes."

She put her mouth against his cheek, her body clinging to him. "This room, Mark—we'll remember it all our lives. Someday when I'm very old I'll say, 'It was in Atlantic City, children, that your father and I spent our honeymoon. It was a wonderful room with corner windows, the most beautiful room in the world.'"

"You're terribly sweet, Stephanie. Are you happy, darling?" He went on ardently, "Think about me—not the room; not anything but me."

She said with beautiful simplicity, "You're in every thought I'll ever have, Mark. I couldn't stop that if I wanted to."

"You're so lovely. It's like a dream that you and I are here—that it's I you love."

"It's you I love." Her arms tightened about his neck. She seemed to surrender her whole body, vibrant with passion, to his arms and mouth. She repeated, "I love you, Mark!"

Eileen perched on a chair, letting one slim foot dangle. She said, "Throw me out if I'm in your way. I should have waited for an invitation before calling on you newlyweds, I suppose."

Stephanie looked at her cousin reproachfully. "I've been meaning to ring you a dozen times, but there's been so much to do in the two days Mark and I have been back. We had to find this place and fix it up."

Eileen grinned. "You've certainly done wonders with it."

Stephanie and Mark had taken a single room with kitchenette closet in the rear part of an old house in the Eighties near Central Park. A double bed did duty as a divan by day. You pulled your kitchen out of a wall. Curtains of gold gauze held whatever sunlight came along, and the few scattered knickknacks were of white pottery. Striped yellow-and-primrose slipcovers gave an air of bridal freshness to the room.

Stephanie looked about her with pardonable pride. "We've had fun," she admitted.

"I bet you did." There was the faintest trace of envy in Eileen's voice. Her tone changed. "How was Atlantic City?"

Stephanie said Atlantic City had been swell. "We both managed to get a good sun-tan and stored up enough Vitamin D to last us all winter."

"It's very becoming—your tan, darling."

They talked a few moments longer, and then Eileen glanced at her watch. "I must run. See you at the office Monday."

Stephanie accompanied her cousin to the door. "I haven't thanked you yet for helping swing my vacation earlier than it was scheduled and saving my job for me, Eileen."

She was going on with her job at Harcourt's. "Why not,



darling?" she had asked, when Mark demurred at that. "Just for a little while. My job isn't a career—just a stopgap, something to do while you're getting a college lined up. But if you'd rather I didn't go back to Harcourt's, I won't."

He had given her a long kiss. "Go back, darling. I'll get a break, and we'll shake New York's dust from our feet."

Once, New York had been her escape. Now she wanted only what Mark wanted. New York, Sagamor—what did it matter, so long as she was with Mark!

After Eileen had gone, Stephanie put away the silver service from which she had served tea. Randy had sent the service, which was a family piece. "I'm keeping the Winthrop desk, so you rate the silver, Stephanie. Darling, Tom and I are so thrilled about you and Mark!" With the service, Randy had sent a long-throated black china cat, heavy enough to be used as a doorstep. Stephanie called the cat Sukey.

She washed the dishes and put them on the shelf behind the screen, stopping beside Mark as she came out to rub her cheek against his coat. "Don't let's go out tonight. I'll get dinner. We'll stay home and pretend we're an old married couple."

Mark picked her up and carried her to the big chair.

She lay back in his arms, her eyes on his face. "Mark," she said humbly, "how do we rate this? The world's so full of people who've never been happy and never will be."

He whispered, "Your eyes are like dark brown pieces cut out of velvet. You have a funny little nose and a chin with a cleft right in the center. I want to kiss you again."

She held up her mouth, saying, "We have two whole days yet. Mark, do you realize there'll be seven hours in each weekday when you'll go your way and I'll go mine? Promise me you'll call me each noon. Am I being silly, Mark?"

"If you are, it suits me fine."

"I'm not much of a cook, darling—you'll have to put up with me until I learn. No one can get too ambitious with a kitchen you pull out of a wall. But I do scramble eggs nicely."

Mark's cheek went down to her fragrant hair. "I want to give you the whole world, my darling, and I can't even give you a house with a garden and a kitchen that stays put."

"We've got Sukey and a geranium in a pot," Stephanie protested. "Anyhow, Mark, I adore this room. I've just got the curtains right, and you talk about moving me out!"

**HE LAUGHED.** "I love my love with a *d* because she's devoted and demure and dangerously delightful."

"Mark, you idiot!"

Everything beyond this room was unimportant. Only she and Mark, watched by the enigmatical eyes of the black china cat, were real and important.

For Stephanie and Mark, the first year of their marriage passed swiftly. They had planned a visit to Sagamor at Christmas, but that was canceled when Mark was asked to do some special tutoring. So it was July once more and the first birthday of Randy's son before they made the trip.

Stephanie glanced out of the train window with odd excitement. "I can't realize I've been away two years, Mark. Nothing seems different."

Thomas was at the station to greet them. His curly reddish hair blazed in the sunlight. He was half a head taller than Mark, a rangy young man running to bone and sinew. Already he had the physician's searching look.

"Stephanie—Mark, old-timer!" Tom kissed Stephanie warmly and shook Mark's hand with vigor. "It's about time you showed up. Young Thomas is a whole year old!" He grinned and picked up a suitcase. "Randy couldn't leave our son. He's just over the measles, and Purdy won't let him out in the noon heat."

Stephanie's laughter had a bell-like sound. "Purdy seems as much a tyrant as ever." She slipped one arm under Mark's and the other under Thomas' as they walked to the car. She told Mark, "Purdy is an old dear, but don't you let her give you an inferiority complex. She'll try."

Thomas put in, with mock grimness, "Randy and I only exist on sufferance as a sort of background for our lusty brat." He left them at the gate of the bungalow. "I've some calls to make—see you at dinnertime."

Randy came flying down the garden path to meet them, her eyes softly hazel, her skin a rich honey, her hair like dull wheat-gold. "Oh, you darlings!" She gave one searching look at her sister's face and saw that the glance Stephanie turned on Mark might have been a mirror reflecting her own glance at Thomas. So Randy kissed Mark happily, loving him because Stephanie was so happy. "Come and see my pride and joy. Thomas, my sweet, this is your aunt Stephanie and your uncle Mark. Say hello, pet!"

Young Thomas lay on his back, kicking vigorously. He held onto a fistful of hair when Mark bent over him.

"Oh, sweet—sweet!" cried Stephanie.

Grand to be home again, she thought. To be young and married to Mark; to look up old friends and say proudly,

"This is my husband. Yes, we're living in New York for the present."

They slept at night between lavender-scented sheets. Moonlight streamed through the open window. Outside, frogs and crickets kept up a chanting song.

Stephanie said, "When Randy and I were children, we pretended we could walk along the moonlight and find at the end a dream which had come true."

"You're my dream." Mark drew her close to him. In the darkness, their lips met passionately. "You're my dream come true!"

They walked one evening around the college grounds. At the entrance there was a bronze statue of Timothy Havens. Mark read the inscription. Timothy Havens had been instrumental in founding Sagamor College. His bronze face had a thin-lipped, intellectual assurance which amused Mark. "Seems to have been a stanch old Puritan, our friend Timothy."

"You do like it here, don't you, Mark?"

He nodded. "It would be great if we could live our lives here. I'd like being a part of something like this, Stephanie. Sagamor seems made to order."

She teased him, loving his seriousness. "Professor Mark Owen—how impressive that sounds! When all those lads and lassies come to bring their problems and troubles to you, I'll have plenty of tea and sandwiches ready while you talk to them. They'll look at me and think, 'That's the prof's wife. Wonder how she manages to get along with him, and if he's as much an old grump at home as he is in the classroom!'"

"They'll say," interposed Mark, "'That's the prof's wife, and I wonder if he knows what a lucky guy he is!'"

Thomas was at home when they returned. Mark stayed downstairs for a drink with him while Stephanie accompanied Randy up to the nursery for a last look at the baby.

Stephanie whispered, "Was it very bad—having him, I mean?"

"I don't remember. You forget all that part, once it's over. Anyhow, it couldn't have been too bad, because next March . . ."

Their eyes met. "You and I both," Stephanie said, low.

"Darling, does Mark know yet?"

"I'm saving it for an anniversary present."

"You're happy about it, aren't you, Stephanie?" Stephanie's soft smile replied to that. Randy added, "Mark's going to make a swell father. Almost as good as Tom," she teased. "Darling, Tom guessed, and so did I. There's such a shining about you. You're not nervous, are you?"

Once Mark had said, "When your son is born, I'll be there."

"Not a bit. How could I be? Mark will look after me."

Stephanie said confidently, "Where Mark is, there is safety and love and happiness for me always."

Randy put her arm about her sister. They stood a moment, leaf-brown head against pale gold. "I'm glad Tom knew Mark and asked him to our wedding," Randy said then.

A son was born to Stephanie and Mark on a blustering March day. High winds tore furiously between New York's skyscrapers.

Stephanie had a bed in a semiprivate ward of a small hospital. "When may I see Mark?" she pleaded with her nurse.

"If you mean that young man who's been wearing out our waiting-room carpet—well, just for a moment to keep you quiet."

Eileen had remained with Mark most of the morning. Her calm good sense had helped temporarily. "Remember the good old movie caption: 'They've never lost a father yet,'" she told him. "Mark, I simply must look in at the office. I'll be back later. Hang on, feller!"

In Mark's blue eyes was a look of frantic appeal. All right for the nurses and doctor to say, "She's doing fine." When it was Stephanie having a baby, his Stephanie, his love, his life . . .

He catapulted to the desk when the girl there finally beckoned him. "You may go up now, Mr. Owen."

Stephanie lay flat on her back, her body slim once more under the sheet and blanket. Her hair had been tied with a perky blue ribbon. The gray-haired nurse smiled and went out. The other two beds were empty, so Mark and Stephanie had their first parental moment alone.

"Oh, darling!" whispered Mark. He looked mentally torn, and he put his head down against her hand.

Her fingers curled up against his mouth. "It wasn't bad at all. Don't look like that, Mark. Darling, we have a son. We're parents. We've joined hands with life for good."

His eyes lay on her face—on the soft curve of her young mouth, the rich brown depths of her shining eyes. "How beautiful you are, Stephanie! Our son had good taste in picking his mother." He added, "I almost forgot. There was a telegram from Tom. Randy had a daughter last night."

"Mark, wasn't it sweet of them to be born on practically the same day? Randy's daughter, our son!"

Mark said, "Yes." He put his face down to hers. "Only God





**"He's dead," Stephanie whispered. "He's not dead," Tom said, "but he will be if I don't get to work."**

knows how I've missed you. Everything is so empty when you're away, Stephanie."

Later, when the nurse had returned and sent Mark out to the baby room to see his son, through glass, Stephanie lay in the gathering twilight watching the skies deepen to orange and yellow and pale violet. How happy I am—how happy!

Now that she had given up her position, they had to economize sharply. They were a struggling young couple among New York's thousands of struggling young couples.

Mark still taught in the Sloan School, but now he worked three evenings a week teaching in a night school. In addition, he was elaborating his college thesis on a critical appreciation of New England literature into a book.

They moved, that summer, from the one room in New York City to a small two-family house on Long Island.

"We're quite close to the subway and the city, but we have lots of sunlight and fresh air," Stephanie told Eileen gaily. "There's even a tiny back porch for Stevie's nap."

She was wearing a peasant frock with a bandanna wound

about her head. She had been shifting furniture all day and there was a smudge of dust across her nose and her mouth was innocent of lipstick. And, thought Eileen, she never looked prettier in her life.

"You sound like a real estate agent selling me an idea," she told Stephanie. "Actually, darling, this is swell. Can't I help push something around?"

Stephanie dropped onto the divan beside her cousin. She glanced ruefully from her grubby hand to Eileen's exquisitely manicured finger tips. "And spoil that manicure? No, darling, you just sit and look ornamental. I'll make some tea in a moment. Mark told me to leave all this until he got home, but I couldn't. Stevie is such a good baby. He sleeps and sleeps and never cries."

"Calling him Stevie is cute. After you?"

"It was my father's name, you know."

Eileen said then, "We all miss you at the office, even if you never give us a thought." Her glance at Stephanie was teasing. "You were the girl who was going places."

"What do you think I've been doing? I *am* going places.



## To Live Again

Wait until Mark has finished his book. He's going to be famous."

"Just the little woman behind the scenes! More power to you, darling, I'm so envious I grow green."

When Mark came back that evening, Stephanie ran to him, flung her arms about him and put her mouth passionately up to his. His arms were full of packages, which he dropped in pretended dismay. "What brought this on? You're strangling me, woman!"

"Eileen was here, Mark. And oh, darling, I love you! It isn't possible, I know, but I get happier every day. Mark, suppose I were Eileen and didn't have you? How can people stand it when there's no one to love?"

"If Eileen has this effect on you, we'll give her a fistful of rain checks." His arms closed about her; his mouth touched her eyelids. "Me too, sweet. Suppose there was no you here, wanting me!"

"I'll always want you, Mark. We'll never grow old and stodgy. We're young; we're in love; we've got the world by its tail!"

His voice was husky. "You're darned right we have!"

She withdrew reluctantly from his arms. "Fine wife I am, kissing you instead of feeding you. I made you an upside-down cake while Stevie slept. Mark, he's such a lamb. If I say, 'Go to sleep, little love, while I make a cake for Daddy,' off he goes without a sound."

Mark said proudly, "A chip off the old block."

The baby thrived. For Stephanie, there was the constant miracle of watching his personality unfold day by day as he grew from helpless babyhood into a chubby, sturdy little boy.

The black china cat, slightly chipped when it had been dropped by the moving men, was Stevie's first idol. His face, framed by pale blond curls, lighted up when he saw Sukey. First he crawled toward the cat on chubby knees; then he toddled toward it, and finally ran.

His second idol was Mark. His mother was so much a part of Stevie's existence that he offered her no adoration, only constant demands. But when Mark came home, Stevie shouted, "Da-wide!"

"When will you learn to say words properly?" Mark grumbled. He caught young Stevie up, swung him to one shoulder and waited for the strange embrace about his throat.

"Wide—wide!" demanded Stevie, as Mark swung him down. Rough and tumble—Stevie loved that.

Stevie's first tooth, his first word, the sacred catechism of parental love—Mark and Stephanie knew it all. Mark's world, Stephanie's world, bounded by four sunny walls, by laughter and planning. Nights, when Stevie slept and Stephanie lay in Mark's arms.

"It's raining, Mark. I love to lie like this listening to the rain. Did you have a hard day, darling?"

"I heard rumors about an increase in salaries soon. If it goes through, you buy yourself a new pretty, darling."

"Nothing doing! There are those books you want, Mark. We'll buy them first."

"Who's boss around here, anyhow!"

Her voice, meek in the darkness: "You, my love. So we'll buy the books."

"Know something? I believe I rather like you. There's something in the way you smile!"

"Nice of you, Mr. Owen. Keep on liking me, will you?"

Mark buried his face against her shoulder. "You and little Stevie—you make a swell world for a man, my darling."

Little Stevie had nearly reached his second birthday when the letter from Sagamor College came for Mark. Stephanie looked at the printed words stamped on the upper left-hand corner. She knew immediately what it was. Mark and Thomas had been corresponding on the subject lately.

**S**HE telephoned Mark. "Darling, it's come. A letter for you from Sagamor College. No, I haven't opened it. Wait a moment." While Mark waited at his end, she tore open the letter, her eyes dancing down the page. "Mark," she cried into the telephone, "it's true! Assistant to Edwards, English Department. Darling, darling, isn't it wonderful?"

Of course it was wonderful. For Mark, who had planned and dreamed all his life toward this end; for Stephanie, who wanted only what Mark wanted. That evening Mark pretended to grumble a little. "Of course the salary isn't exactly munificent, even for Sagamor. We'll have to retrench."

"Mark," cried Stephanie with indignation, "what does a salary matter, when you've got what you wanted? We'll make out wonderfully. You've got it—your big chance, our future!"

Mark swung his son into his arms. "Pretty swell, isn't she, old man?" he said huskily. "One in a million."

They would move back to Sagamor at the beginning of the summer, as soon as the Sloan School semester was finished. At night now Mark and Stephanie could hardly sleep for happy planning. "Randy writes there's a bungalow not far from theirs"—that was Stephanie's voice in the darkness—"with a good big garden for the children."

Mark said, "Ummm." Then his head suddenly popped up from the pillow, trying to see her in the patch of moonlight. "What do you mean, children?"

"Didn't you know? We're giving Stevie a new baby for a playmate. This year he'll have to be satisfied with a mere scooter for his birthday. We're raising a family, Mark."

He said huskily, "Thank the Lord Tom and Randy will be around this time. Oh, my darling!"

The day before Stevie's second birthday Stephanie went to New York to buy the scooter. She was walking along Fifth Avenue against the March wind when Jeff Hardy saw her.

Jeff was driving down the Avenue. He swung his car into a space between two taxis and got out. "Stephanie!"

Her cheeks were a wild rose, the color whipped into them by her walk. Her eyes were brilliant. "Jeff Hardy! Where did you drop from?"

He retained the hand she gave him. "How's the son and heir? And Mark. No need to ask how you are."

Stephanie said they were both fine. "It is nice seeing you, Jeff."

"I'm glad you think so, because this isn't going to be one of those hello-good-by things. Where are you headed?"

"Oh, Jeff, I've dozens of errands to do, what with Stevie's birthday tomorrow."

"In that case," he told her, "I can offer you the services of one expert chauffeur for the afternoon. Salary—two cocktails when you've finished with your errands."

Across a table in a cocktail lounge sometime later, Jeff glanced searchingly at his companion. "Long time no see like this. Relax, darling. All your errands have been run. You can give me a little attention now."

How alive she is! he thought, watching her vivid face. He had never noticed that particular quality in Stephanie before.

He ordered and pushed aside a vase holding a single, perfect rose. "Tell me about yourself. I need to catch up."

"There's nothing much to tell, Jeff. Mark is bringing up a book and I'm bringing up a baby. That's exciting to us, but wouldn't be to anyone else. Just now we're getting ready to move to Ohio in June. Mark's been offered a job at Sagamor College. My father taught there, you know."

"So you're leaving New York! I thought you liked it here."

"I do, very much. I shall love coming back to visit. But for living, New York's too hectic. It's a place for people who want to live on the surface of things; who want excitement and brilliance; who want to forget or be forgotten."

Jeff thought: Once you liked what I gave you of New York glamour and excitement. He said, "You've changed, Stephanie. I'm trying to make up my mind which way I like you best."

Her smile said it did not matter which Stephanie he liked best. "People do change, don't they, Jeff?"

He surprised himself as well as Stephanie by suggesting later, "Since you won't stay in town and have dinner with me, how about asking me out? I'd like to see Mark again, and if you're leaving town, this is a good time."

"If you don't mind potluck, Jeff. Remember, I've been shopping all day. We'll be able to offer you nothing more exciting than potroast and mashed potatoes."

"No caviar; no lobster?" He grinned. "I'll take my chances with your potluck."

Traffic over the bridge leading to Long Island was heavy at this hour. The sun had gone down to an early twilight. Brooklyn Bridge was a black, intricate and beautiful pattern stenciled on lemon clouds.

Every small detail of this ride was to be forever imprinted upon Stephanie's mind. Her thoughts were to go round and round, caught in a repetitious trap: I had never been so happy; it was Stevie's birthday, and I went to buy a scooter. Edith was staying with Stevie. He liked her, and she was always reliable . . . I met Jeff in New York, and he went shopping with me and drove me home. The wind was high, and he had to drive carefully . . .

She was to ride over and over again in her nightmares just like this. Pleasantly sleepy, clutching packages in her lap, the scooter making bouncing noises in the rear seat.

She directed Jeff into a quieter side street, once they had crossed the bridge. "You may be sorry you came, Jeff. Mark and I do things on a modest scale."

He said crossly, "And you're snooty about it, aren't you?"

"Jeff, what a thing to say!"

"But you are!" He threw her a fleeting grin. "It's the subtlest form of self-complacency. You've been putting me in my frivolous place all afternoon, young lady. You and your Mark are substantial citizens contributing your bit to the future; whereas Jeff Hardy has remained a playboy. What have you been trying to do—show me what I missed by not being quick enough on the uptake while I had a chance?"

"Jeff," she cried unhappily, "please—that's not true! I'd loathe being thought smug or self-complacent."

He laughed. "Of course you're not. I meant none of that. Is this your street?"

Stephanie nodded. Smug and self-complacent, was she! But Jeff's opinion wasn't important. In another moment she'd be



## Erika Zastrow

home, and Stevie would look teasingly at her from behind Edith's skirts. "Muvver brung Stevie sumfing?"

Jeff's voice interrupted her thoughts. "Quite a crowd down there. Someone in the neighborhood must be having a party. No, it's not that." He stopped abruptly.

There were several cars crowded together at the lower end of the street. One was a long white car. A woman, bareheaded as though she had rushed out of her house, stood with two men. Other men and women moved slowly away.

Stephanie sat up. "What can have—" Unreasoning terror caught at her throat. "Jeff, that's an ambulance! In front of my house." She caught his arm. "Jeff, stop the car."

He reached for the brake. "Listen, Stephanie, don't go haywire. Just because—"

She glanced at him but did not see him. "Mark!" Her lips formed the word, her eyes wide with terror. She got out of the car, ran toward the house. Mark! she thought wildly. Please don't let it be Mark! Stevie is with Edith.

Her heart pounded. She was on the plot of grass separating the house from the street. The door opened, and two men came out. One wore the white coat of an interne; the other . . . Stephanie's hands clutched at the railing, her glance jerking up, wave after wave of dizzy relief sweeping over her.

"Not Mark. Someone's been hurt, but it's not Mark!"

Mark had not seen her, but he heard her whisper. He spun around. "Stephanie!" His mouth formed the word hoarsely.

**T**HEY stared at each other. It seemed an eternity to Stephanie, but it was only a second. The words kept pounding at her thoughts: "Not Mark—not Mark!"

The doctor came forward slowly, touched Mark's rigid arm. "Is this Mrs. Owen? The mother?"

Slowly, painfully, Stephanie brought her glance from Mark's face to this man's. Mother? She heard herself crying, "But Stevie is safe with Edith! Why do you ask that? Where is Stevie? Mark, Stevie is all right—tell me. Tell me!"

Mark whispered painfully, "Stephanie—oh, Stephanie, I—" He made a gesture helplessly.

The doctor said rapidly, "Try to pull yourself together, Mrs. Owen." There was no time to soften the stark nakedness of shock; no time to prepare this young mother for her tragedy, and he knew that. He knew also that the father could not force himself to say the words this girl must hear.

The doctor said quietly, "The little boy ran out into the street. The driver did his best to avoid him and cracked up badly. The child . . ."

"Stevie!" she whispered the name. "You're speaking of my Stevie? Mark, is that what he means? Where is he?"

"He's in the house, Mrs. Owen."

Her cry rose sharply, angrily. "Then don't just stand there! Let me go in—he'll want me."

The doctor's hand held her back. "He doesn't need you. It was merciful, Mrs. Owen. The child never knew."

"Never knew!" She repeated the words automatically. Her eyes were pinpricks fastened on his face. "Are you trying to tell me that Stevie—that my baby is—"

She said those words so quietly that the young doctor was not prepared. He nodded, finding nothing to add to that statement, his eyes full of pity.

Stephanie stared at him. All time and all life stopped for her. She seemed to stand motionless in a void, and everything outside that void was a vast dark blur.

Suddenly she raised her hand and brought it sharply across the young interne's face. "That's a lie!" she cried in a hoarse, thick voice. "I know that's a lie!"

Stephanie wanted to stay in the darkness. Her bruised spirit fought against the physical strength of her young body with its tenacious hold on life. In the darkness there was no thought or memory, no pain or despair, only nothingness.

She wanted to stay there forever, lost in a sea of unconsciousness, deaf and blind to all but the need never to think or feel or remember. But she could not. The vitality of her physical body was too much for her. Dim forms began to emerge from the darkness; sounds intruded upon her ear; the sickeningly sweet odor of a drug started a slow nausea.

There were voices now in the darkness.

"She's regaining consciousness, doctor."

"Yes. She's going to pull through."

In her darkness, Stephanie wanted to cry "Go away. Don't call me back!" She found herself struggling desperately to prevent consciousness, to sink back into nothingness.

But as she struggled, the voices outside grew in volume, became clearer. "Too bad she had to lose the baby too. But she is young and healthy. There will be other children."

Suddenly every fiber in Stephanie began to scream. Her darkness was split with a flash of consciousness, and with it came a vivid swordlike pain through her body. "No—no—never!" Her head moved from side to side. "No—no!" The words came in a blur of struggling sound from her lips, but to her, they seemed to fill the world.

## BOOK 4 THE COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

"Hush, Mrs. Owen. Please lie quietly. You've been very ill." Stephanie opened her eyes. She was back in the present, in life. She remembered everything, knew everything. Her speech was clear. "It wasn't a lie—about Stevie? It's true."

"Hush, Mrs. Owen, please."

The white walls of the room began to sway, pendulum fashion, before Stephanie's eyes. The face of the nurse swung with the walls—receding, advancing, receding again. The nurse's voice faded in and out also. "Please, Mrs. Owen. Try to sleep again."

"It's true about my baby."

"Try to sleep again. You'll feel better if you do."

Stephanie's eyes were brilliant with pain. It was all true. The bridge, the Long Island side, the street, the crowd of people, a man saying, "Is this the mother?"

"No!" she whispered. "No!" Mercifully, unconsciousness swept over her again, and in it she found rest . . .

It was still night when Stephanie woke again. It was another night, but she did not know that. She had lain in a coma for many hours. This time when she awoke all fever had left her, and her mind was agonizingly clear.

She knew immediately that she was in a hospital room. She saw the screen at the foot of the bed, the darkness of night beyond the windows.

"Hello, Stephanie," said a quiet voice.

She moved her eyes toward the voice. She did not seem surprised to find it belonged to Thomas Newcomb. "Tom," she whispered.

He sat by the bed, hands clasped over his knees. When she spoke, he put one hand over hers. "Better, my dear? You gave us a fright, sleeping so long."

"Tom." She could not seem to get beyond that single word.

He smiled. "I flew in. Caught the first plane after Mark's wire came. Randy wanted desperately to come, but we've been having a siege of measles home. She wrote you a letter. I'll let you read it later when you're stronger."

But Stephanie heard nothing of what he was saying. She looked up at him with her tragic dark eyes. "Tom, my baby died too, didn't it? Tell me the truth, Tom."

He said softly, "Of course I will. Yes, Stephanie, you know the truth. The doctors did all they could." He added, "Mark has been waiting for hours to see you."

Stephanie whispered the name without expression, "Mark." "He's been having a bad time of it, my dear. Do you think you are strong enough to see him?"

Mark, thought Stephanie resentfully. Mark. Why should I see him? Why must I live and talk and breathe?

But she said tonelessly, "If he likes, Tom."

Mark turned as the nurse entered the anteroom. For twenty-four hours he had been living in agony, and he had known no merciful unconsciousness. He had not left the hospital and had barely touched the trays of food sent to him. He had not shaved; there were gaunt shadows under his blue eyes.

Tom's arrival had been the one break in Mark's agony. His mere physical presence had brought a faint ray of hope.

Tom had not said much, for indeed there was little anyone could say. They had gone to the desk together; then Tom had vanished upstairs and Mark had returned to the anteroom. He could not remain quiet, but paced the room. The second night was passing. All through the building there was stillness.

Mark thought furiously: Why doesn't someone come? Why don't I hear?

He snapped around as the nurse entered the room. "Mr. Owen, you may come up for a moment now. This way, please. Mrs. Owen is conscious. Dr. Newcomb is with her." The nurse moved toward the elevator. As they ascended, she said, "Please don't mention the baby—or the accident to her, Mr. Owen."

The elevator door opened at the floor. As Mark entered the room, Tom glanced up and moved away from the bed.

Behind a screen Stephanie lay with a sheet drawn up to her chin. The sheet was no whiter than her bloodless face. Only her dark hair seemed alive, the thick strands breaking the sea of whiteness all about her. Her eyes were closed.

"Stephanie," Mark whispered. He sat down in the chair Tom had vacated and stared at her with all the longing love and grief of his heart. "Stephanie, my darling—it's Mark."

She made a movement, like a long shudder. After a second she opened her eyes. They were just black darkness now, no shining left in their liquid depths. She looked at Mark, and her eyes did not change. Her voice came in a dead monotone. "I asked for it, didn't I? I left myself wide open."

"Stephanie, my sweet, don't!" He put his head down to his wife's face. Under his lips, her cheek remained motionless and cold. "Don't talk now, Stephanie—not until you're stronger."

She whispered, "Stevie is dead, and my baby is dead. I keep seeing Stevie, Mark." A spasm of agony twisted her mouth.

"Have they hurt you badly, my darling? Are you in pain?"

She did not seem to hear him. She repeated vaguely, "I keep seeing him." Suddenly her eyes had a startling brilliance.



"Love did this. If it can't get at you in one way, it tries another. What a fool to believe . . . happy all the rest of my life!"

"My darling, don't say things like that! We'll get over this somehow together, you and I."

Her too-bright eyes turned slowly to him. "Why didn't they let me die too, Mark? I wanted to."

He cried, "Because I love you! I need you, Stephanie. I'm still here, loving you always, needing you!"

"Yes," she whispered, "you're here." There was an unconscious cruelty in her words that stabbed him. As though, looking at Mark, a whisper tore through her distorted brain. "You did this to me. I trusted you and believed in love because of you. You left me wide open to this!"

The accusation, all the more poignant because she did not say the words, lay in her eyes, staring up at him. Then the lids came down.

Mark wanted to cry, "Take me into your pain and grief, my darling! Don't turn away from me like this. Let me help you!"

But he knew he must not. He rose and stood staring down at her until Thomas touched his shoulder, motioning him away. Mark heard the door close behind them. There was a small solarium at the end of the corridor, and Thomas walked to it, glancing sharply at his companion.

"YOU'LL HAVE to be patient with Stephanie for a long time, Mark," he said. "I've got to tell you this. She'll recover her health rapidly enough, but I warn you it may take a long time for her to recover her emotional balance. Some types get over things more easily than others; are able to adjust themselves to shock. Stephanie seems to take things the hard way—as she took her father's death. It was months before she was herself. She frightened Randy."

He went on, "You'll see her through, old man. Just take things easy for a while. She'll need all your love, even though she won't seem to want it. No one knows what a shock to the entire nervous system will do to human emotions. They're always an unknown quality. The whole mechanism has to start working again. That's what I'm trying to get across."

Mark said, "I think I understand. Thanks, Tom."

Tom held out his hand, and Mark took it. "You'll make it, old man. Stephanie loves you. She'll get past this in time."

The small house on Long Island which had been, only a few short weeks before, so sunny and gay, echoing to a child's laughter, filled with a woman's happy presence, was now being stripped. Open packing cases stood about; the curtains were down; rugs were rolled ready to be moved.

Eileen had suggested, "Mark, take my advice and don't bring Stephanie back to this house. Start over fresh." And Thomas, who liked Eileen Shane the moment he met her, had seconded the suggestion.

With Stephanie out of physical danger, Thomas had returned to Sagamor. "Eileen seems level-headed," he had told Mark. "Let Stephanie see a lot of her and take her advice about the house."

So now Eileen was helping Mark pack. They had found an apartment in a family hotel in midtown New York. The apartment was furnished, and only the odd rugs, lamps and some pictures would be needed. Most of the furniture which Mark and Stephanie had purchased so happily would go into storage for the present. "Until," Eileen said, "Stephanie gets back her strength and decides what she wants to do."

She was holding the black china cat Sukey in her hands. Mark looked at the cat dully. Stevie loved that, he thought with pain. But he did not say so aloud, and Eileen, knowing nothing of the cat's associated memories, put it with the few things that would be taken to the new apartment.

Mark said, low, "She's quite well. She'll be discharged tomorrow. But when I look into her eyes, Eileen, it's like looking into hell. And I can't seem to help her."

Eileen's voice was soft. "You've got to give her time, Mark. We'll all do what we can to help."

"You've been wonderful, Eileen." Mark said that mechanically. Abruptly his mouth twitched. He whispered, "Stevie was my son, too."

Eileen thought: Oh, Mark, in all this tragedy no one's thought very much about you! There was a strength in Mark which made people rely on him instead of pitying him. Yet Mark needed some voice of helping affection, also. But she did not know what to say to him . . .

Stephanie saw the black cat the moment she entered the new apartment. It stood on a table. Oh, no! she thought wildly.

Mark and Eileen had come for her at the hospital and brought her here. She had scarcely noticed where she was being taken and did not care. She was well and strong, and she had to go on living. Beyond that, she would not let herself think about anything.

She stood in the doorway as Mark hurried over to raise a Venetian blind. The pain was so intense in her heart, seeing that china cat, that she had to bite her lips against a cry.

Forcing her eyes away from it, she said thickly to Eileen, "It was nice of you to take all this trouble."

"I liked doing it, darling. And now, suppose I make us all a cup of tea?"

Mark said, "Please do that, Eileen, while I put the bags in the bedroom."

Temporarily, Stephanie was alone in the living room. Even in her weakness, she moved swiftly. Her eyes, glazed with torment, searched about the room and rested on an old japanned box. She put the china cat in the box, shut the lid down hard and looked about again, her breath coming in quick gasps. Opening a closet door at random, she shoved the box far back out of sight on a high shelf.

She was trembling all over, but had managed to reach a window before Mark returned. Eileen was still in the kitchenette as Mark came swiftly over to Stephanie and let his arm go gently about her shoulders.

"Stephanie," he whispered. "Oh, darling, to have you back!"

Her body was rigid. He could not know, of course, that the black cat with its memories of little Stevie adoringly before it had flooded her.

Mark put his face against her hair. Then he let his arm drop from her. "You're tired, my darling."

"Yes, Mark," she said remotely, "I think I am."

The apartment, with a competent maid service supplied by the hotel, gave Stephanie little to do. The summer was one of blistering heat, but with the approach of fall she found herself thinking: I must find something to fill my life!

Neither she nor Mark had mentioned Sagamor College since Stephanie returned from the hospital. With little Tom and Honoria in Sagamor, going there would be too painful an ordeal for Stephanie to face, and Mark knew that. And if she remembered about the college and the joy with which she had once thought of Mark's teaching there, she never spoke of it.

When the Sloan School finished its spring session, Mark did not ask to have his resignation reconsidered. He found a position with a publishing house—new and exacting work for which he was grateful. Tom's words were continually in his thoughts: "You'll have to be patient with her. She'll need all your love, even if she won't seem to want it."

He and Stephanie were together as before, a man and a woman sharing life. Only Mark knew the utter loneliness of her remote spirit, her constant withdrawal from him.

So he began working on his book again at night. He realized that Stephanie was glad he was occupied with it. As though, he told himself unhappily, that were a release for her from an unexpected move toward intimacy he might make.

Stephanie, he thought painfully, don't you know I won't force my love on you until you want me? I only want to help you. My darling, little Stevie was a poem our love made; he belonged to both of us! Don't stay so alone in your unhappiness. Let me share the burden with you!

But she could not feel his thought. Mark had his book to occupy him, and she had nothing. The realization was forced upon her that she must find something to fill her life.

But not love. Never again. Love was an illusion and a trap. Love had unmasked the grinning face of death, and she would never give in to love again.

And so, on a brilliant October morning, Stephanie found herself once more in the reception rooms of Harcourt & Company, asking for Eileen. The girl at the desk was new. She did not know Stephanie. "Miss Shane?" she repeated. "I believe she's busy at the moment, but if you'll wait . . ."

STEPHANIE would wait. It was not quite one o'clock. She had planned to lunch with Eileen and discuss a job. She had just seated herself when the door to the inner offices opened and Jeff Hardy came out.

"Stephanie!" He crossed to her and took her hand. "You couldn't be here to see me? No such luck, of course."

He had the same old arrogance, the same light charm of manner. He could greet a girl as though she were the one person in the world needed to make his moment complete.

Stephanie let him retain her gloved hand. "I came to take Eileen to lunch. She's busy, so I'm waiting. It's nice to see you again, Jeff."

"And nicer than you know to see you. Yes, I know she's busy. Big conference on a new account—which is her loss and my gain, I hope. Let Eileen wait, and lunch with me!"

Stephanie looked at him. "Frankly, Jeff, I came to see how chances were for a job."

He grinned. "You don't want to see Eileen. You want to see me. I know just the place where we can talk this over."

Stephanie walked rapidly from the subway exit to the apartment hotel. She had spent the afternoon downtown, visiting with Eileen after her lunch with Jeff. It was late now, and she knew Mark would be at home.

Her step was elastic, purposeful; her head held with some of its old proud grace. The brisk wind whipped rich color into her thin cheeks, and for the first time her mind was filled



with plans instead of that brooding stillness in which she had tried so long to lose herself.

Just in front of the apartment, a young woman emerging from a car was carrying a little boy in her arms. The child clung to her and stared up at Stephanie with a mischievous look. Stephanie's glance slid over him. For the first time in these terrible months the sight of a child did not bring that wild leap of agony to her heart. The past was a locked door. She would never open it again to look inside. Every thought, every action of hers from now on must be a boulder pushed against that door.

Mark saw the change in her immediately. He saw that her eyes were clear and her movements had surety.

Her voice also had a new quality. "I'm sorry to be late, Mark. Eileen and I stopped for tea and forgot the time. We had so much to talk about."

"I just got in this moment," he told her. "We should see more of Eileen—and others. I'm glad you had tea with her." He kept watching Stephanie carefully, seeking some clue.

She smiled. "You're right, Mark—we must." She drew off her gloves and put them on the table with her hat. The movement of her fingers through her dark hair, shaking it loose, was so dear and familiar to Mark that his throat tightened. She said, "Stuff in here, isn't it?"

She walked about opening windows. Mark was searching in his coat pocket. "I thought you might like to see this play, Stephanie. The reviews have been excellent." Buying those theater tickets had seemed a doubtful bit of business earlier in the day; now he was pleased that he had thought of it.

Stephanie looked at the tickets. She said, smiling, "That was nice of you, darling."

**S**HE STOOD close to him now. He could see the pulse beat in her slim throat. She was still smiling, but her dark eyes did not meet his!

He asked quietly, "What else did you do besides have tea with Eileen?"

"First, I lunched with Jeff Hardy. That was by accident, because I really went to Harcourt's to see Eileen. This morning I decided to go back to a job. I need something to fill my spare time—something constructive."

"I see. That's all right if it's what you want, darling."

For a moment as she looked full at him a hint of wild storm rose in her eyes. "I have to, Mark," she whispered. "This apartment doesn't keep me busy—there's nothing to do." The storm died away, and she added lightly, "You must have been finding me very dull, Mark. Your life is so full of things—your work, your book."

He said painfully, "Stephanie, I only work on the book—" He stopped. He could not say to her, "Because you're always afraid I might bother you, and the book keeps me from that." He added in a low voice, "Nothing about you could ever seem dull to me, sweet."

She did not seem to hear the desperate longing in his tone. Her own was a little violent. "Mark, don't you see? I'm no use to anyone this way. I've got to do something!"

"No use!" It seemed to him as though her pitiful protest had at last broken down the wall between them. Driven by his need, he caught her and held her close. "Don't say that, my darling! Don't make yourself unhappy thinking anything like that. Oh, Stephanie, remember that one room uptown? We had so much happiness there. We're the same two people." He whispered pleadingly, "Let's begin again—a clean slate. We're young. We've had a setback, but we can get over that. We're still Stephanie and Mark!"

At his touch she stiffened. She knew that and could not help it. At his touch, it seemed to her that the locked door was opening and behind it was a rush of pain. Mark meant little Stevie, and little Stevie meant a man saying, "Is this the mother?"

A long shiver went through her. "Don't, Mark!" she said unconsciously. Her eyes were very dark. "I'm sorry."

He released her instantly, bewildered and confused.

He forced his smile to be reassuring. "It's all right, darling. Tell me about this job of yours. You landed it, of course?"

Stephanie nodded gratefully. She said, "Jeff has been put in charge of a new department at Harcourt's, an experiment in modern advertising. He's to find out what products go over best with the public and why. It's a service to advertisers. Sometimes a very small thing—the shape of a bottle or a certain kind of container—will make people buy one item and not another." She added, "Jeff has offered me a semisecretarial job, helping him get the department started. It sounds fascinating, don't you think, Mark?"

Mark wanted to cry, "Stephanie, my darling, this isn't the way to real happiness! Take your job if you want it, but don't give it everything you have. You'll never find it a substitute for love and courage—for what we once had between us! Take me, too. Come back to love, Stephanie. Sorrow is part of life, and if only you'd take it, you would know that sorrow enriches love. Don't shut me out like this!"

## BOOK 4 THE COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

But he could not say these things to her. Not in this moment when she had temporarily forgotten the past and was vivid with new excitement. He loved her and wanted her happiness. He told himself, "This is only a beginning. She'll be completely whole in time, and she'll turn to me then."

He said with a note of steadfastness in his voice, "It does sound exciting, sweet. I wish you all the luck in the world."

Eileen Shane opened the door and peered around it gaily. "May I come in, Stephanie?"

Stephanie glanced up, frowning. She sat behind a brand-new desk in her brand-new office. Her upturned glance was still absorbed in reports as she looked at her cousin. "Of course. Do come in, Eileen."

Eileen entered briskly. "Darling, it's time to quit. Mr. Harcourt's just arrived with Mrs. Harcourt, and the festivities are about to begin. Don't you realize you've been here for three months and this is Christmas Eve? Take a look outside. It's snowing, and that makes everything perfect."

Eileen went to one of the windows. Below, the courts and streets which made Radio City a little community of its own lay swathed in a whirling veil of misty snow. It was nearing four o'clock. Lights shone from most of the office windows. The skating rink and the tall Christmas tree made a pageant of glittering beauty.

Eileen glanced back over one shoulder. There was a tiny bit of tinsel caught in her black, curly hair. When she put up her hand, she felt it and grimaced. "I must look a sight. I've been lending a hand with the decorations."

"All this sort of thing seems rather silly in an office," said Stephanie flatly. "Decorations; Christmas party."

"But Mr. Harcourt, the lamb, loves it," laughed Eileen.

Stephanie shrugged, then smiled. "Let's indulge the boss, by all means! Anyhow, I'm starved, so I hope the refreshment committee has provided something substantial to eat."

"Materialist!" scoffed Eileen. "Canapés and tricky sandwiches, cocktails. Is Mark stopping by?"

Stephanie said Mark was. "I'll be with you in a moment, Eileen. Just let me straighten things out."

Eileen went to the door. "Be seeing you, then." She paused. "Are you and Mark taking in Jeff's party later?"

"Yes, we are. Mark didn't like the idea, but—" Suddenly a vehement note crept into Stephanie's low voice. "It will be something to do. I hate Christmas!"

"Darling!" protested Eileen. "You don't mean that, really. Of course it's difficult for you this year, but—"

Stephanie had regained her calm. "Sorry. Forget that, will you?"

Eileen closed the door gently behind her and stood a moment. No one could really get close to Stephanie these days. She was always so calm and composed; yet now and then she would make one of those strange vehement remarks. You caught an abrupt glimpse of a throbbing wound, but if you tried to say anything to her, she became distant.

In the main office, all was confusion. A girl stood on a ladder putting up a wreath. Desks had been pushed to one side and a radio merrily played "Jingle Bells." Two waiters, sent by the caterer, stood behind a long, generously laden table. Most of the firm had already gathered in the big room, and the hum of gay voices rose above the radio.

Marion Harcourt smiled at Eileen. "Merry Christmas, my dear. Everything looks very nice."

Eileen paused to chat with her employer's wife. Mr. Harcourt was putting a stack of long envelopes under the tree. His face had an expression of small-boy gleefulness.

Eileen glanced about, seeking a certain face which she did not find. She smiled at Marion Harcourt. "If you'll excuse me, I'll go powder my nose. I haven't had a moment all day, and a party should rate a clean face."

She made her way across the room. The office boy grinned at her as she beckoned him. "Yes, Miss Shane?"

"Bill, have you see Mr. Vidal about?"

"No, Miss Shane. Not since this morning I haven't."

"He'll turn up later, I expect." Eileen glanced down the room and saw that Mark Owen stood in the doorway. She waved at him. "Look, Bill, that's Mr. Owen. You take him to Mrs. Owen's office, will you? I can't stop."

She went on to her own office. This part of the floor was now deserted. She pushed the door open and glanced around, but the place was empty. A single rose in a slim vase stood on her desk. Looking at it, she chided herself angrily, "Jay promised. You've got to believe in his promises again and again, my girl."

But when she had closed the door, she leaned back hard against it, her head pressed to the thick wood.

Jay had come in early in the morning. Scrubbed and shaved, his hazel eyes clear, his grin infectious, boyish for all his twenty-seven years. "Here I am, my sweet, making my report. Two weeks today since I've been on the wagon."



## To Live Again

"Jay," she had said, "don't make it sound so—so school-marmish!"

His grin had deepened. "Why not? Come here, my beautiful guiding light, and give your future husband a kiss."

"Jay, in the office!"

"Day before Christmas! Anything goes, even in an office, on the day before Christmas. Your eyes," he had said softly, "are as blue as though you'd painted them with part of the sky. When you're disappointed with me, they get almost black—know that? I don't know why I should love you, but I do. You fuss with me and boss me and won't marry me, but I love you. Is that a song, by any chance? Eileen! Eileen!" he had gone on huskily. "I've brought you something."

He had given her a small volume, and between its pages lay a single perfect rose as a bookmark. "Herrick!" Eileen said. "Our own special poet. Oh, Jay, how sweet!" The edition was an old one, the book bound in pale green with faded gilt lettering, the paper yellow with age, the illustrations quaintly beautiful.

"I hunted all over town and found it in a forgotten book-stall," Jay had told her. "Outside of anthologies, Herrick is hard to come by. But I wanted this for you, my sweet."

When she opened the book to where the rose lay, he had quoted, his eyes on her face:

"'Twas but a single rose  
Till you on it did breathe;  
But since (methinks) it shows  
Not so much rose as wreath."

"That," he had whispered, "is the sort of effect you have on me. I go about quoting poetry."

When she had glanced up at him, her eyes were spilling over with tears. "Jay, darling, that's sweet!"

"You see, my beautiful love, this time I'm coming through for you with flying colors. This time I've made up my mind. I've just written 'Jay Vidal' with a flourish to as nice a piece of copy as old Harcourt's read in a decade. You'll be a June bride. I promise that. You believe me, don't you?"

"Of course I believe it, Jay." She had let him hold her tightly. She had to believe him—over and over again. She thought: Not a drink in two weeks, and this time he means it.

As she stood now in the empty office, slow tears welled up in her eyes under closed lids, and this time they fell. Jay had gone and he hadn't come back. As he'd left, he had seized one of her hands and put its palm to his mouth. "What are you wearing to Jeff's bang tonight?"

"Jade, darling."

"Jade it is. I'll find something just right for you to wear with that—and keep this for me until I want it back!"

She glanced down at the hand he had kissed and put the palm now to her wet cheek. "You met somebody, Jay," she said to herself. "It's Christmas Eve, and somebody said, 'Just one drink!' You'll come back. This time you did mean it."

She had been all through this so often. Jay staying painfully sober for a week, two weeks, a month. And then the inevitable ending.

Eileen had never known the girl who had once been Claire Vidal; who had loved and left Jay before she herself had known him. Yet, unreasonably, Eileen hated that Claire. With the mental honesty that characterized her, she knew that Jay's weakness was not all Claire's fault. Claire had just helped things along. She had evidently been an unstable, mercurial, pleasure-loving child, fitting in and out of responsibilities with butterfly lightness.

JAY HAD come to Harcourt's fresh out of college, a wonder child, gifted with a turn of phrase and freshness of imagination. That, coupled with his personal charm, had shot him up the ladder so fast that life must have seemed a champagne cup held to his eager lips. And then Claire. Young, exquisite, greedy for excitement; New York and night life; popularity; the well-known merry-go-round. Everything combined had knocked Jay for a loop. Claire deciding she had made a mistake, finding another merry-go-round more exciting—all that had happened before Eileen had come to Harcourt's.

No, it hadn't been entirely Claire's fault that Jay and gone to pieces.

"But why should I be the one to put those pieces together again?" Eileen had often asked herself. But she was the one, and she loved Jay.

"Snap out of it!" she told herself now. "You'll keep on believing him, carrying banners for him, hoping." This time there had been something special in his voice. This time he would stay on the wagon, and in June . . .

Jeff Hardy glanced down at Stephanie's dark head. "Are you having a good time at my party? I planned this all especially for you, in case you don't know."

Stephanie glanced up at him. Jeff's party had begun with drinks in his apartment, the crowd gathering; from that, they had begun the round of night clubs, and now they were danc-

ing to smooth music. She murmured, "Did you, Jeff? How nice of you, even if it isn't true!"

He frowned. "It happens to be true. Everything about you indicated time out for fun. Taking your work seriously is great for Harcourt's, but—well, I decided it was time for employer to dance with assistant." He grinned. "Employer might even make love to assistant if the moment were propitious—who knows?"

Stephanie laughed. She had been very gay all evening. No one, looking at her, would know that it was a feverish gaiety and a retreat from the memory of another Christmas—home-made ornaments, salt snow, a child staring raptly at his first tree.

"I hate Christmas!" she had flared at Eileen earlier that afternoon. That was true. This party of Jeff's, with its nightclub background, dance music instead of carols, was an escape. So she had flung herself into it.

She said, "Jeff, you are an idiot, and I'm having fun." She went on recklessly, "I never want the party to stop. It's been such ages since I've danced. Jeff, there's a very pretty girl trying to catch your eye."

Jeff did not glance in the direction she indicated. His arms tightened. "You're the loveliest girl here tonight." He asked then, unexpectedly, "Are you and Mark on the outs?"

"Why should you ask that?"

"Something in you; something in Mark. I hope it's true. I warned you that I intended making love to you tonight."

She did not immediately reply. Mark and she had quarreled about the party, because Mark wanted to spend Christmas Eve at home. Sitting at home, Stephanie thought resentfully. And with what? Sitting at home, thinking. Yes, she hated Christmas. Buying gifts for Randy and Thomas, for little Honoria and Tom had been ordeal enough. Well, she had bought the gifts and sent them off.

She felt Jeff looking at her. She said, her voice somewhat brittle and curt, "I dragged Mark out, you see."

"Lucky Mark—to be dancing to your lovely tune!"

Stephanie shook her head. "Not really lucky." She would not discuss Mark with Jeff or anyone else. She added lightly, "Smooth music, isn't it?"

"We'll do this again without the crowd."

The music stopped. She drew herself gently out of Jeff's arms. "Let's see how bored Mark is, shall we?"

Eileen was with Mark at the bar when Stephanie and Jeff came up. Eileen's eyes were searching the room. When they met Stephanie's, she smiled. "Hello, darling. You do look beautiful tonight! I'm not staying long. I thought perhaps—"

"Jay would be here?" Stephanie shook her head. "Darling, why don't you snap out of this? Stay with us; have fun?"

Eileen shook her head. "I'm sorry. There are still a few places where I haven't looked for him." Her smile had a crooked, wistful quality. "I know them all, you see. There's a little place on Tenth Avenue."

Jeff interposed, "You can't go into that neighborhood alone at night, Eileen. Don't be a fool!"

Mark spoke abruptly. "I'll go with you, Eileen, if it's all right with you. I could do with some fresh air, and Jeff will look after Stephanie for a half hour."

There was a hint of something in those last words that made Stephanie flush. Mark still resented the party, that was clear. Her head went up. "That's thoughtful of you, Mark."

Jeff's eyes flicked over their faces. "The Good Samaritan. If the crowd's not here when you get back, Mark, look for us at the Vendome. That's our next stop."

On the sidewalk outside, Mark asked, "What's the number of your Tenth Avenue place?"

Eileen told him the number. "You may be sorry for this gesture, Mark. I'm apt to take you all over New York on a wild-goose chase."

Much later, she admitted wearily, "We'd better call it a night, Mark. We've been everywhere I can think of."

He observed, "Apparently Jay knows every darned bar in New York City and a couple besides." He glanced at his companion and tried to keep the pity he felt for her out of his voice. "What probably happened is that he found a spare divan or couch and is sound asleep."

Eileen threw him a rueful glance. "You've been swell, Mark, and I never should have let you come. Stephanie will wonder what I've done with you all this time."

"Stephanie will be all right and she won't wonder." He smiled at Eileen. "You stuck by me once—remember? You were pretty swell yourself, and this is my first chance to return it. Now, I'm going to take you home."

Fifth Avenue was practically deserted, and the taxi took a rapid clip downtown. The light snow had stopped, but the streets were covered with a frosty coating of ice.

Last year, thought Mark. Last year! A passing light flashing into the cab gave him a glimpse of Eileen's face. Her eyes were closed, but her body was tense.

Moved by sympathy, he put his hand over hers. "Pretty crazy about him, aren't you? Somehow, I never realized you could—I mean, you always seemed so self-sufficient."



Her eyes opened to look at him. "I'm not, really—not where Jay is concerned. And now you're going to tell me what a fool I am to throw my life away like this for a man to whom love doesn't mean as much as a drink. Most people tell me that."

"I shan't. When you love a person that much, you get something back that isn't measured in give and take. I'm glad I came with you. Stop me if I'm too personal, but it's nice to know you're not—well—" He floundered, and Eileen laughed.

"Not quite so hard-boiled, you mean? Mark, no woman is really like that; not the real *her*. We get that way sometimes when things are tough. We cover up, pretend. I've been on my own since I was sixteen. When that happens, you either sink or swim. I decided to swim, so I had to make myself hard. I was doing all right until I met Jay. In fact, I'm still doing all right. As you have said, love isn't measured by what you get in return for what you give. You always get something, even when you don't seem to. What I mean is, you function all over when you're in love. It's complicated, but do you get what I mean? You're alive!"

She laughed, and Mark laughed also. "You're a grand person, Eileen. I always thought that, and now I'm sure."

"Thanks, Mark. You go for that sort of thing yourself, don't you?" She veered off quickly before he could reply, and her voice changed. "Perhaps I shouldn't have said that. We must be made rather alike, you and I."

The cab stopped before the apartment house far downtown.

Eileen said, on an impulse, "Would you like to come up, Mark? I'll make some hot coffee. You must be frozen."

He admitted, "I could go for some coffee." He paid the driver and followed Eileen inside. He knew this house painfully well. When he had come here years before, it had been to see Stephanie. "You stay put, don't you, Eileen?"

She nodded, fumbling in her bag as she moved down the hallway. When she glanced up, she stopped dead. Something dark was huddled against the door of Apartment 2-C.

Eileen moved the few intervening steps rapidly. In her voice there was a sob of heartbreak. "Jay!"

Jay Vidal sat against the door, sleeping peacefully. Clutched in his arms was a white cardboard box. Or rather, the box had once been white, but now the cover was wet and muddied. The silver ribbon was bedraggled and torn.

"Jay!" whispered Eileen again. She bent over him, then looked up blindly at Mark. "My key—in my bag. Open the door, will you, Mark? We must get him inside. Funny, I never thought of looking here for him."

MARK FOUND the key, unlocked the door and switched on the lights. He came back and took a firm grip under Vidal's arms. "Come on, feller. Try navigating a little."

Jay roused slightly. He had lost his hat, and his blond hair was ruffled over his forehead. His arms tightened about the cardboard box. "Fl'wers for Eileen—mushn't lose them. Fl'wers for my Eileen."

"I've got them, darling." Eileen's voice was filled with pain and weariness. "Put him on the divan, Mark. There's nothing to do for him except let him sleep."

She stood, some moments later, looking down at Jay. He slept deeply. His hair had a golden gleam under the lamplight. Eileen put one hand on his forehead.

She found herself looking with a wild challenge at Mark. "Why do I put up with this? Isn't that what you're thinking, Mark? Yes, Mark, why do I?" A blur of tears swept across her face.

Mark took a step toward her, and without thinking, she went into his arms, putting her face hard against his shoulder. One of his hands pressed against her quivering back. "Have a good cry, Eileen. Don't mind me."

She was not, in this moment, the Eileen he had known so long. A girl completely on her own, self-sufficient, poised. This was just a slim young thing, her face pressed in bitter tears against his shoulder. It had been many months since a girl's soft body had lain against Mark's like this.

Unconsciously, his arms tightened. The room was very still. "Please don't," he whispered hoarsely. "Eileen." He bent his head and put his lips to her hair. At the same moment Eileen lifted her head, and his mouth touched her eyes. She threw her head back slowly, letting Mark's lips reach her mouth.

She thought, dazed: This is Mark—it's Mark! Her heart beat violently.

Abruptly, Jay grunted brokenly in his sleep, "Fl'wers—mushn't lose."

Eileen came to herself with a start. She slipped away from Mark abruptly, forcing herself to compose. But the sense of her emotional response to Mark's touch made her speak more sharply than she meant. "We'd better not try that again, Mark. Just a couple of lonely people on the loose. Better forget that!"

Slow color rose in Mark's cheeks, then receded. "Sorry, Eileen. I don't know what made me—"

Her voice achieved its normal friendliness. "What's a kiss between friends on Christmas Eve? I'll make that coffee, and

you'd better telephone and try to locate Jeff's party before you start on another wild-geese chase."

A short time later Mark walked rapidly across town. He had located the party in a private apartment not far from Washington Square. Stephanie's voice over the telephone had sounded tired. "We're about ready to call quits, Mark. Jeff can see me home if you're all in."

"No," Mark had said. "I'll be along in a few moments."

Stephanie and Jeff. Jeff Hardy wasn't seeing her home, not if Mark knew anything about it. The memory of the scene he had just been through with Eileen was too vivid for that. He and Eileen . . . Stephanie and Jeff? People did strange things when their inner lives were confused.

He had nothing against Hardy, and he was ashamed of the impulse which had made him kiss Eileen. Yet he found himself thinking: If I could do that . . . Stephanie is unhappy too!

He walked on more rapidly, but he could not outwalk the feel of a girl's soft body in his arms. Damn! he thought angrily. When he held Stephanie in his arms, she was cold and remote; Eileen had been yielding and close. He thought: What a mess. Stephanie, bring your heart back to me!

But she was further away than ever now, absorbed in her new world. Seeming to need no love, no Mark. She had filled her empty life, but had pushed him out of it.

A policeman glanced at Mark and said, "Merry Christmas!"

Mark laughed ironically. "Very merry indeed—and the same to you!"

The watch on Stephanie's wrist pointed to ten minutes after six. She had been working at a furious pace since early morning, not because the routine of business was particularly heavy, but because this was March the eighteenth. Concentrating on advertising data had been a desperate escape from the thought which now, the moment she relaxed, leaped instantly into her feverish mind.

A year ago today I was planning for Stevie's birthday. The doctor said, "Is this the mother?" A year ago I lost everything I loved. I won't remember—I won't!

She put her fingers tight against her temples, feeling the throb above her eyes. Time to call it a day and go home, she thought dully.

Home! To Mark; to the apartment. But she did not want to go home to Mark. Mark would make no mention of the date, of what it signified. But she would see it written in his eyes. As she had seen it that morning across the breakfast table. She'd gulped her coffee, rushing out, away from him.

Mark, she realized in a rush of misery, wanted to remember. That made torture for her, but he could not see it. The knowledge that he was remembering would tear at her all evening. She thought hysterically: I won't go home. I'll phone him. We'll have dinner out, go to a movie.

But as she reached for the instrument she paused. What was happening between Mark and her? Was it her fault? No, she considered, not hers. Mark's. Because he wouldn't or couldn't understand how she had to keep away from the past.

The sound of the door opening snapped her around. Jeff Hardy smiled at her. "Did I startle you? I'm sorry. I thought everyone had gone. This is a bit of luck finding you still here, Stephanie."

"Hello, Jeff." She did not realize the complete welcome in her glance. It was not for Jeff, but for the interruption of her own thoughts. He could not, of course, realize that. "I thought you had gone long ago."

"I came back to pick up some papers. Now that I'm here and you're here, how about a cocktail?"

She heard herself saying, "You're an answer to prayer, Jeff! I'd love a cocktail."

"Right you are." He went on, "Cocktails—dinner? Dancing, perhaps?"

She was adjusting her hat before the mirror and did not turn at his words. Through the mirror she could see him watching her, and suddenly it was as though she were looking into the bright face of danger and she did not much care. Answer to prayer. Funny to think that about Jeff! Jeff had driven her home a year ago to encounter death and agony, yet nothing in the distorted memory of that day was connected with Jeff Hardy. That was because it had passed from his mind completely. To Jeff, March eighteenth was merely March eighteenth, a leaf on a calendar. He could make her forget Mark sitting alone in the apartment, waiting.

She picked up her lipstick and drew a scarlet line about her mouth. "Dinner and dancing might be fun, Jeff."

When the music stopped, Jeff led Stephanie toward the deserted roof terrace. "There's a moon," he said. "I hoped there might be."

The sky was indigo and the moon, sliced exactly in half, seemed painted on a drop curtain.



## To Live Again

Stephanie glanced over her shoulder into the restaurant. Not a sound penetrated the glass doors. Her voice had a faint curiosity. "Why did we come out here, Jeff?"

"I thought a breath of fresh air would be welcome."

She walked slowly to the edge of the parapet and stood with her back to it. He had bought her a spray of gardenias, which were pinned to the shoulder of her coat. The flowers had a dead whiteness.

Jeff moved closer. In its frame of dark hair, her face had a clear-cut, sharp beauty. He put a hand on each side of the parapet, imprisoning her.

She made no move to be free. What was her mood? he wondered. She had been gay all evening, an enchanting companion. But he had felt also that she seemed to force her laughter. All this made a new Stephanie. It was somehow a challenge for Jeff to feel that he was only a means of escape. And he did feel that.

Escape, he thought—but from what? From some quarrel with Mark?

With his hands still tight on the parapet, he leaned forward and put his mouth to her lips. She slipped under his arm and away from him.

"You're angry," he said, following her. "Yet you must have known I would do that. Didn't you?"

At the glass doors, she turned. "Perhaps I did, Jeff. Of course I'm not angry. Why should I be?"

"It meant nothing to you, then?"

"What could it have meant?"

He looked at her helplessly. She had not repulsed his kiss, and she had not repulsed him. Yet in the oddest way she had made it all of no consequence. He was angered by that. He said, almost sullenly, "I can wait, Stephanie."

"Oh, Jeff!" She put her hand on his arm. She went on then, composedly, "It's very late. It's been a lovely evening, Jeff, and I've had fun."

Jeff stared at her. Then he made a gesture toward the moon. "You didn't help much, did you, old man?"

**M**ARK stood before the window and looked down at the street below. He saw the roadster drive up, watched the two in the car, who remained seated a long moment. The man got out then, walked around the car and stood with his arms on the side.

Mark turned sharply from the window and stood with his back to it. Somewhat later, he heard the clang of the elevator, the sleepy boy's voice and Stephanie's hushed reply.

She opened the door, saw him and made an involuntary movement. Then her chin went up, as though she were bracing herself.

"You still awake, Mark?" she said coolly. "It's late." She closed the door and came toward the center of the room, drawing off her gloves. Her glance swept over the room. The portable typewriter was open on its table; there were papers and books near it. "You seem to have been hard at work."

Mark's voice was tight. "I'm still awake. I've been trying to work while I waited for your return."

"Really, Mark, waiting up for me wasn't necessary." Nervous irritation crept into her voice. "I told you I might be late." She slipped out of her coat. The gardenias had a tinge of brown around their dead white petals.

Mark glanced at the flowers. "Souvenir?"

Stephanie nodded. She unpinned the flowers and put them on the table. "I never could wear flowers successfully," she said. "They always wilt."

"Stephanie, for God's sake!" Mark came across the room. One hand gripped her shoulder, forcing her to turn to him. "Where have you been all this time? What were you doing? It's nearly three o'clock!"

Her head jerked up. "Dining with Jeff. You knew that. I telephoned you. Mark, I'm tired. Please——"

"You're tired now. Earlier, you weren't."

She wrenched herself free of his hand. "You're being ridiculous, but if you must know every detail . . . Jeff came back to the office and I was still there. He asked me to have a cocktail and I did. Then he suggested dinner. We went to the Coconut Grove and danced. When I realized how late it was, Jeff brought me home. And now that I've accounted for myself," she ended with a touch of scorn, "may I go to bed, please? Or are there more questions?"

Mark said in a tormented voice, "Jeff Hardy occupies your days; now he's having a hand in your evenings too."

"But," she whispered, "saying a thing like that, meaning what you evidently want to mean—it's childish!"

Mark shouted, "I'm ridiculous and I'm childish!" His face flushed. "Perhaps I'm both. But the facts remain."

She thought: We're quarreling. Suddenly she knew that she wanted to quarrel with Mark. She wanted to hurt him; to say bitter things.

She looked at him with cold directness. "Very well, Mark, if it's reason for a scene you want. Jeff kissed me. Make what you like of that."

Mark was abruptly calm. At her unexpected words, all emotion left him and he looked at her dispassionately. He seemed to be looking, not at the wife he loved, but at a strange girl. A girl who had been kissed by Jeff Hardy. "Why did you tell me that, Stephanie?"

She shrugged. "Why not? You want something to quarrel about."

"Are you in love with Hardy? Is that it, Stephanie?"

His question came to her with a sense of shock. "In love with Jeff? But nothing happened that could make you ask that."

He said painfully, "You're not happy with me! I've known that for weeks. If it were Hardy, I could find some meaning in all this."

"But there isn't any meaning—not that sort of meaning, Mark! Not the thing you're implying. That's not true."

He said quietly, "I'm sorry, Stephanie. I've been sitting here all evening alone, thinking. A man can have strange thoughts when he's alone and lonely."

She stiffened at the change in his voice. Her own was high, protesting. "Mark, you mustn't say things like that. I've given Jeff nothing that can offend you in any way."

"Haven't you?" Mark looked at her. The light cutting across his face gave his eyes blue depths of passionate appeal. "You've given him your laughter and your smiles, the right to make you happy. You give me not even your tears. You give me nothing of yourself at all. Sometimes I think you hate me—for being what I am; even for loving you when you seem to have stopped loving me!"

"Mark," she whispered, her face drained of color. "What an awful thing to say!"

"It's true!" he cried.

"You're twisting things! Mark, I didn't go with Jeff this evening because it was Jeff. I went because I wanted to dance, to have fun. I'm not in love with Jeff."

"Sometimes I wish you were. I could understand that." Mark went on quickly. "Forget Hardy, then. That leaves you and me. Stephanie, you've changed so. I can't reach you any more. You stand there, so close and yet so far away."

Her eyes were unnaturally bright. "Mark, don't go into that tonight! Not tonight!"

She turned, but he moved quickly so that she could not escape him. His hands on her arms, however, were gentle.

"I must say this! I know why you wanted to be away from me tonight. And that hurt—you can't know how much. To know you couldn't bear spending this evening with me! The pain that should bring us closer together is pushing us apart. What can I do, Stephanie? I love you. I wanted you in my arms tonight. That means nothing to you now—is that true?"

Her voice was a broken whisper. "I love you, Mark, in the best way I can. Please believe this—there's no one else."

"Nor me, either." His arms tightened. "Stephanie, loving you is like loving a ghost. You're in my arms, but you're not there at all. All this evening I kept seeing you—your hair, your mouth, the way you used to smile at me. Stephanie, I'm part of the three years we've had. You remember only the grief and push everything else away. We knew ecstasy once. We're still Stephanie and Mark."

"I know, Mark—I know." Her voice was tortured. "Please!"

He demanded harshly, "Do you think a man can live with you day after day, night after night, a casual stranger? That night it rained, Stephanie, you remember that? You lay in my arms, close to my heart. Nothing else mattered."

"I remember." Her voice was toneless. She stood passively in his embrace. When he kissed her, she made no response. In the dim recesses of her tormented emotions, she knew Mark was right in demanding love from her. He suffered, and she was unkind. She could not return his caresses, but she could endure them. He had that right, she knew.

"Oh, Mark," she whispered, "it's all right. I'll try." Her manner said louder than her whispered words, "I'll endure even this, because you're my husband and I must be fair."

It got across to him through the rigid passivity of her body. Suddenly he was shaken with a surge of resentful anger he could not control.

"It's condescending of you!" he said thickly. "I ask you for bread and you give me your body. Stephanie, I could go down on the streets for that!"

She fell back against the table with a cry when he abruptly released her. "Mark, what do you want of me, then?"

"A woman who wants me as I want her; who loves me as I love her—not patient condescension!" His eyes blazed at her. "He was my son too, or have you forgotten that? I'm damned lonely, and I'm human and normal. I've tried to understand you, but there are limits!"

She cried furiously, "Stop saying things like that, Mark! Stop it!"

"Why should I? I'll string along as far as I can stomach it. After that—God knows!"

She called after him, "Mark, where are you going?"

He turned to her from the door, his mouth mockingly grim. "You didn't want to spend the first part of this evening with



me, my dear—give me the same excuse for the rest of the night. And why should you care where I go? Why in heaven's name should you even ask!"

The door slammed. Stephanie's body was icy cold, but her eyelids burned.

"Mark," she whispered, "you don't understand. I was happy this evening, and you say things like this." Mark didn't want her to be happy, to forget. Mark and the past were so closely bound together that she could not touch one without recalling the other. That was what Mark could not understand. "You're cruel!"

She put her shaking hands over her eyes. The whole past year spun dizzily before her, and she could feel once more through her body the sword of agony and pain. Again she was fighting her way through the sick odor of ether, back to those whispering voices: "Too bad she had to lose the baby too."

Her hands dropped away from her face. Her eyes had the look of a thing trapped, staring about the empty room. Mark's arms about her . . . "But I can't, Mark. Don't you know that? I wanted all of me to die, but the shell of me remained alive. The best in me is dead! I can't help this. Why can't you take what I can still give you?" She beat her hands against the table. "There's nothing more in me to give! Stop torturing me, Mark. Why isn't this enough? Why aren't you like Jeff? Jeff lets me forget. That's the only reason I went with him tonight. Believe that, Mark—believe it!"

With a supreme effort at self-control, she walked into the bedroom. She began to undress mechanically. Brush your hair, Stephanie; creep into bed. Pray for sleep; pray to forget. Forget Mark crying, "He was my son too. I want a woman who wants me. I'm human, Stephanie!"

When she finally got into bed and turned out the lights, she lay, every nerve strained, listening for Mark's returning footsteps. She felt beaten, exhausted by emotions which she could not release. "I can't, Mark," she sobbed. "I can't."

Sid Hillyer watched as Mark wrote his name at the bottom of the long printed page. When Mark straightened, the publisher held out his hand. "Good piece of work, Owen. It's not exactly a new field, but you've handled it in a fresh modern manner." Hillyer smiled. "If this book is a success, you'd better be thinking about a companion volume."

Mark sincerely hoped he didn't appear as elated as he felt. To Sid Hillyer, accepting and publishing a first book was an ordinary experience. Mark grinned. "Thank you, Mr. Hillyer, I'll keep that in mind."

Hillyer folded the contract and pushed it to one side. "Which reminds me, we'll have to arrange a cocktail party for you the day the book is published. We'll want a photograph, of course. Brent will handle the publicity angle."

Mark left the publisher's private office and went down the corridor to his own, walking on wings. "Take it easy, old man," he cautioned himself. "A hundred chances to one it's a flop!"

The book had been finished for several weeks before he had brought himself to the thought of offering it anywhere. Finished, it had suddenly seemed to him a very ordinary piece of work, and he had shoved the whole thing into a folder.

After that quarrel; when Mark had gone out slamming the door behind him, relations between him and Stephanie had taken on a new, brittle quality. He had returned home the following morning, ashamed of his outbreak, intensely aware once more of Tom's warning, "Take it easy, old man, for a while. Stephanie's had a shock. Emotions are delicate things."

He had said, "I'm sorry, Stephanie. I lost my head last night and said lots of things I didn't mean."

Her voice had been low and strained. "I'm sorry, too, Mark. Let's forget it, shall we? Don't let's quarrel again."

They were not close enough now even to quarrel. They sat across the same breakfast table and between them lay a whole world. They had fallen into the habit of dining out, the atmosphere of restaurants being easier to bear than the solitude of the apartment.

Each morning they left the apartment together for their respective jobs, presenting to all comers an ironic picture of perfect connubial compatibility.

"Don't forget, Mark, we've been asked to join the Sinclairs for some bridge." Her voice adding, "And that will take care of one evening."

Sometimes Mark thought: We can't go on like this much longer. A man can stand just so much.

He had worked hard at his book. Then, several weeks after it was finished, he had taken the folder to Hillyer and now found, to his amazement, that he had done something good.

He could not repress the surging hope that this might mean something to Stephanie. Outside of his passionate love for her, which she had now rejected, he had come to believe that he had very little to offer her.

Jeff Hardy, for instance. Stephanie had denied that Jeff meant anything in her life. She had denied it vehemently, yet Mark had been conscious for weeks of a growing sense of

## BOOK 4 THE COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

inferiority, staked up against the business success of Jeff Hardy.

Well, he could bring this news of his book to Stephanie now, not as a man saying, "I can't hold you through love, but I will perhaps hold you through fame and triumph," but rather saying, "Because I love you so much, this is yours and not mine."

Mark's spirits quickened. Stephanie would be proud of him and pleased. He began to build a lovely little miracle for himself, prodded by his eager hope.

On his way home, waiting for a traffic light to change, he found himself before a theater-ticket agency. He would make this an occasion. Two front-row tickets for the newest play, flowers, a leisurely dinner wherever Stephanie wished.

He went inside and bought tickets for a current hit. The clock in the agency pointed to four-thirty. He realized that he could catch Stephanie before she left her office . . .

Eileen stretched to relax her aching muscles, cramped by a long day at her desk. She was bored and depressed, and nothing seemed worth while. The long evening lay ahead. She had not a thing to do with it, except take in a solitary movie. Trying to contact Jay Vidal was hopeless.

I'd like to go home and find someone waiting with a steak and flowers, she thought. A man who'd say, "Have a hard day, pet?" Who'd kiss me and baby me and care because I'm tired. Even if it weren't Jay, I'd like someone. Or would I?

She walked down the corridor and into the main reception room. Mark Owen was staring at the receptionist with the look of a small boy turned away from a circus tent.

Eileen exclaimed, "Mark! What brings you here at this hour? It's not five yet."

Mark told her, "I had some special news for Stephanie. It seems she's gone for the day."

Eileen recalled, "Yes, of course. J. C. Donovan blew in. He's going to sponsor the radio program Jeff Hardy is putting on the air." She smiled at Mark. "Mrs. Donovan came along, and Stephanie and Jeff are probably showing them a little night life. In this business that has to be done all the time." She thought: He's terribly disappointed. I wonder what's happened.

Mark felt flat, as though a lovely bubble had deflated in his face. He thought: Why should I have imagined my little piece of news would impress Stephanie?

Eileen put her hand on his arm. "Come into my office a moment, Mark. If it's important, perhaps I can locate Stephanie for you."

Mark followed her. "It's not that important—but thanks." He remarked vaguely, "So these are your diggings. Nice, Eileen. Your name on the door and all."

Eileen shrugged. "Stephanie has one just like this. The modern business woman has to have all her small vanities catered to, you know. Name on the door, stenographer, pro.s."

Mark grinned. "You sound disillusioned."

**H**ER answering grin had a gamine quality. "Aren't we all—at times? Was it something special you wanted to see Stephanie about? I meant it when I said I could get in touch with her."

"Better not." He moved away and threw the words over his shoulder. "It seems I'm about to burst into print. Hillyer accepted my book today, so I took the afternoon off."

"But Mark, that's wonderful! Naturally, you want to tell Stephanie. She'll be proud of this, Mark."

"The book may be a flop."

"I know it won't. Don't say that, Mark. Tell me about it. It's not a novel, is it?"

He said hesitantly, "No. It's a series of critical essays about New England literature with a slightly fictionalized background. I've always been keen on that period—early New England up to the Civil War." He had begun to speak with indifference, but as her blue eyes lay on his face with absorbed interest, he found himself speaking with more and more eagerness. He ended shyly, "I've bored you, but you asked for it."

He did not know that on his face was the look of a man long thirsty who has been given a draft of cool, fresh water.

Eileen retorted indignantly, "Of course you haven't! You'll be a big success, Mark."

"You're swell, Eileen." He fumbled in his pockets for cigarettes, and his fingers encountered the theater tickets. "I got these. Had some idea of celebrating. I should have telephoned Stephanie first."

Eileen, watching him, found herself thinking angrily: Stephanie is a fool. What's up between her and Mark?

She said aloud, "You should celebrate a thing like this. You'd hate to go home and twiddle your thumbs, wouldn't you, Mark? So why not ask me to go with you?"

"Would you, Eileen?"

She bent her head. Abruptly between them lay the memory



## To Live Again

of Christmas Eve. But that had been Christmas Eve and a long time ago. She smiled up at him brilliantly. "Why not, Mark? And it's very sweet"—her eyes were suddenly bright with mischief—"very sweet of you to ask me, said the lady who asked herself."

The taxi came to a jolting stop. Mark got out and Eileen followed him.

"You'll come up for a nightcap, won't you, Mark?"

He paused, hesitating. "Rather late, Eileen, but I'd like to if it's all right with you."

He paid the driver and mounted the steps with her.

In the apartment, Eileen clicked on a lamp and let her wrap fall to a chair. She was wearing a frock of green jersey which fell in full folds down to her silver slippers. "On the table, Mark," she directed. "Pour me a very small one, please." Mark poured two very small ones. Eileen said, "I'll get some ice."

She came back with ice cubes in a glass pitcher. She took the glass Mark handed her and moved to the window, pushing aside the drapery. "Here's to a very beautiful evening, Mark—even if I was second choice."

Mark heard himself saying, "It has been a swell evening—and you couldn't be second choice ever, Eileen."

She said, "Thank you, Mark."

Mark thought: The first time I saw Stephanie in New York was in this room.

Why should he be thinking of Stephanie now? He did not want to think of her. This evening spent with Eileen was the first happy evening he had had in many months, and there was no use kidding himself about that. He set the glass he was holding down on the table with an abrupt gesture.

Eileen looked at him. "So serious, Mark? Are you thinking about your book? We should have drunk to it."

"Book?" Mark repeated vaguely. "No, I'd almost forgotten it. Do you want to know what I was thinking about, Eileen?" When she did not answer, he rose and went to her. He put his hands on her arms, feeling the warmth of her skin under his touch. "Eileen," he whispered, "I don't want to leave. Must I?"

Her voice was a husky whisper. "Mark, don't let's cheapen this. I'd like you to come again—often. You wouldn't if—"

His hands tightened, then abruptly released her. He said simply, "You're right, of course. I'm sorry, Eileen."

"There's nothing to be sorry about." Her voice had a breathless note. "It is rather late, Mark."

When Mark had gone, Eileen stood in the center of the room, her eyes on the door. She thought furiously: I sent him away—he wanted to stay. She put her hands to her throat, feeling the pulsing of her blood. I wanted him to stay. She forced her thoughts on painfully.

Stephanie was a fool. Had she, too, been a fool? Letting Mark go; making him go. Making the noble gesture.

She began walking up and down the room. It seemed to her that she could still feel Mark's hands on her arms. Mark's hands on her arms, his mouth on her mouth. She stood still, her eyes closed.

Reason said, "You were right, of course. You're not in love with Mark!"

Eileen opened her eyes. "Not in love with Mark," she whispered into the silence. She did not know about that. In the tumult of her emotions she was only certain of one thing—if Mark had protested, not gone . . . She made a little gesture, then stopped dead. Her head jerked up, and a sudden brilliance shot into her eyes. Footsteps in the corridor outside preceded a knock at the door.

"Mark!" she whispered, without realizing it. She moved to the door, her eyes wide. "Mark, you didn't—" She stopped, and in the sudden revulsion of feeling stood clinging to the door. "Jay!"

Jay Vidal looked at her. He was quite sober. "Hello, Eileen. You weren't expecting anyone else, were you?"

She could not tell from his tone what he meant by that—if he meant anything. Her voice was sharp, and she did not move back from the door. "I was certainly not expecting you, after the way you've been acting these past weeks."

"But I may come in—for a moment?"

She said tonelessly, "Come in, Jay." She held herself rigid, knowing that her knees were trembling. When she looked at Jay, her glance was cold. "Why this? It's an odd hour to come calling, don't you think, Jay?"

He did not reply to that. "How beautiful you are tonight," he said softly. He glanced down at the coffee table, at the two glasses, the melting ice cubes. "Whisky. For your previous guest, Eileen? Don't worry—I'm not having any tonight."

"Jay!" she whispered, tormented. "Just what—"

His eyes were suddenly furious. "Mark Owen! And what does that get you, Eileen? You cousin's husband!"

Eileen began, "Really, Jay! Mark came to the office to get Stephanie. He had tickets for a play. Stephanie was tied up, so he asked me to go and—" Suddenly her voice stormed. "And why should I explain all this to you?"

Jay said drily, "Convenient. So you ask him up to your apartment. Will Stephanie know about that too?"

Eileen's eyes narrowed, and the boiling rage inside her was like a torrent she could not stem. She said furiously, "Get out of here, Jay! Get out!"

"Eileen, I'm sorry. I didn't mean—I waited so long for him to go—"

She repeated, "Get out of here, you drunken fool!"

"If that's the way you want it, Eileen."

"That's the way. I'm tired of this, do you hear? Your scenes, your drinking, everything about you—tired!"

"Eileen, you don't mean that. You can't!"

"I do mean it. Get out, Jay!" She added hysterically, "Go find yourself a bar! You will, in the end; you always do. I'm sick to death of all this, and I mean it!"

She was alone in the apartment. She had closed the door after him, her shaking fingers turning the key. Now she leaned her head against it. "I hate you, Jay!" Jay—Mark—herself! She burst into desperate sobbing.

Stephanie opened the door to Eileen Shane's office one rainy September afternoon. "Are you terribly busy, or may I come in a moment? I'd like to borrow a cigarette."

Her cousin glanced up. "Do come in, darling. The way I feel right now, any interruption is welcome. Here—help yourself."

Stephanie said, "Thanks." She took a cigarette from the package Eileen offered and lighted it, and Eileen took one also. "As bad as that?"

Eileen shrugged. "I'm just tired. But you look grand, Stephanie."

Stephanie was wearing a light woolen suit and a smart beige blouse. She carried a raincoat of bright scarlet over one arm and a flat purse. Only a close observer would have noticed the weariness in her eyes, the tension about her mouth.

Eileen watched her cousin with a touch of defiance. "You're leaving early tonight, aren't you? she asked."

"Jeff and I are dining with the Harcourts."

Jeff and you! thought Eileen. She said aloud, "Mark going with you?" She was certain her voice sounded strained on the name, but Stephanie did not seem to notice it.

She merely looked surprised. "Mark? Mark would be bored," she said. "This is strictly business. Jeff and Mr. Harcourt are going to work out the details of the fall campaign, and I'm to take notes."

"I see." Eileen glanced down at the paper on which she had been making tiny figures. Her thoughts whispered: So Mark will be on his own tonight! Stephanie, don't you realize you are pushing him right into my arms?

She shrank then, appalled by this thought. She glanced up at Stephanie and heard herself saying, "Aren't you leaving Mark out of a lot of things these days, Stephanie?"

"Just what do you mean by that? Leaving Mark out!"

Eileen said, "I don't exactly know. Only seems to be true. Mark loves you, but love can be pushed just so far. You're leaving him about loose." She flushed. "You don't realize it, perhaps, but it's true."

Stephanie stared at her. Suddenly she laughed. "But darling, you sound like something out of a mid-Victorian novel. Leaving Mark around loose. You mean, I suppose, that—"

Eileen looked at her cousin steadily. "I mean just that. Mark's an attractive male. You may not know this, but everything's been 'Jeff and I with you lately.' She thought: There, I've said it. I had to say it sometime, and now I have.

SHE was aware of a furious desire to challenge Stephanie, bring the situation into the clear. She wanted to cry out, "If you don't want Mark, someone else may! Are you so totally wrapped up in yourself that you've noticed nothing this summer? About Mark; about me? Is that possible?"

"You sound serious about this, Eileen." Stephanie's voice had a troubled inflection. "What's it all about?"

"I am serious. Love is serious, Stephanie. Have you forgotten that? Far more serious than being a success at business or anything else. That is very unmodern, but it's true. There was a time when I told myself, 'Stephanie and Mark—they've got something pretty grand.'" Eileen looked up at Stephanie. She said, low, "You're different, Stephanie. You used to look like—well, like someone standing on a hill. Now you're like the rest of us—restless, not rooted in anything, insecure."

Stephanie stared at her. "We all change. Nice of you to be concerned about me—or is it Mark you're concerned about?"

"Both of you, perhaps."

Stephanie said, irritation in her voice, "For your information, darling, Mark understands about me, about my job. So long as he and I are in agreement, it's our own affair, don't you think?" She had not meant that to sound nasty, but it did. She realized it and smiled. "That was a crack, and I'm sorry. But really, Eileen, Mark and I are quite happy about



## Erika Zastrow

the whole thing. As for Jeff, let's put that down to strictly business, and that's something else Mark realizes. It's my life."

Eileen agreed, "Yes, it is."

Stephanie gathered up purse, raincoat and gloves. She asked then, "Since we're taking down our back hair, you won't mind if I turn the tables with a little advice of my own, will you? I suppose what you really mean about this business of love being so serious and important to a woman is Jay Vidal. You're still carrying a torch for him. It's got you all out of focus; got you a little hipped on this business of love. I always thought you were a fool to waste your life on a man like that, and I still think so. You don't mind my saying this?"

Eileen made a gesture. She got up and faced Stephanie, her eyes dark. "No, I don't mind your saying that. Only you may be mistaken, Stephanie. Perhaps I'm not carrying a torch any longer for Jay. Perhaps you'd be surprised if you know whom I'm carrying a torch for these days!"

Stephanie looked at her in astonishment. She grimaced. "So it's no longer Jay. And you don't look any too happy about whoever it is now. Really, darling, it does seem you're the one who's mixed up about life."

The touch of patronage in Stephanie's voice stung Eileen. Her own voice was cool, matching her cousin's. "You may be right, Stephanie. We're talking to no purpose—so let's skip it, shall we?"

Stephanie said, "How right you are! I'll be seeing you, darling. And do stop carrying torches. They put wrinkles between your eyes, and life is so much simpler when you don't!"

**M**ARK SHIFTED a couple of filled paper bags, managing to free one hand. "Let me have your key, Eileen."

He took the key from her and opened the door, and she switched on the lights. She said gaily, "Dump everything in the kitchen, Mark."

In the kitchen, she removed her hat and shook the rain from it. Mark, placing his packages on the table, grinned at her. "You look like a drowned kitten," he observed.

Eileen laughed. "I feel like one." She and Mark had met on an appointed corner downtown. They had gone from store to store, shopping for steak, celery, cheese. Eileen dripped water. Her black hair curled in tight ringlets about her face, and the cold and wind had whipped a fresh, vivid color into her cheeks.

Mark took off his own soaked overcoat, looking at Eileen with concern. "Why don't you get into something dry? Let me start all this. You'll be surprised at what a good cook I am. Women hate to admit it, but men can cook, you know."

She laughed. "I'll take you up on that. There are oranges in the icebox and bitters on the shelf above. The fire in the living room only needs a match."

She left him happily rummaging about in the kitchen and went into the bedroom. She ripped off her wet frock and shoes and got into a warm housecoat of scarlet wool. She took a comb and ran it through her damp hair, picked up lipstick to outline her full mouth. For a long moment she looked at herself in the mirror. "Careful, Eileen." The girl in the mirror had a reckless air.

All this summer she had seen a good deal of Mark and very little of Stephanie. Mark had started that, telephoning her a few days after the night of the theater, "I'm in the neighborhood, Eileen. Will you lunch with me?"

She had said yes. And yes again when he had telephoned her, "There's an exhibit of old prints at the Rawson Galleries. How about having dinner and taking them in, Eileen?"

A boat ride to Coney Island on a hot summer night, band concerts in the park, dinner on a terrace, roof dancing—somehow she and Mark had drifted into the habit of spending at least one or two evenings each week doing something. A radio program took up a lot of Stephanie's time.

Somehow, Eileen had never been able to make herself say to Stephanie, "Darling, while you were busy with your program, Mark and I did this or that. Is it all right with you?"

Had Mark said that to Stephanie? Or had he too been secretive about this friendship which had grown so valuable to both him and Eileen? And if Stephanie knew, didn't she care? What had happened between Mark and Stephanie?

Eileen stared at the girl in the mirror now. "And what is happening between Mark and me?" she whispered. "Are you in love with Mark?" She thought: If I am, I didn't mean this. It just happened somehow.

And tonight. Up to this moment she and Mark had not spent an evening alone in her apartment. They had always gone somewhere, because that was safe, and she was no fool.

Out in the kitchen, she could hear Mark whistling. His whistling had a normal, sane sound. He was certainly not perturbed by the conflicting emotions which held Eileen.

"Hey!" he called. "I'm about ready to shove the steak under the broiler."

Eileen called back, "I'm coming right out." She switched

## BOOK 4 THE COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

the lights off, eliminating the girl in the mirror, and returned to the kitchenette.

Several hours later, Mark glanced at Eileen. "Better tell me to go home," he remarked.

They had dined companionably before the fire on a low table. They had washed the few dishes, and then they had returned to the fire and just talked.

Eileen was seated now on a hassock to one side of the fireplace. The rain which most of the evening had formed a rhythmic undercurrent to their talk had now stopped. The radio, tuned in very low, was playing some soft music. The music stopped and the voice of the announcer entered, "You are listening to . . ."

Eileen snapped off the radio. "It's been a nice evening, Mark."

"Yes." Mark went on, "For me, it's been in the nature of a celebration. Hillyer told me this morning that he's publishing my book just before the holidays."

"Mark, that's grand. Do you feel jittery?"

He grinned. "Not exactly." He rose and said softly, "Yes, it's been a nice evening. You and I—the fire." His voice took on a husky note. "Difficult to tell you just how nice."

Soft color swept across her face. "For me too, Mark."

He caught her hands as she stood up. Her eyes, as he looked down into them, were shadowed and deep.

"I don't want to go, Eileen. I can't figure out how this has happened, but being here with you tonight seems the realest thing in the world. I don't want it to stop."

She thought wildly: I feel that way too, Mark! She forced down the tumultuous beating of her heart. When he put his face against her hair, she did not move away, but her voice held a warning note. "Mark, we promised not to cheapen our friendship."

So easy, too easy, to give herself up to Mark's arms. So easy to whisper to him, "Stay, then, Mark. We can have this moment anyhow, and nothing else matters."

And why shouldn't I? she thought. Why shouldn't I say that? She found herself listening again to Stephanie's voice: "It's our own affair, don't you agree?" Eileen cried sharply, in her thoughts: Not any longer! I'm in this too.

A wave of pity swept her. For herself, for Mark, caught in this backwash of emotions, drawn together because they were a man and a woman. If I turn my head, she thought, I won't have to say anything. Her throat felt rigid.

Mark drew back and looked at her. "Eileen!" he whispered. Her lashes made dark circles upon her cheeks. When she lifted them, he saw in her eyes the desire which she would not express.

Then, even as they stared at each other, the doorbell pealed. Mark stepped back and reached for a cigarette, his fingers shaking as they struck a match. For a moment Eileen did not move.

The bell rang again, holding its note as if someone were leaning against it.

Mark asked, "Shall I answer it, Eileen?"

She came to herself abruptly. "No. No, I'll go, Mark."

She stared blankly at Jay Vidal. Since their encounter months before, she had not seen Jay. The summer had been, for Jay, one long binge. Gossip filtering through the office had told her that.

He was very drunk now. He grinned foolishly at her, standing on unsteady feet. "Apologize, Eileen. May I come in, please? Got to apologize."

He lurched forward before she could stop him and wavered a few steps into the room.

He came to a stop before Mark, thrust his head forward belligerently. "Pardon this intrusion." He went on with dignity, "Very sorry indeed to intrude—and may I ask what the hell you are doing here in my girl's apartment?"

Stephanie let her body relax as she sat beside Jeff Hardy in the car on their way home from the Harcourts' Westchester place. When they hit the parkway, it was still raining. The windshield wiper kept up a rhythmic flow back and forth across the glass. Beyond, there were blurs of lights from apartments and private homes.

Stephanie glanced out of the window, then at Jeff. An odd sense of depression had lain over her all evening, and she could not understand why. It was combined with a feeling of sheer futility. I'm just tired, she thought. Perhaps she needed a vacation. She had not given vacationing a thought, in the stress of helping Jeff get his radio program started.

She removed her hat and let her head slip back against the seat. Jeff noticed the gesture. "Comfortable?"

She smiled at him. "Very. Let's not talk, shall we? It's nice to ride along listening to the rain."

"Just as you like, darling." His grin was tantalizing. "We're an old married couple with nothing to say on the way home from a party—how's that?"



## To Live Again

Stephanie laughed, then frowned. She said coldly, "If you mean that for a crack—Mark and I always have plenty to talk about."

"Whoa! Take that chip off your shoulder!"

"I'm sorry."

Her head had slipped back again. Her thoughts went back to the Harcourt home they had just left. She had been impressed by its beauty and gracious charm, and she thought now: Mark and I may have something like that one of these days. If Mark's book is a success, why shouldn't we?

Was that what she wanted? That sort of success? I want to be happy! she thought, almost with desperation. All her life she had wanted only to be happy. Once in a hospital she had told herself: Now I'm happy. I've got everything I want or can ever want. Mark, our son, our life together. She had put all her eggs in one basket, and life had kicked the basket over.

Her eyes, staring out of the window, took on a concentrated brilliance. You're on the right track now, Stephanie. You've got over the past. You've got your life well in your hands. Things can't hurt you again bitterly, because you've learned not to let anything matter so much that losing it will be pain.

So why should she feel jittery and depressed? Why should Eileen's words of that afternoon linger painfully in her mind? "Love is serious," Eileen had said. "You used to look like—someone standing on a hill. Now you're like the rest of us."

EILEEN was a fine one to talk, when she couldn't adjust her own love life! Leaving Mark out of so many things . . . What Eileen had been hinting was that Mark wasn't happy. That was what she had meant, wasn't it? Mark had his work as Stephanie had hers. Why shouldn't he be as happy as most people were? And yet there was Mark crying at her, "You offer me a stone when I ask for bread!"

The physical basis of marriage—was that so terribly important always? Couldn't a man and a woman find contentment on another basis? Plans made together, companionship, affection, things like that? If she could no longer achieve physical love for Mark, did that mean they had nothing left?

It's not true, she thought vehemently. Mark and I get along. We are happy. But the feeling of depression remained within her.

Jeff had been driving along the wet parkway. Now he slowed the car down at the toll gates and flipped the clerk a dime. The rain had stopped as they went on again. Washington Bridge was a soft brilliance of misted lights. Jeff's grip on the wheel relaxed. He remarked, "Whatever it is you're figuring out, Stephanie, stop frowning about it."

"Was I frowning? I thought you were busy driving."

"Never too busy to keep one eye on you, sweet."

"Thanks, Jeff, for your concern." She went on rapidly, seeking a light note, "Life is full of exciting things, isn't it, Jeff? I feel I'm about to grab off a few, thanks to you."

He said drily, "I saw you taking everything in at the Harcourts."

Stephanie laughed. "Not too obviously, I hope. Jeff, I kept thinking that some day Mark and I will have a place out in the suburbs. If his book turns out to be a best seller, that is. Not too far from New York, of course. Mark will undoubtedly meet all sorts of interesting people. We'll entertain. Who'd ever have thought Mark might do all these things?"

"Who indeed! So that's what you've been thinking all this time. About Mark. Not very flattering to me, is it?"

"Oh, Jeff—really!"

He smiled ruefully. The car had left the Drive at Seventy-second Street. He drove without speaking across town and turned into the Fifties. He said then, "Delivered home to your Mark, safe and sound." He turned off the switch but did not move to leave the car. It was long after midnight and the side street was deserted. His eyes were dark and compelling. "I'm always bringing you back here and going away alone. You make your exciting plans, but they do not include me." Suddenly he put his hand under her chin and drew her face around to his. "Does it always have to be Mark and you?" he demanded. "Can't it be you and I, Stephanie?"

She stammered, "Jeff, you don't mean that, not really."

"Like hell I don't! It's a little idea I've been trying to get over for some time now. I'm mad about you, darling, and don't pretend you haven't known that."

"I'm Mark's wife. I've never pretended—"

"You're been running around in circles, obsessed with some idea like that, I know. Personally, I think it's a hangover. You're not in love with your precious Mark any longer."

"I'm not in love with you, if that's what you mean!"

"I'll take a rain check on that." His eyes remained on her face. "You're a maddening person, Stephanie. You offer so much—or seem to—and give so little. I don't think you know your own mind. I'll try this way."

Before she could stop him, his arm went about her, pulling her toward him roughly. His mouth came down on hers in a hard, furious kiss.

He released her then, abruptly. But one hand remained curved about her slim throat, feeling the beat of her blood there. "I meant that, Stephanie."

She whispered, "I guess you did, Jeff."

His embrace had come so unexpectedly that she had not been able to put up any defense. For one blind second, instinctively she had let her body go, giving herself to the caress. For one second the starvation inside her, so long denied, rose up in defiance of the rigid wall she had built around her emotions. She was trembling, frightened at the force which rose in her body. She had thought all such feeling dead; now she was aware of leaping, vivid desire.

"But—this is Jeff!" something whispered inside her. "Jeff—but it can't be Jeff! Oh, Mark!" She stared up into Jeff's face but did not see him. In the shock of emotional release, it was Mark's face she saw and Mark's voice she heard, crying, "You haven't given me even your tears—I want you, Stephanie!"

She made a little move, and Jeff's hand fell away.

He whispered, low, "That didn't fit, did it?"

"No, Jeff. I'm sorry."

He shrugged. He jerked about, opened the door and got out. He came around and opened the other door and took her hand, pulling her out. "A man can't be hanged for trying his luck." He stood on the pavement a moment, hands on her shoulders. "It still goes, you know, if you ever change your mind."

"I shan't, Jeff. Please . . ."

He said, "Mark may change it for you, or haven't you given that a thought? He may have other ideas, even if you haven't."

She cried, "What do you mean by that, Jeff?"

His hands dropped from her shoulders. "If it means nothing to you, skip it. Just something best left unsaid."

"It's a curious statement to make, Jeff—if it means nothing."

She stopped then, her attention drawn by a sound. A slight figure seemed to materialize out of the mist on a wavering course to where she and Jeff stood.

"Pardon the intrusion." The spectral voice had a pathetic attempt at dignity.

Stephanie cried, "Jay! What in the world—"

Jay put up a silencing hand. "So I've been drinking and so what? You know what Eileen said? 'You're drunk, Jay!'" He stared belligerently at Stephanie. "I'm drunk, and what of it?" He hiccuped and bowed gravely. "Pardon—slight impediment in speech." His voice was suddenly shrill and furious. "Meanwhile, why the hell don't you go down to my girl's place and get your husband out of there, instead of running around with this—this twirp?"

The final phrase seemed to fascinate him. He repeated it, while Stephanie stared at him unbelievably. "Running around with this twirp—that's what I came here for! Tell you to go down and get your man out of Eileen's apartment before I do something drastic about it. Been going on too long; got to put a stop to it!"

Stephanie walked up and down the room from wall to wall, from door to window. There was a nervous fury released in her body which would not permit her to remain still.

At the window again, she pulled up the Venetian blind. At this hour—nearly three o'clock—scarcely a person was abroad in the quiet street. The silence was intense. She could hear the violent agitation of her own heart.

"Mark is with Eileen!" she whispered hoarsely. She could think of nothing but those four words. "Mark is with Eileen!"

Once Mark had waited here for her like this, late at night, his eyes staring at her when she entered. But that, she thought stormily, had been different. I was out with Jeff, but there wasn't anything in my being with Jeff. None of the things Jay Vidal implied about Mark and Eileen!

When Jay had spoken his grim little speech, he had collapsed upon the steps. Over his head, Stephanie had looked wildly at Jeff. "So this is what you meant about Mark's other plans!" She had laughed hysterically.

Jeff had taken her shoulders, shaken her. "Stop it, Stephanie! Does it matter so much to you?"

The hysteria had stopped as abruptly as it had come. Her voice had been dull. "Jay's drunk. People say things when they're drunk which aren't true. Foolish of me, isn't it, to take a drunk's chatter seriously? You'd better see that he gets home safely, Jeff."

"Are you sure you wouldn't rather have me stay with you?"

"Why should you?" She had wanted Jeff away quickly, needing to face this alone. "Good night, Jeff."

Silly, she thought now. The moment she had closed the apartment door, she had begun laughing wildly again. Now there was no one to stop her. She must stop herself.

Jay had been drunk. He had perhaps seen Mark dining with Eileen or even calling at the apartment. So what? Why shouldn't Mark see Eileen? If Jeff hadn't said, "Mark may have other ideas."



Jeff had made it true. She couldn't pretend Jay's accusation had been merely the words of a drunk. Jeff knew about Mark and Eileen. She had to realize that was true and go on from there.

Mark and Eileen. Words flashed back into Stephanie's taut mind: "You'd be surprised if you knew whom I'm carrying a torch for these days." She said aloud, almost childishly, "But Mark loves me. Tonight, when Jeff kissed me like that, I wanted only Mark." Then the storm possessed her again. She raged, "It's not true! Mark wouldn't!"

She had promised herself that love would never hurt her again. She had built walls about her heart so that pain could never again push her into the desolation of grief and misery. She had told herself that; but now the torment that possessed her had no walls about it! Only emotion, stark, violent, compounded of jealousy and desolation, held her.

She was standing in front of the window when she heard the faint clang of the elevator, Mark's steps along the hall. She did not move.

It was only when Mark said quietly, "Stephanie?" that she turned her head to look at him. His face was haggard, drawn. His mouth looked grim, his eyes inscrutable, yet faintly surprised to see her standing there wearing her coat. He went on, "Did you just get back? How was the conference? A success, I hope." There was a quiver of irony in his voice.

Stephanie turned to face him. Her voice shook, in spite of herself. "My evening has been full of surprises." She heard herself demanding furiously, "Why did you come back here? Why didn't you stay with Eileen?"

At her attack, Mark's face paled, but his eyes met hers steadily. "Eileen?" he repeated.

"That's where you've been, isn't it? Not only tonight."

"Yes," he said. The single word was flat and unqualified.

"So it's like that," Stephanie whispered. "When would I have known, Mark, if Jay hadn't come here tonight?"

"Jay came here? He told you. I see. So what?"

Inside her, Stephanie felt that awful shaking laughter rise again. "Is that all you've got to say about it, Mark? You and Eileen—funny, I never thought of that. You're not attempting to deny any of this, are you? And that means—" The mounting hysteria crept into her voice. "Eileen, pretending to be concerned about me, about you, and all the time—"

Mark's voice was harsh. "We'll leave Eileen out of this, if you please."

Stephanie demanded hotly, "Why should we? My husband and my cousin. You evidently haven't left her out!"

"Your husband!" Mark laughed sarcastically. "That's a title to which I've had no claim for months!"

"Why didn't *you* tell me? Why wait for someone else?"

"You wouldn't have understood."

"UNDERSTOOD!" She repeated the word wildly. "How can I understand a thing like this? What am I to understand—that you've been having an affair with Eileen; that you're not denying it? Mark, do you think I'm going to put up with this?"

"Do I think *you*—!" Something in Mark exploded. He grabbed her shoulders savagely, swinging her to face him. "And how much of this sort of life did you think I'd put up with? Do you think I wanted this to happen? I wanted you! I wanted my wife! I told you once I'd string along as far as I could. There are limits to flesh and blood. I've reached them. I loved you, but you—"

She flung off his hand. "Love! You dare to talk to me now about love! Why did you come back here?"

Mark stared at her. "Before God," he said slowly, "I don't know. There's nothing to come back for, is there, Stephanie? There hasn't been for months. We've been strangers. You've had your life and I tried to make mine over somehow to fit your new pattern. You pushed me out of everything in yours. I've been out of your life for months, Stephanie."

"You keep saying that!" she cried. "It's no excuse."

"And what did you expect me to do while you were living your life, in which I had no part at all?"

She said furiously, "Blaming me won't excuse you and Eileen."

"Excuse!" Mark laughed. "Get this, my dear. I'm not making excuses for anything. If there are excuses for the mess we've made of life, you make them."

"How dare you say things like that to me, Mark?"

"I'll say more." His voice was deliberate. "Eileen at least is a woman. You're not. You haven't given a damn about me in months. As far as you're concerned, I don't exist. Our marriage has become a joke, a tragic joke. You take, but you don't give. I've been living in a vacuum, hoping you'd snap out of this. Sure," he went on more quietly, "you had a rotten time of things. So have lots of people. But they don't fold up. I tried to understand how you felt. I kept waiting and waiting. I loved you; now, I don't know about that. You're not the girl I once loved. You don't need me at all—not for anything. That's the simple truth, Stephanie."

"Why don't you go back to her, then? That sort of thing—"

"When you say 'that sort of thing,' you are trying to make this nasty and cheap, aren't you?" Mark said passionately, "What's happened to you, Stephanie? What's going on inside you that I can't understand?" He put his hand on her arm.

She jerked her arm away as though his touch stung. "Don't touch me! That's for Eileen now! That's the way you want it!"

"Saying rotten things about this won't help either you or me. It only cheapens everything—even memory."

She cried, "Go back to Eileen!"

"Is that the way you want this to end, Stephanie?"

Her voice was a strangled sob. "What other way can there be after what's happened?"

Mark stood still. She had turned away so that he couldn't see her face. "Stephanie," he whispered, "Stephanie, I—"

She did not turn, and her voice was expressionless. "I meant that, Mark. There's nothing more for us to say, is there? You've ended everything. Don't come back, please."

He repeated dully, "Then there is nothing more to say."

Stephanie heard the door close behind him. He closed it quietly, but with a terrible finality. She whispered, her throat thick and tight, "Mark!" She made a movement toward the door, then stopped. "I hate you!" she cried. The wild, uncontrollable laughter which had run through her all evening broke bounds now. "It's not my fault. That's a lie—a lie!"

Mark waited in the foyer of Eileen's apartment house one evening a week later for her return from work. He had telephoned her at the office, and she expected him.

Her face was unhappy as she approached him. He turned quickly at her touch on his arm. "I got here as soon as I could, Mark. You haven't been waiting long?"

"I got here only a few moments ago," he told her. "Shall we go up to your place, Eileen? I want to talk to you."

In the apartment, she removed her hat. Her eyes were weary, as though she hadn't been sleeping well.

"Mark," she said in a low voice, "I went to Stephanie. I had to do that, after I knew what happened. Mark, I tried to make her understand about us, about things."

She paused, and Mark put in grimly, "She wouldn't listen to you? That's it, isn't it?" When Eileen nodded miserably, he went to the window and stood looking out. "She's going to divorce me, Eileen. She's made up her mind to that."

Eileen's hand crept to her throat. "Oh, Mark, all this! I keep thinking: If Jay hadn't shown up that night, if you hadn't stayed here just that once, I could have made Stephanie listen. She believes you and I have had an affair all along and she's just found out. I couldn't make her listen!"

His voice was muffled. "Don't you understand? She wants to believe that. Eileen, she wants things this way. It's a path out for her, and she's taking it! Easy for her to blame me for everything and take none of the blame herself."

"Do you believe that, Mark?"

He said, "Yes, it's true." He wheeled and went to her, taking her in his arms. "What happened that one night, Eileen, was bound to happen sooner or later between us. Do you hate me because I stayed?"

"Oh, Mark, you know I don't!"

He stared into her pale face with its tear-filled eyes. "I was afraid you might. You're too fine and sweet for anything like that. And there was Jay."

Her voice was a whisper. "Jay doesn't matter any more."

"I was hoping you'd say that."

"Mark," she cried brokenly, "don't think about me! It's you and Stephanie who matter. I'm so sorry about all this. I keep thinking it's my fault."

"Sorry!" He drew a long breath. "Sorry," he repeated. "For what? For having given me a glimpse of a heaven I thought I had lost? It was a moment of beauty, Eileen. I want you to believe that."

"It was for me too, Mark. But Stephanie—"

His arms tightened about her. "Stephanie put me out of her life when little Stevie died. She divorced me in her heart long ago. I never wanted to face that, but it's true. Doing it legally now is merely the last step."

"Oh, Mark, I didn't know. That must have been rotten for you, losing both Stevie and Stephanie."

He said, "That's over now. It is, if you meant that about Jay's no longer being important. Because that means I may be important in your life."

Her eyes were very blue. "What are you trying to say, Mark?"

"Just this. We had one moment, Eileen. We could hold that always, for the rest of our lives." He put his face down to hers. "Will you marry me when I'm free to ask you, Eileen?"

"Mark, you're not saying this just because—"

"Trying to make an honest woman of you, is that what



you mean? Oh, Eileen, sweet, you know better than that! I love you. I know that now."

"You loved Stephanie!"

He said, "That's true. I loved Stephanie, and you loved Jay. Yet you say he's not important any more. Something has happened to us, Eileen. Don't you see that?"

She thought: If this is true, do I love Mark that way? She was confused. But—I think I must. I never want him to leave me again. So I must!

She whispered, "Could we be happy, Mark?"

"I know we could."

"Build a new life," she said softly, dreamily. But when he would have kissed her, she drew back. "Not now, Mark."

He nodded. His hands slid down her arms, taking her hands, putting the palms against his face. "Love me a little in your thoughts, Eileen. Good night, darling."

She whispered, "Good night, Mark!"

When he had gone, she listened to his steps down the hallway. Marry Mark? Marry the man Stephanie had once loved so madly? She had a sudden vision of a girl with eyes bright as stars. She heard her own voice saying, "You've got something nice here, Stephanie. Hang onto it!"

And Stephanie's answering voice, ringing with happiness. "I intend to, Eileen!"

But Stephanie hadn't. She had let love go. "She wouldn't listen to me," Eileen said out loud. "She wouldn't listen to me! Mark is mine now. I'll make him happy, and I'll make my own happiness doing that!"

Jeff tipped the porter. He glanced at Stephanie. "Everything seems in order. I still think it's stubborn of you not to let me get you a drawing room. It's a long trip."

Stephanie smiled at him. Except for two spots of color high on her cheekbones, she was very pale. "You've done enough, Jeff, getting me a lower on a terribly crowded train. I'll be all right." She tried for a light note. "Reno traffic must boom in the early fall."

"Don't!" he said sharply. He added, "We have plenty of time. Let's go back to the observation car. I want to talk with you."

Stephanie thought: But I don't want to talk with you— with anyone! But she nodded. "All right, Jeff."

There were several people in the observation car, but the rear platform outside was deserted.

"Stephanie, are you sure you want to go through with this?" he asked. "Sometimes I think you're not."

Her eyes were blank. "I'm very sure. It's best this way— and quickly. Nothing is more futile than for two people to pretend to a love that doesn't exist and hasn't existed for months."

"You know how I feel about all this. When you come back, it will be to me, Stephanie."

"I know how you feel, Jeff. But just now, please, would you mind going now? I'd like to stay here for a few moments."

"Of course." He took her hands, drawing her to him. "I'll keep in touch with you by telephone." He brushed her cheek with his lips, then released her. "Good luck, darling!"

Stephanie stood alone on the observation platform. Inside the long train, up and down the platform, there were voices, all the busy sounds of departure; yet it seemed to Stephanie that she stood in a corner of utter desolation, hemmed in by such aloneness as she had never known before. Tears blinded her as the train moved West on its journey . . .

**I**N RENO, Stephanie lived quietly. Her mind was in a state of dark confusion, and although she did not realize it, her body was affected by her mental trouble. She took long walks by herself and came home shaking with weariness. Finally, she contracted a cold, and it hung on.

The weeks of her stay moved on until the purpose of her visit had been accomplished. All the way back to her hotel, the foolish, trite words accompanied her: "a free woman." She was free again, free of Mark, free of the past, free of everything but the future, which lay entirely in her own hands.

It was January and very cold. There'd been an icy rain, and she'd forgotten her rubbers. Her feet were wet when she arrived at the hotel and paused at the desk to make arrangements for checking out.

The clerk said, "The bill will be sent to your room immediately, Mrs. Owen. And a telegram came while you were out."

Stephanie accepted the telegram and held it in her hand while she walked across the lobby to the elevator, stood in the elevator and waited for her floor.

The clerk had called her Mrs. Owen, but she was no longer Mrs. Owen. She was Stephanie Temple. That was what she wanted to be, so why should it seem strange and frightening?

In the room, she did not open the telegram. She felt cold with an inner chill, but her cheeks were burning hot. I'm going to come down with the grippe, she thought numbly.

Her suitcases were on the floor near the window. She

dragged them to the bed and opened them and began filling them with garments. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror and stared. Her eyes were enormous and very brilliant, her face a white blur. I'm going to be ill, she thought again.

Suddenly she remembered the telegram. From Jeff, of course. No one save Jeff—and Mark—knew she was here. Neither Randy nor Tom knew yet that she was in Reno, much less that she had been granted a divorce.

She read the message, but could not keep her mind functioning coherently. Scattered words swam before her: "Anxiously waiting your return . . . Meet you at station . . . Love you always, Jeff."

Jeffrey Hardy, she thought. A figure; a mist. Jeff waiting back in New York meant very little. She would go back, and perhaps in time she would marry him. That seemed to be the general idea. Odd, that she could put no face to the name Jeff. Yet she was hurrying away from this hotel to get back to New York and Jeff Hardy.

Someone knocked at her door. Stephanie opened it, and a bellboy entered with her bill in an envelope. Stephanie said, "Thank you." She glanced around vaguely for her purse and fumbled among the loose change. "Thank you," she said again.

The boy gave her a friendly glance. "Are you all right, Mrs. Owen?"

She told him, "I'm quite all right, thank you." She closed the door after he had gone. What was wrong with her that this touch of friendliness from a bellboy should make her want to cry?

"Randy," she heard herself whispering. "Oh, Randy!"

When the New York-bound train arrived in Chicago, Stephanie left it and took a train for Sagamor. It seemed the only thing to do. She was now so ill that only a supreme effort kept her on her feet and she had but one desire—to see Randy.

As she walked down the platform in Sagamor and beckoned a cab, she had no feeling at all, save a desperate need to find shelter before she collapsed. Her walk up the garden path when she got out of the taxi and up to the door of the house where Randy and Tom lived was the last act of which she was to be capable in many weeks.

Randy herself opened the door and stood confounded at seeing her sister. "Stephanie! Why, darling!"

Stephanie's eyes were dark as glowing coals in her white face. "I've just divorced Mark," she said dully. "I've come from Reno. I've come here because I'm ill. But you must promise me you won't tell Mark where I am. If you don't promise that, I'll go on to New York."

Randy stared at her. Then she said calmly, "Of course, darling. I promise. Come in and go upstairs while I call Tom."

Thomas Newcomb put down his napkin. He smiled at Randy. "Still my favorite wife," he remarked. "You will be, as long as you keep feeding me muffins like those for breakfast."

Randy wrinkled her nose at him. "Tell that to Purdy; she made the muffins." She caught the cup her small daughter was balancing precariously on the edge of the table and shook her head reprovingly at young Thomas, wriggling in his seat. "Finish your breakfast, Thomas. The bike will wait another few moments."

Honoraria beamed complacently. "Me finish." The sunlight pouring into the breakfast nook made a tangled net of the child's blond hair.

Her father laughed. He swooped Honoraria out of her chair and held her giggling over his head. "You're a regular butterball. We'll have to put you on a diet to streamline you into an American miss one of these days."

Purdy marched into the room, and Thomas tossed the baby into her arms. He tousled his son's hair and picked up his bag, waiting for him next to his chair. Randy, as always, accompanied him outside, one arm tucked through his elbow.

The early April day was warm with golden sunlight. It was one of those unexpected spring days when winter seems definitely left behind. The forsythia had shed all its yellow blossoms and was furiously putting out tiny green leaves.

Tom paused to light his first pipe of the day. Randy told him, "Muriel's little Gladys is having a birthday party this afternoon. Thomas feels he should have outgrown such parties, but I persuaded him to take this one on with Honoraria and me. Purdy is visiting her niece over in Brookville, but Stephanie has promised to look after your lunch, darling."

It was not her words, but something in their tone that made the doctor glance quickly at her. "Stephanie's not going to the party, then?"

"You know how she is about—" Randy paused, her eyes troubled. "Tom, I'm worried about Stephanie. She's so odd about the children. I haven't wanted to believe it, but she doesn't seem to like them. But that is not as important as Stephanie herself. She sits for hours pretending to read and doesn't turn a page. She looks so strange. I can't get at her. Sometimes I hate Mark for what he did to Stephanie!"

"Easy! Don't go shoving all of this onto poor Mark."

"He's your friend, I know." Randy's pretty face was grim.



Tom said, "He is. And before I blame Mark for whatever happened, I'll want his side of all this." His arm went about his wife's shoulders in a quick hug. "Stop worrying. I'm going to have a talk with that young woman and see if I can't get to the bottom of what's wrong."

"Then you do realize there's something wrong. But Tom, if you mean about Mark and the divorce—Stephanie won't say anything. She shuts up like a clam. I've tried."

"I'll get her to talk. I'm a doctor, and doctors like to get at the root of things. Have a good time at your party." He put one hand on the gate, then paused. "Those youngsters are going to get hurt one of these days," he fumed.

Randy's glance followed his, and she smiled. A group of new cottages were being built across the street. A small boy had climbed up on the skeleton framework and was holding a dangerous balance with one hand while he gave a wild war whoop. He called to another little boy on the ground, "Scary-cat, scary-cat!"

"I'll scary-cat you!" Dr. Newcomb grumbled angrily.

His wife laughed. "Ruth probably doesn't know they've got away again. You run along, darling. I'll shoot them home."

But when Tom had gone, Randy did not immediately open the gate to go down the road. She stood frowning.

Stephanie had come to Sagamor in January, and now it was April. She had been very ill for weeks, but she was well again. After those first wild words, "I've divorced Mark—promise me you won't tell him where I am," she had not mentioned Mark's name. Randy thought: But what happened? Why won't she tell me why she and Mark are divorced? A dozen times Randy had found herself wanting to write to Mark—or Eileen; but whenever she remembered her promise, she put down her pen.

Yet it wasn't the divorce that worried Randy so much as the difference in Stephanie. She seemed a stranger. For one thing, she could not bear having the children about. No one could help noticing that. Stephanie shrank from any contact with the children. It was not that she said anything about them or against them. It was more that, Thomas tearing through the house shouting for something, Honoria singing so prettily and gaily to herself, made Stephanie retreat behind some mental barrier of her own.

As though, Randy thought, she deliberately closed her eyes and stopped up her ears.

Purdy, who existed these days only for young Thomas and Honoria, had noticed it, of course. "What's wrong with Stephanie?" Purdy had demanded resentfully of Randy. "Acts to me like she ain't all right, somehow."

Randy had defended her sister quickly. "She's been ill, Purdy—that's all. I suppose the children *are* noisy to"—she almost said "strangers" but caught herself in time—"to others."

And yesterday, when Honoria had run to her aunt with a grubby little fistful of grass and leaves, Stephanie, with almost cool deliberation, had turned and walked in the opposite direction.

Randy looked down at her hand lying on top of the gate. It was trembling a little. But it was not the slight to her children that hurt, although she felt that too. It was rather a desperate pity for Stephanie.

"I don't care," she told herself valiantly. "Mark's done this to her, whatever Tom may say. I'm on Stephanie's side. She's been hurt somehow."

Another war whoop roused her. She went out into the road to coax little Jimmy Kingston down from the unfinished framework.

**T**HE cocktail party, given by Sid Hillyer in honor of a new writer, was breaking up. Mark, as junior partner of the firm, had had to put in an appearance and he had brought Eileen.

Eileen had paused to talk with the guest of honor. From across the room, she saw Mark looking at her and walked across to him. Mark said, "Hobnobbing with the elect?"

Eileen glanced at him teasingly. "She said you were an attractive young man. I shouldn't tell you that, Mark."

He grinned. "Our visiting fireman is quite a character. Let's get out of here, shall we? I've done my duty."

Out in the corridor, waiting for the elevator, Eileen glanced quickly at him. "Mark," she said, "you really dislike this sort of thing, don't you? Parties for visiting authors; running around autographing your own book?"

"More or less." His eyes avoided hers. "However, I seem to be stuck with it. Things never turn out the way you plan at the start."

Eileen thought: He's not happy. All this is wrong for him. To the casual eye, Mark seemed well on the way to success. His book was selling well; he had recently been advanced to junior membership in the publishing firm; he was planning a second book. And yet . . .

Eileen veered back to the subject when they were seated in a restaurant and Mark had ordered. She said, "Mark, I've

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been thinking about your saying that things never turn out the way you've planned at the start."

She thought: What you planned once was happiness with Stephanie, teaching, a college background instead of New York. Now you're here with me.

"Mark," she went on aloud, "why don't you call all this quits? Why not go back to teaching? Take any opening you can get, no matter how small. It'll be your life."

His voice was toneless. "Once you drop a thread, it's difficult to rework your pattern. But—thanks, darling. Only, it wouldn't work out."

She thought: And how do you mean that? Do you mean that your pattern had Stephanie in it, and that's why it wouldn't work out now? She hated herself for these thoughts. *Mark and Stephanie were finished.* Stephanie had not even returned to New York. Did Mark know where she was and what she was doing? He never mentioned Stephanie. The divorce had come through in January, and now it was April.

Suddenly Eileen found herself thinking passionately: Why don't you come back, Stephanie, and marry Jeff? Then the matter will be settled, finished, and Mark . . .

She glanced up, and their eyes met. He smiled at her and put one hand over hers on the table. "Stop thinking of me as a square peg in a round hole, darling. Now and then I get a little fed up, but who doesn't?"

Later, over coffee, Mark asked, "A movie this evening, Eileen? Or is there anything special you'd like to do?"

She shook her head. "Do you mind, Mark? I've a splitting headache. Too much excitement, I expect. Tonight, bed and lots of sleep are enticing thoughts."

He grinned. "Then that's exactly what you'll get."

At the door of the apartment, he took the key from her, opened the door and switched on the lights. But at the threshold, he paused. He caught her elbows and held her to him a moment. "You're a swell pal, darling. You know that, don't you? Eileen, when are you going to marry me? When can we cut out all this restaurant and movie business? I won't come in tonight, but I'd like to—and to stay."

Her eyes searched his face. "Very soon, Mark. I'd like that, too. It's only—"

He whispered, "I know." He added, a little roughly, "Eileen, can't you stop thinking that because of that night I did stay all this happened? Won't you believe me when I tell you that it would have happened anyhow?"

"Mark, it's not that." She stammered a little, flushing. "Really it's not, darling. Women are odd fish, and marriage is for keeps. You want to be sure."

"And you're not?"

She protested quickly, almost vehemently, "Oh, I am!" Her eyes met his directly. "Next month, Mark—I promise."

"I'll hold you to that." He kissed her hard. "Sleep well, darling."

Alone in the apartment, Eileen moved about, turning on lights. Next month, she thought. What's wrong with me? I love Mark; I want to marry him. Why do I keep sending him away like this when I want him to stay?

The Other Woman! The silly caption out of a movie kept floating around in her thoughts. I never meant to take Mark away from Stephanie, and I didn't take him away from her. It was Stephanie who pushed Mark out of her life.

Well, it was settled now. She had promised to marry Mark next month, and she always kept her promises. Only, she thought, and quick tears welled up in her eyes, this marriage wouldn't be at all as once she had planned love and marriage. She and Mark could be happy—would be. The memory of a young Stephanie, her dark eyes brilliant with happiness, would never intrude, a ghost of former happiness. Or would she? Would Mark belong to Eileen only in a division of memory, some vital part of him always belonging, whether he realized it or not, to Stephanie?

He never mentioned Stephanie now. Would the unuttered name Stephanie stand as a mental barrier in this new marriage and would he think someday: When Stephanie and I loved . . .

Eileen said aloud, fiercely, "Stop that, Eileen!" Her head was throbbing violently. She picked up a piece of notepaper lying on the desk. An address was written on the paper: "Riverdale Sanitarium, New Canaan, Connecticut."

She stared down at it and whispered, "Jay!" The message had come to her that morning. Jay Vidal had been sent to the sanitarium. He had asked for her, and the authorities had telephoned her. That meant nothing, of course. Jay had gone completely out of her life since the evening he had found her with Mark. Jay was an episode, over and done with.

Why, then, hadn't she been able to tell Mark tonight, as she had planned to tell him, "Mark, Jay is ill. He has asked that I go to see him. You don't mind, do you? If you do, I shan't go."

Jay, Stephanie—Mark, herself! Their lives crisscrossing in



## To Live Again

the strangest way. She told herself, "I'll go tomorrow—alone. I'll tell Mark about it when I get back."

The resident doctor glanced sharply at Eileen. "Mr. Vidal asked us to get in touch with you, Miss Shane. He has steadfastly refused to let us get in touch with any of his family, but he finally gave us your name. He hoped you might come. There is evidently something he wants to tell you."

Eileen said, "I see." Her face was composed. "How is Mr. Vidal, on the whole? It—it was a shock to get your message. I had no idea that Jay—I mean, I haven't seen him in quite some time."

"He's making good progress. But we are concerned about what conditions he will have to face when he leaves here." The doctor's eyes, on Eileen's face, were sharp and questioning.

She thought: Why look at me like that? I can't help Jay. I can't be responsible for him. I'm going to marry Mark.

She repeated tonelessly, "I see."

The doctor rose and threw open a door leading to a terrace; waited for her to precede him. "You see, our patients come here because they want to; they are free to leave at any time. The men and women we have under our care are usually fine people whose oversensitized nerves have given way under the strain of modern life. We do more than merely cure them of an unfortunate habit." He smiled at Eileen. "That's the easiest part. But filling the vacuum left by the cure of the habit takes study and planning. That is where the family and friends of the patient can be of utmost assistance. All of us have mental quirks which could stand attention. Unhappily, the quirks of the people who come here are rather obvious."

Eileen nodded. She said, "I'd like to see Jay now, if you please. And thank you, doctor, I'm glad I came." She looked at him, her clear eyes thoughtful. "I was in love with Jay once. Please let me tell you this. I realize now, after what you've said, that I rather despised him, under my love, for being what he was. You've made me see I had no right to do that. I'm sorry—and ashamed. May I ask just one more favor? I'd like to see him by myself. I mean—"

The doctor smiled. "Of course. And don't blame yourself for feeling as you did, Miss Shane. Most people do just that. . . . I'll be in the office if you wish to see me before you leave."

Eileen walked slowly through the garden. At the lower end, she saw a shaggy dog race for a thrown stick. She heard a shout of laughter and knew that was Jay. She saw him before he saw her. The dog retrieved the stick and bounded toward him, leaping up, huge paws on Jay's shoulders.

Eileen said, "Jay!" Her voice was low, but at its sound, Jay turned abruptly toward her.

Dr. Thomas Newcomb, leaving the drugstore where he had been making some purchases, caught sight of Stephanie a short distance down the main street. She had paused before a shop window, and he was able to catch her before she went on.

"Going home, Stephanie?" he asked. "I'll give you a lift."

She turned sharply. "Tom, you startled me."

"Sorry." He glanced into the window of Millie Evans' bookshop. The shop was featuring Mark Owen's book, "New England Heritage."

Stephanie saw Thomas' glance. She said, "Millie Evans thought it would be such a delightful idea if I spent a day in the bookshop, talking about 'New England Heritage.'"

Tom grinned. "Millie's a good business woman. She makes that shop pay dividends by thinking out angles like that. I gather you didn't go for the idea."

Stephanie did not even reply to that. She let Tom take her few packages and open the car door for her.

**H**E SAID, as he shoved his long legs under the wheel, "I've been wanting to talk to you anyhow, Stephanie."

"Have you, Tom?" Her glance at him was brief, wary.

He put the car into gear. At the end of the main street, he turned into the River Road instead of taking the hill for home. Stephanie removed her hat and held it in her lap.

She was still rather pale, but it was a healthy pallor and became her dark hair and eyes. She was nearly twenty-seven but, except for the expression in her eyes and about her mouth, she might have been in her late teens.

"Feeling all right now?" Tom asked.

She said, with a touch of demureness, "Quite, doctor. You can call off your dogs and tell Purdy she doesn't have to stuff me with food any longer. I'm even getting fat."

He grinned. "It doesn't show. Next to Randy, you're the most attractive wench I know." He sobered abruptly, his eyes on the road. "This idea of Millie's that you didn't go for—Mark's made quite a success of his book, hasn't he?"

"Yes, he has."

He disregarded the toneless quality of her voice and his own was hearty. "Good old Mark! How does he take to the publishing business? I was talking to Dean Howells the other day, and I gathered they are still hoping to get Mark on the faculty

of Sagamor College. He might be offered the chair in American Lit. I'd like to see Mark here. I can't quite picture him as a businessman, even in the publishing business."

Stephanie said, "Can't you?" Her voice took on a choked, desperate note. "Do we have to talk about Mark?"

Tom stopped the car, turned to face her. "I think we do, Stephanie," he said gently. "Randy's pretty worried about you. I'm not. I know you'll snap out of whatever's bothering you in time. But Randy's worried."

"She doesn't have to be, Tom. I'm quite all right."

"Are you, my dear?"

She avoided his eyes. "You and Randy have been swell. I won't bother you much longer. I'm going back to New York soon."

"Mark is in New York."

Her voice exploded. "Mark! What's he got to do with my going back—now?"

Thomas put one hand over her nervous fingers. "Let's have this out now, Stephanie. What happened between you and Mark?"

"Is it any business of yours, Tom?"

"You're Randy's sister, and Mark is my friend."

"People get divorced all the time, Tom," she said desperately. "It's not so startling."

"Not you and Mark. You had something pretty fine." Tom paused, then went on deliberately. "As I said, Mark is my friend. The other day Randy said she hated Mark for what he had done to you. That's bad for Randy and not fair to Mark. I can't let her go on feeling like that without cause."

"Randy is my sister! Why shouldn't she—"

"Be on your side? But what is your side, Stephanie?"

"Please, Tom, I don't want to talk about it."

"Why, Stephanie? Because it was your fault, is that it?"

"It was *not* my fault!" Her eyes were dark pools of bitterness. "If you must know, Mark is going to marry Eileen. My cousin Eileen. By now, they're probably married."

"And by that, you mean—"

She said coldly, "Exactly what you infer, Tom. I divorced him because he and Eileen—oh, Mark didn't deny it! He didn't have the kindness to tell me, either. I found out through someone else."

"I see. Let me get this straight. Mark had an affair with Eileen. Someone made it his or her business to inform you."

"That's it, Tom."

He said thoughtfully, "I know Mark pretty well. A man like Mark doesn't change fundamentally. His kind don't simply—"

She cried, "You think I was to blame because Mark left me? Because he and Eileen—"

"I haven't said that. Mark left you, and he's going to marry Eileen. But before that—" Thomas paused. He had a sudden memory of a girl's white, drawn face staring up at him from a hospital bed and of Mark's anguished, "I love her more than life!" He went on, "Had you left Mark before that? Is that the real truth, Stephanie? Mark may have turned to Eileen or to anyone else. Was there a reason?" Tom caught Stephanie's shoulders and forced her to face him. "A divorce is only the final symptom of a long illness. Forget Eileen; she's not important. Go back further, Stephanie. When little Stevie died—that was when you left Mark, wasn't it? That was when all this happened?"

"Why must you?" she cried brokenly. "I hate Mark! I hate you, Thomas! Let me alone!"

Tom's hands dropped away. He said, "I begin to understand." That girl staring up at Mark from a hospital bed, her eyes blank and dead, was staring at Thomas now from Stephanie's face. He thought: Mark, old man, she never snapped out of that, did she? He put one hand over Stephanie's rigid fingers. "Stephanie, the children—Randy's children. Do you hate them too, because your child died?"

His unexpected question came to her with a sense of violent shock. "Oh, no—no!" Her glance at him was piteous. "Randy doesn't think that; you don't!"

He said, "No, I don't." He went on quietly, "But someday that will be true. You were hurt, Stephanie. You began substituting hate for everything you had loved."

"No, Tom. I loved Mark—if that's what you mean. It was just that he couldn't understand that I—" A burning flush crossed her face.

Tom said, "I'm not Tom now. I'm a doctor, my dear. Tell me. Don't be afraid. I'll try to understand."

Her voice was low, tormented. "Tom, why is the physical side of loving so important? Why did that make so much different? I loved Mark. I just couldn't—"

Tom finished the sentence for her, "You couldn't bear to have him touch you, is that it? My dear," he said gently, "physical love between man and wife is important only as a symbol, not as a fact itself. It's a symbol of union. Human emotions are so arranged in this world, my dear, that when a man holds the woman he loves in his arms, he can hold both her body and her spirit. When she denies him the one, she seems to deny the other also."



Stephanie said, "Mark said something like that; he said I condescended when I tried to—I did try, Tom, but I couldn't. I don't know why; it was just that way."

Tom thought: Poor old Mark, lost in that psychological jungle! He said aloud, "This may be why, Stephanie. Life had hurt you cruelly. You turned on the one you had loved most. You punished Mark for something he could not help. Not deliberately, of course, or consciously. It was instinctive. You didn't realize that you were punishing Mark for your hurt. That was the working of a defense mechanism. Lots of us do that, Stephanie. If you hadn't loved Mark so much, you would not have wanted to hurt him as you'd been hurt."

Her eyes stared at him, appalled. "You make that sound so—so horrible. It couldn't be true, Tom. I never wanted to hurt Mark. I just couldn't help how I felt."

"No, you didn't deliberately set out to punish Mark. You were hit, and you hit back. Stephanie, you always run away, don't you? From trouble, pain, terror? You fight and resent, but you never stand and face things. You haven't learned to accept what all of us must learn to accept—the bad with the good, all life. You've never grown up, my dear. You only feel; you don't reason or think."

Her voice was a cry of rebellion. "Tom, why did all this have to happen to me? I didn't want much. Just what I had; just what you and Randy have. Love isn't fair. You give it everything and you're sunk. I won't be hurt like that again, because I'll never let myself care so much again about anything or anyone so that losing it will make me want to die."

"**R**UNNING AWAY!" said Tom sternly. "That's what you're doing when you say things like that. Stop it, Stephanie. You can't run away, really. Life is much more than just our little happinesses and wants. It's big and fine and takes a lot of living. You can conquer it, but that takes grit and courage. Or you can let yourself dry up inside until you're finished. Believe me, that's true. Stop giving and you stop getting. Stop using your heart and you'll be dead emotionally, and you might as well be dead physically. But you can't live in a vacuum, either. You'll put bitterness and hate in the place of love. You'll go on hurting those who love you for something they can't help. As you hurt Mark. As you want to hurt Randy and me because our children are alive when your child is dead."

Her face was a white, distorted mask. "You're being cruel, Tom! Don't say that!"

"I must. Take a good look at yourself just once, Stephanie, and cut out the self-pity. You're a swell person. Don't let yourself become mean and small and resentful." He added, "You're afraid of love. You say you were afraid to let yourself love Mark again so that you wouldn't be hurt if you lost him. Well, you have lost him, and it does hurt, even if you won't admit that yet."

She crouched down in the seat. "Don't, Tom!"

"I'm sorry, my dear. Making you face the truth is the only way I can try to help. The rest is up to you."

The house was empty when Stephanie went back into it. Tom dropped her at the gate, his voice cheerful. "Couple of calls to make. Tell Randy I'll be back for dinner around six."

With the words Tom had said ringing in her ears, Stephanie shrank from facing her sister. Had Randy too felt that awful thing in her beloved sister? "You resent my children being alive, because your child is dead!"

"Oh, no—no!" Stephanie whispered. It was like a reprieve that she didn't have to face Randy just now; that she remembered abruptly Randy's taking the children into town to the dentist. There was no one in the house.

She walked upstairs mechanically. The things Tom had said: "Punishing those you love . . . resenting. Face reality, Stephanie. Face yourself!"

"I can't!" The reality which she would see, revealed by Tom's words, would have a painful, ugly look. The reality would be Mark saying, "You give me not even your tears, Stephanie. We were happy once. I love you!" And Mark's voice crying, "He was my son, too! Have you forgotten that?"

Mark had turned to Eileen, finding in Eileen all the things which Stephanie had denied him. Why couldn't she stop thinking about Mark? About Tom's, "And it does hurt . . ."

I've got to leave here, Stephanie thought, panicky. Leave before Randy gets back. I won't hurt her, and if that's what I'm doing, I must go away.

The children. Little Tom—Honoraria. When she thought of them, she closed her eyes and shrank away from the thought. Tom had seen that she could not bear their nearness, their shouting, living voices. Perhaps Randy had seen that too. She thought: So it's true, what Tom said. I don't mean to, but I resent their being alive when . . . Oh, God help me!

Run away, Stephanie, before Randy looks at you with pain and unhappiness—perhaps loathing. Run away and forget everything—if you can.

Jeff Hardy was in New York waiting. Jeff would demand

## BOOK 4 THE COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

nothing of her that she could not give. She laughed aloud, hysterically. "Tom told me to love, so I'll love Jeff!"

The tears were running down her cheeks, but she did not feel them. She was back in her own room, flinging things into a suitcase. Don't face Randy again. Don't face anything.

She stopped. The door opened downstairs. Tom's voice came up to her, sharp, urgent: "Randy! Stephanie!"

Stephanie did not want to answer, but the urgency in his voice forced her. "She's not at home, Tom."

"Come down—quick, Stephanie!"

I won't, she thought rebelliously. Not for more talk.

But she went down. Tom was in the front room, bending over the divan. He turned and straightened. "Come here!"

The limp form on the divan was a little boy's. His head rolled back upon the flat surface. Blood was trickling down one of his cheeks.

"Jimmy Kingston," Tom said. "Climbing around that frame-work again. I saw him lose his footing but couldn't get out of the car in time to catch him. Concussion, probably. You'll have to help me. Hold his head while I sew up this gash."

Stephanie didn't move. Her eyes were wide, her body cold. "The hospital," she stammered. "Shall I call them?"

"If it's a concussion the boy can't be moved." Tom turned to look at her. He said then, with abrupt fury, "Come and help me! My God, Stephanie, this is one time when you can't run away!"

"I can't run away." The thought moved with her across the room. Her hands were icy. The child lay terribly still.

"He's dead," whispered Stephanie. Her voice was shaken with horror. From far away a voice came to her mind: "Is this the mother?" Her eyes stared at Tom. "I can't, Tom!"

The doctor's voice was inflexible, cold. "He's not dead, but he will be if I don't get to work." He was getting instruments out of his bag. "Turn his head very gently this way, Stephanie—don't lift it."

Stephanie's hands were on the child's head. She had not touched a child since Stevie's body had lain warm and living against hers. She had not held a small head, shaped just right for the cupping of mother hands, since Stevie's bright curls had filled them. "Like this?" she asked, low.

"Fine!" Tom gave her one glance, then concentrated on his work. He did not seem to notice when her hands, gingerly holding the child's head, suddenly curved and cupped gently. He did not seem to notice when she knelt down, her eyes fastened on the child's immobile face.

When he looked up again, the last bit of bandage making a neat turban, her eyes were still down, the curve of her mouth soft. Tom said, "He'll need absolute quiet for twenty-four hours. He mustn't be moved yet. Want me to get blankets and things—or will you, Stephanie?"

Stephanie didn't hear him. Her face bent over the child's body was absorbed. "You'll be all right, my little love," she whispered.

Tom watched her a moment. Then he went out quietly, leaving Stephanie alone with the child.

Brilliant sunlight flooded the street. Stephanie had been working all morning spraying rosebushes, digging up weeds. Honoraria had helped, bringing her little spade to dig at her aunt's side, eager to be of service.

"She'll wear you ragged," Randy warned her sister. "You're spoiling her, Stephanie."

Stephanie, out now for a brisk walk, thought as she moved along: That look is gone from Randy's eyes. She had accomplished that much. She knew too what Mark had once tried vainly to make her understand—that she never could lose Stevie. As long as a child lived and was taken into her arms and heart, Stevie would be there somehow.

Jimmy gave her a wide, tooth-gaping grin as she passed the Kingston house. Only a small crisscross of adhesive still covered the ugly gash on his forehead.

Stephanie grinned back. She had come to Sagamor in desperation and resentment because her life had gone so terribly awry. Every man's hand had seemed against her and she had felt only a defensive bitterness toward any suggested friendliness. Now she was young Stephanie Temple, a Sagamor girl. In these last two weeks, a serenity and peace had come to her troubled spirit which she had not known in many years. She knew she would never again resent the happiness of others because hers had gone.

She would be sorry to leave Sagamor. She was returning to New York, but not to Harcourt's. That part of her life was over. Jeff was with Harcourt's, and she had written Jeff: "I'm sorry, but it wouldn't work, Jeff."

Marrying Jeff would be running away from loneliness. She had done with running away from anything. She stopped walking and found herself in front of Sagamor College, standing before the great bronze statue of Timothy Haven. She



looked up and her eyes were blurred with tears. "Mark," she whispered, "I might have left you that, anyhow." She knew now how she wronged Mark; knew the emptiness she had offered him. Mark should be here in Sagamor with her, and now, when she could give him her tears and her love completely, it was too late.

She must leave Sagamor. Someday Mark and Eileen might come here. It would be easier for Mark to come if she, Stephanie, were away. "Mark," she whispered. A terrible longing for Mark's touch, his nearness swept over her with poignant pain. Had Mark known that pain once?

She stumbled back from the statue and onto the path again, unable to see her way for a rush of tears.

Someone touched her. She looked up into Eileen's face. "Stephanie, I had to come. Randy said you might be here.

I guessed, you see, that you'd be in Sagamor, so I wrote Randy and asked her not to tell you that I was coming."

For a moment the old antagonism lay on Stephanie's heart as she stared at her cousin. Then she forced it away. Her lips trembled, but she could not say a word. She wanted to ask, "Is Mark with you?"

As though Eileen read that question, she smiled. "You've got to listen to me, Stephanie. You wouldn't the last time. Now you must."

But Stephanie hardly heard Eileen's words. Her dark eyes were riveted on her cousin's hand as it lay on her arm. On the fourth finger glittered a bright platinum band.

What I need is a drink, Mark thought as he left the office.

Hillyer had been right, of course. A man can't rest on the laurels of one successful book. Hillyer had been damned nice about having Mark on the carpet. "How's that companion book coming along, old man?"

Mark thought furiously: Hell, this publishing angle wasn't my idea, anyhow! He had written his book for sheer love of the job. A second book would have to be a calculated bit of business.

So he was a failure on all counts. Eileen, he thought.

A soft May rain had begun falling. He turned up his coat collar. A Fifth Avenue bus loomed out of the mists and Mark made for it. Might as well go home. Thinking about things wouldn't help.

The rain had stopped when he left the bus. It was early evening. He thought, when he paused before the familiar hotel, as he had thought often in the past few weeks: I should have moved from here long ago, lease or no lease.

He was dog-tired. Inside, the elevator boy said, "'Evening, Mr. Owen." The elevator door clanged behind him. He got out his key and inserted it in the lock, stopped. The door was unlocked. He must have forgotten—or was Eileen . . . ?

He opened the door. A flood of soft light greeted him. A slim girl in a dark blue frock stood before the window.

Stephanie said uncertainly, "Mark?"

He stared at her stupidly. "What do you want here?" he heard himself saying harshly, bitterly. The shock of seeing her with no warning after these four months flooded him not with happiness, but with resentment.

A shadow passed over her face. She said, "I knew you still had this place. I had the key, so I let myself in."

He could read nothing in her voice. He sent his glance frantically about the room, and it came to rest on a table.

On the table stood a black china cat, one ear chipped, its beady eyes inscrutable. The cat had not been there when he had left. He had not seen it in many months, but he recognized it immediately. He thought dully: Stephanie must have . . .

He repeated, "What do you want?"

Stephanie drew a long breath. "Mark," she said, "perhaps you hate me now. There's no reason why you shouldn't. I

came to tell you, ask you—" She paused, went on awkwardly, "Sukey—it was in a box in the closet. Little Stevie loved Sukey. Do you remember, Mark?"

She had said, "Little Stevie," with pain in her voice, but something else besides.

Mark stared at her. "I remember," he said hoarsely. He fumbled for words. "Are you planning to stay in New York?"

Stephanie nodded. "But not with Harcourt's. I'm looking for another job. I've been in Sagamor. There's nothing for me to do there, so I came back here. I probably won't have much trouble finding something."

She thought wildly: Why can't I tell Mark what I came to say? She couldn't tell him—not when he looked at her with that implacable distance between them.

He said, "No, you probably won't." He added awkwardly, "You're looking well, Stephanie. How are Randy and Tom?"

"Both fine. The children have grown."

She picked up her gloves and purse from a chair, groping for them because of the blinding tears. She had been a fool to come. She did not have the courage now to say what she had come to say. She wanted to run away—from this room; from Mark's eyes; from her own longing.

She knew that when she went out now, she would never see Mark again. Something would be finally finished and the thread lost for all time. Her heart cried, "Tell him—tell him!" But she could not get the words past her lips.

"It's rather late," she stammered. "I'd better be going."

She moved in a rush and brushed against the table. Her gesture sent the china cat crashing to the floor. One black eye stared up at her reproachfully from the carpet.

"Oh!" Stephanie crouched down, picking up the pieces. "It's broken." As she knelt there, the tears ran wildly down her cheeks and she could not stop them. She bent her head lower, trying to halt her sobs, trying to keep Mark from seeing. She whispered, "Little Stevie loved this cat."

Mark was on the floor beside her, staring at her

with unbelief. "Stephanie," he said. "Look at me, please." Slowly she lifted her head. The lamplight lay now full across her face. It was the same lovely face he had loved so long. Soft, quivering mouth, wide brows, eyes which mirrored his own as love mirrors love always.

"Stephanie!"

She whispered, "Mark, I came . . . Eileen was in Sagamor; she told me that she had married Jay; she made me listen to the truth. But before that, Mark, I had realized the truth. He was our son, Mark. I had forgotten that. That's what I came back to say. I smashed our love just as I smashed Sukey, because I was selfish and blind and a little fool!"

"You were hurt—darling, darling," Mark whispered.

"Just as I smashed the cat, Mark!"

He whispered, "Oh, my sweet, we can mend Sukey so the break will never show! It doesn't matter; nothing matters except that you're here again. Stephanie, I wanted you so! It doesn't seem real that you're in this room with me."

Her eyes clung to his face. "I'm here—if you want me, Mark." Her mouth, when his went down to it with blind, hungry longing, was tender and passionate as her body was warm and yielding in his embrace. She strained her head back, her eyes beautiful behind the tears. "Mark, do you remember, the first time little Stevie walked—it was to Sukey? We were so proud."

Mark and Stephanie, and between them for always little Stevie would live, a beloved memory, binding them closer in deep and rich love.

Mark held her close, his cheek against her wet cheek. "I remember," he said softly. "My darling, I remember."

THE END

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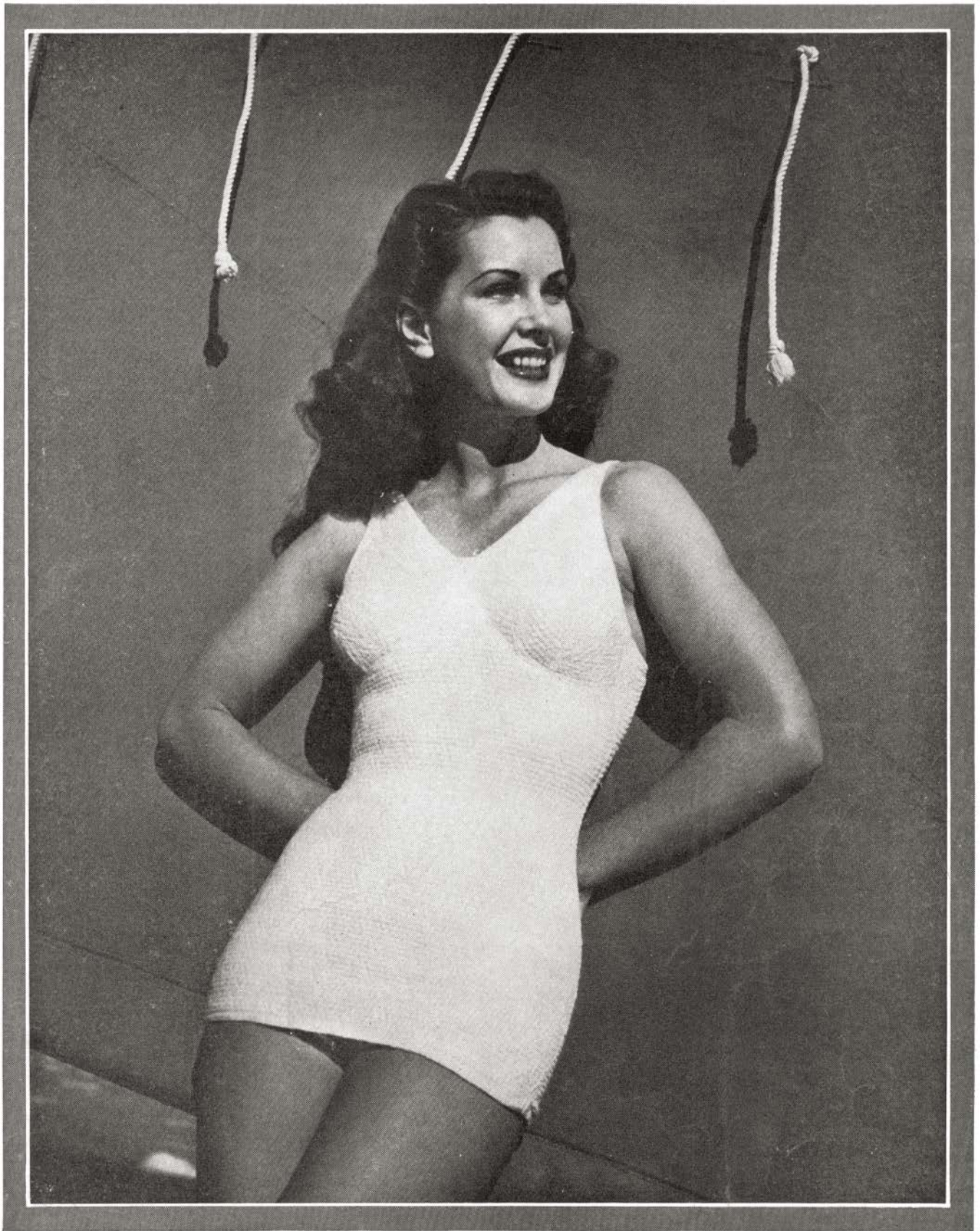
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