

Hearst's International

COMBINED WITH

# Comopolitan

JUNE • 25¢



BEGINNING "SHANGHAI HOTEL" BY VICKI BAUM

**10** *Short Stories* AND A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL



# Conspiracy in PORTUGAL

"A Portuguese friend," reads a letter from an American acquaintance, "owns one of the vineyards from which come some of Portugal's proudest ports. We had returned to the villa from the grape harvest one day, when what should make its appearance but a bottle of Canadian Club.

"My friend smiled and remarked, 'This is a secret between you and me. This Canadian Club has a smoothness that compares with the smoothness of my vintage ports. After all, your country imports my wines—why shouldn't I enjoy one of the greatest of your imported delicacies?'"

## Why so many Americans have changed to this Imported Whisky...

In 87 countries Canadian Club is a favorite. In London itself and throughout the British Isles it is the leading imported whisky.

But of more interest to you is this fact: many Americans who formerly preferred Scotch, bourbon, or rye have changed to Canadian Club. Today, twice as many Americans drink Canadian Club at home

and at the bar as did two years ago!

**Try Canadian Club yourself**, in a "show-me" mood. Experience its distinctive mellowness, rich yet light. You'll see why we can say that **there is only one Canadian Club**... only one rare, imported whisky with this unique, appealing taste all its own—start to enjoy Canadian Club today.



Stay with Canadian Club! In Manhattan or Old-Fashioned before dinner, or a highball or two after. Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.





## "Flower-fresh" she emerges from the tub and she'll stay that way with Mum



### Smart girls know that a bath alone can't prevent underarm odor

**Y**OUR bath is over—how gloriously fresh and sweet you feel! How easy to think tonight will be *your* night—tonight you'll win romance! But will you? Not if you foolishly trust that bath alone for *lasting* charm.

For no matter how fresh you feel when you *start* on your date, no bath can *keep* you sweet. A bath removes only *past* perspiration, it can't prevent odor to *come*. Mum can! That's why underarms need necessary, *daily* care—with Mum—after every bath, before every date. More women use Mum than any other deodorant...it's so pleasant, so easy to use—so utterly dependable! You know underarm odor is *impossible*, when you use Mum every day!

**MUM IS QUICK!** A touch of Mum smoothed under this arm, under that, takes only 30 seconds. How convenient!

**MUM IS SAFE!** The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can use Mum *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving, you will find Mum soothing to your skin.

**MUM IS SURE!** Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. Get Mum at any drugstore today. Remember, if you neglect your Mum just *once* you may be the loser. Play safe with your charm! After your bath, and before your date, make a *habit* of Mum!

**MUM HELPS YOU THIS WAY, TOO!** Thousands of women prefer Mum for sanitary napkins because it's gentle, safe. Avoid embarrassment—always use Mum this way!



Popular girls never neglect the one quick step between bath and date that makes them sure of charm. They know Mum makes underarm odor impossible all evening long.



# MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Refuse substitutes; insist on Advertised Brands!

# Do you know what's FUNNY?



**THIS IS FUNNY**, psychologists say, because it gives you a sense of superiority. You know Charlie's hat doesn't fit, but Charlie doesn't!



**THIS ISN'T FUNNY**...when a dim bulb makes you squint. Few people realize how important bulb sizes are. In fact, 2 out of 3 bulbs in homes today are wrong size for easy seeing.



**MORAL:** If somebody robs your I. E. S. lamp of its 100 watt bulb, don't replace it with a 40. For the same price, 15¢, you can have one of the new 100 watt G-E MAZDA lamps, and enjoy better light for better sight. They stay brighter longer, and so will your eyes!

## GENERAL ELECTRIC

G.E. also makes a lamp for 10¢.  
7½, 15, 30 and 60 watt sizes. Marked GE

**H. P. BURTON**  
Editor

# Hearst's International Cosmopolitan

(Trademark Reg. in U. S. Pat. Office)

**JUNE**  
**1939**

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# You didn't believe DANDRUFF could be MASTERED? Hear the People!

DAY after day they come . . . a steady stream of letters, from every part of the country . . . unsolicited corroboration of a *fact* demonstrated in laboratory and clinic—dandruff can be mastered with Listerine Antiseptic! Read them.

Sensational new disclosures definitely prove that dandruff is really a *germ disease!* . . . caused by the stubborn microbe *Pityrosporum ovale!*

A wealth of scientific data, amassed in laboratory and clinic, now clearly points to *germicidal* treatment of dandruff. And clinics have proved that Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouth-wash and gargle, *does* master dandruff . . . *does* kill the dandruff germ!

In one clinic, 76% of the patients who used Listerine Antiseptic twice a day showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff within a month.

If you have any evidence of dandruff, start your own delightful Listerine Antiseptic treatments today. And look for results such as others got. Even after dandruff has disappeared it is a wise policy to take an occasional treatment to guard against reinfection. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*



"Last year my husband had a bad case of dandruff. Nothing he tried seemed to do any good for it. Finally I persuaded him to try Listerine Antiseptic. At the end of three weeks his dandruff had completely disappeared. Now we all take a Listerine Antiseptic treatment once or twice a month just in case, and we haven't had even a suggestion of dandruff since."

MRS. ERWIN CARLSTEDT, *Box 307, Boynton, Fla.*



"Since using Listerine as a preventive for dandruff, I really feel safe as to my appearance in public."

HENRY W. SCHLETER  
*Oshkosh, Wis.*



"After the first treatment my hair stopped falling out, and dandruff was practically gone. Since that time I have used nothing except Listerine Antiseptic on my scalp."

MRS. PAUL NESBITT  
*Chama, New Mexico*



"After the first application the intense itching stopped."

Mr. John Keester  
*Walden, N. Y.*

### THE TREATMENT

**MEN:** Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp at least once a day.

**WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.



## LISTERINE the PROVED treatment for DANDRUFF

IF YOU WANT THE LADIES TO LIKE YOU

—NONE AGAIN SWEETS—AND HOW KISSABLE YOU LOOK!



—YOU, TOO, DEAR—IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO SHAVE AGAIN BEFORE COMING HOME—

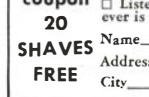
—DON'T BE SILLY! I DIDN'T—I USED THAT SAMPLE OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM YOU SENT FOR—IT'S A WONDER!



—IT WOULD BE! —LISTERINE PRODUCTS SENT FOR—IT'S A WONDER!



—NO FOOLING SWEETS—I NEVER HAD SUCH A SHAVE! THAT WIRY BEARD JUST SEEMED TO FALL OFF!



Clip this coupon  
20 SHAVES FREE

Lambert Pharmacal Co., Dept. 11, St. Louis, Mo. Please send me free and post-paid your large sample tube of  Listerine Shaving Cream;  Listerine Brushless Cream. (Check whichever is desired.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYERS  
**LION'S ROAR**

Published in  
this space  
every month



The greatest  
star of the  
screen!

Has Judge Hardy's delightful family dropped in on you yet? If by chance they haven't, why don't you drop in on them?

You'll know they're in town when you see this sign:



HERE'S A CHALLENGE. Mickey Rooney (himself... not a stand-in) will write a congratulatory letter to the five best copiers of the above drawing. Mickey's letters are very personal. So send yours (don't make it too big) to Leo, M-G-M Studios, Box C, Culver City, Cal. We are the final judges, ... all drawings become our property ... none will be returned.

All who send in drawings but don't win one of Mickey's personal letters will receive (with our compliments) The Screen Forecast, giving all the inside dope about coming Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer attractions, of which there are many.

And one of the most attractive of the attractions brings together Claudette Colbert and James Stewart in a Van Dyke-directed opus entitled "It's a Wonderful World."

No matter what your opinion of the world may be, you won't deny that it's a wonderful picture.

In addition to Claudette and James, Guy Kibbee, Frances Drake, Edgar Kennedy, Ernest Truex are in the cast.

Early in June we shall all say a gay hello to "Good-Bye Mr. Chips." Our scouts report that Robert Donat's performance is his best ever, and director Sam Wood's screen translation of the James Hilton novel is perfection.



★ ★  
WIZARD OF OZ  
(More rhythmic notes)  
THE TIN  
WOODMAN  
(Jack Haley)

The woodman with his blade so trusty  
Must yield to oiling daily,  
For when he heeps his joints get rusty.  
Oh, Jeepster Weeper Haley!

(To be continued)

★ ★ ★  
May also comes in like a lion.

— Leo

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

# Over the Editor's Shoulder



Harold von Schmidt illustrates Eleanor Mercein's tropic romance, "Between Ships"

**T**WO months ago in *Cosmopolitan* Karl H. von Wiegand revealed to the world that Hitler, foreseeing his imminent end, was in a sudden frenzy of haste to accomplish all he could. Within two weeks Hitler had marched into Czecho-Slovakia and was pushing his "Drang nach Osten." How will the other predictions be borne out?

A short story by Edna Ferber is a literary event. "This Year's Model" shows the intimate lives of 1939's salesgirls who wait on you, their problems and hopes, what they think of you and their jobs. You'll never forget this vivid story of loyal old Tessie and smart post-deb Mandy—coming in next month's *Cosmopolitan*.

**P**EARL BUCK has just written a short-story masterpiece. It is powerful, poignant, timely. Readers will argue about it, fight about it, cry over it, learn from it. It'll appear in an early issue.

How many young people have ever thought of sports as a career? There's big money in it, says sports writer John Tunis, and proves it by giving the low-down on athletes' earnings, coming soon.

**W**HAT was the secret of a certain wonder-working prescription? A. J. Cronin tells next month of a minor miracle by a doctor, "The Third Ingredient."

**T**HE dead line was nearing for next month's story in the popular, timely series, "Tales of Six Cities," featuring that extraordinary European correspondent, Hiram Holliday, so we queried Paul Gallico. Back snapped a radiogram:

WHAT ARE YOU WORRYING ABOUT IM GUY WHOS REALLY WORRIED STOP NAZIS HAVE JUST TAKEN HIRAM TO MOABIT PRISON IN BERLIN AND I CANT GET HIM OUT STOP HIS EXECUTION IS SCHEDULED FOR TOMORROW STOP HES MY MEAL TICKET AND YOU'RE WORRIED STOP YOU'LL HAVE STORY ON SCHEDULE IF HIRAM DUCKS THAT AX

We missed the boat with that cruise to Madeira which we promised you this month in Eleanor Mercein's fascinating story, "Between Ships." But missing a boat was the reason its hero met the heroine, so maybe it's just an old Madeira custom. All aboard for that interesting port, then; the story's coming very soon—and we hope you'll enjoy this colorful tale all the more through anticipation.

**W**HOS THE *Cosmopolitan* Girl picked out of thousands of entrants? Faith Baldwin presents her life story next month, in "Autobiography of America: 1939."

## AUTHORS IN THIS ISSUE

**S**OMERSET MAUGHAM is quite a globe-trotter, so it is not surprising that this month's story is laid in French Guiana, while his next vivid tale of the tropics, "Flotsam and Jetsam," jumps across the Pacific to Borneo.

The nurse who tells her experiences to journalist Marguerite Mooers Marshall must remain anonymous, but she is highly successful in her splendid calling. Next month she continues her startling revelations.

Donald Barr Chidsey is still in Tahiti (he likes it, he says), but his little detective Aleck West is back on the job with a mystery thriller, "Burn the Letters."

Mary Margaret McBride will make your mouth water next month as she did ours, with her fascinating account of places to eat when you're seeing the New York World's Fair.

James Street is down in his native Dixie, looking for another colorful story of the South for us.

Adela Rogers St. Johns appears again soon with a smashing novelette, "Other People's Mail." It tells how a dozen lives were affected by the fate of an aviator and his planeload of letters.

Isabel Moore turns to her advertising-agency experience in her next story, "Office Gossip," coming soon.

Rex Beach is hot on the trail of a new medical "Miracle Man."

Refuse substitutes; insist on Advertised Brands!





## *When life is all future...*

**N**EATLY, like a blueprint, you and your bride-to-be have it planned — you two who are at that happy crossroads when life is all future. That little home you will buy when you can afford it. . . . The boy who looks like his dad and the girl with her mother's eyes. . . . How you will grow old together and have a second honeymoon . . . with all the work and struggle behind you!

Dreams are right and wise, because for most of us they come true. . . . But if they should not . . . if that last part of the picture should fail to develop . . . it need not mean that all the rest of your plans will go to pieces, too.

Happily there's a modern way to make certain that many of your plans will be carried out. Life insurance can carry a family

every step of the way toward financial independence — but, for most of us, only one of those steps towards security can be taken at a time.

The first need is enough money to carry your bride through the period of readjustment if she should ever have to face the world without you. You can provide this essential protection, at a cost even a young bridegroom's budget can afford, through a special plan designed for this specific purpose. It is called the John Hancock read-

justment plan . . . and it has the somewhat happier faculty of helping to finance that second honeymoon . . . if things do work out according to your hopes.

Ask a John Hancock representative to tell you about the readjustment plan. Or write Department D-6 for our descriptive booklet.



**JOHN HANCOCK MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
**GUY W. COX, President**

Refuse substitutes; insist on Advertised Brands!

# LETTERS

FROM AN EXPERT:

Los Angeles

I just wanted to tell you that you have a swell piece in the book this month: "Who Wants to Die?" by George Sessions Perry.

JOHN O'HARA

TELEPATHY AND COINCIDENCE:

Cincinnati, Ohio

An article of mine on telepathy appeared in Cosmopolitan in March, 1899, exactly forty years before that by Inez Haynes Irwin. My work showed quite similar results.

E. W. ROBERTS

"AUTOBIOGRAPHY: GOVERNMENT CLERK":

Washington, D. C.

Dear Bob Considine:

I went to the movies the other night, and one of the characters purported to be a newspaperman. His necktie was askew, his hat was shoved back on his head, his coat collar was up, a racing form was sticking out of one pocket, and a bulge at his hip indicated a pint of rye.

As a newspaperman, you know they aren't like that. Your sketch of Charley Peters is just as libelous, just as unfair to hundreds of thousands of loyal, devoted and talented men and women serving the government.

LUTHER C. STEWARD, President,  
National Federation of  
Federal Employees

Dayton, Ohio

Your article was interesting reading and presented a fair cross section of the life of a government clerk. Broadly, the article was fairly truthful but it contained many small inaccuracies, such as the statement that Federal employees receive 30 days annual leave and 30 days sick leave per year. The truth is that since 1936 Federal employees have received 26 days annual leave and 15 days sick leave per year. Another misstatement is that 2½% of their pay is taken for retirement. The correct figure is 3½%.

The article does tend to elicit sympathy for the plight of the Federal employee.

RAY M. HARRIS, Secretary-Treasurer,  
Ohio State Federation of  
Federal Employees Unions

Washington, D. C.

The article is full of misstatements of facts . . .

The writer states that the 868,235 employees of the Federal government are "all comrades in the common stagnation of working for Uncle Sam." This statement is an unwarranted reflection on the initiative and public usefulness of government workers. Including thousands of scientists in laboratories, professional workers in the internationally known Bureau of Standards, employees in the Department of Agriculture, the Post Office Department, the Public Health Service, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and other agencies on which the full stamp of public approval has been placed.

The government service performs a great many diverse functions requiring the services of a large number of workers, who possess varying degrees of intelligence and initiative, the same as any other large group of American citizens. To condemn them all unreservedly because of the limitations of a few is inaccurate and manifestly unfair.

HARRY B. MITCHELL, President,  
United States Civil Service  
Commission

Washington, D. C.

The Post Office Department alone employed 293,167 persons in November, 1938, and of that number 288,485 were in the "field service" outside of Washington, largely in the mail service, who scarcely may be charged with having "soft" jobs.

Two other departments having large forces that are anything but "clerks" are the War and Navy departments, whose combined rolls in November, 1938, totaled 175,000, of whom more than 90 percent are at work outside of Washington . . . There are 1,400 or 1,500 distinct occupations in the Federal service.

CHARLES I. STENGLE, President,  
American Federation of  
Government Employees

**F**air and fragrant are the blossoms from which Hawaiian lei makers fashion Hawaii's graceful tribute to visitors.



You'll think of flowers and tropic sunshine when you drink fragrant, golden Dole Pineapple Juice from Hawaii. An exciting flavor—a refreshing tang—make Dole's the favorite drink of Islanders and Mainlanders too. Rich in natural fruit-energy, and a good source of vitamins A, B and C.





“When Ford builds ’em  
I know they’re  
right!”

*This expression of confidence could be found, in almost the same words, in hundreds of letters received by the Ford Motor Company.*

“FIRST CAR I ever owned was an old Ford roadster. Got it the year I finished college. I’ve had four more Fords since then—and yesterday I ordered another.

“It isn’t habit—or sentiment, either. I go on buying Fords because every single one of them has given me good service—and lots of it. . . . I can *afford* more expensive cars. I looked around this year, and I met some smooth salesmen. But I figure it isn’t what’s in the salesman that counts—it’s *what’s in the car*. And I know there’s plenty in the Ford.

“Have you looked over this 1939 job? It’s got ’em all stopped

for style. It has lots of leg room and head room—lots of luggage space too. It has *swell* hydraulic brakes, and it really *rides!* You don’t nose down when you stop, or rear back when you start.

“But the engine’s the big thing—in any car. When those eight cylinders under the Ford hood go

to work, you’ve really got something *smooth!* Nobody else has been able to put a high-price engine like that in a low-price car—or even build a *car* like that.

“It’s natural enough, I guess. Henry Ford knows more about building cars *because he’s built more than anybody else in the world!*”



Refuse substitutes; insist on Advertisèd Brands!

# *Cosmopolitan Lady*





# COSMOPOLITAN LADY

by LEE RUSSELL

**T**HE COSMOPOLITAN LADY has an inquiring mind; she is curious about all new things; she is keenly interested in people and places. She wants to find out what the rest of the world is doing, saying and thinking. She is going to the Fairs this year. California and New York, here she comes!

She is Miss Olive Cawley, born in Montclair, New Jersey, twenty years ago. She was graduated from Kimberley School for Girls and made her debut two years ago. Being a Glamour Girl right from the cradle, she found her natural career was to become a model.

Her first job was posing for Bradshaw Crandell. From there she went right to the top. And why? Because she has everything—a beautiful face and figure, charm and adaptability. She was sent to Hollywood for "Vogues of 1938." Then she modeled in a fashion show aboard an Eastern Air Lines Miami-bound plane. Next she went to Bermuda to work in a fashion movie in color. Being fond of all outdoor sports, she loved Bermuda because she could bicycle to and from work.

We discussed with Olive travel wardrobes for a trip to the Fairs. Girls, here are some tips:

Select your wardrobe with care and don't take too many clothes. For New York and California this time of year you will need a lightweight woolen coat to wear over simple sport dresses. Take one afternoon dress like the one Olive is wearing in the photograph opposite. Gay striped-silk shirting which does not muss. A perfect dress from teatime straight through the evening.

Take lots of this Marianna von Allesch glass jewelry to glamorize all your dresses. For more formal evenings, take dinner dresses which pack easily. Extra jackets will turn one dress into many.

En route wear a suit like the cover girl's, a navy blue piqué jacket and skirt with a "little girl" blouse of checked gingham. The sailor hat by Harryson is white piqué with red trim.

Take these washable gloves by Merry Hull. Take a raft of brightly colored fish-net scarves to drape around your head. These are ultra-chic and take very little space.

You may take shoes in extravagant quantity. The Air-Step oxfords opposite with Dutch-boy heels will be a lifesaver. Treat yourself to Hartmann's Ten Pair Shoe Case and Natural Rawhide Wardrobe or Tourobe shown here. Pack lightly and spaciously. No valet bills will be your reward. Simplify your life and have fun.

Why don't you board a steamer or a streamliner, or hop a plane or a bus, or grease up the new car and go 1939 to the Fairs and become a Cosmopolite?

Color photograph opposite by Charles Thile, Paul Hesse Studios



*little white hoofs  
for Summer*

## AIR STEP Shoes

**F**OR cool summer swank, slip into the new white Air Step Shoes. You'll find the "open all summer" theme in wisps of material, cut away at toes and heels and sides. And equal chic and a little more shoe in other styles for those who want their high

style seasoned with restraint. The Magic Sole is a real find in hot-weather foot comfort. An airy cushion takes up shock—keeps you "fresh at five". For name of nearest Air Step store, if you do not know it, write to BROWN SHOE COMPANY, St. Louis.



**MAGIC SOLE**—A comfort feature that is Air Step's alone—patented. The Pebble Test shows how it spares your foot—and nerves. You step on a pebble in your present shoes, then in Air Steps. You can actually feel how the magic cushioned sole absorbs the shock, compared with ordinary shoes. Ask your Air Step store for the interesting Pebble Test. →





*The  
Cosmopolite  
of the Month:*

**JUAN T. TRIPPE**

Juan T. Trippe, the guardian of America's place in the world's airways. Above: The Yankee Clipper, built for transatlantic service.

*A cme, Wide World*

**A FEW WEEKS** ago hundreds of sight-seers who lined the shores of Port Washington, Long Island, witnessed something that had never before been seen. They beheld seventy-four passengers alight from one airplane!

This was the dramatic conclusion to a trial flight of the new Yankee Clipper—the largest plane in the world. And a few weeks later this huge flying machine made its first inspection flight across the Atlantic, via the Azores.

The Yankee Clipper weighs over forty-one tons, is 109 feet long and has a wing span of 152 feet. In addition to its seventy-four passengers it carries a crew of fifteen and has a cargo capacity of 5,000 pounds.

This four-motored plane (which, by the way, is larger than the caravel that carried Columbus to the New World) has a dining saloon where regular meals cooked in its own galley are served in three sittings. It has men's and women's dressing rooms, and sleeping berths for forty as well as private soundproof compartments.

Six of these giant Clippers have already been ordered and when the service is in complete operation they will make four flights weekly between New York and Southampton, England.

More startling even than the details of these super-liners is the history of Pan American Airways and the career of Juan T. Trippe, its

legendary and all but invisible head. Who is this man Trippe? He is the thirty-nine-year-old president and general manager of an air line which:

*In 1938 carried 225,000 passengers more than 90,000,000 miles.*

*Carried also in that year 4,000,000 pounds of mail and express more than 45,000,000 ton miles.*

*Made 381 trips with passengers and mail across the Pacific Ocean.*

*Has flown in the past ten years nearly a million and a quarter passengers each 400,000,000 passenger miles.*

*And has, during its entire period of operation, successfully completed 99 percent of all scheduled mileage—a record of operating precision unsurpassed by any form of transportation.*

The company was born only about twelve years ago; nevertheless, in that brief time it has extended its lines from practically nothing to some 54,000 miles and has made itself the world's greatest air-transport system. In doing so it has set up a record for efficiency, dependability and safety heretofore unparalleled.

The account of those accomplishments, as incredible as anything ever conceived by a fanciful fictioneer, has to do largely with Mr. Trippe—master strategist, shrewd negotiator, guardian of America's place in the airways of the world, as he has been called.

If you were to ask

Juan Trippe about this he would tell you that much of the credit for the development of Pan American Airways belongs to Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, known as "Sonny" Whitney. "It is Mr. Whitney," says Trippe, "who was the original founder of the company. He not only helped to establish its policies but as chief executive officer he has now assumed active charge of the business of this international transport system."

Juan Trippe is a solidly constructed, swarthy, affable young man with an engaging smile and superabundant energy.

"Why write about me," he asked, "when the credit belongs to the hard-hitting men and women who make up Pan American? We merely call the plays; they carry the ball."

"It is supposed to take the same genius to pick a team of that sort as it takes to run it," I told him. "It seems to me that you fellows have gone as far in twelve years as the pioneers in other lines of transportation went in fifty, or perhaps a hundred."

"We've had to move fast," he admitted. "You see, we were the last entry in the race. Great Britain, France, Germany, Holland and Italy all were eight years ahead of us—each with a big, powerfully organized, nationally supported air-transport system, all set up on key trade routes.

"In order to get a foothold for an American air commerce, we had to do things in a fraction of the time others had taken. To catch up with and outstrip our foreign rivals, we've had to encourage America's manufacturers to design and build





aircraft and engines that are away ahead of their time.

"In the field we've had to jump obstacles and smooth them out afterwards. In operation we found it necessary to change the whole concept of the flier's profession, to train masters of ocean transport and develop an operating technique based on scientific flight control which is now far in advance of those of our competitors. In these men, methods and machines, America now enjoys undisputed world leadership."

"The race for foreign trade routes and the pioneering of ocean flying has been pretty exciting, hasn't it?"

Mr. Trippe's dark eyes flashed the answer. "It is one thing to fly an airplane or to run an air line. It is quite another to set up and operate an efficient transportation service on highly competitive international trade routes."

The number and complexity of the problems which confronted him can be imagined when it is realized that Pan American now serves some fifty countries and colonies.

Mind you, Mr. Trippe's competitors, or most of them, were not American companies. They were foreign lines, organized for the purpose of seizing international trade routes and holding them for the benefit of their respective governments. His job, after a late start, was to procure for Pan American and the United States their share of those routes and that trade. Pan American had no government assistance aside from its mail contracts, which do not begin to yield operating costs. Mr. Trippe had to invent his own diplomacy, make it work, and pay his own way as he went along. The result constitutes one of the most amazing success stories of our time, and it is crammed full of significance as to the soundness of the American method of doing business.

There appears to be nothing remarkable about the early life of Juan Trippe except, perhaps, his willingness and ability to do the work of several men. During his first year at Yale, when he enlisted in the wartime naval air service, he learned to fly. Returning to his engineering classes, he found leisure to start and direct the first student flying club in America. Although he was on the varsity football squad and a member of the editorial staff of the Yale Record, he nevertheless managed to graduate as an honor student.

Following a brief bond-selling apprenticeship in Wall Street, he and a few youthful friends, pilots all, started a modest air service on Long Island—one of the first attempts in this country to establish a regular, fixed service. This, his formal entry into aviation, occurred long before the first commercial line was started over here but, as said before, considerably after the big industrial nations of Europe had organized international air-transport companies of their own.

Young Trippe studied the development of those companies closely, for he already realized that the airplane's greatest usefulness was bound to be in the field of international commerce, where distances are great and where time is important. He had seen, too, that foreign trade was becoming ever more vital to our economic welfare. Yet the world's air commerce was being gobbled up while America dozed.

Having made a careful study of the situation as it existed and having observed the future with prophetic vision, Mr. Trippe emphatically told his associates that the United States could and must achieve leadership in the air and thereby recover the maritime prestige it had enjoyed during the golden days of the Yankee clippers. But oceans were not being flown (Continued on page 152)

# You Get Better-Looking Shaves Double-Quick With This New *Gillette Blade* at 1/2 Price!



**Super-Keen Edges of Radically New Kind Protect Your Skin from Smart and Burn Caused by Misfit Blades.**



FOR guaranteed shaving comfort at a real saving . . . the new Thin Gillette is the blade for you. Selling at only 10c for 4 . . . this blade gives you quicker, easier, better-looking shaves every time. Super-keen edges of a radically improved kind are honed on easy-flexing steel hard enough to cut glass. That's why the Thin Gillette glides through tough whiskers without drag or pull . . . shaves tender skin smoothly without smart or burn . . . outperforms and out-lasts ordinary blades two to one! Buy a package of Thin Gillette Blades from your dealer today. You get comfortable, refreshing shaves and save money at the same time.

**4 for 10c  
8 for 19c**

## Only Gillette Can Produce Razor Blades of True Gillette Quality!

IT takes a world of equipment and years of knowing how to make razor blades that are worthy of the greatest name in shaving. Gillette alone has the facilities and experience to do this. That is why . . . re-

gardless of price . . . today's Gillette Blades give you the most that money can buy in shaving comfort and satisfaction. Prove this. See for yourself why Gillette Blades are the outstanding first choice of men the world over!

## You Men Who Want Utmost Shaving Luxury Of Course Demand . . .

# The *Gillette Blue Blade*

MEN who want the finest razor blade money can buy, get it by asking for the Gillette Blue Blade. Here is a luxury every man can afford—for it costs less than one cent a day. Don't let anyone talk you out of it. Rely on your own judgment and try today's Gillette Blue Blade. Buy a package of these

superior blades from your dealer today on our money-back guarantee of complete satisfaction.

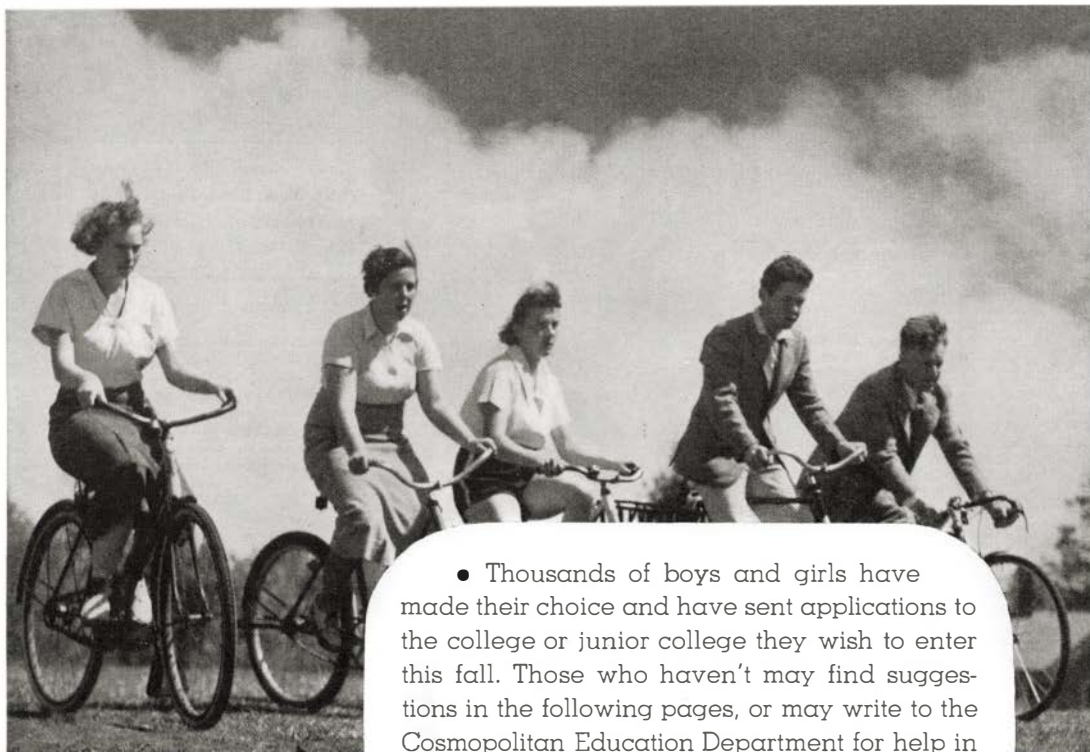


**5 for 25c**

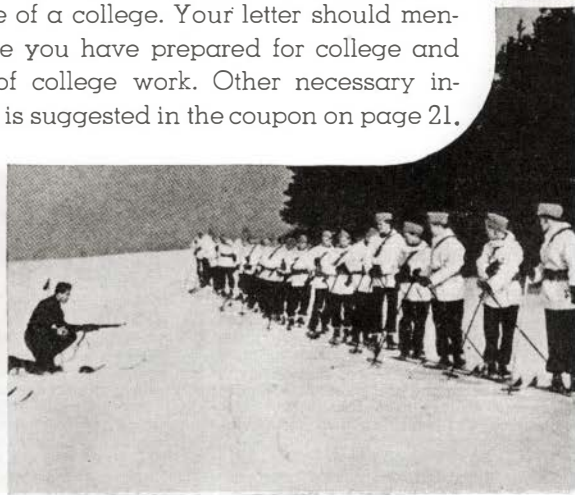
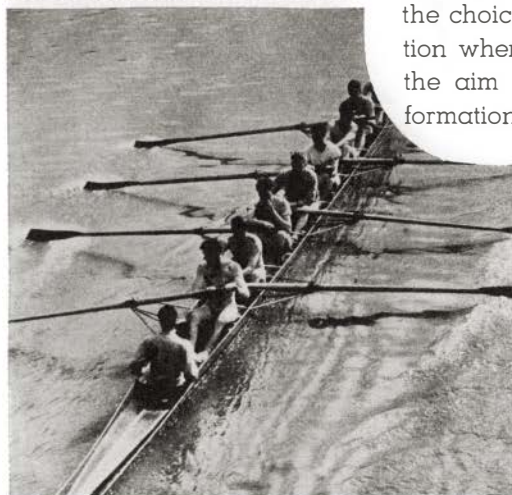


# Next—

## COLLEGE or JUNIOR COLLEGE



• Thousands of boys and girls have made their choice and have sent applications to the college or junior college they wish to enter this fall. Those who haven't may find suggestions in the following pages, or may write to the Cosmopolitan Education Department for help in the choice of a college. Your letter should mention where you have prepared for college and the aim of college work. Other necessary information is suggested in the coupon on page 21.



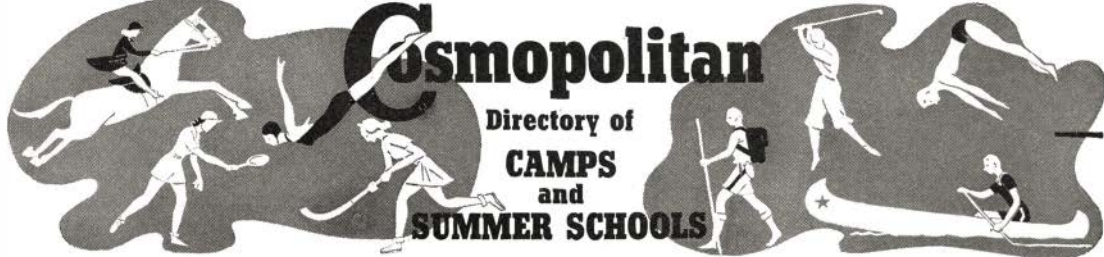
### COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

*May G. Linehan, Director*

57th STREET AT 8th AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY





# Cosmopolitan

## Directory of CAMPS and SUMMER SCHOOLS

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Authorized Regents Summer High School  
Small classes. Skilled instructors. Real Progress. Profitable vacation amid beautiful surroundings. Summer Term July 10 to Aug. 22. Opening Fall Term Sept. 18. Catalog, C. M. Doyle, Cascadilla School, Ithaca, New York.

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12th Season  
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Symphony Orchestra. Band. Chorus. Twice NBC broadcast. 30 nationally famous instructors. Two lakes. All sports. Separate Camps: H. S. boys, H. S. girls; College men and women. College credits. June 25th—August 20th. Address: DR. JOS. E. MADDY, UNIV. OF MICHIGAN, Ann Arbor, Mich.

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8-10 Wk. all-inc. trips from \$278. Co-ed 12-25 years.  
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SITA, 11 West 42nd Street at Fifth Ave., New York

### NEW ENGLAND—BOYS



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High adventure for boys 7-16. Fee includes canoe and mountain trips, riding, sailing, riflery, 3 age groups. Cabins, 125 acres. Hobbies. 26th year. Catalogue, D. R. Stary, 47 Drummond Ave., Chevy Chase, Wash., D. C.

**MON-O-MOY** THE BREWSTER, MASS. CAPP CO. FOR BOYS  
Superior sailing, swimming, canoeing, deep sea fishing, land sports, Riding, Cabins, Tutoring, Camp Mother, Registered Nurse, Counselor's Counsel, Instructors, Instructors, Senior Counselor.  
HARRIMAN DODD, WEST AUBURN, MASS.

### PENNSYLVANIA—GIRLS

#### TEGAWITHA

An ideal and exclusive camp for girls at Mt. Pocono, Pa. 3 hrs. from New York and Phila. All water sports including sailing, Tennis, horseback riding, golf, hockey—Junior Division. Miss Mary A. Lynch, 380 Riverside Drive, New York City. Telephone—Cathedral 8-2221.

#### LAKE GREELEY CAMPS

High in the Poconos of Pa. SKYLAND for GIRLS, 6 to 17 yrs. Able leadership, modern cabins, beautiful horses. Daily riding in fee. Special Jr. rate. Also SEHOOLA for BOYS. Catalogs: CARL A. HUMMEL, 7205 Elmwood Ave., Phila., Pa.

#### PINE TREE

On a Pocono mountain lake 2000 ft. above sea, 3 hours from N. Y. C. or Phila. All land and water sports. Riding featured. Horse show. Overnight hikes. Pine Tree Club for older girls. 27th Year, modern cabins. Write for Catalog. Blanche C. Price, Hazel M. Sklar, Dir., 494 W. Chestnut, Phila., Pa.

### PENNSYLVANIA—BOYS

#### LEN-A-PE

CHRISTIAN BOYS, 5-16  
Lake in Poconos, 110 miles from N. Y. C., 125 from Phila. Riding, tennis, etc. Physicals, nurse, Doctor available. 15-2 triathlon, marikan. Inclusive fee \$300. Booklet.  
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Christian Boys, 6-16. All usual camp activities. Modern equipment. Excellent sanitation. Artesian well. Trained counselors. Indian Village. Nurse. Doctor available. 15-2 Acres over half woods on Little French Creek. Limited enrollment. \$18 per wk. 8 wks. Bulletin, Camp Movies.  
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#### SUSQUEHANNA

Boys 5-18. Mountain camp on private lake. New Milford, Pa. 21st year. 700 acres. Daily riding, complete course in horsemanship. First lake swimming. All other sports. Our own dairy farm and gardens. 3 age groups. Skilled leader for each 4 boys. Personal development our aim. Booklet. Robert Smith, 318 West 1st Street, New York City.

### MAINE—BOYS AND GIRLS

#### GIVE THEM A SUMMER IN MAINE!

Send your children to a Maine camp this year. They'll grow brown and sturdy in the sun-warmed, bracing Maine air. Sports for all—sailing, fishing, swimming, riding, hiking. 13,000 campers last year! Write for free camp booklet. Maine Development Commission, Box C, State House, Augusta, Me.



#### PASSACONAWAY

Boys 6 to 16 Waterford, Me. Est. 1909  
Eight weeks of glorious adventure with everything that appeals to boys. \$275 fee includes horseback riding, golf, mountain, lake and ocean trips. Highest national recognition.  
Dr. & Mrs. A. C. Carlson  
Box 507B, Scarsdale, N. Y.

### NEW ENGLAND—BOYS

#### KEN-MONT FOR BOYS

"2,000 Feet Atop the Berkshire Mts. in New England"  
On Beautiful Spectacle Lake  
All land and water sports—Horseback—Private Golf—Trips Crafts—Indian Lore—Fishing—Photography—Sailing. Children from representative Jewish families, 5 to 17.  
Ken-Wood for Girls, affiliated camp across the lake  
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PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOURS TO N.Y. WORLD'S FAIR  
Dr. S. W. Kiviat—Anne M. Kiviat—180 E. 79 St., N. Y. C.

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Tutoring, Cruises, sailing, all sports. Naval customs, uniforms. Boys from 7 to 17. Field of water craft. Private sea beach. Academy personnel. Write for catalogue. Address Registrar, Admiral Billard Academy, New London, Conn.

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#### SARGENT SUMMER CAMPS

AT PETERBORO, N. H.

OUTSPREADING camp for girls, on large private lake. Unusual equipment on land and water. Well-balanced recreational program. Experienced counselors, resident physician. Separate divisions: Seniors, 14-19; Intermediates, 9-13; Juniors, 5-8. Riding in fee. Counselor training course. Catalog.  
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1914 A CAMP FOR GIRLS 1939

Lake Morey Fairlee, Vermont  
25th Year. Modern buildings, exceptional equipment, excellent food. All water and land sports. Schulenberg Riding School, Music, dramatics, arts and crafts, nature lore. A complete camp. For catalog write 14 Reservoir Ave., Jersey City, N. J.  
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#### NOBSCUSSETT A Sailing Camp For Girls

At Dennis, Cape Cod. All land and water sports. Riding, dramatics, dancing, crafts, music, French. Trips to historic spots. Experienced counselor. Booklet.  
Mrs. C. B. Thurston, Director, Sedgemoor, Dennis, Mass.

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Pleasant Lake, New London, N. H. Alt. 1400 ft. Cabins. All sports. Health and Happiness. Rate \$175. Booklet. Mrs. F. C. Hockaday, 37 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

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CAMP for BOYS Fryeburg, Maine CAMP for GIRLS Bare location, finest equipment. Select group, sports and culture. Fee \$350—includes riding. No extra charges. ROCKWOOD PARK SCHOOL, under same direction. Accredited College Preparatory for Boys and Girls. Write: MR. & MRS. A. KRASKER, Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass.

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Long-established, completely equipped lake camp for girls at Wilton, Me. Junior & Senior divisions, with experienced counselors. Separate tutoring dept. Excellent riding, swimming, camping trips. Crafts, dramatics. Write for Catalog. Elizabeth C. Bass, Director, 113 East 48th Street, N. Y. C.

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33rd season. 60 acre pine wooded peninsula. Sailing, swimming, fencing, golf, riding. Camping trips. Tutoring. All activities. Music, dancing, dramatics. Girls 5-18. Catalog. Mrs. W. Strong, Box C, Woodbridge, N. J.

### NEW ENGLAND—BOYS

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High in the Hills at Ashland, Mass. Long Daily Horseback Rides included in fee. Swimming in private lake. Tennis, Rifle, Crafts, Seashore and Mt. trips. Mature counselors—one to 4 boys. Ages 4-15—three separate divisions. Nurse—Cabins. 25th year. S. D. Hayes, Box 15, Framingham, Mass.

#### IDLEWILD The Oldest Private Camp for Boys

Lake Winnepesaukee. \$290 tuition covers: Horseback Riding, Golf, Street Hockey, Sailing, all trips and other activities. Three Divisions. Cabins. Doctor. Nurse. Booklet.  
L. D. FOY, 332 Old Street, West Newton, Mass.

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For Boys. Boat-building, sailing featured. Screened cabins, riflery, land sports. 4 camp mother, nurse in residence. Dr. Chas. J. Prohaska, Bloomfield, Conn.

#### TEELA-WOOKET THE HORSEBACK CAMPS

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Water sports, Golf, Crafts, Tennis, Archery and Rifle, Outdoor Theatre, Camping Trips. "No Extras" Booklet.  
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Every girl receives exceptional instruction in horsemanship, water sports, and tennis. Other popular sports. Dramatics, crafts. Complete equipment. On beautiful lake in Vermont. Happy campers! Fee included riding. Catalog. Rosalie C. Sanderlin, Dir., 2614-31 St., N. W., Wash., D. C.

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FOR GIRLS. On Buzzard's Bay, Cape Cod. Sailing, swimming, riding featured. All sports, crafts, music, dancing, dramatics. Friend. Trips 4 age groups. Beatrice A. Hunt, Dir., 16 Plymouth St., Haldor, Mass.



NEW YORK—BOYS AND GIRLS



**MOSS LAKE CAMP**

EACH GIRL RIDES EACH DAY  
LARGE PRIVATE LAKE  
EXCELLENT SAILING  
DR. G. C. LONGSTAFF, JAMAICA, L. I.

**OUR LADY OF LOURDES & ACADIA**

Girls 6-18 Catholic Camps Boys 6-18  
In heart of Catskills. Livingston Manor, N. Y. All sports, land & aquatic. Dramatics. Hiking. Start from leading colleges. 9-hole camp golf course; professional instruction included. Tuition \$180. Catalog, Tel. Edgemoor 4-2310. Rev. John H. Mahoney, O. D., 472 W. 142nd St., N. Y.

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Minnewaska, N. Y. Established 1900  
CHRISTIAN boys 8-16. Three age groups. Exclusive use of spring-fed lake. Elev. 1844 ft. 2 1/2 hours from N. Y. C. Bunkalows. Sailing, woodcraft, riflery; all land, water sports. All-inclusive fee. Resident tutor. Illustrated booklet. Donald G. Phillips, 97 Ft. Washington Ave., New York

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Orange County, N. Y. Greenkill: Boys 12-16  
1600 acres of wooded country. Private lakes. Water sports, riding, tennis, crafts, etc. Colleague supervision. \$250.000 invested by Y.M.C.A. of N. Y. City. Rates: \$13-\$17.50 w/d. J. R. Bingham, Suite 915-C, 420 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. C.

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Two separate camps. All land and water sports. Dramatics. Weekly social evening. Crafts. 23RD SEASON UNDER NAME MANAGEMENT  
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NEW JERSEY—BOYS

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Cruise to N. Y. World's Fair on Subchaser  
Boys 10-20, July 5 to Aug. 27, on Toms River near Barnegat Bay. Sailing, navigation, cruises, land sports. 75 miles from N. Y. C. Rate includes uniform. Tutoring available. Rear Admiral S. N. Robinson, U. S. N. (Ret.), Supt. Catalog, Box 11, Toms River, N. J.

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Ranch and travel camp. All sports, also dramatics, hand-crafts, etc. Daily swimming. RIDING—a horse for each girl. Pack trips. Motor trips in Pike's Peak region, the Southwest, Mesa Verde, Yellowstone. Two week trip in high Rockies. Inclusive fee, no extras.  
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Private Lake and Golf Course, Horseback Riding. Visit Saint Joseph before choosing a Camp  
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Superior Camps for 90 Boys (9 to 17) Jewish clientele. 36 "Senecas" (6 to 8 yrs.) on 2 mile Whaley Lake, 1100 ft. Alt. All land, water sports; 2 1/2 hrs. — N. Y. 19th season. Booklet. Robert C. Howard, Director, 15 Rhynas Drive, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

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In "The Land Of The Sky" On the Great Blue Ridge Mountains 2300 Ft. Elevation

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For Boys. In Shenandoah Valley 90 miles from Washington. Unusually fine buildings—all recreations—tutoring—directed by the staff of Massanutten Mil. Academy. Address: Camp Lupton, Box 45, Woodstock, Va.

**SHAW-MI-DEL-ECA**

Near White Sulphur. All Sports. Cabins. Well-equipped crafts building with 600 square feet floor space. Separate camps for younger boys. Horseback riding, included in reasonable rate. Col. H. B. Moore, President, Box C, Lewisburg, W. Va.

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This camp for boys 14 attracts discriminating parents. Camp and Junior Military Academy permits 12 months enrolment. 200 acres. Counselors—leaders and comrades! Camp mother, nurse. Pool. Ponies. Crafts. Information. Major Ray DeBerry, Box CC, Bloomington Springs, Tenn.

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WESTERN—BOYS



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IN NAVAL SCHOOL or CAVALRY CAMP (boys 14-19) and WOOD-CRAFT CAMP (boys 9-14). Regular Academy personnel. Exceptional housing, dining and medical facilities. 1000-acre wooded campus. Emphasis on correct posture, initiative, courtesy, Christian character. Optional tutoring. All land and water sports. Model program. STATE CATALOG DESIGNED. 63 Lake Shore Avenue Culver, Indiana

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Enjoyable and profitable summer, July 3—Aug. 19. Sports for all boys. 10 acres—on lake. Review or advanced studies, desired. Special Junior program. Low rate. Catalog. Burrett B. Bouton, M.A., 1069 Academy Pl., Howe, Ind.

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Adventure-full camp for real boys, 8-18. In forests of N. Wisconsin near Spooner. Vigorous life under able leaders. Canoeing, fishing, band. \$35 weekly. Booklet. Whitbur Russell, 510 Merchants Nat'l Bank Bldg., Terre Haute, Ind.

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For Girls, in the Blue Ridge Mountains, 42 miles from Asheville, in the Blue Ridge Mountains, 42 miles from Asheville, in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Unique feature—learning conversational French. Swimming, dancing, tennis, basketball, volleyball, dramatics, music, arts and crafts, nature lore, horseback riding, exploring trips; all under careful supervision. Address: Reverend Mother, St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines, Asheville, N. C.

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Located in mountains of Southwest Virginia. Riding, dancing, dramatics, crafts. All land and water sports under careful supervision. Lodges. Excellent food. High season. Catalog. Address S. W. Edmondson, M.A., Box 300, Glade Spring, Va.

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On 500 acre estate, large private lake. All land and water sports under careful supervision. Music, dramatics, art, dancing, riding, nature lore, interesting trips. Near Great Smokies. Inclusive fee. Write for booklet. Mrs. Grace B. Haynes, Box C, Spartanburg, S. C.

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On a thousand-acre ranch 7 miles from Bristol, Va. Two large swimming pools, excellent equipment, handcrafts, tennis, tutoring, dancing, dramatics. Horses from college stables. For catalog address Dean Marguerite Plugg, Box 123, Virginia Interment College, Bristol, Va.

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**SAN DIEGO ARMY & NAVY ACADEMY**

A Summer Camp at Carlsbad-By-The-Sea your boy will always remember. Sports include swimming, surf-boarding, fishing. Finest supervision. Tutoring if desired. Extends till Fall Term Sept. 12. Address: Maj. John L. Davis, Box 3, Carlsbad, Calif.

**A Reminder**

Camps will open in just five weeks. Has your youngster's camp registration been filed? Early registrations sometimes enable the camp director to make happier and more advantageous arrangements for transportation to camp and for the new camper's reception. It is well to advise camp directors early, even though your plans may not be final at this time.

If you haven't selected a camp, consult these pages or write the Cosmopolitan Camp Department for suggestions. The coupon on page 21 outlines the information your inquiry should cover.





# Cosmopolitan Educational Guide

NEW ENGLAND—BOYS

## BABSON INSTITUTE



Sound business training for young men. Each student observes business hours in a business environment. He has his own office desk—follows business procedure. Finance, distribution, production, personnel. Two year course—one year for college men. Catalog, Admissions Department, Babson Park, Mass.

## 1833 SUFFIELD 1939

College preparatory and General courses. Junior School for younger boys. Teaching how to study emphasized. Rev. Brownell Gage, Ph.D., Headmaster, 48 High St., Suffield, Conn.

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A cultural college of Business Administration. Modern Dormitories. Campus Life. International Clientele. Address James L. Conrad, Box C, Dudley, Mass.

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Traditional success in teaching boys how to study. Small classes. Individual attention, personal interest assure thorough college preparation. Separate Junior and Senior Schools. Catalogue. Address A. SHERIFF, Headmaster, Cheshire, Connecticut.

NEW ENGLAND—GIRLS

## Katharine Gibbs SECRETARIAL

TWO YEAR COURSE—College and cultural subjects, with thorough secretarial training. ONE YEAR COURSE—Introductory secretarial training. Also SPECIAL COURSE for COLLEGE WOMEN. Delightful residences in Boston and in New York. For catalog address: Assistant Director, BOSTON NEW YORK PROVIDENCE 90 Marlborough St. 250 Park Ave. 155 Avenue St.

## The Dana Hall Schools

Tenacre—For young girls from six to fifteen years. Dana Hall—College Preparatory and General Courses. Pine Manor—Junior College. Music, Art, Homemaking. Helen Temple Cooke, Head, Box C, Wellesley, Mass.

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Near Boston. College Preparation. Junior College course with study abroad. Secretarial, home, music, art, horse riding, etc. Write for Junior College or Preparatory School catalogue. Gertrude Cornish Williston, Principal, 50 Pine St., Norton, Mass.

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ACREDITED. Liberal Arts. Exceptional Secretarial courses. Medical Secretaryship. Librarianship. Design, Advertising, Library Sci., Social Service, Music, Art, Dances, Sports. Ruth Grow, New Haven, Conn.

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Two years of college leading to A.B. or B.S. degree. Pre-professional courses: Secretarial, Art, Music, Dramatics, Medical Assistant, Home Ec., etc. Diploma Plus credit transfer to standard colleges. Day, eve, summer classes. Dormitory students receive Bermuda trip without charge. 6 miles from N. Y. C. (Half hour from Times Square.) All sports, social activities. Catalogue C. L. Litte, Ed. D., Dir. Box C, Teaneck, N. J.

## Going to College? CLARK HANOVER NEW HAMPSHIRE

DEAN ACADEMY 74th yr. College prep. General Courses and 1 and 2 yr. courses for H. S. graduates: Business, Mech. Drawing, Public Speaking, Secretarial, Music, Art, Crafts, Home-making, Dramatics. All sports, heated pool, golf, tennis, riding. Coed. Home-like school. Rate \$600. Earle G. Wallace, Headmaster, Franklin, Mass.

## WILLISTON

Unusual educational opportunities at modest cost. Endowment over half a million. Over 200 graduates in 40 colleges. New recreation center, gymnasium, swimming pool. Experienced, understanding masters. Separate Junior School. Address Archibald V. Galbraith, Headmaster, Box 7, Easthampton, Mass.

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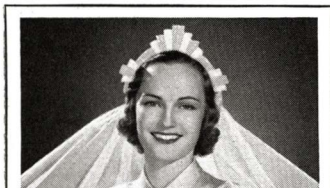
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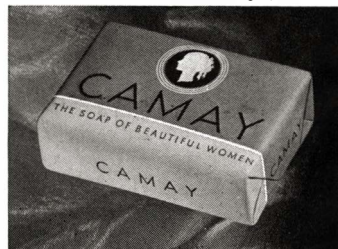
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## INTERESTS ME MOST IN THIS COSMOPOLITAN WORLD

**I**T IS SPRINGTIME in the Rockies and in several other places. It is springtime on California's gold and purple hills, fading now to summer's tawny gray; the irrigation ditches are brimming with sky-blue water and the blossoming orchards are intoxications. From Oregon's jeweled beaches the hemlocks and pines climb skyward, dappled with young green tips. Dogwood is whiter than snow was on the banks of Puget Sound, and Mount Rainier glitters against a softer blue.

On the Southwest's colored deserts and dobe towns the sun is already hot. Along a thousand miles of foothills the shepherds move their clipped flocks slowly with the lambs. A bleating of calves is heard from the Rio Grande to the Big Horn. In Texas and Louisiana the pumps are working on the bayous and the young rice lifts its blades in the rising flood.

Sugar cane is rustling in Alabama and Tennessee. Along the deep-worn roads of Mississippi the drowsy air is dusty between banks of rich earth and tangled roots, and hoes are clapping in straggling rows across the cotton fields. Northward the wheat fields ripple over the rolling plains of Kansas and Nebraska, across the flatness of the Dakotas and into Montana, a living prayer to sky and wind for kindness to grain in the tassel and grain in the milk.

Barley and oats and wheat, alfalfa and soy beans interrupt with varied greens the dotted cornfields of Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana. Peach blossom follows

the plum and the cherry, from Arkansas to the Great Lakes and the Alleghenies. Hatcheries fill the air around them with the twittering of chicks bursting from shells; cows are in the clover pastures, and the truck gardeners' ruled green lines are spaced upon great stretches of earth as flat and rich as the valley of the Nile.

Behind Kentucky's white-barred gates, the colts are galloping up bluegrass pasture slopes, and over Georgia's light, warm soil the vines are spreading. And it's apple-blossom time in America, in America where apple blossom sweeps from the Shenandoah valley in Virginia to the Hood River valley in Oregon.

Even the cold soil of New England grows warm. Red leaves burgeon on the poisonous stone walls of Connecticut's fields. Early in May I dare to sow carrots and beans, then peas and squash and sweet corn. On the fifteenth I set out my tomato plants. Soon ghostly acres of netting will shroud the tobacco fields, and the city people will come to their country houses.

What interests me most, for a moment in this springtime season, is the fact that Americans have stopped building cities.

I sit on a granite boulder outcropping from my worn Connecticut hillside and think about that. The buds on the sixty-year-old apple trees are showing pink. The air is murmurous

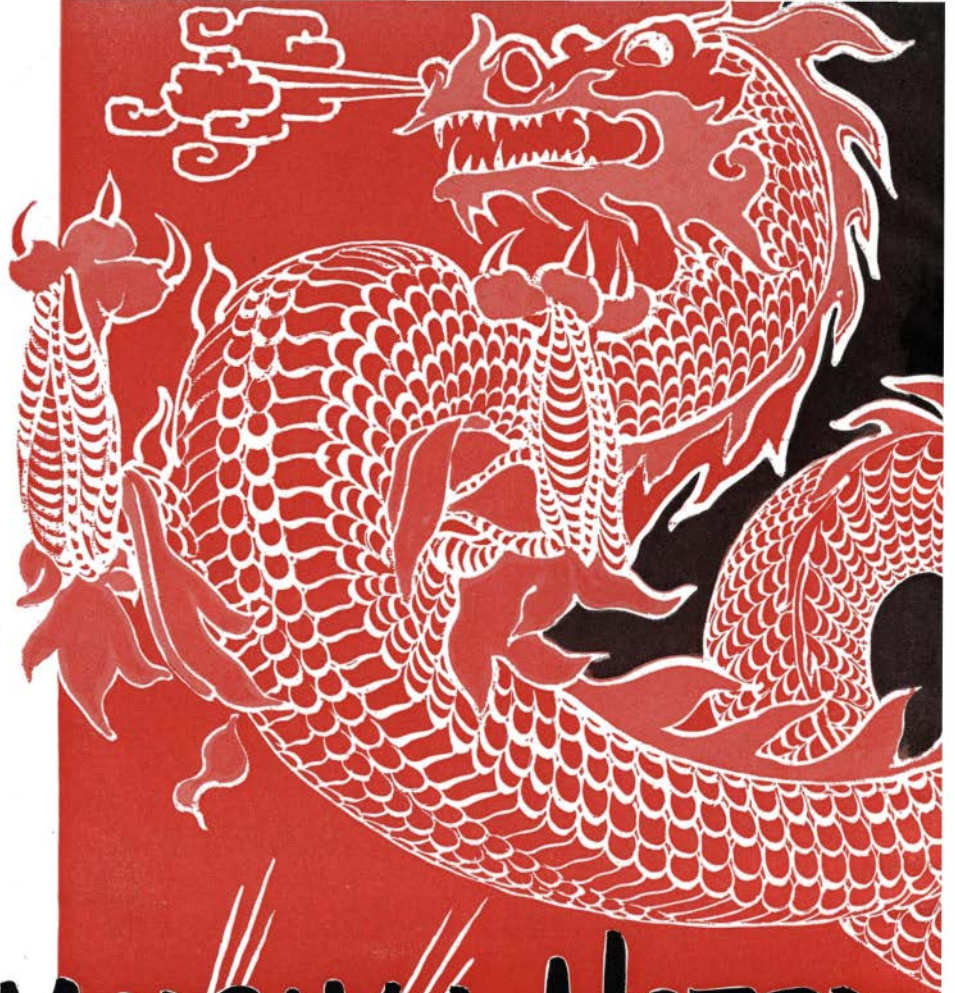
with the faint sound of cars pouring along the highway beyond the hill. I remember the horse-and-buggy days, some thirty years ago, when Americans were rushing to the cities, and the cities were singing, "I love the cows and chickens, but *this is the life!*"

Those were the years when women's work left home and we cut the trains off the back breadths of our skirts and followed it, hesitating to go so far as to want Woman's Suffrage. Those were the years when the cities, suffering from the High Cost of Living, shrieked for Federal action to balance agriculture and industry by curbing the greedy farmers' profits. Telephones and electric lights were city marvels. Hardly anyone knew how to pronounce "chauffeur," and the automobile was for the city's rich, since no one else could afford it and it could never run on country roads. And every year the cities drew more than a million men and women from villages and farms.

Our important thinkers shrieked, "Back to the land! Back to the land!" They foretold America's doom; in 1940 or thereabouts we must import all our food; an enemy controlling the seas could starve us to death. Magazines and books gushed rustic rhapsodies. And we kept right on rushing into the cities.

By 1920 the scale had  
(Continued on page 112)

*SAYS*  
**ROSE WILDER  
LANE**



# SHANGHAI HOTEL

By VICKI BAUM

**W**HILE THE black-bearded Sikh at the corner of Yates Road held up the traffic so that the throng of autos, rickshas and pedestrians could cross Bubbling Well Road, Doctor Chang had time to buy an English evening paper.

"Any news?" asked Taylor, as he started the car again.

Doctor Chang looked at the headlines; he wore such sharply cut glasses that his eyes were invisible behind them. "Nothing special," he said, folding the paper again.

Frank Taylor noticed with annoyance that his hands were sticking to the

wheel with the heat. He steered with his knees, while he took out his handkerchief and wiped his hands. "A rotten city," he said. "You're always dirty!"

Doctor Chang smiled in polite agreement. "It seems to be a law that everyone feels comfortable only in the climate in which he was born," he said carefully. "For example, I don't mind the heat of Shanghai at all, while I nearly went crazy in the heat of New York."

It was a sweltering, exhausting day in the beginning of August, 1937. For some time there had been fighting between the

Japanese and Chinese troops in the north, but the north was far away and always unsettled.

"If only there were something to drink at the airport," said Taylor, who had not recovered from a headache due to the night before at the club. His mouth was dry, and he had a desire for lots of soda with just a little whisky.

Yutsing Chang smiled with absent-minded politeness.

They left the city behind them, driving along between fields and little houses. Suburbs with their low Chinese houses





"I love you," Frank said. "To-day's more than yesterday. To-morrow's more than today."

Shanghai was doomed. And the rumble of approaching horror in the hot August sky made whites and Chinese alike live with a passionate intensity they had never known before . . . A superb novel of fated lives by the author of "Grand Hotel"





"I will not take a concubine!" Chang told his father. "We are Christians, Pearl and I. It would be a sin to bring in a second wife."

and open shops hemmed in the road; only a few cars were to be seen. Occasionally rickshas came toward them carrying fat elderly Chinese.

"How long are you staying in Nanking?" asked Taylor.

"A couple of days, if I can see all the men I want to talk to," answered Doctor Chang. He had his small bag between his feet. "It's about the need for a strong campaign against t.b.," he added.

Taylor listened absent-mindedly, while his thoughts drifted to a more pleasant topic. "Probably my bride will be here by the time things get going," he said. "I have a cable from her."

Doctor Chang took his glasses off with a gesture of respectful amazement, as if he were taking off his hat. "And you didn't tell me until now?" he cried.

Taylor clapped him on the back. "Who taught me that it's bad manners to burst right out with one's own affairs as we Americans do?" he asked.

They had crossed over a stream on which were many houseboats and turned into the muddy street which led to the Lunghua airport. Chang took out his little bag while he thanked Taylor.

"You're welcome," said Taylor. "I was glad to bring you along since I had to come to this God-forsaken place anyhow." He held out his hand to Chang, and the Chinese took it hesitatingly. He simply could not get used to the custom of handshaking.

The Chinese boy in white uniform took Chang's bag. Outside on the field the plane was already waiting.

Doctor Yutsing Chang had a leading position in the health department of Greater Shanghai; probably Chang's father, the mighty banker Bogum Chang, had pulled strings to get him this position. Doctor Chang belonged to the circles which advocated the principles of the "New Life Movement." Returning from his studies in New York, he had brought with him his wife Pearl, a young doctor herself, eager to assist him.

Chang and Frank Taylor had been brought together by their common interest in photography. As a matter of fact, this hobby almost saved Frank's life when he lost his job during the depression and could not find another. He was just one of the thousands of mediocre, unemployed young chemists. Chemistry was no good; America was no good. He would still have been without a job had it not been for his stepfather, Lester Clark, who lived in Honolulu and still kept up his contacts in the Orient.

Through his stepfather Frank had got the position in the Shanghai branch of the Eos Film and Photo Company. From an amateur who once in a while snapped a good shot, he had developed into an expert. Now, after three hard years in Shanghai, he had been made assistant manager with a salary of seventy-five dollars a week.

Barley Scott, the chief manager of the company, had from the first impressed on his young assistant that he must not neglect Chinese customers. Doctor Chang had a passion for photographic health pamphlets and instructive posters, which

were very useful to a population that could not read and knew nothing of hygiene.

The large orders Frank had received from Chang by co-operating with him were the chief reasons for his promotion and increase in salary. Frank was grateful to the Chinese doctor, for without him he would not have been able to send for his fiancée, Ruth Anderson, the girl who had waited patiently for him these three bitter years.

Although Frank Taylor had been living in Shanghai for three years and had often driven out to the airport, he had never taken the time to visit the near-by pagoda of Lunghua. But today a business reason forced him to it. He took his tripod under his arm, hung the "trap" of his camera around his neck, put a couple of films into his coat pocket and bored his way through the human wall which sprang up around him.

In the outer court of the temple two soldiers were leading two white horses up and down, as if they were in the yard of the barracks. Here were booths, and a crowd was moving around.

Wang Wen, the assistant whom Taylor had sent out to the pagoda, had not arrived and Frank swore softly to himself at the Chinese carelessness and lack of punctuality. He passed through the first temple, which was rather empty and very dirty, and in which there were only a couple of incense burners swaying before the Goddess of Mercy.

A little old man offered to carry his equipment for a small consideration.



Frank wandered through the courts and halls of the temple, which were all dirty and ugly; the incense made his head ache more than ever. At last he found a place from which the pagoda stood out clearly against the sky. It was a small round garden in which two priests wearing wide-sleeved robes were walking up and down.

"Can I sit down here?" he asked one of them, and although the man clearly understood no English, he pointed with a polite gesture to a semicircular stone bench which stood in the garden. Taylor sat down with a sigh, took the camera and tripod and sent the little old man back to the gate of the temple to watch for Wang Wen.

There was no shade here, but from a small pool in the middle of the garden in which lotus flowers were growing there came a breath of coolness. Frank bent over the water, washed his hands and dried them with his handkerchief. When he sat down again, he felt much better, and the thought of Ruth came back to him. He took the crumpled cablegram out of his pocket and read it again.

Leave tomorrow on the Kobe Maru.  
All other boats full. Arrive August 8.  
Love you more than ever.

Ruth

It's high time, thought Frank; you go to the dogs in this city. There wasn't much choice: drinking parties with the other bachelors in the club; nightly expeditions to Poochow Road with its low dance halls and prostitutes of all colors, or the unbearable boredom of the respectable American society-bridge.

When Frank thought of Ruth, everything became cool and clean; even his headache left him. He drew a deep breath. He made a concentrated effort to picture to himself Ruth's face and figure, but when he closed his eyes he saw only numberless banners in the streets—Chinese signs and flags hanging limp in the heat. He quickly opened his eyes again and looked up at the pagoda, which stood gray against the dull misty sky.

As he sat here, he became conscious of an indefinite movement. He heard the laughter and chatter of many Chinese voices, and he saw children and old people running past the low stone wall which divided the garden from the court. More and more people ran by, laughing and screeching.

Finally Frank picked up his camera and followed. Perhaps a declaration of war, he thought vaguely.

When he reached the outer court, he soon found out that he still had no idea of how the brains of the Chinese work. For the cause of the excitement was not news of war but an increasing throng of people, in the center of which beggars were pressing upon a white woman.

Frank looked about. Wang Wen was still not to be seen. Suddenly he was seized with rage. He shouted and tried to force his way into the throng. But it was not until he struck at the people with his fists that they let him through.

The inner group in the throng, the blind and the lepers, did not notice him or his fists. They were dancing and screaming about the woman, sticking their festering stumps in her face, tugging at her dress. Frank Taylor felt sick. With screams and curses, he forced the beggars away from the woman. At last they drew back, and

he stood alone with the white woman in the middle of the court.

"Did anything happen to you?" he asked, still breathless.

"Thank you, no, Sir Galahad," said the lady. "It was interesting except for the smell."

Frank straightened his tie and stuffed his shirt into his belt as he glanced at her. She looked as white and untouched as a soap advertisement. She wore a large flat Panama hat, white gloves and white sandals on her bare feet. The nail on her big toe, painted dark red as was the style, looked especially amused, impudent and calm. She wore a narrow belt around her small waist, and her hips were long and slender. The hair that appeared beneath her hat was of an improbable color—dark, but very red. Her skin was sun-brown.

"What in the world happened?" he asked.

"I don't know. I gave a nice old lady a little money, and then these people went crazy," she laughed. The whole incident evidently had amused rather than frightened her.

"How much money?" asked Taylor, annoyed at her lack of sense.

"I don't understand Shanghai money—a dirty bill like this," she answered gaily. "A dollar!" he cried, horrified. "No wonder they almost killed you. They never saw so much money before."

Now she closed the white bag which she had held open in her hand. "Then it must have been a grand spree," she said, well satisfied. "My husband gave me fifty-five dollars, and it's all gone."

They had gradually approached the hall of the first temple.

"The mob will smoke itself to death with opium," said Taylor.

"How nice," she answered.

"Your husband ought not to have left you alone here, Mrs. Russell," said Taylor.

"How do you know me?" she asked, and added slowly, "My husband does many things that he shouldn't; that is what is so nice about him."

Frank Taylor knew Helen Russell from the newspapers; on her arrival a few days before there had been plenty of pictures and interviews: "English Millionaire Visits China. Lord Englewood's brother, the Honorable Mr. George Russell, is visiting Cathay with his beautiful wife." He had also seen her in the hotel lobby. Already there had been a lot of gossip about this conspicuous pair, and it was said that the gowns of the Honorable Mrs. Russell were the most extravagant that had been seen in the city for a long time.

Taylor recalled this and looked in surprise at her simple white sports dress and said, "In Shanghai everyone knows everyone. I am Frank Taylor, the man who sells films in the colonnade."

She looked at him thoughtfully. "I think Sir Galahad suits you better," she said.

At this moment Wang Wen appeared in a crumpled white suit, wearing black boots, eyeglasses and straw hat. Frank motioned to him, half angry, half relieved.

"Here comes my assistant," he said. "Mrs. Russell, may I introduce my assistant Mr. Wang?"

Wang Wen bowed deeply. "It is a great honor," he said.

"Wang," said Taylor, "you can explain to the lady what there is to see here. I don't know much about these temples."

Helen Russell considered Frank Taylor. At her look he felt hot and wrinkled.

"I'm just going to take a couple of pictures here," he said nervously. "I have an idea—the old pagoda and above it an airplane. Old and New China on one film—don't you think that's good? We're getting out a pamphlet which is to be put in all hotel rooms in Shanghai inviting the guests to come to our shop. Don't you think it will be good advertising?" Frank was very proud of this idea of his.

Helen kept looking at him. "Are you an American?" she asked suddenly.

"Why, of course I'm an American," said Frank.

"You don't look like an American."

"Oh, yes, I am. That is, I was born in Hawaii, but that doesn't matter. I was a little child when I went to America; my parents were both Americans."

"Hawaii. That's much better. We meant to stay there three days, and we stayed two months. Oh, yes, you fit better in Hawaii."

In the meantime Wang Wen had been carrying on a conversation with a bald-headed priest who was busy with candles and incense before the altar.

"The priest says that for a dollar he will question the staffs of fate," reported Wang Wen.

"Staffs of fate," said Helen appreciatively. "That's the way I have always imagined China from detective stories. We will question the staffs of fate, Sir Galahad, and I will describe the whole thing in my diary."

"Fifty cents," said Frank to Wang Wen.

Sir Galahad, (Continued on page 123)

Maiden was beautiful and desirable.

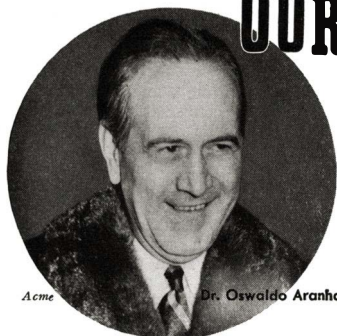


ILLUSTRATED BY  
E. M. JACKSON

Good neighbors mean good business, and today as never before South America offers rich opportunities for U. S. A. enterprise, capital and men. Can we get together?

# South America -

## OUR NEW BUSINESS HORIZON



**S**OUTH AMERICA is the land of tomorrow! Southward stands a new gateway to prosperity!

Some modern Horace Greeley might well declare: "Go South, young man." And the call need not be confined to young men. It may be made to progressive older men schooled in chemistry, agricultural and metallurgical engineering; to ambitious businessmen, and to manufacturers and industrialists with imagination and determination to go out and conquer new worlds. It may even be made to farmers in Nebraska and the Dakotas who have had to look helplessly on while their once-fertile acres dissolved into dust.

Before sailing for Rio de Janeiro, Doctor Oswaldo Aranha, the Brazilian Minister of Foreign Affairs, who represented his country in the recent trade-and-credit arrangement with the United States, was quoted as saying, "Not only does Brazil look forward to a new period of co-operative trade with her northern friends, and to the development of new enterprises which will furnish products needed by North American manufacturers; she will also welcome North American experts, technicians and even settlers."

Supplementing Doctor Aranha's statement, one of the leading Brazilian industrialists in the progressive state of São Paulo outlined the main points of a new plan for the colonization of farmers in the interior of his state. "We prefer good American farmers," he told me. "When our plans are ready, we shall make all arrangements to induce them to come here, for in this section of Brazil they will find land and conditions more nearly like those in their own country than anywhere else in the world."

American farmers who may settle in Brazil will find the people genuinely friendly. But plans for going to Brazil, or to any other South American country, should be made with extreme care. No citizen accustomed to the high living standards of the United States should go without some money and a definite idea of where to settle. Nor, if he is going to Brazil, should he overlook the importance of speaking Portuguese. He should seek advice from the American consul and other officials, or from American banks, companies or businessmen with interests in the region in which he expects to make his home.

No matter how promising the prospects, it should be borne in mind that the conditions under which people once freely migrated from one part of the world to another are no more. Although sparsely populated, Brazil is a country with a highly organized civilization, with laws, regulations and restrictions as rigid as those enforced in the United States.

Brazil is by no means the only place in South America where opportunity beckons the adventurous. The California gold rush, the copper and oil booms of Utah and Oklahoma, the epics of Pittsburgh steel and the Chicago packing industry are now being duplicated in the ten countries of the vast southern continent. Not since our prairie states became the breadbasket of North America has agriculture assumed such stupendous proportions. Multiply the Kansas wheat fields and the corn country of Iowa and Illinois by fifteen or twenty and you have an idea of the developing granaries of the Argentine *pampa* and southern Brazil.

Recently, in the bustling city of Caracas, Venezuela, I ran into a friend of college days who is now a mining engineer. He had just returned from an expedition to the valley of the Orinoco. Along the bed of a mountain stream flowing into the great river, he had picked up dozens of diamonds and nuggets of solid gold. Another engineer showed me a single piece of gold quartz four and a half pounds in weight and ninety percent pure.

Last fall I was with Señor Gonzalo Mejia

in Medellin, the capital of the remote interior state of Antioquia, Colombia. I expressed a desire to see some of the gold from the five hundred mines which are now being operated in the surrounding valleys.

"We'll just go over to the mint," said Señor Mejia.

We crossed a shady plaza, turned down a side street and entered the arched doorway of a Spanish-Colonial building.

"No, we don't need any guards," Mejia explained when I expressed surprise that the great door stood wide open to the public. "Gold is a very common object here, and besides, it would be difficult to get over the mountains and out of the country with any considerable amount."

In a large room opening on the grassy patio two men sat at desks. When our wishes were made known, one of them motioned us toward an inner room where gold bars were stacked above the floor. One stack contained \$1,500,000 worth of the newly mined metal.

Both Venezuela and Colombia have black gold as well as yellow. One lake in northern Venezuela is literally bubbling with oil. "Ours is entirely a marine operation," a Standard Oil official told me in Maracaibo. And when I visited his "field," I found hundreds of derricks standing in fifty feet of water. The wells of this region are already yielding more than 400,000 barrels of oil a day.


In Peru last December, I traveled over a newly paved automobile road that starts from Callao, on the edge of the Pacific, and winds 165 miles up among the snowy peaks of the Andes to Oroya, one of the richest of all copper mines. At Oroya and the near-by Cerro de Pasco mine, both nearly 15,000 feet above the sea, every shovelful of ore contains not only copper but silver and zinc as well. Several of the great fortunes in the United States sprang from these mines.

Copper companies bearing such well-known names as Guggenheim, Kennecott and Braden are even more prominent in Chile than they are in the United States. This slender ribbon of a republic that stretches 2,620 miles (*Cont. on page 84*)





**MINERALS**



**HARDWOOD**



**AGRICULTURE**

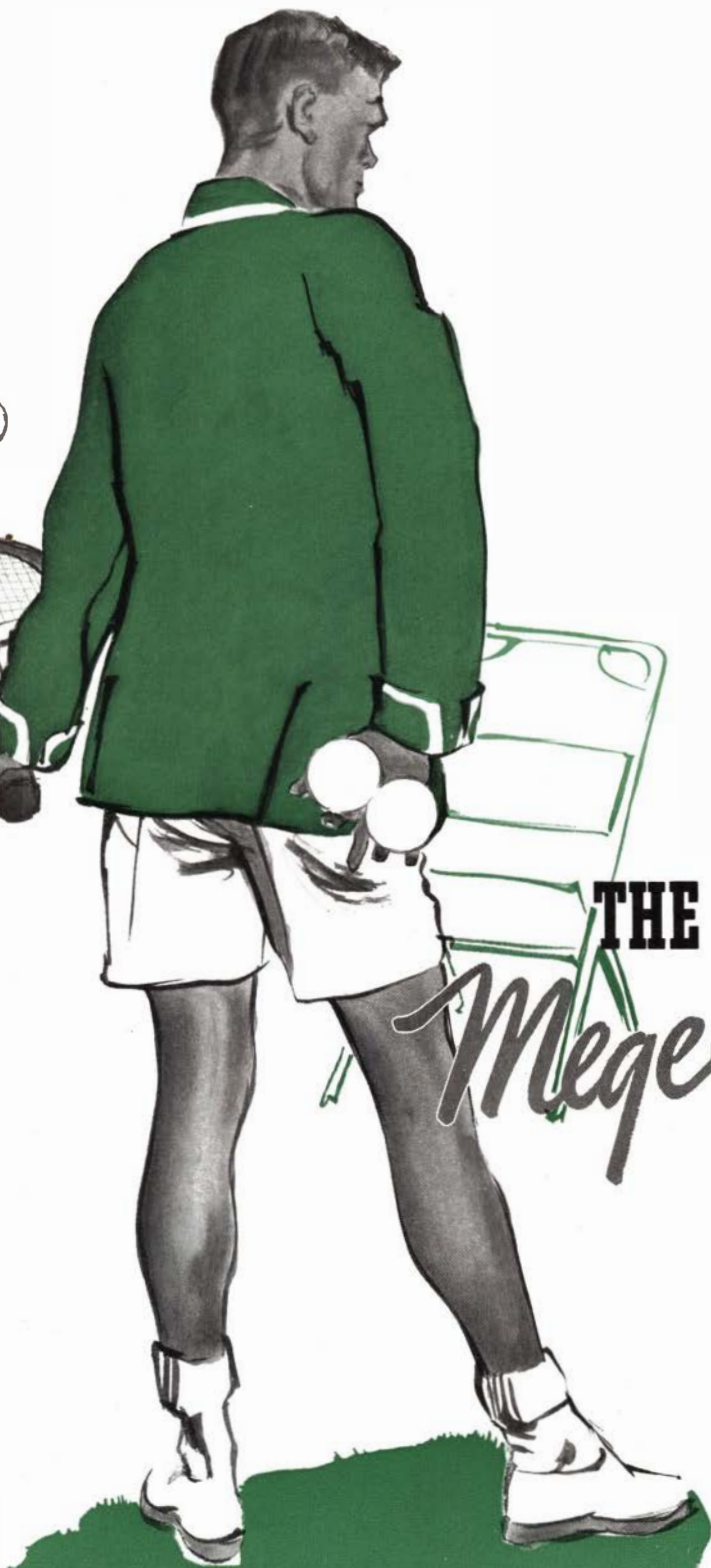


**OIL**

*by*  
**EDWARD  
TOMLINSON**



**COMMERCE**



A right-handed tennis player going left-handed for the first time is a horrible sight—especially when it's going to cost dear old Thumber a hundred gees!

**WE** ARE INDEED unique here at dear old Thumber. We are one college in a thousand. Consider:

Our football team scores thirteen points in a season against our opponents' three hundred and twelve. We win one basketball game by default and lose sixteen by massacres. We are nosed out in a mile relay by the local high school. Our ball club would be wonderful if they could only hit.

And I, as official press representative, am employed to publicize these deeds to the honor and glory of old Thumber. Of course, all I can do is try to hush these things up. But they leak out. Sports writers like a laugh as much as anyone else. We are a clown college and good for a gag in any sports column, and it all seems pretty hopeless until along comes William Winfield Trott.

William Winfield does not look at all like a guy who can give a college a national build-up in the world of sports. He is a tall lanky kid with meditative blue eyes and a thoughtful tilt to his head. For three years I do not notice him except now and again on the tennis court, where he is to be seen socking a ball with quiet deliberation and considerable zip combined.

However, I pay no attention to tennis. I am too busy worrying where we will get the money to paint the chalk lines on the football field. There is no gate at college tennis matches, and I consider the whole thing a superfluous undergraduate activity in a class with chemistry lab and the debating team.

Then, after three years, William Winfield comes to life.

I see the name Bill Trott in the sporting pages that summer, but I never connect it with our William. Then he wins a couple of major tennis tournaments in the East. There is a picture of him in the papers, shaking hands with the guy he has

## THE Megelchoffer THEORY

just made a monkey of, and there is no mistaking William Winfield.

The college has no funds to send me East for the nationals, so I cannot do the publicity job I'd like. But I shoot William W. a wire and tell him to give credit in all his interviews to dear old Thumber, where he learned the game. He might add, I suggest, that Thumber is a marvelous institution for any red-blooded, athletic young men and especially for likely quarterbacks. He might also say he is known locally as the Thunderbolt of Thumber.

William Winfield proceeds to upset three seeded favorites in the national championships, and he gets plenty interviews. But he doesn't plug his alma mater, except to say he is in his senior year at Thumber College, which has a fine psychology course.

Of course, I have to stop this sort of thing, and I send a second wire. I get a reply collect.

He says Thunderbolt of Thumber sounds like



the best of the breed in the terrier class at the Westminster dog show and he doesn't want any part of it. Also he says he learned the game at a small club back home and not at Thumber, which has only one court, and a bad one at that.

I am disheartened but not discouraged. I figure W. W. will be national champion next year and I will have a whole fall and winter before that to work on him and point out his duty to his alma mater, which lies in becoming the Thumber Thunderbolt in as many headlines as possible. I am sure he is a right guy at heart and will not continue to knife his college in the back by talking about its psychology courses. We have a hard enough time, as it is, getting good football material without spreading that kind of talk in the papers.

It is about a week before college opens that W. Winfield creates a flurry at Forest Hills, and the same day I am sent for by Professor Reginald Jessup, who is our illustrious prexy and pretty regular despite his small white Vandyke.

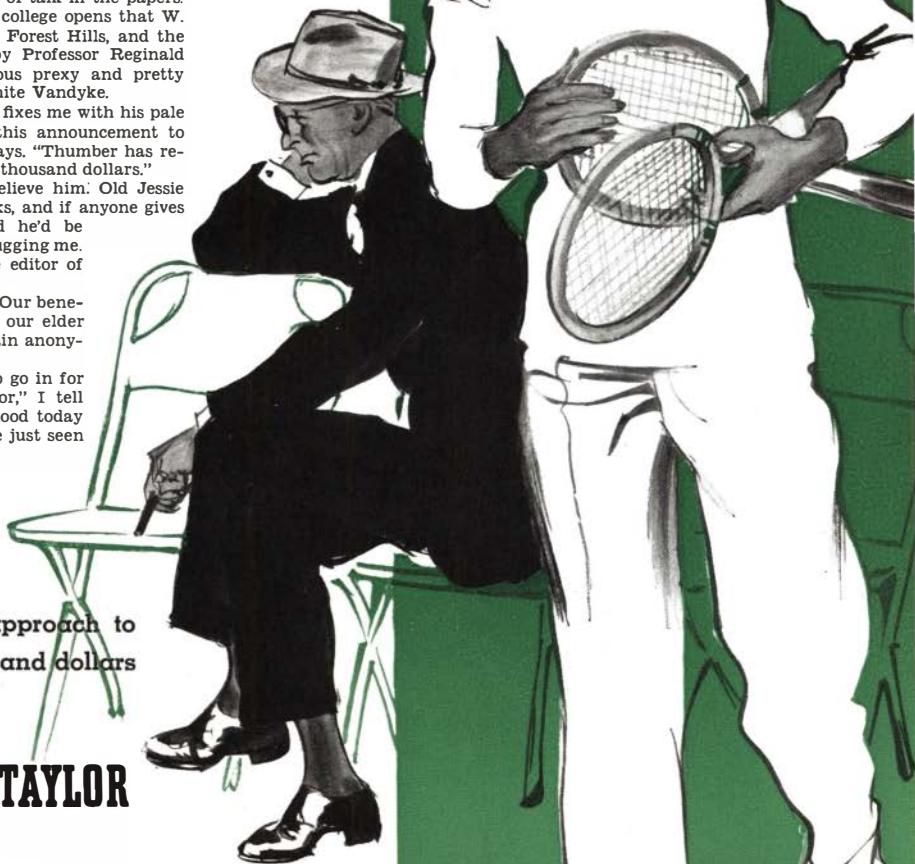
Old Jessie, as we call him, fixes me with his pale blue eyes. "You may give this announcement to the press, Mr. Conley," he says. "Thumber has received a gift of one hundred thousand dollars."

Well, naturally, I don't believe him: Old Jessie is not as dignified as he looks, and if anyone gives Thumber a hundred grand he'd be jumping over his desk and hugging me.

"I'll send that one to the editor of bedtime stories," I reply.

He looks at me wistfully. "Our benefactor," he says, "is one of our elder alumni who prefers to remain anonymous."

It is not like Old Jessie to go in for malicious kidding. "Professor," I tell him sternly, "I am in no mood today for this sort of thing. I have just seen



## A left-handed approach to a hundred thousand dollars

by **MATT TAYLOR**

the deficit incurred by the athletic association last year."

"The gift is outright," he says.

Then I see he means it, and I cry aloud with joy. "This saves our lives!" I say. "Football will need, roughly, about sixty-five thousand. Then we'll shoot five grand for a new cinder track. And baseball's in the red four thousand now, and basketball—"

"The money," interrupts Jessie mournfully, "is not to be spent on any kind of athletic activities."

"But what does he think money is for?"

Old Jessie sighs. "Our generous alumnus has definite views. The entire sum will be spent to build a campanile on the campus."

"Build a which?"

"A campanile, Mr. Conley, is a bell tower."

"A place where you hang bells?"

"Precisely."

"What do we want to hang bells for?" I ask. "We've got nothing to ring 'em about!"

"Personally, I have no (Continued on page 80)



# A MAN WITH A *Conscience*

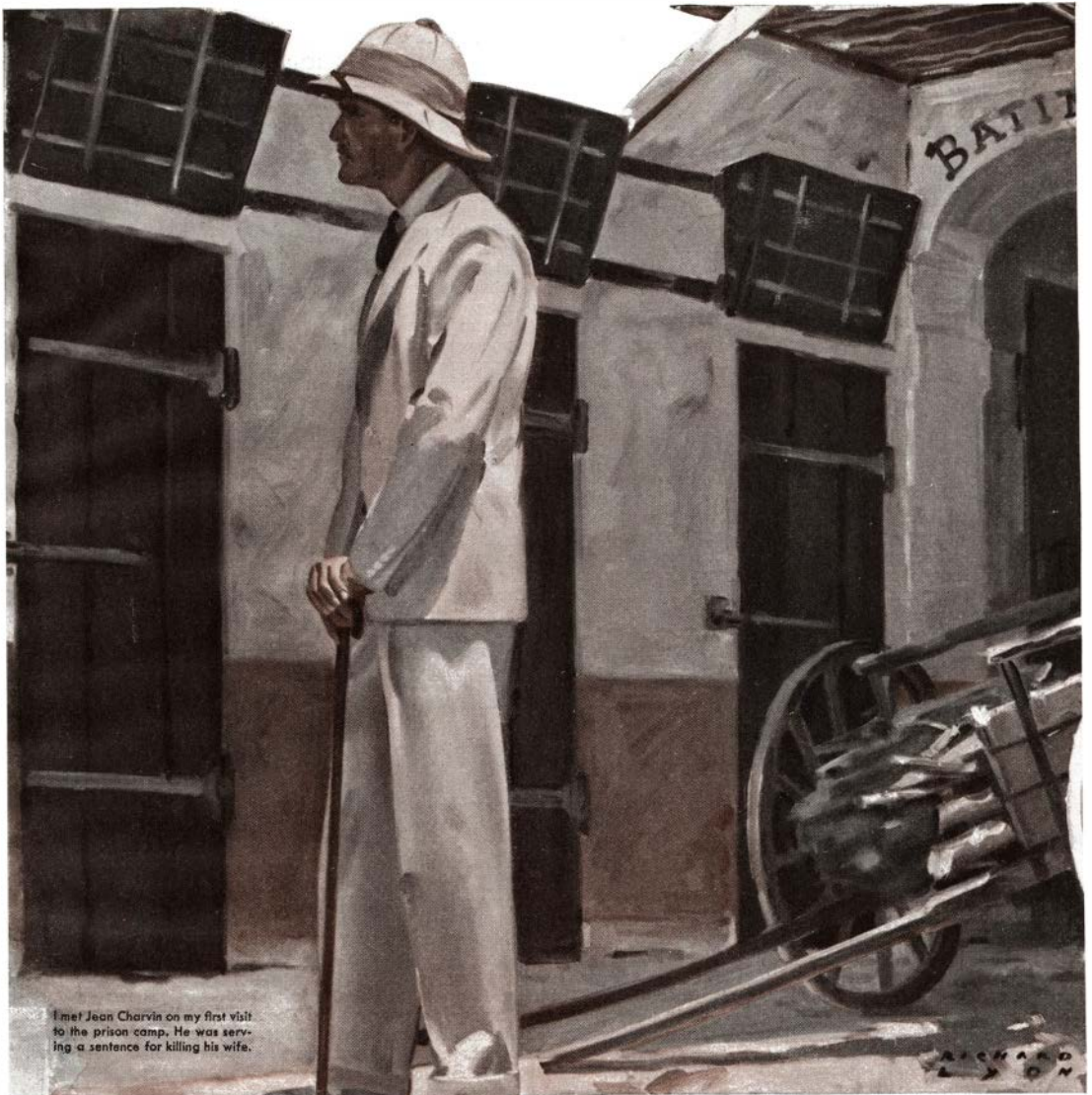
Straight from the baleful tropic purgatory of Devil's Island comes this haunting tale of a murder motivated by remorse

*by* **W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM**

**S**T. LAURENT DU MARONI is a pretty little place. It is neat and clean. It has an Hôtel de Ville and a Palais de Justice that many a town in France would be proud of. The streets are wide; the fine trees that border them give a grateful shade.

The houses look as though they had just had a coat of paint. Many of them nestle in little gardens, and in the gardens are palm trees and flame of the





I met Jean Charvin on my first visit to the prison camp. He was serving a sentence for killing his wife.

forest; cannas flaunt their bright colors and crotons their variety; the elegant hibiscus offers its gorgeous flowers with a negligence that seems almost affected.

St. Laurent du Maroni is the center of the French penal settlements of Guiana, and a hundred yards from the quay at which you land is the great gateway of the prison camp. These pretty little houses in their tropical gardens are the residences of the prison officials, and if the streets are neat and clean it is because there is no lack of convicts to keep them so.

St. Laurent du Maroni exists for the group of prison camps of which it is the center. Such trade as it has depends on them; its shops, kept by Chinese, are there to satisfy the wants of the warders, the doctors and the numerous officials connected with the penal settlements.

The streets are silent and deserted. You pass a convict with a dispatch case under his arm—he has some job in the administration; or another with a basket—he is a servant in somebody's house.

The prison gates are open all day long and the prisoners freely saunter in and out. If you see a man not in the prison uniform he is probably a freed man who is condemned to spend a number of years in the colony and who, unable to get work, living on the edge of starvation, is drinking himself to death on the cheap, strong rum which is called *taña*.

There is a hotel at St. Laurent du Maroni, and here I had my meals. I soon got to know by sight the habitual frequenters. They came in and sat each at his little table, ate their meals in silence and went out again. The hotel was kept by a colored woman, and the man she

lived with, an ex-convict, was the only waiter. But the governor of the colony, who lives at Cayenne, had put at my disposal his own bungalow, and it was there I slept. An old Arab looked after it. To keep my rooms tidy and run errands for me, the commandant of the prison had assigned me another convict. Both were serving life sentences for murder.

The commandant told me I could place entire confidence in them; I could leave anything about without the slightest risk. But I will not conceal from the reader that when I went to bed at night I took the precaution to lock my door and bolt my shutters. It was foolish, no doubt, but I slept more comfortably.

I had come with letters of introduction, and both the governor of the prison settlements and the commandant of the camp at St. Laurent did everything they

could to make my visit agreeable and instructive. I will not here narrate all I heard and saw. I am not a reporter. It is not my business to attack or to defend the system which the French have thought fit to adopt in regard to their criminals.

Besides, the system has been questioned; for a time no prisoners were sent to French Guiana, to suffer the illnesses incident to the climate and the work in malarial jungles to which so many are condemned; to endure nameless degradations; to lose hope, to rot, to die. I will only say that I saw no physical cruelty. On the other hand, I saw no attempt to make the criminal on the expiration of his sentence a useful citizen.

I saw NOTHING done for his spiritual welfare. I heard nothing of classes that he could attend in order to improve his education, or organized games that might distract his mind. I saw no library where he could get books to read when his day's work was done. I saw a condition of affairs that only the strongest character could hope to surmount. I saw a brutishness that must reduce all but a very few to apathy and despair.

All this has nothing to do with me. It is vain to torment oneself over sufferings that one cannot alleviate. My object here is to tell a story. As I am well aware, one can never know everything there is to be known about human nature. One can be sure only of one thing, and that is that it will never cease to have a surprise in store.

When I had got over the impression of bewilderment, surprise and horror to which my first visit to the prison camp gave rise, I bethought myself that there were certain matters that I was interested to inquire into. I should inform the reader that three-quarters of the convicts at St. Laurent du Maroni are there for murder. This is not official information and it may be that I exaggerate. Every prisoner has a little book in which are set down his crime, his sentence, his punishments and whatever else the authorities think necessary to keep note of; and it was from an examination of a considerable number of these that I formed my estimate.

It gave me something of a shock to realize that in England far, far the greater number of these men whom I saw working in shops, lounging about the verandas of their dormitories or sauntering through the streets, would have suffered capital punishment. I found them not at all disinclined to speak of the crimes for which they had been convicted, and in pursuance of my purpose, I spent the better part of one day inquiring into crimes of passion. I wanted to know exactly what was the motive that had made a man kill his wife or his girl. I had a notion that jealousy and wounded honor might not tell the whole story.

I got some curious replies, and among them one that to my mind was not lacking in humor. This was from a man working in the carpenter's shop who had cut his wife's throat; when I asked him why he had done it, he answered with a shrug, "*Manque d'entente.*" His casual tone made the best translation of this: "We didn't get on very well." I could not help observing that if men in general looked upon this as an adequate reason for murdering

their wives, the mortality in the female sex would be alarming.

But after putting a good many questions to a good many men, I arrived at the conclusion that at the bottom of nearly all these crimes was an economic motive; they had not only killed their wives or mistresses because they were unfaithful to them, because they were jealous, but also because somehow it affected their pockets. A woman's infidelity was sometimes an occasion of financial loss, and it was this in the end that drove a man to his desperate act; or, himself in need of money to gratify other passions, he murdered because his victim was an obstacle to his exclusive possession of it.

I do not conclude that a man never kills his woman because his love is spurned or his honor tarnished. I only offer my observation on these particular cases as a curious side light on human nature.

I spent another day inquiring into the matter of conscience. Moralists have sought to persuade us that it is one of the most powerful agents in human behavior. Shakespeare has told us that it makes cowards of us all. Novelists and playwrights have described for us the pangs that assail the wicked. They have vividly pictured the anguish of a stricken conscience; they have shown it poisoning every pleasure till life is so intolerable that discovery and punishment come as a welcome relief.

I had often wondered how much of all this was true. Moralists have an ax to grind; they must draw a moral. They think that if they say a thing often enough people will believe it. They are apt to state that a thing is so when they consider it desirable that it should be so. They tell us that the wages of sin is death; we know very well that it is not always.

And so far as the authors of fictions are concerned, the playwrights and the novelists, when they get hold of an effective theme they are disposed to make use of it without bothering very much whether it agrees with the facts of life. Certain statements about human nature become, as it were, common property and so are accepted as self-evident.

It is generally accepted that murder is a shocking crime, and it is the murderer above all other criminals who is supposed to suffer remorse. His victim, we have been led to believe, haunts his dreams in horrifying nightmares and the recollection of his dreadful deed tortures his waking hours. I could not miss the opportunity to inquire into the truth of this, but I found no such thing in any of those with whom I talked.

Some said that in the same circumstances they would do as they had done before. Determinists without knowing it, they seemed to look upon their action as ordained by a fate over which they had no control. Some appeared to think that their crime was committed by someone with whom they had no connection.

"When one's young, one's foolish," they said, with a deprecating smile.

Others told me that if they had known what punishment they would suffer they would certainly have held their hands. I found in none any regret for the human being they had violently bereft of life. It seemed to me that they had no more feeling for the creature they had killed

ILLUSTRATED BY  
RICHARD LYON



than if it had been a pig whose throat they had cut in the way of business. Far from feeling pity for their victim, they were more inclined to feel anger because he had been the occasion of their imprisonment in that distant land.

In only one man did I discern anything that might appropriately be called a conscience, and his story was so remarkable that I think it well worth narrating. For in this case, so far as I can understand, it was remorse that was the motive of the crime.

I noticed the man's number, which was printed on the chest of the pink-and-white pajamas of his prison uniform, but I have forgotten it. I never knew his name. I shall call him Jean Charvin.

I met him on my first visit to the camp with the commandant. We were walking through a courtyard round which were cells, not punishment cells but individual cells which are given to well-behaved prisoners who ask for them. They are sought by those to whom the promiscuity of the dormitories is odious. Jean Charvin was at work in his cell, writing at a small table, and the door was open. The commandant called him and he came out.

I looked into the cell. It contained a fixed hammock, with a mosquito net; by its side was a table on which were a shaving brush and a razor, a hairbrush, two or three battered books. On the walls were photographs of persons of respectable appearance and illustrations from picture papers. The man had been sitting on his bed to write, and the table on which he had been writing was covered with papers. They looked like accounts.

HE WAS a handsome man, tall, erect and lean, with flashing dark eyes and clean-cut, rather strong features. The first thing I noticed about him was that he had a fine head of long, naturally waving dark brown hair. This at once made him look different from the rest of the prisoners, whose hair is close-cropped.

The commandant spoke to him of some official business, and then, as we were leaving, added in a friendly way, "I see your hair is growing well."

Jean Charvin reddened and smiled. His smile was boyish and engaging. "It'll be some time yet before I get it right again." The commandant dismissed him, and we went on.

"He's a decent fellow," he said. "He's in the accountant's department and he's had leave to let his hair grow. He's delighted." "What is he here for?" I asked.

"He killed his wife. But he's only got six years. He's clever and a good worker. He comes from a decent family, and he's had an excellent education."





"I was taking my morning exercise with the Indian clubs when Marie-Louise made a stupid remark that infuriated me."

"I hear you're going to St. Jean tomorrow," he said.

"Yes. It appears I must start at dawn." St. Jean is a camp seventeen kilometers from St. Laurent, and here are interned the habitual criminals who have been sentenced to transportation after repeated terms of imprisonment. They are petty thieves, confidence men, forgers and tricksters. The prisoners of St. Laurent, condemned for more serious offenses, look upon them with contempt.

"You should find it an interesting experience," Jean Charvin said, with his engaging smile. "But keep your pocketbook buttoned up; they'd steal the shirt off your back. They're a dirty lot of scoundrels!"

That afternoon I was reading on the veranda outside my bedroom; I had drawn the jalousies, and it was tolerably cool. My old Arab came up the stairs and in his halting French told me a man from the commandant wanted to see me.

"Send him up," I said.

In a moment the man came, and it was Jean Charvin. He told me the commandant had sent him to give me a message



I thought no more of Jean Charvin, but by chance I met him next day on the road. He was coming toward me. He carried a black dispatch case under his arm, and except for the pink-and-white stripes of his uniform and the ugly round straw hat that concealed his hair, you might have taken him for a young lawyer on his way to court. He walked with a long, leisurely stride and he had an easy, you might almost say a gallant, bearing.

He recognized me and taking off his hat

bade me good morning. I stopped and for something to say asked him where he was going. He told me he was taking some papers from the governor's office to the bank. There was a pleasing frankness in his face, and his eyes, his really beautiful eyes, shone with good will. You would have said that here was a young man without a care in the world.

about my excursion to St. Jean. When he had delivered it, I asked if he'd sit down and have a cigaret. He wore a cheap wrist watch, and he looked at it.

"I have a few minutes to spare. I should be glad to." He sat (*Cont. on page 148*)



*Photographed especially for Cosmopolitan by Victor Keppler*

*as told to*  
**MARGUERITE MOOERS MARSHALL**



## Have you ever wondered how your nurse lives, what sort of experiences she has had, what she thinks of you and of doctors and hospitals? Here's the frank and revealing life story of a prominent nurse

**I** WANTED to be a nurse when I was so little that I could—and did—use a pillowcase with a hole cut in the end for a uniform. I could imagine no more wonderful destiny than to be a nurse. I am of the same opinion still!

Yet if there is a fuller initiation in the pain and sorrow of the world than the daily—and nightly—life of a student in a hospital training school, I do not know of what such an ordeal may consist. You feel those first years in the wards, that you see every turn in the thumbscrew of human agony, physical, mental, moral. Your eyes burn with unshed tears. Your throat is sore with the sobs you swallow. No matter how strong your faith, your reason hammers desperately at the problem of why such misery as they see in the wards is allowed by God.

There are three ways in which young nurses meet this problem. A few weaklings have killed themselves. Naturally such suicides get little publicity, but they occur. Other girls in training grow so thick a skin that it cannot be penetrated by the tragedies with which they have to deal. They pride themselves on keeping heart out of their work; on giving only the skillful service of head and hands.

The third group, to which I belong, enter their profession and remain in it because they have the nursing heart. They not only take temperatures and give medicaments but see and hear and sympathize with men and women whose masks and make-up are off. For a nurse is invited constantly to go behind the scenes of everyday life.

If she has imagination and sympathy she can seldom be bored, since she acts as mother confessor to her patients and knows more about them than their own families know. Her only excuse is that she, perhaps more than any other, can give them help and

nursing—reforms which will benefit not only nurses but patients, since the public is always the first, last and worst sufferer from inadequate care of the sick. In some hospitals abuses exist which I shall point out in these articles, at the sacrifice of my profession's traditional ethics of silence and at the risk of my reputation, because I believe that the public must be made acquainted with wrong conditions as a first step toward remedying them.

But though there should be certain changes in nursing routine (for your sake as a patient, remember, as well as for the sake of your nurse), I still can imagine no work more satisfying. By comparison other tasks seem trivial.

The real reward of my job is the sense of being needed and of being adequate to meet that need. When a patient looks up at you and says, "Nurse, stay with me! Nurse, don't leave me! Nurse, I can't go through it unless I know you'll be right there by my side all the time"—when that happens, a poor human being can feel for a moment a little bit like God!

In the woman with the nursing heart, the science she has learned can never destroy the human sympathy which she does not have to learn.

A nurse tastes the full bitterness of the Bible phrase: "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." And yet she has a compensation—the breath-taking wonder and excitement when she first beholds the miracle of birth.

How well I remember that moment in my own nursing life! In theory, I knew the duties of the delivery room, and when the call came for a nurse to scrub—that is, scrub her hands sterile—they sent me. I entered the room just a few minutes before the baby did and immediately became a disgrace to my training. I was useless!

I could do nothing but crowd up to the delivery table, craning forward, hands gripped tight in excitement, while I exclaimed, "Oh, doctor, isn't it marvelous! Oh, the baby, the baby—give me the baby!"

Another nurse rushed forward, and as in a dream I saw her respond to the rapped-out routine commands: "Scissors—clamp—towel!" The baby, however, was laid in my arms.

Of course, from a professional standpoint my performance had been inexcusable. But now that I could exult in the triumph of life perpetuating itself, I was less disturbed by life's painful aspects. My mind was lightened of its burden of brooding after I had seen for myself the great adventure of giving life.

In "ob"—hospital shorthand for obstetrical work—I often heard an everyday heroine tell her husband, "Now, Henry, don't you bother about me. Don't wait around at the hospital. Have a game of pool with the boys. When you come back tomorrow I'll be all right."

One found, of course, the other type who on the trip to the hospital drove her husband almost into hysterics by her shrieks and laments before she was hurt. And I never shall forget the young woman whom I think I despised more heartily than any other female I ever met. Her case came later, during the brief period when I worked in the office of a supposedly ethical (but not-too-ethical) doctor.

She was about twenty, married to a man of forty-five. She had morning (Continued on page 121)

# in WHITE

courage to wage the eternal battle between life and death.

Despite the most valiant efforts, the struggle may end in defeat. This is one of the first sad lessons the student nurse learns on the battleground which is her ward.

A nurse, like a nun, needs a vocation, and finds it in the one unalterable conviction that the prevention, alleviation and cure of pain give her job a significance possessed by no other.

There are reforms long overdue in the conduct of

**"The river gives and the river takes,"  
they said in Bayou Landing. A mod-  
ern tale of men against the Mississippi**

# RIVER

By **JAMES STREET**

**T**HE MISSISSIPPI RIVER regulated life, its pleasure and problems, in the village of Bayou Landing, and on the cotton plantations that fringed the Arkansas delta hamlet and gave it an excuse for existence.

There was a sameness, but never a monotony, about the town. The two general stores and the plantation dwellings—even The Ridge House—looked alike. The Ridge House sprawled on the only elevation thereabouts and guarded its fields, which stretched away flatly to the bayou on the west, to the big river on the east and to the gumbo land on the north.

The gumbo land had been the river's bed before engineers cooped the Mississippi up behind levees. The old bed was called the cutoff, for it was the shortest distance from the river to the bayou and by following its old channel, the river could reach the bayou without rambling around the big bend in which Bayou Landing nestled.

The cutoff and, for that matter, all of Bayou Landing could be seen from The Ridge House when the fields and woods were bare. The Ridge House was venerable and comfortable. In the wintertime a hickory-cured ham and a decanter always sat on the sideboard in the huge dining room, free lunch and drink to any stranger who passed that way.

In the summertime fresh fruit was on the sideboard, and a superannuated servant had no other task than to prepare the ham and barbecue and beaten biscuits just right. The house once had been white,

but now it was slate-gray and resembled its comrades with whom it stood during sieges of Yankees, floods, droughts and plagues, including hard times.

Actually, however, The Ridge House was different from its neighbors, for it was the homestead of the Baxters. The old house seemed tired and tolerant, mellow and wise like Colonel Morgan Baxter, who lived there with his memories.

But the cotton was young and in pink bloom like Helen Baxter, who lived with her great-grandfather and her hopes.

The colonel stood on the screened rear gallery and watched Helen back the station wagon from under a hickory tree. There was no space in the garage for the car because that building was used for the Baxters' sedan and John Rogers' laboratory.

"How's the river?" the colonel called.

"Rising slowly," Helen replied. "Forty-eight feet at Memphis. Raining up the watershed."

The colonel said, "Plague take it! The river's apt to rip and snort this year just because we got a blamed good crop in."

"Anything you need at the store?" the girl shouted to her great-grandfather, whom she called Sarge.

He had been a private in the Confederate Army at fifteen and had won promotion to sergeant at Brice Crossroads, the largest engagement he had fought, according to the record. But not according to Colonel Morgan Baxter, who was neither timid nor truthful about his adventures, and who astounded northern

guests at The Ridge House with stories of the blood he took and gave at Vicksburg and Gettysburg. The mere fact that the battles were fought almost simultaneously about a thousand miles apart never bothered the colonel and, because he was the only Confederate veteran in the county, the folks, with the generosity of the South, flattered him with the title of colonel and listened to his Gargantuan tales of Yankee slaughter.

The colonel swore to his stories "by the sword of the Baxters" and often produced the weapon to confound skeptics. It was a lovely sword. On the hilt was engraved "For Honorable Hands Only" and on the blade was carved "For Tyrants Only."

It really was a ceremonial sword used in degree work of a lamented lodge. It had been given to the colonel by his fellows when the order passed away because the members could not pay dues. The blade wouldn't cut hot butter, but the sword was the colonel's most prized possession.

He frowned at Helen as she sat in the station wagon and asked his needs. "Drop by John's cabin and take him to town with you. Tell him I need some more."

"Some more what?" she teased.

"John'll know." He waved good-bye as she drove down the lane that led to the share-cropper's cabin of John Rogers, who paid allegiance only to God and Colonel Baxter, and homage only to Helen, whom he worshiped from afar.

John had been born in the cabin where



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FALTER



# RISING!



"Get out on the limb," Dave instructed. "Dive as far as you can and head for shore. I'll be right behind you."

he lived. The front yard was swept clean, and shells bordered the flower beds. An old automobile tire, tied to a branch of a sycamore tree in the back yard, served as a swing for children who visited John's mother and feasted on her sugar-biscuits.

John's father had sired nine sons, but malaria, yellow fever, pernicious anemia and pellagra had taken all of them except John. Flu had taken the father—the same epidemic that had taken Helen's parents—but John, a young, stringy cotton hand, and the old colonel had survived, for they were of the land and lived with it and understood it, and the scourges and plagues couldn't shake them.

But John didn't love the land as the colonel did. To him, the land was a master and the river was a tyrant. He and his kith had worked the land for years, with no rewards save the privilege of breathing free air and treading furrows that belonged to other men.

Helen was thinking of John as she drove to his cabin. She was proud of him. They had been playmates, and it was she who had suggested to the colonel that he advance money for John's education at the agricultural college. She had attended Sophie Newcomb. She had planned to be a doctor, but the bottom had slipped from the cotton market and she had returned to The Ridge House to help the colonel manage the place.

"What do (Continued on page 136)

When Fate conspires to make a hero,  
the least a man can do is live up to it

# Birth of a HERO



"**L**AND SAKES," said Miss Otway, "machine guns and electric alarms for a little country bank like this! I never heard of such a thing."

"You don't approve, Kate?" asked Mr. Mullins coldly.

"I certainly do not. In the first place, it will cost a lot of money. In the second, the first thing you know, you boys will get hysterical and begin firing at each other."

Mr. Mullins, who took his position as president of the First National Bank of Red Bridge seriously, did not enjoy hearing himself called a boy by his assistant cashier. He explained stiffly that a bank in the neighboring town had been held up in broad daylight and that a mysterious sedan had been reported in Red Bridge, as if they, too, were under observation.

"I bet I'd have time to run down and slam the vaults shut while you were all reaching for your guns," said Miss Otway.

"I don't doubt that you would perform prodigies of valor," replied the president icily, "but I feel it my duty to take further precautions."

Strictly speaking, it was not the business of the assistant cashier to decide what equipment the bank should install, but Miss Otway was something more than her office. She was small, black-eyed, gray-haired, and much better-looking at fifty-five than she had ever been before. She was also incredibly efficient and quite capable of running the bank single-handed, as the president, vice president, loan officer and cashier all knew only too well. Worse than this, the bank had originally been her idea, and most of them owed their positions to her.

She had begun life as the private secretary of the great Martin Robbins, when he lived at Red Bridge—or, rather, she had begun as that little local girl who came in to take dictation when the regular secretaries were overworked. But soon she was his head secretary, and then she was running not only his business but his household, and pointing out to him that it would be convenient to have a bank in the town where

Breaking in the door, they found the man clinging to the window ledge with the flames leaping up around him.





he lived, and that Jim Mullins would make a good president.

Mullins longed for the day when she should retire on a pension. She was the major problem of his business life. She contradicted him openly and undermined his influence over his employees by usually being right.

Lately, she had developed a fiercely maternal streak toward the personnel of the bank—including himself. She would stop him and urge him not to forget his overshoes. As Mullins said, he got quite enough of that sort of thing at home from his wife.

He had gone so far as to consult their local doctor. Bertram Ayres and Miss Otway were dear friends, although he was almost young enough to be her son. The misfortunes and illnesses of the village gave them a common field of interest which they approached from opposite directions—he with all the psychological sophistication of the modern practitioner; she with the kindheartedness of old-fashioned charity. Still, they were affectionate allies.

To Ayres, Mullins suggested that it would be better for Miss Otway herself if she retired at her age—nearing sixty, Mullins called it. But the doctor only laughed. "Kate Otway will see you buried, Jim, and choose your successor—and his successor, too, maybe. You'll never get her out of the bank, so give the whole thing up."

Mullins explained that he had only been thinking of what would be best for Miss Otway.

One afternoon in late March, Miss Otway was tidying her desk before leaving—if it is possible to tidy something already incredibly neat—when Sickles, the cashier, approached her with the keys to the vault in his hand.

"You'll have to open up in the morning, Miss Otway," he said. "I've just had a telephone call from home. I'm driving the wife to Stonehaven to the hospital, and I don't suppose I'll get back before noon—if then."

Miss Otway's wrinkled little face broke into smiles. "I've got my blanket almost done," she said, nodding at him. "Don't you hurry back. This time I hope it's a boy."

Outside, she found Seth Means the husky young watchman looking everything over. He coughed as Miss Otway passed him, and she turned in her tracks.

"Seth Means, what are you doing for that cough?"

"Well, what can you do for a cough?"

She couldn't have been more pleased if he had given her a handsome present. She gave him a short lecture on curing his cough—a wet rag wound round the throat, covered by a nice dry towel . . .

As she walked briskly down the village street, she was still thinking of him. The poor boy! Louisa Means is about as fit to be a mother . . . Doesn't know the first thing about nursing.

Miss Otway lived on the outskirts of the town in a house which had once been the lodge of the great Robbins place. The big house, now sold to a convent, was built in the classic style of the early nineteenth century, with a great columned portico running up two stories.

The lodge had been built as like the house as a kitten is like a cat. It consisted of four rooms and was built all on one floor. In front, there was a sitting room and a bedroom; at the back, a kitchen and dining room with a bathroom between. The front rooms had their normal supply of windows, but in order to keep the unbroken walls of a temple the two back rooms had no proper windows at all—only slits two feet high just below the roof.

To be candid, Miss Otway did not consider this a defect. She liked the feeling of being comfortably unobserved in her kitchen—and of course the advantages for a bathroom were obvious.

Miss Otway let herself in with a latchkey, turned on the lights, started the kettle, and began to undress, moving in and out of the kitchen to arrange her evening meal. She was a delicate but selective eater—a cup of soup, cold chicken salad and some apple pie heated up. She ate it with relish, washed the dishes, and then sat rocking in her sitting room reading her favorite literature—a novel of solid English society by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

She was going to bed about half past nine when she remembered she would need to make an early start in the morning



by ALICE DUER MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

if she were to open the vaults. She went back to the kitchen and had begun to make arrangements for breakfast when she heard a ring at the bell.

Miss Otway was not at all alarmed. She was always hoping that a neighbor in distress would call upon her for some heroic deed of wisdom or sacrifice. She hurried to her front door.

"For the land sakes," said Miss Otway, for as she opened the door a man stepped inside.

His face was covered with a black cloth, and he held a revolver in his right hand. He stepped in and shut the door behind him and motioned her to go down the little hallway to the kitchen.

"What in the world do *you* want?" said Miss Otway, but it was a rhetorical question. She knew what he wanted—the keys to the vault, reposing safely in her pocketbook in her upper bureau drawer.

She was not exactly frightened; she kept asking herself if it was her duty to die to save those keys, but the shrewd practical sense that had guided her all her life told her that, duty or not, she wasn't going to do it—not if she had a choice. No, she said to herself, she might be old and she might be selfish, but she preferred to ruin the bank rather than cease to be.

She went loping down the hall to the kitchen, with the masked figure following her, and when they got inside, he attempted to lock the door. "That door never locked yet," said Miss Otway, with a sense of triumph.

The man didn't speak, but catching up the ice pick, he slipped it through the handle of the large old-fashioned key, and under this leverage presently the key turned.

"Now, you," he said, "sit down and keep still. I won't hurt you if you do as I tell you."

Miss Otway sat down and stared at him. The voice was young. The man's eyes shone through the mask, but she could get no impression of his features.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she began.

"Shut your trap," he said, "if you don't want me to shut it for you. I'll tell you what you're to do . . ."

Once shut into the kitchen, Miss Otway gave up all idea of screaming. No scream from the kitchen with its high small windows would penetrate far, and as a matter of fact, the old lodge was far enough out of town to minimize the likelihood of passers-by.

She sat down on a painted kitchen chair and looked at her visitor. She could not see the shape of his head, for his full cap came well down over his ears, but she got a glimpse of smooth brown hair. His clothes were gray, shabby, and cut with a cheap effort at fashion; his shoes were yellow, and the soles were worn at the toe. His hands, which were uncovered, were short, small and ugly.

He did not sit down; he stood. "Now, I'll tell you what to do," he said. "You and I will stay here until morning. Then when you go to open the vaults of the bank I'll go along. See? If there is any trouble with anyone, like the watchman, you'll explain that I'm coming in to cash a check. You'll get me into the bank—and that's all you have to worry about."

"And suppose I refuse?" asked Miss Otway.

"Then I drill you and get the keys out of your pocketbook from the top drawer."

"Have you been spying on me?" she demanded.

"I'll go down and bump off the watchman and go in as the doors open, but I'd rather do it the other way."

Miss Otway was not exactly frightened. She could not really believe that anyone meant her ill. She gave a slight toss to her head. "Land sakes," she said, "how did you ever take to such a way of life, an able-bodied young fellow like you? You ought—"

"Oh, cut it out," said her visitor. "Shut your face, won't you?"

And here he made a psychological error. If he had allowed



Miss Otway to talk, if he had allowed her to suggest that what he needed was a little care, if he had let her sew a button on his coat and prepare an evening meal, she would easily have persuaded herself that she was leading him to a better path, and she wouldn't have had time to think about thwarting his evil designs. But the rebuff—the rudeness, as she put it to herself—made her more definitely his enemy than any threat to her life. She thought to herself, Oh, very well, if you're going to be like that!





Every morning Miss Otway wheeled her patient out to the front yard, and the villagers would stop by and have a word with him.

She sat stiffly on her chair, but her mind was working like lightning. She knew her village well, and first she considered all the possibilities of summoning aid. The telephone wasn't in the kitchen but beside her bed, where she had always supposed it would be most necessary in any night catastrophe. There was no hope of reaching that.

Suppose she threw something heavy through the window? No. In the first place, she wasn't a very good pitcher; in the second, the chances were a hundred to one that no one would hear

the noise of breaking glass or be on hand to see it. Besides, she would still be left locked in with an irate captor.

As she usually did in a crisis, she thought what Martin Robbins—the only great man she had ever known—would have done in such a situation; and, as usual, she found herself unable to imagine. There was no police force in the village of Red Bridge, and the sheriff, who lived at the other end of the street, was an exceedingly sound sleeper.

And of course she thought of the morning. She saw herself walking down the village street toward the bank, nodding to other early risers just as she always did—only this morning it would be different. This morning she would have a companion.

Young Means would be at the bank before her, unlocking the front door, changing the calendars and the pens. He would say a pleasant good morning, would glance curiously at her companion—or perhaps he wouldn't. Miss Otway had a good many young friends who came to her for help.

That would be the moment to do something heroic—to scream and get shot and save the bank. She thought of Mr. Mullins' icy words: "Doubtless you would perform prodigies of valor." If she did nothing, how he would sneer at her—he and the other men—intimating that women in crises of this kind . . . that nowadays banking . . .

She might even be obliged to resign. Miss Otway knew very well that Mullins would like to get her out. It would almost be worth while to be killed in order to prove Mullins in the wrong, but young Means would be killed, too.

She thought of Louisa, his mother, a poor nurse, but a devoted heart. No, she knew very well she wouldn't scream; she would go meekly down the stairway leading to the vault, and in a few minutes the robber would clear out the cash and securities and be off in some hidden car before the president had finished his breakfast.

She felt humiliated rather than afraid, for she wanted to be a heroine and she was not without heroic stuff in her; only she wanted to be the kind of heroine who survives to be praised and honored. If only some middle way could occur to her—some plan by which she could get the better of this sinister figure without giving her life in the attempt.

Hour after hour her practical mind worked at this problem, and just before dawn she had an idea.

The village had no police force, but it was proud of its fire fighters. If, Miss Otway thought, she could only contrive to set the house on fire, assistance would eventually come to her. The fire brigade would come shouting and clanging down the street, and what could the robber do but run away? Miss Otway loved her tiny house and many of her possessions, but she was willing to make this sacrifice—to save the bank, to triumph over the villain, and to prove to Jim Mullins that unarmed women could dominate a situation.

It was about five when she said briskly, "Would your High and Mightiness object if I made myself a cup of tea?"

"No. But don't try any tricks."

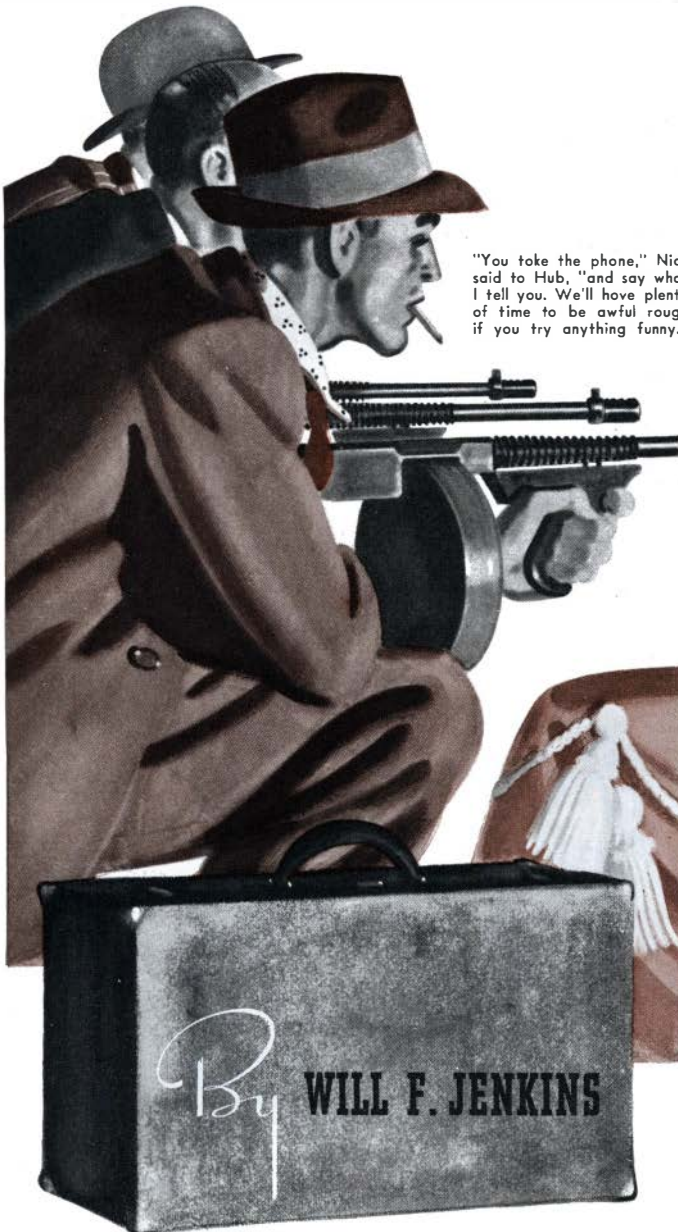
Miss Otway whisked about the kitchen, keeping always in front of him. She got out the teapot from a lower shelf, and as she did this, she slid the white shelf paper to the floor, where it lay unobserved on the matting. In one corner was a can of kerosene, for the lighting plant of Red Bridge was apt to break down at times, and Miss Otway always kept two lamps ready for use.

She stooped and took the cover off this can. The young man seemed to see nothing suspicious in this action. She went back to the stove, lighted it, set the kettle to boil, and then, crossing to the can, with a quick gesture she kicked it over and dropped her still-lighted match into the liquid that began to flow across the matting. In an instant the floor was blazing.

"Now, young fellow," said Miss Otway, "open that door if you don't want to be burned to death."

He had sprung to the door almost before she spoke, but the lock, stiff to turn, now remained *(Continued on page 110)*

# HEADLINE



"You take the phone," Nick said to Hub, "and say what I tell you. We'll have plenty of time to be awful rough if you try anything funny."

**H**UB WAS two hours late for his date with Peggy, and the date had been for a show she wanted to see, too. But the still-wet newspaper was his excuse. He grinned to himself in the taxi and wished it would make better time.

The driver started to turn a corner, when the light changed and he jammed on the brakes. Hub looked out the window and saw why. Two motorcycle cops, escorting a big black limousine. A police chauffeur. It was Braden's car. Hub had left Braden only an hour before, and the newspaper . . .

Hub whistled shrilly and leaned out the window, holding up the headline. It was childish, perhaps, but he couldn't help it. It isn't every day that a guy breaks a story rating a hundred-and-twenty-point head and a by-line, and jerks himself a raise on top of it.

One of the cops—Braden's bodyguard, and he needed one, hitting the rackets the way he was—swerved sharply, and then recognized Hub. Braden, inside the limousine, nodded and waved his hand. Maybe he saw the headline; maybe he didn't. The limousine went on uptown, and Hub continued to grin to himself.

Peggy was going to be mad clear through. But the story *and* the by-line *and* the raise . . . He cocked his hat on one side and folded the paper carefully to show her. This edition wasn't even on the street yet. Peggy would see it first, and she'd have to give him credit.

The cab took a long time getting up to Pietro's. Hub fidgeted. He'd sworn to Peggy that this was one night he wouldn't stand her up, and he'd done it. She'd threatened things if he was late one more time, but she'd see that he simply couldn't have helped it tonight. He jammed the paper into his pocket, headline down. That was lucky, though he didn't know it.

The taxi turned in to the curb. He chucked the driver what the meter said and a quarter extra. He hurried inside. He and Peggy were to have had a bite and see the show, and maybe do some dancing later. Now the show was out, but to make up for it he'd take her to a night club.

He went in. Slack time. Lots of white tablecloth in sight. Not many people. Peggy had been nervous. Too many cigarettes in the ash tray before her. Her eyes were strained toward the door, and when Hub came in she closed her eyes as if in overwhelming relief. But she just nodded when he stopped beside her.

"I'm sorry," he said penitently—and triumphantly, "but something broke and I had to cover it."

"I was hoping that," she said unsteadily. "But it is rather wearing, Hub, to be wondering if you've forgotten about me because you're interviewing a lady murderer, or if you've run up against Rubano's



**Names make news but sometimes  
it isn't healthy to print them**

ILLUSTRATED BY  
GEORGE EVANS

riot squad and are on the way to the morgue."

He grinned and sat down. "From now on, worry no more. Very shortly there ain't going to be any Rubano's riot squad. The town's going to turn upside down."

Peggy said irrelevantly, "We had a date for a show, Hub. But you're two hours late."

"I know, honey, but I couldn't skip this! It was a special tip from Braden. The biggest news in town right now is him trying to bust up Rubano's rackets.

He's got Rubano's number-one assistant in jail, and he's been working on him. Slim Gary. There's a story with a hundred-and-twenty-point head and a by-line and I got a raise. Which makes me pull down enough for us to live on, and it's part of my plan for the evening—"

Peggy began to pull on her gloves. Her eyes were too bright. Glistening. Tears. "Don't, Hub!" she said. "It's no dice. If you'd take that advertising job . . . But I can't stand this!"

Hub stared at her blankly. "Say, listen! I don't blame you for being peeved about tonight, honey, but it's got me a by-line and a raise, and—I just couldn't help it!"

"I know you couldn't," said Peggy.

"And that advertising job," said Hub indignantly. "is an office job. It don't pay as much as I'm getting now, with the raise. And I'm going places, honey, with a by-line and all!"

Peggy winked back tears. "I know. But tonight's just a sample of what it'd be like if we did get married. I—I was scared, Hub. Lately, with this racket thing going on, I'm always scared. And I don't want a lifetime of it."

"But—"  
"M—maybe if we break off I'll get over being scared. If we get married I never will. So I'm going home. To c-cry."

Hub opened his mouth and closed it again. A by-line and a raise didn't mean much all of a sudden. Peggy wasn't arguing. She wasn't trying to make him do anything. She was just walking out. Literally. She moved blindly toward the door.

"Check?" said Hub.  
The waiter said, "The lady paid, sir." Hub hurried after her.

The street was quiet outside. Not a lively neighborhood except just before show time and just after.

"Hell!" said Hub bitterly. He took Peggy's arm.

"I'm sorry, Hub, really." she (Continued on p. 144)



# Where Do We Go from

## —A Talk with Henry Ford

Henry Ford, who started his career in a depression World's Fair year, says we're starting a new wave of prosperity with greater opportunities for youth than ever before—and he's backing it up with a \$35,000,000 expansion program!

**G**REATER PROGRESS lies ahead in the next fifty years than we've had in the last thousand years."

That was Henry Ford's answer when I came seeking his opinion of today's prospects and the problems of youth.

We who have been leaving college these past few years have had plenty of perplexities, fears, warnings and discouragements thrown at us. But Henry Ford, already half as old as the U. S. A., was born during the Civil War, when this country was rent by strife and hatred as intense as that which is again threatening to engulf the world.

He has lived through several depressions. As far back as he can remember, there have been ups and downs—but always the general tendency has been upward. The future fairly startles him with its impending greatness. He is certain that nothing can stop the forward march of America, and he believes the youth of tomorrow will realize undreamed-of progress and prosperity.

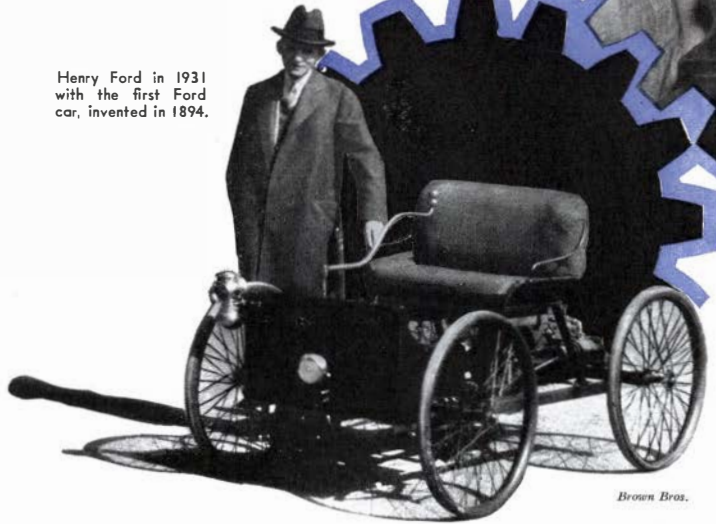
"Young people say there are no opportunities today," Henry Ford told me. "Why, the world's opportunities are just beginning to break! You fellows are going to reduce prices, raise wages, increase production. That's the task youth has ahead. And it will do it. It always has."

This year especially, with the World's Fairs in San Francisco and New York, he believes that the younger generation can find new inspiration to revolutionize American life, as he did with the mass production of automobiles.

"The world needs new ideas," he pointed out. "At these fairs, where people, particularly young people, can see how each manufacturer does his job, new ideas should flourish."

Slim, wiry, eager-eyed and thirty, he himself had confirmed his dreams of a

Henry Ford in 1931 with the first Ford car, invented in 1894.



Brown Bros.

gasoline-driven horseless carriage when he visited the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. There he saw a little gasoline engine mounted on a wide, two-wheeled hose cart and used for pumping water. The only gas engines he had known were little contrivances back in Detroit, used to charge pop bottles in a small bottling works. This one was used for power and it sucked gasoline through a carburetor.

Inspired, young Ford returned to Detroit to build a gasoline engine of his own and, ultimately, to revolutionize transportation. It was not a quick process. Ten years passed before he completed organization of the company that in the next thirty-five years was to produce more than 27,000,000 cars.

Today he has just completed a new

expansion program, planned and announced when the recent recession was at its worst, amounting to another \$35,000,000, further expression of one man's confidence in the future of America.

I had expected to meet an old man at Dearborn. Instead, I found the vital eagerness of youth in a man whose iron will for ceaseless progress has never weakened through long years of great achievement. As Mr. Ford skips up steps two at a time, it is hard to believe he is half as old as our own national government. His seventy-five-year-old body is like one of those fine old machines he has preserved in Greenfield Village and the Edison Institute Museum. He has never abused it, so it functions as efficiently as ever.

I spent two days jumping about with



# Here?



Prophets of Progress: Henry Ford and H. G. Wells inspect a machine made by students at the Ford-endowed Edison Institute at Dearborn.

by **STANLEY S. BEAUBAIRE**

Mr. Ford over his vast plants in and around Dearborn. In the Rouge plant we watched a chassis on the assembly line become a finished car. Together we got in and drove off the assembly line out over the test track, speeding through sand and ruts and over good-sized boulders.

Then, surrounded by acres of machinery where thousands of men did their appointed tasks in the building of a car, I raised a natural though perhaps naive question: "What about machines replacing individual labor?"

"Pure bosh, as anyone who gives the subject five minutes' intelligent thought knows," retorted Mr. Ford. "The time is not distant when there will be more jobs than men to do them—and youth will have better jobs than today." Father of one mechanical revolution, he predicts a more important one is coming.

For the young man who is looking for a job Mr. Ford's advice is to figure out what you'd like to do, equip yourself for it, and then go to it. Work hard, use your head and exercise your curiosity and originality.

"Get out on the highway and rediscover America for yourself," he said. One place to rediscover America is at the World's Fairs. Ever since he got his inspiration

at one, almost forty-six years ago, Henry Ford has been a great believer in World's Fairs as a major factor in education.

"Education is the reason for these fairs," he said. "Whatever the incentives and objectives of those who participate in them, their real justification is inspiration—particularly the inspiration they have for young people."

The first fair he entered as an exhibitor was at St. Louis in 1904, when his company was only one year old. He showed the first assembly line for progressive manufacture at the San Francisco exposition of 1915. In 1934, when he visited the Chicago Century of Progress, its president, Rufus Dawes, told him: "Your exhibit is an exposition in itself." This year he hopes to visit both World's Fairs, and is probably the largest single industrial exhibitor in both.

"What things should we look for at the World's Fairs this year?" I asked him.

"For anything that will set your minds working constructively," he replied. "The mind is the whole thing. If you can't imagine things as they ought to be, you're helpless. When the imagination of young people is excited they will soon sense what is necessary for a better world and will find ways to provide it.

"Young people see things from a different angle from that of their elders," he pointed out. "A man has an idea for a fire engine. He builds it. It works. A younger man comes along and sees it—but not as the man who made it saw it. He sees it working without the fire and smoke. So he turns his imagination loose on it and creates a new engine, for which the first was the inspiration but not the model.

"You fellows should be particularly alive today to developments in mechanical farming," he went on: "All kinds of inventions are needed, but particularly for the farm. And they are coming. I predict that in the coming year we shall see greater things done in the field of mechanical farming than ever before.

"Farming should hold a double interest for the young people of today—that involved in providing more and better food, which ought to be the cheapest thing in the world to buy, and at the same time developing new agricultural products for industrial use.

"Incidentally, the importance of good food cannot be overemphasized, particularly in its relation to youth. Give a young man sufficient good food and he will be able to work at any task and give his mind to devising (Continued on p. 147)

"Lieutenant Raymond told me about you," Ben said, "but he neglected to mention that you were beautiful."

**I**T WAS midnight when the submarine got under way, and for a while Ben Carter, Lieutenant, Junior Grade, had remained on the bridge with the skipper, saying things like "I suppose it'll rain before morning," and "Tokyo was great, don't you think?" Watching the Yokohama dock as they backed down; hearing voices, gay but reedy—"Sayonara"; listening to the patter of wooden sandals; seeing the women in their bright kimonos and brocaded obis and the men in their somber cloaks.

Elaine had been somewhere among them (or had she waited?), and he had waved good-by, while in his mind there had been the haunting strains of "Poor Butterfly."

He kept hearing the melody over and over, in the swish of the water, in the wind that swept around the little conning tower. The conning tower, bright with red and green running lights and with S-23 painted in white letters on the side. Even when they were moving into the open sea and Yokohama was only a flicker of lights behind, he had heard that song and thought of Elaine.

Afterwards he had gone down to the wardroom, ostensibly to sleep. With watches in an endless routine from here to Guam, and Guam to Hawaii, he would need rest. And yet, when he was in his bunk, he did not close his eyes. He lay there, feeling the bow of the boat rise and fall, seeing a blue stanchion light gleam through the darkness, listening to the rhythmic pounding of the Diesels, breathing air that was warm and heavy with fumes of oil. But not sleeping.

He thought of Elaine. The memory had been poisoned. Yet he wanted it. Because he knew he would never see Japan again—nor her. When time had passed and he had forgotten some of her charm and the sound of her laughter, he might say, "I met a girl back in Tokyo once," and it



ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG



would be one for the book, to be told at bars in Honolulu and San Diego and Seattle. But not now. It was too close.

She was in a picture the fringes of which were sordid, and he should hate her. It baffled him that he did not. He should be glad. He was sailing, and she was back in Japan empty-handed. But he was not glad, and all night long, while the S-23 pounded through the sea, he heard the phonograph playing in the torpedo room, and he kept thinking of the song "Poor Butterfly."

He did not know why it should be like this. He had never been much of a sentimentalist.

At seven o'clock he still had not slept, and he rose and put on his clothes. He tried to shave, but the pitch of the boat was too strong and he gave it up. He sat down at the little oak table and had the Filipino mess boy bring him coffee. When he had finished he left the forward battery, going through the control room and climbing up into the conning tower. He relieved the executive officer of the watch. He would be on from now until noon.

He saw the shining blue of the Pacific, dotted with frothy whitecaps. The sky was cloudless, and the sun looked hot and thirsty. Land was gone: it had vanished somewhere behind a horizon . . .

He remembered that first day when he had come ashore in Yokohama garbed in whites, the gold stripe and a half glistening from the shoulder straps. Elaine had been on the dock. There had been a lot of other people there, but he had noticed her. First, because she was looking for him. Second, because she was pretty. And third, because she was white and obviously an American.

She was quite tall, and her hair was

burnished, coming to her shoulders, where it was rolled. She wore a white silk dress that fell softly about her excellent figure. It was a figure delicately, almost deftly molded. Her lips were bright red, and her eyes were green, with laughter in them. She wore a straw hat on the back of her head. He understood, somehow, that she meant to speak to him, and he went to her directly, avoiding possible embarrassment.

"Lieutenant Ben Carter?" she asked.

He nodded. "Elaine Morely?"

She was smiling. "That's right. Your personal reception committee."

"Lieutenant Raymond told me about you, but he neglected to mention that you were beautiful."

"I haven't seen him for years," she said. "I used to go to school with his sister."

That was all; they were acquainted.

He was, he remembered, afraid of her from the first. There was about her more than beauty. There was a subtle and exotic charm that took his breath, so that it did not seem possible a girl like her had come just to meet him. Some other girl maybe. Not this one.

She said, "Well, shall we see Japan?"

"The closest bar for a start," he said. "For days and nights I've tasted oil, and I want to wash it away."

So they walked, but he did not get a first glimpse of Japanese streets at all. He didn't see anything but her, and he couldn't imagine why he was so nervous. He hadn't known then that the first symptom of love was a feeling of unworthiness.

She knew where there was a bar, and presently he was seated across a table from her, at a teak table. He remembered some lanterns hung on a long wire and a

window without glass, beyond which there was a cherry tree that had broken out in a rash of pink blossoms. He was trying hard to act casual.

"Sake?" she asked.

"Not in the daytime," he said. "Too much wallop. I'll try a whisky and soda."

She gave the order in Japanese to a girl who wore a bright kimono and whose black hair was piled on her head. There was the shuffling of slippers; then they were alone again.

"How was the trip?"

"A gruel."

"Long journey for a submarine, isn't it?"

"For an S-boat it is," he told her. "We limped into Guam and went up on the marine railway for an overhaul. We were there ten days."

"Have they started anything there?"

He shrugged. "They're making overtures. The S-23 is here on a courtesy trip. The skipper's going to see a lot of Japanese naval men. Personal reaction and that sort of thing."

"A semidiplomatic gesture?"

"Or high-class and legitimate espionage. Depends on how you look at it. It might do some good."

"Or harm," she said.

"I guess they've thought of that," he admitted.

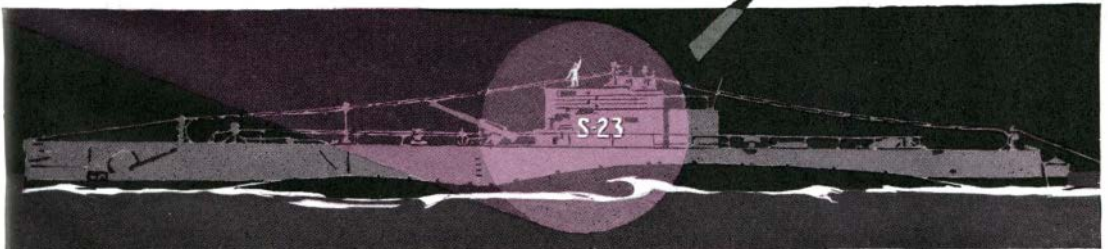
"Will you have anything to do with it?"

"No," he said. "I just came for the ride. I once had ambitions to be assigned to duty as a language student. Knowing a foreign tongue puts you in line for special jobs later, you know. I even made out a request, but nothing ever came of it." The drinks came, and he mixed his. "What does one do in Japan for excitement?"

"Well, there's (Continued on page 113)

# GIRL FROM

# Tokyo



He knew a navy man had to watch his step  
in Japan—but she didn't look like a pitfall

by **STEVE FISHER**



ILLUSTRATED BY  
MICHAEL DOLAS

**S**OMEONE said it was the sweetest graduating class, and someone else said, "Say, listen, they can talk all they want about the young kids today being a problem, but you can't tell me they're any different than we were. Why, just look at them!"

Look at the pretty young girls in demure white graduation dresses, and the young boys, looking awed and impressed.

But it was Felicity Loring's mother who said, with a worried note in her voice, "I suppose after the commencement exercises they'll go off and dance somewhere on the Post Road."

And Angie Somers' mother said comfortably, "I suppose so. But I never worry about Angie. Angie's a good girl. She knows better than to drink or pet as some of the children around here do."

Her glance threw itself around the assembly hall, looking its disapproval of the

It was eleven-thirty and the floor was almost clear when Archie coaxed Angie to shag with him.


sons and daughters of other proud Westchester parents. Mrs. Somers knew that the Hartstown Senior High was supposed to be a little "fast," but after the lecture she had given Angie just this evening, before the exercises, she certainly wouldn't

be silly enough to do anything she'd be sorry for later on.

At the moment, Felicity Loring was receiving Angie's note, saying, "Domino's for dancing afterward, so ditch parents."

There was also dancing outdoors on the





"Hey," Dick called from the rumble seat, "watch those bumps! I almost bit Angie's ear off that time."

# Double Date

It isn't so easy to keep your eyes on the road ahead when you are young and in love and June is just around the corner

by ISABEL MOORE

high-school campus. The high-school orchestra played, and there was the rhythmic *thump-thump, thump thump thump* of groups doing the Big Apple on the wooden platforms which the freshmen erected each year for the graduating class.

Felicity and Roger Morgan and Angie and Dick Dorian met behind the high school near the big lake.

Felicity said, "Remember this lake, Rog?"

And Rog said, "Do I?" The sudden clasp of his hand on hers told her that he remembered it mostly because of the things they had said and done here.

Skating in the winter through long still twilights, and swimming and canoeing through the lazy summer afternoons. And right next to the lake were the tennis courts, and down a little way was the public library. Across the street from the library was the Wigwam, where they had sundaes and talked gravely about life.

Now all that was part of the past. Roger said restlessly, "Say, it's going to be funny,

not seeing you much any more, Fliss. I mean, I'll run down to Vassar over week ends and you can come up to Dartmouth for Carnival and all that, but even so . . ."

Even so, it takes six years to be a lawyer, and six years is a long time to be in love and not be able to do much about it.

He didn't have to say all that. He had said it often during this past week. Before then, those six years at school had been vague and unreal. But tonight they had finished high school and for the first time actually faced a situation they had never quite believed in before.

Fliss said, "Let's not think of it as six years. Let's just think of it as six months at a time."

And Angie, who was walking with Dick behind them, put in matter-of-factly, "That's just kidding yourself. It's still six years, and it's still too long."

Her eyes, which were the first really green eyes Felicity had ever seen, found Dick's sensitive face and clung there, asking him if he knew the answer to it.

Dick said, "I suppose we shouldn't have fallen in love while we were still in high school, but Lord, you can't help those things. They just happen."

"Well," Roger said, "let's get out of here, anyway. I feel like going places. Driving like hell and—and I don't know—just *doing* something."

"Hurry up," Angie said. "My mother found out that somebody poured gin into the punch and she's positively livid! If she sees me, she might change her mind and drag me home with her."

"Here's your car, Rog. Let's go!"

Then they were in the car, tearing out of town with the speedometer wavering around sixty. Roger Morgan, Senior, was a lawyer and a municipal court judge, and not a policeman in town dared to give Morgan Junior a ticket.

Felicity wished they wouldn't drive so fast, yet she enjoyed the sensation of the wind blowing her honey-colored hair back, whipping color into her cheeks.

"Hey," Dick called (Continued on p. 89)

The story of Cory Galvin, his life and loves, is the story of Hollywood itself. Here, certainly, is the finest novel yet written about the kingdom of shadows, revealing how a young vaudeville actor became its king and founded a "royal family"

# Hollywood



Judith Galvin



Oland Oakes

## IN THE FIRST INSTALLMENT:

**T**HOUGH Cory Galvin looked like a college hero when Judith married him, he had never even finished grammar school. He was a vaudeville actor on his way to being a headliner. His cultured wife tried to improve him. That was in 1912.

Three years later Cory signed his first Hollywood contract. In the interim Corinne had been born and Judith had grown used to living in hotel rooms.

As the wife of Cory Galvin, romantic screen hero, Judith had a succession of lovely homes, but she never could learn to like Hollywood. She did not get on with Cory's friends; she actively disliked the best of them, glamorous Delora Leslie, and she worried about her husband's extravagances. In time she knew she had failed in the rôle of Hollywood wife. She

had failed even with her daughter, for Corinne was not the little princess of Cory's dreams. She was a plain child whose governess, Miss Kelwyn, found her backward, and who annoyed her father by preferring the gardener's boy to young Brent Arvin, the producer's son.

Inevitably, Cory and his beautiful wife drifted apart. In self-defense, Judith acquired friends of her own, among them Claire Jarvis, a clever girl who had been on the New York stage. Through Claire she met Oland Oakes, a famous playwright. Oo, as he was called, was one man who could appreciate Mrs. Galvin.

"You're the loveliest woman alive," he told her.

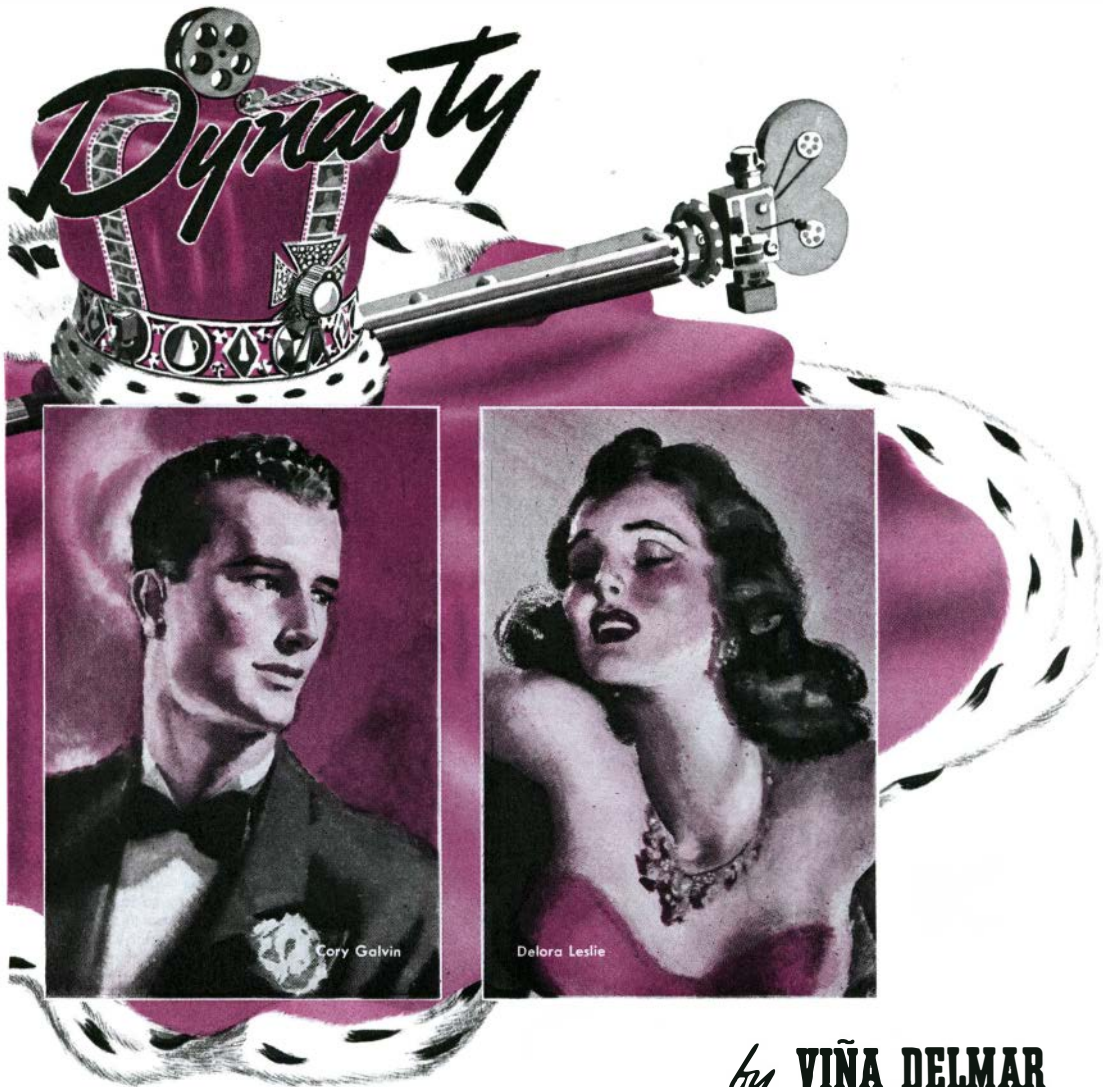
But within a day she had forgotten him. Cory was stricken with appendicitis, and when he was out of danger, Judith was radiantly happy. For a while at least she had her husband again.

**L**ATER, Judith thought that if Cory had not been taken ill things would have worked out differently. Once he was on the road to recovery, life seemed very sweet and full. It was only afterwards that she looked back and knew that his convalescence had been the beginning of the end. Very day that he was in the hospital she sat at his side. At first she had sat just watching him and praying silently. Later, she talked or read to him, thanking God that Cory was there to listen.

When he was well enough to leave the hospital they went away for a month to the mountains, just the two of them. It was quiet and peaceful, and Judith thought it very lovely. Afterwards she knew the month in the mountains had been a most unfortunate inspiration.

It was as though Cory had been prepared to stand her company for just so





Cory Galvin

Delora Leslie

by **VIÑA DELMAR**

many hours. With his work at the studio, entertaining, golf and so forth, the hours he had laid aside for her would have lasted a lifetime, but his illness had made a difference. All day every day at the hospital he had seen her, and then the mountains with only Judith for a companion. In two months she had spent the hours that should have lasted years.

He grew nervous and irritable the last few days at the cabin. He said he was tired of the quietness, the isolation, but she knew he was tired of her. He was well once more, and eager to get back to the world.

"Is it natural and normal for him to be a little fed up with me?" Judith wondered. "After all, any two people run short of conversation. Maybe I'm just super-sensitive and imaginative. Or is it that he's just found out how dull I am? Maybe he's discovering that I'm a bore."

She inclined toward believing that which was the hardest to bear. She was an honest person, and she faced the fact that she had not found Cory's company wearying. She loved him, so he was always interesting. Irritating he might be at times, but not tiresome. A marriage, she knew, could thrive on difference of opinion but not on ennui. Perhaps when he was working again things would be as they were before.

For the first month that he was back in harness Judith assured herself there was no cause for alarm. True, he was coming home but rarely, not even bothering to entertain there. Still, wasn't that understandable? He had had no recreation for some time. He wanted to play madly now. He wanted to go places.

There was nothing unusual in the fact that he did not take her with him. He was playing cards in the evening. He had

bought her a gorgeous bracelet set with sapphires and diamonds, which he told her had been purchased with poker winnings. His manner was kind and gentle. He loved her; of course he did. There was no cause for alarm.

It was Claire Jarvis who gave Judith the idea that Hollywood was watching the Galvin marriage closely. "I'm your friend, Judith. I want to know. What's going on?"

"What do you mean, Claire?"

"Tell me it's none of my business if you like, but don't pretend you haven't the foggiest notion of what I'm talking about. Nancy says you have been alone so much recently. Is Cory chasing after Delora Leslie?"

"Certainly not. Really, Claire—"

"You're right. He wouldn't have to chase her but I've often wondered—"

"You've wondered what?"

## Hollywood Dynasty

"You know, Judith, Cory's very attractive. I mean, he's attractive to girls out here who are not love-starved, hard-working wives or empty-headed kids. How many of these high-powered, all-star lovers have you seen out here that are really attractive with the make-up and the toupees off?"

Judith laughed. "No one's attractive to me but Cory."

"And he's attractive to other people, too. Don't you worry about letting him loose?"

"No."

"Are you sure of him?"

"Claire, really, I don't want to discuss—"

"Ah, then you're not sure of him! Judith, go with him, stick with him every minute."

"I can't, Claire. I can't."

"Why can't you?"

"Because I bore him." The words came as unexpectedly to Judith as to Claire. They came with a sob, and a moment later Judith felt hot, bitter tears on her face and she knew that she was giving up the fight.

"I can understand your boring him." Claire disregarded the tears and spoke with cool detachment. "You're beautiful, and that's the whole story. He doesn't have to worry that you'll cheat or that you'll make a scene in public or that you'll refuse to do what he wants you to do. You're always here, and you're always nice to look at, and the same can be said of that lamp in the corner."

"Claire, please!"

"I want to help you, Judith. Go away for a while. Let him miss you."

"He wouldn't miss me. I know better than you do what goes on in Cory Galvin's mind. He's tired of me. He'd die for me, Claire, I know he would, but he'd take a licking sooner than spend an evening with me. You don't understand, so don't sit there looking wise. On second thought, don't sit there at all. Go home. Leave me alone, please, Claire."

**C**LAIRE STOOD UP. "Judith," she said, "if Cory were mine, I'd fight to hold him. I don't know why—he's only another Hollywood actor who steals scenes and kicks that he's not being photographed properly—but if he were mine, I'd fight for him."

"You can't hold a man who doesn't wish to be held."

"You can if you're clever."

"I'm not clever. I only love him, and I have no defenses or plans or subtleties." "If he were mine, I'd find a way to hold him."

After Claire had gone, Judith sat alone in her sitting room. She sat for hours and thought of a moment when Cory would come to her and say, "But Judy, we'll always be friends, won't we?" That moment, she knew, she could not bear. He must never tell her that he wanted to be free.

Somehow, she must anticipate his wish. She must be watchful, and at the right moment she must spring it first. Before he himself knew how weary he was of her doll-like beauty, her lectures and her lack of witticism, she must say, "Cory, I want a divorce." That would be a moment to remember—a moment that would take

courage. And all the moments of her life that followed would be different because of it.

She would be a different woman. She would have to speak with sparkle and gaiety of Cory Galvin, her former husband. She would have to speak to Cory if she encountered him somewhere, and she would have to say, "I'm fine. And you?" Banteringly? Oh, God, please not banteringly.

Perhaps in time she would become the greatest actress alive, though no one would know she was acting. She might slip into her rôle so naturally that it would be possible to talk of the past without crying. Perhaps she'd be able to tell amazing stories of her life with Cory, and be smart and hard and very entertaining.

"We were married in nineteen-twelve," she'd say laughingly. "Cory was in vaudeville then, and I'll never forget, there was a song called 'Everybody's Doing It.'"

It would be possible to make that story amusing, but would it ever be possible to tell it without remembering young Cory, who was so proud of his first handmade handkerchief?

After the rest that followed his operation Cory had gone back to work cheerfully. Never had he felt better, and he counted his years and laughed at them. He was thirty-seven. People guessed him at thirty, and he admitted to thirty-two. It was wonderful to be feeling well again and to be back at work on a picture that gave him a chance to show his audience what a range he really had. It was good to show an audience every so often that he was just as fine an actor as the fellows whom studios kept for prestige and who were always poison at the box office.

Key city actors, some of them were. Only the people who saw good shows and were more or less sophisticated could appreciate them. Their pictures flopped in small towns. But Cory Galvin was loved wherever there was a theater, and even the so-called highbrows allowed that he had an infectious grin and unquestionable ability. Life was very wonderful.

Of course, working so hard made a fellow a little cranky, and he was apt to be a bad family man while a picture was in progress. Besides, he and Judith had seen so much of each other during his illness that it was time they got a little rest. Keeping away from each other for a while was a smart thing to do.

"Vacation from Marriage," he thought, would be a good line for the publicity department to work on for him. "Cory Galvin and his beautiful wife Judith make it a point to see each other only six months a year. This arrangement was their marriage agreement when . . ." That sort of thing. Besides, though there was no place for this in the article, Cory thought anyone who worked as hard as he did should be able to take a few drinks without having his wife yell about his recent operation, his increasing use of liquor and its effect upon his career.

Cory fell into the habit of dining away from home. Bob Lorraine and he usually dined together, and other people joined them later in the evening; Delora sometimes but never by arrangement, of course. Sometimes other girls, but that was just for laughs. Afterwards they'd

do the gambling houses, winding up at the late spots for a drink. Fun, and no harm at all.

Judith could have come any night if she hadn't been such a wet blanket. She always worried for fear he'd gamble or drink too heavily. Then she always wanted to go home before the hot spots really got going good.

She was a pain in the neck about fans, too. There were always tourists in the places he went to, and Judith couldn't understand that they were just plain people like everybody else. She thought you had to behave especially nice because they were looking at you.

"Gossip spreads like wildfire. Cory, and people love to talk about movie actors. Don't let them see you drinking."

"But they're drinking themselves. Hell, I guess I can break the law if they can!"

**I**T WAS MORE fun for Cory to go places just with Bob and maybe Delora or a couple of extra girls that Bob would bring along.


When the picture was over and he wasn't working any more, Cory found he'd fallen into the habit of dining out with Bob or whoever showed up at the big table in the corner of the restaurant. You golfed or bought some clothes or something, and pretty soon there you were at the big table. Judith was probably entertaining those Kingdons, anyhow.

He could see by Judith's face that she didn't like it when he said he was going to Honolulu between pictures. It was silly of her to be sore. It wasn't as though he could have taken her. It was a stag trip on Bob Lorraine's yacht.

"I'll bring you something beautiful, sweetheart."

He felt kind of sorry to leave her. She looked so sad, and she was such a darling. Why did she nag so much? There was no one like her. There never would be. She was the only woman alive in whose purity he believed and for whom he would have fought, but she was so much the wife. Don't drink. Don't drive so fast. Don't spend so much money. Don't stay out late. He knew it was all because she wished him well but even so, it wasn't easy to take.

When he came back from Honolulu,



When Delora finally cracked up one realized how sick she really was.



## Vina Delmar

dark as a native and happy as a child, he brought gifts for Judith and Corinne that took them an hour to unwrap. They had dinner together, the three of them, and there was laughter and excitement and a dozen stories of the adventures of the yacht. Later, Corinne went to bed, and Judith and Cory sat looking at each other.

After a time he said, "Would you mind if I went out for a while? I want to see the Tildens. Would you like to come along?"

She shook her head. "I'll wait up for you," she said.

It was after three when he came in, but she was sitting just where he had left her.

"Gosh, kid, you shouldn't have——"

"Yes, I had to wait, Cory. I have something to tell you—something important. Cory, I want a divorce."

"A divorce? You're crazy."

"No, I'm not. I must have a divorce at once."

He tried to take her in his arms and

kiss her, but she turned her face away from him.

"You're sore because I went to Honolulu. Oh, you baby! Pack your trunks, and I'll take you to Paris. We'll have a time that'll——"

"No, Cory, I want a divorce." She spoke looking straight ahead of her, and he saw a small nerve in her temple twitching spasmodically. "I must have one."

"Why?"

"Because I'm in love with someone else."

"Who?"

"I won't tell you."

"I'll find out, and I'll beat the——"

"Please, Cory, I'm very tired.

I just wanted to tell you."

"If you think I'll stand by calmly and let you get mixed up with some guy——"

"It doesn't really matter what you'll do, Cory."

She walked upstairs and left him standing there looking

after her. He was stunned and unbelieving. This was a dream. It had to be. Judith? Why, she was his! Somebody else couldn't just take her away as if she were a rented piano. This was ridiculous.

The next day he talked to her quietly, trying all the tricks of charm that the directors of Hollywood had taught him.

"What can I promise you, Judith?"

"Nothing. You see, there's another man."

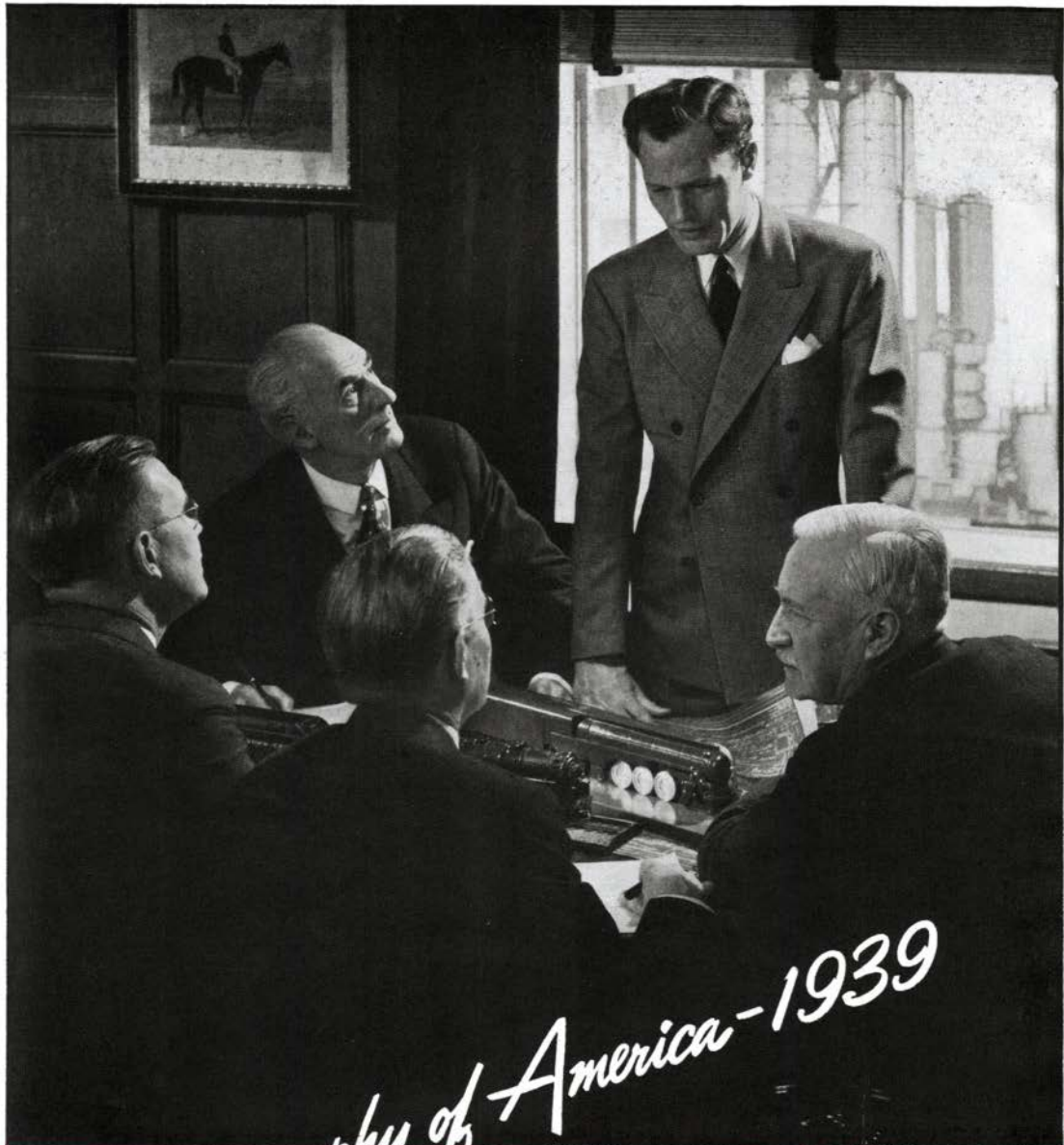
"Why can't you tell me who he is?"

"We want our plans kept from the papers."

"Oh, yeah? His plans are only important to the papers because he's marrying Cory Galvin's (Continued on page 96)



ILLUSTRATED BY McCLELLAND BARCLAY



*Autobiography of America - 1939*

*Photographs by Paul d'Onof*

**X: INDUSTRIAL  
DESIGNER**

*as told to*  
**PARKER MORELL**



**A**S A SMALL boy I never knew which fascinated me most: picture books or the inside of a railroad cab. A little later, the only thing that could get me away from my paintbox and crayons was a chance to tinker with the wheels of a clock, or the insides of one of those prehistoric monsters of the Crankozoic Age, the automobile. As I began to grow up, I still couldn't decide which I wanted to be—an artist or an engineer.

My mother wanted me to be a painter. But my father, a self-made businessman and suspicious of all the arts, was against such a monstrous notion. "Artists!" he used to scoff. "All dressed up in outlandish clothes and painting nude figures. No son of mine is going to be anything like that. You'll study something worth while—and like it!"

My father won out. Instead of going to an art school to learn about the painting of nudes, I went to college and took a degree as a mechanical engineer. Now, every time I'm up against a problem which involves technical knowledge, I realize how fortunate this was.

But at the time I didn't think I was so lucky. I came out of college in the spring of 1921, when the world was still groggy from its postwar depression. Nearly a year passed before I finally found a job—in an advertising agency as a sort of ruler holder and color mixer to the second assistant of the third layout man. I got the job because I knew how to draw, not because I was a full-fledged engineer with a handsomely framed degree. But I liked the work and in the next few years reached the point where I was a duly accredited layout man with several assistants of my own.

Long before business circles recognized that there was any such animal, I was functioning as an industrial designer in an unofficial and free gratis capacity.

Planning ads for our clients involved many trips to their factories, and before long I began to notice places where I thought methods could be improved. Sometimes it might only be a simple thing like substituting electric spot-welding

for some slow and old-fashioned hand-soldering operation. At other times, it might be something more in the line of my work today, like seeing a way to simplify a client's product, thus making it better, stronger and more attractive.

At first I hesitated to mention these things when I came across them. I was young, not too sure of myself, and the last thing in the world I wanted to be was a smart aleck. But finally I braced my courage to the point where I did tackle the owner of one concern.

It was the best thing I ever did. He listened to what I had to say, asked a few questions and said he'd think it over. One month later there was an extra ten dollars in my weekly pay envelope: the result, so I was told, of the manufacturer's having reported the successful working out of the suggestion to my boss.

After that it was a lot easier. During the next few years, whenever I got a good idea, I didn't hesitate to take it up with the right people. Despite the criticisms leveled at businessmen, I found them invariably broad-minded about the goods they were making for sale in competitive markets. They always listened to what I had to say and in many cases acted on my suggestions, sometimes with a gratifying jump in sales.

I might have gone on this way forever if it hadn't been for the depression. Service and suggestions are the main things an advertising man has to offer, and I might have given away a million dollars' worth of advice if the market crash hadn't made me take stock of myself and what I had to sell.

But all around me I could see the beginnings of the Great Retrenchment. High-salaried executives were being dropped from pay rolls in dozen lots and those who were kept on were being retained at greatly reduced salaries. It was only a question of time, I knew, before the ax would be swinging over my head, and I began to wonder where I'd turn for another job.

For some months I'd been hearing stories of other men who were working

along the same line of industrial redesign that I had stumbled upon. Two or three pioneers had ventured out as free lances into this virgin field. From what I'd heard, they had been meeting with great success, both financially and professionally, and I began to wonder if I shouldn't join the ranks of these trail blazers. But the lure of a steady job and a weekly pay check held me fast for a while.

My decision to make the break finally came about in an amusing way. One of our accounts had utilized an idea of mine—a revolving metal shelf for refrigerators—and had thereby increased their sales twenty percent. That was all very fine, but the thing that made me hopping mad was the way one executive acted about it.

"We made plenty of money on that shelf scheme you started us on," he said. "Of course, it needed a lot of expensive working out—but just the same, you deserve a little credit."

"You made plenty of money on it," I said to myself. "What did I make?" As a matter of fact, I had made less than nothing. Business was so bad that accounts were folding up right and left. Another salary cut had just been plastered on my already badly shrunken pay check, and I was disgusted. The executive's tactless boasting was the final straw.

In the bank there was still enough money to fit out an office, buy the necessary supplies and pay a glazier for lettering my door with the words: "Adviser in Industrial Design." I decided to take the plunge.

Fortunately, I didn't have to wait long for clients. I had several ideas already developed as my initial stock in trade, and in two cases—a new type of electric iron and a set of kitchen knives, forks and spoons which could be sold in the five-and-ten-cent stores—I managed to persuade companies to try them out on a contingency basis.

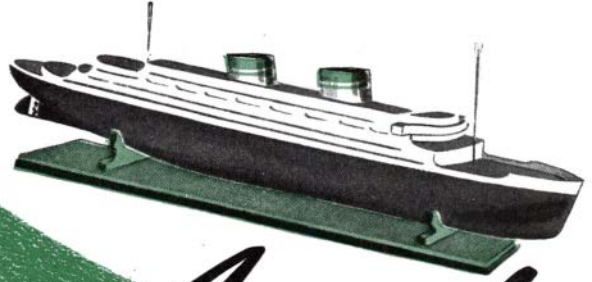
I nearly starved while waiting for results to show, but when the first checks came in they were so surprisingly large that I felt like *(Continued on page 141)*

Left: The Industrial Designer submits a new model for a streamlined train. Below: He gets many valuable tips from workers.

Typical of 1939 is the Industrial Designer who has brought within his province everything from skillets to skyscrapers. His influence is felt in every home and office; he has streamlined modern living and no picture of our time is complete without his autobiography as it is set forth here



The surprising story of a  
1939 innocent on his way abroad



# Nine Times Around IS A MILE!

**N**OBODY COULD remember how it was he was discovered. The trip was gay, and the ship crowded, and he was an almost blatantly inconspicuous man. Nevertheless, after forty-eight hours, almost everybody knew him.

For a little time he shared honors with the Hippopotami, enormous bounding twins, ugly, loud, fond of drinking; but after all, the Hippopotami were freaks, and when you had known them for a while not funny but merely vulgar; whereas Chandler Seaton was a Character.

His story came soon, though in piecemeal, for he was too awed and embarrassed to tell any of us the whole thing at once, and we were obliged to assemble it in conference. He thought we were very wonderful people, probably incalculably rich. We dressed every night as casually as though we always did—though in fact at home most of us probably didn't dress more than once a month. We had all crossed the ocean at least once before, which in itself was amazing.

His wife's name was, or had been—for she had recently died—Emma. He referred to her as Em, and referred to her often. They had been married thirty-two years and had no children; and Em, you gathered, though he was much too polite to say so in that many words, had been a harsh boss.

"I'm glad she's dead," Janet Lester said with vehemence. "I can just picture her. She must have been a terrible woman."

Terrible, perhaps, but not in the way Janet meant: this was my own opinion, though of course Janet had heard him talk more about her than I had, for he was easier and more natural in the company of women. Terrible, perhaps; but chiefly because she had no humor and a bleak gray sense of duty.

This was the way I pictured her. She kept a good house, and to all outward

appearance made an excellent wife. She worked unsparingly, expecting him to do the same. Even if they could afford it, she would not have tolerated a maid in the house—nor, indeed, would any maid have tolerated her very long.

All this must have been spiritually distressing to a man like Chandler Seaton. Materially, the lady was quite as bad an influence. It appeared she thought she knew how to handle money. She could save it—there was no question about this!—but she believed too that she could invest it and cause it to be multiplied.

Chandler Seaton, of course, had nothing to say. Em picked her own markets, signed her own checks. Probably all he got out of his salary was a small weekly allowance; he didn't tell us this but it was not difficult to guess.

Well, they survived 1929, but it had a curious effect upon Em. Instead of scaring her away from Wall Street, it made that institution even more fascinating in her eyes. She began to think of herself as an operator. She began to read things about self-made millionaires. Eventually, she lost every cent they had.

"She sort of blamed me for that, though I don't know why," Chandler Seaton confessed one evening. "It was too bad, really. I don't know how much we had, but I was hoping maybe when we got enough Em would be willing to take a little vacation. I'd always wanted to go abroad."

There was no thought of a comeback. He was in his upper fifties, and his salary—he was a bookkeeper—had been cut three times. He was still bitterly poor when we met him. The trip had been made possible, not by any of Em's financial manipulations but by his own ship model—and because of Em's timely death.

"I'm certainly glad she died," Janet said. "If she was anything like what I think she was, that was the best thing she ever did."

You must not suppose that this information came easily. Chandler Seaton was much too embarrassed ordinarily to talk about anything in our presence, much less about his late wife, his suppressed desires, his financial straits. But when only one of us happened to be sitting with him, bits of the tale would tumble out.

But about his ship model he was always willing to talk.


Yet even here he was embarrassed. He had spent a year and a half of spare time constructing that ship model, and he was properly proud of it, though Em had ridiculed it. When it won the prize contest in which he had entered it, he was almost hysterical with joy. The prize—for the contest had been given by a steamship line—was a free trip to Paris and return. A trip for one.

The thought of Europe had always thrilled him. The only thing he liked about the movies—they went to the movies often because Em liked them—was the newsreel pictures of foreign capitals. He used to read travel literature surreptitiously—steamship and hotel folders. He would have them mailed to his office, so that Em wouldn't know. Then he won the contest.

The reason Em objected, she had said, was not because the prize did not include the winner's wife, and certainly not because she was jealous, but simply because it would cost too much. It was true that his steamship fare would be paid both ways, but what about incidental expenses? You had to give out big tips on those boats.

Besides, there were to be ten days in Paris, and how much did he think that would cost? He didn't think he'd get his hotel room for nothing, did he? And what about his meals? He didn't know a word of French. They would take shameless advantage of him. Anybody could take advantage of him in money matters. He





Twice a day Chandler would walk nine times around the deck, calling hellos right and left.

was like a baby with money. He didn't understand it.

In short, Em put her foot down. She said he couldn't go. She wished to sell the ticket to somebody else, but the line objected. The prize was a trip to Paris, for the winner only. If the winner didn't go, then there simply wasn't any prize. He had so-and-so long to decide.

"I really didn't know what to do," he told Helen Voorhees. "I'd always dreamed about Paris, of all places, and when I won the prize I was so excited I couldn't sleep for several nights. I'd never expected to win it. And when Em objected to me going, I didn't know what to do. I felt kind of guilty about her. Here I was, still an ordinary bookkeeper and not making much money, not getting anywhere in life . . .

"Em was ambitious. If she'd married anybody but me, I guess she'd have made something out of him. And of course we both couldn't afford to go. And it would seem kind of mean for me to be gadding around in Paris while she stayed home and kept house."

"I should have gone anyway," Helen said. He shook his head. "You don't know Em." Then he said hastily, "It wasn't that she didn't want me to have a good time if I could. It wasn't that. It was just that she was afraid for my sake. I was getting pretty old, and she thought we oughtn't to be spending the money."

"I see," said Helen, just picturing Em.

He was embarrassed about it. For one thing, he seemed to think that we aristocrats who had paid for our passage would look down upon him as an interloper, a mere prize winner. Actually, we envied him; but when we told him this he thought we were being polite.

Another cause of his (Continued on page 82)

by  
**DONALD BARR CHIDSEY**

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE KNEISEL



**T**HE FELLOW who invented that gag about the first lie being the framework for a web of deceit knew something, all right. And I'm betting he was a married man, and it was after he lied to his wife and got caught that he thought up that one.

Anyhow, I know darned well that the first time I lied to the little woman, I got myself all messed up in a web so tight it took the Burglary Squad to get me untangled.

I and Madge have been married almost a year now, and I'd never lied to her before. Well, maybe I cut corners a time or two on excuses I gave for being late for supper, but those things were harmless. They didn't kick back like the quickie I thought up the night I heard about my winning a cash prize in the Palace Theater Anniversary Week drawing.

Believe me, brother, starting with that one lie I had to spin a web of 'em that inside of twenty-four hours had me tangled up tighter than a kitten in a hank of yarn. But maybe I'd better commence where the thing started.

It's August and terrible hot right now, but last Thursday night there come up a thunder shower about eight and cooled things off swell, so I and Madge went to bed about nine. The telephone ringing woke me up, and stumbling out to the living room in the dark to answer it I almost knocked off a little toe on the chair rocker.

I switched on a light then and looked at the clock and saw it was after eleven. I couldn't figure anybody knowing us calling that late, and feeling sure it was somebody with a wrong number I answered pretty cross.

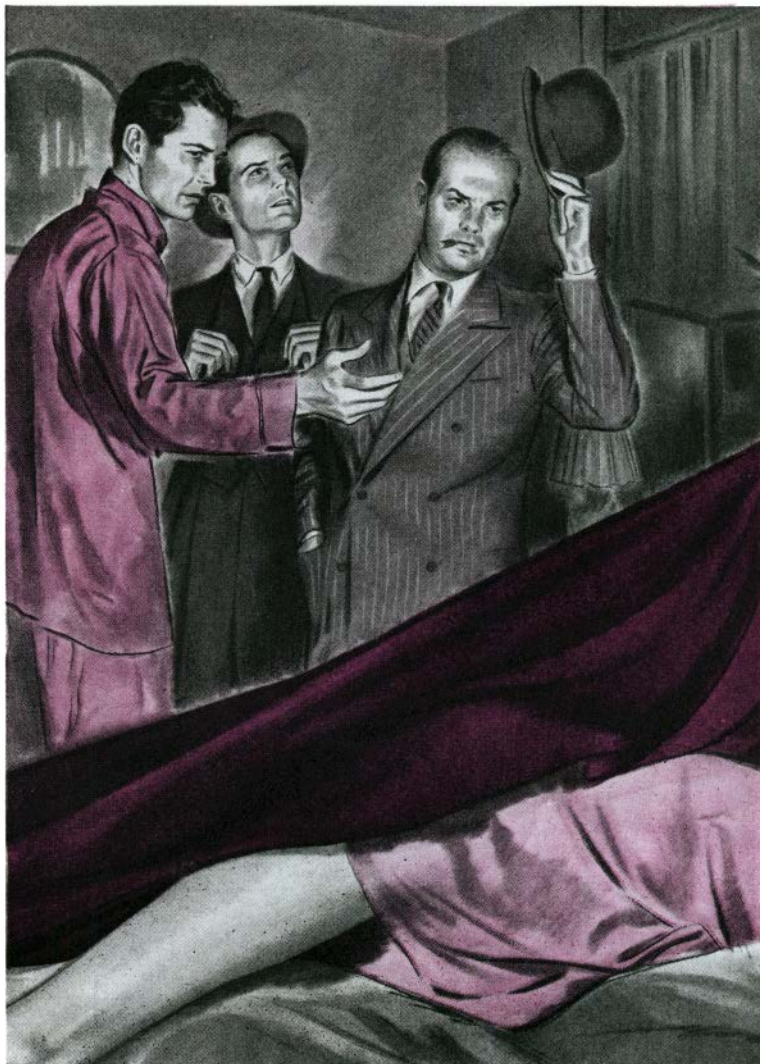
It was a lady with a nice voice, and she wanted to know was I Mr. Edward Reynolds and did I live at Twenty-two Ardmore Apartments. I told her she was right both times, and then she told me she was calling for the Palace Theater, and that a ticket with my name on it had been drawn for the first prize of four hundred dollars in the Anniversary Week drawing.

"You were not present tonight when your name was called, Mr. Reynolds, so under the rules you are only entitled to half the amount," the lady said. "Come to our office after one tomorrow and you may get your prize. Be sure to bring your stub."

I said I'd be there and hung up, but I didn't go right back to bed. I just set there trying to realize that I'd had a swell piece of luck. I didn't know whether Madge was awake or not. She'd stirred a little when the phone rang, but she hadn't made any move to answer it.

In about half a minute, though, I heard her turn over and I knew she was awake. "Who was it calling, Eddie?" she called out.

Right then was when I should have



Madge looked scared when we came in. She was sitting up in bed, and I told the detectives she was my wife.

rushed in and told her about our good luck. But something else had popped into my head, and I switched off the living-room light and sneaked into the bedroom.

"It was Tom Colby," I said to Madge. "I nearly knocked my toe off on that big rocker. What do you want to leave it around that way for?"

"You left that chair there yourself, Eddie Reynolds," Madge said, pretty sharp. "You pulled it under the light to read the funny sheet just before you came to bed."

I didn't say anything. I just went around to my side of the bed and set down, feeling my toe, hoping she'd go back to sleep. But she was waked up good by then. She switched on the light on the little table by the bed and looked at her alarm clock.

"Ten minutes after eleven!" she said. "What on earth was Tom Colby calling you about at this hour?"

"He heard about a prospect for a nine-foot icebox and called me tonight so he

wouldn't forget it tomorrow," I said, and there was the first sprout from that lie.

"I don't see why he couldn't wait until tomorrow morning," Madge said. "Are you sure he didn't call about a fishing trip?"

"Now, hon, you know he didn't," I said. "Not on Thursday night. He knew the woman was going to buy tomorrow, and she's partial to another box. Tom wanted me to have a chance at the contract."

She snuggled down on her pillow then, and I eased into bed, too.

It was funny how she happened to mention fishing. Because it was fishing that had popped into my head the moment I heard I'd won that two hundred bucks.

I'm crazy about fishing, and the little woman don't mind the Saturday afternoon trips so long as they don't cost much. I've been going with Tom Colby to the Mud Lake Fishing Club, where he's a member. It's a tight little club and the





fishing is fine there. Only that morning I'd heard of a fellow who was getting transferred out of town wanting to sell his membership for a hundred bucks, cash.

I knew the little woman couldn't be sold on the idea of me tapping the savings account to pick up a bargain like that, but with that two-hundred-buck windfall, I could buy that membership and have plenty left over for some new tackle. Madge wouldn't need to know anything about it, either. She could just go on thinking I was going to Mud Lake as Tom Colby's guest.

With my toe smarting like the dickens, and with thinking about my luck, I couldn't go back to sleep. Madge had dropped off again, but I was wide awake. I got to thinking about how I happened to go to the Palace that afternoon.

I sell electric refrigerators, vacuum cleaners and washing machines for Hall Furniture Company. The company furnishes me a nifty little truck to haul around demonstrators, and I got a good territory in town. I get a straight salary and a bonus twice a year if I outsell my quota.

Thursday is maid's day off with most people, and I don't make calls Thursday afternoons unless I got appointments because housewives don't like to be bothered those afternoons. I just had one appointment that afternoon, for four-thirty, so after lunch I put the truck in the garage for a wash and polish and moseyed down to the Palace to kill a couple hours and keep cool.

The front of the place was all decorated up special, and there was a big dummy birthday cake with electric candles on it in the lobby. While I was rubbering around trying to make out what that was all about, I bumped into Blanche Forrester.

Blanche is a girl I used to step around with a lot before I met Madge and took the big tumble. I hadn't seen Blanche for (Continued on page 116)

# THE Entangling Web

Oh, what a tangled web we weave  
when first we lie to the Little Woman!

by CHARLES MOLYNEUX BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

It was long ago that Pa told a little Missouri girl why people get married—and it's still true!

Amer. Japanese  
American News Photo



# Marriage

**B**UT PA, what did Miss Lizzie and Mr. Johnny want to get married for?" I asked my grandfather (I called him Pa, as did my mother), and waited patiently for him to think it over as he always did before he answered my harder questions.

This very minute I can hear my funny puzzled little-girl voice and see us that warm June Sunday afternoon—my grandfather in his shabby Prince Albert preaching coat, me in my pink-checked gingham dress, with sunbonnet to match, going home from Crooked Creek, one of the four one-room country churches that Pa served for nearly half a century, a Sunday to each, every month.

We were jogging along over dusty dirt roads in the old top buggy behind Bess, a dapple-gray mare that Pa always said was Scotch because she had so much determination. I was drowsily happy, snuggled up against Pa, sniffing the fragrance of honeysuckle mixed with dust and looking at the fragile pink of wild roses growing on the fences.

A wave of pure love swept through me as I looked up into Pa's blue eyes—surely the kindest eyes in the world. I felt Pa knew everything, and yet he never laughed at me or scolded as other grown-ups often did when I asked questions about things I couldn't understand. I liked better than anything to go with him on his preaching trips, and he liked to have me.

Sometimes we jogged along for miles and never spoke at all. Other times I would recite "The Village Blacksmith" or one of the Psalms he'd taught me, and he would tell me about when he was a little boy and about his uncles, preachers as all the Craig men for generations had been, who were captured by the British in the Revolutionary War and kept on preaching behind bars. Or maybe we would romance about when I should be a big woman and a famous writer. Pa, bless him, was always sure I'd be famous!

Finally, after a long silence, he got round to telling me what I'd asked about the couple he'd married a few hours before. "Why, daughter, Lizzie and John want to live together till death do them part and make a home for their children, the way your father and mother make a home for you and Tommy and little Buford," he explained gently.

My round eyes opened wide and my face felt hot. "Mamma and Papa got married!" I gasped.

It was a brand-new, disturbing thought, and it put all other ideas out of my head for a moment. I had supposed my father and mother had always been at home; together, just the way they were now, and that Tommy and I had always been there, too—though of course I knew Buford was new and that we had lived on a prairie farm before we moved to the old home place where my mother had been a little girl.

A little girl! Why, that was it exactly. My mother really *had been* a little girl like me—there was her picture in the blue plush album in the front room to prove it, but I had not actually believed it until now. And then she had grown up and got married like Miss Lizzie Poteet, whose wedding I had that day seen in her father's farmhouse!

I still had a lump in my throat, and felt queer—just the way I'd felt at the wedding, my first. Why did Mrs. Poteet and nearly everybody cry?





After the ceremony came supper at a long table that had to be set and cleared four times, there was so much company. Drawing by Harold Denison.

## — for Keeps

What was Pa doing when Miss Lizzie and Mr. Johnny stood up there before him and he read out of the Bible like at church? And what did "till death us do part" mean? It was very puzzling, but I resolved not to think about it any more. Instead, I planned how, when I got home, I would lord it over Tommy, who had never seen a wedding.

His eyes would bug out sure enough when I told him that Zella, Miss Lizzie's youngest sister, and I had held pins for Miss Lizzie's mother when she was dressing the bride; and that our chairs in the Poteets' front room had been right up where we could see everything.

Mama would want to know what Miss Lizzie had on and how the front room looked and what they'd had to eat. I'd tell her about Miss Lizzie's long veil almost exactly like the stiffly starched lace curtains at the Poteets' front-room windows. The cracked green shades were down behind the curtains, though the sun was bright outside. The hanging lamp in the center of the room was lighted and the lamp on the golden-oak center table.

After the ceremony there had been supper at a long table that had to be set and cleared four times, there was so much company—set with the best pink-flowered dishes, too, and golden-brown fried chicken, pink slices of ham that had been cured in the Poteets' own smokehouse with corncob and hickory smoke, potato salad made from a family recipe with special boiled dressing, salmon salad, pickles of watermelon, ripe cucumber and tomato, chowchow, fluffy hot biscuits, delicate hot rolls, corn pone; caramel, chocolate, coconut, Lady Baltimore and sponge cakes with ice cream made of cream from Jersey cows, in freezers borrowed from everybody in the neighborhood.

I'd turned a freezer myself until it got too hard to manage, and after Miss Lizzie's brother finished it, I had the dasher to lick. I remembered delightedly that underneath the buggy seat right that

minute was a shoe box filled with cake and chicken that I was taking home.

"Pa, have I been a good girl?" I suddenly asked my grandfather. "Will Mamma let me go with you next week to Long Branch?"

"We'll see, daught," Pa promised, "though I'm afraid if I told your mother about the hard time Mrs. Poteet had getting you and Zella quietened down last night, she might not let you go with me so soon again."

I looked guilty but not apprehensive. Zella and I *had* whispered and whispered as we lay in the big billowy feather bed in Zella's room—whispered until Zella's mother threatened not to let us go to the wedding; but I knew Pa wouldn't really tell on me. So I leaned my head against him and shut my eyes. The last thing I remembered until he lifted me out at our front gate was wondering whether I'd ever be lucky enough to see another couple married so that they could live together till death should them part!

I needn't have worried. Every June for years, it's been my job as a New York newspaper and magazine reporter to cover all kinds of weddings—elopements at local Gretna Greens; hasty marriages of Greenwich Village couples at City Hall; two at the very gates of prisons; marriages in every language. I've covered divorces enough, too, and you'd think by this time I'd be hard-boiled, but I'm not.

Almost my first assignment on a New York newspaper was to report one of the most lavish weddings New York ever had. It took place at a fashionable church on Fifth Avenue. A thousand guests were there. The whole thing set the bride's family back at least \$25,000.

I noted down on my reporter's pad that

the flowers for the reception to follow had been dyed to match the cake icing, and watched the bride veiled in three thousand dollars' worth of antique rose-point lace sweep down the ribbon-festooned aisle followed by sixteen attendants, in garments and jewels conservatively valued at \$100,000.

I smelled the overpowering scent of fifteen hundred dollars' worth of lilies and heard a famous soprano from the Metropolitan sing "Oh, Promise Me," and suddenly memory took me back to that first wedding in the little Missouri country community of Crooked Creek—a wedding that cost almost nothing, since the dotted-swiss wedding dress was homemade and not even new, part of the food was brought by neighbors and relatives and the roses in the water pitchers decorating the Poteets' front room had been picked from their own yard.

Right then the woman next to me in the fashionable Fifth Avenue church interrupted my memories by murmuring cynically to her escort, "How long do you suppose *this* will last? He'll never stick." I felt like screaming at her, "Don't say such things on their wedding day!"

Wouldn't she have been amazed if I had, and wouldn't the ushers have hustled me out of there! What I kept thinking of was Pa saying so earnestly, "Lizzie and John want to live together till death do them part and make a home for their children."

I'm a fine one to talk about marriage, I guess, having had none of it, but I still think it ought to mean just what Pa said. In those days, people in our part of the country hardly dreamed it could mean anything different. And different from that country wedding (*Cont. on page 95*)

by **MARY MARGARET Mc BRIDE**



ILLUSTRATED BY  
C. E. CHAMBERS

"I thought you weren't coming," Garda sobbed as she stumbled into Larry's arms.

# *White Magic*





## BY FAITH BALDWIN

### CONCLUSION—

**T**HE SLEIGH waited at the foot of Proctor. Garda got in. Her head was light, her blood tingled, but not because of cold, not because of altitude.

Larry got in beside her and tucked the fur robes around her. He slid his hand under the robes, found hers and held it. "Must you be so angry with me, Garda?" he asked.

She said shortly, "I've said all I have to say."

"Not by a long shot," he replied. "We will have years and years in which to talk things over. When we are very old, there'll be a fire and we'll sit before it with our hands clasped like this and remember when we were young and you hated me—because by then we will have loved each other for so long."

The tears were on her lashes in little icy points. She did not answer; she could not.

His grasp tightened on her hand. He knew now. This was his girl. He was irrevocably in love with her, and he said so as the lights of the lodge came into view.

"I am terribly in love with you, Garda. This is overboard with a vengeance for me. Nothing matters. This is one time when your silly money doesn't count— one way or the other."

They stopped before the lodge, and as they stood on the porch he went on, "Forget what I've said; forget that you don't want to see me again, ever."

When Garda reached her room Jenny was there. The maid said anxiously, "You've been crying, Miss Garda."

Garda put her head against the thick shoulder. "Jenny, everything's so mixed up."

"Sit down," ordered Jenny. "Let me take your galoshes off, and your shoes."

Garda sat down in a big chair. She leaned her head back. Her hair was loosened, and it fell down about her face, a silver-gilt flood.

Jenny held one small foot in her stubby hand and stroked it. She said softly, "You are not happy, Miss Garda."

"No, Jenny. Have I ever been?" Garda stared at the square, unrevealing face. She said, "I believe you're fond of me, Jenny, not because of the wages—not because I give you things."

Jenny said, "You know."

"Yes, I know."

Later, when Garda was asleep, Jenny opened the windows. She stood looking out over the snow. Her heart was hot within her, but there was nothing she could do—nothing.

I hate them! Jenny thought.

She meant, I hate the people who worry her, who prey on her, who use her.

Turning away, she thought of Larry Martin's man, Forbes. She liked him. She sensed in him the loyalty to Larry which she herself felt for Garda. She thought, That Martin is a good man. He must be.

She was going along the corridor to her own quarters when Dick saw her.

He stopped her and commented, smiling, "You're up late, Jenny. Has Miss Garda gone to bed?"

"She's asleep, Mr. Carleton."

"I see. Did she just come in?"

"She's asleep," repeated Jenny stolidly.

Dick thought, Someday I'll get rid of Jenny. He said, "But she came upstairs hours ago—and I just saw you leave her room. Did she go out again?"

Jenny shook her head. She said, "I don't know what you mean, Mr. Carleton."

So she did go out again, he thought, watching Jenny scurry down the corridor. But with whom? He would make inquiries.

It did not need a Philo Vance to find someone in the lounge who had seen Larry and Garda come in together.

The next day was fair. Franz and Garda went skiing early. When Larry had finished dictating that morning, Ellen asked abruptly, "How long are we going to stay here?"

"We're staying as long as Garda stays, Ellen. And when she leaves, we're following her. At least, I am if things can be so arranged."

She said, "Then you *are* in love with her, Larry?"

"I'm afraid so. But she isn't in love with me. At least, if she is——" He broke off. He added, "It wouldn't break your heart, would it, Ellen, if Garda did fall in love with me? That would leave Franz——"

She said bitterly, "What good would that do? Do you think I'd marry him—now?"

"But he loves you, my dear."

"Of course. Next to . . . Oh, let's not discuss it," she begged; "it's all too crazy and impossible."

"I want to discuss it," he argued. "Why is it crazy?"

"It's a pretty picture," she said. "You marry Garda, and Franz marries me. So what? I work for you—a very anomalous position. Too anomalous, perhaps; so I get a job somewhere else. We have a little flat. I go home at night, and Franz is reading the papers, society items, following his friends around the world in newsprint. And when I put my key in the latch, he thinks, If it hadn't been for her and her boss, I might have been doing these things."

Larry said, "I don't think Franz is quite as you figure him, Ellen."

"Oh, sure!" she cried. "Stand up for him. But perhaps you don't think he'd miss his polo and his skiing and his——"

Larry said, "I find that, after all, I don't want to discuss it."

The door closed behind him. Ellen stared at it and then burst into tears.

In the ski room Larry encountered Hans. "I'm early," he said, "but if you aren't busy——?"

Hans smiled. "I'm not busy. But you no longer need private instruction, Mr. Martin. You can go into a class."

"No, I prefer to make a fool of myself privately," said Larry. "Shall we tackle some of the higher slopes today?"

Hans said, "My brother and Miss Ellen are on Dollar."

"Well, if it's good enough for them, it's good enough for me. Let's go!"

Garda and Franz had just whizzed down to the bottom of Dollar when Larry and Hans alighted from the bus. There were general greetings.

"Watch me when we get to the top," Larry said modestly.

But when he got to the top, only Franz and Hans had followed him. "Where's Garda?" he asked.

"She was tired; she's gone back to the lodge," Franz answered. "By the way, when we were leaving the inn this morning we heard that the weather's perfect for the cougar hunt. Everything is being arranged for tomorrow." He added, "I'm a little alarmed."

"Why?" asked Larry. "Afraid of—cats?"

"No," said Franz. "I'm not. But with women along . . . Oh, Garda handles a gun like a man, but—Ellen. Perhaps you should persuade her not to—"

Larry said, "She'll make her own decisions, I think." He added, "If the party's still on and Garda's invitation holds, I'm game. Ellen, too, I dare say."

He walked off with Hans, and Franz looked after him. He thought, What was the matter with Garda this morning? She had drawn away from his kiss. She did not wear his ring; he had noticed that immediately. She had explained that one did not wear even engagement rings skiing, but she had seemed distracted.

The whole thing was crazy. Before coming to Sun Valley, he had looked forward to becoming engaged to Garda Allen. Now the engagement had been announced, yet he was not happy, nor was Garda.

"*Donnerwetter!*" said Franz to himself, and shot off down the slope.

That evening Garda dined alone in her rooms. Afterwards, she went downstairs to find the Carletons playing bridge with the Meltons, with Lisbeth and Joe Howell kibitzing. She sat down near by, and presently Franz came in and joined her.

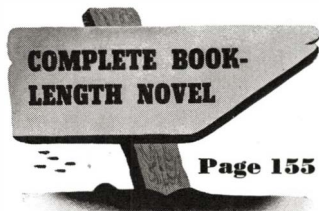
"Where are the others?" she asked.

"At the movies, I think," he told her. "I went for a walk. I saw Larry and Ellen going toward the opera house." He added, "Garda, shall we go out together, you and I? We can get a sleigh and drive to Proctor. It will be wonderful, this clear night."

She said sharply, "No, thanks. I've already seen Proctor by night."

Dick looked at her and away again. That was where she had been last night, with Martin.

"As you wish," said Franz, a little stiffly. "Perhaps you'd like to go skating, then?"



"No," she said. She added that she didn't want to do anything. So they sat there smoking and talking.

Ellen and Larry came in presently from the movies, and Joe Howell remarked, "Getting pretty exclusive, aren't you?"

"Now that we're all here," said Garda, "how about the cougar hunt? They tell me that we should take advantage of the fresh snow. So if tomorrow's clear . . . You see, fresh tracks have been found in the Middle Fork district. We'll go to the ranch there. It takes about an hour, flying time." She looked around the group and added, "Six of us, then. The plane they've engaged for us carries four and the pilot. He can make two trips."

"Seven," said Dick. "Count me in."

"Seven, then," said Garda. "I understand the ranch will accommodate us—there's a cabin for hunters and two spare bedrooms in the house. We'll manage by doubling up."

Dick said, "Personally, I think it's a fool idea. I've been talking to some of the old-timers. The plane trip from Sun Valley to Loon Creek is no picnic—you fly over some of the roughest regions of the White Cloud Range. If you had to land, there would be miles of trekking on foot until you reached the main Salmon River Highway—that's kept open up the river as far as Stanley."

"A pretty prospect," said Larry.

Ellen was looking at him with wide eyes. She said, "I suppose I *ought* to back out."

"Afraid?" asked Garda.

"No," said Ellen, "I'm not afraid."

For a moment her imagination ran berserk—a good way out for all of them, she thought insanely. No, she wasn't afraid; she didn't care what happened to her now. She looked at Franz. His face was set in somber lines.

Garda spoke to him and he did not seem to hear, but the second time he looked at her and smiled. "I'm sorry," he apologized. "I was—many miles away."

"Crackin' up over White Cloud?" inquired Joe Howell. "You looked pretty grim."

Franz did not reply. He was looking at Garda as if asking for some sign of understanding. "I was thinking of Austria," he said simply.

He does care, after all; it gets under his skin. Larry Martin thought. He saw Garda put her hand fleetly on Franz's and turned his eyes away, angry that so slight a gesture on her part could disturb him. He sensed rather than saw Franz's quick look of gratitude.

Ellen was talking to Lisbeth. "I don't know anything about guns," she said. "I'll be a useless member of this expedition. But at least I can trail along."

"Sure," said Joe. "Go for the ride. We're not likely to shoot anything, anyway. These fancy hunting exploits don't amount to much. Too bad," he added, grinning at Larry.

"Swell!" said Larry. "Rifles at forty paces, if you're so minded."

Garda rose. She said, "I'm off to bed. See you tomorrow. We'll start right after lunch. About equipment—Oh, there's Mr. Holland now. He'll tell you what to take."

Holland, a member of the managerial staff, joined the group and explained what they would need. The guns and other hunting equipment would be supplied them at the ranch, he said; also snowshoes. They would take merely their clothing, warm and light.

With his going, Garda departed also. Then the party broke up.

Lisbeth was preparing for bed when Howell knocked on her door. She called, "Just a minute, Joe," and put on a velvet house coat.

Then she opened the door. "What's on your mind?"

He came in and sat down. "A lot of things," he said. "You, for instance. I don't like the way you play up to Martin."

"Don't be absurd. Didn't you tell me that if I went out after him myself, it was nothing to you?" she asked.

"Sure," he agreed. ("But *Cont.* on p. 171")

Beginning Soon— A Brilliant New Group of Novelettes

# MEDICAL CENTER

by FAITH BALDWIN

Within the towering walls of a great New York medical center there is confined a little world—restless and dynamic—a world peopled with nurses and internes, doctors and surgeons, clinic aides and patients, each one with a story. It is of this mysterious world and its people that the author writes, each story a dramatic and moving study of human emotions

Vandamm





What soup shall we have today?

**SHALL I SERVE CHICKEN SOUP?**

Yes, do — if the family likes chicken. Because as sure as they like chicken they'll like Campbell's Chicken Soup. It's the old-fashioned kind — chicken taste all through. And there's chicken meat in it, too — melting tender pieces. Yes, serve Campbell's Chicken Soup, for a treat between the times when "chicken's for dinner".

*Campbell's* CHICKEN SOUP



**IF HE COMES HOME EXTRA-HUNGRY —**

— and the meal you've planned seems sparse to cope with a rampant appetite, here's the problem solved in five easy minutes. Preface the main course with soup — a hefty, he-man soup, steaming hot. One such as Campbell's Bean with Bacon, a thick bean purée brimfull of munchy whole beans and enlivened with the perky flavor of fine bacon. A soup right after his hunger!



*Campbell's* BEAN with BACON SOUP



**THIS IS MY BUSY-DAY LUNCH**

Busy day! Things to do pile up ahead of you, till you wish the day had forty-eight hours. But! — do be wise about it, for all that. Take time out — only a few minutes, really — for a quick, sensible lunch, delicious and nutritious, too. It will relax you, and renew your energies. Such a lunch as this: good hot tomato soup, a cup of tea, and a bit of dessert.

*Campbell's* TOMATO SOUP

**FOR YOUNGER HUNGRERS**

Every time a youngster comes to the table he brings an appetite that's very much alive. So Campbell's have taken fifteen vegetables (yes, fifteen!), mingled them in a vigorous, wholesome beef-stock, then cooked them just right for good flavor and digestibility, and turned out what is many a youngster's idea of the best way to eat vegetables. That and perhaps some fruit and a big glass of milk, that's the answer to younger hunger, lunchtime or supertime.

*Campbell's* VEGETABLE SOUP

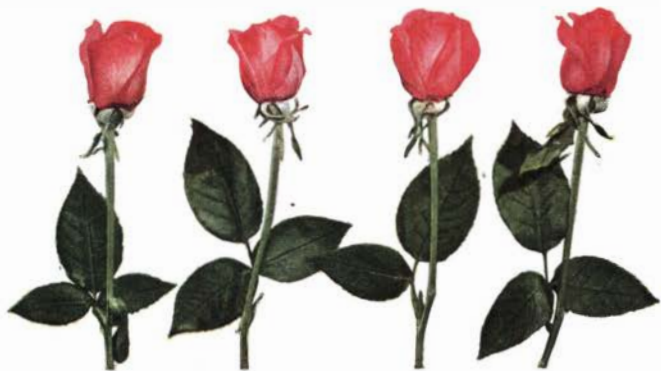


What soup shall I serve today?  
Campbell's Soup —  
I always say!

*Campbell's* SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Refuse substitutes; insist on Advertised Brands!



## These four roses tell you the age of the *youngest* whiskey in it!

**Q.** *What is meant by the "youngest" whiskey in Four Roses?*

**A.** Just that. Four Roses is a combination of *several* straight whiskeys. Even the *youngest* of these whiskeys is 4 years old. *All* of them are old enough to be bottled in bond.

**Q.** *Then why aren't they bottled separately—each as a fine bonded whiskey?*

**A.** Because we think it better to make these whiskeys lighter, milder, by reducing them to 90 proof (instead of the 100 proof which bottled-in-bond whiskeys must be). Then, with a skill honed of 74 years'

experience, we bring these distinguished whiskeys together, so as to unite *all* their individual virtues in *one* whiskey that is finer still.

**Q.** *Can this be proved?*

**A.** Yes! We're certain that once you taste the glorious flavor and mellow smoothness of Four Roses, you'll agree it's the *one* whiskey that simply can't be matched!

Ask for Four Roses at your favorite bar or package store today. It may cost a trifle more, but it's worth it! *Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore.*

**EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY  
AT LEAST 4 YEARS OLD**

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF—THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN FOUR ROSES ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE OLD





(Continued from page 68)

you haven't got very far, have you? Plenty of competition. Ellen for one and Garda Allen for another."

"What about Franz?"

"He doesn't count," said Howell. He laughed. "That's pretty good. Doesn't count. See?"

"I see," she said coldly; "and it isn't very funny."

"That's what you think." He came over to her and took her by the shoulders.

"Well, what do you want?" she asked disdainfully. "Or is this the preliminary to your fantastic type of love-making?"

"You didn't mind it—once."

"I was younger then, and I had less sense."

He dropped his hands. "I've been thinking things over. How did Martin get wind of my interest in the Elman matter? Lisbeth, if you've crossed me—"

She said calmly, "I'll cross you or anyone if it happens to suit me. But you'll never have any proof. I'm cleverer than you are, Joe."

"Then you did!"

"I'm admitting nothing," she said.

"I don't know what to think. What do you want from Martin, anyway?"

Lisbeth said, "I thought it would be nice to be Mrs. Martin. But he's not having any, and a losing game doesn't interest me. He's friendly to me, however, and I think perhaps I'll get a job out of it. When we get back from this silly expedition—if we get back—"

"Is it as dangerous as that?"

"Certainly. Want to make your excuses?"

He swore at her, and she listened without a flicker of expression. When he had finished, she went on placidly.

"When we get back, the producer should be here. If he comes, Martin will get me a test. It's worth a try. That's why I'm staying on. My funds are running low again, and I couldn't ask you to help."

"Bet your life you couldn't," he growled; "not now. Why don't you ask Martin?"

"Not so fast," she said, "and not so soon. And hadn't you better go now?"

"Okay," he said. "I know when I'm not wanted." But at the door he turned. "I've half a mind to blow this high-hat bunch of so-and-so's to hell and back."

"Lovely," said Lisbeth. "I adore explosions. But just how do you propose—"

"I know plenty!" he said, and he went out, shutting the door behind him.

**J**ENNY WAS packing for Garda. Bending over the open case, she said, "I do not like this trip for you, Miss Garda."

"I'm beginning not to like it myself," said Garda. "but I'm going through with it. Anything for a change." She regarded the beautiful piece of luggage thoughtfully. She went on, "Of course when I am married"—she flicked the case with her finger—"coronets all over everything."

"That's silly," said Jenny. "You're an American, Miss Garda."

"Even when I marry an Austrian?"

"You'll still be yourself."

"That's what I'm afraid of," Garda laughed. "Go on to bed, Jenny. You're a pretty good American yourself."

"When I took out my papers," said Jenny, "I promised, I've kept my promise. This country gave me everything. I could work where I pleased; I could speak what I wished to say; I could go to the church I wished to go to. That's America, Miss Garda. I haven't forgotten where I was born or my people who are still there. But this is my country—and it's yours, wherever you go, Miss Garda."

"But you'd go with me?" Garda asked. "I'll go wherever you go, as long as you want me." There were tears in her eyes.

Garda put her arms around the older woman. She cried, "Why, Jenny!"

"Excuse me," Jenny said miserably. "I have so little life, Miss Garda, except you. All I ask is for you to be happy."

She moved to the door, closed it, and Garda thought, Of all the people in the world, just Jenny wants me to be happy.

But did not Franz wish her happiness, and had he not pledged himself to secure it? A curious engagement, without any exciting fever, tiptoe expectation.

She thought, After the hunting trip we'll go back to New York for a while, then South. It will be different there.

Palm trees, a blue creaming ocean, lazy people on golden sands. A moon and warm languorous nights. Different. This place was too stimulating. Your emotions went astray; you were keyed up. You were too exposed here; you had no defenses.

Garda thought of herself on Proctor in Larry Martin's arms. But that wasn't I, she thought incredulously.

She drew a deep breath. You could forget a lot of things in the South. You could even forget a night on top of Proctor. You could forget a man's arms and his kisses, and your own terrifying surrender.

They took off in the early afternoon from the Ketchum airfield. The plane was equipped with skis instead of wheels as it must take off from, and land upon, the snow.

Garda, Franz, Joe Howell and Lisbeth went first. Mrs. Carleton was there to see them go. "When will you be back?" she asked.

"That depends on our luck," smiled Garda.

Dolly, clinging to the arm of her new young man, said gaily, "I believe in staying with my luck."

The plane returned on schedule, and Larry, Ellen and Dick took off with it on the second flight.

They landed on Loon Creek meadow. Pete Packer, their host, met them with horses, and they rode the eight miles to the ranch, pack horses bearing their duffel.

At the ranch the newcomers met Pete's partner, a wiry individual with a lean brown face, who said, "Call me Butch."

Accommodations had been arranged, Garda announced. The three women would take one of the two spare bedrooms in the main house, Franz and Dick the other. Larry and Joe would bunk in the hunters' cabin close by. "Is that satisfactory?" she inquired.

"Completely satisfactory," said Larry. "What about it, Joe?"

Howell remarked that he had had more interesting bedfollows.

"I think you've made a tactical error," Dick murmured to Garda. "If in the morning, like the Kilkenny cats, there's no sign of Messrs. Martin and Howell, you will be in a spot."

In the big kitchen Jake the cook served supper—an enormous meal: oceans of fried spuds, chunks of venison, and of course the indispensable bean.

It was interesting, thought Lisbeth, to see how the men reacted to this atmosphere. Franz was gay, interested in the yarns Pete and Butch and Jake spun for their amusement. Howell was incredulous and ill at ease. Dick was bored. Larry was in his element. He was used to camps and rough hearty meals and man-talk.

"Laughing Boy," suggested Dick to Lisbeth, following her gaze. "Heap big Injun. Funny, how the trappings of civilization are only superficial."

She said tartly, "It depends upon what you mean by civilization. I was watching him and thinking, There's a—man."

Garda heard. She, too, had been watching Larry.

Pete went out presently and took Larry with him.

They came back to report plenty of snow falling and no wind.

"But how about tomorrow?" chorused Ellen and Garda.

Pete squinted a wise black eye. He said, "That depends, ma'am, but I think the snow will stop before sunup. Butch and I'll go out early and look for tracks."

They turned in soon after that as they were all tired.

Larry, standing at the door, said, "Well, good night, folks. See you at breakfast." He looked at Howell. "Come along," he added, "and make the best of it."

**T**HE DOOR closed behind them. Lisbeth and Ellen went to their room and Garda would have followed, but Franz caught her hand. "Stay here a minute—with me," he begged.

Dick went off to his quarters, and Lisbeth, regarding the room in which she was to bunk, raised an eyebrow at Ellen.

"Of course it's natural enough," she commented. "Garda never gives him a moment alone with her. Do you suppose that's coincidence or good planning?"

"I don't know," said Ellen.

"Did you know that once upon a time Franz was in love with me? A very little. I assure you, but enough to set me a standard. He isn't in love with Garda."

"I'm not interested," said Ellen. She lay down on a cot which had been put in the room between the two bunks.

"You should be. For it's you with whom he is in love," said Lisbeth. She added, "You could fight for him."

After a moment Ellen asked, "With what? And if I won, what then?"

"He could learn," said Lisbeth. "He isn't quite the—idler you think him. Hans learned." Her tone was admiring. "Hans, of course, was different always. Sometimes when I see him as he is now, I wonder if I did not make a mistake."

"A mistake?"

"Oh, it's ancient history," Lisbeth told her. "Probably I didn't. But that little girl of his, the skater, she will be happy, I think. Hans will be a good husband. Dull, I fancy, but good. Solid." After a moment she said, as if Ellen had been arguing with her, "Perhaps you are right. You will forget Franz. You will meet some nice American boy and fall in love with him—and you will live happily ever after. Unless, of course, I am mistaken, and it is Larry Martin and not—"

Ellen cried, "Let me alone, can't you?"

The door opened, and Garda came in. She was flushed. She cried, "It's snowing harder than ever. I hope it clears. We'll get restless, sitting around waiting."

"We get restless anyway," yawned Lisbeth, "no matter what we do."

Garda went to her bunk. She was thinking of Franz. They had sat on a bench before the fire and he had put his arm around her and kissed her. There was something in the pressure of his lips—what had it been? Regret, apology? She did not know. He had said, "We have had so little time together."

"Well have all our lives, Franz."

"That's so. I'll take good care of you, Garda. I'll think only of your happiness."

"I am sure you will," she'd said. And after a moment, "Franz, are we being sensible? Are we making a mistake?"

She could not know how his heart had pounded then; how he had wished to cry, A mistake? Yes, of course, for both of us! And my fault because I am soft and useless; because, too, I am jealous and suspicious, and because I believed Ellen was lost to me anyway.

Instead, he'd asked, "Do you feel that. Kleine?"

"I don't know. After all, we know each other so little." She'd added. "I'm crazy. I feel safe with you, Franz. Not—not torn and harried. I feel—myself. Not another person; not two people."

"Garda, what are you saying?" He wouldn't understand. Good! She did not want him to understand. "Franz, what do you know about loving anyone?"

He'd picked up her hand and kissed it. His ring shone there again. "You wear my ring and ask me that?"

"Forget me. I mean the other kind of loving—insane and wild and senseless; the kind that destroys you. You don't want to be yourself; you want to be part of another person. You'd go anywhere, do anything—lie, cheat, steal—yet all the time you know it doesn't make sense; it doesn't make for happiness or security."

"Perhaps I do know—or can guess. Are you trying to tell me that you have felt like this—for anyone?"

"Of course not. But I've read—"

He'd said, "Romance? That's it, isn't it? In books and plays?"

"That's it," she'd agreed, and rose. "Good night, dear Franz."

After she had gone he sat by the fire for a long time. Insane and wild and senseless . . . You'd go anywhere, do anything—lie, cheat, steal . . .

For Ellen.

Ellen, he thought, was it true what you told me? Martin didn't deny it, but *was it true?*

**I**N THE hunters' cabin Joe Howell spoke in the darkness. He said, "I suppose you hold that Elman business against me."

"Why should I?" asked Larry. "I can't help the screwy way your mind works."

There was a silence. Then Joe said, "I didn't know you were a ladies' man, Larry."

"I didn't know it either," said Larry.

"You wouldn't deny that you've been paying the Baroness von Behr's bills?"

"Sure, I'd deny it. But if I *had* been paying them, what of it?"

"She told me," said Joe, chuckling. "There must be a German equivalent for 'Hello, sucker.' What did you expect to get out of it?"

Larry said, "I don't know where this is going to get us. But before you get me all upset over my altruistic act I might as well inform you that I know all about you and Lisbeth—back in Berlin. Met her in Chicago, did you? Not on your life!"

"I admit I was taken in by her yarn about your unwanted attentions. But later—well, when I found out how matters stood, I wasn't sore at her, Joe. Money well spent. There was a core of truth in the whole thing. She was fed up with you, my good Joe, and I could appreciate that."

Howell sat up. "Who told you about—Berlin?" he demanded.

"A little bird," said Larry. "Carrion crow, it ought to be. That cute little game you played with Lisbeth's help back in Berlin. Guns, wasn't it, and ammunition? High officials—that's where she helped you and—"

"You make me sick!" said Joe.

"Sorry. It's mutual."

"What about you?" Joe persisted. "Coming here, getting in with Garda Allen, slipping a woman you'd hardly met a considerable sum of money for your own reasons—whatever they were. I can guess, of course. Only, you changed your mind. You found that, after all. Garda—"

"Shut up," advised Larry, "before I'm forced to extreme measures."

"Well, no hard feelings, Larry," said Howell, "but for your own good, I'd like to tip you off. Next time you associate with decent people—"

"Yourself, for instance?" inquired Larry. "What are you doing—writing yourself a biography for Who's Who?"

"I'm not offended," said Howell. "It's okay by me. But I'm warning you, that secretary of yours sticks in most people's crops. You're old enough to know better. Secretary! That's a laugh, and a good one!"

"It's swell," said Larry softly. He rose, crossed the room and took Howell by the collar of his pajamas. "Come on out," he ordered.

He hauled the big man to his feet. Then he released him, but only for the time it took to draw back his fist and crash it against Howell's jaw. Howell grunted and slumped. Larry caught him, eased him across the bunk.

Laughing, he strode back to his own bunk and presently went to sleep.

Pete banged on the cabin door the next morning and remarked that the weather left nothing to be desired. Joe Howell, waking from a deep sleep, sat up groggily and put his hand to his jaw. It hurt like hell.

Without opening his eyes, he remarked, "I suppose you think you're funny. Just for that, I'll beat the daylight out of you."

There was no answer. He opened his eyes and saw that he spoke to the atmosphere. Larry had gone.

Joe got up and staggered to the wall mirror. He surveyed his swollen jaw. That had been a haymaker and no mistake. Swearing, he started to dress.

When he reached the main house the others were finishing breakfast. Dick looked petulant, but Larry and Franz were in good form, and the three women were laughing and smoking with them. Pete and Butch had already gone to look for fresh tracks and only Jake remained.

Larry pushed back his chair, produced his pipe and viewed the table, on which there still remained stacks of flapjacks, quarts of coffee, platters of ham. Joe told Jake that all he wanted was coffee.

"Hardly hunter's fare," said Larry. "Or aren't you feeling well this morning?"

"Oh, Joe, your poor face!" cried Lisbeth. She added, "You ought to get over walking in your sleep."

"I told them how you hit your chin on the edge of the upper bunk," Larry said.

"There ain't an upper bunk." Jake remarked, pouring coffee.

"That's so," agreed Larry. "It must have been the lower one. That's it, Joe. You were saying your prayers, weren't you?" He rose and walked out into the other room.

Franz, following him, said, "I very much doubt that Mr. Howell walks in his sleep."

"He gave a good imitation of it," Larry said. "Oh, here's Ellen. You look charming, the complete Diana."

"All but the gun. I'm only going along for the ride."

Franz went back to the others.

"Larry, you and Joe fought last night," Ellen said.

"Hardly that," Larry replied. "He couldn't sleep, so I took pity on him."

He opened the door and stood looking out at the white world of the clearing. The sun shone pale and distant. They could hear the dogs barking excitedly.

Garda joined them, and Ellen slipped away. Garda said, "I'm sorry our trip began like this."

"Like what?"

"No one was fooled about Joe Howell."

"He had it coming to him." He took her elbow suddenly and swung her out. The door closed behind them. He asked, "Have I told you that I love you?"

The door opened and Franz came out. Lisbeth joined them and presently Dick, who spoke to Franz.

He said, "If you didn't sleep any better than I did . . ."

"I feel like a Royal Mountie," Larry told Garda gaily.

She looked at him and then at Joe Howell, who now lumbered out of the main house. She asked, "Do you always get your cougar—or your man?"

Larry regarded her, his eyes very bright. "Wait and see. I've never been unduly modest—and moreover, I don't care much for easy or cowardly prey. But I'm sure going hunting—only this time, I warn you. I'm out to get my girl!"

Garda went back into the house. Lisbeth followed.

"Let's hunt up cards and play double solitaire for a while," Lisbeth suggested.

Jake produced cards, and the others wandered in to find a game in progress. Lisbeth and Garda sat in straight chairs before the fire, with a table between them.

Larry watched. "Red ten on black jack," he suggested.

Garda looked at him stormily. She said shortly, "Thanks, I saw it."

Lisbeth's eyes glinted with mischief. She remarked, "Suppose you help me. I'd appreciate it." Larry laughed.

"You don't need any help," Howell told her. "You get along nicely on your own."

His tone was one that Lisbeth had often heard, so she merely shrugged and went on playing. But Garda looked at Howell with a dawning suspicion that all was not as it had seemed.

"Suppose we go out and tramp around to kill time," Dick suggested.

The others agreed, and Larry went into the kitchen to tell Jake. But Jake had departed.

Returning, Larry reported, "He's probably gone down to the corral. Anyway, I'll leave a note."

Outdoors, someone asked, "How about a bit of practice on the snowshoes?" Someone else went to get them.

In the end they started out together, the four men carrying rifles, the women unburdened. Howell had a flask in his pocket and was the only one unaccustomed to snowshoes. He stumbled at first, but soon he acquired a certain knack and strode along, pleased with himself.

"How are we supposed to hunt, anyway?" Garda demanded, as they struck into the well-marked Middle Fork trail.

"We'll separate," said Larry. "I talked about it to Pete last night. We'll each have a guide and, say, three dogs, and we'll tour around looking for tracks. When we find one, the dogs are put on the trail."

**P**ETE AND BUTCH are experts in cougar knowledge: they say we won't have to stick to the exact trail. They can tell from the bearing of the trail and the sounding of the dogs about where the cat will be treed or cornered. Sometimes a chase lasts all day, and often the cat wins. But with a fresh track, it's likely that these dogs will corner their game so he can neither fight nor run.

"They tree him, and sometimes he can escape by leaping to another tree, if the timber is close. Occasionally one will jump to the ground and fight his way to freedom—in which case the dogs are generally badly mauled or killed."

Garda shuddered. "I'd hate that."

"It's all in the game," said Larry.

"Then what happens?" asked Franz.

"We shoot the cougar, and from what I hear, that's the most uninteresting part—firing at close range and at a motionless animal."

"It's savage," said Garda. "I like it less than ever."

"Cougars are bad medicine. Cougar hunting is a profession as well as a sport. They bring fifteen to twenty dollars



# Bewitching Debs prepare for Dates with a Woodbury Facial Cocktail



Says CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER, *Noted Society Commentator*

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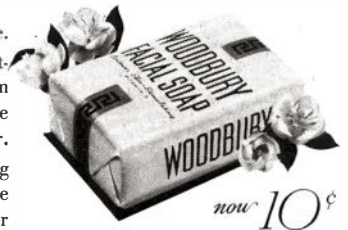
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apiece in bounties from state and Federal game-protection agencies."

The trail led deeper into the wild country by the Middle Fork of the Salmon River, twisting its way into canyons.

"The Salmon River is called the River of No Return," said Dick.

"Cheerful thought," said Lisbeth.

They were just at the mouth of White Creek, when Franz sighted a wandering cougar and yelled. Larry, behind Franz, saw the big cat plainly—fawn-gray and tipped with red.

"What a break!" he exulted and set off in pursuit.

The others, following, lost all track of time or distance. The going grew rougher, the trail was less clearly marked.

It was Ellen who noticed the graying sky and the first thick flakes of snow. "It's begun to snow again," she called to Dick, who was behind her.

This was no flurry left over from last night's storm, but suddenly the thick blizzard characteristic of the region. In a short time, the trail over which they had passed was obliterated.

Howell knew the way back, he said. He shouted, "Follow me!" and made his way between the trees.

"Wait a moment, everyone!" Larry called. "Looks as if we were in a spot. You're not getting us out, Joe; you're getting us deeper in."

Howell said, "Well, if you know so much better . . ."

"I don't," said Larry; "but I do know we're in a damned canyon and we don't know the way back."

Garda said quickly, "There's no use quarreling, is there? You're sure you're right?" She looked at Howell.

"I'm sure," he said.

"Then we'll follow," said Garda imperiously.

But presently they came to a rough suspension bridge across the river and knew they had not been that way before. They crossed the bridge, despite Larry's warning. But on the other side all signs of a trail had been obliterated.

Dick, hunting along the bank, stumbled and found himself in ice water. He dragged himself out, soaked through, and painfully followed the others.

The wind rose; the snow stung their eyes and faces; the trees groaned, thrashing. Dick began to cough.

"I'm frightened," Lisbeth admitted.

Ellen, ahead of her, heard. Her heart shook. *Lost!* she thought. Yet she had been lost for weeks, it seemed, wandering in the maze of her private misery.

**T**HE FIGURE in front of her turned. It was Franz.

"Where's Garda?" she asked.

"Ahead, with Larry." He took her hand. "We may never get out of this," he said. "You must listen. I love you. I always shall. If we escape, I'll tell Garda so. Can you forgive me, darling?"

She was trying not to cry. She gasped, "Don't talk. Go on, please!"

They stumbled on, tired, afraid. And it was Larry, now in the lead, who first saw the trappers' hut, a small log structure.

The door swung open easily. He shouted, "Come on. Shelter!"

They crowded in after him and someone shut the door against the storm.

A dirt floor, a rough stone fireplace, a broken, boarded-up window. The place had evidently been unused for some time. Fresh cold air came rushing down the chimney and through the chinks.

"Well, what happens now?" Howell demanded, looking around.

"We wait until they find us," replied Larry.

"Suppose they don't?" Garda inquired.

Larry said, "When the storm stops I'll go out and try to find the way."

"What's that up there?" Garda asked, pointing to the ridgepole from which a big bundle swung, suspended by a wire.

Larry took it down and opened it, spreading out its contents on the one crude table: blankets, baking powder, salt, flour, lard and coffee in tins, swung high to keep them from mice and rats.

There was one straight chair, and on the rough mantel a skillet, a pot, a kettle, a tin cup and several candle stumps; on the floor a bucket.

Larry said, "There's still some light. We'll save the candles until later."

Ellen said, "If we can build a fire, I'll make some coffee. I might even manage biscuits."

Heaped to one side were logs and kindling. There was one bunk built of rough pine, once filled with green pine boughs which were now withered and dried.

Larry built the fire and succeeded in lighting it. It did not draw well at first, but presently it burned brightly.

He filled the pot and bucket with snow and set them near the fire to melt. There would be enough water to boil, he said, and make coffee.

Howell cried, "And kill us all?"

Larry laughed. "Boil it hard enough and I doubt that the germs will survive. Of course some do," he added coolly, "worse luck! If the storm lets up, I can go down and fetch water."

But it did not let up, and no one seemed interested in coffee made of melted snow. Swearing, Larry went out and stumbled to the water's edge, where he scooped the kettle and bucket full.

"You'll have to do without sugar and cream," he remarked on his return.

Strong black coffee, and Howell's flask passed from hand to hand.

No one had a watch. It had been late morning when they stumbled on the cabin. Now it might be any time, in that even dusk lighted only by the fire. There were, Larry calculated, enough logs to last through the night.

"This was your idea," Lisbeth said bitterly to Howell.

He disclaimed it. "If you think I'm that kind of fool—"

Dick said hoarsely, "I was the one who proposed a walk, and certainly no one regrets it more than I. I feel rotten."

Larry said, "Look here, we're safe for the night. We're warm; we won't starve by missing a couple of meals. I move we make the best of it."

Lisbeth and Ellen offered to try their hand at biscuits. They had the ingredients—salt and lard, flour and baking powder.

They produced a soggy mass which, baked after a fashion, everyone ate and pronounced at least filling.

Franz, sitting beside Ellen, suggested, "Suppose we sing," and began a rollicking German song.

It was Howell who said suddenly, "That language isn't popular just now."

"It is my language," said Franz.

"That's your hard luck," Howell said.

Franz was silent. Ellen's hand touched his. She thought, Poor Franz—poor all of us!

Garda said low, as if to herself, "Funny, I can't buy my way out of this, can I?" "No," agreed Larry, sitting on the floor beside her. "Forty millions, and you stay here overnight. That would have been funny to me once, only now it isn't."

She said slowly, "I'm not angry with you any more, Larry."

Dick was sitting by himself. He alternately shivered and burned.

Ellen's nerves went first. She felt unable to remain near Franz in the firelight knowing that dying together would be

painful but living without him would be worse. She cried, "I can't stand this!" and before anyone could stop her, she had rushed into the storm.

Larry started after her, but Franz barred his way.

He said, with a steely ring in his voice that made everyone stare, "Let me—if you please," and was gone.

The door slammed after him. He made his way through the darkness and the snow, calling Ellen. Presently he heard her answer. She had fallen over a submerged log and was lying there huddled in the snow. She was soaking wet.

**H**E SET HER on her feet, and she clung to him and shrieked with pain. He picked her up and stumbled back to the cabin with her.

Larry heard him coming and opened the door, and as Franz staggered in, took Ellen from him. He asked, "What's happened? Has she fainted?"

"Perhaps. She's hurt her ankle."

They laid her on the bunk. Lisbeth set the pot on the fire half full of melted snow. Larry had a knife, and they got the shoe off the swollen foot. He took it in an experienced hand as Ellen moaned. He said, "It isn't broken."

Franz got out of his coat and his flannel shirt, took off his undershirt and tore it across and across. With the strips and the hot water they made compresses.

Presently Ellen spoke. "I'm sorry I was such a fool. But—it got under my skin. Now I've made more trouble for everyone."

They were too tired to sleep, and too hungry. But Larry organized a rough sort of comfort for the women: Ellen in the bunk; Garda and Lisbeth stretched out near by with blankets.

"One of us stays awake and watches the fire," said Larry. "We can take it in turns."

The hours dragged on. Garda sat beside Ellen, talking to her in low tones.

Suddenly Howell jumped up and cried, "I can't stand this! I'm going to get out of here." He started for the door.

Larry was ahead of him, barring the way. "Get back there and sit down, and don't be a damned fool!"

Howell said sullenly, "Who do you think you are, giving orders around here? You think I'm an outsider, don't you? All of you think I'm an outsider! But you're so damned smug and secure you can afford to know me, so you let me tag along." He was looking at Garda now, his face deeply flushed. "You—because you're Garda Allen you don't mind who you run into, whether it's an outsider like me or some girl Larry Martin keeps"—he laughed—"in a secretarial capacity."

"Why, you—" began Larry, and hit him hard. Howell went down sprawling. "Joe, you idiot!" cried Lisbeth.

Howell, struggling to rise, told her brutally, "You shut up and keep out of this. I'm not the fool you think me. I've put two and two together. You didn't mind getting money out of Martin to pay your hotel bill, and you wouldn't have minded getting him along with it. You listened to my phone calls; you put Martin wise, you double-crossing —"

"Will someone tell me what this is all about?" demanded Garda.

"I will," said Lisbeth. "No, Larry, don't interrupt. Our good Joe thought it would be a clever idea if I placed myself in Larry's debt. It might have given him a sword to hold over Larry's head—a fier in blackmail, of a sort. So I told Larry that I no longer wished to be Mr. Howell's guest."

"Larry believed me—and came gallantly to my rescue. But in the meantime, I had decided to play my hand alone, and in return for Larry's generosity I was able





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to furnish him with information. For when I found out that Joe was bribing a young man in a concern in which Larry was financially interested—

"Larry, was that it?" Ellen asked.

"It was," he smiled. "Joe bribed him to have a nervous breakdown, get himself a vacation and go straight to Joe's outfit with our blueprints!"

Howell began to laugh. "This is all very interesting."

"Isn't it?" agreed Larry. He looked at Garda. "And I think it's time we explained that Joe and Lisbeth aren't recent acquaintances. They knew each other years ago in Berlin and were mutually helpful. Isn't that so, Lisbeth?"

"IT'S A NICE WAY to put it," she said. "Thanks, Larry, for the understatement."

Ellen asked, "But if you and Joe were friends, Lisbeth, why did you—?"

She answered, "I liked Larry. I didn't like my hole-in-the-corner life. I thought perhaps I could turn respectable, so I threw in my hand—with Joe's consent. But Larry didn't rise to the bait, although I'm a very attractive woman."

"You are," said Larry, "and I like you. You have courage, Lisbeth. It's a pity you used your talents on the wrong side of the fence and wasted them on me. You see, my affections were otherwise engaged."

Howell laughed, a short ugly sound. "I thought we'd get to that," he said. "Why don't you knock yourself down?"

Larry said, "You mean Ellen? Ellen isn't in love with me; and I'm not in love with her. Nor, to put it even more plainly, has she ever been my mistress."

Someone else laughed. It was Dick. He said thickly, "This is pretty funny. Ellen's in love with Franz. I saw them on her balcony the night of Garda's engagement dinner. She was in his arms. I was going to tell you, Garda; I wasn't going to let you marry him—didn't suit me. If you wouldn't marry me, you couldn't marry anyone. I . . ." His voice trailed off.

Lisbeth reached him first. With her hand on his forehead, she said, "He's burning up. He's delirious, I think. You mustn't pay any attention, Garda."

Larry knelt beside her. He said, "He's asleep. Here, give me a hand, Franz."

They found blankets, spread one on the floor, rolled Dick in another.

Larry said, his finger on Dick's pulse. "This looks—bad."

Ellen was saying wildly to Garda, "You mustn't believe him. You mustn't!"

But Franz spoke. "No, that can't go unexplained. Ellen. I was going to tell Garda anyway, if we got out of here. She might as well know now. Ellen and I are in love with each other. Garda. I had determined to ask you to release me and to ask her to marry me if she'd have me. I was a coward, you see. And I believed—"

Larry interrupted. "Ellen told him that she was my mistress—to save her face. She was in love with him, and he had told her that he loved her—and couldn't marry her. Then your engagement was announced, Garda."

Franz said humbly, "Even if it had been true, what she told me. I found it didn't matter. I was going to tell her that."

Joe Howell said, "This is a swell setup! You'd sit there and take it, Garda? Let him throw you over?"

"Be quiet!" said Garda sharply. "I like him better this minute than I've ever liked him before. Ellen, don't cry my dear. It's all right. But Franz, why?"

"I can't humble myself enough," he said. "I'm fond of you. I would have been a good husband to you. For years I'd set my heart on an advantageous marriage—ease, comfort, not just for me, but for my

people. Do you blame me wholly? I would have tried to give you value received. But last night, after you asked me if I had ever known an insane kind of love—a love that would cheat and lie and steal, if need be—I knew that I had known it, but not for you, Garda." He looked at Lisbeth. "Not even for you, Lieschen."

Garda said, "I don't understand," and Ellen asked, "Lisbeth and you, Franz?"

"It was over Lisbeth that Hans and I quarreled long ago," said Franz. "Larry knows about it. It was because Hans remembered that old unhappy time. Ellen, that he struck me the day you fell, skiing. He heard what I said to you. Because of what he knew about me, he said what he did. He was opposed to my marriage with Garda and threatened to tell her what he had overheard, but did not."

"I have been very stupid," said Garda. "Garda, can you ever forgive me?" asked Franz.

"I had it coming to me, Franz. It's queer, isn't it?" She looked around the room. "If we hadn't come to Sun Valley, none of this would have happened. I would have married Franz, I suppose. Lie down, Ellen, please, and don't shiver so. It's all right. I'm—grateful."

Lisbeth said briskly, "You should be. You deserve the best. Franz has come out on top. I never before saw a man throw away forty million dollars."

"He's a fool," said Howell.

Lisbeth said, "We—look at things differently. And besides, Garda was never in love with him."

Ellen whispered, "If I could believe that—"

"You may," said Garda, "for I wasn't. Not ever."

"Garda," said Dick thickly. "Garda." She sat down on the floor beside him. "What is it, Dick?"

Dick said, "Come closer, Garda. I can't see you. Funny shadows."

"The firelight," she explained. "Try to go to sleep. As soon as we're found—"

"We won't be," he said, "and I don't care. Things are awfully clear. I was awake just now. You aren't going to marry Franz."

"No, Dick. Be still," she said in despair. Larry came to stand beside her, saying softly, "He's delirious, Garda. See if you can quiet him."

"I'm perfectly lucid," said Dick. "Remember when I told you that I loved you, Garda? I don't. I dislike you sometimes. Too much money; too much power. You've kept us too long. I'm soft and lazy. I used to think that someday you'd tire of this man or that and turn to me. I thought I wanted it but I didn't."

"Oh, hush!" cried Garda. "You don't know what you're saying."

"I know," said Dick. "If I get out of here, all I want is to pull out and starve by myself. But I won't starve. I'll make a living. I'll be my own man for the first time: not your pensioner. I'm sick of it, do you hear? I'm through!"

He began to cough terribly. Finally the paroxysm passed. He fought for breath.

"You're crying, aren't you?" he said. "You're human, sometimes—when someone hurts you or you lose your temper. I've always been sorry for you. You were so unreal; set apart by all that damned money. Often I thought I couldn't stick it, but I had to think of my mother. She was soft, too. So we schemed to keep the money in the family."

"Dick, be still, please," said Garda. "You're crying because you've lost another illusion about yourself. Lady Bountiful. You can't have everything, Garda. don't you know that? You have forty millions, and you destroy everything you touch. I congratulate Franz. He's out of it. He won't be kept."

Larry knelt beside Dick. "Old man, you've talked enough," he said.

"Great guy," said Dick sleepily; "brains and brawn. Like to beat me up, wouldn't you, but can't because I'm sick? Go beat up Howell; you've a grudge against him. Howell offered me a job once; thought I might be useful to him. I don't see how, but—" He broke off. Soon he was sleeping restlessly.

"I'll sit with him," Lisbeth offered. "I'll make cold compresses for his head."

Garda rose wearily, and Larry helped her across the room. "Garda, don't take it this way. He wasn't responsible."

"Responsible enough," she said. "He's right. I destroy everything I touch."

Larry put his arm around her and drew her close. "Be quiet. Perhaps we'd all better be quiet. We have to save our energy. It may be a long time and—"

She said, "I'm not afraid any more."

Dick was awake again. He said, "Garda and Larry—I saw that coming, too. I was more afraid of him than Franz. It's nothing to me now. He'll probably beat you, Garda. That's all right. If I'd had the guts to beat you—but you have to love a woman to . . ." His voice trailed off again.

Ellen cried, "He'll die unless— We'll all die!"

Franz put his arms around her. "We'll be all right, *Liebste*. We must be. Nothing must happen to you."

"He doesn't care about the rest of us," said Garda, low, against Larry's shoulder.

"I love you," said Larry. "I care what happens to you. Whatever happens to you will happen to me, too. We'll be happy."

Only Ellen and Franz heard. Ellen began to laugh. "I warn you, Garda, he'll be boss."

"I feel like a fool when I think what I've done to Dick; what I might have done to Franz and Ellen," said Garda.

"And us," added Larry. "Because you do love me."

"And us," she agreed. "Yes, I do."

He said, "This is rather public. I never propose in public. Take it as read. Will you like living in Chicago? By the way, I've been away from work too long, so I won't have time for a honeymoon. Later, we'll take a long one. How about Hawaii? I've never been there."

She said, on a sudden note of laughter, "But I have!"

"You'll like it better the second time," he assured her.

"Why?"

"Because I'll be there, darling."

There was a silence. Presently Franz spoke to Ellen. "Does the ankle pair much?"

"No, it's all right. Everything's all right, except—"

"Except what?"

She whispered, "I'm afraid. This is so unreal. When we get back to civilization things will be different. You'll regret—"

He said, "Perhaps now and then, when things go badly, I'll curse myself for making you marry me. But I won't regret it. Ellen, except for your sake. And I'll love you always."

"Larry," said Garda.

"Well, Miss Allen?"

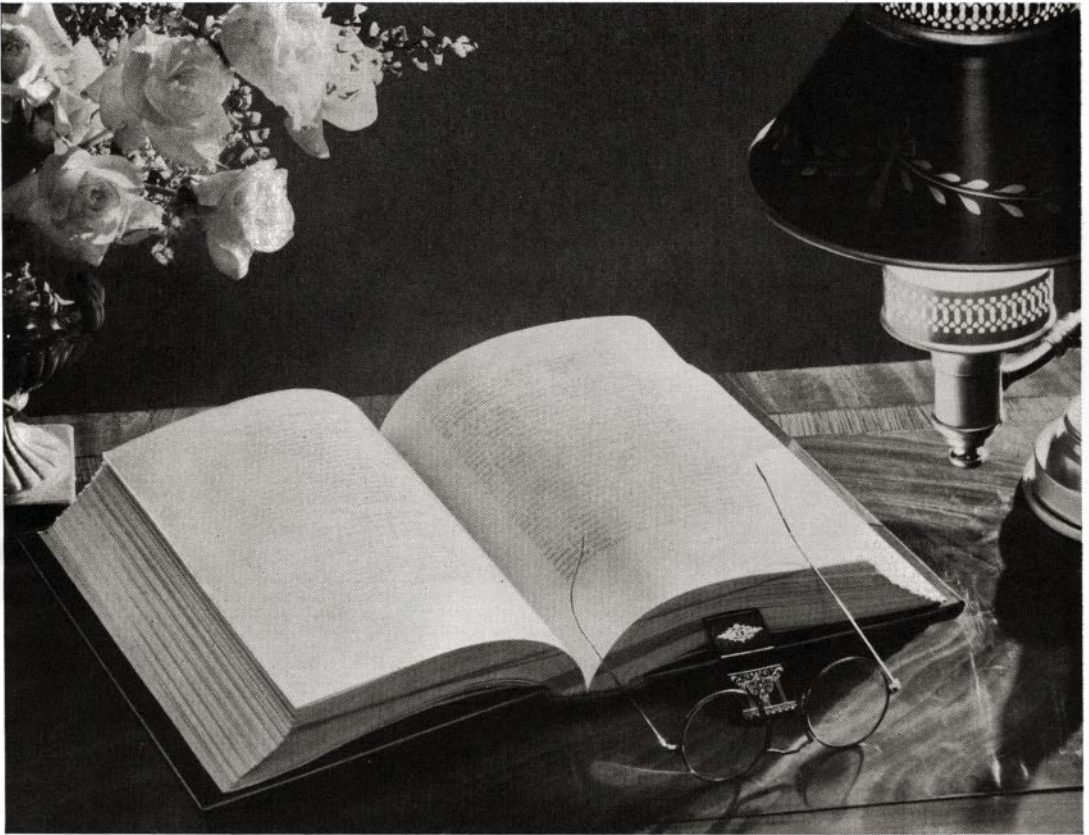
She said, very low, "Of all the houses I've lived in, this is the first home I've ever had—a log cabin with the wind coming through the chinks. I'm tired and hungry, but not afraid—never afraid again."

Before morning some of them had slept fitfully. Franz got up first and went outside. It was dawn, gray and still. It was not snowing, and the wind had dropped.

He came back and reported to Larry. "One of us might try to find the trail."

Ellen, rousing, heard him and sat





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up. "Not you, Franz! Not you!" she cried. "I'll go," said Larry, but Garda opened her black eyes and looked at him. "No," she said. "Don't leave me, Larry."

"Only for a little while." He knelt beside Dick, said, "His temperature hasn't gone down. He's breathing badly. If we don't get him back to the ranch soon..."

Garda said anxiously, "Poor Dick." "He's not a bad sort," said Larry. "He had the makings of a pretty good guy. You spoiled that."

"I!" she cried. "But—" "You, darling. What you stood for. I suppose if I offered him a job, he'd turn it down. All in the family, now."

"He can have one with me," said Howell. "I can use him, I think."

"I won't let him!" cried Garda. "You can't dictate Dick's life any longer, Garda," said Larry. "Joe has a legitimate business. It might be a solution."

"Martin, I don't like you," said Howell. "You gave me a good punch in the jaw night before last and knocked me down last night, but you haven't licked me. I'll go on fighting you." He grinned, his heavy face transformed for a moment. "Next time, in the open. It will be more fun."

Lisbeth spoke. "There was a time when Joe had his moments. I liked him then. I could almost like you again now. Joe, but at present all I can think about is a hot bath, breakfast and a chance at that motion-picture producer."

Larry strapped on his snowshoes and went out into a white world, silent and terrifying. He brought back water. Lisbeth made coffee.

Afterwards Garda went outside with Larry. She said, "There isn't a sign of a trail. Larry, you can't go for help."

"Someone has to go." "They'll find us," she said. "They must find us."

They were standing near a big fir. The sky arched above them, gray and pale.

Larry took her in his arms, said, "I love you Garda. I'll love you all my life. But you must let me go now."

She was clinging to him, her cold lips against his. "I can't let you go, Larry."

"Woman, you're no longer giving the orders. Look. Dick's very ill. We must do all we can. Perhaps I'll meet the searching party. In any event, I'll find my way back here. If I didn't go, you'd despise me. I'd despise myself. Someone must take the chance. Wait for me, darling, and look after the others." He kissed her and swung off down the canyon.

Slowly Garda returned to the hut. Ellen looked up. "Where's Larry?"

"**H**E'S GONE," said Garda dully. "He thinks he'll meet the searching party, or find his way to the ranch. He said he could get back here, in any case."

"Of course he can," said Franz, "but I should have been the one."

"Garda," said Dick weakly. She went over to hold his hot hand. He tried to smile. He whispered painfully. "I don't know all I've been saying. I remember just a little. You'll hate me now. Don't take it out on her," he begged.

She knew whom he meant. "I don't hate you, Dick. For the first time, I think, I respect you."

After that there were long hours of waiting. Ellen's ankle was better. She was able to limp outdoors with Franz's help. They had talked for hours of their life, of what they would make of it. They had planned soberly, earnestly. He would find work. They had argued gravely over her determination to go on working. "I will support my wife," Franz had declared, but she had begged, "Just for a while, Franz, until we know where we stand." She was anxious about Larry, yet she

tried to hearten Garda. "You don't know him. He always lands on his feet. He'll be back, with or without the others."

Toward noon Garda went out to stand alone under the big fir tree. Snow fell lightly upon her as she moved, brushing the branches. Her eyes ached, but were dry. This agony of fear went deeper than tears.

She was there when the searching party came, and Larry with them. She heard their voices and the barking of the dogs and ran to meet them. She could cry now, sobbing, "I thought you weren't coming."

Larry had her in his arms. He was shaking her gently, saying, "Brace up, sweetheart. We're all right now, all of us."

The others ran out of the cabin. And one of the men who had been looking for them all night and all morning, until Larry met them, said in great relief, "Well, you damned fools!"

They took Dick out by stretcher, wrapped in blankets, to the place where the horses waited. It was a short distance, after all, back to the ranch.

Jake was waiting there with hot food and quarts of coffee. Pete sent a man to the nearest town to telephone Sun Valley. With any luck, the plane would come for them before dark, with a doctor and a nurse and Mrs. Carleton.

Dick could not be moved, said Pete, installing him in one of the spare rooms. Pete had some knowledge of medicine, and home remedies were available.

When the plane came Larry, taking command, decided that Howell, Ellen, Franz and Lisbeth should return with it. He and Garda saw them off.

When the horses returned they brought the nurse, Doctor Anderson and Mrs. Carleton. Larry, knowing Dick's mother only slightly, expected her to go to pieces. But she dismounted briskly, said, "Where is he?" and started into the house.

Garda caught up with her. "Don't excite him," she begged. "Let Miss Higgins take charge." Miss Higgins the nurse shot Garda a look of gratitude. But Florence said, "I know when not to interfere."

Miss Higgins would sleep in the room with her patient, Garda and Florence next door. Larry and the doctor in the cabin. But before they turned in, while Florence watched in the sickroom and the doctor perched on the kitchen table talking to Pete and Butch, Garda and Larry sat before the living-room fire hand in hand.

"It will be a good life," said Larry. "Sometimes you'll want to kill me, darling, and I'll feel the same about you. You're a spoiled brat: maybe I am, too. But we'll go on loving each other more and more."

"I haven't told Cousin Florence," said Garda.

"Tell her tonight," he added. "What are you going to do about Dick?"

"He may feel differently when he's better, but I doubt it. We'll have to help him stand on his own feet."

"He won't want your help—now. Howell's the man. It will work out. He's got a nice importing business. He financed it and owns most of the stock." Larry grinned. "I've been trying to get it away from him for years."

"Larry, you're as bad as he is!"

"Sure—only openly," agreed Larry, laughing. "I don't go around bribing people—at least, not much! I think that's the spot for Dick. He'll have work he can get his teeth into."

"Franz and Ellen?" Garda asked. "Have you thought what will happen to them?"

"Yes," he answered; "most of last night. I'm going to put up the money for a ranch—for Hans. That's what he wants. He can take Franz in as partner. They can run a ski school in winter, a dude ranch in summer."

"Would Ellen and Franz agree to that?"

"They'll never know," said Larry. "I'll pledge Hans to secrecy. He's made friends here. Nothing illogical in a group getting together to back him. There'd be a living in it. If I know Ellen, she'll be for it."

Miss Higgins came out and went into the kitchen. When she returned Florence Carleton came into the room.

"He's better," she told them. "The doctor and Miss Higgins say that with care he'll come through." She looked at Garda and added, "Just now he told me what he said to you—all he could remember. Believe me, Garda, I didn't know until recently that he was so—unhappy."

**G**ARDA put her arms round the older woman. "It will all come right. Cousin Florence, but you must let him work out his own salvation. I've been selfish. I thought because he accepted things easily, and because it was no effort for me to give, that he was contented."

Florence was crying. "Ever since he told me that he wished I hadn't come to you, that I'd managed to bring him up somehow, that he'd been like a million other boys, earning his living—"

Larry said, "He'll find the way, Mrs. Carleton. Don't worry."

"He told me about you, too," said Florence. "I'm really happy for you both."

"I know you are," Garda looked at her anxiously. "Couldn't you get some sleep now? I'll be in soon. Tomorrow the plane will be back, and Larry and I and Doctor Anderson will make an early start. As soon as Dick can be moved, we'll send the plane for you and Miss Higgins."

Florence said, "You mustn't think he isn't fond of you, or that I'm not."

Garda kissed her cheek. "I understand, dear. Please go to bed now."

"What about Lisbeth?" Garda asked Larry when Mrs. Carleton had gone.

"We'll get her to the producer. Do you know, I could even find it in my heart not to mind the good Joe any more? Funny, how all our villains turned out to be *papier-mâché*, after all."

Garda said slowly, "Tomorrow we'll be back. Civilization, so called. There will be reams and reams in the papers about all this. And I must announce that my engagement to Franz is broken by mutual consent, and after a while..."

"Not too long!" objected Larry. "You'll pack up and go East as soon as the Carletons can join you. Me, too."

"Wait till I tell Jenny," smiled Garda. "She'll be happier than anyone about this. She's loyal. She cares for me."

"Like Forbes," said Larry. "I'll have to tell you about him. It will take years. We might even do a bit of matchmaking. Darling, must you have a big wedding?"

"People will expect it." "Couldn't you do the unexpected this once? A little wedding, but one that would stick, and just the people we like with us."

"All right," said Garda. "You're a tyrant. But next time I marry you, I want forty bridesmaids and a cathedral!"

"You shall have them on our silver-wedding anniversary," he promised. He rose, lifted her from the bench and stood her on her feet within the circle of his arms. "Tomorrow's another day. I'll see Hans as soon as we return. The press will buzz around you. Honey and the busy bees. Don't mind. It will be over soon, and we'll be together—always."

Presently she walked to the door with him and opened it. A black sky and brilliant stars, a moon rising, no wind, the dark trees looming and the white magic of the snow. She put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Always," she said.

THE END



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## CHAPTER 2. RUNABOUT YEARS: CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS



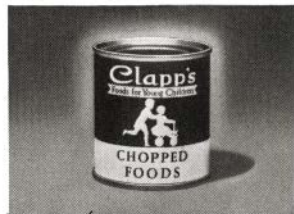
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# CLAPP'S BABY FOODS



STRAINED FOR BABIES . . . CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

## The Megelhoffer Theory (Continued from page 33)

desire to hang bells," said Old Jessie. "I would much rather—" He frowns and pulls at his beard. "But it happens that our benefactor has lived for a number of years in Italy and he is a great admirer of the campanile in St. Mark's Square in Venice, and of Giotto's campanile in Florence. He wishes to combine the best features of both and build next to our college chapel."

"A sort of Empire State for a herd of bells?"

Old Jessie sighs again. "I agree it is most unfortunate," he says. "Confidentially, Mr. Conley, I realize the importance of hiring—ah—of developing our football team, but our benefactor is adamant."

"Does adamant mean nuts?"  
"Determined, Mr. Conley. Unalterable in his views. It's a campanile or nothing."  
"Let me talk to the old boy!" I beg. "I'll put tears in my voice. I'll tell him those bells will ring to his eternal shame whenever our team is taking its usual sixty-nine-nothing shellacking. Thumber men for generations to come will raise their eyes from the scoreboard to gaze upon his campanile and berate his memory."

"I spoke to our good friend along those lines myself," says Old Jessie. "But, as the saying goes, no soap."

"If we only had a chance to show off to him!" I sigh. "But if he ever sees us play football . . ." I give a little shudder. Then I slap my knee. "William Winfield!" I cry. "William Winfield Trot!"

"The name is familiar," says Jessie. "He cocks his head at you, I believe. Last June he took the psychology prize."

"And he is the year's tennis sensation! He is the coming champ, and a product of dear old Thumber. If that bell-ringing old grouch could see William Winfield in action, he'd be bowled over. William W. is said to be one of the smoothest players to watch. And if Thumber can turn out champions like that—"

"As it happens," says Old Jessie, "the old gentleman is coming here Saturday to look over the site of the campanile."

"He will also look over William Winfield in an exhibition match on the college court. We'll build a royal box and put you and him in it. He will realize our excellence in the field of athletic endeavor and how much good a hundred grand will do in developing the health of our students."

"*Mens sana in corpore sano*," murmurs Old Jessie. "The old egg may fall for it!"

"He will leave his campaniles to the Italians and divert his generous gift into the proper channels, and maybe we'll have a football team. If we could spend twenty grand a year on—"

Old Jessie chuckles. "Mr. Conley," he says, "if we ever win a game I will go out personally and paint that statue of our founder a brilliant green by way of celebration. But will William Winfield do it?"

"Could any loyal son of Thumber refuse? The future of his alma mater hangs in the balance. He will be here Friday and we can count on him. I will make arrangements and find an opponent who is worthy of him. Professor, we are on our way!"

Jimmy Mullins seems like the best opponent for William W. and I look him up. Jimmy is an old-timer who was pretty good in his day and is now the pro at our biggest country club. I find he has nothing but contempt for the new crop of tennis players and is glad of the chance to put the latest upstart in his place.

"I imagine I won't have much trouble," he says. "In the old days . . ." And he goes on to tell me how he once almost took a set from Maurice McLoughlin, who is the only great tennis player the world has ever seen.

When I come back to the campus I am feeling pretty good. Old Jessie has taken care of building the box for the old grads and has also rimmed the court with seats for the students. There remains only the detail of telling William W. he is to play.

I find him in his room stowing tennis rackets, away on the closet shelf. He is as sober as a judge when I congratulate him on the showing he has made, but it is easy to see he is pleased. So I let out casually that the fellows at college would like to see him in action. I tell him I have taken the liberty of arranging a friendly little match between him and Jimmy Mullins.

William Winfield says he is sorry, but he will not play.

There is nothing to do then but come clean. I explain about the old grad who wants to ring bells, and I point out that he, William Winfield, is the only Thumber man who is better than a dub at anything and that he should therefore cash in on his prestige.

"WELL," HE SAYS reluctantly, "if it's that important, I suppose I could play. But it won't be much fun."

"Oh, I don't know," I say. "Mullins will give you a run for your money."

"I'll play him with my left hand," says William.

This makes me sore. "Listen!" I say. "Mullins is no slouch. He—"

"I know all that," he answers, "but I'll have to play him left-handed, anyway. I'm not using my right hand for tennis any more."

"What's the matter with it?"  
"Nothing. It's fine."

"Maybe," I sneer, "you're just sore at your right hand and won't let it play?"

"Something like that," he says. "But it's a personal matter, and I don't see why I should explain to you."

"Bill, old boy," I tell him, "this is also a personal matter with me. There's a hundred geds at stake, and probably my job on the side."

"I see your point," he concedes, "so I will try to explain. You see, I am a pretty good tennis player. In fact, I think I could win the nationals next year. I might even go to England and have a crack at Wimbledon—" He breaks off and frowns. "You see the insidiousness of it!"

"The what?"

"It proves a theory expressed in an excellent treatise on behaviorism by Professor Megelhoffer of Vienna. He contends it is a great mistake to become too proficient in anything unimportant. Because when you're very good at a thing you naturally like to keep at it, and eventually you magnify its importance."

"Now, in my case, I am too good at tennis, and that is relatively unimportant compared to my lifework, which is to be a professor of psychology. If I keep on with tennis there will be a lot of glory, and I am only human. It is highly probable that I would turn into what is known as a tennis bum. You follow me?"

"Oh, sure," I say. "But this match tomorrow—"

"On the other hand," he goes on, waving me aside, "I enjoy tennis as a game. I do not want to give it up entirely. So I decided, after the nationals last week, that I would begin playing it left-handed. I will have to learn the game all over again like any other dub, and that will be fun."

"But you can make an exception tomorrow afternoon."

"I could," he says, "if I hadn't promised a certain person."

"Who is she?" I asked him.

"The young lady is a senior at State. I promised her solemnly. Of course, if she is willing to free me from that promise for tomorrow, I will be happy to oblige."

I grin and shake W. W.'s hand. "Think no more of it," I assure him. "I will drive over to State tomorrow morning and get her permission. I'll be back in time for the match at two o'clock."

It does not seem possible to me that any girl would refuse such a simple request when there is so much at stake. Not a nice girl, such as W. Winfield would pick.

When I finally locate her at State the next morning, I find she is nice. I sit her down in the reception room and talk fast, because it is getting on to noon and I have to drive back ninety miles.

When I finish she laughs and nods. "You tell Bill I'll release him from his promise this once," she says. "Provided that he releases me from my promise when and if I ask him. You see, we each promised the other something. But if I give him an exception, I don't see why he won't give one to me."

"Sure he will," I say. "Bill's regular. Turn about is fair play." I say good-by and jump into the car and burn up the road back to Thumber.

The seats around the court are all filled by the time I make it, and Old Jessie is sitting in the place of honor next to a little old guy with a square derby and a white mustache. Old Jessie gives me the wink as I go by, but I do not stop for introductions. It is already a few minutes past two, and you do not keep a hundred grand waiting in the sun if you can help it.

I find Jimmy Mullins and William Winfield in the gym, both dressed and waiting. Jimmy is glaring at William, who is holding a racket in his left hand, trying to get the feel of it. I go over to him and whisper, "Okay. Exception granted."

He looks at me sharply. "No strings to it?"

"Oh, she mentioned something about you releasing her from some promise she made if she asks you to."

"I was afraid of that!" he says. "I can't accept those terms. I'll have to play left-handed, after all."

"But Bill, old boy, you can't!" I moan. "You don't understand. That girl is too good at tap dancing, just as I am too good at tennis. She is going along with me on the Megelhoffer theory. She promises to give up tap dancing, because it is unimportant compared to her lifework, which is to be my wife. If she kept at it she might be tempted to go on the stage." He swings the racket awkwardly. "I wonder if I can serve left-handed?"

"Bill," I cry, "you can't do this to me!" He regards me calmly. "If I release her from her promise," he says, "she will be in the college show again this year. She will be busy rehearsing, and she will neglect her course in home economics. And with the salary I will get as instructor in psychology, it is important for her to know a great deal about home economics. Also, she will be the hit of the show and there will be some theatrical people there to tempt her with the idea of a career. Sorry, Conley."

A freshman now sticks his head in the door and yells at us. "Jessie says to hurry up. The old guy in the box is getting sore."

I grab William Winfield by the arm. "Think of dear old Thumber!" I whisper. He looks at me coldly. "On the contrary," he states, "think of dear old William Winfield Trot."

"Do you want us to lose that hundred grand?"

"Do you want me to lose my girl?" he



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gives me back. And he grabs two rackets and walks out.

Jimmy Mullins watches Winfield leave. He says, "Conceited young ass, isn't he?"

"Jimmy," I say to him hoarsely, "there's something you ought to know. He—he's going to play you with his left hand."

Jimmy's face turns pink. "Why, that arrogant, insolent—"

"He doesn't mean it that way!"

"He thinks he's so good he can beat me southpaw!"

"It isn't that! He's just not using his right hand any more."

Jimmy glares. "Trying to make a fool of me, is he? I'll show him! I'll play him left-handed!" And then Jimmy's gone, too, before I can stop him.

The window is open, and I can hear the applause that greets the two of them. Finally I hear the referee shout, "Mr. Trott serving," and I stagger out of the gym and find a spot behind the base line.

Well, I suppose a right-handed golfer could go southpaw and still look as though he'd seen a club before. But a right-handed tennis player going left-handed for the first time in his life is just about the most horrible sight you could see. And two is twice as horrible. It's as fast and exciting to watch as a game of basketball played with a penny rubber balloon that floats through the air in slow-motion.

William Winfield serves, and the ball hits the wood and sails off to the side,

whizzing past the old grad's ear about two inches to starboard.

But William's second serve is good. It pops over the net, and Jimmy Mullins hits it about a quarter of a mile over the fence. There is a stunned silence until the ball lands on the forty-yard line. Then the referee says, "Outside! Fifteen-love."

I take a look at the box and see Old Jessie mopping his forehead and the old grad leaning forward not saying a word.

It is self-torture, but I make myself stay. They get a little better, but not much. Once in a while they pop the ball back four or five times before they hit it over the fence or down on the ground. Once or twice they have to move faster than a walk. It is about as grueling a match as the eighth-grade girls' tournament. And all the time the old grad with the hundred grand in his pocket is glowering at William Winfield.

The crowd is over its surprise. They decide it is all a gag, so they set out to make it a good one. They yell, "Goody, goody!" and "Strike it severely!"

Finally it is five to four. William Winfield leading, and then six to four and set for William Winfield. Jimmy Mullins takes our hero's hand at the net and snarls at him and walks off the court.

In the box the old alumnus talks to Old Jessie a mile a minute. Old Jessie is looking at him with his eyes popping, and while I am wondering if I can get out of

town without being seen, Old Jessie pitches forward in a dead faint.

It is half an hour before we have him resting quietly in bed. The doctor puts me out and I go down to the office, where the old grad with the checkbook is waiting.

He is a wizened old fellow, crowding eighty, and he glares at me with sharp bright eyes. I know what Old Jessie means when he calls him a hard-boiled egg.

"Jessup's a fool!" he growls at me. "Fainting at his age!"

"Maybe you were a little too rough on him," I say.

"Rough?" he barks. "I was merely saying it was the first lawn-tennis contest I had seen in fifty years. Apparently, it is one sport that has survived in the leisurely manner. It has not been vulgarized by modern speed and ferocity. As I remember, I played a similar game in the late 'eighties. Only I wore a blue-and-white striped blazer and a straw hat, and we played on a lawn."

"You—you mean you liked that match?"

"Certainly I liked it!" he snaps. "I was intrigued. It brought me back. Evidently here at Thumber you carry on your sports in the fine old traditions. So I have decided to allow my gift to go entirely for athletics. I was explaining this to Jessup when he fainted. I can't understand—damn it, young man! What's the matter with you? Are you going to faint, too?"

"I think so, sir," I say weakly. And I do.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## Nine Times Around Is a Mile! (Continued from page 61)

embarrassment was the fact that he had sailed so soon after the death of his wife, and was having, undeniably, such a grand time. It didn't seem right, somehow; at least, he was afraid we would feel that way about it, never having heard Janet Lester rage to the rest of us.

"Only decent thing she ever did was to die," Janet declared.

It was funny how all the women hated this housewife none of them had ever seen. This was because all the women were so fond of the widower. There was surely nothing flirtatious about him, and I doubt that he ever deliberately tried to make a woman like him; but he had a shy warm smile, a low voice, a confidential, apologetic manner.

He appealed, I suppose, to the eternal mother in every woman. Certainly he sat with clusters of them, while young men in sleek Tuxedos sought company in vain.

He liked this. But then, he seemed to like everything on the ship. He was having a wonderful time. We used to kid him about Paris. If he thought this was hot stuff, we'd tell him, wait till he got to Paris! Hot dog!

We planned every hour of his ten days for him, in the worldly-wise manner of people who have been there before. It was a delightful pastime. He used to sit beaming, amazed to find himself the center of so much attention.

"It's a shame Em couldn't be here," he used to say now and then.

That always created an awkward moment. He used to say it as though he thought he ought to. There would be silence, and then someone would begin to prattle about Chan's night in Montmartre and suggestions would pour in, while he sat having the time of his life.

He didn't drink much, though people begged him to let them buy him cocktails.

Champagne was cheap, for this was a French ship, and he was astounded at the casual way people ordered it. He confessed that he'd only had champagne twice, two glasses, both times at weddings.

Rye and ginger ale was his drink.

He entered the deck tennis, deck quoits and shuffleboard competitions. He actually won second prize in shuffleboard, and we cheered mightily.

Second prize, incidentally, was two decks of bridge cards and a score pad. Several other prize winners offered to swap him for something he might find more useful, but he said nothing else would have exactly the same sentiment attached to it. The cards and the score pad contained the name of the line, and he said they would make wonderful souvenirs.

Twice a day, once early in the morning (we had only his word for this) and once in the middle of the afternoon, he would walk nine times around the promenade deck, that being a mile. He used to walk (in the afternoon, at least) briskly swinging his arms, calling hellos right and left.

We taught him to say "*bon jour*" and "*merci bien*." He worked hard at it, and he'd chuckle with delight when he said "*Merci bien*" to a steward and was answered with "*Il n'y a pas de quoi*."

"I'll be a frog yet," he used to say, lowering his voice so that no French person might hear him use the word "frog."

The arrival in Havre was turbulent and confusing, and for a little while we all lost track of one another. We assembled, one by one, at the American bar on the dock: there would be at least forty-five minutes before the boat train pulled out.

"I promised to help Chan get through the customs," Janet cried, "and now I've lost all track of him! He's coming here to the bar, isn't he?"

"Said he was."

"I think I ought to go out and look for him," Janet said.

She did so in a little while, and another girl did too. We loitered, watching. We were all a little worried, I think. France was such a bewildering place for a man who had never been more than a hundred miles from Hempstead, Long Island.

Harvey Lehman brought word of him

that was disconcerting. "Say, what do you suppose has happened to Chan anyway? I saw him go down the gangplank, and three men were waiting for him—two Frenchmen and one that looked like an American. The one that looked like an American showed him a paper, and the other two got around on either side of him, and they all walked off together. I yelled after Chan and reminded him to be sure to come to the bar here when he was through, but he didn't yell anything back, just turned and smiled a little and waved to me."

We were experienced. We had collected our bags and trunks and had them examined and placed in the correct train compartments. We had nothing to do now but wait for the less efficient passengers to clear. We were troubled about Chan.

Janet came back, reporting that she hadn't been able to find Chan anywhere. She had seen his bags, and had stayed with them until a porter carried them away, not to the customs counter, but to some room off on one side.

The other girl came back. She too had failed to find Chan. We were all worried.

Then the man came in. He was tall and thick, middle-aged, somewhat Teutonic in appearance, though from his clothes obviously an American. He ordered a beer.

"That's the one," Harvey Lehman whispered, "that I saw go up to Chan and show him the paper. Somebody ought to ask him what's happened."

I did so. The stranger turned, expressionless.

"Chandler Seaton? Friend of yours?"

"He certainly is. We were going to meet him here."

"That so? Know his wife?"

"His wife," I answered with some dignity, "is in her grave."

The man took a bulky warrant out of his pocket. "She was in her grave. They dug her up again and had an autopsy. Neighbors talking. And it was right, too. Enough arsenic in her to kill three people. Nice guy, your friend Chandler Seaton."

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## South America—Our New Business Horizon (Continued from page 30)

along the western side of South America ranks second only to our own country in copper production. The dry, dusty plateau of northern Chile contains ninety-five percent of all the world's supply of natural nitrate of soda, a product tremendously useful in revitalizing the depleted farm lands of Europe and Asia. It also provides high explosives for all countries engaged in the desperate race for rearmament.

The livestock industries of Brazil and Argentina enable those countries to compete with the United States for first place in the world meat markets. The largest packing plant in the world is located, not in Chicago, Omaha or Kansas City but along the flat banks of the Rio de la Plata, fifty miles from Buenos Aires. Three thousand cattle and five thousand sheep are driven into it daily. And this is only one plant that serves the prolific cattle and sheep estancias of the *pampa*.

Yankee capital already has developed and still operates many of these South American Golcondas. But it is the possibility of new industries and enterprises that now brightens the southern horizon.

Many of our most vital raw materials and food products are not produced within our own borders. We cannot grow coffee and chocolate, Rubber trees will not live here, nor will many hardwoods and vegetable-oil plants. We produce no hemp or sisal. We have practically no tin resources. Our supplies of iron and manganese are very limited.

Every one of these is found or can be produced next door in South America. Yet, with the exception of coffee and hardwoods, we buy nearly all of them from Asiatic countries, or from European nations which control their production and marketing, and might easily hold up or cut off the entire supply in case of war or economic crisis.

If we buy or encourage the production of all these nearer home and process them ourselves in our own plants, we not only assure ourselves of needed supplies, come what may, but we immediately make profits and create new possibilities for our own people. At the same time, we build bigger markets for our manufacturers among the growing populations of the South American countries.

The 1,500,000,000 pounds of coffee from Brazil and Colombia which we consume every year makes possible a \$300,000,000 industry whose tentacles reach into every city, village and home in the land. And there are Brazilian hardwoods: mahogany, bird's-eye maple and others—2,000 different species in all. One authority says Brazil possesses 5,000,000,000,000 board feet of hardwood! Nearly everyone has a hardwood table or chair in his home which originated in the Amazonian wilds. I know a manufacturer in Grand Rapids, Michigan, who specializes in hardwood tables. He buys mahogany logs from a firm in the heart of the Amazon jungle, transports them 2,500 miles down the great river, then up the Atlantic to the Saint Lawrence and through the lakes almost to the door of his factory.

Another Michigan manufacturer is demonstrating the possibility of producing rubber economically and commercially in Amazonian South America, the original home of the rubber tree. His \$12,000,000 plantation constitutes a challenge to the British and Dutch producers of the East Indies.

The enormous amount of iron ore in Brazil—an estimated 13,000,000,000 tons—should inspire Yankee ironmasters, because in close proximity to the iron deposits are almost limitless quantities of manganese, the ingredient necessary to

put the "starch" in steel. These manganese deposits right at our own door remain virtually untouched while we go out of our way to buy large quantities from Russia.

And that's not all. While we have remained relatively indifferent to the possibility of developing these treasures, European governments, particularly the totalitarian countries, have cast greedy eyes upon them. Germany and Italy have made herculean efforts to obtain concessions. Fortunately for us, the Brazilians have hesitated to entertain any of the overtures from Old World sources.

Now, thanks to the trade-and-credit arrangement just concluded between Brazil and the United States, the entire picture is changed. Possibility of Fascist or Nazi penetration of the largest, richest and most promising country in South America has been dimmed. In this new trade arrangement we agree to extend long-term credits for the sale of our goods in Brazil and to co-operate financially in the development of new enterprises. We also agree to furnish technicians and experts to direct the growing of noncompetitive agricultural products, such as rubber, quinine and fiber plants.

In return, Brazil agrees not only to favor our imports but to give American capital and businessmen the same advantages accorded her own citizens. The entire deal, which involves some \$120,000,000, is only the beginning of a new relationship between the United States and the Brazilian nation. In fact, this new understanding gives us a key to the continent with which we may forever lock the door in the faces of the designing dictators of Europe.

In other words, this new trade-and-credit arrangement is a convincing manifestation of our good-neighbor policy. It is not only a gateway to increased prosperity but a definite step toward preserving peace in the Western Hemisphere.

But it is the utilization or production of new raw materials which we do not have, or find it more convenient and economical to buy abroad, that offers the greatest opportunity to all classes of people in the United States. And other South American countries possess products just as necessary to our well-being and progress.

Take the lowly tin can, which has been called the symbol of Yankee civilization. In spite of our colossal canning industries, not only do we import practically all of our tin; we do not even refine the raw material at home. Bolivia contains over half the known world supply of tin ore. United States money controls it. Yet we buy our tin from England.

Not long ago, in the Bolivian capital of La Paz, 12,000 feet up the wind-swept Andes, I sat in the office of Señor Mauricio Hochschild, one of the tin kings of Bolivia. He spoke of the advantage to the United States of importing tin from the mines and refining it within its own borders.

"For the life of me, I can't understand you Yankees," he said. "You are the most industrious and resourceful people on earth; you have most of the money in the world. The people of your great cities virtually live out of tin cans. Millions of American capital is invested in our tin mines. Yet you are wholly dependent upon England for your refined product.

"Why not invest some of your buried gold in tin refineries?" he continued. "Build new plants, new industries, create hundreds of thousands of new jobs and new opportunities for your young chemists and engineers. It would put millions more dollars into circulation.

"Besides, by buying Bolivian tin direct, you would help to make good customers of the four million Bolivians. If they could

get more American dollars they would like to spend them for Massachusetts and St. Louis shoes, New England and Carolina cloth, Minnesota flour, Iowa lard, innumerable things which you possess and they do not. And incidentally, it would enable Bolivia eventually to pay off the twenty-odd million dollars' worth of defaulted bonds held by your schoolteachers, dentists and storekeepers."

Last year South America accounted for a large slice of our \$3,229,000,000 foreign trade. Argentina alone bought nearly \$250,000,000 worth of goods from us last year. Her 12,600,000 people have always preferred our bathtubs, toothbrushes, typewriters, automobiles, tractors and harvesting machinery, even our Oregon and Virginia apples. They still buy them, even if we don't buy much from them.

Of course, we can't buy Argentine grain and beef, because we have more than enough here at home. But we can and do paint our houses with linseed oil from the *pampa*. Argentina has a virtual monopoly on the world production of this product, which we call flaxseed.

In South and North Dakota we grow less than fifteen percent of what we need. Before the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill raised the duty on raw linseed to sixty-five cents a bushel, we bought tremendous quantities, refined it in our own plants along the eastern seaboard, in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware. Immediately after the tariff went into effect, these plants closed up. Thousands of people directly or indirectly connected with them were affected. In short, the sixty-five-cent tariff killed a home industry and curtailed a foreign market without, apparently, doing our own country much good.

Even with the tariff, we produce very little more flaxseed than we did before. The chief difference is that now, instead of importing the seed and doing our own refining, we are compelled to import linseed oil. And where do we get it? From Argentina? Oh, no! We buy our oil from Great Britain, which in turn has imported the raw material from the South American republic. For when the congressional tariff enthusiasts raised the tariff on flaxseed they forgot to raise the duties on the refined product. Which may be all right, except that Argentina derives no direct benefit from the fact that we still use her linseed oil in our paint.

However, Argentine citizens are still driving our automobiles, using our toothbrushes and toilet goods, typewriters and radios. But they are not getting them direct from us. They are buying them at home, from American-owned factories. That is to say, as we make it more and more difficult for Argentines to get dollars with which to buy products from us, we find ourselves compelled to establish factories in their country.

Today, a list of American branch factories in Buenos Aires reads like a roster of our home industries. This takes jobs away from our own workmen, and money out of the pockets of our own people.

If this practice should continue, South America would cease to offer much opportunity to the businessmen, investors and workers of the United States. But if we make mutually beneficial trade agreements, so that we can buy the raw material we need from our South American neighbors and have them buy our finished products, we can then keep our factories at home, increase domestic employment, patronize our own distributors, pay dividends to our own citizens and taxes to our own government. Then indeed the southern continent will become the gateway to a new prosperity.



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# Night Call

"I'm the doctor," said Hyslop. "If you'll step aside I'll have a look at the patient."

**I**T WAS a wet and dark December night. The wind howled down the narrow valley among the scattered houses of Levenford, driving the rain against the windowpanes and scouring the streets.

It had been a grueling day for Doctor Finlay Hyslop. When he finished his last round he came in, soaked to the skin, mentally fagged, tired as a beaten dog.

He flung himself into bed, bone-weary, praying that he would not be disturbed, and fell into a heavy sleep.

The faint whirring of a bell half awakened him. Still dazed with sleep, he took up the receiver of the telephone beside his bed.

A woman's voice spoke instantly, but from far away. "Come at once, doctor.

Come to Robert Glen's farm by Yarrow."

Finlay Hyslop groaned. Yarrow was a good five miles away, among the mountains. "I can't get up to Yarrow tonight."

"But you must come tonight, doctor."

"Who are you?"

"I am Robert Glen's wife. And my daughter is very bad."

"I'll come in the morning."

"Oh, no. For God's sake, doctor, you must come now!"

Finlay Hyslop could have sworn aloud, but the pitiful urgency of the voice persuaded him. He dropped the receiver, rose, tumbled into his damp clothes and picked up his bag.

Outside, the rain had ceased but the wind was bitterly cold. He harnessed the dogcart hurriedly . . .

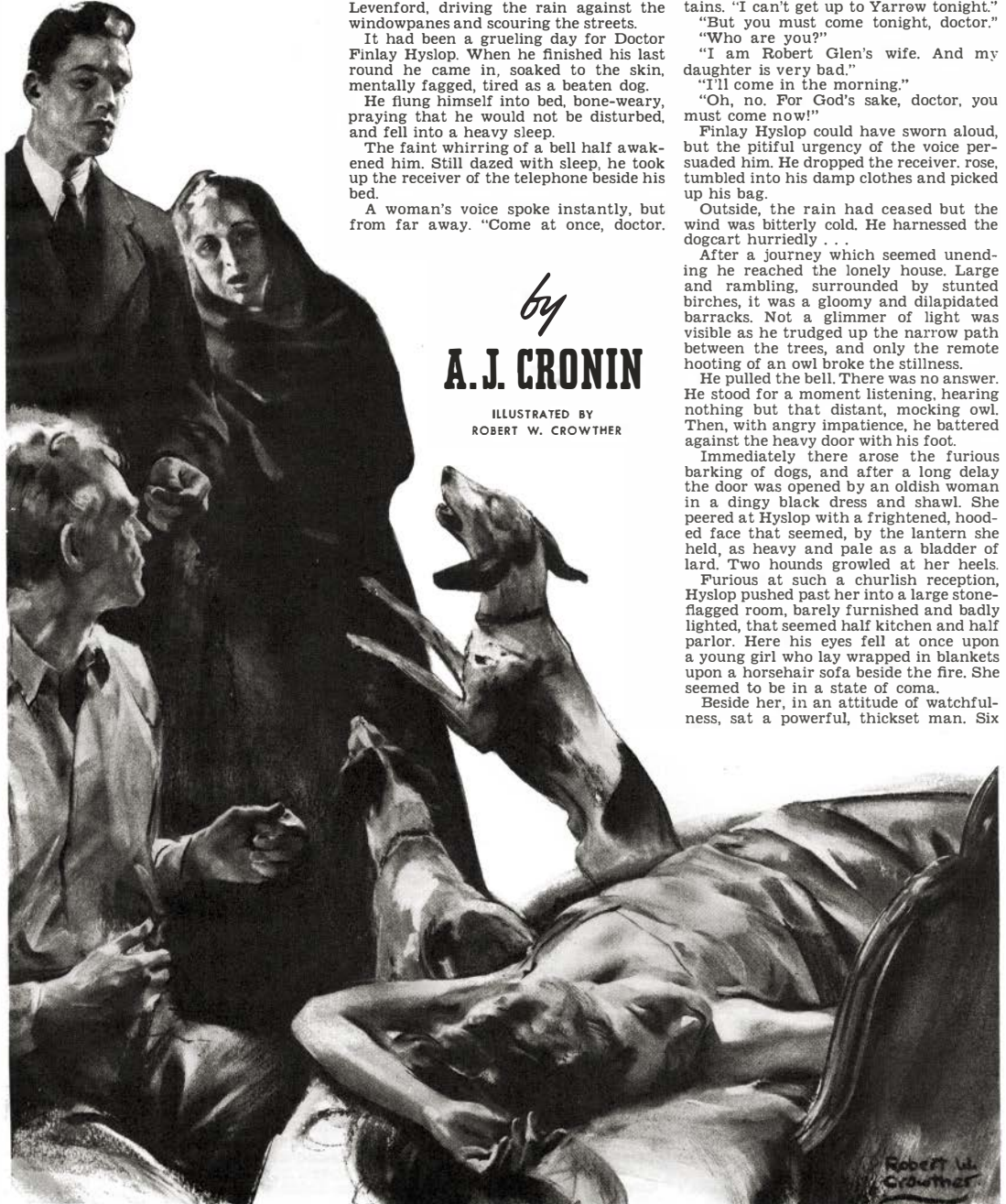
After a journey which seemed unending he reached the lonely house. Large and rambling, surrounded by stunted birches, it was a gloomy and dilapidated barracks. Not a glimmer of light was visible as he trudged up the narrow path between the trees, and only the remote hooting of an owl broke the stillness.

He pulled the bell. There was no answer. He stood for a moment listening, hearing nothing but that distant, mocking owl. Then, with angry impatience, he battered against the heavy door with his foot.

Immediately there arose the furious barking of dogs, and after a long delay the door was opened by an oldish woman in a dingy black dress and shawl. She peered at Hyslop with a frightened, hooded face that seemed, by the lantern she held, as heavy and pale as a bladder of lead. Two hounds growled at her heels.

Furious at such a churlish reception, Hyslop pushed past her into a large stone-flagged room, barely furnished and badly lighted, that seemed half kitchen and half parlor. Here his eyes fell at once upon a young girl who lay wrapped in blankets upon a horsehair sofa beside the fire. She seemed to be in a state of coma.

Beside her, in an attitude of watchfulness, sat a powerful, thickset man. Six



by  
**A. J. CRONIN**

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ROBERT W. CROWTHER

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feet six he must have stood when his massive frame was erect, and he had enormous shoulders like a bull's.

He was in his shirt sleeves, wore rough gray knickerbockers and no shoes, and his air of general disorder was made more uncouth by a tangled mane of iron-gray hair. He might have been fifty-five years of age. He was Robert Glen, without a doubt.

So intent was his scrutiny of the unconscious girl he did not hear Hyslop enter, but as the doctor heaved his bag upon the table the man swung round, his eyes burning in his dark face with such wildness that the doctor was taken aback.

"What do you want?" Glen demanded. "I'm the doctor," Hyslop answered. "If you'll step aside, I'll have a look at the patient. She looks pretty bad."

"Doctor!" The blood flooded Robert Glen's brow. "I won't have doctors here. Get out! D'ye hear me? Get out!"

Glen's manner was formidable, but a sense of indignation sustained the doctor. He thought of his weary drive through the wintry darkness, and he resented this boorish treatment at the end of it. He said hotly, "You're crazy to talk like that. That girl is gravely ill. In the name of heaven, let me try to help her."

"I don't trust doctors," Glen muttered. Hyslop glanced toward the woman who stood in mortal terror by the doorway, her hands clasped on her breast. He presumed that she had shot her bolt in summoning him against her lord and master's will. No further help could be expected there. Only one course seemed likely to succeed.

Hyslop moved to the table and picked up his bag. "Very well. If your daughter dies, you know who is responsible."

For a moment Robert Glen was silent, his eyes filled with the conflict between his hatred and his fear.

Hyslop's hand was almost on the door, when Glen cried, "Don't go! If she's bad like ye say, ye'd better look at her."

The doctor came back to the sofa, knelt down and examined the patient. She was about eighteen years old, and there was in her slender immaturity a strange, uncared-for beauty.

She moaned when Hyslop moved her gently. Her skin was burning to the touch. He was puzzled as to the cause of the infection until he saw the swelling behind her left ear—acute suppurative mastoiditis. Hyslop's heart sank.

When he had made quite sure, he turned to Glen. "This is desperately serious. You ought to have sent for me days ago."

"It's only inflammation," Glen muttered. "We've used goose grease and bran poultices. I'm fetching leeches tomorrow from the loch. She will be better then." "She will be dead then."

Robert Glen stood before Hyslop like a man paralyzed.

"Look here, Glen," The doctor spoke vehemently. "There's an abscess in this left mastoid bone. Unless it's drained, it will break through the skull into the brain. Unless we do something at once, your daughter has about six hours to live."

The other man reached out to the wall as if for support. "Is that the truth?"

"What earthly reason have I for lying?" Glen's jaw clenched. "Do it, then. She maun get better."

A thrill of apprehension shot through Hyslop. He had persuaded Glen to let him operate. What would happen if he failed?

He opened his bag, laid out instruments and dressings, prepared two basins of carbolic solution. Then, between them, the two men lifted the patient onto the bare wooden table. Hyslop placed the mask saturated with ether over her face.

Four minutes later he summoned all his courage and picked up a lancet from the

tray. The light, a flaring oil lamp held by Glen, was atrocious, the conditions unimagnably bad; the operation, even under the most favorable circumstances, was both delicate and dangerous.

Though in hospital Doctor Hyslop had done a fair amount of routine work, he knew himself as an indifferent surgeon. And now he realized that he had to make only one tiny slip, and he was through—fatally through into the lateral sinus of the brain.

All that he had seen the great Macewen do so skillfully, all that he had read in textbooks, evaded him in this moment of need. He worked by instinct, feeling his way blindly, conscious that the wild eyes of Robert Glen were upon him . . .

He was down to the bone now, the delicate bone of the skull. With a small gouge he cut into the antrum. The bone offered more resistance than he had expected. Was there no focus, after all? Had he made some fatal error of judgment?

A cold sweat broke over him. Slowly, but with increasing despair, he went deeper and deeper still. And then, when he felt he must surely pierce into the brain itself, he reached the seat of the trouble.

He carefully scraped the cavity, washed it with antiseptic, packed it with iodoform gauze. Five more minutes and the patient was back upon her improvised bed, breathing quietly and deeply, as if asleep.

For a full hour Hyslop did not leave her side. Twice he took her temperature. In that short space it fell a full point and a half. Her pulse was stronger, too. He was convinced that she would recover.

He got up at last and packed his bag, filled with that sense of achievement which comes on rare occasions to the long-suffering general practitioner. All this time he had neither glanced at Robert Glen nor spoken to him, but now he threw a look at him.

The man stood by the table where, during the past hour, he had remained immobile, watching Hyslop.

The doctor, noting that the sullenness was gone from Glen's dark face, said with grim triumph, "She'll do now."

The other man stammered, "Y—yes, indeed, she—she does look better."

Finlay Hyslop could see that Glen was swept by a terrible emotion—torn between gratitude and that rooted hatred and distrust of his fellowmen. The doctor's anger died and he felt a rush of pity. This man was so transparently affected by the prospect of his daughter's recovery.

To ease the situation, Hyslop nodded toward the woman of the house, who had slipped toward the bed to take the place he had vacated. "One thing you mustn't forget. We owe thanks to your wife for asking me to come."

Glen's somber eyes followed the doctor's in bewilderment. "I do not understand," he muttered. "That is Jeanie, our servant. She can't speak English—only Gaelic."

"But man alive!" Hyslop expostulated. "Don't you know that's how I got the call? She telephoned me to come here."

Robert Glen gazed at him wonderingly. "There is no telephone for miles."

One glance at Glen's eyes convinced the doctor that he spoke the truth. He faced Glen dizzily. He gasped, "Good God, man, don't you realize that your wife begged me to make this call? Telephone or no telephone, she spoke to me this very night. I asked her who she was and she told me plainly that she was your wife."

Towering above the doctor, Robert Glen raised his clenched fist passionately. Hyslop thought the man was about to fell him. Then, with a great effort, Glen mastered himself. He said hoarsely, "My wife died in this room five years ago."

Coming: A new doctor story, "The Third Ingredient," by A. J. Cronin

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## Double Date

(Continued from page 53)

from the rumble seat, "watch those bumps. I almost bit Angie's ear off that time."

Laughter. Strained, though. A little uncertain. Felicity knew without turning around that Angie and Dick were necking. And she thought, It's just the same as it always has been these past two years when we've gone out on double dates like this. Our hair will get rumpled and our lipstick will smudge, and later we'll stop at a street light before we go home so Roger and Dick can wipe the lipstick off their mouths.

It's all the same. It isn't any different. And yet she knew it was different. There was a tenseness underlying their gaiety. A feeling of something about to happen.

"Roger, this isn't the way to Domino's."  
"I know it. Let's not go there right away, Fliss. I don't feel like dancing tonight. Let's get off somewhere by ourselves where I can kiss you." He added briefly, "I wish Dick would drive his car once in a while and give me a chance. Lord, you're lovely tonight."

"Keep your eyes on the road. I won't look half so pretty after I've gone through the windshield." A pause. "Roger, let's not park anywhere tonight. I mean, we're all excited and restless and—and I mean, let's dance for a while, first."

Roger took one hand off the wheel, dropped it across her shoulders. "Listen, angel, I don't know about you, but every time I think of those six years ahead of us, I feel like running off with you and saying to hell with college and with being a lawyer. Maybe nobody's told you, but I'm crazy about you, Felicity."

"But I hate necking in a parked car, anyway. I feel like a fool every time some motorist turns his lights on us."

"There won't be any motorists on this road."

Apparently, he was right. The car bumped to a stop on a lonely dirt road off the main highway. Roger reached over and switched off the lights, turned off the ignition. Felicity sat back, the moon slanting across her face, with the soft yet firm mouth and thick-lashed gray eyes. She waited for Roger to say the things he always said under similar circumstances.

"Listen, sugar, don't sit 'way over there; you'll catch cold." Or maybe, "Move over, will you? How can I kiss you when I'm all tangled up with steering wheels and brakes and things?"

But tonight he said none of those things. Tonight he simply took her into his arms in a silence that was disturbing. And there was a new hardness to his mouth on hers.

"Felicity, Felicity, I love you so."

Her arms wound around his neck, stayed there. Her mouth curved. She said, "I think you're pretty nice yourself, mister."

He said abruptly, "Fliss, I've been doing a lot of thinking during the past week—about us, I mean. We can't go on like this for six years. It was different when we were just kids in high school. But I'm just beginning to realize that I was never in love before. Were you?"

She shook her head. There had been other boys whom she'd kissed, of course, but none of them had taken. Then she had met Roger Morgan with his dark eyes and crisp brown hair and gaily reckless mouth. They had met at a sophomore dance, and they had watched football games together on crisp autumn days and laughed in the sun on warm summer sands, and it was during those years that they had learned to like each other's kisses so well.

Their marriage, like Angie and Dick's marriage, was taken for granted by their families as well as by themselves. Both

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couples would be married as soon as they'd finished college, and the boys were established in some law firm.

Felicity said now, "We'd be fools, though, not to go to college. It would mess up our lives. We'd be sorry, later on."

"Would you, Fliss?"

"Yes, and so would you."

"The hell I would! Say, if we ran off and got married or—or anything—I'd love you *twice* as much."

"Roger, don't let's even talk about it."

"But we've got to talk about it, don't you see? You don't think we can go on like this for six years, do you? We haven't got anything to hold us together. How do we know we won't start kissing someone else and kidding ourselves into believing it's the real thing? Gosh, Fliss, if you love me as much as I love you—"

"I do. That's just it. But I don't want to get married while I'm in college. I want to be young for a while yet. I love you, I'm crazy about you, but if we try rushing into marriage, we'll just make a mess of everything."

Roger said discontentedly, "If you loved me at all— Gosh, I don't see how you can talk as though this wasn't the most important thing that's ever happened to us—ever will happen to us."

They were silent a moment. Felicity heard the sound of Dick's mouth on Angie's. She blushed miserably. Why did it seem so cheap, just because it was done on a road in a parked car instead of in a lighted living room?

"Listen—" Felicity began.

"Then Dick's voice broke in sharply. "Switch on your lights, Rog. Here comes a highway patrol car!"

The patrol car bore down on them. A policeman leaned out of the window.

"Hey, you kids, no parking on this road. Do your necking somewhere else or I'll run you in."

Fliss heard Roger mutter, "Damn!" She started to say that now they might as well drive on to Domino's, but Dick said:

"Wait a minute, Rog. The folks are away over the week end. What about going to my house? There's plenty to drink and some cold chicken in the refrigerator. We can switch on the radio and dance."

Angie said eagerly, "That's a swell idea."

Felicity hesitated. "I don't know."

Angie said, "Oh, for heaven's sake, Fliss!"

Felicity decided she was being silly about it, so she said, "All right, let's."

They hurtled back into town, passing Felicity's house on the way. Felicity thought, If Mother knew where we are going, or what Roger and I just said to each other, she'd worry herself sick every time I had a date with him—if she ever let me have another date!

Though her mother was just about tops. Take Angie's mother, now. Always lecturing and peering at Dick suspiciously every time he came to take Angie out. Making Angie wear kid clothes and not letting her use any makeup, when all the kids at school knew she used plenty and wiped it off before she went into the house.

Felicity could never remember a time her mother had warned or scolded her about drinking and petting. She just knew that now she was eighteen and there were some things she would do and some things she wouldn't do, even though she didn't know any particularly good reasons why she should or shouldn't.

"Pile out!" Roger cried. "The gay young things of Hartstown have arrived."

The maid had left a small light burning in the comfortable living room. Dick switched on the radio. Roger held out his arms and Felicity danced into them.

Angie threw her evening wrap across the sofa. She prouetted around the room.

"Listen," Dick said, "you shouldn't be

going to Vassar, darling; you should be going up to Dartmouth. Lord, could we use something like you at the proms!"

Roger said, "I always lose my heart to tall willowy girls, especially when they have red hair. Fliss, you're the first little girl I've ever gone nuts about."

"Thank you for nothing."

Angie cried, "Listen to them fight!" Dick switched off the light. "Let's dance by moonlight. It's more romantic."

Felicity said, "Dick!"

Roger said, "Fliss, please! What are you afraid of, for heaven's sake?"

She could have told him. She could have said bluntly, Of myself. Of you. Of all of us. Of feeling that we're all traveling too fast tonight, and if somebody doesn't find a detour sign pretty soon, we might do things we'll be sorry for later.

But instead she said, "Nothing. Only it doesn't look well if anyone should come in."

"No one's coming in." Roger dropped onto the sofa and pulled her down beside him. "Let's rest a minute." He put her head on his shoulder, touching her hair lightly with his lips. He said, "Dearest, if you knew how much I love you."

When she looked up, Angie and Dick were gone. She asked Roger where they were.

"Oh, in the kitchen, I guess." But he didn't meet her eyes when he said it.

She sat back on the sofa. She was quiet for a long while. Roger looked awkward, self-conscious. The radio seemed suddenly too loud. Felicity cut it off. There wasn't any sound then except the muffled sound of voices from some other room.

"Roger, take me home."

"Don't be sil. We can't run out on Angie and Dick like that. Sit down. I'll go out and mix us a drink."

"I don't want a drink."

"You don't want anything, do you? You don't even want *me*!" His voice sounded belligerent, bewildered, miserable. "Listen, don't you love me at all? Haven't you got anything *inside* of you? I love you. I want to go on seeing you. But what's the use kidding ourselves? I can't see you without wanting to kiss you, and I can't kiss you without feeling that it isn't enough to keep us together for six years. And if we're going to split up, we might as well do it now and not go on falling more in love and making each other miserable. Fliss, you do understand, don't you?"

His hands on her arms, his eyes looking anguished. She lowered her eyes, because there were things there she didn't want him to see. Happiness that he should love her so much; fright and incredulity that they had suddenly faced the fact that a love affair couldn't hang forever in a hiatus.

"Roger, six years aren't so long—they'll pass almost before you know it. And as soon as you finish college, we'll be married. I'll work while you're trying to build up a practice. But please don't ask me to take chances with our love and your career. Oh, I know I'm saying it badly, but please try to understand how I feel about it."

"I see what you mean, Fliss. But I don't see how getting married would upset anything. We could still go to college. Gosh, look at Angie and Dick—and *they're* going on to school. And six years—well, six years are six years."

He didn't know quite what he expected the next six years to be if Fliss agreed. He had some vague idea that he and Felicity would simply go on, always young, always happy, always in love.

But Felicity said, "If you had to drop out of college, you'd never get a degree studying at night."

"Fliss, listen." He shook her. He was angry and humiliated. "You let me kiss



you. You don't mind necking in a parked car."

"I don't prefer it."

"And yet you think that sort of thing can last us for six years. *Six years!*"

"I don't know what I think. I just know that I don't want to do anything more than we are doing because it's not smart and it's not right."

"All right, then; we'll stop seeing each other!"

His hands dropped away from her shoulders. He was ashamed of what he had just said, and yet he didn't see what else there was for them. This sort of thing was all right for a night, a few dates, a high-school love affair. But then a night came like tonight and you knew it was no use trying to make this do.

And Angie and Dick were nice people—the same backgrounds as Felicity and he. They loved each other; they knew their love was big enough to see them through.

Felicity picked up her evening wrap. She said, "I wish it didn't have to end like this. I do love you." Her voice broke and she couldn't go on.

Roger said swiftly, "Fliss, don't. Don't cry! I wouldn't have said any of this if I didn't honestly think it had to be said. But look, let's see how you feel about things after you've been in college awhile. Say, by Christmas vacation. Maybe you'll grow up, start to see things my way. You'll see that Angie and Dick are still the same people, and we'll both be home, and I won't get tied up with anyone else."

"And I couldn't!"

"Fliss, you do understand, though, don't you?"

"Yes, but take me home now."

She didn't want to be there when Angie and Dick came down the stairs. She wasn't shocked. After all, it *was* their life, and the day was long past when a girl wore a scarlet letter on her breast just because she loved someone an awful lot and six years seemed a long time to wait.

Roger said, "All right, I'll come back for Angie." And in the car, "I wonder if they'll get married before they go to college, or wait?"

Felicity wondered whether they'd get married at all. The tragedy of that sort of thing was that lots of times they didn't. The man proposed and then, afterward, changed his mind. And Angie, Fliss knew, was sincerely in love with Dick.

She supposed it was just a hangover from a lot of old-fashioned ideas, but just the same she couldn't help wondering how Angie would look, next time she saw her.

Apparently, Angie was just the same. They had other double dates, and if Angie seemed a little too flip and brittle in the things she said, that was the only change. Once on a picnic, Angie suddenly flared up and Fliss kissed some other girl, and Fliss realized it was the first time she had ever seen Angie jealous of him.

She seemed terrified of losing him. She clung to him, and Fliss heard her ask him over and over again, "Dick, you do love me, don't you, just as much as you always did? I mean, you won't get tired of me?"

"Darling! Of course I won't. You don't think for a minute that anyone else—gosh, Angie, I'm in love with you!"

Roger was triumphant. "See," he said, "all that stuff about a man not loving a girl afterward is the bunk. We're not too young to be in love; we're not too young to get married."

Felicity was silent. Maybe he was right and maybe he wasn't. She didn't know. But she noticed that Angie never seemed to lose that tense, rather frightened air.

So Fliss wasn't really surprised when Angie and Dick got married. Angie hadn't wanted Dick to go to college without marrying her, for fear he would have

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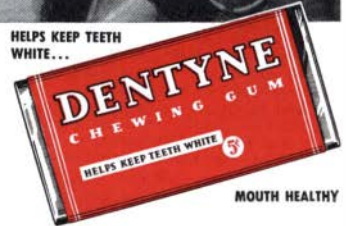


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changed his mind by the time he came back.

They were married on a roaring, boisterous Fourth of July, but the wedding was a quiet one at a tiny church just outside of town. The wedding guests numbered six—the parents of the bride and groom, and Felicity and Roger. There was no veil, and somehow nobody remembered to bring rice. The bride wore a blue silk dress, and Dick wore the white flannels and blue coat he had worn graduation night.

Angie said it was the only way to have a wedding, nice and informal. Who wanted a veil and an organ these days?

Angie's mother cried. Dick's mother stood by, silent, and Fliss wondered if she was the only one who could see the heart-break in Mrs. Dorian's quiet eyes. Mr. Dorian owned a tiny haberdashery shop on Main Street, and barely met expenses. He used to talk a lot, though, about sending Dick through college. "He isn't going to own a haberdashery shop like his old man. He's going to be something."

**T**ODAY MR. DORIAN was very quiet. Once, after the ceremony, Dick said, "Cheer up, Pop. This isn't the end of the world. Angie and I are still going on to college, you know. Gosh, lots of kids get married and still go to college."

Mr. Dorian smiled. "Sure, Dick. I know." Later, in the locker room of the country club, where the wedding party went after the marriage, Angie was triumphant. She pulled the white kid glove off her left hand and her eyes met Felicity's. "See," they said, "he married me. None of you thought he would, but he did, and now I've got him and I'm not going to lose him, and can you be as sure of Roger?"

But it was Felicity's mother who voiced what Fliss was feeling. "I'm glad it wasn't you, Fliss," she said that evening. And on Fliss's swift, "Were you, Mother? Why?" she added, "I don't know. It's just that they're both so terribly young—and marriage requires so much patience and tolerance, especially when you start out before you're really ready for it."

"But they're so much in love."

"I know, and maybe their marriage will be a happy one. I hope so. Certainly no substitute for marriage is ever very happy. It so seldom lasts, and it leaves such terrible scars when it doesn't last."

And by that Felicity realized that her mother had known. Probably a lot of people had known, had talked about Angie and Dick. Oh, that wasn't the way love should be!

And the marriage was not a very real one to their crowd. Angie and Dick continued to live at home, and no one took it very seriously. Like Felicity, everyone thought that in September, when Angie and Dick went off to college, the marriage would sort of disappear.

And then, the night before they were all to leave for college, Dick said suddenly, "I've decided not to go to Dartmouth, after all, Rog. You see, Angie doesn't want to go on living at home, now she's married. Her mother makes it pretty unpleasant for her, I guess. And we thought with the money we were to use for college we could get a start in life. I mean, furniture, a car—things like that."

"But gosh, Dick, you've always wanted to be a lawyer."

"Oh, don't think I've given that up. I'm going to Columbia, evenings. It'll take a year or two longer, but what of it? We're young; we've got lots of time. And we're so happy it's worth it, isn't it, Angie?"

They were sitting at a table in Domino's. Angie smiled deeply into Dick's eyes. She said, "I wouldn't change it for the world."

Later, Felicity said, "Isn't it a shame?"

"Oh, I don't know. A lot of this stuff

about the value of a college education is the bunk. He can get just as good an education at night. Columbia's a fine school. Dick's lucky, all right, having a girl love him the way Angie loves him." (If you were a little more like that.)

Roger's voice was cool, as it had been all summer. They hadn't kissed again, except briefly saying good night. Felicity saw that Roger intended to keep it like that until she made up her mind.

Right after that, she went to Vassar and Roger went to Dartmouth. He ran down for a week end. She introduced him to some of her classmates. He danced with them; he kissed one of them.

Fliss said angrily, "You certainly like variety, don't you?"

"No," he returned gravely. "I hate it. But if I'm going to have to do without you, I might as well get used to it."

And the Christmas vacation came much too quickly. It bore down on her, taking her unawares, leaving her feeling bewildered, wondering whether she would be able to stick to what she believed was right when she saw Roger again.

She had been home three days, and Roger was driving her back from a skating party, when he suddenly said, "Fliss, you've had plenty of time to make up your mind. Do you love me or don't you?"

"That isn't the question. It never has been the question. My answer to the real question is still no. I won't get married while we're still in school, and I won't accept any cheap substitute for marriage."

"But look how swell it's worked out for Angie and Dick!"

"We haven't seen them since we've been home."

"But we've both talked to them over the telephone."

Which was so, though Fliss thought it strange that they hadn't been at any of the many parties given for the young people this year. But Dick had said Angie had a cold and Angie had said Dick was tired, what with the store and school at night. "But we're terribly, terribly happy," Angie had insisted.

Felicity said now, "How do you know Angie and Dick are so happy? They certainly haven't gone out much."

"What are a lot of silly parties compared to what they've got?"

"Roger, I'm sorry. I've thought it all over, again and again. And—well, you'd better take me home. You won't see it my way, and I certainly won't see it yours."

"You would, though, if you loved me half as much as you say you do. Good Lord, I die when I have to go away from you for months. But you don't give a damn!"

"Then you'd better find somebody else who does!"

She hadn't meant to say that. If she hadn't been so hurt, so miserable, because she was actually losing him, after all, when all these months she had assured herself that it couldn't happen.

"All right, I will! I'm certainly not going to go on breaking my heart over you. I'm young. I want to live now, while we can enjoy it."

"I'm sorry, Roger."

"So am I." She saw that he was also furiously angry with her. "I said I'd take you to the dance at the club tomorrow night, and it's too late for either of us to get another date, so we might as well go together. But that's the last date we're going to have together. Angie and Dick promised to be there, and maybe," he said with icy sarcasm, "when you see them you'll get some idea of what I mean when I say love, though I doubt it."

Ribbons of blue electric light, the strains of a tango floating out on the frosty night air, gaw laughter of boys and girls, all

home for the Christmas vacation. Felicity was quiet, walking into the club beside Roger.

She thought, This is our last date. I must remember all of it. And whom will he be dancing with next year—and kissing; and will he ever think of me at all?

Next year she would be saying, "Oh, sure, I know Roger Morgan. I was in love with him once."

They checked their wraps, and as they turned away Roger said, "Dance with anyone you want, Fliss. Don't worry about me. I guess I've taken up too much of your life already."

And that was that.

The bar was crowded and noisy. Angie and Dick were sitting at one end, having old-fashioned.

Felicity's first thought was that Angie had put on weight. She wasn't fat, but the feeling of youth and breeziness was gone. She seemed older, a little settled. And Dick's face had aged, too.

Dick saw them and yelled, "Hel-Lo! Say, it's good to see you two again, isn't it, Angie?"

Angie's smile was slow. "Yes, indeed." And to Felicity, "You're looking well. And that's a new evening dress you're wearing, isn't it? I was going to get a new one, but I thought, What's the use? It's just the usual annual brawl!"

"I suppose all this crowd seems pretty silly to you folks now," Roger offered.

"Childish," Angie said, linking her arm through Dick's. "Positively childish." She said, "We're so happy—I mean, even happier than we'd hoped to be, aren't we?"

Dick's hand patted hers. His eyes looked down at her adoringly. "Say, you bet!"

And Roger's eyes found Felicity's and said, "See, I told you so! You were wrong, and I was right. It would have worked for us, too, if you'd loved me enough."

Felicity suggested going in to dinner, and Roger put in quickly, "The dinner's on me, folks. A wedding present."

Dick started to protest but Angie cut him short. "Thanks, Rog. That's swell of you."

They sat around the bar and talked for a while.

Roger asked, "How's the night school going? Tough sledding?"

Dick didn't look up as he answered. "Yeah, sure. Pretty hard."

**A**NGIE PICKED up her purse abruptly—the same purse she'd carried on commencement night. "Let's go in to dinner. I'm starved. Besides, I want to look over the stags. As long as I'm here, I'm going to have myself some fun."

Most of the crowd they had graduated with were milling around in the ballroom, greeting one another, talking about college. Everyone hailed Felicity and Roger.

"How's Vassar managing to survive without its best-looking undergrad, Fliss?" And for Roger's benefit, Tony Arnold, who was a sophomore at Dartmouth, began to carol loudly, "Where, oh, where are the pea-green freshmen?"

Angie and Dick stood to one side, and it seemed to Felicity that their smiles were mechanical. People tried to think of things to ask them. "Hi, Dick, how's the store going?" And, "How do you like being a married woman, Angie?"

At a little after nine the dancing began. Roger danced with Angie and Dick cut in, and Roger was back with Felicity. Angie was smiling gaily over Dick's shoulder at the group of young men who formed the stag line. Felicity heard her say, "I hope you won't mind sitting out a lot of dances, Dick. But maybe you can find some unattached females."

Archie MacLean, whom Felicity disliked, cut in, looking as shiny-haired and



# We're not going to talk so much about SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA *this year!*

*There's a World's Fair right next door*

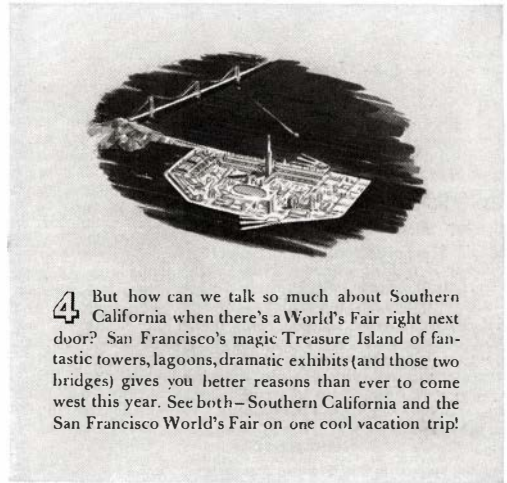


**1** Too bad. Here we had our typewriter overhauled this year to tell you all about Southern California...about the cool summer nights and rainless days, the fun you could have sun-tanning on white beaches, diving into cool ocean combers, dining at palm-bowered boulevard restaurants, sailing to nearby pleasure-isles...

**2** We had at least a dozen nifty adjectives on hand to picture the crisp air, the pines, the trails of our high mountain country... to describe the thrill of hearing a great symphony under the stars, of visiting Old Missions, mammoth big trees, foreign settlements, oil fields, sunken gardens, orange groves...



**3** We even intended to tell you about the life and the vigor of this place... things happening! Men creating movies, fashions, new architecture, new ways of living, and just...news! Coast-to-coast broadcasts. Sneak previews. New swing bands. Hilltop supper clubs where authors, wits, columnists, people-on-the-way-up and people-already-up are sitting at the next table...



**4** But how can we talk so much about Southern California when there's a World's Fair right next door? San Francisco's magic Treasure Island of fantastic towers, lagoons, dramatic exhibits (and those two bridges) gives you better reasons than ever to come west this year. See both—Southern California and the San Francisco World's Fair on one cool vacation trip!

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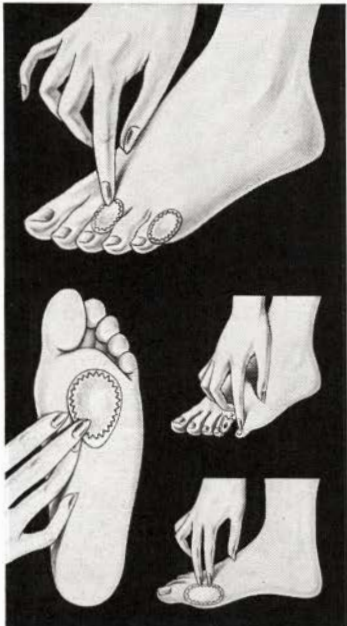
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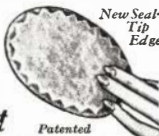
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pastly-faced as ever. Felicity was abruptly picked up by Shorty Morley and whisked away from Archie.

Dick and Angie danced together. The big round clock said eleven. Felicity could tell from Archie's expression that she was somehow blaming Dick because none of the stags cut in on her.

But Felicity had heard one boy say to another, "Say, who's the gorgeous-looking number with the red hair?" And the other boy had said in disgust, "Aw, don't bother with her—she's married!"

Each time Felicity came back to the table, Angie had another drink. Dick said, "Look, honey, that's your fourth Scotch and soda."

"Bury your blacksnake whip, will you?" Angie returned. "You don't own me!"

"All right. I just don't want to see you get tight and make a fool of yourself."

It was eleven-thirty and the floor was almost clear, when Archie MacLean, more than a little drunk, came to their table.

"Hello, Toots," he said to Angie. "The night is young, the music's hot, I feel a shag coming on, and that number sounds like good shag to me. How about it?"

Dick said, "No, thanks, Arch."

"I wasn't asking you."

Angie stood up. "Love to, Arch."

Everyone watched them. They began to dance rather wildly. Archie flung Angie around so that her skirt twirled up to her knees. There were titters among the boys seated at other tables. They didn't think much of married women who carried on like that, and everyone knew what Archie MacLean was out for.

Floss thought, I'd be like that, maybe, if I'd listened to Rog last summer. If he'd only see . . .

The shag slid easily into St. Louis Blues. Archie danced Angie back toward the shadowy foyer that led to the pool.

Dick was sitting very still, trying to watch them through the little spaces the dancers left as they moved about. And then he saw her, and Felicity saw her, and so did everyone else.

They had stopped dancing and Angie was pressed back against the wall and Archie's mouth was on hers.

Dick got up and pushed through the dancers. Nobody heard what he said, but they saw Archie shrug and walk away. Then the music stopped just in time for everyone to hear Dick say tightly, "Come on, Angie, let's go home."

Angie pulled out of his grasp. Her voice was shaking with fury. "I don't want to go home. We're always going home. We never go any place; we never see anyone. I'm having fun. Let me alone!"

"You're making a fool of yourself."

"I don't care! Just because I'm married, everyone thinks I'm old. I'm not old. I don't want to be old." Her voice rose shrilly. "I want to go places and do things and be the way I used to be. Why can't I?"

"I can't help it, Angie. I'm doing the best I can."

"But why didn't you tell me it was going to be like this?"

"How did I know? Do you think it's been fun for me? I even had to give up school, and I wanted to be a lawyer!"

"You're blaming me."

"I'm not blaming anybody, but for God's sake, shut up!" Dick grabbed her, shook her. Angie turned her head and bit his hand. He slapped her.

Felicity said, "Roger, get them out of here. Archie's drunk and Dick's upset."

Roger went over to Dick and steered him determinedly out of the room. Felicity slid her hand through Angie's arm, and Angie followed silently.

Outside, the cold air felt good against their flushed cheeks. Angie, sitting beside Felicity in the rumble seat, said finally, "I'm sorry about what happened. I was

upset. I'm not feeling well. I'm going to have a child next summer."

"Angie!"

Angie's head went up. "Oh, I'm not sorry—I mean, I'm not saying it wouldn't have been better two or three years from now, but I'm glad about it just the same."

Felicity said, "Of course."

But it wasn't of course. It was incredible. They were the same age. It wasn't right to be burdened with children and house-keeping and things like that when you were only eighteen. Felicity wondered how Roger would feel about things now.

In the front seat Dick said empty, "I'll never forgive myself for talking to Angie like that—slapping her. I guess I had too much to drink." He stopped, began again. "Listen, Rog, for God's sake, don't get hooked like I was. I was lying when I said I was still going to night school. I had to give it up so I could work later at the store and make a few extra sales so we'd have enough to get along on, with the baby coming and all. Besides, do you know how long it would have taken me to finish? Ten years! I'll probably have two or three children by then."

"Dick, I'm sorry as hell."

"So am I. But don't get me wrong. I love Angie. I'm crazy about her. It's just that if we'd waited—" He broke off. "Here's the house, Rog."

It was a bleak little house, with a lawn that needed weeding and white paint that hadn't been white in some time. Angie asked whether they'd come in, and Felicity said no. They stood for a minute on the porch while Dick opened the door, and Felicity had a glimpse of the living room.

She thought, This is marriage when you aren't ready for it. Angie sitting in that barren room evenings, seeing cars full of young people pass by her door, hearing their laughter and rising to go to bed abruptly because if she didn't she'd cry and Dick had enough to worry about.

And Dick would read the papers, too exhausted to talk much, staring longingly every time he read about an exciting trial.

The years would pass and Angie would flirt, trying to recapture a youth she had relinquished too soon. Dick would have a son, and he would plan for his future. "Listen, you're not going to own a haberdashery shop like your old man. You're going to be something!" The something your old man once dreamed of being.

They all shook hands. They said they'd see each other soon, but they knew they were lying. This was their last double date, because they no longer had anything in common.

Felicity and Roger turned back to the car. They drove for a long time down back roads outside of town. And when at last the silence was broken, it was by Roger.

He said, "Anything I say now is going to sound pretty silly, Floss, but I didn't know. I thought marriage was the way Dick and Angie were last summer. I didn't know your whole life changed like that."

"It isn't marriage, Rog," Felicity recalled what her mother had said last summer. "It's trying to live all your life at once, instead of being young while you're young. I mean, it would have been worse for both of them if they hadn't married."

"And a lot better for both of them if they had waited. I guess six years aren't such a long time, when you come to think of it. I mean, I'll see you a lot. You'll come up to the Carnival and football games and the proms. And we'll see other people, too, so we'll never be like Angie—always afraid we've missed something."

"But you'll always be the one I love, Roger. You'll know that, won't you? You won't doubt me again?"

"Listen, when I think what a fool I made of myself—and almost losing you!"



"Don't think about it. Kiss me instead."  
 "Say, that's the first time you ever asked me!"

"Well, one of us had to be smart."  
 "Women!" Roger remarked, with a dawning of wisdom.

Later, driving back toward town, he said, "Gee, it's good to be going back to school next week. And you will come up for Carnival, won't you?"

"Come up?" she said. "Why, I'll be queen of it!"

They laughed then, though their laughter was still a little shaky. But the moonlight slanting across their faces found them still young and unafraid and untouched by anything but fun and love and the excitement of what tomorrow might hold for them.

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## Marriage—for Keeps

(Continued from page 65)

as are most of the ceremonies I've seen in New York, nearly all of them have had a suggestion of lastingness.

I remember a little Korean bridegroom giving his little black-haired bride a live goose, symbol designed to show the importance of cleaving to each other for the rest of their lives.

In the narrow streets of Chinatown I've been lucky enough once or twice to see the red silk bridal dress of a Chinese bride which stands for both happiness and permanence. A miniature flowering plum tree and a tiny pine that will always stay green express the idea of constancy and fruitfulness to the occasional Japanese bride in New York.

In ramshackle old high-ceilinged houses over on the East Side, gypsies who winter there and sleep nights in rows on pallets of straw, belie their carefree reputation in a marriage ceremony which embodies the heartfelt hope that it will go on as long as both live. Sitting on the floor the gypsy bride and groom eat bread and salt, for tradition says that they will love each other until bread and salt part company.

I wish I could tell here what happened to Miss Lizzie and Mr. John, whose marriage was such a solemn occasion for me that June Sunday years ago. I can't, because I lost touch with them. I've never followed up, either, the ceremonial weddings I've seen in Chinatown or among gypsy tribes, but luckily it's not necessary to go to country districts or quaint foreign quarters to find plenty of marriages that have stood the test.

Right out in stylish Westchester County, New York, I know six couples, each pair married for more than forty years.

All of them have gone through prosperity and depression, births, weddings, deaths, illnesses and the inevitable disappointments of children who haven't always lived up to expectations. The six men were hard hit financially during the past ten years but not one has threatened to end it all by jumping out of a window, and most of them are getting back on their feet.

I wish every 1939 June bride could have seen one of those couples a while ago when a lawyer came in to tell the man that a property he had hung on to had been foreclosed. In holding it, he had gone against his wife's advice. Many misfortunes had gone before, but did the wife say bitterly, "I told you so"? She did not! She didn't say a word, but as the lawyer delivered his ultimatum she put her hand on her husband's knee. There they were—the two of them looking monumental, somehow, like carved figures on a medieval cathedral tombstone, two whom even death cannot part.

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## Hollywood Dynasty (Continued from page 57)

ex-wife, and don't you ever forget it."

"He's important, too, Cory."

"An actor?"

"No."

"Director?"

"No."

After Cory had gone Judith sat thinking about the important man she had manufactured. If she told Cory that she could see the writing upon the wall and that someday he would come to her begging for his freedom, he would swear that that day would never come. She would weaken and believe him, and then the day would come just the same, finding her defenseless.

This way it was easier. Another man—an important man.

**C**ORY GALVIN told his studio that his wife was divorcing him. They didn't like it. Mr. Arvin believed in the sanctity of the home. The studio lawyer hoped for the sake of Mr. Arvin's investment that there wasn't to be a scandal.

"Hell, no," Cory said. "I haven't done a damn thing."

"Good! You part friends. That's fine."

"Fine, my eye. She's in love with another man."

This alarmed the studio. Was the other man younger, handsomer than Cory? If he was, that was bad. That might be the signal for ten million people to regard Cory Galvin as a back number.

"I don't know what he looks like," Cory said gloomily. "She won't tell me anything. Maybe she'll tell you."

"Perhaps it would be better business if we let the papers announce your intention of marrying someone before Judith announces hers. You see, that way your fans won't think you got the air."

"What do I care what they think?"

"Well, we care. Mr. Arvin cares. You're a valuable piece of property, Cory. We can't let people think your wife doesn't want you. Your stock might go down plenty if girls get the idea you're no good. Isn't there someone you'd like to marry? One of our stars preferably, of course."

"Oh, go to hell!"

"You might not really marry her. Your intentions could be announced. That would be just as good for the time being. How about Delora?"

Cory got up and walked out of the office. He went to a speakeasy and stayed till it closed. Then he went to another. It was in the third one at a quarter of four in the morning that he ran into Delora.

Cory took her home, and in the pale light that was breaking slowly over the hills tops the studio's idea didn't seem so bad. Good old understanding Delora.

The studio released the news in a dignified manner. Through the medium of gossip columns they let the public know that Cory and Delora had been very noble about the whole thing. They loved each other devotedly, these two great Arvin stars, but only Mrs. Galvin's gallant offer to divorce Cory had made it possible for these two fine people to confess their love for each other. They would be married when Cory's decree was final, and they would also be starred together for the first time in a picture.

Judith read the announcement in the paper. So Claire Jarvis had been right—Cory and Delora. Judith congratulated herself on her timing. Cory wanted Delora, and soon he would have asked for his freedom. She had been smart. She had staved off forever the moment when he would have had to tell her that he didn't want her any more. She had been very smart indeed, but oh, dear God, don't

let Delora ruin his life. Let her love him enough to watch over him just a little.

She said to Cory, "I hope you're going to be very happy."

And he said to her, "I hope you are, too." But he didn't really hope so. He hoped she'd come crawling to him someday, begging to be taken back. How had she been able to do this to him? He wanted to hate her for her selfishness. She was hurting him, and only hatred could soothe the pain he felt.

But he couldn't hate her, although he tried. Strangely enough, he wanted her now more than he had in years.

There was genuine torment in picturing Judith in the arms of another man. After a while it grew easier but at first it took every ounce of courage he had not to break down and cry like a baby.

Delora knew. She always knew things like that. "You don't want me, do you, Cory? You want Judith. Well, look here, boy, go get her. Don't be a fool."

"I do want you, Delora. Why, for years—even when I had Judith—"

"But that was different. She was there. You still want her, so go tell her so."

"She doesn't want me, Delora."

Delora laughed. "If this isn't a setup for you! You want her but you'll take me, and I'm just fool enough to say okay."

He managed to laugh, too, and he clung to her because she understood and because a man had to have someone to cling to.

He could not see himself living with Delora in a house that he had shared with Judith. Judith could have the house. He was surprised when the lawyer said she didn't want it. It would have to be put up for sale, he supposed.

He thought of Corinne's little five-room apartment and felt very sad. He hoped Judith's new husband would be fond of the child. After all, Corinne would be spending most of her time with Judith and that man, whoever he was.

"I think I know," Delora said, "who the guy is who wrecked your happy home and left you with nothing but me."

"Who?"

"Remember the playwright, Oaken Olsen or something, who came to your house one night? I think it's him. He came to town directly after the divorce news broke. He'd be Judith's type, too."

"Would he be?"

A sickening jealousy stirred within Cory. He remembered the man. Judith's type. A man who was quiet and dignified and learned. Her husband had been none of these things. She hadn't wanted him. She had wanted something better.

"Let's get drunk," he said to Delora. "But really drunk."

A bagful of mail for Judith arrived from fans all over the world. Women and girls from New York, Madagascar and Siam were so sorry they just had to write and extend their sympathy. How dreadful for her to be losing Cory Galvin. Some of them said they would commit suicide if they had lost him. Others, more philosophical, reminded her that at least she had had him.

Some of the letters were curiously knowing, and Judith realized that many of Cory's fans, even though they loved him, still were able to understand something of what he was really like.

Before Judith had finished reading all the letters Oo was there, appearing without notifying her that he was even in town. He was very sweet. He didn't say that she was well rid of Cory Galvin, nor that he had expected it would happen. He merely offered luncheon or dinner or his

company at her fireside, or his absence. He left it to her, and she let him stay for an hour or two while he spoke of China, of Broadway, of Claire Jarvis.

They never mentioned Cory, nor did Oo bother to explain why he was in Hollywood. Judith knew, and he knew that she did. He was a middle-aged man who could write great plays because he sat on the side lines and watched what went on.

He was supposed to be a great thinker, a level-headed, hard-working craftsman with no nonsense about him, yet he had come three thousand miles to see a woman he had known for a few hours. Like a romantic boy, he had come to sit beside her and to hope that when she took the tear-drenched handkerchief from her eyes she would see him.

Upstairs in the five-room apartment Miss Kelwyn began spreading propaganda. "Later, darling, you will meet Mr. Oakes. He is having tea with your mother. Such a charming man. He writes wonderful plays. I saw one once in New York. It got a prize because it was so excellent, and he is just as nice as his plays."

"Will Mother marry Mr. Oakes?"

This was going too fast for Miss Kelwyn. Children nowadays—or perhaps it was just Hollywood children—had no proper conception of how delicately these matters should be approached.

"Corinne! Really!"

"I just wondered. I'm glad he's nice, and that he's important."

"Why does it matter that he's important?" asked Miss Kelwyn.

"Because Daddy is marrying Delora Leslie and if Mama marries a great writer, that makes me two sets of important parents, and I'm going to be a big movie actress myself so it'll be nice for us all to be important, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes, dear. Very nice."

Miss Kelwyn wondered as she looked at Corinne where the material was gathered for those books about children whose hearts broke when their parents were divorced. Corinne was excited and interested in the proceedings.

"Sometimes I'll visit Daddy and his wife, and sometimes I'll visit Mama and her husband, and it'll be fun, won't it?"

Miss Kelwyn thought it might be, at that. If there were to be no scenes in which Corinne clung to her father weeping, then it might indeed be fun.

**A**ND WHEN I'm a big star I'll act with Daddy, and the man downstairs will write plays for us and maybe Daddy's wife will be in them, too."

Miss Kelwyn wondered. Would Mr. Galvin actually marry Delora Leslie? And if so, why? If gossip was so, and a certain percentage of it always was, then there'd be trouble about the child visiting with her father. Mrs. Galvin the first certainly wouldn't tolerate that Leslie woman's putting ideas into Corinne's head.

Still, maybe the marriage wouldn't come off at all. Hollywood, Miss Kelwyn reflected, was a place where no one could guess what would happen next.

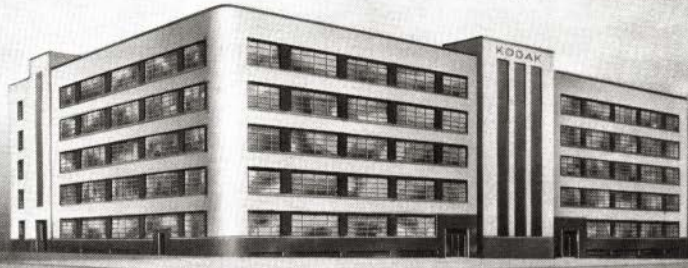
Cory Galvin knew nothing of time's miraculous healing powers. He only knew that his mind turned less frequently toward Judith, and that finally he could think of her without pain.

She was his first wife, his child's mother. Almost every man Cory knew in Hollywood had such a woman in his life. Judith was a fine person, none better, but it just hadn't worked out. That was all.

It seemed to him at times that he'd always been married to Delora, always



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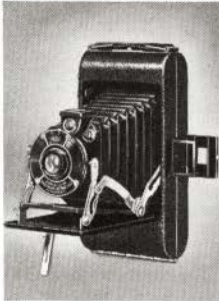
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lived with her in the apartment. Sometimes he thought about building a house but Delora preferred the apartment.

It had only five rooms and a roof garden. There were bright parasols and swinging couches on the roof, so Delora said it was really an extra sitting room, but they never sat there, and of course it had no closets or shelves so Cory did not see its use. There was not enough space in the apartment for her belongings and his, too, so nothing had a permanent location.

The servant situation was a constant source of excitement. Delora had two servants who had been with her for years. They called her Miss Dee, fought constantly with each other and were rarely on hand if anything needed to be done. They did not keep the apartment clean, they could not cook, and Cory did not trust the man's driving. He hired a chauffeur and a cook, and Delora's servants, since she could not possibly discharge such a loyal couple, stayed on, collected their wages and were very angry at having to be bothered with Cory.

Within a week Cory's servants proved just as inefficient as Delora's. A new couple every month became the regular routine, and Delora's servants just stood by watching and being loyal to Miss Dee.

Not that it really mattered. Cory and Delora were rarely home, and they entertained very little. There was no room for entertaining in the apartment.

When they were both "between pictures" at the same time they went away. The mountains or the desert if it were a short vacation; New York if it were long. They would go alone to New York because there was plenty to do for excitement, but they always took rafts of people with them to the California resorts. What was the fun of going if you didn't take a gang?

They adored going places, though they weren't always certain where they were. They would awaken some mornings and find themselves in an unfamiliar room.

"Now, where in hell are we? I distinctly remember that we had Bob and Louise and some other people with us, but I don't recall getting into a car."

"Maybe it was a train. Do you think this could be Arizona?"

"No. We're in California somewhere, I think. Wait. I'll call the room clerk and ask him. He ought to know."

**B**UT THEY ALWAYS knew when they were on their way to New York. Crowds would line up in the towns they passed through. Little girls bearing great bouquets of flowers would come to the train and beg for photographs of the world's most dazzling couple. Delora and Cory would wave till the last white dress was out of sight, and then they'd go back to the drawing room and order double Scotches.

"I don't blame the children, but how about those grown-ups?" Delora would say. "How can they make such jackasses of themselves?"

"When they stop making fools of themselves, Delora, we can go to the poorhouse."

"I've heard that before, and it's silly. Why do they have to make fools of themselves? Can't they go to the pictures and look at us and enjoy us? Writing fan letters I can understand. Coming out to take a squirt at us I can understand. Curiosity is natural, but what do they gain by wanting to touch us and talk to us and tear our clothing off?"

"I wouldn't know, Delora."

He would answer her mechanically because his mind was on something else. Always when people battled to steal his necktie for a souvenir or to catch the

corsage Delora would unpin and fling to them, Cory thought of something else. One morning he tried to discuss it with her. He had been wanting to for some time, but it wasn't easy to find the right moment. They had to be alone, with a few hours of comparative quiet ahead.

At last he found the moment. It was early one morning when he awakened her. He had been awake for an hour, watching her sleep. He had watched her with interest, not with the eye of a husband or lover, but with the intense concentration of one who studies a business proposition.

After a while he awakened her. "Delora, I want to talk to you. It's important. Stay awake and listen. You're one of the five best box-office draws in pictures among the women, aren't you?"

"What do you mean, five best, sweetheart? I'm the best."

"All right; for the sake of argument, I'll say you are. Now, me, I am the top draw they've got."

"For the sake of argument, I'll say you are. Proceed."

"Why should we make millions for Rupert Arvin? He refused me a percentage on my pictures, though he knows I made him a fair proposition. Look at the rotten stories he gives you, too. Now, look, the fuss people make over us and the fan mail we get and everything shows something, doesn't it?"

"Yes, it does," Delora admitted. "It shows that Rupert has a wide-awake publicity department."

"But he only does it because we mean money to him. Hell, he doesn't do it because he likes us."

"Personally, I think he hates us."

"Sure, he does. Just like I hate him. Now, look, why couldn't we make our own pictures and pocket the big dough ourselves?"

"I don't know how to make pictures, Cory. Do you?"

"Sure I do. I know how to act, and I know a story with public appeal. The rest of it's knowing who to hire. Directors, cameramen, publicity boys and so forth we could get if we had a good setup."

"We won't make pictures together, Delora. When Arvin made that one with us, I thought it was silly. Your name or mine would pack the theater, so why use both at once? That's dumb. Instead, we'll find new people—promising young kids—and we'll sign them up."

"The girl develops into a big star, and while she's developing, my name brings them into the theater. When she can stand alone, then we've got a drawing card of our own. The same with a leading man for you. Get the idea? When we want to retire, we can. We'll have our own picture company, with maybe a half-dozen big stars tied up."

"I haven't any money," Delora said. "Have you?"

"Well, no, not the amount you'd need for this. I've never saved a dime."

"Neither have I."

"But I bet we could get backing. After all, our names mean something. I've thought of a lot of people we could ask. I don't mean actual people, but banks and exhibitors and sources of that kind."

"Cory, if I told you I thought I could dig up quite a lot of money, enough perhaps to get our first picture under way, would you do something for me?"

"What?"

"Would you let me go back to sleep?"

"Oh, you make me sick! This is no joke, Delora. We would really get somewhere if you'd listen."

But she was asleep again.

Corinne came two or three times a month to see her father. Miss Kelwyn

always came with her. That had been Judith's stipulation. She did not fight to keep father and daughter apart. She wanted them to see each other frequently. Corinne could visit her father every day if she and he wished, but someone of Judith's choosing must accompany the child. Judith never mentioned Delora's name, but Cory, Miss Kelwyn, the lawyers and every newspaper reader knew that the first Mrs. Galvin was not taking any chances on the influence of the second Mrs. Galvin upon the child.

**M**ISS KELWYN felt sorry for Cory. It was difficult for him to talk casually to his child while a paid watchdog sat listening.

There was a stiffness between them. a reserve that Miss Kelwyn knew could be broken down. If only Corinne or Cory would mention Delora's name everything would be all right. It was natural that the child should wonder about her father's wife; natural that the man should wonder what his child would think of Delora.

Often Miss Kelwyn dreamed of saying to Cory, "And how is Mrs. Galvin?"

He would stare at her, think her impertinent, no doubt, but the fence would be taken, and that was the main thing. Corinne might ask, "Where is she?" and Cory would say that she was at the studio or at the dressmaker's, and at least they would have admitted the woman existed, and they could relax and laugh together as they had once done.

But no one mentioned Delora, and the awareness of her hung over the room, and the father and daughter could think of nothing they dared say to each other. Delora's perfume drifted through the apartment, her picture was upon the piano, and Cory and his daughter thought about her but would not speak her name.

Then one day something happened. It had been a particularly awful visit. Corinne had answered her father in monosyllables, and he had even run out of questions to ask her. There was a huge oil painting of Delora leaning against the wall. It had arrived that morning from a fan in Buenos Aires. Corinne's eyes kept turning toward it, and Miss Kelwyn was furious at Cory. Why didn't he say, "That's Delora," or something, anything, to break the uncomfortable silence?

Suddenly the silence was broken. The main door of the apartment flew open and four wild black beasts dashed into the room. Corinne screamed, and Miss Kelwyn noted with annoyance that the child's nerves were in a fine state when a quartet of poodles could frighten her.

"They're dogs, darling, not lions. Don't shriek."

"They were so quick, I didn't know—"

In a flash they were leaping about her, licking her hands, barking for attention. Cory had jumped to his feet, and now in the doorway Miss Kelwyn saw the famed Delora Leslie. Delora was wearing a knitted suit that had been white. It was streaked with mud now. She was hatless, and her hair hung about her face in damp curls.

"Cory, have I had a time with those mutts? They got away, and I chased them and fell down and—"

Cory interrupted her. He said, "Here's Corinne."

Delora said, "H'ya, pa!" and smiled at the child. Corinne smiled back timidly.

"Miss Kelwyn," Cory mumbled. He was never certain whether or not governesses should be introduced, and so he mumbled, hoping that if it were a faux pas it would go unnoticed.

Delora came over and shook hands. Miss Kelwyn noted two things about the



# MARY GOT 3 MYSTERIOUS LETTERS —WITH NO SIGNATURES!

second Mrs. Galvin. She wasn't afraid to do the wrong thing and she smelled strongly of liquor.

Miss Kelwyn thought, This is what I was sent along for. I should bundle the child off immediately, but how can I? It would be so pointed if I did.

"Do you like dogs?" Delora asked Corinne.

"Oh, yes. What's their names?"

"Mike."

"Which one?"

"All of them. It saves time. I yell Mike and they all come. Then I pick out the one I want."

Corinne laughed. It was a strange sound in the apartment. She had never before laughed during a visit to Cory.

"Have you got a dog?"

Corinne nodded. "I have a couple of dogs but no black ones."

"Have you got a horse?"

Miss Kelwyn shuddered. Wouldn't that woman bring up the subject of horses! Corinne's failure to ride had tortured her always, and Miss Kelwyn knew how things like that could hurt.

"I haven't a horse," Corinne said. "I can't ride."

Cory said, "You could have but you didn't like it."

"I didn't like it because I was frightened." It was hard for Corinne to admit such cowardice, but it was the punishment she had put upon herself for disappointing her father.

Delora laughed. "You needn't tell me anything about being scared of horses. I'll never forget the first time I saw one of the damn big things. It was when I first came to Hollywood. I was starving to death and trying to get a job, and over in the old Stemper studio a man said to me, 'Can you ride a horse?' I said, 'Sure,' because I was hungry, and away I went."

"Did you ride?" Corinne asked.

"Wouldn't you, if it meant your first meal in two days and a couple of dollars besides for a cranky landlady?"

"I guess I would."

"Afterwards I got to be a good rider. I'm going to get your old man on a horse one of these days."

Corinne looked at her father. It hadn't occurred to her before that he didn't ride.

"You come along too, pal. There's nothing to it. I give you my word. I'll have you riding enough to enjoy it before you can say Jack Robinson."

Miss Kelwyn wished she could speak right there. She wished she could say, "Oh, sure, my fine lady with a barrelful of liquor inside your pretty skin, I can just see me letting you cavort around horses with that child, and I can just see her mother killing you if you tried it."

But meeting Delora cleared the air. There was nothing mysterious about her now. Miss Kelwyn felt the tension die forever. After that Delora was often in the apartment when Corinne came.

Miss Kelwyn got so that she liked Delora; liked her enough to find herself worrying about the fair, frail body that always swayed slightly. She wondered what Mr. Galvin thought, but Miss Kelwyn could see that he was drinking a lot, too. He probably didn't notice his wife much, with all the things he had on his mind—forming the new company and picking stories and everything.

Miss Kelwyn wondered how he could have formed that company if Judith were still his wife. Judith wouldn't have cared about making money. She would only have cared about his health, and she would have kept saying, "Don't drink so much, Cory," and that would have made him a nervous wreck. Delora never said, "Don't drink." She seemed to take it for granted that you had to drink.

But Miss Kelwyn knew that, aside from

"The first made me furious!"



The neighborhood busybodies are saying plenty behind your back. I won't tell you my name, but take it from a friend, you'd better do something to get tattle-tale gray out of your clothes!

"The second made me fly into action!"



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the matter of drinking, Cory wouldn't have been able to form a new company without Delora.

The woman had a habit of speaking to Corinne as though she were an adult. Not that she spoke of things the child shouldn't know. But from time to time Delora asked the child's opinion on this and that—hats, photographs, collars for the dogs.

Corinne was flattered but Miss Kelwyn suspected that Delora did not always know to whom she was speaking. She would sit on the hassock before the fireplace, the inevitable glass in her hand, and talk to Corinne, calling her "pal" and never once suggesting that she knew she was addressing a little girl.

"Listen, pal, if you were me, would you rather do a story about a girl who lived a swell life, got everything she wanted and finally after a little misunderstanding married the man she wanted, or would you rather do a story about a willful girl who hurt everybody and finally realized her wickedness and sacrificed her life so that the people she'd hurt could be happy?"

"I'd rather do the one about the willful girl."

"So would I, pal."

Cory said, "It isn't box office."

"Aw, to hell with you and your box office! You talk just like Arvin. Here I work myself to the bone running around finding every rich man I've ever—I've ever known and getting them to start us out, and I've got the same trouble with you I had with Arvin. When can I select my own stories?"

"Never, sweetheart. You don't know what the public wants."

"See that, pal? You heard him. I do things his way or else I get fired, I suppose."

Miss Kelwyn was interested. So Delora had found the money for the new company, and Cory was the final word. It wasn't quite Miss Kelwyn's idea of the perfect partnership, but then, as she said to herself, she was only a governess and she didn't understand such things.

There were lots of things she didn't understand. She never knew, for instance, how Delora talked her into letting Corinne go to the stables. Miss Kelwyn knew Judith wouldn't like it, but there she was in a car with Corinne and Delora, bound for the stables. The child wanted to go. That was strange enough in itself but that she, Miss Kelwyn, was permitting such a thing was ridiculous.

Delora in white linen riding togs and black boots looked fetching enough to be a girl on a magazine cover, and of course she was quite sober. Of that Miss Kelwyn was certain. There was something in the straightness of Delora's shoulders and in the careful way she walked and talked that assured Miss Kelwyn of the lady's sobriety. Anyhow, Corinne wanted to go, and there could really be no harm in it since Corinne wouldn't be alone with Delora.

The horse which the stableman trotted out for Corinne was Delora's own. A well-built black horse that looked very big and dangerous to Miss Kelwyn.

"Will he bite?" Miss Kelwyn asked.

"I don't know. I haven't seen him in six months myself," Delora replied. "I'll ride him around a bit."

Corinne's eyes were full of wondering admiration as she watched Delora tear around the tanbark. Miss Kelwyn felt a pang of jealousy. The child had never looked at her like that, and her riding, though less showy, was as good as Delora's.

"Okay, pal," Delora said as she dismounted. "Now, up with you. We'll give you a hand."

Corinne looked at the horse, at the

large, rolling, mad-looking eyes and tossing head. "No," she said. "Oh, no."

"All right, pal," Delora's voice was casual. "No harm done. Some other day, perhaps. Let's go."

She turned away and started for the car. Corinne looked in amazement at the retreating form. No coaxing? No pleading? What was the sense in having come to the stables just to ride home again?

"Won't he hurt me?" she called to Delora.

Delora continued walking toward the car. "How can he hurt you? He hasn't got a key to the apartment."

"I mean, if I stay here and ride him."

Delora looked back at the child. "He didn't hurt me."

"But you can ride."

"So can you, but I don't guess you feel like it today."

"Well, I don't know." The child stood looking from the horse to Delora and back again. If only someone would coax a little. But Delora was apparently impatient to be off, and Miss Kelwyn stood silently by as though waiting to see how it would turn out.

"I'd like to just sit on him," Corinne said. "Then I could tell a little better."

"Now, don't forget, I told these stable-boys you could ride," Delora whispered as Corinne was hoisted into the saddle.

Miss Kelwyn watched with her heart in her throat. The child had had lessons aplenty. There was no need for Delora to jump on another horse and ride at her side. There was nothing Delora could say that grooms and instructors and Miss Kelwyn herself hadn't said to Corinne. If she fell—and why shouldn't she?

Around and around the tanbark. Corinne miraculously staying on the horse's back and Delora keeping up a steady run of talk that Miss Kelwyn couldn't hear. She could only see the strange things that happened: the smile that crossed Corinne's face; the look of strain that disappeared and didn't return. Then, most unaccountable of all, the careless wave of Corinne's hand as she passed her governess.

After twenty minutes Miss Kelwyn believed the child was safe. After a half-hour Delora declared the riding finished for the day.

On the way back to the apartment Corinne said, "Your horse is the nicest horse I've ever known."

"Yes, he is nice," Delora said. "That's why I bought him. I didn't want them to do away with him."

"Do away with him? Why should they?"

"Well, you see, everyone can't ride him. It's got to be a person who's got a good hand with a horse, a natural hand. His last owner didn't have it, so horse just got mad and threw him and killed him dead. That's why they were going to do away with the horse."

There was a silence. Then Corinne said, "And I rode him. I really rode him!"

Miss Kelwyn saw her pull herself to a more erect position, as though a tremendous compliment had been paid her or a sudden knowledge of her ability had just descended upon her. That was the day Corinne began to call Delora her best friend. It was the day she dated her riding lessons from, and the day she became owner of the beast with the murderous habits.

It was some time before Corinne learned that her horse had never killed anyone, and by that time she rode too well and loved the horse too dearly to resent the fact that Delora had lied about him. Confidence is born in many curious ways, and it annoyed Miss Kelwyn always that not a shining truth but a cheaply dramatic lie had inspired Corinne to become a horsewoman.



It annoyed Miss Kelwyn, too, that Delora Leslie, movie star supreme, born and brought up in the gutter and educated on street corners, had known more of child psychology than she. But most of all, on getting close to Delora that day, she was annoyed to find that the woman reeked of liquor. Some people are most dignified at their drunkest but Miss Kelwyn couldn't be expected to know that.

The talkies came and turned Hollywood upside down. Stars tumbled from their pedestals, down and down into oblivion. From the unexplored corners of the entertainment world new figures rose.

"Now we can do anything the stage can do, only we can do it better," Cory Galvin told the press. "This studio is interested in developing new stars. We are interested in buying plays, novels, anything that is entertainment. A new day has dawned for the industry and for the public alike—a day of the greatest entertainment the world has ever known. Bigger and better pictures. A Greater Hollywood."

Judith read the speech he made to the press, and she wondered. What would talking pictures do to the company that up to now had done so well?

She had seen the pictures Cory's studio had made. Money-makers all. Not even in his early days in Hollywood, when he had been so anxious to make good for Rupert Arvin, had he given the performances he was giving now. His infectious grin, his little mannerisms, the half-amused look in his eyes.

All these things she knew so well, and she saw that he studied himself now before the mirror. In the old days he had been unaware of some of his most appealing expressions, but now he had discovered them and was using them, and people said, "Cory Galvin is better than ever."

Judith had seen Delora's pictures, and she saw that Cory was cleverer than she had ever guessed. How beautifully he surrounded Delora with talented people. How adroitly her scripts were constructed so that everything revolved about the character Delora played, and yet there was less of her in actual footage than there was of the other actors.

Because in the plot she was talked of constantly, the audience did not realize how little they saw of her, and they went away saying, "Delora Leslie is better than ever." But she was not better. She could give no more because, unlike Cory, she had no more to give. And so she gave less, but they did not know it.

Their pictures made money, and Judith read about them and wondered what the talkies would do to Cory. She wondered, too, how Cory had managed so well.

"He never draws a sober breath," Claire Jarvis told her. "Neither of them does anything but work and drink. They'll crack up, you see if they don't. People can't drink like that and go on. You ought to do something, Judith."

But Judith couldn't do anything, and Claire should have known she couldn't, for Judith was Oo's wife now. She had married him because it seemed the sensible thing to do. Life was lonely without a man. She was essentially the type who makes a home and is happy there. Oo wanted her, and he was the nicest man she knew. She could find no reason for refusing him.

Love? She'd never love anyone but Cory Galvin, and Oo knew that. But they were companionable; they respected each other. Life with Oo would be secure and peaceful. It was easier than living alone. "You have the child," Nancy Kingdon pointed out. "She should fill your life."

But she didn't, and Judith saw no reason for pretending that she did. Judith loved Corinne, but they had nothing in

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**MRS.:** Isn't this just like me? The day I'm to be matron of honor at a big wedding, I wake up with the worst logy headache. Even a laxative won't clear my head in time.

**MR.:** I know one that will—Sal Hepatica.



**MRS.:** Why, how's Sal Hepatica so different?

**MR.:** Well, it's different in two ways. First, Sal Hepatica is a mighty quick yet gentle laxative. Second, it counteracts excess gastric acidity—chases that sickish feeling fast.

### THAT AFTERNOON



**MR.:** Honey, the folks couldn't look at the bride for looking at you! You look like a million dollars!

**MRS.:** I *feel* like a million dollars—thanks to you and your glass of sparkling Sal Hepatica. It certainly put the old sparkle back in me!

# SAL HEPATICA

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common. Corinne was a child whom Judith could not completely understand.

Corinne wanted to be attractive so that she could be a movie star. She wanted to make Cory proud of her. That was all. She had no normal enthusiasm for games. She cared little for books. She made no fast friendships unless one could count Brent Arvin, who was more a slave than a friend.

Judith remembered that religion, patriotism and duty to her family had seemed tremendously important to her as a child. Corinne was different. Religion was something you questioned and argued about and finally accepted because Miss Kewlyn agreed with Mother.

**P**ATRIOTISM was something Corinne could not grasp. California was her country. Vermont and Texas and Oregon were places people sent fan letters from. America was where the best movies were made, true, but what would become of the boast if there were no California?

Duty to family began and ended with Cory. He wanted Corinne to be a movie star, and that was what she would be. Corinne never asked if that was also Judith's wish. Judith suspected Corinne did not believe her capable of anything as human and comprehensible as a wish.

So Judith had married Oo, who wanted her and who would make a new life for her. It was not Oo's fault that that life wasn't as new as she had expected. He wanted her to move to New York. It was his home, and he could see nothing that could possibly tie Judith to Hollywood. By her own admission she hated the place, and his business was in the East. The New York stage was his living as completely as the cinema was Cory's.

But, "Oo, I couldn't move to New York. I'll go, of course, but couldn't we sort of commute? When you've a play in rehearsal we'll be there, but you could write here, couldn't you?"

"I don't know, Judith. Why?"

"It's Corinne's home. She has her friends here, and this is her life."

"But she'd soon have friends in the East. We could live in Connecticut or Long Island. I didn't intend to shut her up in an apartment."

"If I take her to the East it means that her visits to Cory will be measured in months instead of in hours."

He saw, then. He saw more than Judith knew. He never again spoke of making a permanent home in New York. Instead, they had a home in Beverly Hills and an apartment in New York. Back and forth. New York to confer with producers, to watch rehearsals, to talk to friends, for Oo had none in Hollywood.

He begrudged the time spent in the West, and Judith knew he did. He loathed the picture business, and the people who lived on it. He swore that he could not write in Hollywood; that the artificiality of the place was showing in his work.

Judith said to herself, "Never before in my life have I been so selfish and unfair. What's come over me?"

She would reflect for a time on the demon that had entered her soul, and then would find herself looking to see how much Cory's latest picture had grossed. Would the talkies hurt him? Probably, and with his drinking so badly . . .

But the talkies didn't hurt him. Delora and Cory drank a toast to the talkies, to each other, and made the greatest picture that had yet come out of their studio. Cory was responsible for that. He was actor, producer, and last word on all matters pertaining to the making of a picture. He had a test made of himself which he watched alone in the projection room. Then another test. Then another.

When he spoke to his actors it was with authority, one actor to another. He knew what to tell them about their voices and their mannerisms. He knew the danger of exaggerated gesture, of too much facial movement. He had worked it out alone, in the projection room. Actors listened when he talked because he knew about acting and could play any rôle in the cast.

The talkies didn't hurt him, and he even weathered the depression better than most. He drank so much people wondered who managed his business. No man could drink like that and still hold a thousand things in his mind, but Cory managed his own affairs, and he drank harder and made better pictures every year.

And Judith read articles about him headed: "They Told Him He Couldn't Do It" and "Genius of Hollywood." She read every word that was printed about Cory and Delora. One day she read something she had never expected to read.

She and Oo had just stepped off the train and were getting into a cab to go to their Beverly Hills home when she heard the newsboys shouting, "Extra!" She bought a paper. In heavy black print it said, "Delora Leslie Dies."

Judith went to the funeral because Corinne had to go. Corinne had loved that woman. She had called Delora her best friend and had expected the friendship to endure throughout many pleasant years. She had not thought of death. It had never occurred to her that such a thing could happen. The shock was as great as her grief. Judith knew that the kindly indifference with which Corinne regarded her would turn to hatred if understanding were lacking now.

"I must go with her," Judith said to Oo. "She is really heartbroken, and my place is with her today."

Oo smiled the thin, bitter smile that had become a part of him only recently.

"Say it. Don't just sneer. What are you thinking?"

"Only that he'll be too drunk to need comforting. And he won't be feeling as bad as he'll look."

"That's a rotten thing to say."

"It's a rotten thing to kid yourself, Judith. You're not going to Delora's funeral to stand by Corinne. You're going to look at Cory, to help him if you can. Corinne's only your excuse for going."

"Before you married me I told you—"

He winced. "Yes; so please don't tell me again. A man can't be gallant and understanding twice on the same subject. The second time he's petty and wants to argue. You told me lots of things. You didn't try to kid me. And now, for God's sake, don't try to kid yourself."

Delora looked absurdly girlish and demure. They had dressed her in white, with flowers in her hair. She looked so young and innocent that one thought, She lied about herself. She never could have been the woman she said she was. This is a girl—a clean, sweet girl who has met death before she has known life.

Judith put her arms around Corinne and felt the slim figure shake with the first real grief it had ever known. Over Corinne's shoulder, Judith looked down into the calm white face of the woman she had hated.

And she thought of the people all over the world who were sorrowing today because their idol was gone. She thought of the years to come, in which people would remember Delora tenderly and speak of her beauty, her talent, her grace. Her shadow would move across the silver screen in revivals.

People would laugh a little, perhaps, at her silent pictures, but there would be a note of tenderness in the laughter. They would recall that she had lived to make

a few talkies, but that was not really Delora. That was Cory Galvin's puppet.

Judith looked at the lovely dead face and she thought, What was your magic? You took Cory Galvin away from me, and you gave his daughter the courage to sit on a spirited horse, and you told her that to swim was not necessarily to drown and she believed you. Everybody loved you but me, and I think even I might have learned to call you friend if we had not played for such high stakes, if we had not played winner take all. But we did, and you won. Yes, you with the white flowers in your hair, you won.

When she raised her eyes from Delora's face she saw Cory. He was standing on the other side of the white casket, and she was shocked at his appearance. His face was ashen, and his eyes were red and darkly circled.

He did not greet her. He only said, "I didn't know how sick she was. When she went to the hospital I thought it was only a breakdown, and that a rest would cure her. Even when they sent for me, I didn't realize . . ."

Judith let the Galvins weep in each other's arms. She went away and found Cory's secretary.

"Do you know who I am? I was the first Mrs. Galvin. You must do as I say. First, get a barber. Don't let Mr. Galvin go to the funeral with that growth of beard. Thousands of people will see him, and their opinion is important. Perhaps today he won't care what they think, but tomorrow he'll be making pictures again.

"Those people won't say that Cory Galvin was too heartbroken to think of shaving. They don't give picture people credit for having hearts. They'll say he was drunk at his wife's funeral and didn't have enough respect for her even to look clean. Get a barber and get him quickly."

"I never thought, Mrs.—Mrs.—"

"Oakes. And after the funeral, get a doctor. Get Doctor Sterling. Tell the doctor I suggested giving Cory something to make him sleep. If he stays on his feet, he'll drink all night."

"Yes, Mrs. Oakes."

Corinne went in the first car with her father. Judith rode with Rupert Arvin in the thirty-fourth.

"She did me a dirty trick," Arvin said. "She walked out on me after I made her the biggest draw in pictures but I never blamed her. It was Cory who made her do it. She was happy in my studio until he got ideas. Have I got a story right now for her! I bought it yesterday, and it fits her like a glove, if only she hadn't got ideas about having her own studio with Cory."

**A**ND IF ONLY she weren't dead," Judith added.

Rupert Arvin dismissed her remark with a wave of his hand. It went without saying that had Delora Leslie stuck to the Arvin studio nothing like this would have happened.

"It's a story about a girl in training to be a schoolteacher. A great part. A psychological study. It was a play and a masterpiece. I paid fifty thousand dollars for the rights to make it."

"Forty thousand," said Judith. "And the girl's in training to be a laboratory assistant. My husband wrote it."

"Oh, sure. I forgot you're Mrs. Oakes now." He sighed. "I can't keep up with things any more. How is your daughter?"

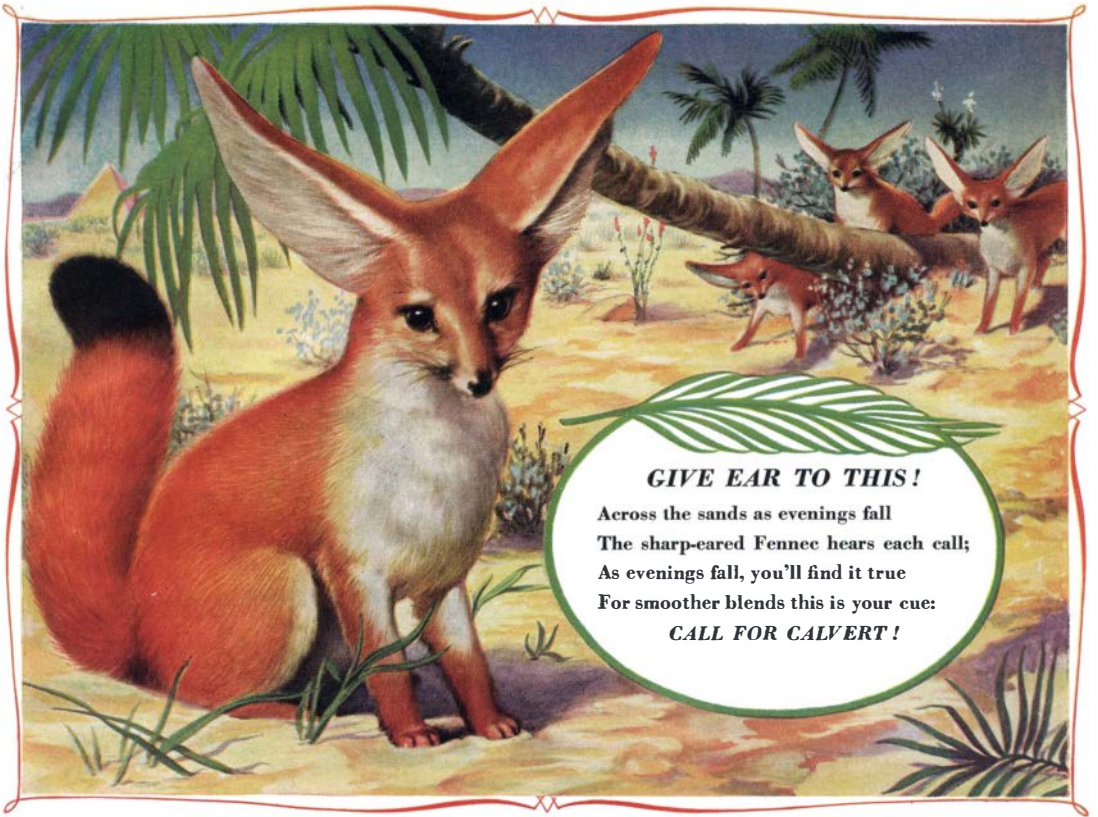
"Fine. She'll be going East to college soon. And Brent?"

"He's very well, only he's dropped his music, which makes me sick. He wants to be a producer."

"Corinne wants to be a star."

"That's why Brent wants to be a producer. He wants to see that she gets the





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best stories, the best leading men and the whole works. He's crazy about Corinne. I wouldn't mind, only I hate her father."

"Her father made you a fortune," Judith pointed out.

"And I suppose I made a bum out of him! You people make me sick. Stars are Frankenstein monsters, Judith. You work like a dog to build them up, and you spend a fortune doing it. If they flop, you lose plenty. If they succeed, then comes the headache."

"Suddenly they've got ideas that they did you a favor. They fight over stories and directors. Or they get drunk and hold up production, or they want more money, or they get in scandals, or they think they're too big to see newspapermen or even bother giving a good performance."

"That doesn't cover the whole field of actors."

"But it comes so near that we needn't worry about the few we left out. It's the old story. You tell the star what you did for him, and he says, 'You wouldn't have done it if I hadn't been good.' And then you say, 'But you wouldn't be on top now if I hadn't given you the chance to show you were good.' And you go on like that all night."

"There's Claire Jarvis," Judith said. "I don't have her and I hardly know her, but I hear she's all right except about money. She drives a shrewder bargain than a dishpan peddler."

"But she gives good performances, and she's dependable and square."

A thoughtful look came into Arvin's eyes. "Maybe I can borrow her for your husband's play. That's a good idea."

Judith smiled. "Then it wasn't a waste of time coming to Delora's funeral."

Arvin looked startled. Delora? Her funeral? Then he remembered. He shook his head. "Poor Delora," he said.

There was a moment when Cory Galvin said aloud what had been troubling him for weeks. No one heard him, but he knew he had to put it into words and hear his own voice saying it. Until he said it, it would have the power to keep him awake nights, to haunt his days and rob him of the ability to concentrate on the problems at his studio. Once said, it would become powerful in another way. It would make him twice the man he was—able to do more work; able to sleep more peacefully.

He walked to the center of his bedroom and looked at the beautiful chrome-and-mirror bar Bob Lorraine had given him for Christmas. He said, "Delora died of drink." And then, one by one, he began smashing the bottles.

It wasn't so much that he was avenging Delora. He had been fond of her, he missed her, but he did not know if he had loved her. He had been too busy, too confused by overwork and too much drink to know how he had felt about her.

If Delora had been murdered, he would not have felt the desire to avenge her with his own hand. And neither did he think that by smashing bottles of liquor he was punishing them for their sins against her. He was only thinking that he would not go Delora's way. Life was too sweet, too full of pleasure and glorious hard work and great rewards. Nothing could be sillier than knowingly to permit anything to rob him of a single year.

Delora would laugh if she knew. Let her laugh! She was in her grave because she had liked to drink. The papers could be kind and say she had had everything from pneumonia to mastoids, but Cory knew the truth, and so did the rest of Hollywood. She had liked to drink, so she was in her grave. Well, he, Cory Galvin, didn't like to drink that much.

He had only meant to stop drinking. He had not intended to rearrange the

entire pattern of his social life, nor had he intended to change himself in any way. He had believed that Cory Galvin, non-drinker, would have a personality identical with that of the Cory Galvin who liked to drink and more often needed to drink.

This was not the case, as things worked out. People like Bob Lorraine and the rest of that crowd seemed noisy and tiresome when one was sober.

Why were cafés too smoky now, too crowded? Why did the wrangling, the ribbing, the bragging of his friends get on his nerves? Why did everybody he knew suddenly become boresome?

More and more often he stayed at home nights now and read books that might possibly have picture material. Little by little he drifted away from those who had been his friends, and Hollywood forgot to expect him at the night spots. Bob Lorraine and his crowd spoke unkindly of

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Cory. They said, "He's too big to associate with us now. He's making an epic over at his place, and he feels pretty important. Why, I knew him when..."

But Cory Galvin was not feeling big. He was feeling sober, ambitious and lonely. He knew practically everyone in Hollywood, but he had never had any intimates save the black sheep. Now he had grown away from them and had no one to put in the place they had filled.

He went about building a new life for himself more seriously than he had gone about building up his studio. He rented a house in Beverly Hills and hired three servants, remembering to ask for references and have his secretary check them.

When he had his house he began to invite people to dinner. New people, who hadn't known the Cory Galvin of yesterday—actors, writers, directors who were swarming to Hollywood to make the great industry greater. He heard music, art, politics, religion argued at his table, and he listened and learned.

He bought books that had no plots and therefore would not make pictures, but they taught him to argue, too, about politics and religion. He went to concerts, and he discussed with his guests the music he had heard but he never said that it all sounded pretty much alike to him. And he went to art exhibits, and he began a modest collection of paintings.

He drove around in a shiny black car, and he looked very dignified and solid, and no one would have guessed that he dreamed of a white automobile that had torn along the glittering, hot streets of Hollywood, while the kids on the corners had shouted, "There goes Cory Galvin!"

His life was full of friends and hobbies and the studio and new ideas, but suddenly there was an emptiness which at first he did not recognize. He found himself thinking of Judith from time to time.

He caught himself remembering Delora in the middle of an interview with a bank representative. And he knew that the women to whom he sent orchids and occasional gifts were doing nothing to fill the emptiness that made him hungry in the midst of plenty.

He thought of asking Judith to let Corinne live with him for a time, but he knew that that was not what he wanted. He wanted someone really to share his life; someone with whom he could discuss his plans, his disappointments and his triumphs. Women he could have by the dozen, but he wanted one woman, beautiful, intelligent and interested in him.

And one day Claire Jarvis walked into his office and said, "The contract at my studio is up. They want me to sign again. Every studio in town wants me but I'm giving you first consideration."

"Why? I develop my own stars, Claire. I don't pay salaries like yours."

"You had Delora."

"I didn't pay her what she'd been getting. We were partners, and neither of us ever cleared what we got from Arvin. If she had lived—"

"I'll be your partner on a similar basis. I'll give my name and my work for a percentage of the studio."

He shook his head. "Sorry, Claire."

"Well!" She shrugged and got to her feet, stood looking at him uncertainly. Then, "What'll you pay me, Cory?"

"Really, Claire, I don't—"

"You don't like my work?"

"Of course I like your work."

"You don't like me?"

"Personalities don't enter into this at all. You're a swell gal and I like you very much, but we couldn't work together. I'm a dictator in this place, and people don't argue with me."

"I never argue. I do what I'm told."

"What's all this about? Have I got a story you want to do, or is it April Fool's day?"

She looked him straight in the eye. "It's October eleventh," she said. "Delora Leslie has been dead two years and one week. I'm a very direct woman, Cory. I was in love with you when you were still married to Judith. I never made a play for you then because I'm Judith's friend."

"You married Delora, and I knew nobody would ever take you away from her. I sat tight waiting for her to give you the air. She died, instead, and I've satisfied God, the conventions and the publicity department by waiting two years. If I wait any longer there'll probably be another Mrs. Galvin, so I just thought I'd tell you I'm yours for the asking."

"Claire, I—"

"I know. You're amazed, and probably a little disgusted. Candor is like homemade pie. It's never as tasty as people pretend. However, you'd never think of me unless I brought myself to your attention."

"How do you know I wouldn't?"

"Please, Cory, don't feel you owe me a little coy talk now. I'm a sensible woman. I don't expect you to clutch me to your heart, crying, 'My dream girl!' but the proposition's worth thinking over."

"It certainly is," he agreed. "It's a little bewildering for the moment but damn nice, nevertheless. What did you say before? You were in love with me when I was married to Judith? Why, Claire, we used to fight all the time."

"We will, no matter what, Cory. I'm not like Judith, sweet and complacent. And I'm not like Delora, either. She had temperament—Hollywood temperament. All yell and no purpose, and finally complete acquiescence to anything anybody suggested."

"I know what she was like. I won't work today because my director's wearing

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a green tie. He knows I hate green. Why am I so abused? God, what a life! Call Mr. Arvin. call a doctor, call a taxi, call the governor. My director's wearing a green tie . . . What? He'll change it? Oh, don't be silly. I wouldn't inconvenience him for the world. As a matter of fact, I'm sending him a dozen green ties for Christmas."

Cory stifled a smile, her impersonation of poor Delora was so wickedly perfect. He thought Delora herself might have been amused, so he finally let Claire see that he was smiling.

There was something else that interested him about Claire's performance. She was the only one in Hollywood who did not seem to think that Delora had suddenly become a cross between Elsie Dinsmore and Elaine, the Lily Maid. People spoke of her as though her fame had been based upon her virtues. By the simple act of dying, Delora Leslie had wiped out all records of the divorces she had figured in.

Claire was different. She was sensible. Delora dead left the memory of Delora alive. Claire remembered clearly, vividly, that Delora had been Delora.

"Anyway," said Claire, "so long as I'm the pursuer, how about dinner tonight?" Cory grinned. "I'll have to ask Mother." "Oh, that's another thing. My mother won't live with us, so don't worry about that."

He didn't smile. He nodded as he did when Mr. Barker from the bank remarked, "And that makes two hundred thousand for the first quarter."

Claire walked out of his office, and he remembered that she was pretty and intelligent. Nobody in Hollywood knew anything against her. She was the better type of actress, both as to ability and reputation. It was a funny thing to happen to a fellow, though. How could you refuse if you didn't want to marry her?

He flipped a key and spoke to his secretary in the other room. "Get me Tyson and McNaughton."

"They're in Lake Arrowhead working on the Loch Lomond story, Mr. Galwin."

"What writers are free this minute?" There were two. When they came in, he proffered cigarets, grinned at them and said, "Now, don't die. I've got an idea. A situation, you understand, not a complete idea. Suppose a girl comes to a man and says she wants to marry him. She takes the initiative. There's never been any talk of love. They've known each other but he's never known she loved him. All of a sudden she proposes right out cold."

One of the writers said, "If she's never thought he cared about her, it's a little unconvincing that a girl would do such a thing."

"Yes, isn't it?" Cory agreed brightly.

The writers looked at each other. "She'd be a bold sort of girl that the average person couldn't sympathize with. Mr. Galwin. After all, to put a man in that position—"

"Yes," said Cory, "that's what I mean. Suppose the fellow didn't want her? What could he do?"


The writers looked at each other again. "He could talk just as honestly to her as she talked to him," one of them said. "He could say, 'You seem to go for frankness, so here it is. I don't want you, so scram.'"

"Or," said the other writer, "he could be noble and marry her and never let her know he didn't want her. Say, maybe there's a great idea along those lines."

"How much do I pay you fellows?" Cory asked wearily.

**Next Month—Does Cory accept Claire's amazing proposal? And what of Corinne who is growing up?**





Cruelty and horror still sail the  
pirate routes of the Caribbean  
when lawless men traffic in deadly  
drugs and helpless human freight

# I Married a Smuggler!

as told to

**BARTON MERRIL**

Keystone

**S**OON, from the talk in camp, I began to gather something of the extent of the traffics in liquor, drugs and aliens. Alien-running into the States, I learned, was not the occasional venture of reckless individuals. It was a continuous traffic in which hundreds of men were engaged.

As I have already explained, the trade in flesh was sharply divided into two categories: the "Small Time" in which we had been engaged—that is, the comparatively careless running of hardly identified humans between the West Indies and Central or South America—and the "Big Time" of the highly organized running of aliens into the United States.

The Big Time was a business; those "entered" through it were paid for on arrival in the States. If they had criminal records the payment of several thousand dollars was often extorted.

"But how? By whom?" I asked Mart.

As he outlined it, the method was this. A family of foreign origin resident in the States had, let us say, a cousin or a brother in Europe with a prison record which would preclude him forever from the American quota. They went to one in the trade in New York or Chicago and explained their problem. They had, say, a relative, Jules, in Budapest—age thirty-two; prison record for arson—whom they wanted to get into the United States.

At this "interview" they paid an opener of probably three hundred dollars or so.

Jules was then "investigated." If he was as represented, just an ordinary criminal whom America didn't want, it was reported to his family that he could be got in for three thousand dollars cash in advance. (This seems to contradict my statement that he was paid for on arrival, but actually does not, as I will explain.) If the family had the cash, it paid up. The trade in New York or Chicago got in touch with the trade in Europe, which arranged Jules' passage to the Caribbean.

When he was finally landed in the United States, he was met by the trade pay-off man—and *only then did the captain who had landed him receive his five hundred dollars*. Jules then proceeded to his family—and the probable detriment of the United States.

My happiness in the adventurous life with Mart was clouded by anger at the contempt in which the men about me held my country. I had never thought much about anything except adventure or love, but I was stirred to hot rage at the attitude of these men toward the country they preyed on. It was probably the first glimmer of patriotism that I had ever experienced.

I became obsessed with the idea of getting Mart to quit his illegal trade. He said he would when he had half a million dollars—and I believed him.

It was a great shock to me when I learned that he ran opium. We were to

meet a ship from Japan carrying a rich "cargo."

We started in the schooner "for the Turtle Banks." The pale azure catboats of the turtle fishers lay on our deck. Through the afternoon of the second day we lifted other sails.

Mart said shortly, "Veloz, Bodden, Eubanks and Hertz." His face darkened.

*For all the white sails were keeping the same tryst with the alien ship!*

Just before its setting, the sun became rosy and blurred in gray-white vapor. With starred night, this manifested itself as a faint and eerie fog, low to the sea. We rocked in a silver haze.

Mart and Ebban kept computing our position. They were tense, for the rendezvous was fraught with the possibility of collision. Somewhere out of the misted night, a steamer was driving toward us.

Hove to, we waited. Then we heard her whistle. "Oom!"

But where?

"Oom!" Very near now—and everywhere at once! Now we could hear the steamer's screw. At any second her nose might break upon us.

I stared at the luminous dial of my watch, and the seconds crawled. "Thump-a, thump, thump!" beat the freighter's hidden engines from all around.

"OOM!" The sound shook the sea! Then the engines stopped. Somewhere in the mist the ship was still.

"Ahoy there — ?" Mart hailed.

Quite far away a voice replied, "Ahoy!" Sail went up! We drifted toward the voice. Then we saw the ship, huge in the night. We slid broadside, to bump lightly against her side. Ropes came dangling from the deck to the hands of our men. Down the ship's side a ladder unrolled.

A strange midocean contact!

Now opium was coming to our deck from the hands of men clinging to the rope rungs of the ladder. Ebban and our men and I swung the tiny cases from hand to hand across deck and below.

As the last cases came down, a stubble-whiskered fellow appeared, grinned at Mart and said, "All in order, cap'n?"

Mart read the papers, then signed.

"Oke!" the man said—and swung up the ladder out of sight.

The freed ropes rose from our decks. Sail was raised. One moment we were against the ship's side, the next we had moved into the mist. We were to take the opium to the hulk, from which it was to be flown into the States.

During the next forty months, we met many ships—until the figures of the bank account in Kingston made Mart and

hand line beside it. This led back from the beach to a big mangrove group, under which was a low iron-roofed shelter, capable of covering a hundred men.

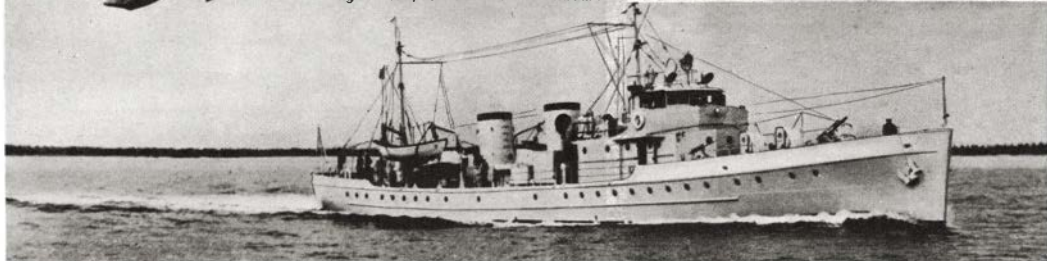
Twice a week the tug came down with the huge iron barge in tow; the barge was loaded with sand and then towed back to the "works" on the Miami River. Below the sand deck of the big scow were the dark, hell-hot bilges, as large as holds, with reeking waste oil running over the iron bottoms.

At last we were ready for our first job on the Big Time! And on May 3, 1932, a smart white cruiser came idling along past the beach of the key. The Cuban helmsman lifted his straw sombrero and let it fall to the deck.

Mart, standing on the



The Coast Guard fights alien smugglers with patrol boats, amphibians. Right: Aliens and smuggler suspect (standing at left) under arrest in Miami.



Courtesy U. S. Coast Guard

Ebban lift their eyebrows. Until I thought any time was quitting time. Until I felt my hands soiled past cleansing with handling scented death. But instead of quitting, Mart was ready for the Big Time: set to run aliens into the United States.

Early in 1932 we took a contract to "run" one thousand illegal entrants into the United States at four hundred dollars a head, the price being cut-rate because of the mass production.

It was Mart's intention to continue to use the old schooner as a "mother ship." He bought five fast cruisers. His problem then was to find some way of landing the aliens on the outlying keys at night and getting them from there into Miami without too much risk. As always, he believed the boldest way was the safest.

To this end, he bought a tug second-hand for two thousand dollars and an old iron sand barge for one thousand; leased a concession on the Miami River and set up a works assertedly to make some form of slow-drying concrete which he, an inventor, was expecting to patent. The process required sea sand from one of the southern keys.

A camp had to be established on this key—a curve of snowy beach backed by impenetrable mangrove jungles overhanging dark brown waters. On the beach, the "camp" was pitched conspicuously. An old steam shovel was set to work.

Seemingly the jungle behind us was untouched. Actually, you had only to wade a pool, push aside branches and step on a new single-board path with a Manila

beach, waved his arm in three short half circles. The whole thing—a passing greeting given and returned—could have taken place under the eyes of tourists or the Coast Guard. But it meant that the first hundred men were ready to come in. As the arrangements for this first run were typical, I shall describe them in detail.

The schooner, sailing under the register of a Spanish-American country, was out on a fake charter to "Señor Emilio Par-teoz, Planter." Aboard were Captain Ebban, Ramón, Will and three of our men as skeleton crew. The "charter party" consisted of twelve Spanish-American political fugitives occupying the cabins.

In addition, there were six Chinese, booked respectively as first and second stewards, cook and cook's assistant, cabin boy and valet. Two wealthy West Indian Negroes were registered as seamen. All twenty aboard could thus be accounted for if the schooner was overhauled. The balance of the hundred to be run were distributed on the same principle among our five cruisers.

On the arranged night, with every boat within, say, six hours' jump of the key, the sixth boat cruised past the camp as described. She passed the other five cruisers, giving them the signal to go ahead. Her final call was to the schooner, where she picked up the twenty fake charterers, servants and crew.

At the key everything was in order. Just after ten o'clock the first boat came out of the star-filled night, running without lights and with muffled engines.

Dark figures came quickly ashore. Then the cruiser was gone.

Five times throughout the night the scene was repeated.

The next day, as soon as darkness came, the men were loaded into the now cleaned and ventilated bilges, and the fifty hours' trip to Miami began. Bold as brass and full of aliens, we forged along.

Toward sunset we pulled in to the crude docks where the Nassau schooners and tiny island-owned motor ships tied up. Only one queer little vessel was in at the moment. Within a stone's throw of the city's busy life, we were in a sort of silent isolation. As darkness fell, this increased. The men from the Nassau boat went laughing toward Biscayne Boulevard.

Embraced by a semicircle of jeweled lights and flashing traffic, we were quite alone. Then, at half past eight, a car stopped with its light on the white deck of the Nassau boat.

A man jumped out and hailed, "Ahoy, there!"

No answer.

"Ahoy!" he shouted again, as if uncertain. Then he turned to a companion in the car. "Perhaps the barge up here can tell us." He walked toward us. "Can you tell me where the yacht Anne is moored?" The man was now beside us. In a low voice he said, "Got them here okay?" Barely moving his lips, Mart said, "Yes."

"How many?"

"Hundred."

In a normal voice the young man said, "Have a light?" And he placed in Mart's





Acme



Smugglers transferring cargo in the Gulf Stream—a Coast Guard photo.

hands a matchbox—and a brown paper-wrapped package holding forty thousand dollars in ones, fives and tens.

Mart held it under his arm and lighted his cigaret with one of the matches. "Thanks! Sorry I can't tell you where the Anne is," he added. "Got any addresses?"

"Yes," the pay-off man answered. "Here!" He clicked a flashlight, and they both bent over the paper he held. On the paper was a list of the illegal entrants' numbers, for we knew them only by number, and opposite each identification an address and laconic instructions.

Man after man, the aliens melted silently into the night. One moment they were there, panting, smelly and full of fear; then they were not. The whole business took perhaps an hour and forty minutes.

With slight variations we played this same setup seven times, landing seven hundred aliens, most of them men, from the bilges of the old barge. There seemed no reason why it couldn't go on forever.

And then, on one of our trips to Miami, Mart, Steve and Ramón and I were on the tug with Izzy, the pay-off man. The tug was breasting the Gulf Stream like a little duck. Her wake churned steadily back to the huge iron barge in her tow, piled with its mountain of white sand, below which, in the holds, were a hundred aliens.

Mart was at the wheel. Steve, whose leg had been broken in a hoisting accident, was polishing an engine part.

As Mart put the tug over a big blue hill of water, we saw one of our launches idling around a quarter of a mile away—as one always was. Mart did not think it would seem natural for a commercial tug to have a high-powered radio, so the launch carried this and was to run in to us with anything she picked up. Suddenly she came flying toward us. We saw one of the boys leaning out of the cabin.

"The Coast Guard, cap'n. They got a report there's something up down here and they may search us!"

"Say us?" Mart asked.

"No! Just that they had a tip someone was bringing in aliens—and to look out."

"Well, you know what to do!"

"Okay, cap'n."

The launch roared and belted over to meet and delay the Coast Guard by distress signals or a faked fire.

With a hundred aliens in the barge, the situation was bad. Mart had throughout played the chance that we never would be searched. There was no safe way of meeting a search after the aliens were in the barge.

However, across the center of the barge, below decks, Mart had built in a narrow, watertight double bulkhead. The whole barge, as originally built, was cut into bulkheads, so the new one was not conspicuous. To detect its existence, it would be necessary to measure the interior for unaccounted space. And to make this unlikely, he proposed, in the event of alarm, to crowd the aliens into the tiny compartment, then to flood the other bilges to a point where the buoyancy would just hold up the load and no more.

If the Coast Guard overhauled us then, they would find a distressed tug laboring to get a leaking barge to port. They would see the bilges so full of water it would seem obvious that no one could remain below without being drowned.

As with all our routines, it had been carefully rehearsed, while the barge was empty of aliens. The sea cocks of each original bilge were to be opened to a certain number of turns, thus flooding the hull evenly. So there could be no mistake, the number of turns for each was indicated by a series of small notches on each cock-wheel. In each bilge to be flooded was a gauge, plainly visible, and when the water reached a certain figure—also indicated on the wheel controlling it—this wheel was to be closed.

Steve had been drilled to do this. With Steve out of action because of his leg, Izzy was in charge of the flooding.

Mart nodded, and Steve cut the engine, so that the tow, riding high on a wave, overtook the tug. The great iron bow rode high above us, seemingly about to crush us—and then the sea drew hissing from beneath it, and we were rising. At the moment when the tug's stern and the barge's bow were almost touching and nearly level, Mart jumped. Izzy and Ramón followed him. Izzy was panting as he bent over the first bilge cock. Mart and Ramón dropped into the bilges.

To steady the barge, Steve had resumed slow towing. I looked to see what Izzy was doing—and a shock of incredulous consternation stopped my heart! Panicked by fear, Izzy was opening the sea cocks fully! He was sinking the barge!

"Mart!" I shrieked, kneeling at a hatch.

Almost as I called, he and Ramón swung from the holds.

"What in hell's the matter?" Mart asked, and as he spoke, the barge canted.

"Cut the lines!" he roared to Steve, and I saw Steve release the wheel and start for the ax. Mart caught me and flung me far into the sea. Then he jumped from the high side of the barge.

Over our shoulders, as we struck out, I saw the barge tilt further, showing her iron bottom; then she plunged backward away from the tug. The tug was not free! Steve, hampered by the splint-case on his broken leg, had not been quick enough. Foam boiled. From within the barge hull came a faint, horrible crying like that of mice. The barge was gone! An invisible hand appeared to depress the tug's stern. She stood on end—vanished!

"Steve!" Mart shouted. He dived again and again. But Steve was gone.

Mart, Ramón, Izzy and I were swimming alone in the sapphire water. Mart's face had a purple, darkened look.

"You get away, Girl!" he commanded—and began to swim toward Izzy.

Izzy squealed and swam wildly, looking over his shoulder. Mart overtook him, caught him and laughed horribly. Then he broke Izzy's neck . . .

We swam toward the keys. Ramón was behind us. When I could swim no longer, I clung to Mart, expecting to feel a shark strike us at any second.

Then I looked back and saw Ramón's tortured face. He had ceased swimming.

"Dios!" he shrieked. "Dios!" I felt the slap of a watery percussion against us. I saw the sea boil smoothly. I saw Ramón twisted so that his head and arms vanished and his legs shot up into the air. Then there was just the sea . . .

Under my arms I felt the muscles jump iron-hard on Mart's neck. But he did not vary his stroke . . .

Mart and I managed to reach land after endless hours of swimming. We were safe—for a time.

"Mart, let's get out of this!" I begged, after that terrible experience. "I want to be civilized again. We're outside civilization. Give it up! I'm going to tell this whole thing!"

"If you did, no one would believe you," said Mart. "Besides, you wouldn't betray me, Girl!"

I did not tell. I did what we, the women of criminals, usually do: stayed with my man because I could not live without him and because I thought that somewhere there might be redemption for us.

There was none. Because I had refused to go again "on trip," I do not even now know all the details of the desperate fight between smugglers that ended my hopes. All I know is that my husband, who could have been so many things, died as he had lived—violently.

Oh, Mart, Mart!

THE END

## Birth of a Hero (Continued from page 45)

immovable. And then Miss Otway screamed in earnest. She hadn't thought of being locked in: of burning to death. The flames spread fast.

The young man sprang to the kitchen table and, reaching up with his revolver, broke the narrow window. Then as Miss Otway screamed again, he yanked her up beside him. She looked at the window, and as she looked, the table collapsed. They were both down in the flames.

Then she felt herself raised—raised high. She was standing on the young man's hands. He was raising her to the window. She seized the ledge; she wriggled and struggled and was out—out of that horror of flame and smoke.

There were no fire-alarm boxes in Red Bridge, but there was an iron circle to beat upon, and Miss Otway ran to it and began beating the alarm, with such effect that presently a window opened and the head of Ben Peters, the captain of the fire company, appeared.

"You come down, Ben, and break in my door!" Miss Otway shouted. "There's a man burning to death in my kitchen!"

Ben Peters weighed nearly three hundred pounds. He came running out of his house in his flannel pajamas, and under Miss Otway's direction hurled his great bulk against the kitchen door, which splintered from its hinges at the first impact. The young man was clinging to the window ledge, with the flames leaping up toward his knees. They dragged him out, and Ben laid him on Miss Otway's bed just as the fire engine arrived.

The lodge had been well built. When the matting and the curtains had been consumed, the fire was easily extinguished. By this time most of the population was congregated in or about the house, and among them was Doctor Ayres.

Miss Otway took him straight to her bedroom. "I guess he's pretty badly burnt," she said, and left the room.

The doctor sent for his assistant and his office nurse, and all three worked over the tortured figure on Miss Otway's bed.

It was not until the fire engine had departed that Miss Otway returned to her room, for she was obliged to get the keys of the vault out of her top drawer.

**S**HE WAS startled at seeing two men in masks—white ones this time—Ayres and his assistant. The patient was breathing heavily under an anesthetic. She looked at him. It seemed impossible that he had ever been a menace—he was so young and white and weak.

Doctor Ayres took off his mask. "Well, Katie," he said, "who is this boy, and what do you want done with him?"

Miss Otway looked down at him. "Is he very bad?" she asked.

"He'll live, but he'll never walk again." Miss Otway's hand went to her mouth. "Land sakes!" she said. "He saved my life."

"What do you want done with him?" asked the doctor again.

Miss Otway tried to steel her heart. "Well," she said, "I guess he'd be better off in a hospital, wouldn't he?"

"That depends. If he has enough money for a private room, he would, but I wouldn't put a dog in the wards of that infernal pesthouse at Stonehaven."

"Well, I've got to run along to the bank," said Miss Otway. "Let him be for the present."

She hurried away, avoiding the issue. What *did* she want done with him? How much did the doctor know? What ought she to do? She felt reluctant to turn

the young man over to the police. After all, he had saved her life.

At the bank Seth Means was opening the front door, quite unconscious that his own life had recently hung in the balance. "Well, Miss Otway," he said, "I hear you had a big fire at your place last night. I hope . . ."

She did not linger for conversation, but went on past him, answering as she went. "Nothing to worry about—a lick of paint and a new floor in the kitchen."

Seth followed her. "But say, who was that young feller who nearly got burnt to death? Ben Peters said he had a black mask on his face, and—"

Miss Otway cut him short. "What a story to start! Don't you know better than to believe what Ben Peters says? Haven't you ever heard of people tying handkerchiefs over their faces to keep the smoke out?"

Before Seth could question her further, she pattered downstairs to open the vaults—alone and unmenaced. But she knew she had only put off the evil day. As a matter of fact, she was hardly back inside the cage when she received a summons to the office of Mr. Mullins.

He was all solicitude. "I hope you're none the worse for your experiences."

"Not a mite, not a mite."

"I understand you are well insured."

"Oh, yes," said Miss Otway. "I took out insurance the day they made Ben Peters head of the fire company. Now, Jim, we're busy in the cage today—"

"Just one moment," said Mr. Mullins. "Who was the mysterious young man who was nearly burnt to death in your kitchen? Ben tells me he had a mask over his face."

"That's just Ben's story, Jim. A mask, indeed! He must have tied a handkerchief over his face to keep the smoke out."

"Ben said it was a black mask."

"Maybe it was—by the time Ben got there." She had never lied before, and she was exhilarated, almost intoxicated, at finding she could do it so well. But Mullins seemed not quite convinced.

"Ben thought he was the man who has been holding up the banks around here—a gangster. Ben said he thought it was a pity he hadn't let him burn."

It was this piece of intolerance that turned the scale. "Let him burn!" cried Miss Otway. "What's the matter with Ben Peters? That's my cousin's son from Vermont."

"I didn't know you had cousins in Vermont, Kate. What's his name?"

"Donald Davis," said Miss Otway. She had realized just an instant before that the young man must have a name. Donald had come from her deep subconscious. In her younger days she had intended to have a son called Donald; and Davis was the stationer's name on the calendar hanging over her desk.

"Your cousin's son?" repeated Mr. Mullins. "Well, I am delighted to hear that—and relieved. I had doped it out that he was a gangster who wanted you to open the bank for him, and that you had been so clever that you set fire to your house rather than let him rob us, and I was calculating how large a reward we could afford to pay you, Kate. Well, for the sake of the bank I'm glad that I was mistaken."

A shade crossed Miss Otway's face; she was not mercenary, but she would have liked to be a heroine. She gave a shrill laugh. "Oh, no, nothing like that, Jim," she answered. "I just upset a can of kerosene, and my cousin was smoking, and that old door of mine stuck, as

it always does. I'd have been burnt to death, I guess, if he hadn't held me up to the window. That's how he got hurt."

"He held you up to the window? Why, that was the action of a hero."

"Well, I guess none of the Davises were ever cowards," Miss Otway replied, and went back to the cage.

The exhilaration had passed. She felt disturbed by what she had done. Suppose it came out that she had been lying and harboring a robber, what would the village think of her? She would certainly be obliged to resign from the bank. She was safe as long as her guest remained under the anesthetic, but when he came out, what might he not confess!

She decided to ask for a three weeks' holiday and go home and stay there.

**A**RRIVING AT her house, she found the patient still asleep, and Doctor Ayres' office nurse in charge and anxious to get away. Miss Otway sent her back to her regular duties and began organizing her own life for something she described as "a long spell of sickness." But before she started, she made a thorough search for the gun and the mask. They were nowhere to be found, and she could only hope that the young man himself had had the sense to drop them through the boards of the burning floor.

For a week or so nothing happened—except that she and the doctor worked over their patient. Once Miss Otway murmured to him, "Look at here, don't you tell anyone who you are."

"Okay, lady," he answered. "That's my long suit." But the rest was silence.

He lay day after day staring at the wall and doing as he was told. He didn't ask any questions about his condition or what she intended to do with him. Once when some neighbors came to inquire about him, he did speak to her when she returned to his bedside.

"Cops?" he asked.

"Lands, no," she answered, almost crossly, and there the matter had rested. She feared that Doctor Ayres knew or suspected something but he did not embarrass her with questions.

The last day before she went back to work, she hitched her chair near her patient's bed. "Young man, it's time you and me had a talk. Maybe you guess I haven't told anyone what you were up to—maybe I should have, but I didn't. You saved my life, and I just couldn't turn you over to the police and a prison hospital. You may as well know that I said you were my cousin from Vermont—Donald Davis, I said your name was. But now I've got to go back to work, and you had better send for your family to take you away."

He continued silent, and she asked sharply, "Haven't you got any family?" He shook his head. "Haven't you got any friends?"

"Not to notice."

Miss Otway had never thought of this complication. "Well, then, I guess you've got to go to the State Home."

He smiled faintly and said, "Okay, lady." She felt very uncomfortable and didn't sleep that night. If he had pleaded with her to keep him, she would have yielded, for of course in the long process of nursing she had grown fond of him.

Still, she kept repeating to herself, there wasn't anything else to do. I can't keep a crook like that. If he were a decent young man . . . Besides, there was no room in the house. She herself was sleeping on a sofa in her dining room. She received an ovation on her return



to the bank. Public opinion had been moving—and not in the direction she feared.

Mullins sent for her immediately. "Tell me, Kate," he said, "what are you planning to do with your cousin? Ayres tells me that he can never walk again."

"I'm thinking to send him to the State Home," said Miss Otway firmly.

Mr. Mullins looked shocked. "Oh, you can't do that, Kate!" he said. "I know there isn't much room in your house but the young man crippled himself saving your life. Let me tell you what we have all been thinking."

What the village had been thinking was that they would raise a fund to pension Miss Otway's rescuer. And not the village only; near-by towns joined in the movement. The Stonehaven Gazette had a stirring editorial describing his action as being "as deserving of a medal as that of any war veteran." The committee of which Mr. Mullins was chairman felt confident that they would raise enough to allow her to build an addition to her house. She could invest the remainder in an annuity that would yield a sum sufficient to feed and clothe her guest.

Miss Otway's favorite dream was that she would be able to build an addition; yet she hesitated. Wouldn't it be a fraud to accept that money?

If she had meant to refuse, she should have said so then. The next day it was too late. The village plunged with enthusiasm into the undertaking.

And the next thing that happened was that a broadcasting artist with a soul inflammable to all deeds of heroism and a tongue capable of stirring others to action happened to read the Stonehaven Gazette. The following day, he rolled into Red Bridge in his car, hot to get the facts in the case at first hand.

He got them—without a dissenting voice—and the following Sunday night his devoted audience was deeply moved by another of his great narratives. "If you have ever burnt your fingers with a match and in the intolerable agony flung away the box of matches, you can imagine what those moments were to this boy—standing in a flaming inferno so that a little lady, still incredibly pretty at fifty-five, might clamber to safety on his shoulders.

"Well, that's the story—except for a tag line. As I left, I observed to Miss Otway that if we did not raise enough of a fund to keep her and her cousin in luxury for the rest of their lives I should feel ashamed of that unlikely biological accident, the human species. And she answered with a piece of salty New England philosophy that I shall long remember. 'Young man,' she said, 'don't ever feel ashamed of anything that you didn't do yourself.'"

After this, of course, the money poured in—twenty, thirty, forty thousand dollars—and the final mass meeting at Stonehaven was still ahead.

Spring was coming on now, and every morning before she went to the bank, Miss Otway would wheel her patient out to the front yard—the chair was a gift from the great broadcaster—and the whole village would stop one by one to have a word with the hero.

On the night of the mass meeting—of which a bishop was chairman, and a state senator the principal speaker—Miss Otway drove to Stonehaven with Doctor Ayres. The state senator was sending a larger and more comfortable car for the hero. Miss Otway still felt nervous with the doctor, feeling that he knew more than she wished him to know; but he said nothing to alarm her. She had resigned her position at the bank, and it was of her resignation that they spoke.

"I suppose you'll miss the bank, Kate,"

*"Me... I got the part!"*



1. Ever since I came to New York to be a second Sarah Bernhardt, I've been trying to get in to see this producer. So when I finally spotted him at Vera's party, I was that excited I almost had stage fright.



2. Just as I was working up nerve to tell him how I'd played six weeks of stock in Center City, the coffee was served. "Take it away!" he groaned. "I love coffee like my own mother, but it won't let me sleep!"



3. "But listen!" I broke in: "Give friend Vera credit for being a considerate hostess. This is Sanka Coffee! It's 97% caffeine-free... so it can't keep you awake!" He looked doubtful—but took a chance.



4. "Superb coffee!" he cried and reached for a second cup of Sanka. "Of course it is!" I came back, picking up my cue like an old troupier. "That's because *only* the caffeine is taken out... the flavor stays in!"



5. "What's more," I added, "my doctor told me that the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffeine effect, and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.'"



6. Well, my producer certainly gave me a hand! "You're a bright little girl," he said. "And you've got a great delivery. If you'd like a few lines in my new play, come up to my office tomorrow!"



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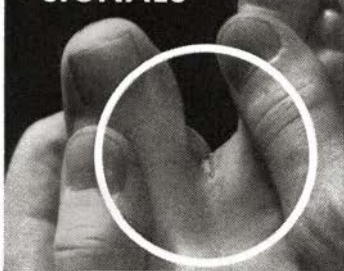
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he said. "It was really your child. But now you've got another."

She nodded. "It was Donald made me do it," she said. "He thought it wasn't fair for me to be holding a salaried job with all this money coming in."

The doctor answered gravely that he was sure Donald was a good judge of fairness.

Doctor Ayres had been asked to speak at the meeting and had declined, but toward the end of the evening he consented to say a few words. No one understood them, but then, no one ever understood the doctor. He said that he had been present at a great many births and had seen a fair number of heroes, but that he had never before been present at the birth of a hero and he found it an interesting and instructive experience. The audience clapped in a perfunctory way.

The hero himself was there on the platform in his wheel chair. When the whole audience rose, as much in tribute to him as to the national anthem, he was observed to weep. Tears? Not unmanly in a hero of nineteen who would never walk again. Presently everyone was crowding about his chair.

The doctor and Miss Otway drove away in silence. She had not been among those who had failed to understand the doctor's speech. She knew perfectly what he meant—knew that the moment for explanation had come.

"Well, Bert," she said, as his small car bounded away from the town hall, "are you going to give me away?"

"I, Kate? Of course not. I am delighted with the results. You get an income and an occupation, he gets a good home, and I get a neat black revolver."

\*\*\* \*\*

## Country Life

(Continued from page 25)

tipped. City people outnumbered country people by almost three million. The prophesied doom had come: America was no longer agrarian. Our vast country, the richest agricultural country on earth, was industrialized.

Then something happened. Those were the boom years, the Jazz Age, the New Era. Cities were springing upward in such towers as had never before been imagined; networks of cement were running out from them over the whole land; telephones and power lines were following, and air beacons and planes. Everyone was planning a sybaritic bathroom and a two-car garage. *And the pace of the cities' growth was slackening.*

In the East it became sluggish. An impulse of growth passed westward, where towns were still becoming cities and cities were expanding. But everywhere, year by year the movement out from the cities was stronger, against the inward movement. During those booming 'twenties, pioneer homesteaders filed claims on fifty-three million acres of public land. In 1928 the pull of the young western cities overcame the general exodus by only 422,000 persons. In six states—Arizona, Delaware, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Rhode Island—the country gained on the cities.

Then the boom broke; you remember the Crash? For a couple of years so many people went back to the folks on the farm, and so many took homesteads, that city growth stopped entirely. In 1935 the Homestead Act was repealed, shutting that door of individual escape to pioneering on the land. But the exodus from the cities continues. In 1937 all the cities of America drew from towns and farms fewer than 300,000 persons.

Here is a phenomenon that should

"Oh, so it was you who took the gun!" "And the mask—though I doubt if I ever use it. I thought that was what you wanted me to do."

"I suppose you think I'm a wicked old woman."

"On the contrary, I think you're a genius. You have done what prison associations and charitable institutions have been trying to do for years—you have really reformed a criminal; and you have done it by the only method, probably, by which it can be done. You have made him believe that he is actually made of heroic stuff, as perhaps he is."

Miss Otway said: "Do you think I'm going to be murdered in my bed some fine night?"

"Murdered? Of course not! The young man worships you. Didn't you know that? Your trouble is going to be very different. You are going to have a hard time living up to the high moral standards he will set for you. I shall be disappointed if some day he doesn't reproach you for having stooped to tell a lie in order to save him from the police."

"How do you mean, he worships me?"

The doctor laughed. "Do you want me to tell you what he really said?"

Of course she wanted him to tell her. All her life everyone had taken her kind deeds as a matter of course, hardly saying thank you. All her life she had been starved for praise.

"What did he say?"

"He said that he never thought such an old moll could be so stepped up."

Miss Otway's face broke into the sweet irrepresible smile of a young girl. It was exactly what she needed. Her whole ego blossomed. "An old moll!" she said. "Land sakes, what a way to talk!"

came Oswald Spengler, author of "The Decline of the West," sit up and take notice. Spengler has vast learning and a first-rate mind, but it is a European mind; he says he cannot make head or tail of America. European minds never can.

In his books, Spengler offers a theory that fits all previous civilizations: he shows that each of those organic class-structures, dominated by the Great Man in authority, has progressed from country to town to city to metropolis, and has died of the excessive political controls that are bred by city masses of human beings. He points to the huge cities of today, to the city masses and the demagogues to whom they give power, and he says to the West, to the "white" man's world: "Here is your doom. This is your end."

Now, if it should happen that enough Americans don't want to live in cities—and always supposing that each American fiercely protects his American right to govern his own life—then once more our country won't follow the European pattern. Individual desires, operating in freedom, made America, and perhaps they are still making America's future. For these tides of migration between land and pavement are not controlled, here.

In England and France every individual is born to a class that holds him in his place. Everywhere else on earth, politicians or soldiers (calling themselves the State, the Government) assume responsibility for the people's welfare, and therefore they must control the people.

Germans, Russians, Italians, Hungarians, and on around the planet to the Japanese, must work and eat and live and move as they are told. But any American can still refuse to work in a labor gang. Any American can eat as much bread and butter as he wants, if he can earn it or



make it himself from the land. And any time he wants to move from city to country, no one will stop him.

No bureaucrat in control of population shifts has had the power to move Americans out of our cities. Each one of them is going because he wants to go.

Mass production, America's superindustrialism, seems, oddly enough, to be leading America back to the cows and chickens. This country runs hog-wild away from statistical-graph predictions. Marx saw the industrial revolution making the rich richer and the poor poorer until the starving masses, revolting for bread, gave his disciples the chance to seize governing power. But modern industry, plus American individual freedom, actually gave everybody a car and cheap gasoline.

And now, in their cars, are Americans going back to the most beautiful land on earth, to make a new kind of country life? Another new American thing, as far from the peasant's way of life as our ideal of personal freedom in a classless society is remote from the regimented-social-security ideal of dying Europe?

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## Girl from Tokyo

(Continued from page 51)

nothing in Yokohama. But Tokyo's only twenty-five minutes away."

"Do you live in Tokyo?"

She nodded. "Dad works for an American silk manufacturer there."

"Sounds good."

"No, the company's lost money lately. And what profit there was left has been drained in war tax. My father's salary was cut, and having such poor business has been a blow to him. His whole life is tied up there."

"What about your mother?"

"She—she's in the States. We don't see her any more."

"I'd like to meet your father."

She seemed grateful. "Then we can have supper with him, Ben. He's really grand."

Their eyes met accidentally, and held; he felt blood coursing up into his cheeks. It was a quick, stabbing moment that neither of them had expected. Like something that has smoothly clicked.

"Hello," she said softly.

He was impressed with Tokyo, with its traffic lights and trolleys, its theaters and restaurants and shops, almost like an American city. But it was only a background for Elaine. The things he saw were objects to color his memory of her.

She lived in a modern apartment. It had casement windows and American furniture, with here and there a Japanese touch.

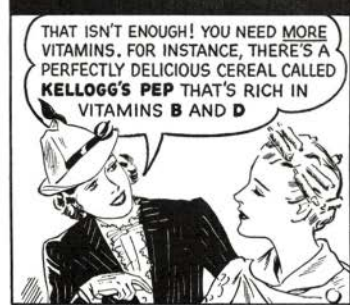
Mr. Morely was a small, withered man with gray hair and shiny blue eyes. His health was failing, and Ben learned that Elaine transacted most of his business. "It would be impossible to continue without her," Morely said.

When supper was finished, the old man excused himself, and Elaine said, "Let's go out. I want you to see the town."

Tokyo had changed with the coming of darkness. It was a city magic with sound and soft odors of incense and cooking, rickshas rattling past and wooden sandals clattering on the pavement.

"It isn't the same Tokyo," Elaine said. "The war has done something to it. It's spiritless. The gaiety is gone. The conquest of China has brought only poverty and sorrow."

He felt it, too. Tragedy that seemed to hover in the atmosphere. A city too quiet. Even when they went to the Grand Hotel



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and took a table in the dining room where an American band played, the atmosphere was strained. He wondered how Elaine lived here, day after day.

She recognized his mood and laughed. "I've got a yen for you," she said.

"Have you—I mean, really?"

She dropped a coin on the table, a yen. He pushed it aside. "I've got a yen for you," he said, "and it isn't Japanese."

"A good old American yen?"

"That's it, Elaine. A heart that beats too fast, and a rapid pulse."

There were tears in her eyes suddenly, and she looked away. It was as though she had remembered life was once like this—music and people dancing.

"Let's dance," she said. "It's a grand song they're playing."

He wondered if she knew that the song was "Poor Butterfly." A beautiful American melody with Japanese overtones.

Later they went to a Japanese restaurant that Elaine knew and sat cross-legged on the floor, with a low table between them, on it dishes of rich brown soy, pickled seaweed, rice, *daikon* and slim slices of raw fish. There was in their ears the jumble of cymbals and flutes that is Japanese music, and pretty geisha girls came in and danced.

"Japan can be so lovely," Elaine said.

"You mean when there's someone about?"

She searched his face. "You think I'm lonely. I'm not. I'm busy all day. And there are lots of young men here. Darling, I don't want you to feel sorry for me."

"I don't," he said, but he was conscious that she had called him darling, and he had a sudden impulse to kiss her. But there was the table, and the girls dancing. "Then I'm just another fellow?"

She was looking at him. "Yes. But a nice one. One whom I—" She stopped suddenly. "Ben, don't ask me to fall in love with you. Please!"

He got up, came around the table and kissed her lips. Then she was in his arms . . . The geisha girls kept dancing, and the music became louder, and if there had been bombers flying over Tokyo at that moment no one would have known it.

After a while he sat down beside her, instead of across the table, and they stayed for the rest of the show, tipping generously and laughing gaily, as though the world had just begun.

When at last they departed, they rented a horse and buggy and drove through the quiet, empty streets. Elaine leaned back in his arms, and they talked of a thousand subjects.

"Darling," he said, "if I could make you my wife, I'd get down on my knees and thank God every day of my life. It just doesn't seem possible that—"

"It is funny, isn't it?" she said. "We just met and—"

"And clicked," he said. "I knew it on the dock, but I didn't dare hope."

"I can't leave Japan, of course, but if you could stay here . . ."

"Stay here?" His voice was unsteady.

"You can't, can you? It's—"

"You could come to Honolulu. Bring your father and—"

"He couldn't stand a long boat trip," she said. "He's ill; you know that. Besides, if he ever gave up his business, if there was nothing else in life for him to do . . ."

"He depends on you?"

She nodded. "It's so impossible, Ben. It's—maybe you'd better take me home."

"I'm on leave," he said. "Will you see me tomorrow?"

"I want to see you every day you're here!"

In front of her apartment he tilted her chin up and looked into her eyes. "I love you, Elaine."

She kissed him gently on the cheek.

He tried not to think that in a few days he had to leave. Before the time came there would have to be a solution, though he did not ask himself what it could be.

He met Elaine in the morning. She was fresh and lovely. They went swimming in the pool at the hotel. "I'm taking the morning off, darling," she said, "to be with you."

At noon they had lunch and he wanted to laugh at himself because he could eat no more than a salad. His whole world had changed. His old life, the ship, the routine, the ambition, had all dropped away from him. It was mad infatuation.

"If I could stay here, would you marry me?"

"But you can't," she said. Then she seemed to gain hope suddenly. "But you might, dear, if you wanted to badly enough."

"How?"

"You could resign from the navy and work for Dad. It wouldn't be much money, but we could be together, and that's—"

"I can't quit the navy," he said. "It's not that I think more of the navy than I do of you, but I couldn't just starve along here in a foreign country. I couldn't be the kind of husband that—"

"I know, Ben. It was just something wild that I thought of. Please forget it."

But it was impossible for him to forget. That night when they went out together he was ready to tell her that he had made up his mind. Yet, somehow, sanity stopped him. He knew that if he resigned he would regret it. But he loved her, and he was tormented. His nights were sleepless. During the day, when she was at work, he walked the streets bleakly.

It was on the fourth day that the Japanese waylaid him in the lobby of the hotel. He introduced himself and asked if Ben had a moment to spare.

"We can go into the bar," Ben said.

The saffron-faced gentleman lost no time in getting to the point. "I presume you are very fond of the American navy?" he said.

"Very."

"Your methods of doing things are different from ours."

"I imagine so," said Ben.

The Japanese looked at him. "Mr. Carter, have you ever thought of resigning?"

"What do you mean?"

"Japan is in a war. We could use an American naval expert." He saw the light in Ben's eyes and hurried on. "Please do not misunderstand. This is a proposition entirely aboveboard. I might ask the same thing of any gentleman. If you were free of your present military duties, you would naturally be in a position to take a post that would perhaps pay you a great deal more money."

"And tell you everything I know about American warships?"

The Japanese smiled without humor. "I presume you would advise us on the construction of our vessels, if that is what you mean. We are in a position to offer you a lucrative seven-year contract, and the pay would be enormous."

"Who sent you to me?"

"No one, sir. I heard an officer from the S-23 was staying here, that is all."

"The answer is no."

"But—"

"I might get mad and take a swing at you. That wouldn't be so good."

The Japanese nodded curtly, and departed.

That night Ben went to Elaine's office to pick her up. As he entered a short, fat Japanese brushed past him. He was an old man with thinning gray hair, and he bowed in apology. Elaine had finished her work and was ready. They went out for dinner and to a theater. But they were too



engaged with each other to watch the show, and at ten they came out.

It was raining, and there was not a taxi in sight. It was the end of the street-car line, and a trolley stood in the middle of the street. They made a dash for it.

The car brought them within a block of her apartment, and they went the rest of the way on foot. They were wet and shivering; the wind was cold.

When they arrived in the apartment the windows were open, and rain was sweeping in. Mr. Morely had gone to bed.

Elaine turned up the lights and shut the windows. "Shall I make a fire?"

"Don't tell me the fireplace works?"

"All the comforts of Springfield, Ohio," she laughed.

They made the fire; then they sat on the floor in front of it. He put his arm around her, and she leaned against him.

"I wish this could go on forever," he said.

"Instead, you'll go back to your submarine—and ultimately to war."

"Do you think there'll be a war?"

"I give you Guam," she said.

They were silent for a long time.

At last she looked up at him and brushed her hand across his cheek. "Darling, I wish you could stay in Tokyo."

"But I can't!"

It was two days later, and the S-23 was scheduled to sail at midnight. Ben was approached again about working in Tokyo. It was a private shipbuilder this time. He accepted commissions to build vessels for the Nipponese government. The conversation started and ended like the first. The difference was singular. The man who approached him was short and fat, and his hair was thin on top. It was the Japanese whom Ben had seen coming out of Elaine's office.

He tried to tell himself during the afternoon that it was simply a coincidence, yet he was plagued with the poison of suspicion. There was no excuse for a shipbuilder to be in the office of an American silk manufacturer.

It seemed incredible. He could not believe Elaine had made love to him so that he would have a strong emotional desire to remain in Tokyo. A motive, besides the large sum of money offered, for resigning from the navy and staying in Japan. But when he remembered how she had suggested that he might resign, and how often she had begged him to stay, he could not help seeing the connection between her and the two Japanese who had tried to buy him.

They had dinner together that night, and Elaine ate very little and did not talk. After dinner they went back to the bar to which they had gone originally. They sat in the same booth. He drank sake until his face was flushed.

"Well, I guess it's *sayonara*," he said.

"Yes."

"It was fun for a while, wasn't it?"

"A lot of fun," she said.

"Elaine, it's gay pretending, but it's near the end."

She was startled.

"I know all about it," he went on.

"About—"

He nodded. And he didn't know until then that he hadn't really believed it at all, because now, when she did not protest, when she knew exactly what he meant, the disappointment that surged through him made his stomach hollow.

"Ben," she said, "I want you to know that no matter what it started out to be, regardless of what was behind it—"

"You fell in love with me?"

"I do love you, Ben."

"That's always the way, isn't it?"

"I—I guess it is."

"Tell me when you felt it first? Here?"

WHEN HEADACHE COMES,  
I THINK OF MY NERVES  
—TAKE BROMO-SELTZER

says  
**TED  
HUSING**

VOTED MOST POPULAR sports announcer in a nation-wide poll 8 years in a row, Ted Husing says: "Believe you me, I can't let a headache slow me down when I'm broadcasting. So I take Bromo-Seltzer."

**TENSE MOMENTS**



Columbia-Navy racing, and Husing on the spot. "When headache has me on the spot," he says—"I race for Bromo-Seltzer."

Fans cheering—millions listening! Ted sees it all, tells it fast! "Bromo-Seltzer scores when it comes to easing headache," he says.

Down the fairway goes Husing on a motorized lawn mower! He says: "Bromo-Seltzer leaves me steadier."

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When your head aches and throbs, your nervous system gets upset. That's why headache is best treated with a remedy made to do at least 2 things . . . ease *pain* fast and steady your *nerves*. Bromo-Seltzer does both. Tests by a group of doctors have proved this!

Take Bromo-Seltzer!\* It's pleasant—fast! Get it at drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it at home!

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I RELIEVE  
**HEADACHE  
AND CALM  
YOUR NERVES!**



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*Speaking of World's Fairs*  
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**10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES—28 GOLD MEDALS**

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 GRAND PRIZES—28 GOLD MEDALS

Or was it that night I kissed you, and the geisha girls kept dancing?"

"It was here, I think, when you looked at me the way you did. But you understand that I——"

"Sure," he said. "Sure, I understand. And we'll pretend everything was just as it seemed. We'll go through with it, right up to the moment the whistle blows and the S-23 backs down."

"She was crying.  
 "Don't do that, darling," he said. "I love you. I should hate your very soul, but I love you. It's a good thing for me that I'm sailing because there are some women all hell can't stop you from loving."

"Ben!"  
 "I don't regret it," he said. "I don't regret a minute of it. It's been swell. I'll always remember. The bright chapter in the life of Mr. Carter."

He was getting up, somewhat clumsy and unsteady. He helped her to her feet. They went out together and walked through the night, back to the dock.

"This is the way we came on that first day," he said, "and this is the way we return. The end of a perfect circle."

He was high then. Sure, he was high. The picture was fading out; the new world was leaving him.

He remembered kissing her good-by; he remembered that she clung to him, and kept saying, "I'm going to see you again, Ben."

He was aboard the S-23 then, up in the conning tower, and the sailors were casting off lines. An arc light flooded down. Women in bright kimonos crowded around; men in cloaks; clattering sandals; the cries of "Sayonara." The shrill whistle of the boat. Then the rumbling of the engines. Backing down. He had stood waving and hearing in his mind the haunting strains of "Poor Butterfly."

The sun was hot in the noon sky when one of the officers climbed up through the hatch and relieved Ben. He went down into the wardrobe where his lunch was waiting for him. The skipper sat across the table sipping coffee. Ben washed his hands and face and sat down to eat.

The skipper regarded him speculatively. "The orders came through about you,"

he said. "I guess you'll be leaving us." "Me?"

The skipper nodded. "You'll be headed back for Tokyo by steamer."

"But I——"  
 "Didn't you request to be assigned to a foreign port as a language student?"  
 "Yes, sir, but——"

"Well, you've got it. Three years in Tokyo under the jurisdiction of the naval attaché there."

Ben just stared.

"It's pretty hard to get that duty," the skipper went on. "It means a great future career. Washington asked the attaché in Tokyo if he'd recommend you. Well, the attaché is a queer duck, and he's had a little trouble with men in Japan. Recently they caught a spy working right in the office. The attaché knew he could trust you as an officer, but he had this queer idea that it might be better to test you out before he made the recommendation. Unofficially, of course."

"You mean——?"  
 "I mean that the old bird put it up to me. I knew you'd come through with flying colors, so I told him to go ahead. He worked with this Elaine Morely. He figured if you were very much in love with her and wanted to stay in Tokyo, you'd be at your lowest moral ebb when the Japs approached you."

"Then the Japs weren't serious?"  
 "No. It was all in the plan. If you'd even hinted that you were willing to accept their proposals, they'd have sent you back to the ship."

"Then——"  
 "Elaine Morely was trying to help you get the language-study assignment here. If she'd broken down and told you what it was about, the attaché wouldn't have given you the recommendation. The girl begged him for permission to tell you. But you weren't to know until we sailed that you were being tried out for one of the best branches this navy's got to offer. The attaché in Tokyo wired your recommendation to Washington, and as I say, the orders have just come back."

The bow of the S-23 rose and fell. Ben's eyes were bright. "You know, skipper," he said, "Tokyo can be a swell place, if there's someone there!"

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## The Entangling Web *(Continued from page 63)*

blows and stretches, so we had a little chat.

Blanche sells real estate for one of the big firms in town and makes good money at it. Besides being plenty smart, she's an eye-stopper for looks and wears nifty clothes. It ain't hard to figure out how she has luck melting down the resistance of men prospects and getting names on contracts.

Blanche asked me how I was doing, and how was Madge, and the first thing I knew I had bought a couple of ducats at the window and we went in to the show.

There was a fellow in the foyer handing out coupon tickets, and he told us what the special decorations were all about. The Palace was celebrating Anniversary Week, he said, and there would be a drawing that night at ten o'clock. Three lucky people would get a nice slice of cake in the way of a cash prize. The fellow said you didn't have to be there at the evening show to win, but in case your name was called and you wasn't there, you only got half a slice of cake.

I never could get hot and bothered about bank nights and prize drawings and was going to pass up the tickets he poked at us, but Blanche insisted on us fixing them up. So she borrowed my pen and filled out the blanks on hers, and then did

mine for me. She poked the big ends of the tickets in the box slot and gave me my stub, which I just dropped into my pocket.

The picture was pretty good, but somehow I didn't enjoy it because I got to thinking suppose some dear mutual friend saw I and Blanche there together and made a report to Madge.

The little woman don't care a whole lot for Blanche. I suppose it was because Blanche used to drop in the apartment frequent when we were first married, and she'd always talk a lot about the things I and she used to do together. Madge never did seem to get as much fun out of that as we did.

I pulled out before the picture was over, telling Blanche I had an appointment for a demonstration. I looked around good going up the aisle and I didn't see anybody I knew, but I felt a lot easier in my mind outside.

I hadn't said anything to Madge about going to the Palace with Blanche, and I guess that was another reason I lied about that telephone call.

I must have laid there in bed an hour and couldn't get to sleep, and then all of a sudden I got to worrying about that stub. I couldn't remember having run across it again after I dropped it in my pocket there at the show. Finally I eased



out of bed and over to the chair where my clothes was hanging.

The stub wasn't in any of my coat pockets, and I started on my pants. I was in the middle of a feverish searching job when Madge switched on the lamp.

"Eddie Reynolds, what are you doing?" "My toe hurts like the dickens," I said. "I'm going to put something on it to stop the pain."

"Well, you don't expect to find something for your toe in your trousers pockets, do you?" she asked me.

"I was looking for my cigarets," I said. "I thought I'd smoke in the bathroom while I fixed up my toe."

It's funny how quick you can think up lies, once you get started.

Madge said, "Your cigarets are on the table in the living room," and snapped off the light.

I got my cigarets and went into the bathroom, taking my pants along, and just in case Madge took a notion to come in and see about my toe I put some stuff on it and then smoked a cigaret. She was sound asleep when I sneaked back to bed, but I didn't go to sleep because that stub wasn't in my pants, either.

It was pretty near daylight when I finally dropped off to sleep, and I didn't even hear the clock when it went off. Madge called me to get up after she'd started breakfast, and before I shaved I looked through all my pockets again, but didn't find any stub. I was looking over the floor to see if maybe I'd dropped it somewhere when Madge came in to see why I hadn't dressed.

I had to stall and tell her I was looking for a card with the name of a prospect on it, and that was a pretty thin one.

Breakfast didn't taste so good that morning. I was worried about that stub.

I worked all morning, but I didn't do much good, on account of thinking how was I going to claim my two hundred bucks without that stub.

There was only one way to find out, and that was to see the Palace people. So a little before one I parked the truck and hustled around to the show.

I explained to the girl at the ticket window that I was one of last night's lucky mugs, and she told me to go to the manager's office off the foyer.

The manager was alone in his little office, and his name was Fink. The second I got a glimpse of Mr. Fink I knew I was going to have trouble with him. He had a knobby chin and black eyes that were cold and suspicious.

I told him who I was.

"Oh, yes!" he said, and pulled an envelope out of a drawer. The envelope had a ticket clipped to it and was very fat. Mr. Fink glanced at something written on the envelope and then at me.

"You were not present in the show when your name was called last night, were you, Mr. Reynolds?" he asked me.

"No, but I was here yesterday afternoon. The lady said last night—"

"Oh, sure!" Mr. Fink interrupted me. "You get half the four hundred dollars, according to the rules. You got your stub, Mr. Reynolds?"

Well, I started out smooth enough telling him it looked like I'd lost my stub, but seeing the way his eyes got colder, I commenced to stutter before I got through.

"You're not just asking me to take your word for it that you were here at the afternoon show, are you, Mr. Reynolds?" he said. "You're a stranger to me."

"But my name is on the ticket that was drawn, ain't it?" I said. "That ought to be enough proof."

He looked at the ticket on the envelope then and turned the envelope face down. He shoved a pad and a pen at me.

"You wouldn't mind writing your name

# "Bill Henry, you'll spank this child over my dead body!"



**A modern wife finds a modern way out for her child**



**1. But, Mary . . .** I tell you I'm tired of pampering him. He needs it and I'm going to give him some if I have to ram it down his throat—or else . . .



**2. Oh, no, you're not!** He hates that nasty-tasting stuff and I think it's a crime to force him to take it just because it's around the house. You just wait a minute while I call the doctor!



**3. Oh, I see!** Yes, doctor . . . uh-huh . . . WHAT? . . . Heavens! I didn't know that! Yes, indeed, I'll do it right away! Thanks so much, doctor.



**4. There, Smarty!** The doctor said never to FORCE a child. He said to give him a GOOD-TASTING laxative. But NOT an "adult" one. He said a grown-up's laxative might be TOO STRONG for a tot's delicate "insides" . . . and could do more harm than good.



**5. He said to give him a modern laxative** made especially for children EVEN TO THE TASTE. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria because it not only tastes good—it's safe, too. It has no harsh drugs, and won't gripe. I'll get a bottle now.



**6. Wow! Will you look at him go for that Fletcher's Castoria!** Thank heaven, we won't have any more fights over a laxative in this family.

*Chas. H. Fletcher* **CASTORIA**

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially and ONLY for children

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Please send me FREE trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....

and address, for comparison with the signature on the ticket, would you?"

"But I didn't fill out my own ticket!" I said. "The party I was with filled it out for me. The writing wouldn't check."

He put the envelope back in the desk drawer then. "The circumstances are unusual, Mr. Reynolds," he said. "We have to be very careful in awarding prizes to claimants not properly identified. I'm afraid you'll either have to produce that stub or positive proof that you were in the house yesterday afternoon."

I thought about Blanche Forrester then. "What if I bring the party you took in the show with me?" I asked. "She can swear I was here, and her stub ought to have a number just one under or over my number."

"If the party is known to me, that might do," Mr. Fink said. "Who is she?"

"Miss Blanche Forrester," I said. "I'll bet she knows somebody connected with the show."

"I know Miss Forrester," Mr. Fink said, and thawed a little. "If she says you were here, that'll be okay. Suppose you bring her around."

I hustled down to the smoking room to a pay phone and called Blanche's office. The girl there said Miss Forrester was out to lunch. She said she might be at the Little Tea Room when I asked her where did Blanche usually get her lunch.

The Little Tea Room wasn't but a couple of blocks from the Palace, and I chased down there and caught Blanche finishing up a salad. I didn't waste any time telling her about the pickle I was in.

Her eyes were all interested and sparkling when I commenced telling about the phone call last night, and kind of deep blue and thoughtful when I got down to the part about Mr. Fink saying he'd fix up things if she would vouch for me.

"Oh, you lucky man!" Blanche said. "Of course Mr. Fink will take my word for it that we were at the show together. I know him well."

I told her that I sure would appreciate her helping me out, and she looked at me serious like. "What did Madge say about it when you told her last night, Eddie?" she asked. "I'll bet she was tickled pink."

"Madge don't know anything about it, and I don't want her to know!" I blurted out before I thought, and then I had to explain about that fishing-club membership and the new tackle I wanted.

"Oh, you husbands!" Blanche said. "I'll bet you didn't tell Madge you took me to the show yesterday, either."

"Of course I didn't," I said. "You know how Madge is, Blanche. She'd have thought I was playing hookey from the job, or something like that."

"Yes, I think I know Madge," Blanche said, and reached for her gloves and purse. "You can pay my check, Mister Lucky. We'd better be getting over to the Palace before Mr. Fink changes his mind."

I got stuck for a sixty-cent lunch check, but it didn't bother me none, because if Blanche could help me get that two hundred bucks, the price of a lunch was nothing.

Mr. Fink greeted Blanche like an old friend, and she turned on the personality full strength, telling him that we'd taken in the show together the afternoon before, and she'd filled in my ticket for me.

She dug her stub out of her purse, and Mr. Fink looked at the ticket on the envelope and said it was one number higher than hers.

"It wasn't necessary for you to show your stub, though, Miss Forrester," he told her. "If you say Mr. Reynolds was with you at the show yesterday, that's enough for me. I'll just get Mr. Reynolds to sign a receipt."

It was as simple as that. I signed the

receipt, and Mr. Fink counted out ten twenty-dollar bills and passed them over to me. I thanked him, and Blanche did too, and then I and Blanche went out into the foyer and the blow fell.

I was in a sweat to get back on the job, but Blanche stopped me. "Don't you think, Eddie, that I'm due a little cut of the lucky money? Say about forty bucks?"

"Forty bucks!" I howled, surprised that a friend would try to chisel me that way. "I was thinking of slipping you a five-spot for helping me out, but remember it was my ticket that got drawn."

"I know, Eddie, but if it hadn't been for me you wouldn't have filled out a ticket in the first place," Blanche said, "and in the second place, you couldn't have collected if I hadn't vouched for you to Mr. Fink. I think you ought to be generous."

"You got funny ideas about generosity, Blanche," I said, pretty stiff. "Maybe we'd better argue this a little."

"I never argue, Eddie," she said, just as stiff. "And if I called Madge up and told her how you happened to win the prize, I think she'd agree that forty bucks is just about right."

That didn't leave me any argument, either. I just dug out that wad of twenties and peeled off a couple.

Blanche thanked me sweetly, putting the bills in her purse, but I just walked out on her without saying good-by. It was a great shock to me to find out that Blanche Forrester was that kind of a girl.

I had to hustle like the dickens the rest of the afternoon to make my daily quota of calls for my report. I knew I could not see the fellow with the membership to sell before Saturday. Between the heat and me burning up all afternoon thinking about how Blanche had gypped me, I wasn't in the best of humor when I got home.

Madge had a nice supper ready, and she was full of bright chatter while we ate, but I didn't do much but mumble.

After I helped her do the dishes as usual, we went out on the front porch to cool off. Our apartment is on the second floor, with a porch screened all around just big enough for a glider and a couple chairs and a table and a reading lamp.

I read the afternoon paper and Madge worked on some embroidery. Once or twice I caught her eyeing me in a funny way.

Well, it got around to past eight o'clock, and Madge said she had a headache and was going to bed early. I set around for half an hour longer and got sleepy myself.

I switched off the porch light and went inside. Madge had gone to bed, and all the lights were out in the bedroom. I didn't know whether she was asleep or not, and I didn't think much about it right then, because I had another worry.

It had been a long time since I'd had a hundred and sixty bucks in the old billfold in my hip pocket. Ordinarily I'm not a hand to worry about burglars, but I'd just read where a burglar had been operating in our neighborhood.

We got burglar guards all around the windows, and being on the second floor makes it harder for a thief. But I tried the bolt on the back door to see that it was shut good, and then I hooked the chain on the front door to the hall. I closed the door to the front porch and locked that.

I turned off the living-room lights then and groped my way to the bedroom. I listened at the door and it sounded like Madge was asleep, the way she was breathing. I didn't want to wake her up so I undressed in the dark.

I got to thinking maybe I'd better hide my billfold some place, and I did get it out of my hip pocket and open a couple drawers. But then I thought Madge might catch me taking it out in the morning, and that might not be so good. So I finally



decided to leave it in the hip pocket of my pants, on the chair where I always put them nights.

I got into bed easy like, and Madge never stirred. It wasn't long before I was pounding my ear, too.

I don't know what woke me up, but something did. I sat up in bed and listened, but I couldn't hear any unusual noises.

Madge was sound asleep. The moonlight was streaming through the south windows, making it light in the bedroom.

I was about to flop back on the pillow when I happened to look over at the chair where I'd put my pants. It was right in the moonlight and my pants were gone!

I bounced out of bed and jabbed on the lights. I guess I let out a little yell when I didn't see my pants anywhere.

Madge set up in bed, all big-eyed. "What is the matter with you, Eddie Reynolds?"

"My pants!" I said, pointing at the chair where they'd been. "They're gone! We've had a burglar! I'm going to call the cops!"

"Wait, Eddie! Maybe you hung them in the closet," Madge said, but I was already hotfooting it for the telephone.

The operator gave me police headquarters, and I told the headquarters operator who I was and where I lived and that we'd been robbed. He said there was a Burglary Squad crew cruising out in our neighborhood and he'd have 'em flashed over there right away.

Madge didn't say a word when I told her the cops would soon be there, and I went around turning on all the lights in the place, but I didn't see my pants anywhere. It wasn't more than two minutes before I heard a car stop down in the street, and ten seconds later somebody knocked on our door.

I knew it was the cops, coming quiet so as not to scare a burglar off if he was still around anywhere. I went to the door, undid the chain and let them in.

There was two of them, detectives in plain clothes. One of them was awful sour-looking. The other one was younger and not bad-looking. The sour-looking one was the head guy. He said he was Detective Sergeant Smith, and the other one was Detective Palmer.

Smith said, "What's wrong here, young fellow?" and I started telling them about waking up and missing my pants.

Smith asked me where I had left them, and I took them to the bedroom.

Madge looked scared when we came in. She was sitting up in bed, and I told the detectives she was my wife.

I showed the detectives the chair, with my shirt and underwear on the back, and no pants. Smith pulled out a little notebook and asked me my name, and put that down. Then he asked me if I'd had much money in my pants.

"I'll say I did!" I blurted out. "I had a hundred and sixty dollars in my billfold in my hip pocket."

"Eddie Reynolds, where did you get a hundred and sixty dollars?" Madge piped up.

"Why—uh—I borrowed it from the bank today," I said, that being the first thing that came to my head.

"You borrowed it from the bank!" Madge said. "What for?"

"Why, I had a chance to make a good investment, hon," I said. "Don't bother me now. I'll tell you about it later."

Smith was scowling by then, but I noticed Palmer was grinning, and that got me more flustered than ever.

"What denomination bills was the money in, Mr. Reynolds?" Smith asked.

"In twenties, eight of them," I said.

"Brand-new bills."

"New bills, huh? Swell," Smith said.

"Then the teller probably took them from

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a package, and he'll remember the serial numbers. That's a break for us when the thief starts busting them."

That kind of set me back on my heels. "What bank did you borrow the money from?" Smith asked.

"Why—uh—I really didn't get the money at a bank, sergeant," I said, gulping. "I didn't want the wife to know, but I won that money gambling."

Smith looked at me pretty hard then. Palmer stopped grinning.

"Gambling! Oh, Eddie!" Madge wailed. "And you never told me!"

Smith glared at her. "Lady, if you'll quit butting in, maybe we'll get somewhere on this case." He shut his book and said, "Come on, Palmer. We better look the place over."

They started out to the living room and I trailed behind them. They started with the kitchen, finding the bolt shot there snug; then they examined all the windows and found the burglar guards all right.

Palmer snapped on the porch light, unlocked the door and went out there. "Hey, Reynolds," he called back, "are these your pants?"

Smith and I hustled out to the porch and Palmer was pointing to my pants, bunched on the floor. I grabbed 'em up and felt for my billfold. It wasn't there.

"The burglar left my pants, but he took my billfold and money!" I said.

"This is mighty queer business, Reynolds," Smith said, very gruff. "Your back door is bolted. You had to undo the chain on the front door to let us in, and the window guards are all right. This porch door was locked and the porch is screened all around and the wire hasn't been cut any place. How did a burglar get in?"

I stood there scratching my head. I couldn't figure it out.

"Let's go inside," Smith said. "We'll get to the bottom of this."

Madge was in the living room by then, wearing her bathrobe and bedroom slippers. She looked awful little and scared.

Smith scowled. "What kind of a razzle-dazzle are you trying to pull, Reynolds?" he said. "You've told two stories about where you got that money, and both of them sound phony. Are you sure you had a billfold with a hundred and sixty dollars in it? Or was you trying to put something over on your wife?"

"I certainly did have a billfold with a hundred and sixty bucks in it," I said, getting mad myself, "and it was in my pants pocket when I went to bed."

"If he was robbed then, sergeant, it's my guess it was an inside job," Palmer said. "I don't believe nobody busted into this flat."

Madge had a queer expression on her face. She still looked scared, but there was a little red coming into her cheeks.

"Eddie has been acting very strange since he got a telephone call Thursday night, sergeant," she said, not looking at me at all. "Maybe he walked in his sleep and hid his billfold and don't remember it. Maybe he was worried about having that money."

Smith and Palmer looked at her, and then they looked at each other. Smith said, "H'mm! Maybe we'd better look around. We'll start in the bedroom."

I didn't say anything. So far as I know I never walked in my sleep in my life. Madge followed the detectives into the bedroom, and I tagged along.

Smith and Palmer opened drawers and looked into them, and then Smith went over to the bed and yanked my pillow off, and there was my billfold!

I squawked and hopped over there, snatching up the billfold and looking into it. The eight twenties were still there.

"So!" Smith said. "The Burglary Squad hasn't got anything to do but chase around straightening out sleepwalkers, eh?"

The main thing I wanted right then was to get rid of that pair, so I said, "I'm awfully sorry, sergeant. Maybe I should have thought of that before I called the cops. I walk in my sleep a lot, but I never hid my billfold before and threw my pants on the front porch."

"You get dressed, Reynolds," Smith said. "I want you to go down with us and tell the chief where that gambling joint is. There ain't supposed to be none of them places open now."

Well, that scared me plenty. It looked like my lying was heading me for a cell, maybe, and a lot more trouble. I couldn't think of a thing to say, and I just looked at the little woman kind of helpless like.

She stepped up to Smith and looked him right in the eye. "I don't believe Eddie said that money gambling, sergeant," she said. "He hasn't got sense enough to win a hundred and sixty dollars gambling. I'm awfully sorry we bothered you, but won't you please go now? I think Eddie wants to have a long talk with me."

Smith looked at her hard, and then he looked at Palmer, and I couldn't swear to it but I believe he winked at his partner.

"Well, we'll let him off this time, lady," Smith said, giving me a dirty look. "But if he ever walks in his sleep again and hides any jack he's trying to hold out on you, you just let us know."

Him and Palmer started for the door then, and Madge followed to look up behind them. I flopped down on the bed, and somehow I knew I was in for a bad half hour when Madge come back.

She did, in just a minute, and stood there looking at me for maybe ten seconds. "Eddie Reynolds, you lied to me!" she said, getting started. "You told awful lies to those detectives about the money, and I almost had to tell a lie myself to make them think you were a sleepwalker."

"Madge, did you take my billfold out of my pocket and hide it under my pillow and throw my pants out?" I asked, beginning to suspicion something.

"Of course I did! I wasn't asleep when you came in off the porch, and I heard you prowling around locking the doors and opening drawers like you were looking for a place to hide something," Madge said. "You acted very strange at supper tonight, and you weren't going to tell me about winning that prize money at the Palace Theater drawing. So I hid your old billfold to scare you and teach you a lesson."

"Hey, how did you know about my winning that prize? Did that chiseling Blanche Forrester call up and tell you?"

Then I saw by the way her eyes changed expression that I'd put my foot in it right, but it was too late then.

"My sister Julie called me this afternoon and told me she was at the Palace last night and heard them call out your name for a prize," she said, very icy. "But what has Blanche Forrester got to do with it? And what did you do with the other forty dollars out of the two hundred you got?"

I didn't have any more spine than an angleworm by that time, and I was sick of telling lies. So I looked Madge square in the eye and I said, "I guess I better tell you the truth about the whole business, hon," and I did, not skipping anything.

I'm still pretty much in the doghouse around the apartment, but I think Madge has the idea that I'll never lie to her again. And—oh, yes! The hundred and sixty bucks got socked in the savings bank the next day.

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## Woman in White (Continued from page 39)

sickness at the time she came to us, but insisted it was pernicious vomiting. She also complained to the doctor of violent and mysterious pains, but gave the situation away when she whispered to me: "It would spoil my shape to have a baby."

Meanwhile, tears stood in the eyes of her husband as he begged the doctor to help her go her term. "It's our one chance," he pleaded. "I'm so old, probably there'll never be another. She must have this one. Do let her have it!"

My doctor accepted the wife's story and performed an abortion. I stood beside the girl as, emerging from the anesthetic, she revealed the sordid truth.

Over and over she repeated, "I won't! I won't! I'll never have his child. I married him for his money. Does he think I'm going to spoil my shape for him? That's why he loves me; that's how I can get anything I want out of him. Have a baby? I should say not!"

I could feel more respect and vastly more sympathy for the pitiful youngster they brought into my ward one day, quite alone. Making out the chart, I asked her name and then that of the baby's father. At the second question tears trickled from under her closed lids.

"Isn't there any father?" I whispered. She shook her head. "Don't feel too badly," I said. "Tomorrow there'll be a lovely baby for you. And now, let's give him a father." Boldly I wrote the first man's name that came into my head.

I didn't stop there, for I heard her grieved whisper: "They'll all know when nobody comes to see me!"

I took more of my scanty salary than I could spare and had a big bunch of roses sent to her. Then I consulted a friend of mine, an attractive young man

doing graduate work at a near-by college, and he and I made a little plot. Every night while that girl remained in the hospital he came to see her and behaved so charmingly that the ward voted him the most devoted husband it had ever observed!

So we saved face for little Ellen, and who was the worse for it?

I do not believe that any institution for the care of the sick should try to make money; to break even should be enough—many hospitals can do this only with the aid of philanthropy. Profiteering in the needs of ill and helpless people and their hard-pressed families is a socially repellent idea. Exploiting employees is especially characteristic of some private hospitals like the one where I first worked, where money is the first thought of the management.

Such false hospital economy is strangely at variance with hospital expenditures for superb buildings and equipment.

Let me say emphatically that in most respects Americans have created a system of hospitalization unmatched anywhere in the world. But the human side of the service may lag behind the material and the scientific side.

"What is the most important thing in the hospital?" They asked this in the final examination given at training school.

I answered, "The operating room." The majority of my classmates said, "The charts"—naming, you note, the perfect symbol of hospital red tape. Not one of us gave the correct answer, which happened to be, "The patient."

Here, I have always felt, is an illuminating commentary on misplaced emphasis even in training. Here, too, is all that

I missed in my institutional work as an R. N.—sufficient regard for the patient as an individual rather than a case.

The time came when I turned my back on institutional nursing in hospitals. I entered private-duty work.

Every nurse, I suppose, is asked a thousand times, "What was your most interesting case?"

While it is hard for me to pick and choose among my memories, perhaps the case which in the highest degree presented intensity and variety of interest, both from the nature of the disease and from the nature of the patient, was a bank president who suffered from aplastic anemia. Call him Richard Wilson.

This rare and extremely deadly ailment destroys all the baby cells in the blood almost as fast as they are formed, and nothing seems permanently to halt the destruction. For instance, you can give a transfusion of eight hundred cubic centimeters of healthy blood and step up the patient's blood count, yet in a week it will be down again.

The strain of nursing so desperate a case was terrific. I never knew when bleeding would break out or how severe it would be, and I soon became convinced that Mr. Wilson had a bad doctor. One night two hemorrhages from the gums started. We phoned a dozen times in a vain attempt to reach the doctor in charge.

Taking my professional life in my hands—for the nurse who criticizes the conduct of a case risks serious trouble—I urged the man's wife to consult another medical adviser. She refused, since the present physician had attended her family for years. Matters soon went from bad to worse.

Part of the regular treatment for anemia consists in hypodermic injections of



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liver extract. This is a ticklish job since, if the needle is not plunged deeply enough, a liver abscess may develop—a nasty business. When one formed on Mr. Wilson's arm, the doctor treated it by ordering *continuous* application of an icecap—an almost unheard-of procedure in such a case. The usual rule is half an hour on followed by an hour off, in order to allow the blood to circulate, something which must be watched most carefully with an anemic patient.

Since the day nurse took the doctor's instructions, the icecap had been in place for eleven consecutive hours when I came on duty. Horrified, I removed it at once, noting with dismay my patient's extreme weakness and the ice-burn on his arm. The flesh in the vicinity of the abscess had turned dark purple. I knew there was danger of blood poisoning.

I watched the next dressing of that abscess. I saw the doctor apply iodoform—which is used to sterilize a wound and keep it open so that the pus may escape—then, on top of the iodoform dressing, put balsam of Peru, a healing agent. In other words, he employed one drug to keep the abscess open, a second drug to close it—the two were at cross-purposes.

On the following day the arm looked distinctly worse. I waited for the thorough cleaning out which I knew was indicated. Instead, after making a superficial incision and collecting from the abscess about a tablespoonful of pus, the doctor departed with the cheerful assurance that all was well. By the rules of nursing etiquette I could make no protest.

Hours later—hours of steadily increasing discomfort for Mr. Wilson and of anxiety for me—I called in a house man (resident physician in the hospital), removed the dressings and showed what lay underneath. He looked grave.

"What that needs is a cross-incision, and it needs it quick!"

"You do it," I urged.

"I can't," he said. "But you can!"

I knew that I could, but I would assume a grave responsibility for the patient and for myself. However, to dodge responsibility is no part of a nurse's business.

Grimly I made ready my sterile instruments and dressings. I sterilized my hands. There was no one to consult; the only member of Richard Wilson's family ever available during his illness was the wife to whom I have referred—his third, and a dipsomaniac. This emergency, like later ones, found her lying in a stupor.

I approached the bed. "I'm going to hurt you a little," I warned its occupant. All around the abscess the flesh was practically dead, so that I need not give even a local anesthetic.

Firmly grasping the scalpel, I made the necessary cross-incisions. The pus fairly spurted! By actual measurement afterward I removed eighteen ounces.

I cleaned the wound carefully, inserted a drain and applied a saline dressing. Relief came almost instantaneously. The tortured man fell into the first natural, refreshing slumber he had enjoyed for several nights.

Next morning, if you will believe me, the doctor did not even realize what had been done! He removed the four feet of iodoform gauze which I had used as packing; noted the subsidence of the swelling.

"Aha!" he chirruped. "This is coming along splendidly. Just as I hoped, nature is cleansing the wound. We can rely on nature to clear it all up!"

I didn't say a word. Neither did my patient. But our eyes met.

Another doctor was called into consultation, and with competent medical advice, Mr. Wilson improved so much that he could be moved to his Westchester estate. Four days in the week he spent up

there, three in his hospital room. I traveled back and forth with him, doing twelve-hour private duty at the hospital, in charge day and night at the Westchester place.

These were the gay times and the good times, but the bad times followed. Forever over our heads hung the danger of a hemorrhage or a sinking spell. I would not acknowledge that the case was hopeless, but so it proved, months later.

Even after it was all over I did not collapse physically, but some intangible inner strength crumbled, and I took a vacation trip to Honolulu.

On my return, I played a rôle in what dramatic critics would classify as a light French farce.

This is how it happened.

I had been nursing a charming lady through a sharp attack of influenza. Convalescent, with her husband out of town on a business trip, she invited a young man to lunch, a pleasantly intimate affair, to be served on a small table beside her bed.

I received special permission to go off duty. Arnold, she explained, was a new friend; it was made plain to me that her husband did not know him and that he did not belong to her "crowd."

Half an hour before the time set for the luncheon, the husband walked in! Finishing his business sooner than he expected, he had hurried home to cheer his sick wife. She looked ready to faint!

I owed my first duty to my patient—besides, women ought to stand together. Having been told the name of Arnold's club, I telephoned there at once from the tiny private barroom at one end of the apartment—with the door closed. He could not be found; apparently he was on the way to keep his engagement.

I had to think quickly. Getting the operator again, I said that the telephone appeared to be out of order and asked her to test it by calling me back in five minutes. Then I opened the door, so that the sound of the bell could be heard by my patient and her husband.

When Central rang I hastened to answer—the door once more shut tight. A few minutes later I presented myself in the sickroom, explaining apologetically that a young man had just telephoned, a dear friend from out of town. If I could get off duty he wanted me to go to dinner and the theater. I had taken the liberty of asking him to stop for a moment at the apartment so that we might make arrangements. Was this all right?

They both assented, the wife still looking wan and worried. I longed to reassure her but did not dare.

The doorbell br-r-r-ed.

"It must be my friend!" I exclaimed, and rushed to the outer door of the apartment. On the threshold stood one of the most attractive youths I had ever met—he really would take some explaining by any wife! I flung both arms around his neck, drawing his head down to hide his amazed expression—and also to whisper rapidly in his ear the true state of affairs.

Arnold took his cue with aplomb and dispatch; presumably he had had practice in ticklish situations. He never batted an eyelash responding to my shameless advances, while behind us my patient's husband boomed jovially:

"Don't mind me, young folks! You make yourselves at home. Nurse, can't your friend stay to lunch?"

We thanked him, but Arnold pleaded a business engagement. He was assured that I would be free in the evening for anything we wanted to "fix up," and we were left alone in the living room.

For the sake of appearances he stayed ten minutes, which I employed in reassuring him as to the health of the lady he



really had come to see. We parted more demurely than we met.

I never saw him again—but before I left the house late in the afternoon to keep my hypothetical date (actually to go alone to a movie), I received a beautiful spray of white gardenias with a card inscribed: "To a good sport."

What happened afterward? How do I know? My time was up on that case two days later. Sometimes a nurse has to end her own stories, invent her own curtains, to please herself!

During the next period of my nursing career, as visiting nurse with a social service organization, I came in close contact with the so-called free clinics. Speaking from my experience, I must say that the average clinic is one of the weakest spots in the system for the care of the sick.

That the public should be warned against indiscriminate dependence upon clinics is particularly important at the present time, since in the last few years many who are not normally clinic patients have been forced to become so because of economic conditions. Yet the majority of those who patronize the common run of clinic pay fees; investigation of ability to do so is stringent and "ability to pay" is assumed if you are able to put butter on your slice of bread. You also pay for medicine prescribed and for various tests. You pay—yet you may be treated not merely like a beggar but like a thief.

Clinics often defend themselves for their harsh attitude on the ground that many beneficiaries are cheats: well-to-do individuals masquerading in old clothes in order to obtain services without paying full value. I have encountered only one or two instances of such chicanery.

Over and over again, in the eyes of men and women seeking behind a clinic's doors the only medical aid they think they can afford for themselves or their children, I have seen such terror as you might find in the faces of those about to enter a cage of lions. This is not an exaggeration.

The poor are not surprised by the brusque treatment they receive. But many others have been surprised during the past few years of unemployment. The depression at least has done this: it has taught the middle class what those in the lower ranks have always had to endure.

**Next: What a "Woman in White" thinks about you as a patient**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## Shanghai Hotel

(Continued from page 29)

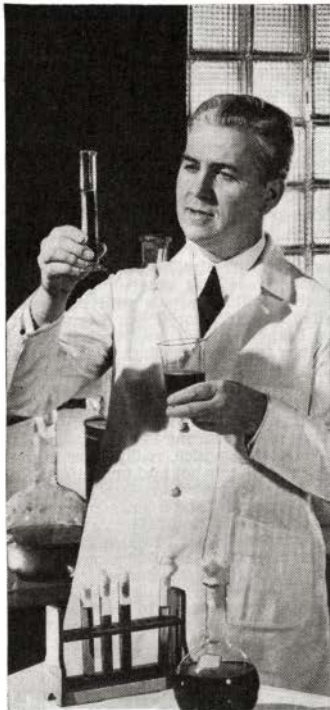
you don't bargain with fate for half a dollar!" protested Helen.

"In China you have to bargain," answered Frank. "I should deprive the man of half his pleasure if I did not bargain."

The priest and Wang Wen immediately plunged into an excited discussion. Other people came up—two gentlemen in long silken robes, an old woman with a sharp face and tiny feet, and a young girl in a white cap who was carrying chains of spirit money on a stick over her shoulder.

The priest and Wang Wen finally came to an agreement. Frank took out a few silver coins, which he laid in the ashes of an incense burner. With amusement Helen watched the priest who, mumbling, brought forth a quiver-shaped dish and strewed upon the ground a few bamboo twigs which he took from it. He observed them, thumbed through a large book, still mumbling. Finally he informed Wang Wen of what he had read in the book.

Wang Wen turned to Frank and reported, "Good omens. The lady will have many



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fine sons, and for Mr. Taylor great riches are foretold."

Helen made a face. "My wish for sons is not so uncontrollable as the two gentlemen seem to think," she laughed.

Wang Wen did not understand and he bowed gratefully, but Frank became reflective.

"There's something wrong about that," he said. "Wang Wen doesn't want to tell us anything unpleasant."

At this Helen laughed again. "Superstitious as an old heathen!" she cried.

Frank looked at her, surprised, and then, as he walked beside her into the outer court, he also began to laugh.

"Listen," she said suddenly and stood still. "What did you say your name is? Taylor? Frank Taylor? From Hawaii? But then I know you! I was to bring you greetings from Lester Clark. He's related to you, isn't he? He promised that you would take me dancing if English society got too tiresome for me. Isn't it nice that we've met each other by chance?"

"Very nice," murmured Frank, embarrassed. "Terribly nice, really. How is my —Lester?" He was hot and uncomfortable again. "My miserable fox-trot is at your service," he said. "And if you could use me as a guide, call me up. Here's my card."

"You are just what I needed in Shanghai," said Helen. She put the card in her white bag, out of which came a fresh breath of lavender. "I'll call you, thanks. And now I must go back to the hotel. Nice that we've met. Be seeing you soon."

One of the enormous taxis that the Shanghai Hotel placed at the service of its guests at a large price was standing outside. Frank watched the car until it disappeared around the corner. I shall have to buy a new white dinner jacket, he thought. His head no longer ached. Rather, he felt as if he had just been rubbed down with cold water.

"Now for work," he said to Wang Wen. But when they came again into the garden where Frank had planned to take pictures, the sun had sunk behind a wall of metal clouds, the light had become yellow and useless, and soon the first drops of a storm fell upon them. "We can't do anything today," he said. "We must put it off until another time."

Doctor Chang came back from Nanking tired and disappointed. The airplane had been sold out for days, and he had taken a train. It had been almost two hours late and was overcrowded with fugitives.

The hospital in which Pearl worked three days a week was not far from the station in the workers' quarter of Chapei. Pearl was not paid for her services at the health center, which consisted in supervising the white doctors who did volunteer work and in treating the women who could not overcome their fear of men doctors. There were three German doctors, Jewish immigrants, who worked without pay.

Chang passed through the so-called waiting room, the walls of which were covered with pictured representations of venereal diseases and advice for the treatment of children—his work; his pride. As he came into the room in which his wife was working, he found her bending over a table on which lay a newborn baby. Tiny as the child was, he had a cap with golden ornaments on his head and on his feet shoes with tiger faces.

Pearl looked up and smiled at Chang. The smile disappeared as she turned again toward the child. "Doctor Hain!" she called into the next room, the door of which was open.

"Yes?" asked the old doctor, coming up to the table. Pearl turned the little soles toward him so that he could see the blisters and the gleaming skin.

Pearl looked at her husband. "Thirty-four percent come to us with inherited syphilis," she said in English as she finished with the newborn boy. "Disinfect everything," she told the nurse. She herself dissolved chloride in a washbasin and began to scrub her hands. "What good wind brings you here?" she asked her husband, when Doctor Hain had gone back to the other room.

"I thought we might go out to dinner as soon as you are ready," said Chang.

"I'm ready now," she answered gaily. As soon as they were in the taxi, she asked, "How was it in Nanking?"

"Not very successful," he said. "At the moment, there was no money. They even recommended that we call off the campaign. But we'll manage it somehow. The twenty-ninth route army is holding well, but things seem to be more serious in the north than we thought. They were saying in the train that the Red army has killed sixty thousand Japanese," he added.

"Sixty thousand Japanese?" Pearl cried. "Good! Fine! We must show the Japanese once that they can be beaten! A pinprick in the inflated balloon. Pff! They have never fought against a united China."

They drove along for a while in silence and got out at Hongkew Park. It was cooler here. Chang and his wife forgot politics as they wandered under the trees and beside the water's edge, considering where they should eat dinner. They agreed upon Fung Hei's restaurant.

Pearl had thrown off all weariness, for the confusion of the evening metropolis reminded her of New York and banished the feeling of loneliness that sometimes overcame her. She had come to China with Chang because she had great affection for the unknown home of her family and because the conversation of the students in the Chinese Club in New York had filled her with a passionate desire to help in the rebirth of this great old nation. But what she found in China had overwhelmed her with shame for her countrymen.

"Shall we call for Liu?" Yutsing smilingly interrupted her thoughts.

"Gladly," said Pearl, although she would rather have been alone with her husband.

Liu the author lived in the Chinese part of Hongkew, in one of the little lanes that were too narrow for an auto. Pearl waited in the car until Yutsing returned with their friend. In spite of the heat, Liu was wearing a brown, somewhat dirty cotton costume. He wore it day in and day out, and for that reason Pearl often called him an affected poseur. Liu met her friendly mockery with clever poems which he sent to her with a few flowers.

Above the shabby brown costume a bold head rose upon an amazingly white smooth neck which made Liu look younger than he was. As a matter of fact, his poverty and loneliness were clever luxuries, for he came of a rich, aristocratic family, and somewhere he possessed lands, houses, wives and children.

"What's the news?" asked Pearl as she settled herself between the two men. Liu had become an important part of her marriage with Yutsing. Now that he was with them, she was really glad. The evening became gayer because he was sharing it.

"War news before the evening meal spoils the appetite," said Liu.

Yutsing was absent-minded and silent when they arrived at the restaurant, and Liu ordered rice wine and forced Yutsing to drink three cups. He had bright red spots on his cheeks when they left the restaurant.

Soon afterwards Liu took leave of them. He held Pearl's hand firmly for a moment as if he wanted to say something, but went away without speaking. Yutsing



called a ricksha, and they went home to their modern apartment in Marnier Street. "I am as dirty as a robber," said Chang, standing before the dresser in their bedroom.

The number-one boy was already preparing his bath; number two brought in the mail which had come during Yutsing's absence. He took it with him into the bathroom.

When Yutsing came back, he threw the open letters on the table. "My father has arrived," he said.

B. G. Chang had spent the hot months in a small hotel which he had built near the monastery Tienmushan. He had returned, and Yutsing anticipated meeting his father with a strange disquiet, the reason for which he could not tell Pearl.

Ten minutes after midnight the telephone rang. Yutsing reached for it, and Pearl turned on the light.

"Yes," he said sleepily into the telephone, and then: "Won't tomorrow do? I'm tired; came from Nanking today." Finally: "All right. I'll come right away."

Pearl looked at her husband in surprise as he got up.

"Number one," he called, "a fresh suit."

"The servants are asleep," said Pearl and got up to bring her husband fresh clothes.

"My father wants to see me at once," he said. Pearl said nothing.

The Shanghai Hotel, to which Yutsing Chang went, was on the Nanking Road in the center of the International Settlement. The hotel had been erected five years before, and it was said in Shanghai that anyone who amounted to anything sooner or later passed through its halls.

As Yutsing went through the lobby, in which even at this hour all the tables were filled with people in evening clothes, he was accosted by a white-haired lady.

"Monsieur Chang! Back from Nanking? How was it? What's the news? Will there be war in Shanghai? They say that the rich Japanese Furura and Kikuchi have closed their shops and quietly crept away. Wouldn't it be interesting if we had war here? I never had more fun than in 'thirty-two. Did you know that I was standing right there when the Yungho Yunhang Mill went into the air? Won't you sit down?"

Madame Tissaud belonged in the hall of the Shanghai Hotel as much as one of the black marble columns upon which the glass roof rested. She was the voice of Shanghai—a gossip, a newspaper. She had sat in this spot before the hotel was built—in the little old Shanghai Hotel. She would still be sitting there when the last of the hundred wars that were always going on had razed Shanghai to the ground. Where she came from, no one knew.

Chang bowed awkwardly and murmured excuses. He was the only Chinese in the crowded room, and though the hotel belonged to his father, he felt an intruder and a despised foreigner.

Madame opened the floodgates and a stream poured forth. "Are you looking for your father? He looks fine. Did you know that he won fourteen hundred dollars tonight at jai alai? He has two of the most beautiful Korean women with him that Shanghai has seen for a long time. They say he bought them from a high Japanese officer in the Kwantung army, but I don't believe it."

From all the halls of the Shanghai Hotel dance music resounded. The clatter of bottles and glasses, the noise of many chattering voices, the perfume of the women, the almost inaudible sound with which the felt shoes of the Chinese waiters shuffled over the thick carpets—all this gave an impression of elegance.

Yutsing Chang bit his lip and kissed

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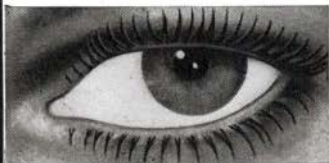


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the powdered hand which Madame Tis-saud held out to him as the price of getting away from her. He went through a vestibule to the rear of the building, where an elevator took him directly to his father's rooms.

The famous roof garden on the sixteenth story was flanked by two towerlike structures—penthouses in the New York style. One of these was the residence of the banker, and the other was the dance bar. Bogum Chang had moved to the hotel when a band of extortioners had threatened to kidnap him. Up here, high above the city, behind a ring of servants and guards, he felt safe.

Chai, Bogum Chang's secretary, received Yutsing.

The great reception room was filled with heavy teakwood furniture. There were red embroidered silk hangings, as if for a wedding; on wooden brackets were costly silver and dishes—presents. There were telephones, phonographs, radios and all sorts of inventions from cigaret lighters to foot warmers.

B. G. Chang sat on a wide couch, and though he had drunk a lot, he was cold sober. Since the night was close, he had taken off his upper garments and had on only silk trousers. His skin was the color of dark copper, and his enormous chest and the muscles of his shoulders reminded his son of the powerful figures he had seen on monuments.

Squatting on the floor in front of Chang was a delicate, painted Korean girl. She held a whisky bottle on her arm and balanced a half-empty glass in her fingers, ready to fill it for her master. From the radio in the corner came dance music from the roof garden.

Two other girls were dancing a fox-trot that looked lascivious and exciting.

"Joy! My son has come!" cried Chang and started to get up, but Yutsing prevented him.

"How is the honorable health of my father?" he asked ceremoniously, bowing. "Good and better than for a long time!" cried Chang. He drew Yutsing down on the couch. The kneeling girl filled a glass for Yutsing. His father gave it to him.

From childhood Yutsing had never been able to overcome his fear that his father would consider him a weakling. Bravely he drank the whisky. Immediately he was filled with an enterprising spirit.

"How is the honorable health of my mother?" he asked.

"She still walks with a cane and your aunt has to help her, so great is her weakness, but she is living," answered Chang. He took up the telephone that was standing on a little table by the couch, called, "Chai, you can go to bed. I don't need anyone any more tonight."

At this signal the three girls crept from the room.

The father had not asked after Pearl's health, and this intentional impoliteness caused the son to look forward with discomfort to this important conversation.

"It was foolish of you to go to Nanking if you wanted money for your campaign," said Chang finally. "At the moment airplanes are more important than bearers of ideas. Airplanes and air-eggs," he added reflectively.

Yutsing smiled, because his father had used the coolie word for bombs. "Nevertheless, the campaign will go forward," he said obstinately.

The elder Chang laughed. He said, "The dunces are right, for once. There is no sense in spending money on health campaigns when there is going to be war."

"Why should we have war in Shanghai?" asked Yutsing.

"I am no war lord," his father replied. "I don't know anything about it. But wise people tell me that it would be better to

split the Japanese front and fight in many different places."

Yutsing was silent and depressed; he knew by experience that his father was well informed and generally right.

"How much money did you try to get in Nanking?" asked the banker.

"We need about four hundred dollars."

Bogum Chang waited. He hoped his son would ask him for the money, but Yutsing did nothing of the sort. He is obstinate and malicious in his virtuousness, thought Chang bitterly. "Where do you expect to get the money?" he asked after a silence. "I don't know," said Yutsing.

"Listen, my son, I will give you the money that I will win tonight at jai alai. Perhaps it will bring me luck. Chai will see that you get it tomorrow. But I am against going on with the campaign."

While Yutsing was thanking his father for the unexpected present, he wondered what the elder Chang's purpose was. "You sent for me to discuss something important?" he asked.

"You remember what you promised your mother when she was so very sick?" asked Chang.

"I remember," said Yutsing.

"Well, how about it? Is your wife going to have a child?"

Yutsing swallowed twice. "No," he said. "Your mother is too weak to find a concubine for you. She has left it to me to make a choice," said Chang. "The girl is eighteen years old, experienced enough for your pleasure and innocent enough to become a good mother. She has four brothers and comes of a family that is poor but rich in sons. Her name is Meilan."

"I don't want a concubine. I'll ask my mother to give me back my promise," said Yutsing.

His father looked at him, shaking his head. "You act as if you were not a man."

"My wife is young; she can still have many sons if my parents will give her time," said Yutsing, but he knew that he was lying.

Chang rose. His dark brow had become still darker, but he said with great gentleness, "You have never bothered much about the wishes of your parents, and as often as you have acted against us, you have suffered for it. I do not even demand that you send out of your house the unfruitful girl you brought back from a foreign land without consulting me. But you promised your mother to give her a grandchild, and you will keep your word."

"I cannot allow you to insult my wife!" cried Yutsing. "You do not understand my marriage. Pearl is very dear to me; she is the best comrade, the truest, best wife. Not even my parents have a right to cause her suffering."

At that, his father smiled. "What has that to do with your taking a concubine and having descendants?" he asked, amused. "For me, your mother is the best wife in the whole universe and I honor her above anything in this world. But what has that to do with my concubines?"

Yutsing sprang up. "I will not take a concubine!" he cried. "We are Christians, Pearl and I. We live in a Christian marriage. We are happy and contented. It would be a sin to bring in a second wife."

"The wands say that I shall die this year," said Chang. "Therefore, I can grant you no further delay. I must demand that you give me a grandson."

Yutsing had no answer. For two years he had fought against his parents; suddenly he did not know why. The wish for a son was hidden in the deepest part of his being—a son who would carry on his work, a better man in a better China.

Yutsing looked at his father and saw that the perspiration was standing in great drops on his face.

Gentle persuasion was hard work for



this violent man. From the copper-colored skin of his shoulders white scars stood out—traces of the time when he had been a coolie; of the burdens he had borne.

Suddenly Yutsing was sorry for his father. "I am too tired to make any decision tonight," he said formally. "I beg for a few days to consider. May I go now?"

When he left the hotel the streets were damp after a sudden rain. The air was steaming. With a confused mind, Yutsing went along the street. At the edge of the race track small boys were calling an extra. He read it by the last gleam of the street light.

Peiping was lost. The Japanese were besieging Tientsin, which could not hold out long.

It was more than a year since Kurt Planke had come to Shanghai. The evil city had continued the deterioration begun in Paris. During the cruel first weeks Doctor Hain had obtained from a committee for Jewish immigrants a little support which he had shared with Kurt, since the latter was Aryan and not entitled to help.

At last Kurt had obtained the job of piano player in the Dragon Club. It was really a brothel—rooms in the upper story and many girls. There was bitter competition between the slender young Asiatics and the faded, wasted, but still arrogant White Russians, all of whom claimed to belong to the Czar's family.

The feeling that was inborn in the German musician dried up. He became cynical and arrogant, with the special grim humor which flourishes in Shanghai as nowhere else. It was a girl who had accustomed him to the pipe. When he had overcome the sickness of the beginner, he realized what the Chinese meant when they talked of the harmony of the universe. A wonderful peace came upon him.

Since he had no money to buy the expensive poison that could be had in hundreds of secret places in the city, he soon sank to the depths where the coolies and the porters got their cheap opium. The opium they smoked was bitter and strong. It was cooked up from leavings and caused a heavy intoxication. Life is so full of sorrow that it can only be borne with the help of the great smoke, they said, and Kurt thought they were right.

Chance protected him and Doctor Hain from starvation. In a narrow street the car of B. G. Chang the banker ran over a Chinese guard's young wife and her little son. Doctor Hain, who saw the accident, gave mother and child first aid, took them to the hospital, did all that was necessary to save their lives.

It turned out to be an important affair. The guard had connections that reached up to the ministry of commerce. The banker showed himself grateful.

Doctor Hain was given a back room in the Shanghai Hotel, and from then on was looked upon as the hotel doctor. Kurt got a job as piano player in the dance bar of the roof garden. He lived in a miserable windowless room and got his evening meal and ten dollars weekly. He played at night and slept by day.

In the lobby, as Kurt entered the evening after Yutsing's visit to his father, Madame Tissaud was sitting with the rich English couple he had seen in the bar several times. "Mrs. Russell, may I present our young genius? Be polite to her, Monsieur Kurt: Mrs. Russell is a musician." Russell, the honorable, looked at him sleepily. "Monsieur Kurt must tell you how he and the charming Doctor Hain escaped from Germany; it is better than a novel," said Madame Tissaud.

There was a pause. Then: "May I be excused?" asked Kurt uncomfortably. "Did you see the eyes? The expression?"

asked Madame Tissaud when he had gone.

"What do you mean?" asked Russell.

"Opium," answered Madame.

"Opium, you say?" Russell asked. "Is it so easy to get opium?"

"Child's play. There is nothing simpler than to get opium in Shanghai."

"How, for example?"

"You need only to ask somebody who smokes it," said Madame Tissaud.

"I am curious to know when we can go to Peiping again," said Helen, to get away from the subject of opium. "Bad luck to come just when a war is beginning."

"In China there is always a war somewhere," said Madame Tissaud. "You mustn't take it too seriously . . . Here is Doctor Chang."

Doctor Chang had on a fresh white suit and held a Panama hat in his hand. "You must pardon me if I am late," he said.

"Not at all. We'll have time to see enough of Shanghai," said Russell. He had been against accepting Doctor Chang's invitation, but Helen had wanted to see everything.

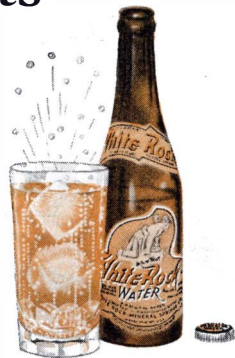
The doctor's invitation to show the city to the Russells was to a certain extent the fulfillment of an official wish. The Chinese ambassador in Tokyo had written him that the Russells belonged to an important political party in England.

In front of the hotel a huge limousine was waiting, with a chauffeur in white livery. Yutsing had borrowed it from his father in order to impress the English.

As the tour moved from one point of interest to the next, each turned to his own thoughts. Russell thought urgently of drinks. Helen thought of Frank Taylor, whom she was to see at the Chinese dinner to follow.

But most deeply sunk in his own thoughts was Yutsing Chang. He had had his first meeting with Meilan, and something unexpected had happened to him:

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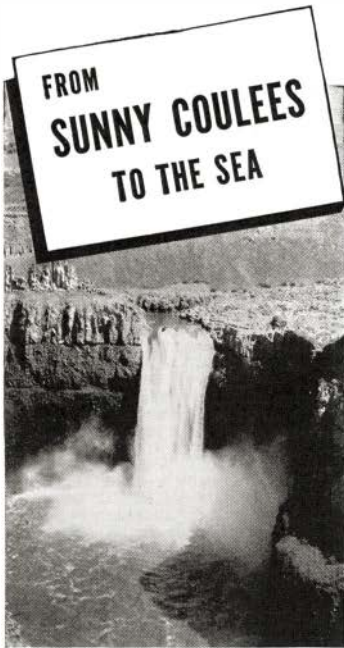


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he had fallen in love with her. She made his quiet comradeship with Pearl seem suddenly pale and unimportant. His calling, his mission in New China, the battles in the north, the uncertain future of the land—all these seemed unimportant compared with the sound of Meilan's throaty voice in a darkened room.

As twilight was falling, the car landed them at the airport. Yutsing crowded them into a small plane. They swayed above the mighty city while, below, the lights crept out in the reddish-gray dusk.

Helen questioned Yutsing industriously. She did not know whether any of the information she was gathering was worth mentioning to Whitehall. She felt inexperienced. Her whole life had been a great effort to attain perfection, but she always went in the wrong direction.

She had been an excellent student, an excellent seamstress in the Salon Leibel; the best model, the most beautiful mannequin, the Frenchiest Parisian. She had made herself into an English lady and was playing the rôle of the Honorable Mrs. George Russell to the best of her ability. But it annoyed her to think that she was not succeeding as an elegant spy.

She was in a land where a war was going on and where England had important interests. There must be valuable news, but it always escaped her. She had only let herself in for this tiresome undertaking with Yutsing Chang because Madame Tissaud, the voice of Shanghai, had told her that the doctor was active when anything was going on in China.

Helen noted in her head the number and ownership of the battleships on the river, and knew that it was unimportant. She tried to find out what lay behind Doctor Chang's politeness, but without success. At last the little plane landed.

Russell staggered into the waiting car. "First to the Imperial Club for cocktails," he said.

"I advise against cocktails before a Chinese dinner," Yutsing Chang said quickly. "We shall soon be at the restaurant where my wife is waiting with the other guests."

The car stopped in a narrow lane hung with banners and lanterns.

"I am afraid Mrs. Russell is too tired," said George Russell desperately.

In spite of the dictates of politeness, Helen was about to agree with her husband when Frank Taylor came out through the narrow doorway.

A moment before Helen had felt a strong repugnance for the whole affair. Now everything seemed gay and full of color—the Chinese street, the lanterns, the indefinable odor of strange things.

"How are you, Sir Galahad?" she asked as she gave him her hand.

He bent and kissed it.

"I am still dizzy from all we've seen," she continued. "Come, George, it will do you good to eat." And she went into the hallway without giving her husband a chance to protest.

Doctor Chang led them into the room reserved for the banquet.

In the meantime there had risen in George Russell a great rage. His face, the handsome face of the young Englishman of good family, showed an expression of arrogance. Pearl, who was wearing American clothes this evening, introduced her guests.

"Doctor Hain, my famous colleague," she said, and Doctor Hain bowed to Helen. "Mr. Liu, my best friend and a great author, Miss Linyin, our Chinese Greta Garbo. Mr. Taylor you already know."

The room was empty except for a round table about which stood chairs in white linen slip covers. A boy came in with a basket of wet towels twisted into saushags. George looked at them suspiciously, but

since the others wiped their faces, he tried it too. The towel was steaming hot and felt good. Liu sat down beside him.

Helen conversed with Doctor Hain in German. "How long have you been in Shanghai? Do you like it? . . . No? Why not? It is much more modern than Paris."

Doctor Hain had the rusty voice of a person who lives much alone. "Shanghai is no city," he said. "Shanghai is a poison. Whoever comes here, whether white or Chinese, has lost his grip—and Shanghai does the rest."

"Are there no exceptions?" asked Helen. She looked at Frank. He seemed to her extraordinarily young and innocent.

He came over to them. "Have you any new patients, doctor?" he asked.

Doctor Hain smiled gloomily. "My Chinese colleagues always call me in when it is too late, so all my patients die. It doesn't give me a very good reputation."

Pearl led Helen to the table, and the two waiters put some dishes in the middle of it.

Russell looked disconsolately at the eggs, which were blackish-green on the inside. He drank rice wine and held out his cup to the boy again. Liu, who had drunk several cups of wine, began to be annoyed at the expression of disgust with which the Englishman looked at the Chinese delicacies.

"You don't think much of the invention of our cooks?" he asked. "Too bad. We Chinese are, on the whole, inventive people. Take the invention of printing! We have never printed anything but poems, sentimental descriptions, literature, philosophy. We are a comical race, Mr. Russell. We have neglected to use our letters for the only thing for which they are useful—propaganda: nationalistic propaganda, party propaganda, war propaganda. But we are about to learn."

Russell listened to the words without in the least understanding them.

The appetizers remained on the table while a plate of crabs was passed. With her own chopsticks, Pearl took the best pieces out and laid them on Helen's plate.

"You handle chopsticks as if you were an old Shanghai hand," said Frank Taylor to Helen.

She forced herself to eat. "But it tastes wonderful," she said, surprised.

The beautiful film actress, who up to now had not opened her mouth, said in French, "Our cooks know how to prepare the meal differently for the old and the young."

"Why do you stay in Shanghai if you dislike the city so much?" Helen asked Doctor Hain.

"Don't believe the doctor if he is complaining about Shanghai, Mrs. Russell," said Pearl. "He is sacrificing himself for our coulees, and he is the only European I know who is trying to learn our language."

"I have made up my mind to know Chinese before my wife gets here," said Doctor Hain.

"We shall have lots to celebrate," said Liu. "Mr. Taylor's fiancée is expected next week and Doctor Hain's wife will soon be here."

In the meantime, a dish of baked fish was brought in, followed by something indefinable, swimming in a brown gravy. The Chinese at the table were silent in reverence, for this was the expensive shark fins with which the special guests were to be honored.

The waiters brought fresh towels and more rice wine. Afterwards, there was asparagus in a white sauce. Then a chef came in and whispered in Doctor Chang's ear that the cook had prepared the main course.

Yutsing nodded approval. He was so filled with joy at this good meal that he



tried to overlook the impoliteness with which Mr. Russell was poking around in his food without eating anything. He remembered the terrible evening in America when out of politeness he had tried to eat cheese, and that made him sympathetic with his guest.

Now the work of art appeared, carried in by the chef himself. It was a large chicken that had kept its shape, although even the tiniest bone had been removed. The secret of its preparation was known only to a few old cooks who had formerly served at the Imperial Court at Peking. The chicken was filled with lotus seeds.

Doctor Chang carved it carefully and gave the best pieces to his guests. As custom demanded, he sent for the cook, a fat flabby old man who made bows at the door that brought his head down to the ground. Yutsing thanked the cook for his skill. The cook bowed again and withdrew.

In the midst of a sudden silence, the film actress asked, "Is it sensible for the gentlemen to have their fiancée and wife come here at a time when Shanghai may be bombarded?"

"It is not sure that the war will come to Shanghai," said Liu quickly.

"We shall have war, and it will be a long and great war," said Doctor Chang. "China is prepared for it and will fight to the finish. For the first time China is united; for the first time the Red army is fighting *with* the national troops and not *against* them.

"The time has passed when the brown dwarfs can insult us. Our land has endured too long the disgrace of foreign control. Foreign warships on our rivers, foreign jurisdiction, foreign railroads; foreigners collect our customs and foreigners control everything valuable in our land. But not for long! *Kanpei!*"

George Russell had listened to his host with astonishment. He felt that now he

must knock this Chinese down or something. But when he tried to rise, he noticed that everything was turning around, and he quickly sat down again.

Frank Taylor lifted his winecup and said laughingly, "*Kanpei*, Doctor Chang. You make good jokes when you have drunk wine. You know that Chinese justice consists only of bribery and that only the foreign customs officers prevent everything in the world being smuggled in. Fight your war against the Japanese, but leave us foreigners in peace; without us, you couldn't do anything in this rundown country."

Pearl looked in terror from Frank Taylor to her husband. For one moment it looked as though a fight would break out. But Yutsing had himself under control and began to smile, and this smile spread over his face like a well-fitting mask.

Suddenly Russell stood up, swaying. "Coward. Chinese coward. Dirty Chinese coward!" He sat down again as if he had made a very satisfactory speech.

A moment later he stared around the table with glassy eyes. He was getting sick—very sick—at just the wrong moment.

"Damn," he said. "Damn, damn!" He got up and staggered from the room.

Frank Taylor sprang up and ran after him. Helen put down her chopsticks. The faces of the four Chinese were turned to her with a fixed smile, as if they were expecting an explanation from her.

"My husband has not felt well for the past few days," she said.

Just then Frank Taylor came in. "Your husband asks to be excused; he is not well; he is waiting for you in the fresh air, Mrs. Russell," he said. "I will take you to a taxi, if you will allow me."

Helen managed her exit as well as she could. "Such a charming evening. You must pardon my husband. I will call you

up. You must give us the pleasure . . . Good night."

On the stairs she asked Frank, "Did you see how pale Doctor Chang turned? Hasn't he ever seen a drunken man before?"

"He has lost face," said Frank laconically. "It was a deadly insult."

Helen preceded him down the narrow stairway. On the bottom step sat her husband in a flabby heap.

"Shall I get you a taxi?" Frank asked.

Helen looked at her husband. "Frank, please don't go back to them. Come along; help me."

"Gladly," he said uncomfortably.

At the club George Russell recovered with astonishing rapidity. He decided that the three of them must make a night of it. They went to the Shanghai Hotel to dress.

George took Frank into his dressing room to use the shower. Potter, George's man, brought black coffee. In the shower Frank sang with enthusiasm, for on top of the rice wine he had drunk three whisky-and-sodas and he was feeling happy.

In the meantime Helen was dressing in her rooms. "The corn-colored dress," she said to her maid Clarkson.

Later, as she came into the living room which separated her room from her husband's, she found on Frank's face exactly the expression she had expected. The corn-colored dress was the one in which she always made conquests. She took a cigaret from the table, tapped it a few times on her closed fist and took the light Frank offered her.

"I read somewhere that you can recognize a woman of bad reputation by her tapping her cigaret that way," remarked George Russell.

Helen looked at her husband, surprised. "Let's go to the bar first," she said.

It was not yet ten o'clock and the bar

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USE DRANO DAILY TO KEEP DRAINS CLEAN

was filling up slowly. Behind the piano sat Kurt Planke in his white dinner jacket, looking as if he were alone.

"Do you want to dance?" asked Frank, as Helen began to tap the rhythm of the music on the edge of the bar.

The moment they touched each other something happened. It was like a short circuit—so violent that Frank stopped speaking in the middle of a sentence. They danced for a long time in silence.

Russell held out his glass to the bartender. "Another," he said.

"Yes, sir," answered the bartender. "Been long in Shanghai?" asked Russell.

"Too long," sighed the man. "Funny city, Shanghai," continued Russell, approaching his goal.

"Right, sir," agreed the man. "You can get anything in Shanghai."

"Much opium?" asked Russell.

"Lots of opium, sir," said the bartender. "Where do the people get it?" asked Russell. It made him wild that everybody talked about opium, that he saw people everywhere who seemed to smoke the stuff, yet nobody would tell him where he could get it.

The bartender cast a hasty glance at him. "I don't bother about the dirty stuff," he said, "but the pianist can give you information if you are interested, sir."

Russell wandered over to the dancers. He clapped Frank on the shoulder. "It's my turn, old man," he said.

Frank stood by the wall, his glance following Helen as she danced. After the dance her husband once more relinquished her to Frank.

"Would you like a little air?" he asked, opening a door which led to a terrace.

Below them lay a city fantastically lighted by white, red, blue and green lights and by the endless beams of the searchlights that fell upon the river. Helen rested her hands on the stone balustrade and looked down. Though Frank's hand was not close to hers, the stream between them was unbroken.

"You're engaged, Frank?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "I've been engaged for a long time. My fiancée is arriving in three days."

"Would you like to tell me about her?" "Ruth is very sweet. I hope you'll meet her. She's a nurse."

"I'm looking forward to meeting her."

"If I had known what was going on, I would not have had her come just now. It's a stupid time. The bombardment may begin here any day. We are already being drilled as a volunteer guard." Suddenly he placed his hand on hers.

"It's nice that we've met," she said.

Inside, George Russell had made his way to the pianist. "Will you have a drink with me?" he asked, when Kurt was relieved by a Negro.

"I never drink before midnight, thanks," said Kurt.

"You play very well," Russell said hastily. "Won't you sit with me?"

Kurt took the other man's measure—the faultless suit; the misty eyes; the handsome white face with the arrogant mouth. "I play like a swine," he said discourteously.

Russell took his arm and drew him over to a table in the corner. "It's nice here," he said. "What will you drink? . . . Right; you don't drink before midnight; very sensible, really. I want to ask you something."

"Before we go on, I should like to make one thing clear," said Kurt furiously. "I don't sell opium."

Russell gasped at the short retort.

"You wanted to ask me something?"

"It's about opium," said Russell.

The pupils of Kurt's eyes contracted.

"Opium?" he said. "And may I ask why

## "I wish I knew some way to earn extra money at home!"

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you came to me? Why don't you ask your friend Kingsdale-Smith or some other gentlemen of your fine gang? They all know more about opium than I do."

"Don't you understand? I must have opium. I need it," said Russell.

"Here comes your wife," said Kurt, rising.

At midnight the Russells and Frank were in Wing On's establishment. At one o'clock they were in a gloomy hangout not far from the Union, where French sailors were dancing with Russian girls and downing Japanese imitations of American drinks. At two they came out of a Chinese hotel where the native night life was in full swing: where yellow-kinned gangsters were dancing the rhumba with their beautiful girls to the music of a Philippine band. Somewhat later they wandered along Poochow Road, Frank and Helen holding Russell upright between them. He had become obstinate and didn't want to go home.

"Your wife is tired, Russell," said Frank.

"To the devil with my wife!" cried George.

Frank looked at Helen, who laughed gaily.

They stormed on to the Cherry Blossoms, a Japanese place in Chapei, to the Dragons' Den and to the Flower Boat, a Chinese brothel where the girls were under sixteen. Toward three o'clock they came up from the depths and landed at Del Monte's, where all Shanghai sat eating scrambled eggs or onion soup.

It was at Del Monte's that Russell began to rave. He had sat silent for a long time staring straight before him.

Suddenly he got up, went to a distant table and said to a gray-haired Chinese, "I forbid you to stare at my wife, you Chinese swine."

The Chinese acted as if he had heard nothing and went on talking with a

Frenchman. Everyone in the room knew the gray-haired gentleman; he was an important man in the government.

"Chinese swine!" roared Russell.

People turned to look at him. Faces showed neither surprise nor displeasure, only tolerance for the extravagances that are second nature in Shanghai.

"Take the gentleman into the air. He seems to be sick," said the gray-haired Chinese.

The maitre d'hôtel grabbed Russell and led him to the exit.

The Chinese turned back smiling to his friends. "The climate of Shanghai sometimes does not agree with the English race. How ashamed he will be when he gets sober and remembers his behavior," he said with a tolerance that amounted to contempt.

But George Russell wasn't going willingly. He dragged off a tablecloth with everything that was on it, and above the noise his voice could be heard: "Chinese swine! All of you damn swine."

When the doors had closed behind him, Frank sat motionless beside Helen. "What happens now?" he asked.

"We pay and go," she said. She smiled at him. "I shall have to apologize to the Chinese for my husband."

"You're marvelous," said Frank.

"No," she answered. "I'm used to it."

He watched her as she went over to the gray-haired man's table and said something with a smile. Frank paid the bill.

When he looked over again, the Chinese had risen and was kissing Helen's hand.

She came back. "Now we can go," she said. Suddenly she looked tired.

Frank went with her through the hall. He had hoped not to have to see Helen's husband again, but the man was still there. Two coolies and a chauffeur were trying to put him into the big car, but Russell kept jumping out.

Helen stood under a lantern with a strangely reflective expression, as if the whole thing had nothing to do with her. Then George tore himself from the Chinese. "Frank!" cried Helen. "Frank, I'm afraid!"

Frank came up a moment too late, for George had already grabbed his wife by the shoulders and was shaking her. She closed her eyes. Suddenly he let her go, stepped back and struck her in the face.

Frank Taylor had never before seen a woman struck by a man. His fists were large and strong. They flew out almost of themselves in the simplest boxing motion. George fell to the street, laughing stupidly.

Frank lifted him up, the chauffeur helping him as he shoved Russell into the car. "Deliver to the Shanghai Hotel," he ordered the chauffeur. The car started.

"I can't leave him alone," said Helen.

"He'll jump out and hurt himself."

"All the better," answered Frank grimly.

"Where shall I take you?"

"To the hotel at once," said Helen.

"To a different hotel?" he asked. "You can't stay alone with him. He's crazy. He'll kill you!"

Helen answered with a smile that lighted up her face. Frank looked at her in amazement. He had never seen such a beautiful and wonderful woman as Helen Russell—a woman so brave, unhappy, helpless and strong. On the Japanese ship Ruth Anderson was coming closer and closer to him, but he had never been so far from her before.

"I'll take you home," said Frank. "I won't leave you alone. I'll stay with you."

She continued to look at him, at the same time shaking her head. The taxi came, stopped, and Frank helped her in.

"Is that—I mean, has such a thing ever happened before?" he asked after a while. She smiled again without answering. He



## SHE WAS ON THE JURY—

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### TUNE IN

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saw that tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"Yes, Sir Galahad," she said at last; "this is my life." She tried to wipe away the tears with the back of her hand. It was an awkward, childish gesture. "Forgive," she whispered. "I'm not used to crying."

"Don't cry any more," begged Frank, drawing her to him. "How long have you been living so?" he added grimly.

"Three years."  
"Why did you marry him?" he asked. There was anger and jealousy in his voice, and Helen considered her answer carefully.

"Out of pity," she said. "I wanted to help him, but I cannot. I don't love him enough, that's it."

Frank didn't know how it happened, but he had her in his arms. Her cheeks were wet; her lips were fragrant; her hands clasped behind his neck. They knew nothing more as they drove along.

During her whole life Helen had always calculated, never felt. Men had been the material out of which she had erected the structure of her life—a material sometimes weak, sometimes inflexible, often despicable, often pleasant, yet always subject to her control. But human nature can never completely escape from feeling.

It was her feelings that caused Helen to fall in love at the wrong moment with the wrong person—an American clerk who earned seventy-five dollars a week, an ordinary man, Frank Taylor, assistant manager of the Shanghai branch of the Eos Film and Photo Company, the fiancé of a middle-class nurse. Helen saw all this clearly, but she did not want to consider it seriously. She wanted to be carried away.

Because she had never really been in love, she acted like a sixteen-year-old girl with her first love affair. She stood before her mirror examining herself to see if she was beautiful enough for her lover. She changed her hairdress. She bought dresses, hats, perfume. Her heart beat faster when the telephone rang, and she fell into melancholy if it was not Frank who was calling.

She sat for hours in the lobby staring at the revolving door in order not to miss the moment when Frank should enter. She wept often and without cause. And she was happy for the first time in her life.

It happened that in the three days between their first kiss and the arrival of Frank's fiancée, George appeared only rarely in the daytime and disappeared in the evening. Potter, who kept a conscientious diary on the subject of the health and whereabouts of his master, made perplexed entries: "Gone from seven in the evening until nine in the morning. Not drunk," or: "Slept from morning until afternoon. At nothing. In good humor and sober. Not known where he was during his absence."

The first morning Helen went into her husband's room and looked at him. There was an expression of exhaustion on his face even in sleep. On the table lay his brief case and wrist watch. Helen looked hastily through his case: it was filled with the dirty paper money of Shanghai.

She telephoned Frank from the public telephone booth in the hotel. They rode in taxis; they sat on park benches; they danced every one of the three nights.

The first evening she visited Frank in his little house. He had borrowed silk hangings, bought flowers, put champagne on ice. He took Helen in his arms and kissed her like a madman.

"I love, love, love you," he said. "Today more than yesterday. Tomorrow more than today."

"And day after tomorrow we shall be

THE COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATIONAL GUIDE beginning on page 15 of this issue offers a list of representative schools throughout the country which we are glad to recommend to readers. If you do not find in this issue schools which seem to fill your requirements, a letter to the Education Department will bring other suggestions. Your inquiry should mention the age of the student, the type of school, the location preferred, approximate cost and any other information which will make our recommendations more helpful. Refer to the coupon on page 21.

**LAVORIS**

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executed," said Helen. "I'll never give you up."

I've got into a fine fix, he thought bitterly when he was alone. I love Ruth. On Ruth's arrival, he told himself, everything that was confused and unsolved would be unraveled in clarity and peace. Once before she had entered his life at a confused time and had brought order into it. Her eyes, her voice, her calm clear being, her firm hands.

There is love *and* love, he thought. There is a kind of skyrocket love that shoots up into the heavens and is immediately gone. What remains is nothing but an ugly burned-out shell. And there is a sort of fireside love, warm and safe; you can sit every day of your life at the fireside and be glad that you are home.

On the night before Ruth's arrival Helen and Frank danced under the revolving wheel of lights at the Peony Club. "If we were both free, Frank," said Helen.

He pressed her close. "Don't torture us," he said roughly. It was dark in the hall except for the bright-colored lights of the wheel. "I should like to kiss you before all these people," said Frank.

"Do it!" she said eagerly. Behind a bush of paper peonies he kissed her.

At three o'clock the musicians packed up their instruments. This was the end.

"That was our last dance together," said Helen as Frank put her chiffon cape about her.

On the square in front of the club it was not yet light but no longer really dark.

"Ricksha or taxi?" asked Frank.

"Ricksha," said Helen. "It takes longer."

At the bridge over Soochow Creek coolies always waited to help the other ricksha coolies up the incline and down again. But at this hour none were there, and Helen heard her coolie panting.

"Come, let's get out," she said to Frank.

It was a last delay. They were already in sight of the Union and the buildings of the settlement. The night was at an end.

Helen leaned against the railing and looked down at the water. Frank put his arm around her, drawing her close.

"How important everything seems when you are in love," Helen said. "Please send the rickshas ahead and let us go on foot."

Frank paid the coolies, took Helen's arm, and they wandered on alone. In a park a morning bird had awakened and was practicing scales. When they reached Nanking Road, Helen stood still.

"Don't come to the hotel with me," she said. "I'd like a taxi now." They waited until one of the yellow taxis came, and Helen got in.

Frank leaned into the cab to kiss her, but she shook her head, smiling. She held the palm of her hand against the window, and from outside he pressed his on the glass. That was their farewell . . .

Potter was sleeping before the fireplace in the living room of the Russells' suite. He woke up as Helen came in.

"Hasn't Mr. Russell come home, Potter?" she asked.

"No, Mrs. Russell, I'm waiting for him."

"All right, Potter, thank you. Good night," said Helen.

Ruth Anderson was awakened early by the sound of a foghorn. Before the porthole of her cabin lay a thick white wall of mist. The ship was scarcely moving. Ruth lay for a while with her eyes open. Today. Today. Today, said her heart.

After a long time the foghorn stopped. Ruth sprang up and looked out. Chinese boats were going by; they looked like the photographs Frank had sent her.

Ruth looked at her watch. Not yet six. She sat down on the bed and looked at her bare feet on the carpet. She took out a bottle of red nail polish and painted the

nails of her small feet. She let the polish dry and again looked through the porthole.

Nothing had changed. Once in a while the gray or white cube of a house on the shore, the green of a tree or a bit of grass. Yellow river, yellow shore. Ruth looked at her watch. One minute after six.

She put on a negligee, crammed her toilet articles together and went to the bathroom. She had some bath salts which she threw into the tub, but the bath still smelled of boiled fish as it had during the whole trip. Here you could hear the pounding of the engine clearly. Today. Today. Today, it said.

Ruth remained for a long time in the bath, renewing her fruitless struggle with the soap which would not make suds. At last she went back to her cabin. Eleven minutes after six.

She sat down before the glass and brushed her hair a hundred strokes, as her mother had taught her. Before her departure she had had a new permanent. She made curls and arranged them around her head. The shore was coming nearer. A quarter after six.

She opened her bag which she had packed the night before and took out the coral-colored dress she had saved for this day. "The color is becoming to you," Frank had once said of a coral dress.

She rang for the steward. "Are we getting in soon?" she asked.

"Yeses," said the steward.

"Is breakfast ready?"

"Yeses."

Ruth had breakfast. She went back to the deck. She played hide and seek with two little Chinese girls who had entertained her during the trip. She spoke to the lady from Cleveland, whose son-in-law had sent her on a trip around the world and who was spending her time making a patchwork quilt, with her back

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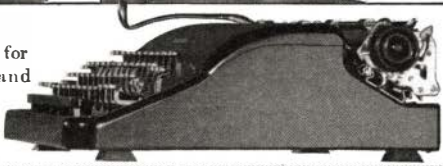
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turned to the ocean. She took leave of the Australian millionaire whom she had mistaken for a stoker. She handed out tips.

She went back to her cabin breathless with excitement. Ten after seven, Ruth sighed thankfully. She put her hat on.

When she came on deck again, the river looked much narrower and was full of boats of all shapes. Warships; a sailboat with sails high; little steamboats that spit out black smoke; countless junks in which small women in blue pants and jackets were doing men's work.

This was Shanghai. This was China. This was the shore where Frank was waiting for her. Ruth's heart was beating like the fluttering of a bird.

She clung to the railing, staring at the people on the pier. There were millions of people there, and they were all calling and waving.

Ruth could not find Frank. Suddenly she was overwhelmed by a mad idea. Perhaps I shall not recognize him, she thought. Perhaps he will not recognize me. For a few moments it seemed to her very probable, as if she and Frank had changed completely in the endless three years.

Now Ruth was standing on the pier. She was shoved here and there, and for the hundredth time she searched the crowd with helpless looks. Coolies surrounded her, pulled at her, screamed at her. A million people had come to the pier, but Frank was not among them.

"Taxi, lady?" said a Japanese in white uniform.

"I don't know," said Ruth.  
 "Hello, little one," said Frank behind her.

She turned around. "Hello, Frank," she said breathlessly.

"Let's get out of this crowd," he said, taking her arm.

"Let me look at you," said Ruth as they got out of the worst of the crowd. Frank's face was pale and damp, and his eyes looked different. "Have you been working too hard? You look a little off color."

"It's the climate," said Frank uncomfortably. "And you? Of course! As fresh as a spring morning." For the first time he looked full at her; then he took out his handkerchief and wiped his hands. "You're always dirty here," he murmured in excuse.

After parting from Helen he had gone home. He'd taken a hot bath, shaved and drunk strong coffee, hoping to drive away his weariness.

"Ruth, this is Lizzie," he said, now, stopping beside a small automobile at the curb. "I hope you two will get along."

"So this is your own car!" Ruth cried, stroking Lizzie's radiator.

"It's not exactly a Duesenberg," said Frank, flattered, "but I like it. You ought to see it pick up. And it has all kinds of gadgets. We have a radio, too."

They got into the car and started off.

The confusion in the streets was indescribable. "There!" cried Ruth, clutching Frank's arm. A beggar woman was sitting in the street—an old woman in a ragged jacket. She had a black band around her head and the tiny mutilated feet of an earlier period, and she was holding a blind child who held out the beggar's cup.

"Bound feet—you don't see them much any more," said Frank carelessly.

"The child!" said Ruth. "It has flies sitting in its eyes."

"You have to get used to that," he said.

Ruth turned her eyes away from the street and considered Frank. "Is anything wrong?" she asked.

"Anything wrong? No. Just a little headache. I couldn't sleep!"

Ruth smiled happily. "Neither could I, Frank," she said softly. "I have aspirin in my bag," she went on. "We'll soon get rid



of the headache." Her optimistic nurse's tone irritated him.

"You can't cure this headache with aspirin," he said impatiently. "Gunpowder is the only thing that will help."

"Suicide?" asked Ruth.

"Not exactly. You take the stone out of a plum and put gunpowder in instead. The boys at the club swear by it. Now we're entering the settlement."

"How many Chinese there are here," said Ruth. Frank looked at her as she burst into laughter. At first he was annoyed by her cheerfulness in the face of his headache, then he laughed too. He took the wheel in his left hand and with his right reached for Ruth's hand. He clasped it and put it into his pocket.

Ruth sighed deeply, as dreaming people sigh. The old caress; the old tender gesture; the old life together. She made her own hand fit into his. "We haven't seen each other for a long time, Frank," she said shyly.

"No, but now you're here."

"Are you glad?"

"Am I glad?" he asked. "Yes, I am glad, little one."

But after a few moments he took her hand out of his pocket and laid it back on the seat. He got out his handkerchief and, steering with his knees, wiped his hands. "The dirt in this city!" he said, as he took the wheel again and turned into Nanking Road.

Ruth looked curiously about her but her glance quickly turned again to Frank.

"Shanghai Hotel, madam," he said and stopped the car.

Ruth looked at the sixteen stories. "Grand," she said appreciatively.

Frank gave her the Chinese bell-boy and said uncomfortably, "I hope you'll like your room. It's only until Saturday."

Frank had taken a room for Ruth in the Shanghai Hotel for a complicated reason.

It was a protective measure—a wall against himself and Helen. Even if he wished to see Helen, he would be stopped by the fact that Ruth was so near.

Just as he took her arm to lead her into the hotel a child pulled at her skirt. Ruth looked around astonished at a small boy whose greasy face was lighted by smiles. He said something Ruth did not understand and pointed to a round basket which he held up to her. It was filled with peeping yellow down.

"What does he want?" asked Ruth.

"He wants to sell you a dozen young ducks," said Frank.

"Ducks?" said Ruth, amazed. She looked into the basket. A couple of peeping heads with funny bills came out of the heap of down. The boy took out one of the ducks and put it in her hand.

Ruth held the duck pressed against her; in the same way, when she was a little girl, she had cuddled many dogs, blind cats and freezing frogs.

"Do you want the basketful?" asked Frank. Dear, dear Ruth, he thought.

"Only this one," said Ruth. "It will surely bring luck. It knows me already. Too bad it only speaks Chinese."

The transaction was conducted with the usual confusion. Ruth got the duck and the basket. The boy got a little money and stuffed the rest of the ducks into his ragged shirt sleeve. Ruth, holding the feathery bunch of living warmth in her hand, went beaming into the hotel.

"Monsieur Taylor, Monsieur Taylor!" screamed Madame Tissaud, who was sitting in her accustomed place. "Don't say a word. That is the little fiancée, and you almost missed the boat, you bad boy! She is charming. You are charming, little lady. Welcome to Shanghai."

"And what have we here?" she asked, as the duck peeped out between Ruth's fingers. "A duck, a little duck—how droll!

You have come just at the right moment, Mademoiselle Anderson; things are getting interesting, I must say.

"Did you hear, Mr. Frank, what happened at the Hungjiao Airdrome? A Chinese guard shot two Japs—a lieutenant and a sailor—right in the middle of Monument Road. That is the spark in our nice little powder barrel. You have never lived through a war in Shanghai. Well, you will see. When is the wedding?"

Frank led Ruth away. "The hyena," he said. Ruth registered, and Frank got the key to her room.

The boy opened the door, put down the bag, and waited for his tip. When he had gone, Frank closed the door and stood still.

"A pretty room," said Ruth, embarrassed. Many times she had dreamed of these first moments alone with Frank.

He cleared his throat. "It is not exactly the Taj Mahal," he said with a forced smile and remained standing by the door.

Ruth went to the window and looked out. The room opened on a court. Below, there was a glass cupola; above was the whitish misty sky over which three black airplanes passed as Ruth looked up.

"Now you must have some aspirin," she said. She carefully put down the duck and opened her bag.

"May I wash my hands?" asked Frank.

She nodded. They had not yet kissed. Ruth found the aspirin and took out two tablets; she poured a glass of water out of the bottle on the table. She looked around the room, found a good place for the duck in a corner of the table and put the basket there. Then she went slowly to the mirror and looked at herself.

The confusion of the first hour had overwhelmed her. In the mirror she saw that the veins in her neck were beating like mad. Frank came back from the bathroom, his hair wet.

"Here's the aspirin; unfortunately, I

# I WANT A MAN!



WHY LIBBIE!  
WHAT A  
THING TO  
SAY!



BUT IT'S TRUE,  
GRANNIE! I WANT  
A MAN TO ASK ME  
TO MARRY HIM--  
AND NO ONE EVEN  
GIVES ME A RUSH!

WELL, HONEY, MAYBE I KNOW THE  
REASON FOR THAT! AND IF YOU'LL  
TAKE YOUR GRANNIE'S ADVICE,  
YOU'LL--WELL--YOU'LL GO SEE YOUR  
DENTIST ABOUT  
YOUR BREATH!



TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH  
COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD  
PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA  
AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T  
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TO MARRY YOU!



NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER  
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ROMANCE AWAY--  
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Unsightly Hair

have no gunpowder." Ruth watched as he swallowed the tablets.

The room was small; it had only one chair. Frank sat on the bed.

"We need a name," said Ruth, going back to the window.

"What kind of name?" he asked.

"For the duck. We need a name, and we need a minced hard-boiled egg. Ducks like that," said Ruth.

Frank took up the telephone and ordered a hard-boiled egg.

"Have you had breakfast?" asked Ruth. He sat down on the bed again. "It would be simplest to call him Confucius," he suggested.

Ruth wrinkled her brow. "Perhaps it's a woman."

Frank was no longer listening. Confucius peeped softly. Ruth looked at him.

"He's asleep," she whispered, "and he's talking in his sleep." She felt Frank's eyes resting upon her.

**In the next installment—women play havoc with the lives of men even in war-torn Shanghai**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## River Rising! *(Continued from page 41)*

you hear from the river?" she greeted John as he climbed into the station wagon.

"Looks pretty bad," he said. "All depends on rains and melting snows up North. If they get a warm spell up there and the snow melts fast and rains set in—well, the river might rise up on his hind legs and spit at us." Then he smiled. "It's the twenty-eighth, huh?"

"Yep. And the Sarge said tell you he needs some more."

John said, "That's how come I knew it was the twenty-eighth. The colonel always needs a supply on the twenty-eighth. We don't need a calendar at home; we just tell the dates by the colonel's thirst."

Helen laughed. "Anything new in your seed business?"

"I'm still plugging. My experiments over in the cutoff look mighty fine. Believe I've got something big there, and if I have, I'm going to buy a place like The Ridge House and two cars and—"

"You'll have them, John. Nothing can stop a fellow like you."

When he was seventeen, John Rogers had made a remarkable discovery. He had thrown some gunny sacks over some stray cotton to dry, and when he removed the sacks he was amazed to discover that the cotton bolls had matured. He realized they were hybrids. They had fertilized themselves with their own pollen.

The next season he planted the hybrid seeds and tied sacks over each bloom. The results were grotesque, but a few of the bolls were perfect. That was the year of heavy weevil infestation and the good hybrids survived the pests. He kept in-breeding hybrid seeds and his cotton thrived, despite drought, and produced ten percent more cotton than ordinary seeds.

Colonel Baxter gave John garage space for a laboratory, and he looked around for the richest land in the county to experiment on. He selected the cutoff, the property of old man Lee Cameron, rich conservative planter and banker.

Cameron leased the land to John before he knew why the share cropper wanted it. The old man would have no truck with the new seeds and reckoned John might ruin the country by increasing yield of a staple that was already too plentiful. Cameron and Helen assumed that Colonel Baxter had advanced John the money to lease the cutoff, and Cameron was miffed at the colonel, who kept his temper and tongue.

"I'll be somebody," John had promised himself. He was determined to rise above

"How small you are, midget," he said. "Such a little midget comes all alone to China—a midget without fear or blame."

The bed was large. Frank stretched himself on it and closed his eyes.

"Does your head still ache?" asked Ruth.

"It doesn't ache any more. I'm all right," murmured Frank. "You're here, Ruth. Nothing more can hurt me."

She went over to him and laid her hand on his forehead. She felt the blood beating in his temples.

He took her hand and passed it over his face. "Good," he murmured. "Cool, and so clean."

He put his arm around her waist and drew her to him. Ruth sank down through a dizzy happiness until her mouth rested on his. But Frank, at the moment when he was kissing her, felt nothing but a hopeless strangeness and a poisonous, unfulfilled longing for another woman.

his heritage and wear white linen suits, the kind Dave Cameron wore, and drive a rakish sports roadster like that of Dave, the don't-give-a-whoop son of old man Cameron.

Helen asked the storekeeper, "How about the river?"

He shook his head. "Upping a whet. Called out two gangs last night to patrol the levee."

"Think it will bust loose?"

"All depends. A warm spell up North would do us hurt." The merchant looked at John, and John winked. "Oh, for sure, it's the twenty-eighth," said the storekeeper, "and the colonel needs some more." He called a Negro boy, who ran down the village street and returned with a supply of fine bourbon. John put it in the station wagon.

Helen got behind the wheel. "Let's go to the levee."

She parked near the base of the huge dike. John sat beside her, staring at the levee, thinking how his fortune and hopes depended on that meandering hulk of dirt and concrete. They couldn't see the river.

John's jaw was square, determined, and Helen liked it. She knew John loved her. Women can feel such things. And she knew John was keeping his thoughts to himself because he was a share cropper and she was a Baxter. But soon he would be famous, and then he would tell her what she had known for several years.

At that point she remembered what the colonel once had told her. "Don't ever love a man unless he can make you feel rich, even if you're poor. Don't ever love a man who looks up to you or down on you. Find your equal and stick to him. come hell or high water. You're a high-strung filly, and you'll be happy only with a thoroughbred or a wild mustang."

The village seemed suddenly to wake up, for down the street, trailed by a crowd of laughing Negro boys, came a low, sleek roadster. The driver was singing "The Old Gray Mare" and was carrying the bass to his baritone by playing a deep, rumbling tune on the horn of his car. Dave Cameron could play "The Memphis Blues" on his car's horn, too. That, the villagers reckoned, was his only accomplishment, although he could dance all night and fish or hunt all day and had been a great football player at Sewanee.

No dance or house party was complete without Dave, and he carried a hundred hearts on his sleeve and shook them off



when he wearied of them, which was often. The conservative, proper folks of Bayou Landing forgave Dave his shortcomings. He had gray eyes that laughed and curly hair that wouldn't stay put and — he was a Cameron.

He jerked his car to a stop beside Helen's station wagon and shouted, "Hi, Burbank!" and grinned at John. To Helen, he said, "Hiya, Rompers." He had called her Rompers since she had worn them.

"I ought to shoot you for calling me Rompers," she said, "but you're not worth killing." Really, she liked the name. And she liked Dave, more than she dared admit to herself. His frivolities enraged her, but she always had a funny feeling around her heart when he was present.

John's face, usually somber, lighted when he heard Helen rebuke Dave.

"How's the crop, Rompers?" Dave asked.

"Well, if a flood doesn't get it—"

"Or weevil," broke in John.

"Or a drought," suggested Dave.

"Or mortgage trouble," added John.

"Or a tornado," said Dave.

"Cut!" Helen protested. "You boys are ruining my crop before it's made."

Dave said, "You've got no real problem. Look at mine. The fish aren't biting in the bayou. I've been trying to get old proletariat John here to run down to Lake Village with me and snatch a mess of bass, but he won't leave his experiments. All work and no play—"

"Or pay," said John.

"That's right," Dave continued. "It's making John a dull boy. Don't take life so seriously, Johnny. All you've done is make a discovery that might revolutionize the cotton world."

John was staring at the levee. "What did you say about no fish in the bayou?"

Dave frowned at him. "Aw, that's superstition, believing that catfish leave the bayou just before a flood."

"Maybe so," said Helen, "but it works. What do you think of the river, Dave?"

"What does Dave know about the river?" John demanded.

"The Sarge says Dave knows as much about the Mississippi as anybody," Helen said.

Dave chuckled. "Sure, I study the river. It gives me my fishing and hunting and funning."

"The mere fact that it gives us all cotton and food is not important to you," said John.

"Not very," said Dave lightly. "The fact that the river holds the Camerons in its eddies and that he rules our lives is not important at all. You see, Johnny, you think no one ever thinks seriously but you. You figure a fellow who has a good time can't be any good on general principles. Always remember, Johnny, that the court jester can laugh up his sleeve at the princes and the queen."

He pulled a copy of the Arkansas Gazette from his pocket. "And since you two have asked, I'm telling you we're in for hell. Look at this!"

He pointed to the weather table—sixty-five degrees in Pittsburgh and raining; sixty-two degrees in St. Paul and raining; raining in Montana.

"Every drop of that water must pass right by here," Dave patted the levee with his foot. "Snow is melting, rain is falling and the river is belly-full. Let's go look."

He helped Helen up the incline. John followed. They stood on the levee and watched the Mississippi. Eddies whirled near the bank. Little whirlpools nibbled at the dikes. Guards patrolled the levees, and every guard carried a shotgun.

John said, "Looks bad, but I believe my crop is safe. The cutoff is well protected. Besides, I saved some seeds and stored them, just in case. Little Johnny ain't going to be caught napping."

"Your seeds aren't the only important thing," Dave said. "The village couldn't fight a flood now."

"It would ruin us," Helen said. "The Ridge House would catch a fit. The levee usually gives first down by the bend, and we catch the flood full on."

Dave told a guard the northern snows were melting.

The guard whistled softly. "Them levees are liable to bust ever' whichaway when that head of water gets down here."

He stared at the Mississippi in awe. "Look at him. Loaded to the gills and staggering like a drunken sailor. They say the Injuns usta pray to the river, and I don't blame 'em. He brings us good land and good crops, but he brings chills and fever, too. He sho' keeps his books balanced. Ever' time he gives us som'n good, he gives us som'n bad."

Helen said, "I must get home. The Sarge will be thirsty as a cotton gin."

"We'll be along in a minute," Dave said. "I want to talk to Johnny about fishing."

When Helen had gone, Dave said to Johnny, "Want to talk to you about your seeds. I got an idea."

"Look here," Johnny snapped. "Just because you put up the money for me to rent that land from your old man—"

"When you speak of my father call him Mr. Cameron," Dave said.

"Okay. But you can't boss my business just because you put up that money. I put up the brains."

Dave had advised Johnny not to tell Mr. Cameron why he wanted to lease the cutoff and had himself advanced the money. Johnny had agreed not to tell Dave's father. Mr. Cameron would have been infuriated with his son.

Dave held no papers for the loan, but he had Johnny's word that the first seeds ready for market would be sold to him. Dave believed that by then his father

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surely would be convinced that the hybrid seeds would be the salvation of the cotton country.

“Don't fly off the handle,” Dave said. “What's to keep any planter from doing what you're doing? Then where'll you be?” Johnny hadn't thought of that.

“You can't patent your seeds,” Dave continued, “but if you're smart, you'll pick out a good snappy name for your product and copyright that. And since it'll be the first on the market, it'll always be considered the genuine.”

“You're right, Dave. Thanks. But say, what would your paw do if he knew you double-crossed him?”

“Someday, Johnny, I'm going to forget myself and wham hell out of you. I didn't double-cross my father, and you know it. I think my father will understand when he sees the results. Right now he'd have a fit if he knew the whole story.”

Johnny said, “And kick you out without a dime, and you'd starve.”

Dave smiled. “That's not important. The important thing is that my father would be hurt.”

“What else do you expect from me besides some of my seed?” Johnny demanded.

Dave said, “Nothing. You see, mister, there are a few people left who really love the South and who have faith in it. I believe your seeds will be our salvation. I didn't have the brains or luck to think of inbreeding, but I can help the South by helping you. Not that I give a continental damn about you, mister, but I do love this land. Now, let's quit squabbling.”

Word that the snows were melting a thousand miles away spread like prairie fire through the village. At the post office the clerk said to Dave, “It's done happened. Snows melting!” The man in the drugstore said, “Raining up North.” A pall settled over Bayou Landing and the populace mumbled—rains up North; snow melting; fish fleeing; river full.

At The Ridge House Johnny went to his laboratory and Dave went to the colonel. The two were fond of each other. They played chess every Sunday night and fished together when the weather was fair. The colonel poured two drinks as he heard Dave's account of the northern weather.

The colonel said, “Looks bad. But there's nothing we can do. The trouble is, folks get so down in the mouth when the river gets to cutting up. They don't organize and pull together.”

“That's what I was thinking,” Dave said. “The folks always get the willies. I was thinking about hiring a Memphis band and throwing a dance at the lodge hall. Give folks something to think about.”

“Good idea,” said the colonel. “We used to have a dance before every battle. One time, son, I was dancing with a pretty Virginia girl, and the Yanks jumped us right in the middle of the dance.”

“How many did you kill that time?” “Not a one. I just looked at 'em and hollered, ‘Scat, you devils! Can't you see I'm busy?’ And be John Brown if they didn't stay for the dance and take my gal. Swear to it, by the sword of the Baxters.”

The band came down from Memphis and everybody drank some, and some drank a heap, including Johnny, who never had seen so much free liquor.

Helen was dancing with a young planter from Pine Bluff when Johnny cut in. “Sorry,” said the planter. “This is a no-break. The leader announced it.”

“Yes,” Helen smiled at Johnny. “It's a no-break.”

Her smile made Johnny's pulse tingle, and he laid his big hand roughly on her partner. “I'm breaking, mister.”

“You shouldn't have done that,” Helen rebuked Johnny as they danced.

The young planter whom Johnny had offended went to Dave. “Who's your friend, Cameron?” he asked.

Johnny heard him and stopped dancing to say loudly, “I'm John Rogers. You'll read about me someday.”

“On a police blotter or in the funny papers,” snapped the planter.

Johnny swung. The planter caught the blow flush on the chin and fell.

Dave grabbed Johnny and shoved him against the wall. “You've started something; now I'll have to finish it.”

The planter's friends crossed the floor and said, “Your friend is too anxious to fight, Cameron. He's got the fist itch.”

“He's my friend, however,” Dave said, and aside to Helen: “Get out of here, Rompers. Take Johnny with you.”

Helen insisted that Johnny leave and he did, protestingly. He wanted to fight. When they had gone away, Dave told the crowd, “I'm sorry this happened. My friend has a snootful, but he's still my friend, if anybody wants to make anything of it.”

The young planter had got to his feet. “No hard feelings between us, Cameron. Your friend will be sober someday, and I'll see him then. He's in love with Helen Baxter; it sticks out all over him.”

“Shut up,” Dave said. He wondered why he should be angry because somebody else saw what he already knew.

The dance and the fight gave Bayou Landing a subject of conversation for several days, and then folks' thoughts returned to the river, which was beginning a mutiny.

Day after day, radio and newspapers brought reports of rains in the upper watershed. Levee patrols were doubled; the town was tense and tempers were short. Old grudges were renewed, and new hatreds sprang up. The river was moody and so were the folks.

The Negroes gathered each twilight on the levee and sang and prayed, begging God for deliverance, but secretly praying to their voodoo god of the river for safety.

Sunday night Dave went to The Ridge House for dinner and chess. His mind wasn't on the game and the colonel put him in check often. Dave was watching Helen as she sat in a big chair reading. When she looked up and caught Dave's glance, her throat suddenly was red and tingles chased up her spine. She gasped. If Dave's glance could do that, what would his kisses do? Then she was ashamed.

“Hey, wake up!” The colonel barked. “Your move.”

Dave studied the board a minute, then took the colonel's queen. “How do you like those apples?” he laughed. “I get the colonel's lady, but I'd rather have Judy O'Grady. I'm going to the river to see what's what.”

The colonel watched him go. “That boy's got something on his mind.”

“He won't keep it there long,” Helen said. “He never does. I wish Dave could be serious.”

“Bunk,” the colonel snorted. “That wild mustang can be serious.”

“So he's a wild mustang?” “Yessir—e-e bob tail! Take a good woman to break him, but once he's broke, he'll be the best man this side of Kingdom Come.”

“What's Johnny?”

“A good mule,” the colonel said. “He's got his head set to a furrow; he'll plow it if it kills him. I know men and mules.”

“But Dave is unstable.” The colonel put his arm around her. “Listen, honey, still water run deep, but give me a laughing brook. It covers more territory, gets more done and it's



popeyed nice to be around. It never gets dirty and is never the same. It's running water that turns wheels and does things. Some folks—and mud turtles—like still water. But I like fast water and so do the game fish."

Dave brought back bad news. "The river's rising fast. We're in for a real flood. I've got an idea."

Helen said, "Don't keep it a secret."

"In 1927, during the big flood, we never organized. Let's do better this time. Colonel, you and my father are leaders here. You two take over. Ask the governor for convict labor. Organize the town workers into shifts and let's keep the people busy. Plan our refugee camps now. Get supplies, medicine, food. Let's be all set."

The colonel said, "You're right. We'll do it. You and Helen head the entertainment committee. Think up things for the folks to do. Dances, barbecues. Make everybody join in when they're off duty."

The spring rains came to the lower valley the next day. They began at dawn and fell gently at first, then harder until they fell in slanting sheets.

The wind swished the rain under the houses. The stock was wet and forlorn. The cows moed day and night, and the sheep cried. Thunder rolled up from the south and crashed over the river.

Mr. Cameron donned overalls and went to the levee and packed bags until his back ached. The colonel helped fill bags with sand and snorted when his friends protested.

Helen and the other girls took sandwiches to the men. Dave used his speedboat to remove refugees from the bottoms. John stayed in his laboratory during rest periods, storing his seeds in bags that could be removed if the levee broke.

The crest crept down from Memphis. The river chewed at its levees, snatching a bite here and there. The rain pounded,

and the workers pounded—up the dikes with sacks, then down again, like ants building a mountain.

Mr. Cameron called a meeting of the citizens. He told them that the levee was doomed and asked for suggestions.

One planter said, "You can save the town, Cameron. Blow that levee at the head of the cutoff. The river will cut through its old bed, then head for the bayou and relieve the pressure on the main levee."

"I can't do it," Cameron said. "I leased that land to young Rogers."

"Let's make him dynamite it. If he won't, we will. He's getting pow'ful high and mighty for a share cropper!"

Mr. Cameron pounded for order. "No! That boy has a legal lease on that land and the right of protection. We'll ask him to break his dike. If he won't do it, I'll shoot the man who invades his rights! We'll have no vandalism."

John refused their request.

He watched the committee go away and smiled to himself. The cutoff was safe. All the other cotton in the county probably would be flooded, and next year the planters would pay fancy prices for his seed. They would beg him for it, the proud plutocrats! For years, his people had slaved for them. Now they must come to him, little Johnny Rogers!

Johnny was standing by the cutoff when Dave arrived. Dave's eyes were serious and his mouth was tight. "Johnny, I'm asking you as your friend to blow your levee. It'll save the town."

"Nothing shaking."

"I'll save The Ridge House."

"What's that to me? Next year I can buy The Ridge House! Two of them."

"There are some things, Johnny, that you can't buy. They are made with blood and sweat and love. This land was made that way. It's our land. You know how to make it yield cotton, but you don't love

it. You've never owned it or worked for it. You've only worked on it. That's not the fault of my generation, Johnny. Don't make us pay for the sins of our fathers!"

"My folks and the Baxters cut this land out of the river's belly, and the river is trying to take it back. You can prevent it. I know the committee offered you money. I'll pay you more."

"You haven't got any money," Johnny said. "Why should I throw away all I have to save such men as your father? What have they ever done for me and my kind?"

"I've got money," Dave said. "Inheritance from my mother. Here it is—a check for all of it. And here are deeds to my car, my boat, my guns. It's all I've got."

"I can get more than this from the committee. Your old man—"

Dave grabbed his collar. "I told you always to call my father Mr. Cameron. I gave you your chance. Do as I say. Blow your levee or I'll horsewhip you and blow it myself."

"I'll tell your paw you double-crossed him. I'll law you for vandalism."

"Any jury will laugh you out of court," Dave said, releasing his hold on John's collar. "Don't you see, Johnny? You'll be an outcast. The colonel, Helen—everybody will loathe you."

John said quickly, "You love Helen! I've felt it all along."

"Yes, I do. So do you!"

"Well, what of it?" John asked defiantly.

"There's nothing wrong in that. But if you let the village be flooded, she will hate you."

Johnny stared at his levee. His face softened. "Okay, Dave. You win. I'll do it. I can't stand to think of Helen and the colonel hating me."

Dave looked at his watch. "Here's dynamite. It's one o'clock. Give me time to get

**PEGGY, IS DON NEGLECTING YOU?**

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through the cutoff and see that it's deserted. Set off the charge at exactly two. My car's up the road. It's yours now."

Dave walked across the cutoff and made sure the old river bed was clear. Then he went to The Ridge House and told the colonel Johnny had agreed to the plan. "He'll blow it at two o'clock. It's one-thirty now."

The colonel leaned against a column for support. "Helen!" he gasped. "She's down there. She went to see Johnny. She walked through the swamp to save time."

Dave started running toward the swamp. He saw Helen's blue sports sweater at the head of the cutoff near the highway and shouted to her.

"She came into the cutoff and met him. 'What's the excitement?' she asked.

"He grabbed her hand and started running. 'Johnny's going to blow his levee. This old bed will flood like a washtub.'"

"You're crazy," Helen protested. "I just saw Johnny and asked him to save the town, but he only turned his back on me and walked away toward your father's office."

The earth shook. At the head of the cutoff an explosion rumbled. Dirt and trees were lifted from the levee and shot upward. When the debris settled, the river began picking its way through the break. Then it rolled through; then rushed, roaring and foaming.

Helen ran with Dave until her throat hurt and her breath stabbed her.

"We're trapped, Dave!"

"Not yet." He lifted her in his arms and ran toward the bayou, stumbling and panting. The bayou was a surging maelstrom. He put the girl down gently and steadied her. "Listen, Rompers. The only way out of here is to swim the bayou. Can you make it?"

"I can try."

"We'll stay here and rest until water gets to our waists. Then you climb this tree to the limb that goes out over the bayou. Dive out as far as you can and head for shore. I'll be right behind you. Take off all the clothes you don't need."

"Yes, Dave."

He held her shoulders. "It's going to be tough, and I hate dramatics. But I want you to know now that I love you so much it hurts 'way down inside of me."

She clung to him. "Oh, darling. It took you so long to say so!"

"I reckoned you'd think I was too carefree to be serious." The water had reached his knees. "And I couldn't have stood for you to turn me down for Johnny. The silly old Cameron pride, I guess."

"Don't talk," she said. "Save your breath to swim, and then to tell me over and over, every day, that you love me."

"I love you," he whispered. The water was up to his hands. "Let's go." He boosted her up to the tree.

She looked at the surging bayou and across to the bank, half a mile away. Then she dived.

Dave waited until she came up, then dived within two feet of her.

They began swimming in easy, long strokes. They tried to work with the raging channel, but it beat them back toward the cutoff. Helen's breath grew short. "I'm all in!" she panted.

"On your back!" Dave snapped. "Relax!" He put his hand under her chin. "Kick slowly, Rompers. Close your eyes, but kick."

The stream tugged at her. At first she could feel Dave's steady strokes; then they lessened. She could hear his gasps. It seemed hours later when Dave panted, "Stand up!"

They pulled themselves up the bank,

then flopped on the ground. When their wind finally returned, Dave kissed her.

"Hi, Gertrude Ederle."

"Hello, Tarzan."

Mr. Cameron was at The Ridge House when they arrived. The colonel called for drinks. His face was drawn, but he stood erect. "Told you they'd be all right, Cameron." He noticed Helen's semimidity and roared, "Get some clothes on! You look like Jezebel."

Dave said, "I want your car, Dad. I've a debt to settle with John Rogers."

"We all have a debt to settle with him, son," Cameron said.

"He blew the levee with us in there!"

Cameron shook his head. "I blew it."

Dave stared at his father.

Cameron continued, "John and I knew you had had plenty of time to get out of the cutoff. We figured Helen would take the main road back home and never dreamed that you had gone back into the cutoff for her, and that you two were walking through the cotton at two o'clock, the hour you had set for the explosion."

"John came to my office after he talked with Helen and told me everything. He asked me to tell you, Dave, that he called me 'Mr. Cameron.' I don't know what he meant. He also said tell you that anybody who has worked the land as he has is bound to love it."

The colonel blew his nose loudly. Helen blinked back her tears.

Cameron said, "Here are some papers he sent you, son. I'm proud of you. You had faith in that boy. I have, too."

Dave said, "But I still don't understand it all. Do you, Rompers?"

Helen didn't reply. Cameron smiled.

"You didn't know, Dave, that after you talked with Johnny and told him you loved Helen, she went to him and offered him half of The Ridge House to blow his levee. The colonel sent her." Cameron wet his lips. "That boy loved Helen too. He told her so."

Helen looked quickly at Cameron.

"He told me everything," Cameron said.

"He asked Helen pointblank if she loved you, son. And when he learned she did, he made up his mind to sacrifice his crop for you two. Love does funny things to men. He said you and Helen and the colonel had been his benefactors and he wanted to pay you back. There is a streak of the martyr in the boy. He said you are the only folks who had ever been his friends."

"We still are," said the colonel.

"It was a courageous thing for him to do. He gave me the dynamite and a written permit to blow his levee. He said he didn't have the heart to watch that river rush in and chew up his hopes. That boy had worked hard to get where he is, and he gave it away. He's a better man than a heap of planters I know. They talk a heap about loving the land and the South, but they never make any sacrifice to save it. That boy did."

Dave said, "He'll be rewarded, won't he?"

"That's up to you, Dave. The colonel and I reckoned you and Helen would want to make a start of your own. The colonel is giving you The Ridge House. I'm giving you the cutoff. It's fine land, Dave. A good farmer would love it."

"I'm giving it to Johnny, of course. We've always been friends in a crazy sort of way. Right now, I feel like sharing everything I have with him. That is, almost everything."

He looked at Helen. The colonel and Cameron walked away. Helen didn't say anything, for Dave was holding her tightly and she had no breath to spare.

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## Autobiography—Industrial Designer (Continued from page 59)

another Columbus. I had discovered a new land where the sun of prosperity shone even in the depths of depression. Of course, I was luckier than some of those who followed me into this new work. For in my first year I made more money than I had ever received in the agency business, and each year since has shown a steady rise in my net earnings.

It was the electric iron which really started me off. I'd been thinking about that one for a long time—ever since I'd watched my wife struggling to smooth out the wrinkles in a dress one night. There really wasn't any reason why electric irons should be heavy as lead and clumsy as an elephant. With all the marvelous new metal alloys chemistry had given us, I reasoned, there ought to be a way to make a lighter and better iron. So I'd gone to work on a sheaf of testing laboratory reports and found the alloy I'd been seeking.

The result? An electric iron that weighed a third of what the others did, heated four times as fast, cost about half as much to produce. Today, it is still selling high up in the hundreds of thousands.

I've always felt that electric iron should be my trademark, for it brought dozens of other orders my way. There was the mail-order house that had so much success with the iron that they started me redesigning a lot of their own manufactured products.

I gave them a lawn mower of new alloy steel and rubber-tired wheels that weighed about half what the others did and was so perfectly balanced that a child of five could push it with ease. I redesigned their washing machine so that it did everything but hang the clothes out on the line, and besides costing twenty

dollars less, it was smaller, quieter and easier to keep clean.

I've done a lot of business with that mail-order house and at various times have tackled everything from a hairpin to a henhouse for them. In each instance, I can't help adding, the redesigned product has far outdid its predecessor.

One of my most valuable collaborators on all this work, but one who never appears on the pay roll of my office staff, is Minnie, our colored cook at home. Without her, I'm certain I'd never have been able to redesign all the kitchen utensils I have, for Minnie is an artist in her line, and rigged to mighty exacting standards, too.

She views with jaundiced eye anything that smacks of modernism and never tires of telling me that she likes her old kitchen tools best. Trying to design something that will bring a reluctant smile of approval to Minnie's toothless gums has kept me on my toes for a long time now.

There was the eggbeater, for instance. I tried out twenty-seven different designs on her without any success at all. Each new idea I'd bring home had the same fate. She'd pick it up, heft it in her hand a minute, give the wheel a half-hearted, experimental flip, and then toss it aside.

"Nossuh," she'd say. "Ah guesses Ah'll stick to dis ol' one h'yar."

I never could make her tell me why she didn't like my latest brain child. Finally, on the twenty-eighth venture, I got an idea. This time, I made the handle of plastic material, and I made it good and wide, with little grooved indentations underneath to fit her fingers.

Minnie picked it up the night I brought it home, shook it in her hand a minute and then beamed broadly. "Now, dis one,"

she said, "it's some'n like!" That extra-wide handle with the grooves for the fingers had turned the trick.

I decided I might really have something there, so I tried the same idea on the whole cutlery line: knives, forks, stirring spoons and the like. They were all equally successful. When you're working with things like that all day, I guess you like to have something big and comfortable to grab. That must be the answer. For the line has sold well ever since.

Increased sales or efficiency, of course, is the axis upon which the entire vocation of industrial design revolves. This is rightly so, for ours has been a profession which has developed largely at the expense of the client. He is the one who has paid for the research and experimentation; he is the one who in the beginning gambled his money on the chance that the industrial designer would be right.

Today, on the other hand, much of the manufacturer's risk has been eliminated. Your top-flight designer of 1939, either through experience or specific knowledge of the problems involved, is almost a hundred percent sure of success before the re-designed article is put into production.

He spends months and sometimes years looking into the product and its background before he ever once puts a pencil to paper. For no real designer will ever start work before he's thoroughly familiar with the problem and all its limitations. He never fails to keep in mind the three golden questions: What is this thing for? What is it made of, or what should it be made of? How is it made, or how can it be made?

And when he's answered these questions, he goes off into certain specialized lines of his own. He seeks to improve the

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appearance of the product, but this must be built in; for looks, according to the modern designer's credo, have nothing to do with applied decoration but result, instead, from efficiency, competence and stability being incorporated as part of the design itself.

He goes further than this. He studies the manufacturer's marketing methods for clues as to how he can develop possible improvements. He makes a thorough analysis of competing lines and market trends. And finally, he keeps in close touch with the factory during the process of tool- or pattern-making and the various stages of production, so that problems which inevitably arise can be solved without harm to the design or irritation to the manufacturer.

One odd example of this phase of the industrial designer's work happened to me a few years ago when I'd just finished designing a vacuum cleaner for one of the oldest cleaner companies in America.

The job was one of which I was particularly proud. I had been able to use plastics and certain new metal alloys to the extent that I'd cut the weight to less than half that of the old cleaner. I'd designed a highly successful new type of electric cord—one that could never get tangled up—and I'd included a lot of other refinements that vacuum cleaners had never possessed before. Naturally, then, I wasn't expecting the frantic telegram that came from the president of the company one afternoon.

"Come up to the plant at once," it read. "We may not put the job in production, after all."

My heart sank down into my boots. What could possibly have happened? Hastily I checked and rechecked my plans and specifications. Frantically I thumbed through the exhaustive reports from the company's testing laboratories. Everything seemed to be in order. I couldn't imagine where there could possibly have been a slip-up. But still, with a sinking heart, I boarded the next plane.

When I got to the factory I was immediately ushered into the president's office. One look at him and I was prepared for the worst.

"I can't do it—I can't go through with it," he moaned.

"You mean you've decided to call the whole idea off?"

"No, it's not exactly that," the president answered. "But I've called a meeting of all the company salesmen for this afternoon. Planned to show them the new model. But I can't do it, I tell you. I simply can't do it!"

After much questioning, I managed to find out what was troubling him. It seemed that the old gentleman had been making vacuum cleaners nearly all his life, and he felt he had a pretty good idea of what a machine should look like. This one of mine was so new and radical in shape that, while he was convinced it worked perfectly, he still wasn't sure it looked like what a vacuum cleaner ought to look like. He didn't have the heart to go before the salesmen and show it to them, either. That's what he'd got me to come out to the factory for—to take the rap myself.

Well, I figured it was all part of the game. So when the salesmen's meeting was called that afternoon, I was the one who officiated at the unveiling. The gasp that went over the auditorium was just what the president expected. Then they started firing questions at me. And as fast as they'd ask me the whys and wherefores of this and that, I'd explain the reasons. When the session was over, they were all pretty much convinced that they had a top-notch product. And the old president, bless his heart, led the cheers.

A sense of humor is a valuable thing to have in my line of work. I need it at the office when things go wrong—as they generally do every day. And both my wife and I need it around home, where there's always something popping.

My house is pretty much of a testing laboratory, you know. Anything that has to do with your home gets a thorough workout in mine before it is ever submitted as a finished product. It's amazing the number of things that can happen.

There was the time I was redesigning an alarm clock. Now, alarm clocks were something I'd tried to have as little as possible to do with all my life. When this job came along, you could have filled a book with what I didn't know about them. So I went out and bought every kind of alarm clock on the market—about twenty.

In the end I got what I was after: a big, silent fellow that runs by electricity—thus eliminating the tick—and has a set of chimes that makes waking as pleasant as it can be under the circumstances.

Mention of the time spent by the designer in background research reminds me of something that occurred a few years ago. I had been commissioned by a large oil company to design a standard gasoline station for them. It was one of the toughest jobs I ever tackled. The reason? Well, stop and think a minute.

The oil company wanted a standard station: one they could build from Maine to California—and there was the rub. There were the climatic conditions to be considered, for one thing; there were the social, operating and competitive factors involved, for another.

So there was nothing for me to do but tackle the problem in my own way. I sent out crews of men to different parts of the country. I had them drive up to hundreds of gas stations, stay around for an hour or so at each station and make notes on everything that happened.

We must have discovered at least a hundred important facts by the time we were through, and in the end we evolved a station design that filled all the particulars. And what happened? Well, the oil company is building that standard station by the dozen these days, and best of all, sales in these new models are far above the old highs.

I don't want to paint too rosy a picture of this business, however. There are plenty of pitfalls in it. Some have tried it and failed—good men, too. None of us have made anything like the incomes credited to us by exuberant writers of business articles, for Old Man Overhead always sits heavy on the backs of those of us who have had the most success.

Probably the myth of fabulous profits in industrial design has been fostered by the size of the organizations we find it necessary to carry. My concern is not the biggest in the field today, but even so, I find it necessary to rent a whole floor in the tower of a modern office building in New York. I have a permanent staff of two engineers, a chemist, a patent man, two artists, and a salesman to assist me in contact work.

In addition, I have a staff of about eighteen draftsmen, most of them architectural graduates; two stenographers, a bookkeeper and five research workers. I also maintain connections in a consultant capacity with experts in nearly every technical field, and while this adds nothing to my weekly pay roll, it eats a big hole into the expenses incidental to practically every contract I undertake.

Although there has been a great deal of exaggeration as to the rewards of successful designing, after all, there is no reason why they should not run high. There have been plenty of instances where a change in the inward and outward



plan of some everyday article has increased sales anywhere from ten to one hundred percent. This means a real profit for the manufacturer, and the man who uncovered the vein of pay dirt should be entitled to a reasonable share. The highest fee I ever received was \$50,000—for doing a streamlined train. Most of the larger firms are employed on a yearly retainer by six or eight different corporations. I know of one man whose retainers gross him as much as a quarter of a million dollars, some years.

It is a splendid business for any young man or woman who possesses any one of three qualifications: a practical artistic sense, a well-developed knowledge of applied science, or a flair for original ideas. The latter qualification is especially important. This is a business of ideas, of new slants, of trail blazing, of foreseeing the constant shifts in popular tastes. There is an expensive modernistic desk waiting in any designer's organization for the newcomer—man or woman—with the initiative that will help to find fresh facets on familiar commercial surfaces.

The business also offers special opportunities because of the unique ethics which permeate it. All the industrial designers I know have so much pride in what is being accomplished that a curious freemasonry exists among them. When I hear that a competitor has done something noteworthy, I am delighted. It reflects credit on the profession as a whole and, moreover, will help to bring clients to my own door.

The concentration essential to producing real results cannot be spread out over many products at once. As a result, it is the usual thing for us to turn over

work we cannot handle to newcomers in whom we have confidence. In one year, I have delegated work in this way to half a dozen competitors.

Such whole-hearted co-operation is unusual, but this is an unusual business and we realize that so far we have barely scratched the surface of things. We are all, in a sense, partners in selling the world a great new idea.

One rule I've always stuck to is this: no matter how busy we may be, the staff shall work no more than five days a week.

All creative work is tremendously fatiguing, and in our line I think this is even more apt to be true than in others. So I'm being selfish in taking the stand I do. For I know that I'll get better work out of my people after they've had a two-day holiday than I will if they don't.

In my own case, I've proved the soundness of this principle many times. I can go at top speed just so long and then I have to relax, and relax with a big bang.

We have two homes—an apartment in New York, and a farm upstate where we spend all our summers and most of our week ends. The New York establishment really doesn't mean so much—it's just a place to hang our hats and try out new kitchen gadgets from Monday through Thursday. But when Friday night comes—ah, that's another story!

My wife, the two boys and I drive up to the farm late in the afternoon, generally arriving just in time for a big dinner. It always amazes me how the cares of the city can melt away when I turn in at the farm gate.

Being a parent and an industrial designer has certain definite advantages, I find, so far as my boys are concerned.

**Next Month: Faith Baldwin will write the Autobiography of a typical 1939 Cosmopolitan Girl, and Cosmopolitan will announce the name of the girl selected for the subject from among thousands in every state. Bradshaw Crandell will use her as the model for his cover illustration**

Things like pony carts and bicycles can take a bit of the modern restyling. And as for boat and airplane models—well, there's no limit to the strange and wonderful things we can evolve in that line. Incidentally, I think the boys will carry on my business one of these days. Both of them show a taste for experimentation that's mighty pleasing to an old professional like me.

So, from Friday night until Monday morning, I'm a father first and a countryman second.

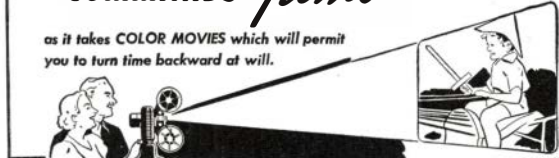
Nineteen thirty-nine has been a big year for the industrial designer—the biggest of his brief career, in fact. For with two World's Fairs opening on opposite sides of the continent, and with hundreds of business firms exhibiting in them, the industrial designer has finally come into his own.

During the past ten years big business has been kicked around all over the lot—both economically and politically. And up to now, Big Business has been inarticulate. It couldn't talk back to the politicians, and it couldn't talk back to the customers who weren't patronizing it. But with two World's Fairs in which to exhibit, it could tell the world its side of the story.

Through the industrial designer, who is responsible for all its exhibits, it is showing the public that there is another side to the picture: research, careful testing of materials, deep thought put into planning and building its products, and an honest effort made to clean up its basic evils. The World of Tomorrow will be a better place in which to live, Big Business says, for it and the Industrial Designer will make it so.

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## Headline (Continued from page 47)

said unsteadily, "but I just can't help it."

They turned to the right. There was a big car parked against the curb. Hub didn't notice. A by-line and a raise, and it didn't mean a thing! He hadn't even had a chance to show her the paper. It was jammed down into his coat pocket.

Somebody got out of the big car. Simultaneously, somebody moved out from a doorway. Pietro's sign cast a pallid light upon them. Both men kept their hands in their pockets.

"Waitin' for you, Mr. Stone," said the man by the car. "Rubano said he'd like to talk to you. Right away."

Hub stopped short. Both men were expressionless. Hub's head jerked back a little. Then he grinned. "I thought he would. . . . You run on home, Peggy. I'll get a follow-up story."

Peggy held fast to his arm. "This is Rubano's riot squad, isn't it?" she asked.

"Oh, no!" said Hub. "Nothing like that. I asked Rubano if he'd give me an interview. Good newspaper stuff, Peggy. You go home. I'll call you in the morning."

"I'm sticking," said Peggy in an odd, desperate tone. "I've had enough scares!"

The man on the sidewalk said, "Get in the car, guy. It was just a accident we seen you go in. Get in the car or there'll be a accident an' you'll go out—like a light."

Hub got in the car. Before he could say a word Peggy was in there with him, holding fast to him, her teeth chattering. The two men got in and the car started down the street. One of the two was beside Hub. He reached over and felt Hub's body where a gun would be—pockets; armpit. He relaxed comfortably.

"Now that's settled," said Hub, "how about letting the lady out at the next subway station? Rubano don't want to see her."

Silence in the big car. One block. Two. A subway kiosk showed.

"Here's a good place to let the lady out," said Hub. "This subway station here."

The smooth-faced man next to him said in a pained tone, "Be your age, guy! Don't crawl! If you're that anxious to get rid of her. . . . Braden's a good friend of yours. If she was to call him up, he might fret over you. Nobody ain't goin' to hurt her—or you either, if you act sensible."

Hub licked his lips. The man in front, next to the driver, turned his head to say, "Y'might tip her what'll happen if she starts yellin'."

The car hummed a long way. Once it turned right, and once it turned left. Once it stopped at a traffic light. There was no arrogance in the driving; nothing to call attention to the car at all. Nobody on the street could see that Hub was desperately pale and working his brain frenziedly for a way to get Peggy out of the car.

So far, actually, there had not been a specific threat of any sort. Hub had not seen a weapon. But he felt one. It was pressed against the newspaper in his coat pocket.

The car stopped before a brownstone front. Undistinguished. Indistinguishable. Like every other house on the block. The man in front said, "I'll go in an' tell Rubano what we got an' what we want to do with it."

He swung out of the car and went into the brownstone house. Hub's eyes flickered here and there.

"Got the address, guy?" the man beside him asked.

Hub swallowed. That was ominous. But it was Peggy he was thinking about. If he could get her a chance to get away—and she'd take it. . . .

"I thought Rubano wanted to see me," he observed.

"Act your age," said the man scornfully. "You? We seen you. We figured out somethin'. That other guy's askin' Rubano now. Braden's bearin' down hard on Slim Gary. Rubano's frettin' about it."

The man from the front of the car came out again. He paused to light a cigaret and then climbed into the car. "Dutch's flat," he said to the chauffeur. Over his shoulder he added, "It's okay. We're usin' Dutch's flat. Joke on him."

As the car started off, the man in the back asked, "Who else is comin'?"

"Smoky an' Squint an' a couple of others. Be along in a minute. They're loadin' up."

Hub said, "If you guys intend to bump me off because—"

"Now, why'd we do that?" said the man beside him. "We ain't got a thing against you. Not a thing. We like you, guy! We're goin' to give you a swell story."

Hub opened his mouth again, and his companion said in a deadly voice, "Keep y'r trap shut!"

Peggy's fingers closed convulsively on Hub's arm. Her eyes were wide and dread-filled. Hub seemed to relax. The car went around a corner. He swayed toward her. His lips almost brushed her ear. He murmured, "Get set to jump when I slug this guy." It would mean that he'd be killed instantly, but that was due, anyhow. And Peggy had heard too much. She wouldn't be allowed to go free.

Hub kept up a feverish search for a cop. A squad car. He almost prayed for a squad car. If he slugged the guy next to him while a squad car was in sight, he'd be shot. The sound of the shot and Peggy's leap to the pavement ought to bring the cops full speed. It might save Peggy's life.

No squad car appeared, not even a uniformed cop. The streets were well-lighted and nearly empty. The car went smoothly through echoing silences. The fiction of a constant scurry of metropolitan traffic holds good only for certain sections. Parts of the city, for hours on end, are as devoid of traffic as any country village.

The black car drew to a stop before an apartment house. Small and unobtrusive. "We get out here," said the man beside Hub. "We're walkin' up to the third floor. If we pass anybody, we're all friends. See?"

Hub said, "How about turning the lady loose? You don't want her!"

Peggy said unsteadily, "But I won't try to start anything. I'm—with Hub!"

"Pass up or pass out," said the smooth-faced man. "It's your choice."

The car drove away. They went into the apartment building and up the stairs. One flight. Two. One of their captors inserted a key and opened a door. It closed firmly behind them.

Hub said grimly, "I suppose we get bumped now?"

"Hell, no!" said the smooth-faced man, in feigned protest. "We ain't got a thing against you. Not a thing!"

"Then what's all this about?" demanded Hub.

"Sit down an' wait awhile. Smoke if y'want to." The man inspected Peggy without reserve. "Swell dame y'got, guy." "Go to hell!" snarled Hub.

Peggy pulled at his arm. They sat down together on a silk-covered bed with elaborate tasseling. A horrible wrath filled Hub, and a sick terror for Peggy. He felt her trembling. He put his arm about her in a fierce but impotent protectiveness.

A scratching at the outer door. A signal. The door opened and the chauffeur came



in. He lighted a cigaret and sat down. A long time passed. Another scratching. Two more men entered. One of them carried a musical-instrument case. He sat down and opened it across his knees. A tommy-gun. Ten minutes later, another pair. Another musical-instrument case.

"Everything's all set," said one of the last arrivals. "Getaway cars an' all—when he does his stuff."

The speaker looked speculatively at Hub. And Hub knew positively, now, that he wouldn't live to get out of this. He knew three of these men by sight, and one in person. They were Rubano's riot squad. The man who had spoken was Nick Papadoulos, boss of the squad.

"It's their party," Nick explained to Hub, indicating the two men who had captured him and Peggy. "They got a idea they're goin' to pull off somethin' fast an' hot. Rubano says let 'em try it. So go ahead."

Hub said, "Go ahead and do what?" One of the captors blew smoke at the ceiling. "You're a good friend of Braden's. You hold up news he wants held up an' spill what he wants spilled. We ain't got anything against you, but Braden's bad for business. Right now, f'instance, he's tryin' to make Slim Gary tell him things. Workin' hard to make him talk. Which would mess things up. That ain't kind of Braden. We'd like to argue with him about it. So, since you're a friend of Braden's, you take the phone there an' get him to come here."

"You're crazy!" said Hub. "How'd I get him to come anywhere?"

"That's your worry," said Nick. "I don't think myself that these guys had such a hot idea. But they said you could do it, an' they'd already snatched you. If you figure it ain't worth tryin'—"

"If I don't," said Hub, "what then?" "We like you, guy," said the man who had ridden beside him. "We were real sweet to you comin' over here. But you can get Braden here, an' if you don't we're goin' to get real fretful."

"So what?" demanded Hub. "What'll you do?"

The same man said, "A coupla you-guys hold him while Sam takes the dame in the nex' room. An' Sam, you can let her squawk a little bit, but not loud."

Peggy clung to Hub. "Hold on!" said Hub desperately. "Wait a minute! Let me think of something."

There was a patient silence. Once Peggy moved, to get still closer to Hub. The newspaper in his pocket rustled. Hub raised his head.

"Listen here," he said, "you guys are a lot of punks. You think you're kidding me. If I get Braden here, you're going to bump him, of course. And if I talk afterward, you'll burn. So you'll never let me loose to talk."

"Aw!" said his captor protestingly. "We're, your pals!"

Hub ignored him. "Now listen!" he said fiercely. "This lady don't know you—not any of you. She's too scared to recognize a one of you after. See? I'll make a bargain. If I call Braden, you'll turn her loose. Nick, I'll take your word on it."

"Okay," said Nick. "She gets turned loose."

"All right, then," said Hub. His voice was strained, but there was no sign that he valued Nick's word at exactly zero. "I'll call Braden. He can get the call traced, so I've got to give him straight stuff."

"Straight stuff on what?" asked an emotionless voice.

"On where I'm calling from. If he doesn't come, and if he does get that call traced, he'll still know where I called from. And it'll be a lead-back if you guys bump us regardless. See?"

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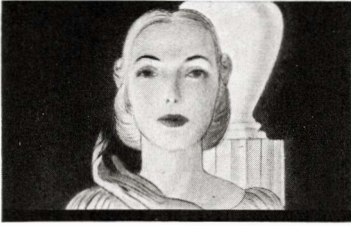
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"Yeah." The tone was dry. "We see." "I'm going to tell him," said Hub bitterly, "that I've found a guy ready to spill some stuff, but he's scared of Rubano. He'll talk to Braden, but nobody else. I'll give him my word"—Hub's lips twisted—"I'll give him my word it's safe for him to come. He'll bring one cop anyhow. Maybe two. His bodyguard, if I tried to split him from his bodyguard he'd be suspicious."

A voice said, "We can handle two cops." "And he's going to want to talk to the guy I'm calling him for," said Hub. "Somebody's got to be set to take the phone and back me up. Okay?"

"Squint," said an amused voice, "you got a swell telephone manner. Take it." "Then give me the phone," said Hub. "I'm going to swear Braden into a trap to get this lady out of one. I've got your word, Nick, that she gets loose."

Peggy said in a hoarse whisper, "I w-won't go unless you g-get loose too." "Keep quiet," cried Hub fiercely, "or I'll get these guys to gag you!"

He picked up the telephone. His hands shook and his fingers trembled as he dialed.

"We'll have plenty of time," said Nick, "to be awful rough an' still get away if you try anything funny."

Hub waved him to silence. He said into the phone, "I want to talk to Mr. Braden. This is Hub Stone, of the Star. He knows me, and it's damned important . . . You tell him I've got a guy here who's ready to tell him how to crack the big case! . . . Yeah. I'll wait . . ."

He drummed on the table. He wet his lips. Somebody murmured, "The big case is Rubano? An' Slim Gary?"

Hub nodded, dead-white. A car slid past in the street outside. There were sounds in some other apartment, muted by distance and intervening walls. The telephone receiver made a buzzing noise. Syllables.

"Yeah," said Hub. "It's me, Mr. Braden. Hub Stone . . . Sorry to bother you, but I have something important . . . A lot more important than that! I've got a guy that can tell you something to make Slim Gary talk! Make him tell you anything you want to know on Rubano . . . That's what I said! Yeah!"

His voice grew strained. The men in the room knew that this was the crucial moment.

"I've got him here. He wants to see you, but he's scared to come out. He says Rubano's got a line into your office and knows every witness that comes to see you. It'd be curtains for him to come to your office." Sweat stood out on Hub's face. "Uh-huh. He wants you to come here, where I'm talking from . . . Will you talk to him?"

Hub listened. Then he said, "Look here, Mr. Braden! Don't you want Slim Gary to talk? . . . I know, but don't you want the dope that'll make him confess? . . . You just listen to this guy a minute! Then I'll get back on the wire and tell you how to get here . . . Yeah."

His eyes were desperate as he handed the phone to Squint.

"You tell him I've done all I could!" Squint took the phone. He said, "Listen! If you wanna make Slim Gary spill his guts, you meet me an' I'll tell you how to do it . . . Nix! It's straight. Bring a cop wit' you. Bring a couple. Hub Stone's goin' to be here, too . . . Hell! You can trace the phone, can't you? . . . That proves it ain't a fake! . . . Get here in half an hour an' it's all okay. But I'm leavin' town then. Half an hour from now I'm leavin' . . . Yeah."

Squint handed back the telephone. Hub licked his lips. "Yes? . . . All right. Here's the address." Somebody whispered it to him. He repeated it. "The

third floor. Front . . . I'll be watching out for you. I'll wave you up from the window . . . Huh?" He glanced down at the telephone. "Oh. The phone number?" He gave the number too. "Okay. See you in half an hour. You won't be sorry. It's hot stuff this guy's got to give you."

He hung up and whirled from the phone. "I've done it," he said. "Called him here for you guys to kill."

Nick Papadoulos said softly, "What'd you give him the phone number for?"

"He could've got it anyway," said Hub. "He said if he was likely to be late he'd call back. I couldn't tell him it'd be no use, could I? Not after what he said!" He indicated Squint with a savage glare.

One of his two captors said meditatively, "We'd better not bump him yet, just in case. He said he'd wave Braden up from the front window. Was that a phony, guy?"

"You heard everything I said, didn't you?" demanded Hub. "Nick promised Peggy'd get loose! I'm working for that! You damn lice!" He glared still more defiantly about him. "Listen, I'm going to talk to my girl while I can! You guys can watch. But leave me alone!"

He sat down beside Peggy. She buried her head in his shoulder and sobbed.

Nick took up the phone and dialed deftly. He spoke in low tones. "Looks like it's all set . . . Seems to be straight." He hung up and whistled softly to himself.

Time passed slowly. One of the two men with tommy-guns dusted a minute speck from his. The others smoked. Hub held fast to Peggy, his face haggard. A car went past outside.

A quarter of an hour. Somebody went to the front window to watch. Another car went past. Twenty minutes.

The phone rang sharply. Nick took down the receiver. "Huh?" He nodded to Hub. "For you. Watch y'self!"

Hub took the phone. "Hello?" Then he said more naturally, "Hello, Mr. Braden. What's that? . . . Oh!" He laughed almost normally. "I see. But I'm right here. Got the guy waiting for you. He's getting restless, though . . . Okay. I'll be at the third-floor front window . . . Ten minutes? Okay."

He hung up. "He's coming," he said, "and I'm a damn Judas! Damn all of you!"

His face worked. He stumbled back to Peggy. She sobbed. Two minutes went by. Three. Five. The two men with the tommy-guns put them away in the musical-instrument cases. Nick nodded.

"You guys wait in the hall downstairs," he said. "There's a place behind the steps. Wait till he gets out of the car. We open up from the windows an' you guys from the door. Then we beat it for the getaway cars."

Hub, holding the sobbing Peggy in his arms, whispered in her ear. Somebody grinned at him. Nobody understood what he said. Even Peggy couldn't see any sense in it. A fiercely whispered order to fling herself under the bed when the shooting began simply did not mean anything.

The men with the tommy-guns went downstairs. Two other men drifted to the front windows.

After a little one of them said, "Here's a car slowin' down. Lookin' at numbers. A cop's drivin' it. Come here, guy, an' wave Braden up."

Hub stumbled to the front. He raised the window. He whistled shrilly. The cop at the wheel waved. The car stopped.

There was a sudden smashing of glass in the rear of the apartment. Then a curiously muffled "Boom!" like a tear-gas bomb. There was a dullish explosion, also like a tear-gas bomb, with more crashing of glass, down in the vestibule. Then the window glass shattered over Hub's head,



and something exploded in the room behind him.

He dropped from the window just before something lanced through billowing smoke in the room. A bullet, meant for him. Voices snarled and swore. Everything was a watery fog.

Hub crawled across the floor toward Peggy, praying incoherently, as pandemonium arose. There was the shriek of squad-car sirens. There were thumps as of men leaping into the apartment from the fire escape. He heard screams, and the chatter of the tommy-guns downstairs.

Peggy cried out faintly as he pulled her to the floor and dragged her under the elaborately tasseled bed. Exploding, swearing, howling tumult filled the air.

"Keep still!" babbled Hub into Peggy's ear. "It's curtains for us if Nick's gang finds us before the cops are through. But the place is full of tear gas and the cops have masks."

There was a rush of feet and the glorious sounds of night sticks thumping and service revolvers going off at close quarters. Then a voice growling furiously, "Where's Hub Stone?"

"I'm under the bed," said Hub. Hands hauled him out. They grabbed Peggy and dropped her abruptly. "Scuse me, lady. I didn't know—"

"It's all right," said Hub shakily. "I can't see who you are, but you didn't bump us, so it must be all right. Lend me a handkerchief, will you? And tell me who got killed, and lead me to the telephone. I've got to phone the paper."

A few minutes later he hung up. His eyes were still streaming. He still quivered under the strain he'd been under. But he held fast to Peggy and grinned.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said shakily, "you see before you the only man in history who ever got two raises from one paper in one day. And the only man in

history who phoned in the biggest story of his life and tacked his resignation onto the end of it."

They sent him home in Braden's limousine. With Peggy, of course. And the instant they were alone, she said, "If you want me to I'll marry you anyhow, Hub. I'll worry terribly! But having you and worrying would be better than not having you at all!"

"Nix," said Hub. "I've resigned. I got a new angle on it. I'd be worrying about you all the time. So I'm going into the advertising business. You saved my life tonight, honey, by inspiring me. Please keep on inspiring me in the advertising business, won't you?"

"I thought they were going to kill Braden," said Peggy. "I still don't understand—"

"I tipped him off," said Hub. "I tipped him on the phone that the whole thing was all wrong. And I had that guy Squint talk to him to make him see I was on a spot. I told him I had a guy there who'd tell him something that would make Slim Gary talk. *Make Slim Gary talk!* See? That was the tip-off, because—"

He fumbled in his pocket. The tear gas was still making large tears ooze from his eyes. He saw heavy type but couldn't read even that.

"Right in my pocket all the time," said Hub, "was proof I was a liar! If it hadn't been upside down they'd have seen it! What a break!"

"A break? What was the break?" "The paper in my pocket was upside down," said Hub. "It's got a hundred-and-twenty-point head with a by-line under it. Mine. You can't read it until this damned tear gas wears off. But the headline—if it had been right side up we'd have been riding toward the morgue right now, honey—the headline says 'Slim Gary Signs Confession!'"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## Where Do We Go from Here? (Cont. from page 49)

means and methods of lightening and improving his work as he goes. I attribute my own good health and energy largely to the fact that my family—my mother and sister—were particular about what we ate.

"At Camp Legion last summer, when we took sixty-five city boys and put them to work farming, the first thing we did was to supply them with good food. During the summer they gained an average of ten to twelve pounds.

"And that takes us right back to the farm and the distribution of industry in the country—where people eat better and live better. Not many realize the great things that are waiting to be done on the farm. Merely selecting the best foods for human consumption offers a vast field for young men of imagination, particularly if they are interested in chemistry.

"And the food is only a small part of it. When all the nutritive elements have been extracted from farm products, there is much left over that is useful in industry. We can take everything that is 'good' out of soy beans, for instance, and still have the plastics for use in industry. The same is true of many other farm products."

We are seeing the death of an epoch, Mr. Ford added. But it is the birth of a new epoch far greater and more wondrous. He calls it the Agrindustrial Age. He predicts that we shall see it develop, touch every living American, alter our civilization, revolutionize agriculture and industry, bring the farmer and city worker into closer contact and better understanding—in short, prove the most sweeping social and economic change of this century.

Mr. Ford waved his hand toward Detroit's towering sky line. "It took millions

of farmers and miners a mighty long time to make all that possible. If the farmer and the factory hand hadn't been working for each other for generations, we couldn't have a skyscraper line like that."

"Cultivate the farm to build the city of tomorrow," is the reason Henry Ford has figured we need the realignment of urban and rural relationships he believes Young America will attend to.

"The farm and the shop each need what the other produces," he told me. "Real prosperity will come with farm prosperity. The farmer is the greatest buyer of manufactured goods. So industry suffers when the farmer is short on cash.

"That's why youth's task is to develop increased consumption in a vastly expanded market. Build industrial consumption of farm products."

Mr. Ford practices what he preaches. Each year greater tonnages of raw materials, grown on American farms, are used in his plants. "Decentralization of industry will serve to expand rural markets," he says.

Henry Ford's employees are taking part in the development which he foresees. Approximately seventy-five percent of all Ford employees now grow vegetables for table use and canning, either in gardens owned or rented by them or in the thrift gardens supplied them by the company. There are 20,000 of these thrift gardens in the Detroit district alone. In "Camp Legion," selected young men work the farm six months (raising and selling their own crops) and then find employment in the Ford plant for the rest of the year.

"Youth has great times ahead," Mr. Ford said. "It may not come in a hurry,

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but balanced prosperity is on the way. Balanced production will bring it. Real prosperity isn't the prosperity of the few; and business can't prosper unless the farm prospers. That goes both ways."

"What about increasing Federal domination and control of business?" I asked. "It's all temporary," he replied.

Idleness and too much reliance on the other fellow create trouble, he observed, but to counteract this, many Americans nowadays are beginning to find out that no one will look out for them but themselves.

I wanted to know what Mr. Ford thinks a young person should and can do to help the society in which he lives.

"Avoid being a burden, of course. Self-help leads to social help. You can't help someone else until you've got a foothold yourself. It takes a lot of independent people to care for the dependent ones. Americans like to work, and you can't fool them for long with would-be substitutes for work. That's why a dole can't last in this country. Work and experience create the material wealth of America. Youth today seems anxious to rely on its own efforts."

I asked him if he thought it true that the modern college system creates too many young people not adequately equipped to take care of themselves.

"The fault isn't with the colleges," he replied quickly, "but with the state of mind of many who attend college. The modern college has its place. It excites the imagination. It stimulates thought. It provides facilities for study. But caste should have no place in it, and too many people go to college for social rather than educational reasons."

"Should the young man of today marry early or late?"

Mr. Ford smiled. "If he has any sand he might marry when he is twenty," he said. "If he hasn't, it doesn't matter when he marries. If he waits until he gets 'security' he will wait all his life. For if he hasn't sand he never will have security. There is only one security and it is founded on knowledge and character. But marriage to a good woman is an incentive to do good work. It was to me—not that I ever had trouble finding plenty of work!"

Mr. Ford believes that the future of America will be made by invention, just as its present was made by the invention of new machines and new methods of production and distribution. He is looking for some young man to come along, wipe out the present and build the future,

just as he himself destroyed the past and built the present.

It is hard for those of us born within the last twenty-five years to realize to what extent modern life has been changed by the revolution symbolized by Henry Ford. We take so much for granted when we dash around in cars. Our home life, our social life and even our moral standards are different from those of our parents' day, and one of the greatest reasons for these changes is Henry Ford.

He believes that America will come into greater health and growth than ever before through the process of enabling more Americans to produce more goods, distributed to more people for less money. That process made his own little red-brick workshop grow to a plant employing more than 70,000 men, with subsidiary plants making steel, building parts, creating additional industries and employment for millions of people throughout the world. It was a creative process, not entirely planned. When Ford had built his first car, he had to knock down part of a brick wall to get it out of the shop, because the doors were only of normal size.

Mr. Ford skipped upstairs two at a time to the second floor of one of the schools he maintains. His interest in young people is constant and profound.

"I've learned more from children than they have from me," he confided. "Education is learning to be happy, not merely to make a living. That's why our schools teach youngsters to educate their hands as well as their heads. Schools have got to be more like life than they have been. Children should be taught always to seek self-improvement. The wise youth spends as he earns, further to improve his opportunities and facilities. No successful boy ever saved while he was learning . . ."

I asked Mr. Ford if a remark once ascribed to him—to the effect that he had been kicked out of as many jobs as he had been welcomed to—was authentic.

"I'm afraid not," he said. "I never have actually been kicked out of any place. You see, they couldn't catch me. But I was constantly peering into places to which I had no written invitation.

"At the foot of Walker Street in Detroit when I was a lad, there was a bay that was used to float elm logs waiting to be made into barrel staves. The logs were about eight feet long and so water-soaked that very little of them showed above the surface of the water.

"I was curious about the manufacture of barrel staves. Whenever I visited the

bay to study the barrel-stave operations the watchman chased me out. But I discovered that by running lightly over the logs, I could keep out of his reach. The watchman was heavy and slow. He couldn't follow me, so finally he gave up.

"I was always curious about mechanical operations of any sort. There is a sawmill engine on these grounds today that cost me an uncomfortable half-hour when I was satisfying my curiosity. I had thrust an arm into the exhaust port of a steam cylinder to find out how the valve worked, and the flywheel turned over. I couldn't move the arm, but by pawing away with the other hand at the sawdust that choked the opening I finally managed to pull free.

"Another place I used to visit was Wagner's brickyard in Dearborn. One day while I was there I noticed a steam engine pounding. The key that held the flywheel to the shaft had come loose.

"I asked Wagner why he didn't have it fixed, and he said he already had had eleven new keys made and the engine could shake itself to pieces for all of him. I told him if he'd spend a dollar I'd have it repaired so it would never pound again.

"I was beginning to have some local reputation as a steam engineer, so he gave me the dollar. I took the engine to the shop, bought four bolts, discarded the key, made a tapered hole in the flywheel and fitted it with a slotted taper-sleeve with a flange. Through the flange I drilled four holes for the bolts, which drew the taper solid. By doing this the sleeve tightened around the shaft and I had a positive clamping device.

"With bolts a wheel runs true; with a key it doesn't. That flywheel has been running true ever since. We've built two million wheels on that principle since, for tractors and other purposes. In fact, it's our standard method of building flywheels today, and it's the best method.

"Why do I tell you all this? To show you that youthful curiosity, imagination and experiment, properly applied, often bring unbelievably good results."

Reluctantly, I said good-by to Mr. Ford the individual—and to Ford the fabulous: seventy-five years of youth that will never grow old, seventy-five years of wisdom and productive experience that will be even more fully appreciated in the world of tomorrow.

Mr. Ford is trying hard to find the right answers to America's economic problems today. But if he doesn't get the answer, he is sure some young fellow will.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## A Man with a Conscience (Continued from page 37)

down and lighted the cigaret I offered him. He gave me a smiling look. "Do you know, this is the first time I've ever been asked to sit down since I was sentenced?" He inhaled a long whiff of the cigaret. "Egyptian. I haven't smoked one for three years."

The convicts make their own cigarets out of a coarse, strong tobacco that is sold in square blue packets. Since one is not allowed to pay them for their services, but may give them tobacco, I had bought a good many packets of this.

"How does it taste?"

"One gets accustomed to everything, and to tell you the truth, my palate is so vitiated, I prefer the stuff we get here."

"I'll give you a couple of packets."

I went into my room and fetched them. When I returned he was looking at some books that were lying on the table.

"Are you fond of reading?" I asked.

"Very. I think the want of books is what I most suffer from now. The few I can get hold of I read over and over."

To so great a reader as myself, no deprivation seems more insupportable than the lack of books. "I have several French ones in my bag. I'll look them up, and if you care to have them I'll give them to you if you can come here again for them."

My offer was due only in part to kindness. I wanted another chance to talk with him.

"I should have to show them to the commandant. He would only let me keep them if there was no doubt they couldn't possibly corrupt my morals. But he's a good-natured man; I don't think he'll make any difficulties."

There was a hint of slyness in the smile with which he said this, and I suspected he had taken the measure of the conscientious chief of the camp and knew how to get on the right side of him.

"The commandant has a very good opinion of you," I said.

"He's a fine man. I'm grateful to him; he's done a great deal for me. I'm an accountant by profession and he's put

me in the accountant's department. I love figures. Now that I can handle them all day long I feel myself again."

"And are you glad to have a cell of your own?"

"It's made all the difference. To be herded with fifty men, the scum of the earth, and never to be alone for a minute—it was awful. That was the worst of it. At home, at Le Havre, that is where I lived, I had an apartment—modest of course, but my own—and we had a maid who came in by the day. We lived decently. It made it ten times harder for me than for the rest, most of them, who have never known anything but squalor, filth and promiscuity."

I had asked him about the cell in the hope that I could get him to talk about the life that is led in those vast dormitories in which the men are locked from five in the evening till five next morning. During these twelve hours they are their own masters. A warden can enter, they told me, only at the risk of his life.



They have no light after eight o'clock, but from sardine tins, a little oil and a rag they make lamps, by the light of which they can see enough to play cards. They gamble furiously, not for love, but for the money they keep secreted on their bodies. They are unscrupulous, ruthless men, and naturally, bitter quarrels often arise. They are settled with knives. Often in the morning, when the dormitory is opened, a man is found dead; but no threats, no promises, will induce anyone to betray the slayer.

Jean Charvin looked at his watch and got up. He walked away from me and then, with his charming smile, turned and faced me. "I must go now. If the commandant gives me permission, I will come and get the books you were kind enough to offer me."

In Guiana you do not shake hands with a convict, and a tactful man, taking leave of you, puts himself in such a position that there can be no question of your offering him your hand or of refusing his should he, forgetting for a moment, instinctively tender it. Heaven knows, it would have meant nothing to me to shake hands with Jean Charvin; it gave me a pang to see the care he had taken to spare me embarrassment.

I saw him twice more during my stay at St. Laurent. He told me his story, but I will tell it now in my words rather than in his, for I had to piece it together from what he said at one time and another; and what he left out I have had to supply out of my own imagination. I do not believe it has led me astray. It was as though he had given me three letters out of a number of five-letter words; the chances are that I have guessed most of the words correctly.

Jean Charvin was born and bred in the great seaport of Le Havre. His father had a good post in the customs. Having

finished his education, Jean did his military service, then looked for a job. Like many other young Frenchmen, he was prepared to sacrifice the hazardous chance of wealth for a respectable security.

His natural gift for figures made it easy for him to get a place in the accountant's department of a large exporting house. His future was assured. He could look forward to earning a sufficient income to live in the modest comfort of the class to which he belonged. He was industrious and well-behaved.

Like most young Frenchmen of his generation, he was athletic. He swam and played tennis in summer, and in winter he bicycled. On two evenings a week, he spent a couple of hours in a gymnasium.

Through his childhood, his adolescence and his young manhood, he lived in the constant companionship of a boy called, shall we say for the purposes of this narration, Henri Renard, whose father was also an official in the customs. Jean and Riri went to school together, played together, worked for their examinations together, spent their holidays together, for the two families were intimate, had their first affairs with girls together and did their military service together. They never quarreled. They were inseparable.

When the time came for them to start working they decided they would go into the same firm; but that was not so easy. Jean tried to get Riri a job in the exporting house which had engaged him, but could not manage it, and it was not till a year later that Riri got something to do. But by then trade was bad at Le Havre, and in a few months he found himself once more without employment.

Riri was a lighthearted youth, and he enjoyed his leisure. He danced; he bathed; he played tennis. It was thus that he made the acquaintance of a girl who had recently come to live at Le Havre.

Her father had been a captain in the colonial army, and on his death her mother had returned to Le Havre, which was her native place.

Marie-Louise was then eighteen. She had spent almost all her life in Tonkin. This gave her an exotic attraction to the young men who had never been out of France in their lives, and first Riri, then Jean fell in love with her. Perhaps that was inevitable; it was certainly unfortunate.

She was a well-brought-up girl, an only child, and her mother, besides her pension, had a little money of her own. It was clear that the girl could be pursued only with a view to marriage. Of course Riri, dependent entirely on his father, could not make an offer that there was the least chance of Madame Meurice, Marie-Louise's mother, accepting; but having the whole day to himself, Riri was able to see a great deal more of Marie-Louise than Jean could.

Madame Meurice was something of an invalid, so Marie-Louise had more liberty than most French girls of her age and station. She knew that both Riri and Jean were in love with her, but gave no sign that she was in love with either. She liked both; it was impossible to tell which she preferred. She was aware that Riri was not in a position to marry her.

"What did she look like?" I asked Jean Charvin.

"She was small, with a pretty little figure; she had large gray eyes, a pale skin and soft, mouse-colored hair. She was rather like a little mouse. She was not beautiful, but pretty in a quaint, demure way; there was something very appealing about her. She was simple and unaffected. You couldn't help feeling that she would make anyone a good wife."

Jean and Riri hid nothing from each other, and Jean made no secret of the

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fact that he was in love with Marie-Louise; but Riri had met her first and it was an understood thing between them that Jean should not stand in his way. At length she made her choice. One day Riri waited for Jean to come away from his office and told him that Marie-Louise had consented to marry him. As soon as he got a job Riri's father should go to her mother and make the formal offer.

Jean was hard hit. It was not easy to listen with eager sympathy to the plans Riri made for the future. But he was too much attached to Riri to be angry with him; he knew how lovable his friend was, and he could not blame Marie-Louise.

"Why did she choose him rather than you?" I asked.

"He had immense vitality. He was the gayest, most amusing lad you ever met. His high spirits were infectious. You couldn't be dull in his company."

"He had pep," I smiled.

"And an incredible charm."

"Was he good-looking?"

"No, not very. He was shorter than I, slight and wiry; but he had a nice, good-humored face." Jean Charvin smiled. "I think without any vanity I can say that I was better-looking than Riri."

But Riri did not get a job. His father, tired of keeping him in idleness, wrote to everyone he could think of—members of his family and his friends in various parts of France—asking them if they could not find something for Riri. At last he got a letter from a cousin in Lyons who was in the silk business saying that his firm was looking for a young man to go out to Pnom-Penh, in Cambodia, where they had a branch. If Riri was willing to take the job he could get it for him.

Though Riri's parents hated having him emigrate, there seemed no help for it. Although the salary was small, it was determined that he must go. He was not unwilling. Cambodia was not so far from Tonkin, and Marie-Louise must be familiar with the life. She had so often talked of it that he had thought she would be glad to go back to the East.

It was with consternation that he discovered that nothing would induce her to go. In the first place, she could not leave her mother, whose health was obviously declining; and then, after having settled down in France, she was determined never again to leave it. She was sympathetic to Riri, but firm.

His hopes were shattered. In a day, his joy was turned to misery. But his father would not hear of his refusing the offer, and he had to go. Jean hated losing him, but from the moment Riri told him the bad news, he had realized with an exulting heart that fate was playing into his hands. With Riri out of the way, Jean could not doubt that after a while Marie-Louise would marry him. His circumstances, his settled, respectable position in Le Havre, where she could be near her mother, would make her think it very sensible. And when she was no longer under the spell of Riri's charm there was no reason why her great liking for Jean should not turn to love.

Life changed for him. After months of misery he was happy, and though he kept them to himself, he too now made great plans for the future. There was no need any longer to try not to love Marie-Louise.

Suddenly his hopes were shattered. One of the shipping firms at Le Havre had a vacancy, and it looked as though the application Riri had quickly made would be favorably considered. One of his friends in the office told him that it was a certainty. It would settle everything.

Jean Charvin was in despair, and the worst of it was that he had to keep his anguish to himself. One day the director of his own firm sent for him.

When he reached this point Jean stopped. A harassed look came into his eyes. "I'm going to tell you something now that I've never told anyone before. I'm an honest man, a man of principle. I'm going to tell you of the only discreditable action I've ever done in my life."

I must remind the reader here that Jean Charvin was wearing the pink-and-white stripes of the convict's uniform, with his number stenciled on his chest, and that he was serving a term of imprisonment for the murder of his wife.

"I couldn't imagine what the director wanted with me. He was sitting at his desk when I went into his office and he gave me a searching look. 'I want to ask you a question of great importance,' he said. 'I wish you to treat it as confidential. I shall, of course, treat your answer the same way.'

"I waited. He went on: 'You've been with us for a considerable time. I am well satisfied with you; there is no reason why you shouldn't reach a good position in the firm. I put implicit confidence in you.'

"Thank you, sir," I said. "I shall always try to merit your good opinion."

"The question at issue is this: Monsieur Unbel is proposing to engage Henri Renard. He is very particular about the character of his employees, and in this case it is essential that he shouldn't make a mistake. Part of Henri Renard's duties would be to pay the crews of the firm's ships, and many hundreds of thousand francs will pass through his hands. I know that Henri Renard is your great friend and that your families have always been very intimate. I put you on your honor to tell me whether Monsieur Unbel would be justified in engaging this young man.'

"I saw at once what the question meant: If Riri got the job, he would stay and marry Marie-Louise; if he didn't, he would go out to Cambodia and I would marry her. I swear to you it was not I who answered; it was someone who stood in my shoes and spoke with my voice; I had nothing to do with the words that came from my mouth.

"Monsieur le directeur," I said, "Henri and I have been friends all our lives. We have never been separated for a week. We went to school together; we shared our pocket money; we did our military service together."

"I know. You know him better than anyone in the world. That is why I ask you these questions."

"It is not fair, Monsieur. You are asking me to betray my friend. I cannot, and I will not answer your question."

"The director gave me a shrewd smile. He thought himself much cleverer than he really was.

"Your answer does you credit, but it has told me all I wished to know.' Then he smiled kindly. I suppose I was pale. I dare say I was trembling. 'Pull yourself together, my dear boy; you're upset, and I can understand it. Sometimes in life one is faced by a situation where honesty stands on the one side and loyalty on the other. Of course one mustn't hesitate, but the choice is bitter. I shall not forget your behavior in this case, and on behalf of Monsieur Unbel, I thank you.'

"I withdrew. Next morning Riri received a letter informing him that his services were not required, and a month later he sailed for the Far East."

Six months after this Jean Charvin and Marie-Louise were married. The marriage was hastened by the increasing seriousness of Madame Meurice's illness. She was anxious to see her daughter settled before she died.

Jean wrote to Riri telling him the facts, and Riri wrote back congratulating him. He assured Jean that he need have no



compunction on his, Riri's, behalf; when he had left France he realized that he could never marry Marie-Louise, and he was glad Jean was going to. His letter was very cheerful.

From the beginning Jean had told himself that Riri, with his mercurial temperament, would soon forget Marie-Louise, and from this letter it seemed as if he had already done so. He had done his friend no irreparable injury. It was a justification. For if he had lost Marie-Louise he would have died; with him, it was a matter of life and death.

For a year Jean and Marie-Louise were extremely happy. Madame Meurice died, and Marie-Louise inherited a couple of hundred thousand francs; but with the depression and the unstable currency, they decided not to have a child till the economic situation was less uncertain. Marie-Louise was a good and frugal housekeeper. She was an affectionate and amiable wife. She was placid.

Before their marriage this had seemed to Jean a charming trait, but as time wore on it was borne in upon him that her placidity came from a certain lack of emotional ardor. It concealed no depth. He had always thought she was like a little mouse; there was something mouse-like in her furtive reticences. She was oddly serious about trivial matters and could busy herself indefinitely with things that were of no consequence. She had her own tiny set of interests and they left no room in her pretty head for any others.

Jean was obliged to admit to himself that she was rather dull. The uneasy thought came to him that perhaps it had not been worth while to do a dirty trick for her sake. It began to worry him. He missed Riri. He tried to persuade himself that what was done was done and that he had really not been a free agent, but he could not quite still the prickings of his conscience. He wished now that he had answered differently when the director of his firm had spoken to him.

Then a terrible thing happened. Riri contracted typhoid fever and died. It was a terrible shock to Jean. It was a shock to Marie-Louise, too. She paid Riri's parents the proper visit of condolence, but she neither ate less heartily nor slept less soundly. Jean was exasperated by her composure.

"Poor chap, he was always so gay," she said. "He must have hated dying. But why did he go out there? I told him the climate was bad; it killed my father, and I knew what I was talking about."

Jean felt that he had killed his friend. If he had told the director all the good he knew about Riri, knew as no one else did, Riri would have got the post and would now be alive and well.

I shall never forgive myself, he thought. I shall never be happy again. Oh, what a fool I was, and what a cad!

He wept for Riri. Marie-Louise sought to comfort him. She was kind, and she loved her husband.

"You mustn't take it too hardly. After all, you wouldn't have seen him for five years, and you'd have found him so changed there wouldn't have been anything between you any more. He would have been a stranger to you. I've seen that sort of thing happen so often. You'd have been delighted to see him, and in half an hour you'd have discovered that you had nothing to say to each other."

"I dare say you're right," he sighed.

"Riri was too scatterbrained ever to have amounted to much. He never had your firmness of character and your clear, solid intellect."

Jean knew what she was thinking. What would have been her position now if she had followed Riri to Indo-China and found herself, at twenty-one, a widow

with nothing but her own two hundred thousand francs to live on? It was a lucky escape, and she congratulated herself on her good sense. Jean was a husband of whom she could be proud.

Jean was tortured by remorse. What he had suffered before was nothing to what he suffered now. The anguish that the recollection of his treachery caused him was worse than a physical pain gnawing at his vitals. It would assail him suddenly when he was in the middle of his work and twist his heartstrings with a pang.

His agony was such that he craved relief, and it was only by an effort of all his will that he prevented himself from making a full confession to Marie-Louise. But he knew how she would take it; she would not be shocked; she would think it a clever trick and be subtly flattered that for her sake he had been guilty of a despicable act. She could not help him.

He began to dislike her. For it was for that that he had done the shameful thing, and what was she? An ordinary, commonplace, rather calculating woman.

He did not even find her pretty any more. He knew now that she was terribly stupid. But of course she was not to blame for that, and she was not to blame because he had been false to his friend. He forced himself to be as sweet and tender to her as he had always been.

He tried to pity her; he tried to be tolerant. He told himself that from her own petty standpoint she was a good wife—methodical, saving, and in her manner, dress and appearance a credit to a respectable young man.

All that was true; but it was on her account that Riri had died, and he loathed her. She bored him to distraction. Though he said nothing, though he was kind, amiable and indulgent, he could often have killed her.

When he actually did kill her, however, it was almost without meaning to. It was ten months after Riri's death, and Riri's parents, Monsieur and Madame Renard, gave a party to celebrate the engagement of their daughter. Jean had seen little of them since Riri's death, and he did not want to go to the party. But Marie-Louise said they must; he had been Riri's greatest friend and it would be a grave lack of politeness on Jean's part not to attend an important celebration in the family. She had a keen sense of social obligation.

"Besides, it'll be a distraction for you. You've been in poor spirits for so long, a little amusement will do you good. There'll be champagne, won't there? Madame Renard doesn't like spending money, but on an occasion like this she'll have to sacrifice herself."

Marie-Louise chuckled slyly when she thought what a wrench it would be to Madame Renard to unloosen her purse strings.

The party had been very gay. It gave Jean a nasty turn when he found they were using Riri's old room for the women to put their wraps in and the men their coats. There was plenty of champagne.

Jean drank a great deal to drown the bitter remorse that tormented him. He wanted to deaden the sound of Riri's laugh in his ears. It was three o'clock when they got home. Next day was Sunday, so Jean had no work to go to. They slept late. The rest I can tell in Jean Charvin's own words.

"I had a headache when I woke. Marie-Louise was not in bed. She was sitting at the dressing table brushing her hair. I've always been keen on physical culture, and I was in the habit of doing exercises every morning. I didn't feel inclined to do them that morning, but after all that champagne I thought I'd better.

"I got out of bed and took up my

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Indian clubs. Our bedroom was fairly large and there was plenty of room to swing them between the bed and the dressing table where Marie-Louise was sitting. I did my usual exercises. Marie-Louise had started having her hair cut differently, quite short, and I thought it repulsive. From the back she looked like a boy, and the stubble of cropped hair on her neck made me feel sick.

"She put down her brush and gave a nasty little laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked. "Madame Renard. That was the same dress she wore at our wedding; she'd had it dyed and done over, but it didn't deceive me. I'd have known it anywhere."

"It was such a stupid remark, it infuriated me. I was seized with rage, and with all my might I hit her over the head with my Indian club. I broke her skull, apparently, and she died two days later without recovering consciousness."

He paused. I handed him a cigaret and lighter another myself.

"I was glad she did. We could never have lived together again, and it would have been hard to explain my action. I was arrested and tried for murder. Of course I swore it was an accident; I said the club had slipped out of my hand. But the medical evidence was against me. The prosecution proved that such an injury as Marie-Louise had suffered could only have been caused by a violent and deliberate blow.

"Fortunately for me, they could find no motive. The public prosecutor tried to make out that I had been jealous of the attentions some man had paid her at the party and that we had quarreled on that account, but the man he mentioned swore he had done nothing to arouse my

suspicious, and others at the party testified that we had left the best of friends.

"They found on the dressing table an unpaid dressmaker's bill, and the prosecutor suggested that we had quarreled about that, but I was able to prove that Marie-Louise paid for her clothes out of her own money, so that the bill could not possibly have been the cause of a dispute. Witnesses came forward and said that I had always been kind to Marie-Louise. We were generally looked upon as a devoted couple.

"My character was excellent, and my employer spoke of me in the highest terms. I was never in danger of losing my head, and at one moment I thought I had a chance of getting off altogether. The jury were in a difficulty; it seemed quite clear that I had killed Marie-Louise, but there was absolutely no motive. In the end, I was sentenced to six years.

"I don't regret what I did, for from that day, all the time I was in prison awaiting my trial and since, while I've been here, I've ceased to worry about Riri. If I believed in ghosts, I'd be inclined to say that Marie-Louise's death has laid Riri's. Anyhow, my conscience is at rest, and after all the torture I suffered, I can assure you that everything I've gone through since is worth it. I feel I can now look the world in the face again."

I know this is a fantastic story. I am by way of being a realist, and in the stories I write I seek verisimilitude. I eschew the bizarre as scrupulously as I avoid the whimsical. If this had been a story I was inventing I would certainly have made it more probable. As it is, if I had not heard it with my own ears, I am not sure that I should believe it.

I do not know whether Jean Charvin

told me the truth, yet the words with which he closed his final visit to me had a convincing ring. I had asked him what were his plans for the future.

"I have friends working for me in France," he answered. "A great many people thought at the time that I was the victim of a grave miscarriage of justice. The director of my firm is convinced that I was unjustly condemned. I may get a reduction of my sentence. Even if I don't, I think I can count on getting back to France at the end of my six years.

"You see, I'm making myself useful here. The accounts were badly kept when I took them over, and I've got them in apple-pie order. There have been leakages, and I'm convinced that if they'll give me a free hand, I can stop them. The commandant likes me, and I'm sure he'll do everything he can for me. At the worst, I shan't be much over thirty when I get back."

"But won't you find it difficult to get work?"

"A clever accountant like me and a man who's honest and industrious can always get work. Of course I shan't be able to live in Le Havre, but the director of my firm has business connections at Lille and Lyons and Marseille. He's promised to do something for me. No, I look forward to the years to come with confidence. I shall settle down somewhere, and as soon as I'm comfortably fixed up I shall marry. After what I've been through, I want a home."

We were sitting in one of the corners of the veranda that surrounded my house. Jean Charvin's eyes searched the distance as though he sought to see the future.

"But next time I marry," he said thoughtfully, "I shan't marry for love. I shall marry for money."

Watch for another great short story by W. Somerset Maugham in an early issue

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## Cosmopolite: Juan T. Trippe (Continued from page 11)

in those days except by an occasional dare-devil pilot. Ships were not built for long jumps, so Trippe's shining concept excited little interest. However, he helped to organize the first commercial air line in the United States, the old Colonial Air Transport running between New York and Boston, and it was awarded the first government air-mail contract. Meanwhile, his mind persistently dwelt upon the important and baffling problem of foreign trade and how to get it.

Since it doesn't accord with our political system to spend public money to promote any purely commercial enterprise, he knew that if America was ever to get her share of the trade, private capital would have to go after it. Competition of the keenest sort awaited any such attempt. Nevertheless, Trippe and his associates withdrew from Colonial and determined to break into the international field or die trying.

It was a pretty big mouthful for any young man to bite off, but Mr. Trippe was convinced that the service was vitally needed and that the money could be raised; also, that Yankee efficiency plus hard work would somehow offset the advantages his competitors enjoyed.

Although Trippe was bulging with plans and raring to go places, it was not until Anthony Fokker brought over his first trimotored ship that he decided it was time to strip for action. Then, in order to study the performance of this new-style craft, he arranged to fly to Cuba with its designer. The voyage south was uneventful. But not only was there no proper landing field in Havana; no aviation fuel was available, so they gassed up for the return trip with what they could get.

Out over the Gulf Stream one motor stopped. Designer and pilot hastily assured Mr. Trippe that the ship would cruise nicely on two motors and he need feel no apprehension. Trippe was not apprehensive; he was delighted, for this was precisely the sort of test he had been hoping to see.

When the second motor failed, it was his companions who began to be nervous. Mr. Trippe's grin widened. This was perfect! Now, if a trimotored plane could get home on one lung . . .

But this one couldn't. The third engine finally folded up. Happily, the pilot had sufficient altitude to glide to the nearest Florida key, while Mr. Trippe's enthusiasm bubbled over. Superb! Here at last, in multimotored ships, was the solution to the problem of ocean flights.

While they were waiting to be rescued, Trippe explained that all that was now needed to set up the first American international operation—from Key West to Havana—was to build some better trimotored ships and adequate landing fields, establish a dependable weather service, invent a system of radio control, train a personnel, work out an operating technique and raise the money to do it with. He could see no other obstacles.

The way all that was done and the speed with which it was accomplished are typical of the methods Mr. Trippe uses and the pace he sets.

When, shortly after the Havana line went into operation, the post-office department announced that it was ready to award substantial foreign air-mail contracts, the project of an airway to South America assumed national importance. There were no ships capable of flying the

Caribbean; hence it was necessary to figure on two air lines—one to hop, skip and jump along the West Indies and down the East Coast; the other to follow the backbone of Central America to the Canal Zone and from there proceed down the West Coast.

Legislated contracts, formal franchises from thirty-one governments had to be negotiated, and the physical problems involved in building landing fields and establishing radio-control and weather stations were even more forbidding. It was necessary to do the whole job at headlong speed, but it was done. That story in itself is an epic.

Commentators have looked around corners and behind doors to explain the success of Pan American. Its president sees nothing mysterious about it.

"Our rapid growth," says he, "is logical and wholly due to certain sound, basic principles which we adopted in the beginning. The company was organized as a strictly commercial enterprise, and it is inflexibly determined to warrant the trust it inspires as a public service. Then, too, the company represents a cross section of American industry: manufacturers, steamship and railway lines are back of this effort to put wings on our foreign trade; hence they work with us and not against us. We are the spearhead of industrial penetration into foreign fields, and they know it.

"Another thing: we believe in adequate preparation. We began work on the Atlantic problem ten years ago; later, we invited manufacturers to design and build ocean-going craft to carry commercial loads. Early in the game we set up a 'post graduate' course of training for our



operating personnel, and the course is so stiff that it takes five years to make even an excellent pilot into a master of ocean flying.

"We have backed all these preparatory steps with fifty million miles of overseas flying experience, and together, these are the factors which represent our greatest advantage. Our new Boeing six-thousand-horsepower Atlantic Clippers are, we believe, two years ahead of the world. Before long they will be topped by even greater super-liners. Already we have the men to run both."

It is an experience to discuss with this young man the amazing things he and his associates have accomplished and the more incredible doings to which aviation looks forward in the near future. It is like an interview with Jules Verne.

Not the least of Trippe's accomplishments has been his success in kindling among the people who work for him a faith and an enthusiasm akin to his own. In this, it seems to me, lies perhaps the highest tribute to his genius.

Stockholders have stood aside for a program of personnel development and a farsighted policy aimed at constantly increased efficiency and betterment of service. From the \$20,000,000 private capital invested in Pan American, earnings have been less than three percent and stockholders have got back less than two and a half percent in dividends. Trippe's first concern has been for Pan American employees, and whenever he has found it possible to squeeze a few dollars from accounts at the end of the year, he has shared it among them. In an industry considered particularly hazardous, he was the first to work out a plan of group insurance for the employees' benefit—another instance of sound business building and long-range planning for permanence.

Recently the Holland Society of New York awarded this young man its gold medal in recognition of his "leadership in the field of scientific air transportation." Also, by reason of his intimate knowledge of affairs in no fewer than fifty countries and colonies, he is one of the outstanding economists of our day, an authority whose advice is eagerly sought by governments and by public and private organizations.

So much for the man and for the company he heads—that colossus which he has built with such astonishing rapidity. What does Pan American mean to the countries and to the people it serves?

Well, here's an example. One of the staple articles of diet in Central and South America is chicken. Chickens are hard to raise south of the United States. They are poor egg producers and tougher to eat than eagles. The average Latin-American rooster feels undressed without his steel spurs; he carries a chip on his wishbone and is a duelist at heart, while the hens are shiftless gadabouts and indifferent to the obligations of motherhood. To enjoy eating these lean and leathery birds, one must be a jaguar.

Efforts to improve the breed had failed because of the expense, but when air transportation became available, Texas began to ship hatching eggs, and soon chicken soup took on a richer flavor south of the Rio Grande. A poultry boom started up here and down there. Central American countries began hatching their own. Eggs moved by air as far as Panama.

Next, it was discovered that young chicks weighed less than eggs, whereupon a cardboard chick hotel with water and feed trays was worked out. So excellent were the accommodations that the little birds arrived without a single casualty. Soon thousands of them were being

shipped down every week by air express.

It was necessary to water and feed and exercise them en route, until a poultry grower on my farm in Florida worked out a better idea. He began to export *day-old* chicks, because baby chickens don't eat for the first seventy-two hours, and he thereby effected a further economy in transportation. A "Baby Chick Flying Apartment House" was designed with replaceable floors, air-conditioned rooms and dormer windows. Shipments went from Miami as far as Rio de Janeiro and Lima. Ten thousand of these little peepers are now being carried south every week, and this new industry already amounts to about \$1,000,000 a year.

Here is another oddity. Recently the sugar crop of the West Indies was threatened by a plague of cane borers. Thousands of gallons of spray and tons of poison dust were used; infested plantations were burned over. When that didn't stop the spread of the destroyers it seemed that the livelihood of the islands was jeopardized.

In the deep-water grasses of the upper Amazon lives a fly which is the natural enemy of the cane borer. These Amazon flies could not survive the trip to the West Indies by ordinary means of transportation, so Pan American rushed them to the battle front by air and made possible the speedy eradication of the borer. It is estimated that at least twenty percent of the sugar output of the lower West Indies was thus saved.

Much the same thing occurred in the fields of Louisiana, where a cane borer appeared which was so sturdy that it could be overcome only by a Peruvian parasite. Armies of these minute shock troops were flown North and arrived in such savage fighting trim that within a few weeks they mopped up the borers. Similar insect pests harass Hawaiian growers, and practically every Pan American China Clipper now brings to the islands a cargo of friendly Oriental bugs with sharp teeth and a lust for battle.

Mail, express, passengers—everything, in fact, from wasp eggs to mining machinery is being carried by Pan American. Mr. Trippe's dream of an American merchant marine of the air has become a reality, and it is indeed the finest in the world.

England has appropriated \$150,000,000 to be spent in the next ten years on its Imperial Airways; France is spending nearly \$25,000,000 a year of government funds on her system; the German Luft-hansa enjoys approximately \$20,000,000 of government aid. Thanks to Mr. Trippe and his all-star team, the United States has twice the air transportation service of any system in existence, and it has cost us in air-mail fees less than half as much as those other nations have spent.

Practically unassisted, Pan American has linked the industrial centers of the United States with the markets of every country in the three Americas and Alaska, and with the Orient. Its mighty Clippers provide a five-day service to China—three weeks distant by steamer. It affords a five-hour schedule between New York and Bermuda. It has spun a spiderweb of routes over Central and South America and maintains regular service to every country in the Western Hemisphere. And it is now ready to span the Atlantic.

If world peace is to come through world trade, then these American businessmen are real ambassadors of good will. Certainly, the more one studies the amazing Mr. Trippe, the more evident it becomes that about all a good businessman needs is a chance to do business.

**Soon: A Cosmopolite of the famous newspaper columnist and humorist Damon Runyon, by Lowell Thomas**

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which sometimes separate nationally known merchandise from unknown, untried brands.

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self these simple questions: "How can I be sure that this product is 'just as good'? Do I know the manufacturer? Am I positive that its quality is A-1? Do I know of any satisfied customers?"

Unless you can answer these questions to your own satisfaction, why take a chance? After all, health and peace of mind are the basis of your life's happiness. Why not safeguard them by choosing products you DO know something about—the products with a reputation to uphold?

Millions of satisfied customers know from experience it is better to rely on nationally known products. They know that no manufacturer can continue to sell on a nation-wide scale unless his products do give customers real satisfaction, for his business depends wholly upon customers who buy again and again.

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BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

*Yesterday's*  
**CHILDREN**



**A  
COSMOPOLITAN  
BOOK-LENGTH  
COMPLETE  
NOVEL**



There was anguish in Red's eyes as he watched Bibi turn before the mirror in her three-year-old white satin gown.

*Yesterday's*  
**CHILDREN**



How great a part does money play today in the lives of young married couples? How important is loyalty—or virtue? A challenging novel about two Children of the Recession, who grew up in the jazz age and scrapped the old rules, but found nothing to put in their place

**M**RS. BURKE MATTSON lived in Tudor City, which is a colony of towering apartment houses on New York's East River. She had lived there for two years, ever since her marriage.

Originally the four rooms, twenty stories above the muddy waters, had been intended as something temporary—until we can find exactly what we want, Bibi said. They were still home to the young Mattsons, and they were furnished as they had been when Red and Bibi came back from a week's honeymoon at White Sulphur.

The space between the tall studio windows, where Bibi always intended to put a gate-leg table, was still bare. The one comfortable chair beside the fireplace still lacked a mate.

"It's more fun to wait and do things as you go along," Bibi would say coolly. Her eyes, under startling, black, peaked eyebrows, betrayed nothing.

Vi Roarke, to whom she said it often—Vi who had always been Bibi's best friend—thought young Mrs. Mattson needed new shoes and a spring coat a great deal more than she needed a gate-leg table.

Not that anyone else would have suspected it. Bibi was twenty-three and, in strictly New York 1939 fashion, she was beautiful. Wide shoulders, slim waist, flat stomach, no hips, long, lovely legs. Her black hair grew in a little widow's peak on her forehead. Her skin was white and polished. She never used rouge, and since she knew exactly how to apply lipstick to the most luscious advantage, it didn't matter what her mouth was like.

Only her eyes, which were blazing blue, and her black eyebrows, for which she had fought in the smartest beauty parlors, were altogether her own.

"I never expected you to be so good-looking," Louise often said. Louise was Bibi's mother. "You weren't, as a child. I remember weeping into my pillow when you were little, thinking what it would be like if you were a complete dud."

Bibi would nod, eying her mother with a polite, speculative gaze. The idea of Louise weeping into her pillow was amusing.

Only once had Bibi known her mother to weep. Bibi had been eight, then, and she had pulled her own pillow over her head to shut out the sound. Not for many years did the child tie those sobs to the unbearable sensations of physical jealousy. Then she knew it was on that night her mother first discovered her husband's incurable inconstancy. That was one Louise hadn't been able to turn off with a wisecrack.

"You look like your father," Louise would often say.

This, if Bibi remembered her father correctly, was true. Certainly she didn't look in the least like Louise, who would have been beautiful in any time or place, without benefit of beautician or couturier. At forty, Louise was amazing. "You two look like sisters," people said,

In the beginning the comment made Bibi furious, so that she lowered her eyes to hide the demon in them. If I'm ever taken for my daughter's sister, she thought hotly, I'll cut my own throat! It's silly. It's undignified.

Bibi was so modern that in 1939, even as early as 1937 when she met and married Red Mattson, she had almost completed the cycle and returned to feminine normalcy.

My daughter, she thought secretly, will never have the freedom I had. She'll be well brought up. She'll be protected and taken care of and told what time to get home until she's old enough to have some sense. Fifteen—sixteen—practically living in cocktail lounges and rolling home at daylight and pretending to be sophisticated, whatever that is. My daughter won't go roaming around in the jungle trying to impress headwaiters the way I did, poor little nitwit.

The jungle where you met men like Shep Michaelis. Men who laughed at everything, who knew all the answers.

I'll see to that, Bibi thought grimly. That, of course, was when she first married Red and they planned to have a son at the end of the second year. They'd be lovers the first year; they'd keep the first year for love-making, for romance, for ecstasy. Then they'd have a redheaded son and two years later a daughter who looked as much like Alice in Wonderland as possible.

I'll let her hair grow long, too, Bibi thought, and tie it with a ribbon, and I'll keep her a little girl until she gets through high school.

That was 1937, when things were looking better, just before the recession; 1937, when she and Red were able to get married, when life throbbled with golden hopes and dreams.

They had known each other only two short months.

They met one day, one spring day when New York was dressed in lavender mist and green-gold sunshine and wore daffodils in her hair.

Burke Mattson, tall, loose-limbed, red-headed. Bibi Clerihew, slim, blue-eyed, glamorous.

She was Bibi Clerihew, sometimes called a debutante—for in those days the word debutante covered a multitude of things. It did not quite cover Bibi Clerihew; she was on the lunatic fringe. Sometimes when the society editors of the tabloids were hard up for pictures you saw her dancing at the Iridium Room, lunching at the Colony, or sitting in El Morocco, wine-glass before her, young man in white-tie-and-tails bending toward her.

All that was due first of all to Louise,

who was passionately fond of El Morocco, and to a young man named E. B. Hyers,—known familiarly to the trade as "Eby."

His column was headed "Eby on the Night Side," and he was one of those who created café society; for after all, a man must eat, and in order to eat a columnist must write about something.

The night side is hard on the complexion. Eby was round from many free brandies, and delicately mauve from electric lights, but his eyes were wistful always and they found in Bibi Clerihew something that reminded him of a girl he had known in high school in Dodge City, Kansas. Bibi Clerihew at sixteen, idly following her mother from one café to another.

Nobody knew exactly who they were—the decorative, amusing Mrs. Clerihew and her thin, arrogant, black-haired daughter. Nobody cared. New York, as usual, was too busy.

Bibi was friendly with Daniella Barber and her millions, and Eby was carrying a torch for her, so in a manner of speaking he became her press agent. He did his best to clothe her in that synthetic glamour which was the favorite fabric of café-society debs.

So you were familiar with Bibi Clerihew at Belmont, walking across the clubhouse enclosure, looking thoroughly disagreeable and contemptuous, as though she were actually in the Social Register, which of course she wasn't. With Bibi at Sun Valley, as soon as publicity put it on the map.

She was somehow arresting and attractive, especially to men. College boys and middle-aged brokers and scions of wealth who should have been kept in padded cells but were allowed to roam the jungle. Ken Shoreham—once known as the boy wonder. Pete Livingston the band leader, the young man with a fute.

Finally, ladies and gentlemen, that prince of good fellows and ringside celebrity Shep Michaelis.

Looking back, young Mrs. Burke Mattson thought the whole thing had been pretty silly. But at the time it had all seemed important, exciting, thrilling, to Bibi Clerihew. It was all she knew.

Of course, she didn't get asked to the real parties. Who cared? They were pretty dull. She was invited to Daniella Barber's parties, and they were the most famous in New York. Daniella, with her millions, could afford to be democratic. She and Bibi lunched together sometimes and you couldn't tell the difference. Daniella was blond and hard; Bibi was black-haired and arrogant. Otherwise, the pattern was the same.

Vi Roarke had added the final touch. Vi really belonged. The portals of the inner circle—what was left of it—were open to Vi, who didn't really care much. To Vi, the important things in life were horses and dogs, principally horses. Probably because her mother had been English. Their place on Long Island, even

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though it was pretty well shot after 1929, suited her best. The clothes she wore suited her, too; oxfords and tweeds and felt hats with brims. The Roarkes—Vi and her father—were the real thing.

Vi had introduced Bibi to Daniella Barber, and the three were photographed together. That helped Eby Hyers in his campaign. Bibi traded on it plenty. Who wouldn't?

Friends, they were called, those three. Vifa Roarke, in whose veins ran the bluest and reddest blood of the country; who had crests and family trees and portraits and silver—and looked like a farmer's daughter.

Daniella, with her millions, her parties, her shrieking jewels, her houses in Palm Beach and Long Island and Newport and Wyoming—who looked like a chorus girl.

Bibi Clerihew, with her thin, beautiful body, her decorative and amusing mother, her unknown background, who looked like an aristocrat.

**T**O HER father, Vi Roarke had said, "I met a gal named Bibi Clerihew at lunch. She's a lamb, I think, and she's got a foul mother. You don't mind if I ask her for a week end?"

Her father said, "No; but be careful what you let her ride."

With Daniella, it was different. Daniella didn't have to ask anybody about inviting Bibi or about anything else. The Lusitania had taken care of all that when she was six months old.

"Come along to Bermuda," Daniella said. "I'll ask Shep if you like." With Shep along Bibi wouldn't be competition, and Daniella disliked competition.

Shep Michaelis belonged to those days. He was quite mad about Bibi Clerihew then, with a possessive, hungry fever that she didn't quite understand.

"You do something to me," Shep said, studying her as though he was trying to decide how she did it. "Don't ask me why."

"I wasn't going to," Bibi said coolly.

That was in Bermuda, a year before she met Red and life actually began. Before marriage brought her up against reality and the root of all evil; before she had the least idea how important money could be in 1939.

She lay on her stomach and let the fine white sand drift through her fingers. Her bathing suit was almost sand color; against the sand she was all long, lovely legs and thin young arms and blue-black hair.

"You're no different from any other girl," Shep said. "Not half as good-looking as some I might mention. At my age—and I haven't spent my thirty-eight years in a monastery—you'd think I'd know better. I suppose it happens to everyone sometime. For me, you're the one. I want you—I want you so bad it hurts."

"Actually," said Bibi, "I'm the cutest girl in the place. My dear, that's all sheer chemical reaction. Biological and stuff."

"Does this said chemical reaction work both ways, or is it a one-way street?" he asked.

He had a charming voice, warm and crisp and expressive. He was a triumph of personality-plus in an age that was personality mad. Not handsome, not much taller than Bibi, square-built, fascinating, and the last word in elegance. The last word in love-making—he made love with words, with imagination. With an air, that was how Shep Michaelis did things.

Once in a while he plunged into Wall Street and did something brilliant and fantastic because he could make people believe almost anything. The rest of the time he had fun.

"It works—both ways," Bibi admitted, and gave him a sidelong look.

True enough. Though it was not with her as it was with him.

"Shep's off his head about you, the poor dope," Daniella had said. "Usually he isn't. It just used to be his favorite indoor sport, on account of he doesn't play bridge. This time he's really got it bad. She's his third wife. That's really going a bit far for thirty-eight. She's a dip—dipsomaniac, for short. They say she was the end, really—one of those Helen of Troy women. He won't divorce her, or can't or something. The whole thing's The End, really."

Daniella's vocabulary was limited to something under two hundred words. Money, Daniella knew, talked a language rich enough for them both.

She had continued, "Not that I don't adore him. But I do say he's one of those *rum-don't-walk-to-the-nearest-exit* men. I never believe a word he says. Not that I care. Live and let live, that's the good old Barber motto. I do a bit of living now and again myself. But you're such an innocent—or is it just that frozen pan of yours?"

Bibi Clerihew had said nothing, not being sure of the right answer. She knew a great deal. Life had showed her a lot in her brief years.

First of all, there had been Louise and her father. If there is anything in heredity, she thought, my insides must look like a patchwork quilt.

Actually, her father had been swell—a clever surgeon, with a philosophical turn of mind. As she grew older, Bibi realized that his brilliance had depths.

After her marriage, it sometimes seemed to Bibi that one of the reasons she had fallen in love with Red was that he was a little like her father. When she told Red about it, he said loftily, "All girls fall in love with men like their fathers, if their fathers were right guys. It's quite usual, you little ignoramus. You thought your father was tops, so when you grew up you picked yourself somebody you thought was like him. Get it?"

In one thing Red wasn't at all like her father. Her father's trouble had been women. An insatiable curiosity defeated his best intentions. Women had been unable to let him alone.

Once, though Bibi did not know this, he had attempted to explain himself to his wife. "My life has been a misspent effort to find out whether Kipling was right." He had chuckled; then, seeing Louise's expression, he had added apologetically, "He wasn't, you know. Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady aren't sisters under their skins. No two women are alike—ever."

Some of the patches that came from Dad must be very nice, Bibi thought. But she was careful of herself, having heard so much of his casual infidelities. Perhaps that was why she seemed cold.

After she married Red, after she knew how completely marriage could change your whole life, absorb your whole being, she realized that in the beginning Louise had probably been nice, too. Louise had had for her husband the same fever that Shep had for Bibi. Her love had been violent, possessive, insatiable, and that was unexpected in a woman as beautiful and as clever as Louise. Bibi, growing up, had shuddered at the memories which came out of long hiding and claimed recognition at last—memories of Louise's slow disintegration, her bitterness, her pain. Now, Louise was a woman who made witty remarks in all the wrong places.

On her wedding morning Bibi prayed to be delivered from jealousy—from the shame of physical jealousy, above all.

Many things Bibi knew. But at the time of that visit to Bermuda she knew them only by report. They were glib enough on

her tongue. Nothing shocked her; everything was too familiar. All the doors were open, and she had looked in, but she had not entered. So she did not know whether she was innocent or not.

Shep averred that no girl who knew as much as Bibi could be innocent. Bibi wasn't sure. Something in her resented this lack of experience. She had absorbed the code of her day and place: Eat, drink and be merry, for how the hell do you know what's going to happen tomorrow? Life was dangerous and desperately uncertain. Never mind the price when fun was selling. Tomorrow might be The End, as Daniella would say.

One of the patches on the quilt of Bibi's heredity was that curiosity which had possessed her father—curiosity stimulated by so much talk, so many plays and jokes and stories about things. It got into a girl's mind and made her wonder what it was all about.

This sex business, for instance. Maybe they had something there. Certainly it provoked a lot of conversation. To know so much—yet not to know anything. It tormented an active mind and imagination. Maybe it hadn't been like that when girls didn't hear it all the time.

My daughter shan't hear all that kind of talk when she's so young, Bibi thought. It's dangerous.

"No more double standards," Daniella had said, once.

Aid Louise had told her daughter coolly, "You're an individual, my dear. I shouldn't dream of telling you how to live your life. The only things you'll regret when you're my age are the things you didn't do."

That, of course, was the creed of Louise's generation.

The old prison walls were down, and they hadn't built any fences to replace them. They had let in the jungle with glee and gladness, not realizing how swiftly it might grow.

Bibi was almost ashamed of her innocence. In time, all that was changed. And that change left no regret in her until the day she looked up over her table in the Plaza and saw a tall, loose-limbed, red-headed young man smiling down at her. You know this young man.

He was a small businessman, but he didn't look in the least the way small businessmen are supposed to look. He might easily have been a newspaperman or an aviator or something equally picturesque and adventurous. He was twenty-six and looked younger, which infuriated him, because it was bad for business. People were always asking to see his boss. "And when I tell 'em I'm it, they get sore," he'd say, smiling ruefully.

**B**ORN WITHIN sight of the Golden Gate, he still called it home, but New York was the Big Town. He had a shoulder which troubled him in wet weather, so that he was apt to sit with it hunched up under his ear. One of the minor casualties of football, was the way he described himself. Working his way through college, he had been popular with the coach, but the faculty had been singularly unimpressed.

His intention had been to study electrical engineering, but the amount of work staggered him. His weak spots, unfortunately, were as lovable as the back of a baby's neck, and people were inclined to put mattresses under him when he fell. By sheer happenstance—he went to look for a job during the Christmas holidays and sold himself to the manager of a department—he got into a business that suited him, and one out of seven of his screwy ideas worked.

The moment Bibi saw him, she was sure



## Adela Rogers St. Johns

the best was none too good for him. His eyes were so gay, they demanded the best. Nothing shabby or showprow or tarnished would do for those clear gay eyes. The sensitiveness of his face—too thin, almost too finely molded—hurt her. Even in that first moment, she trembled with the desire to make him happy.

All that, unexpected and incoherent, was stirring in her before Vi Roarke said, "Hello, Mr. Mattson. Bibi, this is Burke Mattson. My father calls him Red."

His eyes said, "I've found you. Do you feel the same way? Could you possibly feel the way I do about this? If you don't, I can't imagine how I shall go on."

A tall, reheaded young man in a gray suit, a white shirt, a blue tie. A slim girl with blue-black hair under an enormous hat of white straw, a painted mouth, and blue eyes suddenly filled with stars.

That was in 1937.

**N**OW, IN 1939, there was no more talk of Freckles and Jayne Junior. Jayne was Bibi's real name, though few people knew it. Nicknames were the chi-chi thing, of course. Now there was no more kidding about which they wanted first—a boy or a girl.

At first Red would say, "The boy ought to be the older. Besides, think of the family name and estates. Give me an heir, woman."

Then Bibi would say, "But little girls are so cute. I'm going to let her hair grow long and tie it with a blue ribbon. It's a very good thing for a boy to have an older sister to keep him in line, especially if he's as wild and woolly as you were in your youth—or so I've been told."

"I was not wild!" Red said indignantly.

"George told me when you were in college you were a rake and a devil with the women. I don't doubt it."

"Well," said Red, "at least I got all that out of my system long ago. Fine thing if I started sowing my wild oats now."

"Let me catch you!" said Bibi.

"I'm a respectable married man, I'll have you know, and that makes all the difference. Ah, Bibi, isn't it wonderful that we found each other? All the people in the world and me being born three thousand miles away and just happening to go into the Plaza that one day! I can't get over it."

It had been like that the first year. Lighthearted, unbearably sweet, touched with wonder.

Now, it was all different, grimly different.

Young Mrs. Burke Mattson sat beside the window of her apartment in Tudor City, her eyes on the little tug that was pushing a flat-bottomed scow loaded with freight cars up the river.

With the surface of her mind she was conscious of the puffing tug. The sea gulls, too, were part of that surface picture. Eight, nine, ten of them, wings folded, drifted gently with the tide that rolled toward the Battery.

Funny, dirty old river. In the distance the bridge to Queens soared gray and lovely. A mist hid the ugly shore on the other side, gave it an air of mystery.

New York was like that. Always changing, always different. Bibi had always loved it. Now, for the first time, she was afraid of it. It was too big and too impersonal.

All that kept her mind busy. But the current of her real thought flowed underneath, and at last rose up and up and swamped the fussy little tug and the sea gulls.

Red's suit that morning had looked shabby. Not picturesque, but shabby. His blue tie was frayed; even his shoes had a worn and weary look. He hadn't looked

into her eyes when he kissed her good-by. "Open your eyes," he used to say to her; "open your eyes and look at me. I want to see your eyes when I kiss you." And her eyelids, weighted with love, would lift slowly; her eyes would see his face above her, see the flame in his eyes, and then sink again, unable to bear that light.

Today, it had been his eyes that stayed closed.

Her husband. Small businessman. That was funny, actually. A small businessman suggested something different. Somebody short and rather stodgy and—dull. A Babbitt. Backbone of the nation and all that, but certainly not a romantic figure, not the kind of man a Bibi Clerihew would marry. Yet there were probably a great many Red Mattsons scattered about the United States—imaginative, courageous, excited about building up a business, working like mad, gambling with their very lives in these times.

When Bibi told her mother that she was going to marry Burke Mattson, Louise said, "What does he do, darling?"

"He's in business," Bibi said.

"No, not really!" Louise cried. "Is there a wives' auxiliary of the Rotary Club? What fun that will be. You don't know much about business, Bibi."

"No," said Bibi coldly, "I don't, but I can learn."

She had. She knew now what business was. She learned to type—with two fingers—so she could help Red address envelopes. She learned to watch the clock, growing a little sick with suspense, on the days when Red was seeing important people about new contracts, new business, hoping against hope that the telephone would ring and he'd shout, "Hey, it's okay! He gave it to me. It's a big one, honey."

Dawn hours, when she came reluctantly up from the peaceful sea of sleep, disturbed by Red's tossing, to find him wide awake. "You ought to be asleep," she'd say. Lying there sleepless, his fine mouth set in firm lines, he looked so white and tired.

Then she'd turn and say, "Put your arms around me." For a moment they'd cling together, comforting each other, kissing hungrily for solace, reassuring each other, reaffirming the bliss and miracle of their love, while the day grew gray-white, grew golden—inexorably another day.

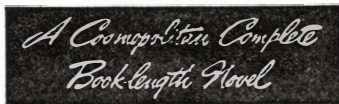
Broken words against her hair: "I'm no good, darling. I'm a failure. I don't seem to be able to do anything about it, either. I've let you in for all this when I meant something so different. Sweet, what's wrong with me? Why can't I make this thing go?"

Impotent fury would sting her eyes with tears, and she'd sit up in bed, her hands over his mouth. "You're not a failure," she'd protest hotly. "Do be yourself, Red. Look, stupe, did you ever hear of a depression and a recession? Did you ever hear about what's happening to all the little businessmen everywhere? To hear you go on, anybody'd think you were the only one having trouble. Anybody'd think the whole thing was your fault!"

Keep it light. Make him laugh. Bring him up out of that dark panic.

Bibi Clerihew had changed a great deal since the days when she was a synthetic deb. Many people who had known her then, including Shep Michaelis, would not have recognized her in this yearning, gay, desperate young woman.

"You were doing all right until this recession came along, weren't you? Who cares if things are a little tough right now? When the recession has receded, we'll be on the crest of the wave again. Look, Dopey, here you are only twenty-nine years old come Michaelmas and you're head of your own business; aren't



you, and you did it all yourself, didn't you?"

Pep talk. Sure. But the color would begin to come back into Red's face.

Now I know what love is, Bibi would think. In love, you must go up and up. There was, first, the breathless glory of romance, of discovery, of the miracle that was the birth of love. But love had to grow up. The full ecstasy of possession, the sweetness of intimacy, the comfort of everyday sharing things. Sweetheart; bride—now she had become the wife. To these was being added the motherhood that must be in every real wife's love for her husband.

Red's strength and his weakness were part of her: the strength of his vision, his fineness, his faithfulness; the weakness of his sensitiveness, his acceptance of defeat. Love through rose-colored glasses wasn't anything. To see clearly, to know everything—that was truth in love.

Old as the first woman and the last, Bibi felt, sitting there in the dawn. Perhaps Red could never love her as she loved him because he did not know all the truth about her. According to the code by which she had lived, she hadn't told him anything about the past.

Once he had asked her if she had been in love with Shep Michaelis. "I was never in love with anybody till I knew you," she had told him. That much was the truth. All of it he had any right to know.

So that morning she'd said, leaning over in bed to kiss him lightly, "You were doing all right, weren't you? You can't buck a national calamity. We'll get by."

"Sure," he'd said, "we'll get by."

At breakfast he'd told her that he was going to try to borrow some money from the bank. Enough to tide him over; enough to buy some new supplies and maybe some new equipment and to meet his pay roll until things got better. They were getting better. He heard that everywhere. This couldn't last much longer.

The trouble was that the pay roll had to be met every Friday night. If he could only weather the next few months, things would pick up in the fall. His business was always best in the fall.

**O**N HIS FACE was printed his abhorrence of borrowing money. There lay his real difficulty—not enough ego; not enough hardness. A man had to be hard and sure these days. If you pleaded, you were licked. You had to demand. If you talked in small figures, you didn't have a chance. You had to talk in big figures, swagger, impress, demand, be sure. Red wasn't like that.

If only she could give him some of her hardness, some of the arrogance that had belonged to Bibi Clerihew.

Sitting high above the muddy river, watching the sea gulls, she was overcome by the change in herself—the pain, the sadness, the softness that real life had brought to her.

The doorbell buzzed. Louise, in dove-gray and furs, wafted in. "How's the little housewife today?" she asked. "Must you carry domesticity so far as to mope at home on an afternoon like this? Do make me a cocktail. I'm exhausted. Where's Red? I thought he always got home early on love's light wings."

At that moment Red Mattson was walking up Fifth Avenue in the wrong direction. That wasn't fair, of course. Bibi would be waiting for him, waiting to hear

the news. Therefore, he walked in the opposite direction. To go home and tell her once more that he had failed; to see her face brighten at sight of him, her eyes full of hope, of question—just for the moment he couldn't face it.

How upset she'd be if she knew that sometimes it would be easier for him if she broke down and wept; if she let him comfort her. The man's part—he played it so seldom now. Always it was Bibi who comforted, cheered, inspired. The thought made him hate himself, but it was there. He couldn't live without Bibi; his love for her was greater than anything he had ever dreamed could happen to him, but just for a moment he remembered with nostalgia what it had been like to be free. If it weren't for Bibi, he could chuck the whole business and get to hell out; go home and get some little job and be free of worry and strain and disappointment. Probably every young married man felt like that once in a while.

'D get about as far as Newark, he thought wryly. I love her so.

Hard times—on marriage, too. Two people making their lives one; two people learning each other's ways, giving and taking, adjusting and rearranging, to fit at last into a perfect whole—that was sufficient unto itself. Now, there were a thousand additional problems: unemployment, money—some people actually didn't have enough to eat. So far, he and Bibi had managed to eat.

But, he thought, that's about all. Good authority for the fact that man does not live by bread alone. Bibi was young, gay, feminine. This drudging in a half-furnished apartment, wearing two-year-old clothes, playing Chinese checkers or rummy of an evening or going to a movie, how long would he be able to stand that—for her?

Debt, he had discovered, was harrowing beyond anything in the world. It bore a man back into the dust from which he came.

That man in the bank he had just left—smooth, kind, polite, anxious to help. So smooth and polite that Red had actually been hopeful, had found himself pouring out plans, telling about his new ideas for promotion, about his chance of getting a big order from Ladislaw-Foreman if he had capital enough to swing it.

**G**OOD. YES, I can see that. You've a good idea there," the man had said. Then, regretfully: "I'm sorry, Mr. Mattson. You see, there isn't much we can do. We're tied up with laws now, you know. We have every confidence in you. But we couldn't make you a commercial loan unless your financial statements warranted it, and you admit they don't. A personal loan—well, you understand, you'd have to have two cosigners. Then we might consider it."

Red Mattson's temper had flared desperately. "Everybody talks about encouraging business," he'd said. "The banks are bulging with money, as I understand it. I'm young. I've got ideas. All I need is a little help. I should think you'd see it as the most helpful thing in the world if you could give me the assistance I need. I have a pay roll of seventeen men. They buy food and clothes and pay taxes. I buy things for my business. That all keeps money in circulation, doesn't it?"

"Personally," the vice-president had said, "I should be willing to gamble on you, Mr. Mattson. But you may remember what happened a few years ago when the banks of the country had been lending money rather—ah—indiscriminatingly. That didn't help the country, did it? There are two sides to the question. It's one of our problems.

"With the best will in the world, the laws now—we aren't permitted, that's all. There are times like this when we'd like to help; but you honestly believe a man and his business are a sound investment. But we can't."

"I can tell you a place where you might be able to borrow the money. Understand, I don't recommend it. They get around the banking laws by charging enormous fees for accounting and legal work. It's rather steep. You might like to try it. I'm sorry, Mr. Mattson. I wish we could see our way . . ."

The shadows had fallen across Fifth Avenue now. The streets were packed with humanity surging homeward. The plowman homeward plods his weary way—all these people looked weary enough. Faces swept by Red in a panorama. What were they going home to after the day's work? Did they have somebody to cheer for them, to be glad of their coming, to stand by and comfort—as he did?

He had that. He had Bibi. He turned swiftly and began to walk—almost to run—homeward.

Meanwhile, Bibi was saying, "I'm sorry, darling. I can't give you another cocktail. That's the last drop of gin. I forgot to order any this morning. Red drinks Scotch."

"It's so quaint of you to have the telephone turned off," Louise told her. "I tried ringing you and they said the phone had been temporarily disconnected."

Bibi said nothing.

She's exactly like her father, Louise thought, watching the smooth mask slip over her daughter's face. The way her hair grows in a peak on her forehead. The way she looks when she's angry—that superior way. When she laughs and when she's angry—that's when she's most like him. I was such a fool. I never knew when he was angry. I hadn't learned about that mask, then.

Strange to have a child who looked exactly like the man you had loved and hated; who had identical tricks of speech and manner. Difficult to remember which had been the stronger—love or hate. Well, she'd built a nice impregnable wall around herself. This tall, slim girl dug through that wall with a thousand knives of reminder, laying bare the years of separation, the loneliness, the arid present and the tortured past.

Louise had been glad when her husband died. Where he lay now, no other woman lay with him.

Sometimes she forgot him completely. Life became an amusing business, until this child of theirs brought it all back again. Then she wanted to lash out at the girl; wanted to hurt her, as she had wanted to hurt him.

Outwardly, Louise was cool and bright, brittle and casual. But that antagonism which Bibi could stir in her was drumming inside her.

"Do sit down, darling," she said. "You make me nervous, prowling about like that." Bibi's father had prowled, too, walking up and down while he talked.

"All right," said Bibi. "But come out into the kitchen, will you? I've got to get dinner started. Red's always hungry, the lamb."

"No," said Louise. "I came out of the kitchen long ago." She gathered up the soft furs, the gray gloves. "I'd advise you to do the same. However, it's none of my business. I can't live your life for you. But really, darling, while I wouldn't think of taking the responsibility of telling you what you should or shouldn't do . . ."

"The perfect mother," Bibi said, her voice touched with irony. "What's on your mind, darling?"

"When you made up your mind to

marry Red—" Louise broke off. "Which reminds me. I saw Shep Michaelis the other day—with Daniella. He's looking remarkably fit. He asked about you and sent you his love."

"Nice of him," said Bibi gently. "The color had whipped into her face. "You thin-skinned idiot," she said to herself, "don't let her draw blood with those pinpricks! What's Shep to you or you to Shep, for that matter? A man you used to know in your scarlet past, your unconsidered youth."

Really, I never knew him very well, she thought. I wonder what manner of man he was, actually. Maybe we might have been friends if I hadn't been so young and he so demented.

**U**NFINISHED business for some men—a love affair broken off as theirs had been. At first, she remembered, Shep simply hadn't believed her. No woman had ever left Shep. "Is this an act, sweet?" he'd asked.

To her amazement, his parting speech rang in her mind as though she had put on a phonograph record. "I'll be around," Shep had said, "and in parting, may I give you a bit of septuagenarian advice? Don't be too sure about all this modern, civilized, aren't-we-the-charming-people stuff. Smart dialogue and clever curtain speeches do not always cover the fundamental facts of life. I'll make a graceful exit now, pet, but if you think this is the end of you and me, you're crazy."

"Oh, yes, and he sent you a message," Louise said, watching the hot color in her daughter's cheeks. "He said, 'Tell her that last crack still goes!'"

Bibi said coolly, "That's what he thinks."

"Anyway," said Louise, "while I didn't interfere, you know I didn't approve of your marriage."

"You thought I could do better?" said Bibi.

"Something like that," said Louise. "I always thought Shep—he's a remarkable fellow, and with all that ridiculous money he seems able to make—"

"Without benefit of clergy, in both cases," said Bibi.

Louise shrugged. "I didn't think your generation bothered so much about that. Everybody's so broad-minded nowadays, and after all, when a man can't get a divorce, people understand."

"You're getting all mixed up," Bibi said. "That was your generation. You sold those ideas to us, didn't you, or tried to? When your generation burst the cocoon, the noise was heard around the world. I'm a bit reactionary myself. A lot of us are. We saw the results. Some of them weren't so good."

"But you've done so well for yourself?" Louise said.

"By your standards, no. We haven't any money, and we haven't been to El Morocco in a year."

Louise's eyes were furious. "Don't be trivial, Bibi. It's not your type."

"That's what you're hinting at," said Bibi. "Pardon the word hinting. Well, here we are. Yes, Red's having a hell of a time. Business is bad. Maybe you've heard. We haven't paid our telephone bill, so they cut off the service. We haven't paid our rent in two months. We're the struggling young couple who had the nerve to get married in these times instead of taking the cheaper way. But we *are* married, and we like it. Gilded sin doesn't intrigue us as much as it did you. Right now, things are tough. So what?"

"Nothing," said Louise; "nothing at all. Except that you're young and pretty, and I thought you had more brains. Only stupid women get themselves into such



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a mess. Washing dishes—really, Bibi, you'd always had everything."

"Not quite everything," said Bibi. "I suppose you think I ought to do something about it." Louise said.

"Such as?" asked Bibi. "Such as lending you money," said Louise, and rushed on, goaded by the contempt in her daughter's eyes. "But I'm not going to. I've lost a good deal of money myself. I don't intend to spend the rest of my life in a one-room apartment, and I wouldn't trust Red to handle a penny. I promised myself I'd never let my bank account fall under a certain figure and I'm not going to."

"You married this man. You took your chances, but I hate to see you like this. Look at your hands. Really, it's ridiculous. Never going anywhere; never seeing anybody. And of course you're just like your father; you'd never admit you'd made a mistake—all that silly pride. Stuck here in this lousy apartment without even a telephone."

Bibi took a long breath. She started to speak and stood paralyzed with shock as a voice came from behind her, taking the words out of her mouth.

Standing in the doorway, Red said, "I suppose I should back out and pretend I haven't heard a word. That, I believe, is the proper technique when you hear no good of yourself. Sorry, Louise. I'm no gentleman to let you in for this."

Bibi's eyes were on him but she was silent. The way he looked—nice, alive, young. The way he used to look before they were married, in that first splendid year, carrying his shabby suit with an air, his red head held high, his eyes laughing.

"I'm sorry I've dragged your daughter down to this hovel and made her do her own cooking," he said. "I know how you feel about it, but I don't believe it's going to hurt her much. We can take a little rough country, Bibi and I. You're my favorite mother-in-law, Louise, but you had things too soft. The excitement of the war, the boom times, speakasies, freedom for women—all that. Maybe you can't see things our way. But this is our problem, Bibi's and mine. We'll see it through."

"I'm sure you will," said Louise. The way she said it wasn't nice. Bibi Mattson didn't care. To see Red like that again made her heart sing. Something splendid must have happened, or maybe nothing had happened. Maybe it was just that Red had got hold of himself and

was laughing back at life with that old joyous spirit of his.

"You said it, mister!" Her arms went around him and they held each other, laughing.

At the door Bibi kissed her mother. Then she turned back with a little jig step toward Red.

He was sitting on the low bench before the empty fireplace. His head was in his hands.

"Red, what is it? You were laughing. I loved it. Everything you said was right. Louise is a dope. She's always been like that about money. She likes money. It means something awfully important to her. Everything you said was true."

"Everything she said was true." Red took his hands away from his face. "I heard it all. That's what she thinks. That's what everybody thinks—that you made a mistake; that you could have done better, with rich men like Shep Michaelis crazy about you."

It took Bibi a moment to summon her voice. Then, "It isn't what I think," she said.

His eyes were bleak. "Sure," he said, "you're the loyal little wife, aren't you? You're the cheerful little careful always merry and bright, standing by no matter what. The martyrs are the seed of the church or something, but they're lousy to live with."

"What?" said Bibi, so low he had to strain to hear the word.

"Do you think I've forgotten what you were like when I first met you?" he asked. "Bibi Clerihew. Here, there and everywhere. It's a long time since you've been to any of the places Shep Michaelis used to take you. I was going to be a big shot, too—house in the country, car and chauffeur. All the pretty things you'd been used to. Rising young businessman. Cute, huh? I'm the man who can't take care of his wife. You'd better go back to Shep Michaelis."

The nearest thing was a pottery lamp with a parchment shade. Bibi picked it up and threw it at Red. Her fury was so

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great that she didn't know she had thrown it until it bounced off his shoulder and smashed against the mantel.

"I wish it had hit you in the head, you quitter!" she cried. "You mind your own business, you and Louise, and let me do any squawking I've got to do myself, you hear me? You think I'm one of those girls who just want money and fur coats and diamond bracelets. Damn your impudence!"

In one step he reached her and took her shoulders in his hands and shook her. "That's better," he said; "that's better. But if you ever throw anything at me again I'll beat you. I promise you that, my good girl Bibi, Bibi, what's wrong with us? What is this? I do love you."

In his arms, her lips quiet beneath his, for the first time Bibi Mattson knew fear. What had been going on in their hearts all these days that they had come to this? The shrieking of raw nerves, the panic of anger against each other, like a couple of animals in a trap!

They were trapped, that was it. The world was busy about its own affairs and they were in the middle. The very rich, the very poor—they were taken care of; they had a way out. The very young, the very old—things were arranged for them. But for two people in the strength of their youth, taught to expect good things, hot for chances to go up, to get somewhere—there was nothing for them. They were in the middle.

The trail upward was blocked. The rope of honest ambition frayed in their hands. The way down was like a precipice.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry," he said against her hair. "We're a couple of dopes. You're beautiful and you're swell but you're a dope, too, getting so mad. You know I'm a redheaded maniac and you shouldn't pay attention to me. But I'm your only husband, so you'll have to put up with it."

His remorse flowed from him. A divine moment of reconciliation claimed them.

Her hands slipped behind his neck; she pressed close against him, comforting herself, comforting him with that warmth and closeness. But some cold groove in her brain that escaped the surging blood wouldn't yield. This was a stopgap. This was an interlude. Everything would have to be faced over again; nothing was changed by this ecstasy.

Over a late dinner which they cooked together, Red said, "The whole thing was, the bank turned me down. Right now—and I've got a new idea for the machines. If I could get a few thousand dollars—"

"How many?" asked Bibi. They were talking a little wearily. The strain was gone. Nothing, after all, could happen to them that night. Nobody could do anything to them that night. They were safe for a little while.

"Fifteen thousand; twenty thousand—I could do miracles with that," he said. "Bibi, I know I could. I've got something."

The whole thing was back again. They couldn't be satisfied, live with failure and want. Bibi knew now. To save Red, to save them, she had to raise fifteen thousand dollars.

This, Bibi thought, going down in the elevator the next morning to do her shopping in the cheaper markets on Second Avenue, is like a vaudeville sketch. Title: Trying to Duck the Landlord.

To date, the landlord had done nothing more than stamp "Please remit" across the bills in red ink. Mild enough,



Bibi was twenty-three and, in strictly New York 1939 fashion, she was beautiful.

## Yesterday's Children

but bills worried Bibi. A hangover from her childhood, probably. There had always been trouble about bills in Doctor Clerihew's household. He couldn't collect his, so the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker had trouble getting theirs.

Her father had believed in life insurance, however, so Louise had never had to worry about money since his death. But the mark of those harassed years of her marriage had gone deep. She knew how to economize in a thousand little ways. She parted with money reluctantly. It was her protection, her safety. Without money to gratify her vanity, she would have been subject to the whims of men; she might even have had to marry again. And once was enough for any smart woman, she often said.

**S**OMETHING of that care in handling money had been conveyed to Bibi Clerihew. You paid your bills, you kept your credit good, so that you might walk with your chin up.

But until this last year she had never known the need of a dollar; she had never had to save or go without or think about money very much. Louise gave her what she needed, and Shep had been wildly extravagant, had taken her everywhere, given her everything.

Mrs. Burke Mattson started through the lobby with the same arrogance that had been so familiar to the Stork Club and "21." The manager was there. He paused; he hesitated. Mrs. Burke Mattson didn't hesitate. She nodded, went her way. Her heart was beating like a trip hammer when she got out on the pavement.

Safe, this time. But, she thought, the day will come . . . Then what'll I say?

Outside, New York lay before her. Love of the incredible city of skyscrapers was in her blood. She was a New Yorker. The city reaching to the skies, tunneling under the earth, unstoppable, vital. For her, New York had once been composed of Fifth Avenue, where the windows were as beautiful as murals; of the Japanese Garden at the Ritz, where the running water sang a cool song on warm summer days; of Fifty-second Street, jammed with taxis from which New York's smartest women emerged.

Now it was different. There were a thousand New Yorks, all jammed on the little Island of Manhattan. This one faced the East River; it spoke many strange tongues, wore old and shabby clothes.

Bibi did her shopping quickly, walked home and began to dress. She was venturing back into her old world today.

For a while, she knew, people had said, "Where's Bibi these days?" But they forgot her swiftly. New York is notorious for its bad memory. She had married somebody or other. Nobody anybody knew. After hooking Shep Michaelis the way she had, they'd expected her to grab off one of the big boys, the hard-to-get millionaire bachelors. Her picture was never in the papers any more.

Probably she didn't live in New York; that must be it. Married one of these businessmen—they'd heard he was a businessman, at least—who lived in Cleveland or Chicago. Girls were always doing that.

Today young Mrs. Burke Mattson was going to lunch at the Passy with Vi Roarke. It had taken a bit of doing to make herself look the way she had looked when Red first saw her. Putting bits of this and that together, matching up coat and dress and hat to get a decent ensemble. Her flair for clothes, her way of wearing them, made her look almost as she used to.

She had to talk to Vi. Vi had sense; Vi had standards. And Bibi Mattson was up 162

against a stone wall. She had to seek a way out before something fatal happened.

When she saw Vi Roarke, for the first time she thought she was going to cry. The world around her had changed so swiftly that sometimes she thought nothing was the same, and she was very lonely.

Then suddenly there stood Vi in the small lobby, looking exactly the same, wearing the same sort of brown tweed suit, the same tan felt hat with a small green feather. Her eyes were the same too, serene and welcoming and friendly.

It warmed Bibi. She was glad she had telephoned Vi and asked her to lunch, even though she couldn't afford it.

Over the table, Bibi started talking. For the first time in months words were rushing out in a torrent, sweeping on and on like water through a dynamited dam.

Vi's intent eyes informed her how much she had changed. Perhaps, Vi Roarke thought, it is this girl sitting beside me now whom I always loved. There are two sides to all your friends—two or two thousand. You put up with some of those sides for the sake of others.

The look in Bibi's eyes troubled Vi. They looked into the future with fear, not knowing what was to come, what lay beyond this desperate impasse. And Bibi, Vi thought, was one of those people who attracted drama. Also, Vi knew Shep Michaelis very well.

"It isn't that I mind anything," Bibi was saying. "That's what makes it so awful, Vi. Louise thinks I mind, really, and am just covering up for pride or some other silly reason."

Vi said nothing. She did not like Louise. When she disliked people, Vi Roarke simply forgot about them whenever she could and saw as little of them as possible. If Louise hadn't been Bibi's mother, Vi would never have seen her even a second time.

"What Louise thinks about it isn't important, is it?" she asked.

"Only when it upsets Red," Bibi said. "You know how she can upset people. And she talks. I mean, she tells people how dreadful it is for me, and Red minds that. Louise thinks I mind being poor. I'm not crazy about it, but I can take it. That's what's so tragic about this whole thing. All this uproar because I haven't got a new hat for spring; because I don't get my hair done every other day and all that."

"It's very nice hair," Vi said, with a grin. "I shouldn't worry about it."

"I don't," said Bibi, and choked when she tried to laugh. "Vi, if I could make you see how the old life looks to me now. It seems so silly and futile. When I think of the way I used to spend my time, eating lunch and playing bridge and sitting around night clubs, I can't believe it. I wasn't even alive then."

"I know," said Vi. "I used to get so bored my teeth ached. I never could see how you all stayed awake."

Bibi's shoulders lifted in a shrug. "I never miss it, I never think about it any more. Maybe it seems exciting and glamorous—foul word, isn't it?—to people who haven't done it. I'm through. But you see, Red—it's what he thinks that matters, and he thinks I miss it."

That was the trouble, then. Vi had liked Red very much. When she thought of him as Bibi's husband, she always saw him the way he had looked the day they were married. For all his nervousness, he had a look of race, of breeding, of class. She had only felt pleased because she knew she and Bibi's husband were going to be friends.

Vi had other reasons for being pleased that day with Red Mattson, and for being deeply moved and apprehensive now. The chief one was Shep Michaelis.

Report had it that no woman had ever been entirely unaware of or unresponsive to Shep's charms. He admitted it himself. "I get 'em," he said, with that smile that robbed the words of their sting. But the report was mistaken, for Vi Roarke had been completely unaware and entirely unresponsive.

In spite of that, or it might be because of it, they were friends. Probably Vi Roarke was the only woman friend Shep ever had.

On one occasion, when the names of Shep Michaelis and Bibi Clerihew were coupled more frequently in the columns than Vi thought proper, she had said to him, "Why don't you leave Bibi alone? Find somebody your own size. She's only a kid, and she's a swell person. There are plenty of grown-up women in the world, and you're not old enough yet to want to rob the cradle, are you?"

Shep had met her steady eyes, his own black and cold as onyx. He had said, "Don't kid yourself. She's been out of her cradle a long time. Mind your own business, Vi."

Unperturbed, Vi had said, "It is my business. She's my friend. You've good reason to know I take friendship more seriously than most people."

He had found nothing whatever to say to that, for Vi Roarke had been a friend of his third wife. That was an achievement. Few people can remain friends with a woman who is usually drunk. Yet that very thing had separated Vi and Shep, had put an end to their long talks, their rides together, their enjoyment of music.

Shep could not see Vi without remembering nights that he wanted to forget, nights of horror and despair, for even a man who had been around as much as Shep Michaelis could not see without anguish his wife's beauty change into something hideous and senseless.

Not that it had lasted long. Oh, no. Shep Michaelis saw life differently. A man had only one life to live, and Shep intended to live his for every kick there was in it. He flung that nightmare aside and went on—greedy for the good things of life. He made himself forget until in time he really forgot, except when he saw Vi. The reminder depressed and annoyed him, and he told her so.

But he paid her the compliment of regret. He missed her. Playmates he had in plenty, admirers, lovers, audiences—but friends were rare. Well, if a man was prepared to be cruel to others, he must take a bit of it himself along the way. Only in that fashion could a man be free, and Shep meant to drink the cup of freedom to the last bitter drop.

Knowing him thus, Vi had been very glad of Red Mattson.

**F**ROM THE beginning she'd thought, This is right, this is good, and she'd been glad she had once met Red at a dinner and he had remembered her and stopped that day to say hello. Watching Bibi's face now, for all its pain, Vi sighed. With a fierceness that would have surprised anyone but her father, she wanted a home and children.

In good time they would come to her, she supposed. Women had to be good at waiting, unless they were the greedy, grasping women who reached out hot hands for everything they saw.

"Next time I'm born," she'd said to her father once, "I'd like to be born one of those women. They get everything. They get away with everything. They offer nothing; they give nothing. They take and take and take; they're mean and selfish, yet they seem to win all the good things in life. Men love them and put up with them and protect them and take care



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of them. They're happy and satisfied and contented."

"Well," said her father, "the pig's contented in his sty, you know. But I dare say you wouldn't want to be born again as a pig in a pigsty. They get what they want, but they don't get what you'd want, those women."

Bibi had what Vi wanted, and Vi was glad—very glad for Bibi.

"Do you think Red minds so much?" Vi asked. "I can't believe it. Young married people have to go through hard times together. My father says those are the times that weave ties nothing can ever break. He says you're lucky to have them."

"You see," Bibi said, "Red fell in love with me when I was Bibi Clerihew. I suppose I was a sort of glamour girl to him. He thought I was, anyhow."

**T**HAT IS nonsense. Glamour girls, these days, are a dime a dozen. All it takes is a good dressmaker and a press agent. Red fell in love with you. You're letting this thing get you all mixed up."

"No, no, wait," Bibi said. "I'm not. He loves me more now, I know that, and certainly there isn't anything glamorous about me now. I'm even a lousy cook. I try like hell, but everything tastes the same. It's—look, Vi. He thinks I gave up something for him—something wonderful and exciting. I guess he thought that was pretty swell at first, but men don't like to be reminded of what you gave up for them. They hate it. Then we don't do much of anything. Everything in New York he thinks I like to do costs dough. If I mention a new play I've read about, he gets all in a dither because he hasn't been able to take me to see it."

"At first—you see, Vi, when you're married you have to have something to talk about. He used to talk about his work and his plans—well, that's a pretty depressing subject right now. I used to see people and have things to tell him, and I can't go on for hours about how I washed his socks and walked five blocks to get pork chops a cent a pound cheaper."

"Why not?" Vi said.

"Because it makes him feel like hell," Bibi said. "Sure, I know I ought to read the latest magazines and the columns and be full of bright chatter when he comes home. I tried that, and he thought I'd lost my mind. It sounded so phony. I tried going to the museums—they don't cost anything—and once we went to the opera and sat in the gallery. He hated it. I thought it was fun but he didn't. He knew Shep used to take me in a box. It made him feel he was a failure. We can't have fun being poor because he thinks he's dragged me down to it. Don't you see at all?"

Vi saw only too clearly.

"I could get by," Bibi said, very low, "but he won't let me. I can't laugh and kid about things because it sticks pins into him. I'm afraid he'll leave me. He'll get to hate me, Vi, because I'm the thing that makes him a failure."

"I don't see that," said Vi.

"Yes," said Bibi. "If he'd married some girl who'd worked in an office, who'd never had much, who thought it was wonderful to be married and had never known anything better or as good as he would give her, he wouldn't care. Of course he'd be ambitious and he'd want to succeed, but he wouldn't feel driven. All this nonsensical stuff about what I've been used to, what I deserve, what I should have! Oh, Vi, times like these are tough on marriage."

"My great-great-something grandmother wrote a letter back to her family in England and said times were tough on marriage then, too. It was the Indians she

objected to, chiefly. And she didn't like to make soap."

It was over coffee that Vi mentioned Shep. She didn't want Bibi to meet him unprepared.

"Shep's back, you know," she said.

"Yes, I know," Bibi said.

"Have you heard from him?"

"No. I hardly think I shall."

"Can't tell. He's a funny bird."

Something strange happened to Bibi at the mention of Shep's name. Not love, or even the memory of love; not fear—there was nothing Shep could do to her. She hadn't lied to Red. She'd said, simply, "Let's not go into our pasts, shall we? I'd hate knowing about yours, and mine is simply awful. I'm not jealous of any girls you loved before you knew me, but I should loathe having pictures of them cluttering up my mind."

"Now I know in a vague way that you probably played around. But it all comes under the head of something I don't really know about. Whereas, if I knew that one of your girls was named Edith or Gwendolyn and that you used to go sailing with her in the moonlight and that she had hair the color of fine gold, I should see you making love to her, and that would drive me crazy. I'm not exactly jealous but I should hate having to remember all that."

Red, roaring at her, had said, "Okay by me, sweet stuff. Only I never loved anybody but you."

Perhaps he suspected that her silence covered Shep—Shep's place in her life. If he did, he never said anything.

None of that could be responsible for this sudden breathless feeling when Shep's name was mentioned. It was something deep down, something she couldn't quite catch, like another radio station interfering when you were listening to some program.

"Is there anything I can do?" Vi asked.

Bibi laughed. "Not a darn thing. I just wanted to—talk it out. I've got a bad case of jitters, I guess. I keep trying to see ahead. The thing is, I couldn't bear it if anything should happen to Red. He's such a lamb, Vi. I'd do anything in the world if things would come right for him. He's worth all of us put together. I feel better, just talking to you."

Walking up Park Avenue in the mid-afternoon sunshine, she was conscious that she did feel better. The nerve strain had eased. Out in the light, put into words, some of the horrors disappeared. But it was like taking a nap in the afternoon. You woke up rested but in exactly the same spot.

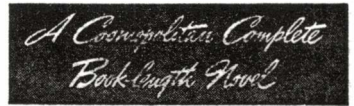
There was still Red and the business. There was still Bibi and the apartment in Tudor City. There was still the unpaid rent and the shrunken bank account and the pay roll.

What actually happened to people if they simply didn't have any money at all? If she were starving, she wouldn't ask Louise for one penny, ever.

Maybe she could get a job. Clothes—she knew a great deal about clothes. Eby had told her she could get a place in a dress shop. Surely she could sell clothes or be a model.

The thing would be to get a job without telling Red anything about it. He came home so late now from the office; he went away earlier than ever. Then she could pay the rent and have better food—and explain it all somehow.

A job wouldn't solve anything permanently. Red, of course, would detest it. The final humiliation—that would be the way he'd see it. Women taking men's jobs was one of the things he claimed had upset the economic balance of the country. Girls working to have better clothes, a few more silk stockings, and taking the



place of men who might be trying to take care of a family.

Under pressure of events, Red was more and more bitter against modern trends. He disliked a great many of them.

Bibi had never wanted a job or a career. Career women, in her estimation, missed most of the fun. Either they never got a home and a man, or they tore themselves apart trying to keep up with three jobs. Still, as a stopgap, a job might have its merits if she could manage it.

She might call up Eby. He could be trusted, and he'd always been full of suggestions for Bibi Clerihew's entrance into the world of wage earners. Yes, she'd go to see Eby.

She swung up Forty-second Street feeling suddenly gay, full of pep and purpose, and it never once entered her mind that this was the cocktail hour and that once upon a time she would have been drifting into the Stork Club for a Martini.

Shep Michaelis, however, still drifted into the Stork Club every afternoon.

On this particular afternoon he drifted there to meet Daniella Barber. Daniella was nearly always amusing. She was a personality, and Shep had a preference for personalities. He liked them highly flavored, exactly as he liked his food highly seasoned and his drinks with a kick in them.

In Paris, a month earlier, he had argued about that with a young Frenchman who had tried to explain to him the delights of the winebibber. Very eloquent he had been about it, too. The wine trails of France had called forth his most impassioned exploitation.

"That's all very well, as literature," Shep had told him. "When it comes to drinking, I want something stronger."

"It is that the Americans have no palate," the Frenchman had said sadly.

"It is that Americans are in a hurry," Shep had retorted, grinning. "They can't wait four hours and three bottles for a kick." Whereupon, defiantly, he had ordered brandy.

Paris, that spring, had left him cold. For the first time it had made him restless and dissatisfied, and he was glad to return to New York. Paris had broken the promise held out to him across the sea and the years—promise of gaiety and pleasure, of the art of loving and living.

**O**NCE THE French had understood perfectly the practice of scientific sin under a spangled cloak of laughter. In the spring of 1939 Paris was very different, a mistress grown suddenly haggard and difficult and concerned with things of a serious and menacing nature.

And at every corner Shep Michaelis had met ghosts. Above all, the ghost of himself. The ghost of a young man, swaggering and reckless and at the very top of his bent, in the uniform of the Lafayette Escadrille; the ghost of a very young man filled with the joy of living, loving, fighting. What else was there, after all, for a man?

Rendezvous with a ghost will be my next number, he'd thought, as he walked along the boulevards.

The ghost had not pleased him. Too young, too easily satisfied, too sure that blood would never run less hot or life be less glorified. Even the ghost of that younger self reminded him that in those days he had only to lift his hand to find adventure and madness and fun.

Not at all a pleasant companion for a

man sated and jaded and weary. What was it the poetess had said? "I came upon no wine so wonderful as thirst." Without hunger we perish. The terrible fear that he was losing his appetite for life shook him, as he trod the same stones, sat in the same rooms he had known so well twenty years before.

If Bibi Clerihew had known that young man she would have loved him. She could never have left him.

A bitter berry, that. It made him remember the dust which was the inevitable end and which seemed already to be settling upon him.

Here it was, too, that the boy whose ghost haunted him now had known his first love. An English girl—a great lady she'd been, that girl. War madness was upon them, driving them and—my heart, he thought, how young we were!

**M**AGNIFICENT to have known his first love with so great a lover. Perhaps it had set the key for his whole life. There had been, for him, none of the ugliness and disillusion so many boys knew, that made them such fearful duds at the business of loving.

Shep Michaelis had loved the war. The Paris of the war, so gay with uniforms, so full of courage and patriotism. He detested all this peace propaganda that had got hold of the world. There'd always been wars. A war was good for your soul once in a while; made a man out of you. If you died—every man had to die sometime.

All this sniveling and weeping and crawling revolted him. He'd taken his chances, twenty years ago, alone with his enemy up in the clouds in a flimsy crate, with flaming death riding on his wings. Maybe life had always been a little flat to him since.

Paris now was something else again; it was tense and frightened and serious, as Paris had no right to be in the spring.

Well, Shep Michaelis, 1939, was something else again, too. Only Bibi Clerihew could give him back his old appetite for life.

On a steamer, homeward bound, he'd thought of Bibi and laughed at himself. The thing was so ridiculous. Just another dame, actually. Not even a beauty, to a man who had known really great beauties. Beauty alone had never conquered him—there had to be imagination, eloquence, promise of excitements of the mind as well.

Bibi had none of them. Yet she was the dark flower for him, the last flame at which he might renew the old fires, rekindle the old desires.

The thought of her had become a torment that he couldn't laugh off—he who had laughed off almost everything. The way her hair grew in a peak on her forehead; the spectacular marks of her black brows; the deep-fringed eyelids; the curve of her throat—those things ate into him. She had never loved him; he didn't kid himself about that. For the first time in his life he did not care; he would have taken her on any terms, like a besotted fool. If he had been free he would have married her. Taught her to love him.

He would not be free while Helen lived—or her father.

New York had worn threadbare the mystery of Shep Michaelis' fidelity to that dark marriage. Bibi had not understood it, and he knew it had made a difference to her for all her modern bravado. There was a time when she would have married him and been loyal to him. The thought of her young loyalty woke tenderness in him, and he was afraid. In his estimation, tenderness was a weakness.

He couldn't explain to her, he had never

explained to anyone, why his marriage bound him, imprisoned him. The bitterest memory of his life was in that explanation, together with his first and last humiliation. The night when he had admitted his defeat by that fierce old man.

"As long as I live," the old man had said to him, his eyes bright under shaggy white eyebrows, "you'll stay married to her."

"That's a bit thick, isn't it?" Shep had said.

"You married her against my wishes. I told her what you were, but you had her hypnotized. I'm not a fool. I've lived my life and I'm no saint. I've plenty of pity for the young. But I knew she wasn't for you. She was a beauty, eh? That's what got you. But I knew she was a good girl, and I knew she was stupid, too."

"I knew what would happen when you got tired of looking at her and found out how stupid she was. It's enough to rouse the cruelty in a man, to be married to a woman who is stupid in everything. I knew you had plenty of meanness in you. But you married her, and what you did to her put her where she is today."

Foily, on the defensive for once in his life, Shep had cried, "That isn't true! I gave her everything. I tried everything. It wasn't my fault that she—"

"She'd never had a drink of liquor till she married you," the old man had said. "I'm not one to hold with good women drinking liquor, any more than I hold with divorce. Women can't handle liquor. And there's nothing in this world turns a man queasy like a drunken woman. It's against nature."

"There I go along with you," Shep had said bitterly.

"I've seen her, too, since you got tired of her. That was what did it, her being so stupid it drove her to drink. Well, when she's herself, she cries about you. She wants just one thing, and that is to be your wife until she dies. It's her one comfort, up there, that you've put no other woman in her place. She never thought she was good enough for you—for you—but it gives her a hope that if she gets well, she can come back to you."

"I don't say it seems fair to you. I'm a fair man. But it's her one wish and she's mine, my only one, and she's to have it. My life's not worth much to me any more. I'd as soon end it, but I'll take you with me if I do."

Their eyes had met and held. Amazing that for all their enmity they understood each other so well, even admired and pitied each other.

Then, Shep had had some hope. The man was old and broken. He couldn't live forever. But as the years rolled by, Shep began to think he might, at that.

No one who knew Shep Michaelis was aware of all this. The tale of his unfortunate and beautiful wife was well known. No one who had ever seen her could forget her flawless beauty. When he did not divorce her, they put it down to gallantry—or perhaps discretion. A married man couldn't be suckered into marrying anybody else, and that, in New York, 1937, was a point. Women were apt to romanticize about it. He had loved her so much he couldn't forget, they said.

Therefore they did not take Bibi Clerihew too seriously, not for a man like Shep Michaelis. The deep lines carved in his face were memories of his wife, and Bibi Clerihew was just a passing fancy with whom he tried to console himself.

When he came into the Stork Club that afternoon it was borne in upon Daniella Barber that he was perfect of his kind; marked with the fascination of a man who had lived too hard, too fast, too recklessly. He's for me, Daniella thought. We've both been around. If he'd only get over being dopey about Bibi.

Men, to Daniella, were mostly props, part of the picture. They were necessary to the legend that was Daniella Barber. Not one man—many men. Daniella never had one of anything. She bought by the dozen. Her extravagance was the setting she gave herself deliberately, as she did most things.

In the matter of men she was extravagant, too. When you saw her dining or dancing she was always with two men or three or four.

"Daniella Barber," Winchell had once written, "always looks like the leading lady in a musical comedy, standing in front of a male chorus."

"Hard on my gentlemen friends," Daniella had said to that one.

There was, of course, a legend around Daniella Barber, and she fed it and paid for it.

Sitting against the wall in her favorite corner of the Stork Club, she was an illustrator's dream of the golden girl. There was a studied insolence in that, too. No one ever had been known to speak of Daniella without mentioning money. So, boldly, she faced it. She capitalized on it. Her hair was the color of fresh gold from the mint. She affected much jewelry, and this year she wore all of it set in gold: a flat barbaric gold chain around her neck, a gold mesh belt set with sapphires around her waist, another around her wrist.

Her eyes were very light blue, ice-blue, and very direct. They almost gave her away. But she wore fantastic false eyelashes, and they shaded the eyes to a deeper color.

"How was Paris?" she asked in her flat voice, as though she and Shep Michaelis had met only a few hours before.

Daniella never wasted time. She never wasted anything. Daughter, granddaughter, great-granddaughter of traders, she knew very well the value of things and of time.

"Paris was lousy," said Shep, sitting down beside her. "I wish they'd get on with this war. I'll miss it if they muddle around much longer."

"I dare say you've a good many years ahead of you yet," she said. "You look crosser than a frustrated rooster. Have you been up to something again?"

"Not me," said Shep. "I have come home to spend my declining years in peace and comfort."

"I doubt it," said Daniella. "Still in love with Bibi?"

"Oh, but definitely!" said Shep lightly. "I am a miracle of constancy. What are you drinking?"

"Vichy," said Daniella. "Have you forgotten so soon? I never drink."

He turned to look at her. "Why?"

**A** FLUSH STAINED her cheeks. She had forgotten about his wife. "It makes me bilious," she said, and added hastily, "Who was in Paris?"

"Fifty million Frenchmen," said Shep, "all of them milling around like crazy. Very practical race, the French."

"I'm so tired of New York I itch," Daniella said, "but I don't know what to do about it. I've been everywhere else and seen everything."

"My poor brat," said Shep, "you haven't seen anything. You tour the world like a floating Mint. You should take a close-up of it someday. There's always big-game hunting for dames like you."

"It's been done," said Daniella; "so has aviation. I can't, actually, think of anything. I shall retire to a farm and live the simple life."

"What you need is a large family of very naughty children," said Shep.

"My great-grandmother had thirteen,"





Daniella was an illustrator's dream of the golden girl.

*A Cosmopolitan Complete  
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share. Could the people who didn't have money get some of it away from the people who had it? Or could the people who had it manage to hang onto it? Or would the government get it all? That was the question.

Great mistake not to recognize the importance of money, he thought. If you had it, you could consider it unimportant. If you didn't have it, it could pull everything else out of line—creative genius, scientific research, education, even love and marriage.

Money troubles led to complications of emotions, to raw nerves, to resentment, to quarrels and misunderstandings. They might seem to be about something else, but they were about money.

Bitterly he thought, You are tramping through all the old sayings like a plow horse. Money is the root of all evil, and when poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window. You even bore yourself.

Now he would have to go to Daniella's damn party not knowing whether Bibi would be there or not. At the thought of seeing her again, his heart began to beat hard. The pain was sharp, violent, and he gloried in it. It delighted him. It was a feeling, an emotion, as strong and alive as any he had ever felt. Even pain, in Shep's book, was preferable to numbness. Sorrow and joy were a stable entry, and it was all right as long as they were running.

Bibi could still make him feel. Nobody else could.

As far as he was concerned, that was the answer. He no longer tried to explain it. There it was—the one living thing in a worn-out universe.

Something must come of it, somehow. The invitation was in the mail when Red got home two days later, and he laid it on the table without opening it. Square white envelope with "Mr. and Mrs. Burke Matson" in precise handwriting he did not recognize.

Bibi wasn't home. It was the first time since their marriage that he had come home to emptiness. Always it had seemed to give Bibi satisfaction to be there waiting.

The apartment was awful without her. Home—not home without Bibi. It never could be. This was the only home he'd known. Before his marriage he had just had a room. Suddenly his whole mind became aware of the fact that Bibi herself was home. In her eyes, in her arms, in the sound of her beloved voice was home. Without her, there was nothing but four walls.

Maybe something had happened to her; maybe she'd had an accident; maybe she wasn't coming back at all. You're crazy, he told himself. Quit behaving like an old hen.

Yet he was sick with terror. Maybe she was tired of the whole drab business. He couldn't blame her. Fine sort of life he gave her—privilege of cooking his meals and making his bed. Americans make the best husbands. Give their women everything. Pamper and baby them. Oh, they do, do they?

At the sound of her hurrying footsteps, her key in the door, the blood came back to his heart.

When he let her go after that long kiss, he grinned at her sheepishly and said, "I thought something had happened to you. I'm spoiled. You've always been here."

The dimples rippled around her mouth. Her eyes changed color; the surprise went

said Daniella. "Fine thing—only me left. Lot of waste motion to produce nothing but me."

"You're not so bad," Shep told her, smiling for the first time. "Only you're not ripe yet. You should have been left on the tree a little longer."

Daniella looked morose. "Besides, they kick up such a fuss if you have children without a husband. I don't seem to be able to face a husband."

"You wouldn't have to keep him long," Shep pointed out. "Just long enough to give the child a name. Weren't you in love when I went away?"

"How the hell should I know? Sometimes I get a yen for a guy, and sometimes I find a guy I like to talk to, and some of them make me laugh. I never seem to be able to find it all in one guy."

"Try the South Seas," said Shep. "The ladies, I believe, are allowed to keep a nice little harem."

"Unless you think you'd fill the bill," she said abruptly, not looking at him.

"Not me," said Shep, with sudden brutality. "I never make people laugh, and as a companion, I am about as satisfactory as a tank full of alligators. I wish you a better fancy, my lass."

"I hate young men," Daniella said. "I never seem to get around to the attractive men until it's too late."

The muscles tightened in Shep's jaw. Bibi was younger than Daniella. Youth to youth—that had been it. He didn't, it appeared, seem young to Daniella.

"Young men are all alike," Daniella went on gloomily. "I can write all the dialogue before I leave home. You—" She broke off and sat a moment in silence. "Are you coming to my party? I've got to give another of the foul things, just to keep up my reputation. I think I'll go completely formal this time, with chapereons and programs and supper and the works. They tell me they've gone back to all that in London now, in the season. Might be amusing."

"You're a perverse wench," Shep told her. "Who's going to be there?"

"I haven't asked Bibi," Daniella said flatly. "I will, if you like."

"I wasn't thinking of Bibi," he said. "How's that marriage turning out, by the way?"

"I wouldn't know," said Daniella. "Nobody ever sees her. Vi had lunch with her the other day. She said she's very thin. She's gone domestic, if that's any good

to you. I think it's a mistake. She's not the type."

"Do you still believe in types, pet?" Shep asked. "I thought that types were obsolete. It never struck me that Bibi was any special type. Most women are fundamentally what I suppose you mean by domestic."

He wanted to go on talking about Bibi—the final symptom. Like a damn sophomore having his first affair, he wanted to drag her name into the conversation; he wanted to hear it, to know every little thing about her. But he knew Daniella. She belonged to the octopus family. The direct instinct of the trader had come down to her undiluted. If he went on blithering about Bibi, clinging to the sound of her name, it would not escape Daniella or deceive her.

"I wonder why she does the hermit act. at that," said Daniella. "Not like Bibi. Maybe she's going to have a baby, or maybe they're broke. You'd be amazed how many people are broke, Shep."

His eyes narrowed. Casually he said, "I never thought that marriage would last."

"Why?" asked Daniella.

"Oh, law of averages. So few first marriages do."

Daniella put out her claws. "Oh, I don't know. She was nuts about him. He's pretty cute, at that, Shep; if you noticed. Or maybe you were prejudiced."

"My dear little nitwit," said Shep, "I was naturally disappointed that Bibi didn't make a better marriage. I was fond of the child. I'd like to see her get along."

"If you think you're pulling the uncle gag on me, you're crazy," said Daniella. "I ought to get trained in some profession. Come the revolution, where'll I be?"

"In jail or on the guillotine," said Shep violently, "so don't let it worry you."

What he wanted to know was whether she would remember to ask Bibi to her party. He knew perfectly well how Bibi's marriage was going; he knew because he had made it his business to know. He knew as much about Red's affairs as an income-tax inspector.

To him, Red's affairs seemed encouraging. All women liked money. Money was more important than it had ever been. When you came right down to it, all these political uproars were about money. All very well talking about codes and creeds and parties and principles—money was at the back of everything.

The boys in the back room wanted their

## Yesterday's Children

out of them. Red knew by now how to read her moods by the color of her eyes. When she was tired they were gray, and when she was angry they were green, and when she didn't feel well they washed out to a misty blue. When he kissed her they were all black; the black swamped the blue irises, and they were black and deep.

Now, laughing at him impudently, they were blazing blue.

"I'm glad you're spoiled," she said. "I do it on purpose. If I spoil you badly enough, you'll never be able to put up with any other woman, and no other woman will ever be able to put up with you. It's a system."

His shout of laughter filled the room. "Other women?" he said. "What are they? Bibi, don't ever go away. When I came in and you weren't here . . . It's a little frightening, to think you've given all the power of life and death and happiness to —to one dame with blue eyes and very little sense."

"All your eggs in one basket?" she said, touching his face with one finger. "Okay. Mine, too."

"Where've you been?" he asked.

"Oh, shopping and things."

Not altogether a lie, but she couldn't tell him that she had been to see Eby Hyers. Eby, a little fatter from free breadies, a little paler from the night side, and ridiculously glad to see her.

They had met in the Ritz bar and sat on one of the red lacquer seats against the wall, and the handsome bartender had mixed her a caricola cooler without being asked. "We haven't seen you in a long time, Miss Clerihew," he'd said hospitably. "We have not," Eby had agreed, looking at her with his wistful eyes.

"Eby, you're a lamb to remember me. With so many lovely young things coming along every year, I thought you'd have forgotten all about me."

"I never forget you. Besides, I'm getting sick of the girls you see around. They look like a lot of bad imitations to me. Vapid—that's what they are. And they've got no manners. You always had lovely manners, Bibi."

"Past tense, I see. That's right. I'm a matron now."

"How you doing, honey?"

"Bigger and better. But—look, sonny, how's for getting me one of those jobs you were always talking about in the good old days when I was a young lady about town?"

"What'd you want with a job? You and that guy you married busting up or something? Hey, look, don't let me get scooped on anything like that, sugar."

**I** won't. Don't be silly. We're not busting up. But I don't have enough to do. Red hates all this." She'd waved her hand at the cocktail crowd. "House-keeping—it doesn't take all my time. I thought I'd like a job, just for fun."

Eby had stared into his drink. He hated all this, too. There were times when he thought he'd get married, so that he'd have somewhere to go between five and seven besides to a cocktail party. The trouble was that the girls he wanted wouldn't care about a fat little man, and he didn't want to be just his wife's press agent.

This thing about Bibi wanting a job upset him. Sure, there had been jobs for Bibi Clerihew, a debutante, with her picture in the Sunday rotogravures, with friends like Daniella Barber and Vi Roarke. Easy. But now Bibi was Mrs. Eureka Mattson; she hadn't been seen around for a long time. She wouldn't mean a thing, not a thing.

But he couldn't tell her that. So he'd

said, "Okay, sister. I'll see what I can do."

He was wondering. That line about wanting a job for fun; not having enough to do—Eby had heard that one before. Also, it was part of his business to know clothes, and Bibi's weren't new. It bothered him.

He'd said again, "I'll see what I can do, sugar pie."

So Bibi went home with a card of introduction in her pocketbook.

But she didn't tell Red about it, naturally. This was her own little oyster, if she could open it.

"All our eggs in one basket," she said to Red, and meant it, loved it.

Perhaps that was why when they opened the big envelope and found it was an invitation to Daniella's party, he said at once that they would go. It rode in, that invitation, on a moment of tenderness and laughter, a happy moment. The relief from the fear that she wasn't coming back was so great Red wanted to do something for her. Didn't matter where they went, as long as they went together.

"It might be fun," she said.

The stark line came between his brows. She didn't have much fun. He couldn't remember, for instance, when they had danced together last. Bibi loved to dance.

"White lie," said Bibi. "I wonder what Dan's up to. Doesn't sound like her. She's about as formal as a hurricane."

"My tails aren't what they were," Red said, kissing the top of Bibi's head. "Good thing I haven't got any fatter. In their day they were damn good tails. Your husband cut quite a dash in 'em, he said modestly, on the old campus."

"I wish I'd known you then," Bibi said. "I bet you were cute."

"I was known as Adonis Mattson," he said gravely. "When I entered the room, females swooned in swarms. They said, 'Who is this man and why have we been wasting time on Clark Gable?'"

"Idiot," she said absently.

Her white satin was still good. Nobody ever remembered a white dress. It would do. I'll get by, she thought. Odd, at that, just to be trying to get by. Her hair—well, I'd had been right. Her hair was lovely. She had learned to do it pretty well herself, with combs and curlers.

"I shall feel exactly like Cinderella going to the ball," she said, with a giggle.

The moment the words were out of her mouth she knew that she had said the wrong thing. Red moved away so swiftly she almost fell sidelong, with the support of his arms gone. In two strides he was at the window staring out. The stiff set of his shoulders, the way he held his head, told her that he was very angry.

Dope. Nitwit. Idiot. Will you think before you speak! Stop blurting out things. Have a little sense. You've hurt his feelings. He thinks you mean you've been sitting here in the cinders dying to go to a ball. A Daniella Barber party—those mad crushes with everybody trying so hard to be gay, acting like a lot of clowns.

As if she wanted to go! As if she wouldn't be happy if she never saw another Daniella Barber party. It might be a little change, might be fun, but it didn't mean anything.

"Do you think it's very polite, practically dumping your wife on her face like that? When you're going to leap like a Rocky Mountain goat, will you sound your horn or something?"

He didn't say anything. Stood perfectly still.

Suddenly she was shaking with anger. It was rotten, acting like that. Catching her up on a silly, natural remark. Blaming her, putting her in the wrong, getting his feelings hurt about nothing. Couldn't they speak a single word any more without having him get like that? She couldn't

go around her whole life trying to remember not to say the wrong thing when there were so many wrong things.

Fine way to live.

She felt terribly tired. She was too sore to speak, so she sat stubborn and silent. Let him be the one, for once. But she couldn't stand it.

She said, "I didn't mean anything. I loathe parties like that, mostly. I only thought you'd never be to one and it might amuse you. Your sense of humor seems to be A.W.O.L. these days. It was just meant to be funny."

"I didn't think it was funny," Red told her.

Daniella Barber lived in an angry old stone house facing Central Park to the west. There had been a time when the house presented a less formidable appearance; when those driving up and down Fifth Avenue had stopped to admire it with awe because of the autocratic old lady who inhabited it.

**W**HAT IN THE world do you want with that house?" people asked Daniella. "It's a thousand years old, and you could park the Seventh Regiment in it."

The Barber heiress had regarded the house with brooding eyes before she answered, "I like it," she said. "That's the reason."

Daniella, who should have had a modernistic house like a dentist's office, was drawn to the ancient and dignified. It was as though she attempted to put a solid foundation under the raw millions and the too-new social position of the Barber family.

There was another reason which she never gave anyone, hardly admitted even to herself. The autocratic lady who had occupied the house in the heyday of its glory, whose portals had been sacred to the "400," had never opened those portals to the Barbbers, even in her late days, even when the Barbbers annexed more millions than the whole 400 had ever known.

So Daniella felt a grim satisfaction now in flinging them wide to the strange conglomeration of folk who made up New York's present-day society. To the new rich and the new poor, the debts and the hired escorts, the night-club singers and the band leaders and the columnists and the stage stars who would have horrified the old lady into fits.

I wish she could get a load of this, Daniella thought grimly. I hope she turns over in her grave.

Certainly the old stone house, looking angrier than ever in the soft darkness, had never seen a more brilliant gathering than appeared at Daniella's ball. In the outward appearance of the guests there was nothing of which the old house could disapprove. The men wore their strictly formal attire with ease. The ladies were of the latest mode, which at this time bore a haunting likeness to the mode worn by the ladies who had stepped from their carriages so sedately almost half a century earlier.

The difference which might well have thrown the old house into hysterics was entirely one of manner. For these guests came hilariously, came romping. They came loudly, as though conferring a favor by their presence, and not with the awed mien of those approaching a throne, not with the proud consciousness of being among the elect merely because they were privileged to ascend those wide stone steps.

Some of these newcomers, piling out of taxis and town cars, actually referred to the approaching social occasion as a brawl.

Daniella's parties were known to be



## Adela Rogers St. Johns

wild and woolly, but this was different. It had an air.

Daniella had a flair for this sort of thing. In her own time she was as important a hostess as her predecessor in the old house. Times had changed, that was all.

In all corners of the city, as the night deepened, people were preparing to go to Daniella's brawl.

"Do I look all right?" Bibi asked, turning carefully before the mirror and her husband's eyes.

Red saw a tall, slim girl with wide shoulders rising from the white satin of her gown. The path between her young breasts was closed with a bar of sapphires exactly the color of her eyes, and her black hair was caught behind her ears in a fan with sapphire pins. On her slim feet were sandals of sapphire-blue, and the white gloves that reached above her elbows gave her the delicate look of a lady of fashion.

"Louise lent me the sapphires," she said. "It surprised me so I didn't know how to refuse."

She missed the anguish in her husband's eyes because she was regarding the white gown in the full-length mirror, wondering if it showed the many times it had been cleaned. By the time she looked up at him for approval, rather shyly, it had fled back into his brain.

For it was Red Mattson's idea that a husband should give his wife all that other women had, all the things to which she had been accustomed, such as jewels and furs and new dresses more beautiful than those of any other woman at the ball. The glamour-girl bug, sweeping the country like a plague, had bitten him; he had wanted a dream girl. He had her. There she stood in white satin three years old and borrowed jewels. Nice going, Mattson!

He hadn't even been allowed to send her flowers, though he had lunched on coffee two days to prepare for that. "I never wear them," Bibi had said.

It was true. Shep had disliked women who wore flowers. He said they always looked messy within an hour. Shep had always sent her roses, great baskets of them; for a background, he always said. She had forgotten why she didn't wear flowers, and Red wasn't sure she hadn't said it just to save his feelings. Probably she was used to white orchids, or something fantastic like that.

"You're too beautiful for everyday use," he said, giving her a lover's smile.

"Will I be the prettiest girl at the party?" Bibi asked childishly.

"If you're not, they'll have to import somebody from another planet we haven't seen yet," he replied.

As they went down the hall to the elevator, arm in arm, Red said, "To look at us, nobody would think we didn't know where our next meal is coming from, would they? There ought to be a title for people like us. They've had the new rich, the new poor—what are we?"

"Children of the recession," Bibi said, with a giggle, "and we do know where our next meal is coming from. It's coming from good old Daniella Barber. She'll never miss it, so let's eat lots!"

"It won't last," Red told her. "I used to try that. When I got invited out to dinner I'd eat and eat until I thought I never wanted to see food again. But I was always just as hungry the next day. Oh, well"—he pushed the button violently for the elevator—"Let us with meat and drink and sorcery divert the sluice of Destiny." That's Euripides, in case you don't know. Your pal Daniella provides the meat and drink, and you, my sweet, provide the sorcery."

The elevator door swung open. "Let's

go," Red said with a flourish and Bibi, still laughing excitedly, did not notice the long breath he took or the way he squared his shoulders, as though actually going forth to meet Destiny.

And, though neither of them knew it, he was . . .

Mirrors all over the city were reflecting them—the guests soon to assemble in the great ballroom with its crystal chandeliers and its red and gold walls and its gold-railed balconies, where the dignified dowagers of a bygone age had watched their sons and daughters tripping through cotillions.

Regarding himself, Shep Michaelis noticed that his evening clothes hung a little loose about his waist. He also discovered to his annoyance that he was nervous as a tomcat on a windy night. Cats walked alone. I am the cat who walks by his wild lone, he thought, and his eyes were unpleasant. His hair was thinning on the top; there were pouches under his eyes—that was the brandy. All these things the mirror screamed at him, and he cursed back, fluently and bitterly.

These things of themselves did not concern him particularly. "It was never your

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though it may be a little nerve-racking. Two hopes will rend a man, and three paralyze him.

Shep hoped he might see Bibi again and find that the strange pull she had for him was gone forever; that he could laugh over it secretly. That was one hope. He hoped that he would see her again and want her as he had never wanted anything before in his life; that his blood would once again run hot and thick; that the delicious fever for possession had not left him. A second hope.

On one hand, he wanted to find her happy, a little dull, matronly, so that he might tease her about being an old flame and pass on—free once more. On the other, he could not bear to think that she had changed even a little; he could not face finding that the Bibi Clerihew who had been to him everything desirable no longer existed.

This night he was a man of many minds, none of them welcome.

"Get me a brandy" he said to his valet, who stood waiting.

With the brandy he drank a toast to his friend in the mirror. "To the Borgias," he said, and the words rather than the brandy revived him a little. Then he went out to ring for the elevator to take him down from his penthouse . . .

Of Louise, what shall be said except that she was at her smooth and brittle best? That she was happy because her gown was an exotic creation and her diamonds sparkled brightly?

Once upon a time Louise had regarded diamonds with indifference. Then a man who had been badly hurt when he found Louise's beauty was barely skin-deep had said, "There are only two kinds of women—those who love diamonds and those who don't."

From that day forward Louise had decided that it became her to love diamonds. Diamonds were faithful; they never changed. Diamonds couldn't deceive and betray you. They were always there. It was safe to love diamonds.

They were extraordinarily becoming, and Louise went out to her car with a feeling of tremendous satisfaction. What a fool Bibi was, really. A woman could have a charming existence these days if she used her head. The way things were now, Bibi was headed for disaster and heartbreak. At least, it was her mother's well-considered decision that the sooner Bibi got out of her stupid marriage the better, and she, Louise, would do nothing, nothing at all, to prolong it . . .

And Vi Roarke?  
"Put on a cloak," her father said, looking up from his book. "It's a long drive, and this spring weather's tricky."

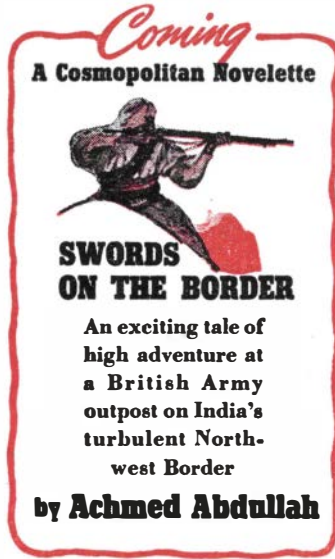
"You're playing the solicitous parent to cover up the fact that you won't do your duty and go with me," Vi said, and added, "Do I look all right?"

Evening clothes found her at her worst, and she knew it. They made her skin look weather-beaten. And the fine jewels which had once ornamented her mother so gracefully hung upon her awkwardly.

"I'd skip the whole thing myself," she said, "only Dan is such an odd bird. I didn't go to her last party, and she said that I was high-hat or something. She said I thought I was too good to come to her parties."

"That young woman has more intelligence than I gave her credit for," said Vi's father.

"She's intelligent," said Vi. "I'm sorry for her. What a life!"



beauty that won any woman," he said.

Yet a good many had followed that uncertain path. Handsome men, it was his contention, were stupid with women. They were too concerned with themselves, too vain, too self-centered, to bother with those details of attention which entranced women. They thought it unnecessary to weave a web for the imagination that existed in all women.

No handsomer rival had ever discomfited Mr. Michaelis. On the contrary. Women who had long been on their knees to handsome men were cramped from the position and turned with relief to sit upon a pedestal for a brief moment. From then on, the game was in Shep's hands.

The thing that maddened him about this gentleman regarding him from the mirror was what he had lost—that his thoughts tonight were sluggish, his wits dull. Something slowed him up, made him dread the encounter he desired beyond anything in the world.

The truth was that he was torn between too many hopes. Hope—a single hope—is a delightful companion, even

## Yesterday's Children

"I didn't know that in these days you could be sorry for anyone who has millions of dollars. I thought there was a law against it. I was under the impression that money, once regarded by authorities on life as the root of all evil, had now come into its own as the one sure recipe for happiness."

"Bunk!" said Vi. "There are lots of things you want that you can't buy with money."

"I'm sure of that, my dear," said her father, "but I can't seem to find anybody to agree with me."

Vi dropped a kiss on the top of his head.

"Have a good time," he said.

"Fat chance!" said Vi.

**T**HAT WAS all she said, because she couldn't explain to her father why she felt a chill withdrawal from this party; why she was shaken by a silly premonition of evil. Call it a hunch, call it woman's intuition, but she didn't like the feel of it. Too much recklessness abroad. Not as definite, this hunch, as the one she had had the day she rode Perdita in the jumps at Madison Square Garden, when she'd known from the first moment that they weren't going to make it. Poor old Perdita. Vi should have obeyed that hunch.

Well, there wasn't anything she could do about this one. It was, in some way, an outgrowth of her lunch with Bibi; of her knowledge that Shep Michaelis was back and that Daniella was seeing him; of her reading of Red Mattson.

The thing had too many undercurrents: chemistry of character; holdovers from the past; desperate situations in the present. They should all be kept as far apart as possible; they shouldn't touch, lest they become active once more.

Nothing, Vi assured herself, as the old limousine proceeded along Jericho Turnpike, could possibly happen at Daniella's party. But it would be a beginning, a setting of spark to tinder.

In these days people were stretched too tight, rubbed too raw. All this worry about money, money, money. Everybody had it, one way or another, and it was unhealthy, unwholesome. When some great historian wrote of this day, coolly and impersonally, would he be able to convey to future generations that awful pressure of money that was everywhere? If he failed to do that, he would fail to picture 1939.

Daniella, who had too much, who had to fight against the hatred it engendered, against the fear that it might bring her disaster, against the Midas touch that turned love, friendship, everything into gold. Vi and her father, attempting to maintain the old standards that were the very pulse of his being; keeping up that big place because, uprooted from it, he would be nothing. Bibi, poor little Bibi, young, inexperienced, in love, facing the thousand problems lack of money brought her.

I wish everything wasn't so complicated, Vi thought. I wish we still had some good old standards to live by. I wish we didn't know so much about our egos, our mental quirks; that we didn't go around finding excuses for everything and allowing all sorts of stupid and rotten things to take hold in the name of freedom.

So she came to Daniella's party looking aloof, and people said, "Vi Roarke is very British, isn't she?" But Vi was used to that criticism. It didn't bother her in the slightest. Her own good opinion of herself happened to be the thing she valued most.

The house on Fifth Avenue was crowded to the doors. Daniella was actually receiving. But actually, my dear! Daniella had never done such a thing before. At her other parties she had simply been

there, and the guests stumbled upon her here or there, and if they knew her, they shouted to her, "Darling, it's too divine!"

At her other parties she had been extremely active, for she was famous as a hostess and in New York in 1939 that meant dashing about injecting everybody with pep, either by means of champagne or with suggestions as to what we should do *now*, such as playing games or doing stunts.

Tonight Daniella stood before a bank of spring flowers at the head of the great staircase, and her resemblance to a blond chorine was less noticeable than ever before. For Daniella was in pale pink with flowing ruffles and puffed sleeves, and her blond curls were caught on top of her head with an old-fashioned comb of pearls. The long skirts hid her legs, which were extremely good, and as Lucius Fesson said, they must be exceedingly annoyed at missing the party because they had played a prominent part in all Daniella's previous affairs.

Lucius Fesson was a society editor with imagination and a scalpel of wit, and he was amused at being in this particular house. The old lady, he thought, would never have believed it. It had been her custom, when pressed, to issue a dignified list of guests to the papers, with perhaps a terse description of the decorations. Beyond this she would not go. That a young man who wrote insolent, disrespectful paragraphs about society for a tabloid featuring scandal and the latest murder might be an invited guest at a party in her home would have taken her off with apoplexy.

"Now, what is this all about?" an amused voice said in Fesson's ear, and he turned to behold Shep Michaelis, looking puzzled. "Why is she doing this?"

"Nostalgia," said Lucius.

Shep gave him a quick glance and said, "Nostalgia? For what?"

"Oh, lots of things," said the society editor. "Security. Respect. Convention. Protection. All the things she's never had and never can have, in spite of her money; all the things all women really want and have thrown away. Isn't there a line somewhere about selling their birthright for a mess of pottage?"

"Daniella?" said Shep, and laughed.

"All women," said Lucius. "Daniella especially, I should think."

"If she wants that sort of thing, why doesn't she marry it?" asked Shep.

"She can't," replied Lucius; "it doesn't exist any more. She looks very well that rig. Have you made your manners? One goes down the receiving line, you know. It's rather nice, I always think."

They shook hands, therefore, with Daniella and with an impressive dowager upholstered in purple velvet and another one draped in pearls. The dowagers had always been in the Social Register, but they were no longer in Dun and Bradstreet, so they were glad to assist Daniella in receiving her guests.

Sad, Lucius thought, the receiving line didn't last long.

By midnight the brawl was definitely on.

It was just after that witching hour that Bibi Mattson found herself face to face with Shep Michaelis for the first time in over two years.

Behind her, Burke Mattson's red head towered. All about her were hundreds of people who once upon a time had been used to seeing Shep Michaelis and Bibi Clerihew together.

Yet for a mere flash, as they looked at each other, they seemed to be alone. There was a moment of silence.

Then Shep said, with his best smile, "Hello, Snow White."

"Hello, Dopey," Bibi said and held out her hand.

Well, everybody thought, that was that. Here today—gone tomorrow. One minute two people were having an affair, and the next one of them had married somebody else and they were meeting like that, kidding each other, everything nice and friendly. No heroics. Smart and casual, the way civilized people should be.

Bibi was introducing the two men, and they were shaking hands. Bibi had evidently said something amusing because they were all laughing.

What Bibi had said was, "Darling, I've always wanted you to know Shep Michaelis. He's the man who ruined my reputation."

"In those days, Mr. Mattson," Shep had added gravely, "just being seen with me was sufficient to ruin any woman's reputation. Road-to-Ruin Michaelis they called me, for short. Oh, well, every dog has his day. Now, appropriate to the dignity of my years, I am a reformed character."

The blare of noise about them was suddenly changed in tempo with the advent of a new orchestra playing a tango. Of course there were two bands. What was a party without two bands? One had just stopped swinging it, and now here was a rhumba band, and everybody was wriggling and shrieking with laughter because it did look so funny to see the ladies dancing the rhumba in those prim, old-fashioned, formal dresses.

At last Daniella's legs came to the party. For Daniella said in her flat voice that she wasn't going to rhumba with all those damned ruffles getting in her way, so she hoisted her skirts above her knees and was off to the rhumba, accompanied by Lucius Fesson.

"May I have the pleasure of this waltz with you, Mrs. Mattson?" Shep asked politely.

Looking into his eyes, Bibi thought she would rather not dance with him. But how could she refuse without a reasonable excuse? After all, one came to a party to have fun, to dance with a gentleman one had known rather well in other days, and not to spend the evening entirely with one's husband. That would look very odd indeed.

"Thank you," she said with dignity. "I shall be charmed."

So the girl who had been Bibi Clerihew and the man named Shep Michaelis took the floor together, and a noticeable couple they made, for they danced a rhumba with dash and spirit; they danced, moreover, as only people can who have often danced that intricate dance together.

**D**ANCE WITH me, Vi?" Red said. His eyes did not follow his wife; they were fixed carefully on Vi Roarke's face.

"I'm bad enough on a dance floor any time," Vi said, "but when they begin rattling those pea pods I'm sunk. I'd drink a glass of wine with you, though, if I could find a place to sit down. It's odd, I can walk ten miles, but standing around like this sets my feet off like firecrackers."

The supper room, which was on the first floor, was deserted. There were three other bars, and the crowd preferred bars.

A hovering waiter brought champagne to their small table and Vi drank hers, apologizing with, "These brawls always make me thirsty."

Red gave her an absent smile. He was thinking of Bibi and Shep Michaelis and those practiced rhumba steps; of the easy way those two had taken the floor together. They danced with a grace he and Bibi had never achieved, but they'd had little time or money for dancing.

Nothing could have told him so vivid



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a story as the way those two danced together. It made something seem hideously real that before had been vague. He knew now what Bibi had meant about pictures from the past.

The gaiety with which he had attempted to greet the evening had evaporated. Now that Bibi was no longer here to see it, he didn't have to pretend. What was the use? Nothing, he decided, filling his glass again, made any sense.

Here he was, desperate, almost out of his mind with worry, trying to raise a measly fifteen thousand dollars, and a dame could give a party like this that probably cost twice that much. Those pearls Daniella wore around her neck cost more than that. What did it all amount to—this kind of stuff? His future, his love, his very life might depend upon the dollars a silly blond like this Daniella Barber could throw away without a second thought on one evening's drunken revel.

"Something has to be done about it," he said earnestly to Vi. "The time's come. People won't put up with it, that's all."

**U**NTIL THIS year Red had never bothered his head about politics. He was bothering now. So was every other small businessman in the country. Until this year it had never occurred to him that politics had anything to do with him. Now he realized politics had to do with everybody. If something wasn't done about young men like him, they'd be driven over to the left wing; they'd be driven into some kind of nonsense that would make trouble for everybody.

His pride stuck in his throat, and he washed it down with more champagne.

Then he remembered Vi. Parties like this, she had said, made her thirsty. No wonder. You couldn't survive a brawl like this if you were cold sober. Nobody could. Nobody did.

"Makes me thirsty, too. Bad taste, the whole thing, these days. They're asking for it." He filled their glasses again, said, "Hi-ho, Silver," and gave her a wabby smile. "Bibi's known that guy Shep Michaelis a long time, hasn't she?" he asked.

"So have I, for that matter," said Vi. "She knew him pretty well when she was a girl about town."

Red gave an odd shout of laughter. "That's a hot one. Girl about town. That's certainly a hot one."

"That's what it amounts to now," Vi said. "People used to be sorry for the daughters of the poor because they didn't have any homes and had to go to dance halls for a good time and sneak in family entrances. It's the daughters of the alleged rich you have to be sorry for now. They haven't any homes any more—the last generation is still whooping it up and what with that and divorces all the time, they don't seem to have any homes. So what do they do? They have to hang around cafés and bars and such. Funny, isn't it?"

"I don't suppose Bibi exactly had a home, af that, with Louise," Red said.

"That gag about life beginning at forty is all very well if you know what kind of life to begin," Vi said. "Louise didn't. I feel sorry for women of forty now. They got a bull by the tail—all their nonsense—and now they can't let go."

"You feel sorry for an awful lot of people, don't you?"

"I always do," said Vi, "but usually I've got sense enough to keep it to myself. Champagne does that to me."

"Drink up, sister," said Red. "No telling when we'll get any Heidsieck 1928 again."

"No," said Vi, "but let's go find Bibi

first. Maybe she doesn't know where we are."

The smile that touched Bibi's face as she danced was rather like an Indian's; it came and stayed a moment and went away, leaving the gravity of her face untouched. Once around the crowded floor they danced without speaking—once, twice. Impossible to go on dancing forever in silence. The silence became more important than words, and it was Bibi's purpose to keep everything about this dance as trivial as possible.

They had not taken more than a dozen steps before she knew, with exultation, that Shep no longer had any power to stir her; his once irresistible magnetism no longer meant anything to her. But it was strange. Here they were, two people who had once known each other so well, dancing together, and a sort of shame was upon her, and a nervous dread of something nameless.

"Your dancing is not what it was, my sweet," Shep told her, with a smile.

"Time has marched a bit," said Bibi. "Dancing hasn't loomed so large on my horizon of late, darling."

Shep's feet kept time to the intricate music. "When you call me that, smile," he said.

"I'll laugh right out loud if you insist," said Bibi. "Not that anybody could hear me with all this noise."

The noise was swelling to proportions that rattled the chandeliers. They were doing new versions of the rumba; they were playing follow the leader, following Daniella's steps, and Daniella, whose dancing was as flamboyant as herself, was having a time.

"It's really too bad she has all that dough," Shep said. "She'd have been better off and had a lot more fun if she'd had to dance for a living. Let's get out of this. It's getting rough in here."

"Oh, no," said Bibi, "let's not. You wouldn't ask me to pass up this opportunity to polish up the dancing of which you complained, would you? How was Paris?"

"On the gray side," he said. "A mistake to go, especially when I thought of how you and I had planned to go there together."

He was hitting below the belt, and he knew it. You shouldn't say things like that to a girl who had left you to marry another man. Rotten thing to remind her of days that she undoubtedly wanted to forget, now that she was married and happy.

He couldn't help it. He knew now which one of his hopes had come true.

The tall, slim girl in white satin still had the power to make his blood run hot. She was still the one. He'd done considerable experimenting since Bibi Clerihew went to the altar with that redheaded young man from the West. He'd gone in for women in a big way—quantity, now, not quality. Hating Bibi, wanting to insult her by cheapening love, by an infidelity that was at least an insult to all she had given him—and then taken away.

All women had been like wax dolls to him.

That black-haired girl in Paris—he had taken her out because something about the color of her hair reminded him of Bibi—had said to him one night, "Ah, you make love to me because I remind you of someone. I can tell. There is someone you still love, and the memory of her is eating you oop. Such things I can always tell. I am sorry for you."

Now Bibi was in his arms again. It made him want to laugh as a man might after he had beaten an unfaithful wife to death. Dancing so politely, making conversation—how childish. Now you're married, my little one, and we can be friends,

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and I shall send your children presents at Christmas.

That was the way it was supposed to be in these effete days between a man like Shep Michaelis and a girl like Bibi Clerihew.

It wasn't.

He wanted her as he had always wanted her. Last love—last love. First love might be desperate enough, but it was last love that could destroy you. For beyond it lay—what?

A short life and a merry one, eh? If he had it all to do over again, would he do it differently? Would he find himself now, at forty, with a home and a wife and babies, with stale comfort and some measure of peace?

No matter. Too late for all that now. Too late for everything.

Here he was making himself ridiculous in his own eyes, wanting to go on dancing forever, like a schoolboy. Wanting anything that would keep her in his arms; praying for the music to go on. Second childhood, he told himself brutally. Why, he hadn't done that since his first prom in the days of flaming youth, this side of paradise.

Bibi's eyes were looking beyond him, over his shoulder, watching the door. She was dancing with him and looking for another man.

"I think Vi has eloped with my bridegroom," she said, in her low, breathless voice.

"Bibi—Bibi!" Shep said, and stopped.

Her eyes had found what they sought; they were alight in her face, those blazing blue eyes, alight with welcome; they were eyes he had never seen before. I am in love! they cried. Rejoice with me, for I am in love. I am looking now at all that matters to me in life. That tall young man standing in the doorway, the one with the red hair, he is the other half of me.

"Those two have been drinking Dan's champagne," said Bibi, in a quickened voice. "Let's see what it has done to them."

There was no time for that.

Red Mattson was coming across the floor as in the old days he had come across a football field. That there were obstacles now as there had been then seemed to concern him little in his determination to reach his goal. He mowed 'em down.

Daniella saw him and stopped dancing. Now that Shep had finished dancing with Bibi, he would surely come to her.

**O**THER PEOPLE watched them. Lucius Fesson, who always watched everything, watched this carefully. Might be news there someday. Shep Michaelis wasn't a man who took defeat well, and Lucius was unable to believe that any girl could remain happy without money. The drab, the squalid, the ordinary killed love, and no modern young woman would endure it if there was any means of escape handy.

Without a word, the redheaded young man put a violent hand on Shep's shoulder, swung him clear and danced away with the slim girl in white. He looked angry and disagreeable, as though he were spilling for a fight.

"Oh, looky!" said Daniella. "Cave-man stuff."

Shep sauntered away, but he did not come to her. His face was impassive; his eyebrows were lifted in well-bred distaste. They implied the whole thing was

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pretty silly, but most men found Shep Michaels an unsafe man with whom to leave their wives.

"Dance?" he asked Vi.

The music had changed again. It was playing the Lambeth Walk, which was still popular at parties.

Everybody hooked arms. Everybody was having a big time now. Most people were a little drunk.

Vi said, very low, "Shep, you let her alone."

"Who?" said Shep.

"You let her alone!" Vi said furiously.

Somebody grabbed her arm and swung her, and then her arm was hooked in Shep's again and they pranced down the floor. Bibi and Red were dancing, too. They met face to face, doing the Lambeth Walk.

"I don't like you much," said Red Mattson in a loud voice.

At first nobody paid any attention. When he said it again, more loudly, people looked interested. Maybe there was going to be a fight—there was nearly always at least one fight at Daniella's parties.

"In fact," said Red, "I don't like you at all."

"There's no reason why you should," Shep said gently.

Red Mattson, his hair ruffled, his eyes furious, his face red, stared at Shep a moment, swayed toward him. Shep looked about with a shrug, like a man who doesn't want to fight with a nice guy who's a little drunk and whose wife had once been his sweetheart.

Vi acted swiftly. She took Shep away. When he looked back, Bibi and Red had disappeared. Well, Red had come off a little the worse in that encounter.

Then Shep found himself looking into Louise's cold eyes. He had never been in any doubt as to how Louise felt about him. It had been, he knew, a shock when she found that Shep couldn't—or wouldn't—get a divorce. Louise had wanted Bibi to marry well, and marrying well, in Louise's estimation, was purely a business proposition.

He made his way to the small table where she was sitting. The young man who had been her companion went after something for her.

"It's nice to have you back," she said.

"Europe's a mess," Shep said. "I'm glad to be back."

Nothing interested Louise less than the state of Europe. Nothing outside her personal scope ever had or ever would interest Louise. "It seemed like old times to see you and Bibi dancing together."

He had a momentary impulse to do something to Louise's lovely face. It had always annoyed him—so calm, so motionless. Once, in the old days, he had said to Bibi, "When I talk to her and nothing happens I find myself overcome with the desire to tell her I take cocaine, just to see if I can break up that dead pan of hers."

Above all things, he wasn't going to talk to Louise about Bibi. A belated loyalty to Bibi demanded that. Bibi would hate it if he confided in her mother.

He said, "She's looking very well. How's that marriage turning out?" It was getting to be a stock phrase with him.

Louise shrugged. "As well as can be expected."

"She's happy?" Shep asked.

"I wouldn't know," Louise said. "You know Bibi. She never says anything. I didn't approve of the marriage, so I'd naturally be the last person to whom she'd admit it if all wasn't well. Too much pride. But it certainly can't be very nice for her, stuck in that bare apartment, without any clothes fit to be seen in, out of everything."

Shep kept his face expressionless. "I

didn't know things were that bad," he said, "She seemed all right this evening."

"You remember that dress," Louise said. "She had it before she was married. But not even a *grande passion*, in my opinion, can survive washing dishes every day. I think she's almost at the end of her rope, but she's a funny child. She'll make any sacrifice, I suppose, to keep the thing together, not to admit failure."

"I'd like to see Bibi washing dishes."

"I dare say she does it badly," said Louise. "He hasn't a penny. I believe his business is going to the wall. You know how hard it is to get a job in New York these days."

Shep laughed suddenly. The laugh was off key. "It's extraordinary, isn't it?" he said. "Don't you see how fantastic it is? This party—Bibi in satin and sapphires, looking the perfect example of the modern rich young American wife—she'll probably be photographed and tomorrow the shopgirls will regard her with envy, yet you tell me she washes her own dishes and hasn't enough to eat."

**Y**OU CAN'T be sure of anybody any more," said Louise. "That's why I wouldn't—." She broke off.

Shep looked at her. There was no need for her to finish. Fear, he thought, took people in odd ways. Some of them went a little crazy, dancing on the edge of the precipice, throwing money around like mad to reassure themselves. Others, like Louise, shut their eyes and their ears and their hearts to any cry for help and clutched their dollars like a life preserver. Fat lot of good that would do them if things went really wrong.

"What's the matter with Bibi's red-headed dream prince?" Shep asked. "I thought he was a whirling dervish at business."

"As I understand it," said Louise, "he started on a shoestring and the shoestring broke, leaving him dangling in mid-air. Things certainly can't go on much longer as they are. I hope I'm not hard-hearted but I must do what is best for Bibi in the long run—take the long view, as they say. She can always come home to me, of course, but I can't see myself supporting

an able-bodied son-in-law. I don't believe in coddling young people."

"I can see that," Shep said. "Well," he added, trying to make his voice light, "the next time you see her tell her if there's *anything* at all I can do for her, if she needs anything, I'll be around."

"You're still in love with her," Louise said. "It's extraordinary. She's a fascinating child, but I shouldn't have guessed she had enough to hold you after all this time. I'll tell her. But I should hardly put you down as a man to give something for nothing, under the circumstances. She treated you badly."

The old contagious smile broke out on Shep's face. "I never give something for nothing under any circumstances. I'm going to find Daniella and say good night now. Do you suppose Bibi and her young man rode home on the subway?"

Daniella, found at the bar, said, "What a horrible party. Did you have a foul time, Shep? Myself, I thought it was The End."

"I had a most entertaining evening," said Shep. "A most informative and—constructive evening. Thanks a lot, brat."

The weeks following Daniella's party crawled by in tense, ostrich-like silence.

Red had been somewhat defiantly repentant for his behavior at the party. Bibi had laughed. "You're sweet. I think it's nice of you to be jealous of your wife after all these years."

"I'll probably be jealous of you after fifty years, if you haven't starved to death in the meantime," he'd said.

In those weeks he came home white-faced, fine-drawn, and sat at the desk for hours fussing with sheets of paper, adding up columns, writing. At other times he just sat staring into space, his head bowed in his hands, his shoulders slumped.

Without telling him, Bibi hocked the last of her jewels. She had never had many. Louise contended that young girls shouldn't have jewels.

The weather was getting warmer, and people were going away, opening houses at Newport and Aiken. Summer clothes came out of the windows and walked up and down the streets.

Panic touched Bibi Mattson. Things



Daniella hoisted her skirts above her knees and was off to the rumba.



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were piling up now, desperate things. It was all very well to laugh about poverty, to say it didn't matter whether you had smart clothes or not, to make an adventure of being poor. But Bibi had no training in making the best of things, and she discovered that it took training and knowledge. New York was a terrible place in which to begin the adventure of being poor.

If you knew you were poor and started on that basis and geared yourself to it, that might be one thing. Maybe you simply went without things: cut your basic expenses to nothing. But Red and Bibi had married gaily, hopefully, and they hadn't started that way. Everything had been rosy. Tudor City was a way station. Business was on the upgrade. The worst was over.

The worst was always over. Red's prospects had been so bright they hadn't bothered to save, that first year; they'd lived up to every cent. Bibi didn't know anything about saving, and Red was too much in love to care.

Now it had all caught up with them, and it was a vicious circle. They didn't know how to get out of it.

Live in one room. Sure! But they couldn't move because they owed so much rent. They simply couldn't lose their furniture, their rugs, their wedding presents, their silver.

It was the fashion now, as it had been in 1930, to say, "My dear, we're positively penniless. I'm afraid to face the landlord. I creep by his door, I do really. We've never been so broke. I'm thinking of robbing a bank myself."

Everybody laughed.

Bibi knew now what that too-bright laughter meant. She recognized it. It meant you didn't have any money at all and didn't know where any was coming from. It meant the telephone was still "temporarily disconnected." It meant there was no money coming in.

But the thing that could not be borne was Red. He smiled at her across the dinner table; he smiled but his eyes didn't match the smile. Looking into them, she saw that he was terrified. He stretched out at night on the big davenport and put his hand over his eyes and pretended to listen while she read to him. Sometimes he would laugh in the wrong place or say, "Read that again." Once she read a whole chapter twice just to see. He didn't notice.

**S**HE PUT the book down and sat beside him on the davenport, and his arm went around her, holding her close. Then it came out. He had been trying for weeks to get a job.

"But you can't do that!" Bibi said frantically. "You simply can't, Red."

"You're telling me," Red said. "I guess I'm not the type."

"I didn't mean that," Bibi said. "I meant—after all you've put into your business. All the time and money and thought and effort and dreams, and then—just when it could go so well—to give it all up. Oh, no!"

"I can't meet my pay roll this week," he said. "All the checks for the work we did last month are in, and I just can't make it. I'd do anything, sell anything. I'd get a gun and go out and hold somebody up. If I could just get those new machines, Bibi. They'd do the work in half the time, the way I've got them set. I lost another account to Consolidated last week. They've got the new machines but they can't do work as cheaply as I can. I could underbid, but—"

"Wouldn't the factory make them for you and let you pay on time—so much a month or something?"

"No," Red said. His hand was over his eyes again. "No. I went over to Jersey and talked to them. I guess they're not doing so good, either. Labor trouble and all. I'd have to make a pretty fair down payment. They'd give me time on a chattel mortgage then, but they'd have to have part of it down. I can see that."

Bibi's hand closed tight on his. "That's why I went looking for a job," he said.

He let it go at that. No need to tell her what it had been like; no need to reveal to her the shock it had been to him. Always in the back of his mind had been the certainty that if things got too bad he could at least get a job and take care of her until things were better. Even if it broke his heart to give up his business, even if all his dreams went glimmering, he could take care of her in some fashion.

That certainty had faded to hope and then to despair and finally around the circle to certainty that he couldn't get any kind of job at all.

There just weren't any jobs, even for a bright boy who had had his own business. Consolidated had wanted him once; they didn't want him now. His poor little accounts weren't enough to bother with. They had let some of their own salesmen go.

He didn't tell her all that, and he never dreamed it wasn't necessary. Bibi knew a great deal about job hunting herself.

Armed with Eby's introductions, preceded by his phone calls, she had made the rounds. The glittering jobs that had been open to Bibi Clerihew weren't open to Mrs. Burke Mattson.

At one smart dress shop she saw the woman's hard eyes go over her. They took in her worn shoes, her homemade hairdress, her white face. No. That wouldn't sell clothes. Clothes had to be worn gaily, with arrogance, with an air.

One store had offered her a place at twelve dollars a week. That, she knew, wouldn't pay her enough to break even, with lunches and subway fare and the things she'd have to have done at home. Besides, the hours were wrong.

The humiliation of those refusals was still something to shy away from. Red had been through that, too. Worse, much worse. He had something to offer; he had been a success.

She couldn't stand it. She broke down and told him everything, weeping bitterly. They held each other, and he tried to kiss away her hurt, and her hands kept patting his cheek, his shoulder, trying to comfort him.

"Life's plenty funny, pup," he said, stroking her hair with a tenderness beyond anything he had thought he could feel. "Very, very funny, it is. Funnier than anything."

"I was thinking the other night. A brawl like that pal of yours threw—that Daniella—what she spent on that would see me through all this. It would give me my chance. Well, I suppose she distributes some of it—florists and food and liquor and jobs and all that."

He sat up so suddenly that he toppled Bibi from her seat on the edge of the davenport and she sat down on the floor, staring up at him, her face still marked with tears. His eyes were blazing; he looked a little mad for the moment and desperately young. So young that her heart turned over for him.

"Bibi," he said, very loud—"Bibi, look. Couldn't we—couldn't you—did you ever think maybe you could borrow that money from Daniella?" At the startled look she gave him, he hurried on. "She's a good friend of yours. You've known her for a long time. It isn't as though you were asking for it—like charity. I know she

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must have a million people trying to borrow money from her that she knows she'll never get back. But this—this would be an investment.

"Why, hell," he continued, "it's a good investment. Even the bank said that. The bank said they'd lend it to me if it wasn't for all these cockeyed banking laws. You could tell her that. I'd give her notes, give her a mortgage on the business. As soon as it made money again I'd pay her back so much a month.

"I'd get my big accounts back—they all said they'd come back if I got straightened out—and if I had the right setup I could land Furness. They like me. The guy up there practically promised. I've got a lot of ideas. I just need a little money. I could pay her back, with interest and everything."

**T**HE RUSHING words stopped, and the apartment was very quiet. A boat on the river tooted mournfully. The hum of trucks on First Avenue came through the open windows.

"It's—it's the men, too," Red said, the excitement fading from his voice, leaving it spent, weary. "Letting them go. I can see they're scared, the way they look at me. They're good men, Bibi. Loyal as hell. They've stuck by me—you know. They're good Americans. All they want is work. They don't want to go on relief or anything like that. They just want a chance to work and take care of their families—the same as I do."

The spent voice could go no further.

Daniella! The name rang in Bibi's head. She had always thought of her as a friend, of course; but she had never thought of her as someone to borrow money from. Never!

Daniella. Concentrating, Bibi tried to see her in this new light. The very light blue eyes, the funny fat voice, the careless manners and the too-blond hair. Daniella, the party girl.

Suddenly Bibi laughed. She got up and flung her arms around Red's neck and kissed him.

"Of course!" she said, and grabbed him with both hands and shook him. "Why, you big dope, how long have you been thinking about this? I can tell by your voice. Why didn't you tell me before? I simply never thought of it; it just never entered my mind."

He said hoarsely, "Well, ever since the party. I thought then—I couldn't help it—how she throws money around; how much she must have. Probably fifteen thousand dollars isn't any more to her than fifteen cents is to me. Bibi, do you think—do you mind?"

Bibi was laughing excitedly now, her eyes very bright. "I'm sure she'll do it. It's a drop in the bucket to the gal, and she's always liked me. I think she likes Vi and me better than any other girls she knows. Dan isn't very friendly with most girls. Oh, darling, darling, darling, let me kiss you again! I feel as though the world has fallen off our shoulders. It's wonderful, it's stupendous, it's delirious! Oh, Red!"

She whirled him round and round, and they danced and capered about the apartment, mad with relief, almost out of their minds at sight of this distant ship that was to save them. As they danced and whooped like young Indians, the wild idea that had grown into a dazzling hope became a certainty.

"You, looking for a job," Red said. "Why, you minx! How dared you do such

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a thing without telling me? You're a swell gal, Bibi. But don't you worry. I won't have you working. I want you all for myself. My poor baby, walking her silly feet off looking for a job! A lot you know about jobs."

"You walked a few feet off yourself, my pet," Bibi said with asperity. She could tease him now; she could fight with him; she didn't have to treat him carefully any more. Blessed thought. Love bloomed under it almost now.

Only now, now that they were sure it was all over, did he let her see how black and hideous had been his despair and his panic and self-condemnation.

"I'd have committed a murder if it would have done any good," he said. "I'd have stolen—I tried to figure out a way. It's not so damned easy to be crooked, at that. I didn't know how—that's the only reason I didn't. I tell you, Bibi, when I thought of all we'd planned and all I'd promised you; when I couldn't get a job; when I thought about telling the boys I couldn't meet the pay roll and we had to fold up—I made up my mind I'd disappear. I'd just go away, and nobody would ever find me."

"That's all over," said Bibi, but she was shaken by the thought and held him close. "It's in the bag. Just come here and look at the silly old moon on the river. It's a beautiful world, my redheaded, half-witted husband. And we're a couple of very remarkable people."

They stood with their arms around each other, looking out at the river touched by the moon to magic beauty, at the lighted boats going up and down, fairylike against the night and the water, and up at the sky over the city, where the stars were bright and clear.

This blessed relief from pain and fear was the nearest they had ever come to heaven. They clung together, sharing it.

Bibi rang up Daniella the next morning and made an appointment. "Want to see you rather specially," she said. Her voice was gay.

Standing in the phone booth at the drugstore, she felt pretty gay. The business of living, which yesterday had appalled her, now seemed simple enough. There was a lightness about her, like that of a person who has been ill a long time and is out of bed at last.

"Lunch at the Stork," said Daniella. "I've got a hangover that is The End. I shall fall apart at the drop of no hat at all, but I guess I can patch myself together and make it."

"Why don't I come up there?" asked Bibi. "I really want to talk to you, and then you can stay in bed."

"That's wonderful," said Daniella. "I'll keep the body safely tucked in till you get here."

In the noonday sunshine the old house looked less formidable. The park was green and beautiful. It gave Bibi a sensation of faint surprise to see it there in the heart of the great city, and she realized she hadn't noticed it in some time.

Daniella was, as she had promised, still in bed—an enormous bed, all gilt and faded brocades and fat cupids. "Hello, darling," she said. "I've decided I'll live. But I've got to get out of New York. This place gets you."

"It does," said Bibi, curling up comfortably. "Where are you going?"

"Open spaces," said Daniella. "Wyoming, I think, or Arizona. Everybody seems to be going to Arizona lately. Horses, exercise, fresh air. Must be done. Why don't you come along? You're a bit on the peaked side. I'll take off ten pounds of bloat; and you can put on ten—no bloat, just pounds."

Bibi smiled at her. "Not this time," she said. "I've a husband to look after. Red-headed, at that. You've no idea how much time it takes to look after a redheaded husband properly."

"All husbands," said Daniella gloomily. "Have a drink?"

"Martini," said Bibi.

"What I need is a pickup," said Daniella. "Arsenic might be best. Or maybe I'd better stick to Martinis myself."

The maid, wooden-faced, went in search of them.

"We adored the party," Bibi said.

Oddly, she found herself tense, breathless, making conversation. I mustn't, she thought, be overfriendly. I must be natural, exactly the way I've always been with Daniella. But self-consciousness stiffened her lips and her tongue. This borrowing money! Of course everything was all right, but it wasn't as easy as it had sounded.

Once she had heard a businessman, a friend of Louise's, say that to be a success in modern life you had to acquire the knack of borrowing money. No doubt. Only this was Bibi's first experience.

Probably you waited for the psychological moment, dropped it in casually. Silly to have this inner suffocation of embarrassment. When it was over, she'd tell Dan how she'd felt and give her a good laugh. Certainly it was better to put it off until Daniella had had her pickup. Nobody with a hangover wants to be asked, cold, for money.

Daniella said, "Parties are all alike. Grim. Only mine are grimmer than others. I don't know why I do it, actually. You knew about Lee Prentup socking poor Lucius? He's so sweet, too. He was very funny. He said he had no idea he was important enough to get socked; he said he was going to ask his office for a raise."

The Martinis came, very dry and very cold, the way Daniella liked them. They tasted foul; they tasted bitter; they tasted like Martinis. But after two of them you felt better. Bibi understood for the first time why people took a drink to get courage. Bibi had always been careful about drinking; there was something about it that annoyed her.

Daniella had been like that, too. Bibi wondered why Dan was drinking when she had always stuck to Vichy in the old days.

She said, "Just occurred to me. Isn't this your first hangover?"

"No," said Daniella. "I've taken to drink. Had to. What else is there to do in this town? Otherwise, you cut your own throat—or somebody's."

**L**UNCH CAME up on exquisite trays. Daniella regarded hers with anguish. "Take it away," she said. "Bring me another drink and some coffee and tell the cook to put in a few extra beans."

They talked about the party again. "Vi looked nice," Daniella said. "See much of her?"

"No," said Bibi, "she stays in the country. Red says it's a shame she doesn't get married. She'd make somebody a wonderful wife."

"Shep says that, too," said Daniella. "All the men think she'd make a wonderful wife for some other man. Men! They're The End, really. I shall wait until I'm forty and marry an old gentleman in a wheel chair."

"It's not always like that," said Bibi, eating sweetbreads without relish. "It's fun being married to Red, for instance." Daniella made a face over the coffee. "It's got lye in it!" she said. "I'm going to endow a scientific research laboratory to find a cure for hangovers: Ridiculous,

when you come to think of it. They can cure everything else. Much less important things. Red's nice. I like him. I thought he was going to sock Shep the other night."

"So did I," said Bibi, and giggled. The giggle, she thought, sounded nervous. "So silly, as I told him, after all these years."

"Shep's inclined to throw his weight about," said Daniella. "He's still in love with you—carrying a torch like crazy."

"I don't think so," said Bibi. "You know Shep. He just hates to think any girl who ever was fortunate enough to have Shep Michaelis pay any attention to her can possibly be happy with another man. After Shep, you're supposed to go into a convent."

"Or a lunatic asylum," said Daniella.

"Something like that," said Bibi.

"He's turning a bit sour, if you ask me," said Daniella. "Shep is approaching middle age with the pip. But he's still stuck on you. What have you got that I haven't got, Dopey?"

"Don't be an ass," Bibi said. "When are you going away?"

**H**ER MOUTH was dry, and her heart was beating hard. The whole thing was ridiculous. Just that fifteen thousand dollars meant so much to her; meant everything. It didn't mean anything to Daniella. The idea was to toss it off. Lend me taxi fare, darling; I forgot to get a check cashed—something like that.

This is for Red. I'd do anything for Red. I'd lie or steal or let them cut me up in little pieces and all I have to do is get my voice going and ask Daniella to lend me some money. Think what Red will be like when I get home and take him the check.

Nerving herself, listening with half an ear to Daniella. The jeweled clock by the bed said twenty minutes to three. In twenty minutes it would be over. When the hands stood at right angles on that blue enamel surface, then she could fly out the door and down the stone steps and home to Red's arms.

"Darling," she said hurriedly, taking the lap, "I've a great favor to ask of you."

Daniella's eyes opened. So, her mind clicked, little Bibi maybe wasn't so disinterested in Shep, after all. That was what occurred to Daniella at once. Probably Bibi wanted a cover-up or something. Well, that had seemed possible to her when she saw the two of them dancing together the other night.

"Shoot," she said.

Bibi's voice seemed to come from a great distance. "You know how things are, Dan."

"Sure," said Daniella.

"Red's business—it's really marvelous, you know, what he's done, and everything is wonderful, but the banks are so silly these days on account of laws and everything, and you can't really do anything without capital, no matter how smart you are."

Daniella didn't say anything, didn't give Bibi any help.

"In a year we'd be able to pay it all back with interest," Bibi said, "and it's not asking to borrow it, exactly; it's asking you to invest it in Red's business. I know you must have a million people asking you every day and you know you'll never get it back, but this isn't like that, really it isn't."

Still Daniella didn't say anything. "We'd give you notes," Bibi said flatly. "Red needs fifteen thousand dollars. It's not much, but it would see him through and he could get new business—it's been promised to him."

Her pride suddenly choked her. When



## Adela Rogers St. Johns



she had gloried in her marriage, when she had wanted everyone to think it was just perfect and she was the luckiest girl in the world, and then to have to ask—beg—for money. Never before had she lowered her pride, uncovered her troubles to anyone. She felt naked and hot with shame.

It's for Red, she thought; it's for Red. Nothing shameful about borrowing money. Everybody did.

After all, this was Daniella, who was generous and extravagant and always throwing money around; who had so much money she didn't know what to do with it. Why, sometimes she said she wished she didn't have all that money. Bibi had heard her say that.

The silence grew rotten. It was going on forever. The hands of the clock were a horizontal line now. It had taken only five minutes.

She made herself look at Daniella, trying to appear bright and cheerful and expectant. Their eyes met. Daniella's were light blue, opaque, like stones in her sharp white face. The silly girl with the hang-over was gone. This was somebody Bibi had never seen before.

**Y**OU NEVER really knew anything about how people would be about money; you never knew them until you had money dealings with them. Louise always said that. Louise said that getting into money difficulties with people was dreadful. Her father had said, years ago, that trying to mix money and friendship was fatal.

Daniella said, "I'm sorry things are tough." Her voice was flatter than ever, impersonal. "Business isn't too hot anywhere."

Bibi rushed into words. "It's not really so bad for Red; he's got all sorts of fine things coming up, but he hasn't the capital to swing them, Dan. That's all. He just can't get anywhere without capital. But I know whoever backs him will be proud of it someday and get the money back twice over. The competition's keen but people like Red so much they'd rather give business to him than anyone if he had the capital to do the best work."

"You've been to the bank?" Daniella asked.

"Yes," said Bibi, exhausted. "The man was nice. Only the laws—they stifle the small businessman—and taxes—"

"You can't tell me anything about taxes," said Daniella.

"I suppose not," said Bibi. The suspense was making her sick.

"Look, Bibi," Daniella said. "I've made it a lifelong rule never to lend money to my friends. I've had to. I'm not going to alibi or explain. I've just had to do it. That's all."

This was indeed a different Daniella. There had been rumors that Daniella was really very shrewd about money; that when it came to actual money, to business, she was as shrewd a trader as her forefathers.

Reckless, silly, blond Daniella did mad things and looked like a chorus girl, but when you mentioned money it was different. She had, as a very few people knew well, a genius for money, for business. She was Midas' daughter, all right.

But there was more to it than that.

When a friend mentioned money to Daniella it did things to her. Something within her became revengeful. All her life she had fought the idea that people liked her only for her money, were friendly only to get something out of her. If she liked you, she might give you a diamond necklace, but if you tried to borrow ten dollars you were through. It put

you in the class of people who wanted to use Daniella Barber; who pretended to be friends in the hope of benefiting by her money.

Generosity soured in her, became almost hatred. Once more she was face to face with her own private fear that people put up with her, liked her, loved her only for her money.

Bibi sat unable to move or think. It wasn't at all as Daniella imagined. She had always liked Daniella, had always been her real friend. For years. Never once in all those years had it occurred to her that she would ever, ever want anything from Daniella. Not until the other night had it even entered her mind that Daniella could help them, and then it had been Red who thought of it. That was all she wanted—a little help. If Daniella helped them, she'd love her more than ever.

The two sides of the picture were so different. Each of them, the blond girl in the gilt bed, the dark girl sitting rigid in the high-backed chair, saw only one picture, one side.

"It wouldn't," Bibi said slowly, thinking, This is for Red, this is for Red; I can't go back and tell him I failed—"it wouldn't exactly be lending money to a friend. It would be a business investment. A gamble, maybe. But somebody ought to gamble on clever young men who are trying to get somewhere. The country's going to need them someday. That's the way this country was made. I thought maybe you could afford to gamble a little on—one small businessman."

Her voice bounced back at her. Daniella's ears, she knew now, were as cold as her eyes. She had made up her mind not to listen.

"If the banks can't lend it to Red, I don't think I could," Daniella said. "I've got a board—they take care of those things. If Red wants to submit his assets, his books, his costs and pay roll and contracts, and they find they're sound, we might see our way to it. I've had to do that. Otherwise, there would be no end to it. Bibi, everybody thinks that with a little capital they could make a fortune."

Yes, this was certainly a different Daniella.

**A** BOARD—a board of three. It would take weeks. Red had a pay roll to meet, rent to pay—and besides, Bibi knew somehow that the board thing was just a stall.

"Haven't you anything of your own you could raise money on, some collateral of some kind?" asked Daniella.

"No," said Bibi.

She thought she was telling the truth. It hadn't occurred to her, then, that she had.

At last the hands of the clock were at three. Bibi got up.

"I've got to go home," she said, and somehow she managed to say it lightly. "Young housewife with responsibilities, that's me. Red gets livid if I'm not there when he comes home."

Daniella didn't have anybody waiting for her at home except hired hands. Nobody cared when Daniella came home, or if she ever came home at all. Her money couldn't buy that. I'm glad, glad she hasn't got that, Bibi thought venomously. Let her keep her money. It won't give her ecstasy and beauty. I hope she chokes on it!

"And I," said Daniella, "have got to get the old carcass out of this bed and see if I can do anything about my face. It looks like Orson Welles on a visit from Mars."

"The way you go on, Dan!" said Bibi. "It's a very nice face, I've always thought,

Have a grand trip, darling. We'll see you when you get back."

"Call you right away," said Daniella.

They both knew they wouldn't.

"I'll give Shep your love," Daniella went on. "I've a vague impression I have a cocktail date with him. Why do you never see anybody in New York except for cocktails? I meet myself coming and going. I wish Shep would come to Wyoming."

"A ranch in Wyoming would certainly be Shep's best background," said Bibi. "By, sweet."

Red would be waiting for her. He was coming home early to hear the good news. He'd be there—Red, who didn't know about this other Daniella; Red, who had no idea that Daniella could turn to stone. At this moment he was probably sitting at his desk in the apartment, whistling, making lists, figuring how they were going to use the money to the best advantage. Not afraid, whistling through his teeth the way he did when he was happy, not afraid now to face the pay roll.

Young man on his way to conquer the world.

Young man she had married, dashing, unafraid, happy.

Red didn't belong to the things Bibi had known. Daniella and Shep and Louise and Bibi. What's wrong with this picture? Red. Red who is an idealist, who is young and straight and decent—and soft. We are hard, all of us. Hard as nails, hard as ice.

We have had to be hard. Make rules to survive in the jungles, be sure-footed and dangerous, eyes alert and wary, ready to claw and gouge and bite.

Red wasn't like that. He never would be. He would never be hard and ruthless enough to play the game the way you had to now.

The most difficult thing Bibi had ever done in her life was to put her key in that lock, knowing that Red was waiting.

The door swung open. Maybe he wasn't home yet. Maybe she would have time to take a cold shower and freshen her make-up and unload some of the tears in her heart.

But he was home, sitting, just as she had seen him, at the desk, whistling "From the Halls of Montezuma" a little off key. Often she had heard him whistling in the dark to keep up his courage, and the sound had gone right through her.

This gay song of triumph was worse. The ice around her heart began to melt, and she thought that if she cried now she would never forgive herself.

He got up, his face like a little boy's on Christmas morning.

Bibi said quickly. "Okay. Everything's all set."

Red sat down. His head went down in his hands and his thin shoulders shook. Red was crying.

"I'm a fool," he said. "I'm a fool. Bibi, all afternoon I had the most awful hunch that maybe she wouldn't do it. It's been awful."

"Nitwit!" said Bibi. "I told you, didn't I? Don't you believe me when I tell you things?"

"It seemed too good to be true," Red said. "All day it seemed like some crazy dream we'd had, and I couldn't make it seem real. I thought maybe we'd both been optimistic fools again." He kissed her shyly, pleadingly. "Was it tough for you?" he asked.

"For me?" said Bibi. Her voice expired,

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and for a moment there simply wasn't anything she could do about it. Finally, "What? No, of course not, silly. We'll have the check in a couple of days. She—she has a board or something that has to okay everything.

"Honestly, Red, she was very business-like about it all. I was surprised. She wants it all on a business basis."

His voice rang with triumph. "Good! That's swell. I'll give her a note. I'll explain."

"No," said Bibi.

So this was the beginning; this was the first of the lies, the long web of evasion and deceit she must weave.

"She's going to Wyoming," Bibi said. "I'm to take complete charge of her part of it. I'm going to give you hell if you don't do right! I think you ought to make me a vice-president. I've always wanted to be a vice-president."

Vice-president was good—cute. Aren't I the one? Bibi thought.

"I'll make you all six vice-presidents," said Red. "I'll even give you buttons to push."

"I've always wanted to push buttons," she told him.

You'd better start pushing them fast, my girl. Think fast; think fast. Nobody's going to wait for baby. Think fast but not too deep. Don't get down underneath to the very bottom—not yet.

"I'm glad she was businesslike," Red said. "It's better for me. I hated her lending it to you just as a friend."

"Sure," said Bibi. "It might have made a difference in our friendship or something. Better this way. I'm to mail her the notes to Wyoming. We'll keep it all on a business basis, all right."

Oldest business in the world before they were through.

Red said, "Honey, I can't thank you—"

Very white, blazing blue eyes on him, Bibi said, "Don't dare to thank me. Don't dare! You'll be calling me a martyr again,

the first thing you know. It's business, that's all."

His eyes were startled. He said, "What? Well, okay."

It must have been tougher on her than he had imagined. He hated the thought. But there hadn't been anything he could do about it. He'd been cornered.

He said again, "Okay, baby. Look, I've got ten bucks I saved up because I thought—well, anyhow, let's celebrate. I think we've got a celebration coming. Let's go to the Stork Club and have cocktails in style."

"All right," said Bibi, "but not the Stork Club. How's about the Hampshire House, where we can look out over the park?"

"I'm dying," Daniella said. "This is The End. Look at my face. It's slipped. Whose idea was it, this drinking? Two more Martinis and I'll be the first girl to take off right through the ceiling of the Stork Club."

"A good idea would be not to have two more Martinis," said Shep.

"You're the cutest one," said Daniella. "I don't see why they don't make you President, with ideas like you have. I won't have two—I'll have three. In a row."

"Is this all straight hangover or are you upset about something?" asked Shep. "It'd be a good stunt if you laid off that poison for a while. You're not acclimated yet."

"Nobody can upset me," said Daniella. "I'm Scrooge by Orson Welles the night before Christmas. Never mind. Don't start going soft on me, Shep. There's only a few of us left. I'm going to Wyoming next week if I can ever get started. I'm going to ride bucking horses and go native with six cowboys."

"All I hear, they're overrated," said Shep.

"Everything is overrated," said Daniella. "You're overrated yourself. I'm as safe with you as I'd be with Little Boy Blue.

Your girl friend was up to see me today."

"Which one?" said Shep.

"Weak comeback, that," said Daniella. "Unworthy of you. Bibi, dear little Bibi, and she was domestic like crazy. Why don't you forget about her and come to Wyoming with me?"

"I hate ranches and horses and cowboys. Mostly cowboys."

"But you like me, don't you?" asked Daniella. Her fingers slipped into his, hot and dry, clinging desperately. "We've got to stick together, Shep. Nobody else understands us. Nobody else understands me, and nobody else understands you. You and I are funny people. We've got our own problems, we have. I—I appreciate you, Shep. I haven't anybody left but you."

"You're a beguiling young wench, at that," said Shep.

"I would be," said Daniella, "if I could do something about my face. When I looked in the mirror this morning I decided to give me up. Maybe I can buy me a new face—a brand-new face with blue eyes and black hair." She added, "Look out for that dame, Shep. She wants to make a touch."

Shep went green-white around the mouth. He said carefully, "Fancy that! That makes her part of the great majority. Did you lend it to her?"

"I did not," said Daniella. "I never lend money to my friends. If they were friends, they wouldn't be trying to get money out of me. My father was as crooked as the lemon peel in a horse's neck, they tell me, but he had a rule never to lend money to his friends—that's one reason I've got so much."

"The way to answer people when they ask you for money is to look 'em in the eye and say, 'No.' Nothing else—just like that—No!"

"That's one way," said Shep.

Low-voiced, a headwater said, "Telephone, Mr. Michaelis."

Shep said, "Be right back. No fair flying through the ceiling while I'm gone. You'll need a reliable eyewitness."

She watched him go. She felt low—very low. If they could get together . . . They ought to get together; they were two of a kind.

Sure, but it was opposites that attracted each other. Hooey! That was for kids, not for people who had batted around the way they had.

Bibi. What's she got that I haven't got? Daniella wondered sadly. If she was so bright and cute she'd have fifteen thousand dollars; she wasn't any lily; she knew which side of bread the butter grew on. If she was such a humdinger, why did she have to come around trying to touch good old sucker Daniella for fifteen thousand bucks?

If it wasn't for Bibi, she and Shep might get together. Maybe it wouldn't be very romantic but it would be fun. They'd know they weren't after each other's money, anyway. That would be a comfort. They could go places together, and Daniella was sick of going places alone or practically hiring people to go along as guests.

I'd like to belong to somebody, she thought. After all, I'm an orphan even if I have a lot of money.

There was a thread of something slipping around in her mind but she couldn't seem to get hold of the end of it.

I'm a little fuzzy from gin, she thought.

Whyn't you be a lady, Daniella, and stop drinking gin? It won't do you any good, will it?

Money. When you needed money bad enough, you'd do anything—anything. She had never needed money herself, but she had been on the other end so many times.

"I think," Red said, "if you don't tell me the truth and tell it quick, I'll kill you."





## Adela Rogers St. Johns

There was no way to gauge what that need was. One man might kill for a million dollars, and another for two bucks. She knew what the need of money could do to people; what it could make of them.

There wasn't much about money Daniella Barber didn't know.

Now, what was all that about? Why was she thinking about that just now? Oh, yes, Bibi—Bibi trying to borrow money. That had hurt her because she had always thought Bibi loved her—for herself alone.

The end of the thread seemed in her grasp, and then she saw Shep coming back down the aisle between the wall of mirrors and the brilliant bar. The bar was crowded. There were pretty girls and celebrities and advertising men and people from the Social Register; there were people who'd been dropped out of the Social Register and people who wanted to get in.

New York at cocktail time.

Shep's face was a blank. His mouth was a straight line. Daniella tried to figure what his mouth would do if he let go of it. Would it curve in a sardonic smile, or would it twist up in pain? He looks so white. He looks sort of old. He looks distinguished and worldly.

"Who called you up?" Daniella asked and was startled that she said it aloud.

"Somebody who wants to sell me something," said Shep queerly. "Let's get out of here."

"You go," said Daniella. "I want to think. There's something I want to think about. I think better in crowds; I'm more used to them. I like to do my thinking where people can see me. There's something I'm trying to remember."

"You won't be late, will you?" Red said. "I don't think so," Bibi told him. "You know—a cat party. Just to say good-by to Dan. She's going to Wyoming, I told you. I couldn't very well not go."

"Of course not," said Red. "Will Vi be there?"

"I guess so," said Bibi. She must be careful. If she said yes, Vi would probably call up or something. Things happened that way. Murderers had to be very careful about the least little things like that, too. No loopholes. "Maybe not. She hates coming in from the country. Besides, sometimes I think she and Daniella aren't as friendly as they used to be."

"Too bad," Red said. "They're a couple of swell girls."

"They certainly are," said Bibi.

"I love you," Red said, "the way I thought I was going to, the way I wanted to the first time I saw you. It gets more all the time. You know, don't you?"

"I know," Bibi said.

"Same by you?" Red asked. "You're glad? Is it all the way you thought it was going to be?"

"The way I *knew* it was going to be," said Bibi, keeping her eyes shut, keeping herself very quiet in his arms. "The way I knew it was going to be the first time I laid eyes on you. Right then, I said to myself, That's for me."

"It's been tough," he said, low, hurried. "I know. You've been so grand. All our lives I'll remember that. Now—it's over, baby. It's made us closer, hasn't it? You know and I know that we can take it and stick and love each other more, no matter what."

"No matter what," said Bibi.

"Now we'll do things," Red said. "I just needed a start, a push. I've never—I couldn't ever tell you how miserable I was. I tried not to be too big a baby. Now you'll have your own carriage—and Freckles and Jayne Junior."

"Look," said Bibi, "I'd better go now.

One more word from you and I won't go at all." Her kiss was light, almost hurried. "Be a good boy," she called from the doorway. "I'll be home as early as I can, but don't worry. It might take longer than I think."

The apartment room was hushed, an expectant hush. The silence of the place was pregnant with waiting.

A long room, shining, modern. The light was low, and the corners lay in shadow. There was a scent of flowers in the air. Roses. Crystal bowls of dark red roses on the shining table against the buff walls, and yellow-gold roses in copper urns in the window seats.

A smooth, elegant room not given to familiarity. Receiving you with well-bred hospitality, with courtesy, but without warmth.

A phonograph was playing, delicate, low, soft. It would keep on playing no matter what happened in that room. Twelve records—both sides.

"I like this," Bibi said, looking around. "You've done it so beautifully, Shep. It's your perfect setting."

"Nothing homelike about it," Shep said, smiling at her. "An old bachelor should never try to be homelike. It's all very soothing and appropriate to my declining years. Not quite so much color as the other place had."

"No," said Bibi, "not nearly so much, Shep."

She looked at him gravely. Not given to smiling, she was not smiling now. Blazing blue eyes in a white face under the widow's peak, but the eyes were steady and her hands were folded quietly in her lap.

Picture of a lady paying a call.

"Drink?" said Shep.

"Please," she said.

"Not champagne," said Shep. "Too obvious. Never be obvious, that's the Michaelis motto. Rhine wine—no, that's too obvious in the other direction. This is very difficult. I have it. White crème de menthe frappé."

"Hurrah!" Bibi applauded. "I knew you wouldn't fail me."

He crossed the room looking very sure of himself, poised, a little amused. Man of Manhattan entertaining a charming young married woman, waiting for her to set the pace, call the tune. Only a slight hint of danger—just enough to give spice to the moment, just enough to be flattering.

**H**AD HIMSELF well in hand, that was what his manner conveyed.

A butler appeared in the doorway. Shep gave the order.

"You see," he said, "I haven't sent the servants out, either."

Suddenly that note was as false as a radio tenor's high C.

The smooth elegance of the room, the occasion, swelled and bulged and almost broke, but Bibi only lifted her black brows and said, "You may if you like, Shep. I shan't mind."

He gave her her drink and she sipped it, while he stood before her, staring down at her. His face had a congested look, as though the blood had swept suddenly to his head.

"You look more like yourself tonight," he said.

"What does one look like when one looks like oneself?" Bibi asked, smiling up at him. "I've probably as many selves as—as you have."

"When you're with me," Shep said, "I like you to look as you used to. The thing about you always was that you were different—they didn't quite succeed in pouring you into the mold."

## A Cosmopolitan Complete Book-length Novel

"It's the eyebrows," she told him. "Sometimes I've been on the verge of calling out the marines to save them from the tweezers, but I always managed."

"Ever think of me while I was gone?" he asked.

"Not often," Bibi said. "Sometimes. You know how it is—places or music; people we used to know."

"These foolish things remind me of you," said Shep. He moved away and sat down opposite her, not taking his eyes from her face. "There were always lots of things that reminded me of you. Roses, and onion soup, and little turned-up hats.

**D**YOU KNOW, you were the only woman I ever sent roses to? Gardenias and orchids and spring flowers, but roses belonged specially to you."

"I'm glad you think that."

"Bit on the sentimental side, aren't I?" Shep got up restlessly. "My dialogue's all wrong. I should be the one who doesn't remember. Old Don Juan Casanova Michaelis—and a girl he knew a thousand years ago. But you were such a darling, Bibi. I wonder why I ever let you go."

She did not move, but suddenly she looked very tired.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Let's talk about something else. It was sweet of you to come."

They argued about music—about the moderns whom she did not like. She said they were lazy; lazy and afraid of melody. They forgot melody for rhythm because they were too lazy to make them work together. They wrote the easiest way.

"Typical of our times," said Shep airily. "The easiest way always, and you'll be dead a long time before the bills come in—or will you?"

"The bills come in pretty promptly," said Bibi.

"I saw Louise the other night at Daniella's," he said abruptly. "She hasn't changed except to get more brittle. You don't like her much, do you?"

Bibi seemed to contemplate that, her blue eyes fixed on something far away. "It's not that exactly," she said. "We—girls of my generation—perhaps we feel a little bitter about it. We've been let down pretty badly."

"Let down?" he repeated harshly. "In a way," Bibi said. "All this freedom. We love our mothers, I suppose, but they gave us some lousy directions to follow. All this messy business they took on. They threw us out into life to sink or swim, didn't they? Experience is the best teacher—but it isn't, unless you have somebody to help you and interpret for you. One might, it seems, be better off with a few frustrations and a little less experience."

"Is that the way you feel?" he said.

"Something like that," she said.

"Spare the rod and spoil the child, eh?" "A bit of the rod wouldn't hurt you. It's better to take a licking or two early and find out what it means while you're still safe. Our mistakes have been pretty costly to some of us."

"Was I one of your mistakes?" he asked, beginning to laugh. "I feel better. I had begun to think I wasn't even that."

"Shep," said Bibi swiftly, "is there any chance that we might be friends, you and I?"

"Ah, now we're getting to it. Friends. Very nice. Very convenient. Very soothing to the conscience. Modern. Once we

## Yesterday's Children

were lovers but now we are friends. Remind me to write music to that some time, will you?"

He swung on his heel, swung back, staring at her.

"Why this sudden desire for my friendship? You've done very well without it for these two years. You haven't thought much about me or what had happened to me while you've been playing at love in a cottage. What's wrong now? Does it pall a bit, my sweet?"

"No," said Bibi. Her lips were white. "No. I—in the beginning I knew we couldn't be friends, because of the way you felt, the things you said. I thought with time you'd feel differently.

"After all, I didn't think I was so important you'd go on hating me forever. Now—well, I had to find out. It makes a difference."

"**F**RRIENDS?" he said, and she saw the knot of muscles at the corner of his jaw tighten and pulse. "No, dear. I am sorry to destroy your illusions. I hate telling you there's no Santa Claus. You look so lovely sitting there, with your smooth face and your big eyes. You don't like this a bit, do you?"

"I don't know yet," she said.

"Well, we'll see. I loved you once quite a lot. Now you want to be friends. I don't know, Bibi. I've always thought of you as someone different—as my last love, my last love."

"Then," she said, "if you feel that way about me—"

"I ought to lend you fifteen thousand dollars," finished Shep.

She went on staring at him. He stood over her, very close, looking straight at her. His eyes were strange and swollen. He had never looked like that before. He looked old.

She hadn't noticed it before, but now she knew the touch of youth, of clean firm skin, of a lean strong body. Youth to youth. Only two people who grow old together can love each other as they should, she thought. That is the way it was intended.

Her thoughts scattered about, refusing to take hold of what he had said.

"You want me to lend you fifteen thousand dollars so that your husband can go on with his business," Shep said. "It's a good investment. He's bright, a clever young businessman—all he needs is a little capital."

"How did you know all that?" asked Bibi.

"I know all the bedtime stories," he said. "Oh, I picked up the pieces here and there—Louise, Daniella—and put them together."

"It's true. Red is like that," Bibi said. "Oh, doubtless," he agreed. "But it's odd, true stories always sound all wrong. Ask any writer; ask any editor. Tell the exact truth in a story and nobody will believe you."

"Don't you believe me?" she asked. "I? Oh, yes. But I'm a natural-born believer. I'll believe anything. Dear old Uncle Shep—doesn't mind being kicked around; doesn't mind being thrown over and ignored. Just feed him a little soft soap and he'll come to heel again. How did you ever come to have such an opinion of me, my precocious infant?"

"It isn't like that at all," she said. "You twist it and make it sound that way, but it isn't."

"I suppose Daniella told you I was still in love with you?"

"Yes, but I didn't believe it. Then—how can't be friends?"

"No, you little fool, and you knew it! You aren't as big a sap as you look. You're no innocent child; you've been around.

Don't come that big-eyed-baby stuff on me. This is Shep. Remember me? And don't start trying to do a Noel Coward third act, either. That's old-fashioned, too.

"I'm a man; you're a woman. You're amazing, you're wonderful, you and all your kind. Take what you want as ruthlessly as a Chinese river bandit and then turn feminine. Play the single standard as long as it suits your purpose, and then pull the chivalry racket. By all that's holy, you want it going and coming, both ends against the middle, the red and the black, the odd and the even. You're something, you modern dames!"

"You shut up!" she cried furiously. "Every word of that is a lie, and you know it."

"Is it? Is it?" he said, and his lips were savage. "You brats—you play with dynamite and then you weep and wail when it explodes and say you didn't know it was dynamite and please somebody take it away quick. I know!"

"I didn't know it was dynamite," said Bibi, very low; "nobody ever told me. How the hell did I know it was dynamite? Who ever taught me anything? I was made to think I could do anything. I thought perhaps you'd understand. I never made you any promises."

"You couldn't marry me. Then I found a man I loved and wanted to marry—and that was what I'd always wanted, in spite of anything you or Louise had ever told me. Why should you be so angry? You always told me it was better that we should both be free."

"I suppose I was vain—too vain to think you might be the one to take advantage of that freedom."

"Then it's not fair to make me pay for it now," she said. "I thought if there was anyone in the world who would help me . . . I never asked anything of you; you used to try to make me take presents I didn't want."

"Take it easy, sister," he said; "take it easy. I didn't pay you then because we were on the single standard. If you want to go on the gold standard, it's all right with me."

No effort could control the trembling that took her, but she didn't flinch. Her eyes were like a cat's now, fixed, staring, contemptuous.

"That's what I wanted to find out," she said. "I tried borrowing money. I found out about that. Then I thought a man friend might be different—if I had one. I haven't. All right. I can pay my way. I want fifteen thousand dollars. I've got to have it. Is that a fair price?"

"You're a vain piece, too," he said hoarsely. "It's a high price for second-hand goods."

"**A** BARGAIN SALE," she said coldly. "Surely you know what the original price would have been? Marked down now to fifteen thousand. You're not buying a pig in a poke, either."

Her bravado failed her. From her collar to her hair she went scarlet. The heavy beat of her heart showed through her thin dress. One shaking hand went up to hide it, and she was white again as the tide ebbed—white to the lips.

Other women through the ages had done things like this for their loves. But she was having trouble with it.

"When we said good-by, you told me that if I ever wanted to come back—" she went on, trying to recapture Bibi Clerihew's hard, easy effrontery.

Every man for himself, and devil take the coward. Who cares? Things like this don't matter any more. What he doesn't know won't hurt him. Married women play around—and I can't go home and

tell Red we haven't got the money. I can't! He might do what he said—disappear. Maybe he's weak. I don't know. I love him. I must be strong—strong for anything.

"There've been a good many women since then," Shep said.

Impossible to tell from his face what he was thinking.

In the long night while she lay sleepless beside Red, trying to find a way out and always coming back to the one sure way, the one thing she hadn't faced was that Shep wouldn't want her. She faced it now.

Vaguely she said, "If—if I could have a glass of water."

Silly. Senseless. But she was choking.

"According to the feminine gospel," said Shep, when he had given it to her, "now is the time for my big scene. Touched to the core of his hard heart, the man of the world goes sappy. Now is the time for me to say in a broken voice, 'I've always loved you. I only want your happiness. I couldn't accept your sacrifice. Take the money as a gift, my darling, and remember that there was one man who loved you better than himself.'"

There was something wrong with his voice. It tried to be smooth, cruel, sneering at her, but through the smoothness came that queer animal note. He looked at her, but for a moment she thought he did not see her, his eyes were so blind.

He walked over to the desk like a man who is drunk, crashed open a drawer so that it fell on the floor, scattering its contents. He picked up a long envelope and flung it at her.

"Cash," he said. "Always get cash—it's safer. I knew you'd come. Get down on your knees and pick it up. This isn't a drawing-room comedy. There's less of that than you'd believe. This is real life—and I'm real. You don't seem to realize that."

She stooped in one swift motion and picked up the envelope, held it in her hands. Her eyes didn't leave him. He walked toward her slowly, a strange smile on his lips.

"Do I let you go?" he said, low. "Do I let you go? You must do as I say now, Bibi, my sweet. Do I let you go? A starving man must eat. He's blood brother to a wolf. Starve a man long enough and he'll do anything. You didn't know that, did you? You know now. I can't let you go. I can't!"

They stood looking at each other. The blood hummed in his ears, and he moved toward her. Slowly her eyes closed to shut him out.

"Don't forget," he said in a strangled voice, "it's nice work if you can get it."

The corridor from the elevator to her own apartment door was very long. Bibi moved down it like a sleepwalker. Inside, she stopped, rigid. She had not been prepared for Louise.

Louise said, "I just dropped in and stayed to keep Red company." After a moment she added, "Bibi, what's wrong with you? Are you tight?"

"Not exactly tight," Bibi said, clutching at the exactness. "Little jingled."

"Red's been telling me he was able to raise the money he needed, from a friend," Louise said. "I'm so glad. How was Daniella?"

Bibi didn't answer her. She kissed Red gently.

"Have a good time?" he asked.

"Wonderful," Bibi said. "Oh, yes—wonderful. Mind if your wife is—is a little tight?"

"I guess—maybe it was the relief and everything. I expect if I took a drink now it'd knock me cuckoo," he said comfortingly. His eyes kept questioning her.



## Adela Rogers St. Johns

"Well, everything's okay," she said.

Her voice was so weary that he said, "I'm going to put you to bed right away, baby."

Louise got up. Her eyes were bright and narrow. She said, "I'll run. When is Daniella going away?"

"Soon," said Bibi, "soon."

She did not look at her mother. Her hand in Red's was like ice.

When Louise had gone Bibi said, "It's all there in my bag. Daniella gave it to me in cash. So—so her board wouldn't know. Now everything's all right, isn't it?"

"I'm the luckiest and happiest man in the world," Red said. "There never was a wife like you. I'll pay it back, honey. I'm a little speechless now, but it's all inside me."

What people don't know can't hurt them. Oh, God, what people don't know can't hurt them, can it?

**P**UTTING that money in the bank; explaining to the same banker that a friend had decided to finance him; paying off the men and giving each of them a little bonus; going over to the factory to order the new machines—Red thought that his feet would never touch the ground again. Who was that guy who had wings on his heels? Mercury. That's me, he thought.

The grin wouldn't come off his face. From ear to ear, it stuck and stayed.

Oh, he could sell anything now. Could he sell now! Now he had something to sell that he believed in. Nobody could stop him now. Lots of hard work, and then—a house in the country, Bibi, and Freckles and Jayne Junior.

People saying, "He's a damn bright young businessman, that Burke Mattson." A little golf; dances at the country club; everything the way Bibi ought to have it. When he got rich he'd lend that fifteen thousand so many times to prove his gratitude, it would become a kind of chain of good will.

Bibi didn't want him to say anything to Daniella, and he wouldn't now. It was just between the girls, she had said. But in a year or two, when they were over the top and he'd paid back all the money, he'd tell her.

He'd thank her. There would be something for her to be proud of, and she'd be godmother to their first baby. If some people had to have money and others didn't, it was all right for a girl like Daniella to have it.

Funny, too, because at first he hadn't liked her much. He'd actually thought her eyes were cold and calculating. That showed how wrong a guy could be. Well, he didn't really know a great deal about women. Bibi might think he'd been a heller, but really he'd never known any woman very well.

It amazed him to think that Bibi loved him. The longer he lived with her the finer she seemed. When he thought of her selfishness, of her scrubbing floors, taking it on the chin, a girl who'd had everything, he thought he could never repay her in life—but he'd try.

And he'd try to tell her how he felt, because he knew that women like to hear things. They like words; they like to be told.

He probably wouldn't see Daniella for quite a while, but when he did, he'd tell her, too.

In that, he was mistaken. He saw Daniella that afternoon.

Waking that morning, Daniella had been presented with a box of green-gold orchids. From Shep, Daniella sat up in bed and looked at them for a long time.

Green orchids, with streaks and spots of gold in them. Just her flowers.

"Rich," she said, "but not gaudy. That's me."

If Shep had thought enough about her to see that, if he sent her flowers at all, it must mean something. He had always sent Bibi roses. Daniella knew that. Of course a man like Shep would send roses to a girl like Bibi. But green-gold orchids meant something, too.

Suddenly she found the end of that thread of thought which had eluded her. It burst like a photographer's flash bulb. "I'm a fool!" she said aloud.

In the box she fished for a card. Her hands were shaking. She said to herself, Pull yourself together. This is no time to go jittery. If you want this guy you've got to use your head, else you'll get a black eye.

In Shep's slashing, insolent writing, the card said, "For no good reason."

Daniella laughed. No good reason, huh? Well, all right. She could take care of herself.

The thing was to get rid of Bibi. Her eyes narrowed. Fury at herself made her swear. I should have lent Bibi that fifteen thousand dollars. I'm a fool. I should have given it to her. I should have bought her off.

That desperate need of money she had seen in Bibi's eyes—where would it drive her? To Shep, of course—to Shep, who still loved her. To Shep, for whom she still had that strange appeal. The very sight of her turned him into a fool.

Not that she does it on purpose, Daniella thought. But I'm better for him. I know the score. I'm a good companion. I can keep him young and make him laugh, and I—I'd care about him. It's all wrong, what she does to him. He's got a fever about Bibi. It's bad for him.

If she goes to him for that money, it'll be worse than ever. It might even be all on again.

Not once did it enter her mind that Bibi might hesitate to go to Shep. Every feline instinct in her told her that Bibi would stop at nothing; Bibi in love would hesitate at nothing. That kind of girl didn't. No sense of intrigue; didn't know how to play her cards. Plenty of guts, Bibi had. And pride—damn silly pride, but you had to admire her for it.

Any moral aspect of the situation escaped Daniella. A trade was a trade. Women who needed money, women in love, murdered, stole, sold themselves, worked—did anything. Bibi was like that.

I'd be the same myself, only I'd drive a better bargain. I'd get something for nothing if I could. Bibi's too proud. She'd rather pay, thought Daniella.

But she mustn't let Bibi go to Shep if she could help it.

"Get Mr. Michaelis on the phone," said Daniella.

Then: "Good morning, my little cabbage. Thanks for the posies, and how are you this bright day?"

Could she tell anything from his voice? Her ears strained to catch any new note of sorrow or triumph or fever.

The voice that came back to her was much the same as usual. "For a man of my years," he said, "I'm right pert."

"For a man of your years you swing a mean orchid."

"Vulgar things, orchids," said Shep, "but if you wore anything else it would look like a pose. The color suits you."

"Am I supposed to wear them?" she asked. "Where?"

"If you're not doing anything tomorrow night I'll drag you to El Morocco. For goodness' sake, wear something reasonably quiet. Last time I took you out you looked like a zebra."

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That's that, she thought, hanging up the phone.

She had made up her mind.

The thing to do was to put it all on a business basis. She wouldn't see Bibi. For one thing, Bibi might want to know why she had changed her mind. For another, it would be better if she had her dealings with Red. In the end, it would be better for Bibi.

Daniella knew a lot about men where money was concerned. He'd feel better about it, really.

She'd see Red, that was the thing. At once. Pretend to him that her board—that figment of her imagination which she used as an alibi so often—had okayed the loan as a business proposition. At that, she might get her money back someday. Six percent—first note with a year to run; monthly payments to reduce it after that. A year ought to give him time to get on his feet.

All that would hide her real purpose. I'm not lending money to a friend, she thought. I'm buying her off. She won't know it but I'm buying her to stay away from Shep. I can buy what I like with my own money, I guess.

Where did she find that redheaded guy and what was his business, anyhow? Fortunately, the telephone book was full of information about all that.

At four-fifteen an office boy, looking slightly dazed, said, "Lady to see you, Mr. Mattson. Says her name's Barber."

Red Mattson looked up in surprise. The surprise burst into joy. His silent partner had come to give the place the once-over. Good for her! That was the spirit.

**H**E took both her hands. She was wearing white, and it made her look younger than usual. "This is the sweetest thing that ever happened to me," he told her. "You're everything Bibi always said you were. I didn't expect to see you here, that's a cinch, and I can't find words—quite—"

So he thought her coming meant exactly what it did mean—that she had decided to lend him the dough, Daniella commented to herself. But how had Bibi known? Well, it didn't matter.

"Nice office," she said. "Do I sit down?" He brought the other chair swiftly. Her eyes studied him. Tall, loose-limbed, with the far-seeing eyes of the dreamer. Might make good by seeing things, not by trading. He'd think up things for other people to trade. The sort of man a girl like Bibi would want.

"You can sit down a minute, and then I want to show you the plant," he said. "Of course, I haven't been able to afford the new equipment yet, but in a couple of weeks—"

"Bibi explained all about that," Daniella said. "I'm willing to lend you the money."

"I suppose there are words somewhere to thank you," Red said, "but I can't find them. You'll have to try to understand how I feel."

"Okay," said Daniella.

He was nice. She liked him. Purely as a secondary matter, she was glad she was going to help him out. "Look," she said, "I brought it in a cashier's check." She opened her bag, kept on talking. "I was sorry I let Bibi sort of think I wasn't going to be able to do it. I had to ask that silly board of mine, and I guess I told her probably they wouldn't because it's better to say that and then bring it than to

## Yesterday's Children

say yes and then have to break the bad news."

Red didn't say a word.

When she looked up, his eyes were on her hands, on the bag, on the long slip of gray-blue paper with the black writing and the little red perforations.

As long as he lived, Red would be able to shut his eyes and see Daniella's thin nervous hands, the great emerald on one finger, the black bag, the gray-blue slip of paper. Time would stand still there forever.

Knocked him silly, Daniella thought. Well, she had seen the sight of money do that to men before. Probably he'd given up hope, and now to see this right here in front of him was too much. Fifteen thousand dollars, no matter what anybody thought, was a very large sum of money.

But then she began to wonder, he remained still and staring for such a long time.

"I can't take it," he said at last, very low.

Daniella had expected anything but that. "Why not?" she asked.

"From a woman." His voice was toneless, dead.

"That's all very pretty but it's baloney," Daniella said. "You're a nice guy and I'm fond of Bibi. Bibi's a good kid."

"I know," said Red.

"When I decide anything about money, there isn't any sentiment in it. This is business. I expect you to pay me back, and I know you will. Don't be an idiot. I'm afraid you're too idealistic for your own good."

His laughter startled her, and Daniella was not easily startled. It made him pull himself together. Whatever happened, he saw that he must not let Daniella suspect anything. Bibi mustn't be delivered into Daniella's hands. That much was certain.

"I laughed," he said, "because that's what Bibi is always telling me. You girls stick together."

"I'm not nearly as dopey as I act, you know," said Daniella. "I'm telling you, in business you've got to be hard—hard and sure and fast. Don't be a fool. Here."

She held out the check. Red took it, and she saw the color come up under his skin.

"Now that's settled," she said. "Get the notes drawn up, and then you can go home and tell Bibi the good news. Maybe she thought I was pretty hard-boiled when I turned her down the other day, but I have to be careful. Besides, it's better this way between you and me. Hurry up and get things fixed up. I've got a date, and you want to go home and tell your girl friend."

"Yes," said Red, "I suppose I do."

**T**HE BIG studio room was almost dark. The windows to the south still had a wash of rosy gold upon them, but the shadows had settled thickly and no lights were on.

The furniture seemed to crouch in the half light. The windows on the river were black and shining.

Under the door into the kitchen there was a crack of light, and from behind it came sounds—a dish against enamel; the faint hum of something bubbling; light, quick footsteps.

Bibi was getting dinner.

The kitchen door swung noiselessly, and she gave a little gasp; then, "Darling, I didn't hear you," and she was in his arms.

He kissed her absently, without emotion; patted her shoulder. Nothing got through to him. There was that odd difficulty about focusing his eyes.

Coming home, he had kept bumping into people. They probably thought he was drunk.

He must think. His mind was a blank, as though he were trying to remember a name he knew well and it kept eluding him. It was on the tip of his tongue, and then it escaped.

The little table in the dinette, like a Pullman car, was set with blue and silver. Very pretty. Very domestic.

He sat down there and looked at Bibi. She had on a white house coat, so that she looked rather like a young nurse. Blue lights in her hair. Blue lights in her eyes. Beautiful—Bibi was beautiful.

"Tired, my lamb?" she asked.

He kept staring at her, trying to concentrate. Her low voice filled the room cheerfully.

Then it had all been a dream. It hadn't happened. How could it have happened when Bibi stood there looking just the same, sounding the same as the girl he had loved and married and trusted? There had been a mistake somewhere. He had the thing all mixed up.

Thickly he said, "Bibi."

She looked at him. "Yes?"

"Bibi, where did you get that money you gave me?"

The words went on clanging in the room. There would never be silence again; always those words would go on clanging in his mind.

"What are you talking about?" she asked.

He frowned at her, shaking his head. "Don't do that. You see, I'm all mixed up. I've got to get this thing straight. Don't say things that don't mean anything. Where did you get it?"

"But darling," said Bibi, "you know where I got it. I got it from Daniella."

"You still say that?"

"I don't get this. What is it? What are you trying to say to me?"

"I think if you don't tell me the truth and tell it quick, I'll kill you."

The fog was lifting now. The shock was wearing off. Bibi was lying. She had been lying all the time: she was still lying.

Women could do that—act and pretend and lie. A woman could have a face like Bibi's, smooth and young and lovely, and inside be a liar and a cheat.

He did not want to look at her, but her shadow on the wall swayed. She was on her knees, her head against him.

"What is it, Red?" she asked. "What has happened?"

"Daniella came to see me this afternoon," he said patiently. "She brought me this."

Bibi went back on her heels; her eyes widened on the thing he held in his hand—the strip of gray-blue paper. "What is it?" she asked stupidly.

"It's a check," he said. "It's a check for fifteen thousand dollars. What do you think it is? Can't you see?"

Her finger touched it. "But—Daniella came to you? Oh, no, no, no! Oh, it's too silly. It's mad. It couldn't happen like that. Oh, no, no. God couldn't let that happen."

She began to laugh until the tears streamed down her cheeks. Calmly he slapped her across the mouth, and she stopped laughing.

"What's the good of that?" he asked. "I want to talk to you."

"Go ahead and talk," she said.

"Where did you get that money?"

She shoved her hair back wearily. "I got it from Shep Michaelis."

"Why did you lie to me about it?" he asked. A vein pulsed on his forehead. It fascinated her. When she didn't answer, he added, "Men don't give money to a woman for nothing."

Bibi got up from the floor. She rubbed

her face with the palms of her hands. The tear marks smeared across her cheeks.

"Shep is my friend," she said. "He did it because he wanted to help us, just as Daniella could have. Only she said—I don't understand what made her change her mind. She said no. She said she never lent money to her friends."

"Never mind that," said Red. "Michaelis isn't the kind of man to be a friend to any girl—any girl like you; not fifteen thousand dollars' worth. I know him. His reputation stinks up the town. You and he—before I knew you . . . I never said much about that—that what you did before you knew me wasn't my business. What you do now is my business."

"That's right," said Bibi. She sat down opposite him.

"If it was all on the up and up, why did you lie to me? If it was so innocent and friendly, why did you have to cover it up?"

**I** MADE a mistake," Bibi said. "It was a silly mistake. I thought it would be easier for you if you thought I got it from another woman. I wanted to save you any—humiliation you might feel about getting it from a man who was a friend of mine. I thought you'd resent that."

"You thought I'd resent it? You knew damn well I'd starve first. What you've done to me—you went to a man who was in love with you, and he knows you're lying to me about it, otherwise why would he give you the money in cash? And you—where were you when he gave you the money?"

"I went to his apartment," Bibi said. Her voice was weary. "He knew about Daniella. She told him. I guess he thought I'd come to him because he was the only other friend I had and—"

"And your husband was no good, a failure, and you had to go out and get money for him."

"Red, in your heart you know—"

"Is he still in love with you?"

"No," Bibi said.

"I don't believe you. He made love to you. Why shouldn't he? You went there; you put me in that spot. You let him know I couldn't take care of you. You went begging him for money—a man who used to be your lover—and then you want me to believe—I've been the fool of the world."

"You're being a fool now," she said. "I did the best I could. I thought it was all right. If you don't believe me, it's because you have a filthy mind yourself. Why shouldn't Shep give me the money as well as Daniella? What's the difference? I didn't do anything."

"I'd like to believe you," Red said. "I want to. But I don't. I can't. If that's all true, why did you lie to me? I can't stand this. I can't stand to look at you—"

Before she could move he was out of the kitchen. The door swung in her face.

"Red!" she cried. "Red!" She shouted, "Red, please, where are you going? Don't go!" She ran, calling wildly after him. "Darling, we mustn't! Where are you going? What are you going to do? Red, don't leave me like this."

The front door banged, and she flung it open and saw him striding down the corridor, almost running.

"Red!" she called, and her voice broke with crying. But he did not look back.

Her feet were heavy on the carpet, she found herself panting. He mustn't go, not like this; there must be some other way. It had all happened too swiftly. She couldn't think. But Red—Red mustn't leave her.



## Adela Rogers St. Johns

She was still running, sobbing, when she rounded the corner of the corridor.

The elevator door slammed shut, and she stood staring at it, making little sounds in her throat in some universal language of love and sorrow.

Afterwards, Red could never remember anything about the next twelve hours. Where he walked, what he saw, whether he ate or not, he never knew.

The river flowed through some of his disorganized thoughts, smooth and oily; there were flashbacks of crowded streets and hurrying people, and he wondered why they were hurrying, now that the end of the world had come. The window of a delicatessen shop full of sausages was printed in there somewhere. The angry face of a truck driver peering down at him; a newspaper headline about Hitler.

The blackness swamped him, and his thoughts were all mixed up. The old human cry, "Why did this happen to me?" raced in and out of his brain. I was so happy. I was so sure. With all his worries about money and business, all his hideous shame at not being able to do for Bibi what he wanted to do, there had been a firm foundation of happiness because they loved each other so.

**L**ITTLE THINGS came back to him—always tender little things about Bibi: the way she looked when she was asleep; the almost-ready-to-cry pucker on her face when she had spoiled the dinner; words she used.

Oh, God, why did this have to happen to me?

His imagination wrought bright red hells and ice-cold hells for him. Bibi in that lecher's arms; Bibi murmuring funny, broken words; Bibi so soft and warm and happy in love.

But none of it connected with action. He was too shot for that. He couldn't see clearly. There was a mist before his eyes, and sometimes the mist was gray and sometimes it was red.

Morning with a cold clear light struck him, and habit took possession. He went to his office and never even noticed the startled looks his men gave him as he walked through, nor the tears in his little secretary's eyes.

The tall, redheaded young man whom they loved and who looked so gaunt and green-white and haggard.

His work wouldn't bite. He tried valiantly, but he was beyond work's surcease now. The words on paper cut strange capers and made faces at him.

"You don't look well, Mr. Mattson," his secretary said shyly. "H hadn't you better go home? We can get along today."

"I'm all right," Red said.

Out of the whirling merry-go-round one figure had begun to emerge—Shep Michaelis. He was distorted, too. He looked older and he sneered at Red. Something, it seemed to Red, must be done about Shep Michaelis. But he did not seem to be able to think what it was—like a well-known word in a crossword puzzle, it eluded him, kept just out of his reach.

Jonsey—his foreman—came in. Jonsey looked strange, too. He said, "Look, I got a bad cold. Come on out and have a drink with me. I think a drink would do us both good."

That, Red decided, made sense. You could not go around carrying a cake of ice in your stomach. It got heavier and colder; it interfered with your thinking. Good idea to pour something on it that would melt it.

They had a drink—they had a good many drinks—and then Jonsey said he

thought it would be a friendly act on Red's part to take him home. "I got a cold," Jonsey said. Jonsey lived in Brooklyn.

Brooklyn relieved Red's confusion. He never had been able to find his way around in Brooklyn. Always got lost there. So he was lost in Brooklyn again. So what?

A voice, like a small kitten whimpering to be let in out of the cold, kept saying something about Bibi.

Bibi was all alone in that apartment. Maybe she was worried. It was an awful thing to stay alone all day and all night in an apartment, waiting for someone. But Bibi wasn't waiting. Not Bibi. He was sure of that.

Probably she was out having herself a time. Got rid of that big stupid Westerner she married by mistake.

Louise would be with her. She'd tell her all about what a mistake it had been from the beginning, and now Bibi could get a nice smart divorce and marry Shep Michaelis.

He was wrong about that. Bibi Mattson was still in the terribly quiet apartment, listening. Every time the phone rang or somebody knocked or she heard the distant elevator, Bibi's heart pounded in a spasm of pain. Hope was dying a very bitter death in Bibi's soul.

When Red went to bed in Jonsey's spare room—actually, it belonged to Jonsey's two boys—he felt quite sober and clear-headed. The thing to do was to start all over.

Go West, young man, go West. Somebody had said that. He'd go West and start all over where he belonged.

But all the time there was something annoying him. There was something that he had to do first. Somebody he had to see.

It was two evenings later that he rang the bell at Shep Michaelis' penthouse. Through the pain and the drink and the too-clear, ugly aftermath Red had finally settled down to the thing he must do, the man he must see.

Even the thoughts that dragged him to that door were not altogether clear. Only it seemed to him he must know the truth if he had to choke it out of the man, beat it out of him.

Inevitably he must see this man. There was nothing else to do. Inevitably, perhaps, he must kill him if he had known Red's wife—too well.

Once Bibi's word had been gospel; now it meant nothing. He must find out the truth.

The scent of roses was strong in the air, strong and a little rank, as though they had died in that room. Bibi loved roses. Here were roses, drooping on their stalks. Had they been there, seen her there, heard her words?

Oddly, his mind seemed to grow clear when Shep Michaelis came into the room. Now there would be action at last. He was so tired of thinking.

The man who strolled toward him did not seem in the least disturbed. Of course not. I'm probably not the first irate husband he's had to deal with, Red thought, sneering at himself, at Bibi.

This man was cool and calm, poised, freshly shaved and clad in a lounging robe. All that made Red conscious that he himself was unkempt, that his suit was a mess, that there was a day's growth of beard on his chin.

Words would not come. The words in his brain were all wrong. He did not want to wait for words. He wanted to strike now, at once; wipe this man out of existence. He was hot with a devastating curiosity; he was staring at the man before him with a horrible curiosity.

Shep said, "Will you sit down, or do you

## *A Cosmopolitan Complete Book-length Novel*

want to talk about this thing standing up?"

"I'll stand up," Red said. "How do you know so damn well what I want to talk about?"

Shep said, "Your wife phoned me you were—not at home. She was disturbed. Now, she came here several nights ago and borrowed a lot of money from me. She said she wasn't going to tell you where she got it, but I knew you'd discover. She's too young and too decent to know much about intrigue."

He took a cigarette, made a faint gesture of offering one, but Red shook his head, his eyes fixed, his hands clenched.

"So," said Shep, "I rather expected you." "Well, here I am," Red said. "I don't know what your standards are. Maybe you think I should just take the money and no questions asked. Sometimes"—his voice broke unexpectedly, like a boy's voice—"sometimes I think the standard now is to do anything for money. Sometimes I think everything is cockeyed."

"We can agree on that, at least," said Shep.

His eyes were watchful, wary. For the first time, they were the eyes of an old man. The thing which had haunted him for long dreadful hours was upon him.

"Sit down," he said. "If you decide to strangle me, you can do it any time. There's no one else here and you're fifteen years younger than I am, and I never was much good as a fighter."

He sat down and watched the tall, redheaded young man crumple into a chair opposite him. His mouth tasted dry and bitter, but he had to keep his voice smooth and even.

He had to repair, if he could, this thing that he had done.

The days, the hours that had passed since Bibi had gone out of that room had been filled with a soul sickness such as he had not believed he could ever know. He felt weak now, as a man must feel after a fever.

Walking the floor at night, he had accepted this reaping. He had seen the wind; he must reap the whirlwind.

**B**IBI DIDN'T love him; she would never love him. That was over. Maybe he didn't even want her to love him now. He was very tired. The shock of the thing he had done kept echoing through his brain in long waves of pain until he wanted to scream and beg for mercy.

That funny face of hers, all white and frozen. That poor child's face under the widow's peak, so utterly lost—lost blue eyes in a small white face. Little lost love, and he—he had exacted his pound of flesh.

He had murdered youth and youth took things so hard. Youth, afraid of life, emeshed in the mess he and his generation had made of life, pretending to be hard-boiled, but only being afraid.

I've got to save her; somehow, I've got to send him back to comfort her, to believe in her. Somewhere she's alone and frightened, not knowing that life is too long or too short for anything to matter much.

I did this—not the other night—not then. I did it when I let her do things she didn't understand; let her live according to a code she didn't know anything about, really.

Perhaps in the end I can give her love—not mine now, but this fine boy's love, as is fitting for her.

I've got to. I know so much. Now I even know all the things I thought I had forgotten. But I must go carefully. There is danger here. Not for me. If he kills me I shan't care much. But there is danger to her.

She mustn't go through life with a scar; there mustn't be a scar of regret and forgiveness for what wasn't her fault, and fear ever after in their love.

"Your wife is a great friend of mine," he said.

"You were in love with her once," Red said. "I know what that means, in your league."

"I was in love with her once," Shep agreed. "I suppose I'm still a little in love with her. She left me—for you."

"She came crawling back," Red said. "She came back for you."

The cords on Red's neck began to swell. "I didn't want her to do that for me," he said. "What do you think I am? I—I can't stand this! I ought to kill you, and you sit there—"

"I don't see why you should kill me for lending you—and Bibi—a little money. I have such a lot." "You didn't lend it to her for nothing," Red said raggedly. "Men like you don't lend women you're in love with money for nothing."

"I see," said Shep. "So that's what you think. I'm not afraid of you any more. I wish I were your age and weight. I'd beat hell out of you for talking about Bibi like that, for daring to think such a thing of her, you impudent young ass!"

Red's head went back, rocked by the words. He got to his feet.

But Shep said in a cold, hard voice, "She's so damn much too good for you it makes me sick to think of it. She came here the other night—for you. You've been lucky enough to get a girl like that, and you act like a drooling high-school sophomore. You're old enough to know better than that, Mattson."

He got up from his chair, then, and walked over and touched Red gently on the shoulder.

"Neither of us is fit to be in the same room with her," he said. "Loyalty and courage and love and sacrifice—she's got them all. What have we got to match them?"

"And we—we dare to stand here tossing her name about and quibbling about the right and wrong of a thing she did so nobly, just because of a lot of stupid male vanity. We ought to shoot ourselves in a suicide pact and leave her free to find a man who'll appreciate her and take care of her."

His fingers pushed a little on Red's shoulder, and Red sat down. The humming was going out of his ears. There was a bitter ache in his throat, in his heart.

"You don't know a lot about Bibi yet, do you?" Shep asked. "I wish I could tell you a few things. You and Bibi—you're the same kind of people, actually. Not my kind."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You've worked your way up; you've got ambitions and ideals. You've had the

courage to take it on the chin. You've kept fighting. Bibi is like that, you know. That's why she didn't go under. You know her mother—even her mother couldn't push Bibi under, hard as she tried.

"I knew the kid then. She walked out on me and married you because she loved you. I wanted to keep her. I had a lot to offer her that the world values highly nowadays. She didn't want any of it. She wasn't having any. She wanted you—and what you stand for; she wanted a chance to make a home and have children and live a full, real life."

For a moment Shep Michaelis was silent. He looked old and tired, but he smiled for the first time.

"You kids—all of you," he went on. "We taught you all the wrong things. A sweet

When Red had gone—he said no word; he had not offered to shake hands—Shep put his face down on the table.

It had been touch and go, but he had done his best. He had tried to set things right. Maybe, he thought—maybe this column has been added up all wrong, but we have the right answer. This is the right answer.

Then he went, resolutely, to the telephone.

"Dan," he said, "you've got to do something about me. I'm going soft. I think it's about time you made an honest man of me. I can't marry you yet but if you'd care to live in sin with me until I can, we might manage a bit of fun. We're the last of the sex generation, my sweet, and we might as well go down with flying colors."

"What have we got to lose?" asked Daniella.

"Just as long as we've got dough in the bank," Shep said, "we can get away with it. Come on up and let's see if you can brighten my declining years. Grandpa has a bit of a liver, darling, so be amusing, for God's sake."

There seems to be a smell of burning bridges around here, he thought. Good healthy fire for an old man to toast his toes by, at that.

"Bibi," Red said.

The room was dark. Had she been sitting in the dark every night waiting here for him to come home? The chill of loneliness was in the very air he breathed.

"Bibi," he said again, and then saw her sitting by the window, looking out at the river. A little glow touched her head.

He went over and sat down beside her.

"I love you," he said slowly. "I've got to begin with that. I'm pretty mixed up. No, wait," as she started to speak. "I don't want to hear anything, Bibi. I don't want to know anything about what happened. I know what you are. That's the

point I lost sight of. What you are. That should have been enough. I haven't been a very good husband—hush, my sweet—I haven't."

Her hand found his, comforting, and comfort for the first time warmed him.

"I—I did the best I could," Bibi said.

"We've both made mistakes, maybe," Red said. "We've had it pretty tough. I don't think either of us ever committed a sin against love—and that's what counts. I love you, and I trust you. We've got a long, tough way to go. It's not necessary for me to know every little thing as long as I know I trust you. If you want to go on . . ."

"Forever, Red," Bibi said.

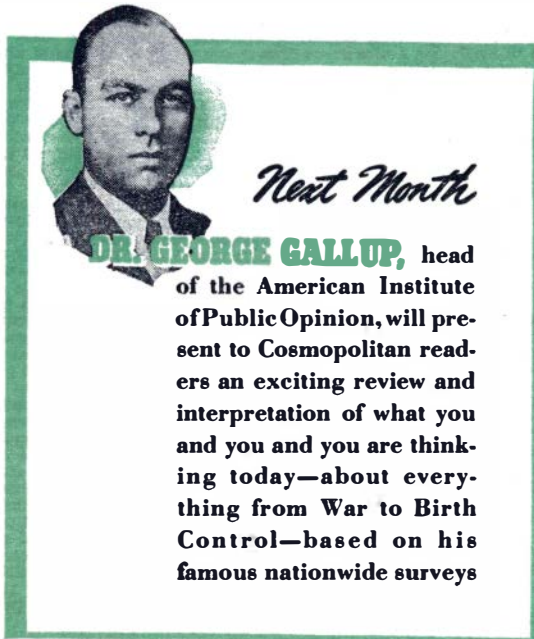
"I make lousy speeches," Red said, "but I'll do my best."

"Me, too," said Bibi.

"I guess," said Red, "that's about all any of us can do. I guess when we know better we'll do better."

They sat side by side, watching life go by on the river, as a man and wife should. They would never be quite as young and carefree as they had been before, but they knew they had each other.

THE END



mess we handed you. Well, you've got to do something about it. Whatever Bibi did in this room the other night need never hurt you or your pride or your honor. Whatever she did, she did for you—and if she made some mistakes it was because she didn't understand.

"But that's a small thing to hold against her, isn't it? Women often don't know how men feel. Women are too fine—the fine ones. Beware of a woman who understands men. They're made of commoner clay, like us.

"You go home and get down on your knees and ask her to forgive you for being such a fool, and then try to make up to her for the suffering you've caused her these last few days.

"I know something about women—whether they're good or bad. Bibi's the best. Now, you get out of here and tell Bibi I'll probably marry Daniella before it's all over.

"I don't care whether you take my money or Daniella's. Work hard and pay it back and give Bibi a chance. I'm a friend of Bibi's and so is Daniella, but—we both have our peculiarities. Now, get out of here—and behave yourself."





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**PRIZE-WINNERS ANNOUNCED ON "Mary Marlin"—"The O'Neills," and "Gospel Singer" Mondays through Fridays—shortly after the close of each contest. See your newspaper for time and stations.**



**FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES**

1. Simply finish the sentence, "I advise a bride to use Ivory Flakes because . . ." writing 25 additional words or less. Write on one side of a sheet of paper. Print or write your name and address. Please send no extra letters, drawings, or photographs with your entry.
2. You can enter these contests as often as you like but each sentence must be accompanied by a box-top from either size Ivory Flakes (or facsimile). Mail to Ivory Flakes, Dept. M, Box 778, Cincinnati, Ohio.
3. There will be 25 daily contests running from June 5 through July 7, 1939, inclusive, (except Saturdays and Sundays). There will be ten major daily prizes of \$100 cash and 20 daily secondary prizes, each six pairs of \$1.35 Holeproof silk stockings. Each of the daily cash prize-winners is eligible for a final grand prize of \$5,000.
4. Entries received before Monday, June 5 will be entered in the first day's contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each day's contest as received. Entries for the final day's contest from

- Continental United States and Canada must be postmarked before midnight, July 7; Hawaiian entries must be received before July 14.
5. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought concerning the qualities and uses of Ivory Flakes. Decision of the judges will be final. Fancy entries will not count extra. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.
6. Any resident of Continental United States, Hawaii or the Dominion of Canada may compete, except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies and the families of these employees. Contests subject to all Dominion, Federal, Provincial and Local Regulations.
7. Daily cash prize-winners will be announced shortly after the close of each daily contest over Ivory's popular radio programs: "Mary Marlin," "The O'Neills," and "The Gospel Singer." Winners of Holeproof Stocking prizes will be notified by letter and allowed to make their size and color selections from swatches enclosed.

**SAVE THIS INFORMATION ON HOW TO ENTER THIS CONTEST**

Here's a "gold-mine" of facts about Ivory Flakes to help you write several entries. Start now—send in all your sentence-endings. Don't throw away any idea—it may be a winner!

1. Ivory Flakes protect lovely colors of trousseau underwear.
2. Nightly washing with Ivory Flakes helps silk stockings wear longer.
3. Gentle Ivory Flakes washing helps keep wool blankets soft and fluffy.
4. Ivory Flakes help protect surface of linoleum and wood-work.
5. Ivory Flakes help protect glaze and color of fine china, makes say.
6. Ivory Flakes in the dishpan help keep hands smooth.

**Finish sentence "I ADVISE A BRIDE TO USE IVORY FLAKES BECAUSE . . ." in 25 words or less. Attach an Ivory Flakes box-top (either size) or facsimile. Send entry to IVORY FLAKES, Dept. M, Box 778, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

