Frederic Wakeman's First Story Since "THE HUCKSTERS"

Hearsts International Combined with

COSMOPOLITAN

May 35¢

Damon Runyon's last story: The Stork Club

Introducing Revlon's New "Fashionplate"

Cream Wafer
Face Make-up

Not a Cake!

Non-Drying!

No Water Needed!

The first real fashion make-up ever created

Imagine! You put it on as you would a wonderful hat for an instant change in your appearance!

Imagine! "Fashion Plate" is a firm wafer BUT it changes at your touch to delicate cream fluff! No water needed. So easy to use!

Imagine! You change, too, as this dreamy-fine Cream Wafer transforms your complexion with a radiant illusion of poreless-as-porcelain perfection. You've never been this pretty before!

the only Cream Wafer face make-up in the world!

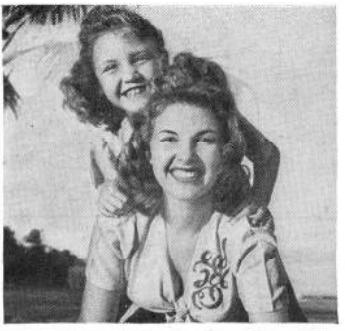
Imagine! No mask-y look! No fear of clogging or drying! "Fashion Plate"—the one and only Cream Wafer make-up—is and does everything you've ever dreamed! Even the sensitive skin will bless it. Hard to believe? You'll see!

In madly beautiful "Ultra Violet" and ten other Revlon "Genius" colors. 1.75 plus tax.

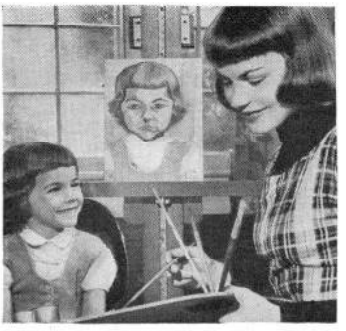
REVLON . . . creators of world-famous color originals in Nail Enamel • Lipstick • Face Powder

Touch it, feel the difference. Just stroke it on.

Natalie Reid of Westchester, N. Y. and son "Jojo"



Laura O'Banion and daughter Patty of Miami, Fla.



Kitty Higgins of Lebanon, N. J. and daughter Kate

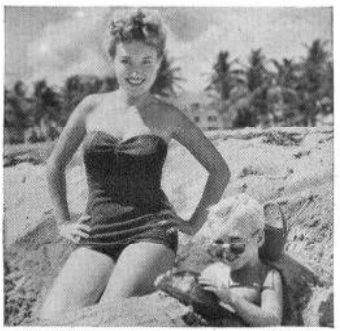
Clare Van Syckle and son of Fort Lee, N. J.

10 Model Mothers, 12 youngsters, 22 sparkling smiles!

THESE LOVELY models have smiled at you from the covers of countless magazines. And with their children, they've brightened many a page in Ipana's "Model" Mother series. Now see them all together—and see how effective "model" dental care can be.

For these mothers have taught their youngsters to follow their own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing followed by gentle gum massage with Ipana,* the tooth paste specially designed for this purpose.

This dental care *must* be the right one—it's based on the same theme thousands of schools and dentists teach—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

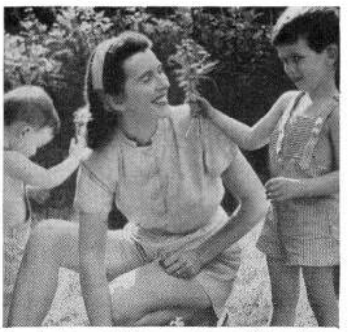


Virginia Swensen and son Georgie of Miami

Beverly Hills' Mary Brewer and daughter Susie

Evelyn Condon and Debby of New York City

Janet, Margaret and "Hank" Johnson of N. Y. C.



Connie Joannes Dickman and sons of New Jersey

Nancy and Harriett Shepard of Florida

Product of Bristol-Myers

Firmer gums, brighter teeth—with Ipana and Massage

Picture of the Month

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

VAN JOHNSON · JUNE ALLYSON

in

"HIGH BARBAREE"

Thomas MITCHELL · Marilyn MAXWELL

HENRY HULL · CLAUDE JARMAN, Jr.

Original Screen Play by
ANNE MORRISON CHAPIN, WHITFIELD COOK, and CYRIL HUME

Based on the Novel by
CHARLES NORDHOFF and JAMES NORMAN HALL

Produced by.....EVERETT RISKIN
Directed by.....JACK CONWAY

There are man writers of adventure stories, but few whose works bear the stamp of greatness. In our day, the crown of Alexandre Dumas and the mantle of Joseph Conrad fall to Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Famed for "Mutiny on the Bounty", they now give to the screen "High Barbaree", a story taut and tense, packed with adventu e, woven through with a tender and memorable love story.

To capture all the mood, all the romance, all the adventure, there is Van Johnson in a role quite different from any he has played. At times tough and dramatic, at times suave and civilized, his is a characterization you'll like. June Allyson, more attractive than ever, proves once again that she can strike all the dramatic notes on the scale.

High Barbaree . . . High Barbaree . . . even the beauty of its name summons up vistons of a tropical isle lapped by the dappling blue of the Pacific, languorous, lovely, peaceful beyond belief. And this dream of "High Barbaree" is brought enchantingly to the screen.

Its characters are people you might know—the people next door, their son and daughters. If there is wild danger to threaten their lives, there is also magnificent hope—and it finds its realization on that most wonderful of all islands, "High Barbaree".

Heading a genuinely fine supporting cast are Thomas Mitchell, even saltier than the sea he loves . . . glamurous Marilyn Maxwell as the "other" girl in Van's life . . . Claude Jarman, Jr., young star of "The Yearling", and Henry Hull. We also bow toward Producer Everett Riskin and Director Jack Conway.

We heap high praise upon "High Barbaree" for its excitement, its beauty, its tenderness, its suspense. To miss it would be to turn down an invitation to Romance!

Hearst International combined with
Cosmopolitan
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

ARTHUR GORDON, *Editor*
RICHARD E. BERLIN, *Exec. Vice-President*

ALICE SHERIDAN, *Executive Editor* — DALE EUNSON, *Fiction Editor*
JOE McCARTHY, *Article Editor* — EDMOND WITALIS, *Art Editor*

Associate Editors:
HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE — ELISE DENNING — THOMAS C. HARDMAN
LARRY G. NEWMAN — JOHN J. O'CONNELL — PERCY WAXMAN

Make-up: LOUELLA STELL — *Fashions:* HINDA GOULD

may 1947 — VOL. 122, NO. 5

THE BLUE RIBBON STORY

TWO NOVELETTES

SERIAL

NINE SHORT STORIES

SEVEN ARTICLES

FOURTEEN SPECIAL FEATURES

PICTURE STORY:

Cover Girl by Coby Whitmore

COSMOPOLITAN IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HEARST MAGAZINES INC., 57TH STREET AT EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N. Y., U. S. A. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, PRESIDENT; RICHARD E. BERLIN, EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT; JOHN E. HEARST, VICE-PRESIDENT; A. S. MOORE, VICE-PRESIDENT; E. H. McHUGH, VICE-PRESIDENT; R. H. BACHMAN, VICE-PRESIDENT; HARRY M. DUNLAP, VICE-PRESIDENT; FRED LEWIS, TREASURER; R. F. McCAULEY, SECRETARY. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: UNITED STATES AND POSSESSIONS, $3.50 FOR ONE YEAR, $5.50 FOR TWO YEARS, $7.50 FOR THREE YEARS. CANADA $4.00 FOR ONE YEAR. PAN-AMERICAN COUNTRIES AND SPAIN $4.50 FOR ONE YEAR. OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES $5.50 FOR ONE YEAR. FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS GIVE OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS THE NEW, WITH POSTAL ZONE NUMBER IF ANY, AND ALLOW FIVE WEEKS FOR CHANGE TO BECOME EFFECTIVE. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, CANADA. MANUSCRIPTS MUST BE TYPEWRITTEN AND WILL NOT BE RETURNED UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY SUFFICIENT POSTAGE. COSMOPOLITAN ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR THEIR SAFETY.

Will it ever come to this?

Will the law ever require women who are careless about their breath to wear bells warning others of their approach? It's not a bad idea. You can understand why if you ever came face-to-face with a case of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

This all too common offense is likely to stamp any woman, or man, as an objectionable person to be avoided.

Don't take your breath for granted. Don't assume it's O. K. when it may be quite the opposite. You yourself may not know when you're guilty. Let Listerine Antiseptic help to put you on the polite side. Use it before any date. Almost at once Listerine Antiseptic makes your breath sweeter, fresher . . . less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Never omit Listerine Antiseptic.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

BEFORE ANY DATE...

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

FOR ORAL HYGIENE

What's ? Going On

Arline Heatter's father is a doctor who subscribes to a lot of magazines for the table in his waiting room. Arline tells us that of the whole bunch, Cosmopolitan was always her favorite. (We might add that Arline is a very polite girl and, when she was telling us this, she knew darn well we did not work for Good Housekeeping or Popular Mechanics.) "And ever since I was a little girl," she says, "I always wanted to have my picture on the cover of Cosmopolitan." So naturally she is pretty excited this month because her wish has come true. Arline, who has just reached the ripe old age of twenty, weighs one hundred and three pounds and stands five feet three inches, without heels. She never diets. A little over a year ago, while she was taking the premedical undergraduate course at New York University, she married Merrill Heatter, a Navy veteran who happens to be a nephew of Gabriel Heatter, the radio commentator, and a cousin of Basil Heatter, the author of "The Dim View," an excerpt from which was published in Cosmopolitan last November under the title, "The Last Raid." Five months ago she left college in the middle of her senior year to become a model. Seems that her uncle, a photographer, showed her picture to somebody and he said—oh, well, you know . . . Now she spends her days posing—mostly for magazine illustrators and for hat ads—and then rushing home to Jackson Heights, a Long Island suburb of New York, to get supper for her husband, who works in the production end of radio. Always interested in Cosmopolitan admirers, we asked Arline how the magazine was doing these days. "Well," she confessed, "I haven't read it for five months." In other words, we pointed out, she has not had time to read magazines since she started to pose for magazine illustrations. "Why, yes," she said, a little surprised. "I guess that's right, isn't it?" We advised her sternly to quit the modeling business at once.

This Month's Cover Girl

As constant readers of this quaint column have noted, it doesn't take much to remind us of some kind of a story. Leafing through this issue and noticing horses in three different illustrations (Pages 27, 61 and 64), we wondered (a) if this were not some kind of a record for magazines outside of the turf and hunting journal class and (b) if the automobile is here to stay. And it also reminded us of the story of the recluse in the Tennessee hills who, on account of the housing shortage, was forced to share his lonely hut with another recluse. They remained silent, of course, for ten days. On the eleventh day the second recluse said, "Saw a white horse today." There were twenty-three more days of silence. On the following evening the second recluse said, "Saw a black horse today." The first recluse arose in disgust and started to pack his haversack. "Leaving?" his roommate asked. "Yep," said the first recluse. "Why?" persisted his friend. The first recluse grimaced. "Too much horse talk," he said.

Frederic Wakeman's short story on Page 52, "Doctor Wilder's Dilemma," is the first piece of fiction that he has published since his much-discussed novel, "The Hucksters." Partly because of the housing shortage in America, Wakeman and his wife and children have been living in Bermuda while he works on his next novel. We tried to get him to tell us what the book was all about the last time we saw him, but he wouldn't talk. He did tell us, though, about a letter he received from an English professor complaining about the way the word "sincere" was used in "The Hucksters." As you probably recall, the advertising gentlemen in the Wakeman book wore sincere neckties, used a sincere approach in selling a client a new and sensationally sincere idea for a sincere radio show and generally tried to be as sincere as possible. The baffled professor informed Wakeman that he could find in no reference library any precedent for employing the word as it was used in "The Hucksters." He asked Wakeman to be more careful in the future about his language because he was creating a bad example for college freshmen and sophomores. "The Hucksters," (*Continued on page 14*)

WALTER J. BLACK, PRESIDENT OF THE DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB, OFFERS

FREE—THESE THREE GREAT Perry Mason MYSTERIES

TO NEW MEMBERS

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Complete IN THIS ONE MAGNIFICENT TRIPLE VOLUME

IMAGINE! Yours FREE—THREE baffling full-length mysteries by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER, famous creator of Perry Mason, and the man the Saturday Evening Post calls "The Undisputed King of Mystery Writers."

Every thrilling word by the great Gardner is here—each story is absolutely *complete* and *unabridged*. Here is a triple-decker Mason "Murder-Go-Round" that every mystery fan will "eat up." And it is yours—FREE—as a membership gift from the Detective Book Club!

ALL THREE BY ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

SIX MILLION COPIES OF HIS BOOKS WERE SOLD LAST YEAR ALONE!

1 THE CASE OF THE BORROWED BRUNETTE

"BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE—colorful work—AT $50 A DAY!" It all starts with that advertisement!

Gorgeous Eva Martell accepts the job. All she must do is occupy a swanky apartment and receive no visitors. She asks Perry Mason if it's legal. He decides it is within the law—until Eva's employer is found IN the apartment with a bullet through his head!

2 THE CASE OF THE HALF-WAKENED WIFE

IT'S the dead of night. You are aboard a yacht. Suddenly . . . A scream! A splash! A shot! Then the cry, "Man Overbo-o-oard!" And you find yourself clutching a beautiful woman who is holding a gun—from which one shot has just been fired!

The lady stands accused of murder. Mason, now her lawyer, is the ONLY person who believes her innocent. So what does she do? She FIRES him!

3 THE CASE OF THE BLACK-EYED BLONDE

JUST ONE blonde can cause enough trouble—and Mason is tangled up with THREE! No. 1 bursts into his office wearing practically nothing but a fur coat—and a "wow" of a black-eye! No. 2 is having suspicious "in-law" trouble. And Mason finds No. 3 sprawled in the mud, a bullet through her head!

Can No. 2 help Mason prove that No. 1 didn't murder No. 3?

WHY THE DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB GIVES YOU THIS TRIPLE-VOLUME FREE

YES!—THREE great Perry Mason masterpieces FREE—as a membership gift from the Detective Book Club. We make this astounding offer so you can see for yourself the kind of top-notch triple-decker treats you can get every month from the Detective Book Club.

How This Club Brings You the Best Mysteries

About 300 new detective books are published every year. It's hard to find the best. But a mystery by Erle Stanley Gardner, Ellery Queen, Mignon G. Eberhart, Carter Dickson, or Agatha Christie is sure to be good! ALL OF THESE, and many other famous writers have had their books selected by the Detective Book Club. Many are members of the Club themselves!

The selections of the Club are ALL newly published books. As a member, you get three of them in one volume (a $6.00 value) for only $1.89!

You Enjoy These Five Advantages

(1) Every month you are offered 3 of the finest brand-new detective books—by the best authors. (2) You save two-thirds the usual cost. (3) You do NOT have to accept every monthly selection. (4) Your books are fresh, clean, unopened—delivered right to your door. (5) Your volumes are so well printed and bound, that they grow into an attractive library of detective masterpieces.

Mail Coupon NOW for Your Free Book

Accept your FREE COPY of this triple-volume Perry Mason NOW! Your acceptance of this book, as a membership gift from the Club, will not obligate you to take every month's three-in-one selection. Take as few as four each year that you are a member. Cancel your membership whenever you wish. A description of the next month's selections will be sent to you with each month's triple-volume, and you may reject in advance any volume you do not want.

SEND NO MONEY! Simply mail the coupon *promptly* and receive your membership gift book FREE—and receive, in addition, the current triple-volume containing *three more* complete new detective books! Address the coupon NOW to:

DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

DBC DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB

SEND NO MONEY

Walter J. Black, President GGGD
DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member and send me, FREE, the three-in-one gift volume pictured on this page. In addition, send me the current triple-volume of the month which *also* contains three complete new detective books.

This does not obligate me to take every monthly triple-volume during the next 12 months. I may take as few as four during this period, if I so wish.

I will receive an advance description of all forthcoming selections and may reject in advance any volume I do not wish to own. I need send no money now, but for each volume I do accept I will send only $1.89, plus few cents mailing charges, as complete payment, within one week after I receive it. (*Books shipped in U. S. A. only.*)

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss _____
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address _____

City _____ Zone No. (if any) _____ State _____

It was this way, Judge

During a Rhode Island divorce hearing, the husband brought witnesses to court to testify that the wife had gone on a number of fishing trips with his business partner. "That is true, Your Honor," the wife admitted. "But I was just following my doctor's orders. He told me, 'Get all the sunshine you can.'"

Patrons of a San Francisco night spot watched a middle-aged man plying his pet duck with whisky sours. Most of them laughed as the duck staggered drunkenly along the bar, sampling other customers' drinks, but when the bird lost its balance and tail spinned to the floor, one of the patrons telephoned the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Brought into court the next day, the owner explained, "I'm training this little duck for a movie career. He's as smart as they come, but a little bit shy. All I was trying to do was teach him to lose his inhibitions and make friends with people.

A burly Providence truck driver admitted assaulting his wife, but insisted it was only because she had seemed so markedly inhospitable to his friends—particularly to nine of them he had brought home from a barroom to introduce to her at 2:35 o'clock one morning.

New York police received a telephone tip about a woman carrying a pistol in downtown Manhattan, not far from Times Square. Approaching cautiously, they found a smartly dressed sixty-year-old Ohio woman, wearing pince-nez and holding a German-made automatic pistol.

"When I told my friends I was coming to New York," she explained, "they pointed out what a wild place it was and said I'd better bring this along to protect myself."

In Palo Alto, California, a patrolman noticed a man driving an automobile backwards through the middle of town. He followed the car for several blocks, then motioned to the driver to pull over to the curb.

"What's the matter with you?" the cop asked. "Are you crazy?"

"Oh, no," the man said. "I rented this car, and I pay according to the number of miles I drive it. I'm just trying to save a little money—the speedometer doesn't register in reverse."

A Detroit trolley-car motorman was arrested after his wife turned up in a local hospital, minus the tip of her nose. "She kept sticking her nose into my business," the motorman explained. "So I just decided to slice it off."

In Peoria, Illinois, a twenty-seven-year-old man, arrested for zigzagging along the main street, said, "My girl got the hiccups, and I was just trying to scare them out of her."

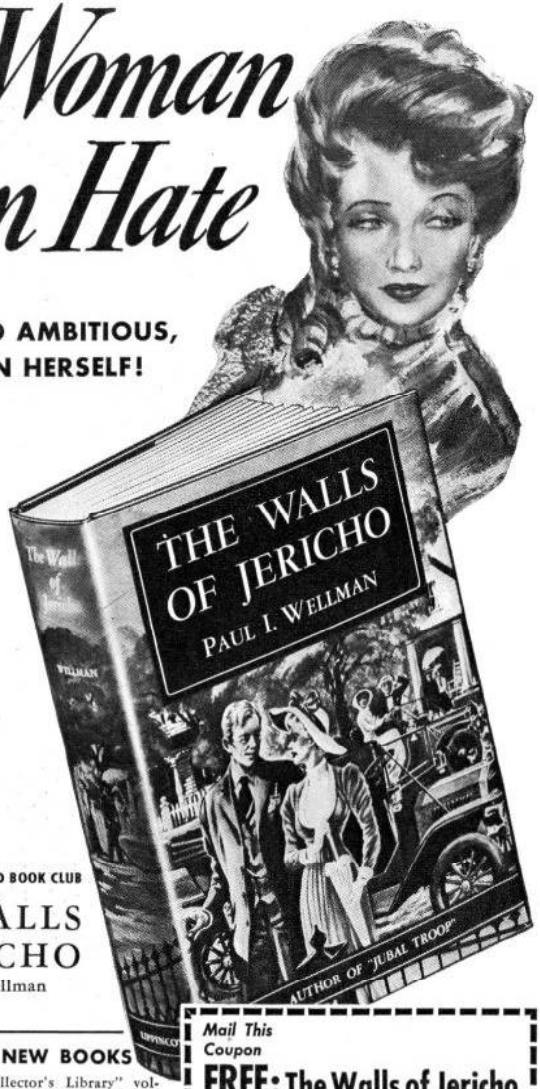
When a homeowner in Tulsa, Oklahoma, reported that his lawn mower had been stolen from his front walk, police followed the tracks and found a youth still pushing the mower along the sidewalk, several blocks from the house.

"I didn't steal it," the youth asserted. "I bumped into it while I was coming down the sidewalk and was too lazy to walk around it—so I just kept pushing it away."

A San Diego woman vehemently denied that she had been drinking but could think of no other explanation of how she happened to be thrown from a horse—on a merry-go-round.

By Myrick Land

The Kind of Woman Most Women Hate



TOO SHREWD—TOO CLEVER—TOO AMBITIOUS, SHE FINALLY OUTSMARTED EVEN HERSELF!

"THE WALLS OF JERICHO" is the story of a subtle, unscrupulous woman—and the strange ambition which drove her to schemes and actions that will make you gasp. She was the kind of woman *men* fall in love with, for a while . . . but whom *women* hate on sight—and always! The havoc she wrought, the lives she wrecked, the tragedies that resulted from her plotting are masterpieces of fictional delineation.

But Algeria Wedge is only *one* of the women portrayed in this swiftly-paced novel of conflict! You will remember Belle, the pretty but slovenly wife of Dave Constable, completely dominated by her wretched mother. And you'll get a lump in your throat when you meet beautiful, capable Julia Norman, the girl Dave really loved—but couldn't have!

Not in years has there been a novel with so much in it about so many people you know. And never has there been so dramatic a warning to women who are too *shrewd* and too *clever* for their own good! Says the *N.Y. Times:* "Violent action, dramatic scenes, pathos, melodrama and noble love . . . immensely readable." A smashing best-seller all over the country in the publisher's edition at $3.00, you can get *your* copy absolutely *free* by joining the Literary Guild, as explained below.

TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE LITERARY GUILD BOOK CLUB

Free THE WALLS *of* JERICHO

By Paul I. Wellman

HOW TO SAVE UP TO 50% ON OUTSTANDING NEW BOOKS

It costs nothing to join the Literary Guild Book Club—*the largest book club in the world.* There are no fees or membership dues of any kind.

Each month you will receive a copy of "Wings"—the attractive and readable book-review magazine which describes the forthcoming Guild selection.

From this description you decide whether or not you wish to receive the book selected. If *not,* you simply return the form provided for that purpose; otherwise, the new book will come to you automatically immediately upon publication. In this way you *will not miss reading* the new Club selections you want while they are *brand new.*

Free Bonus Books

To retain your membership in the Guild it is not necessary to accept a book each month—only *four* selections during the entire year. And you pay only $2.00 (plus postage and handling charge) for each instead of the publisher's regular retail price of $2.50 to $3.50.

In addition to these big savings, for each four Guild books you purchase you will receive, as a *free bonus,* a copy of one of the beautifully printed, handsomely bound "Collector's Library" volumes which sell at retail for $5.00 each—books you will want for your permanent home library.

Free Membership Gift Book

By joining the Guild now you *will no longer miss reading the NEW books you want* and you will save up to 50% of the retail price. You will receive "Wings" every month to keep you informed of the best new books of all publishers; and you will receive at once, without charge, a copy of "The Walls of Jericho," described above.

Furthermore, as a new member you may have any one of the selections described below for only $2.00 instead of the higher price of the publisher's edition—and each book you purchase now will count towards free bonus books!

Send No Money—Mail Coupon Now

In spite of greatly increased cost of book manufacture, by joining the Guild now your new membership can be accepted at once, and you will be guaranteed against any increase in price on Guild selections for a year. Send no money—but mail the coupon NOW.

START YOUR SUBSCRIPTION WITH ONE OF THESE BEST-SELLERS—AT ONLY $2.00

B. F.'S DAUGHTER—*By John P. Marquand*
The story of a poor little rich girl whose money could buy everything she wanted—except love!

LYDIA BAILEY—*By Kenneth Roberts*
Albion Hamlin fights for justice, for freedom, and for lovely Lydia Bailey—an irresistible heroine!

PAVILION OF WOMEN—*By Pearl S. Buck*
She longed to be done with domestic problems—but it was a spiritual love which made her free!

MRS. MIKE—*By Benedict & Nancy Freedman*
Kathy struggled bravely against hardships—but her love for Mike made suffering worth while!

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC., Publishers, Garden City, N. Y.

Mail This Coupon

FREE: The Walls of Jericho

Literary Guild of America, Inc., Publishers
Dept. 5C, Garden City, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a Literary Guild Book Club subscriber and send me at once "The Walls of Jericho" as a gift. Also send me as my first selection for $2.00 the book I have checked below:

☐ **B. F.'s Daughter** ☐ **Pavilion of Women**
☐ **Lydia Bailey** ☐ **Mrs. Mike**

With these books will come my first issue of the Brochure "Wings," telling about the forthcoming Literary Guild selection which will be offered for $2.00 plus shipping charge to members only, regardless of the higher retail price of the publisher's edition. I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish to purchase any Guild selection. The purchase of Guild selections is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only four during the year—to fulfill my membership requirement. I am to receive a bonus book for every four Guild selections I purchase.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss ..... *(Please Print)*
Street and No. .....
City ..... *(if any)* **Zone No.** ... **State** .....
Occupation ..... **Age, if Under 21** .....

Price in Canada, $2.20; 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Can.

CAROL BRANDT

The Cosmopolite of the Month

Although Carol Brandt could easily pass for a trim thirty, she insists she was born July 28, 1904, thereby adding a dozen invisible years to her life. This not only puts her in a class by herself, it also puts her under the zodiacal sign of Leo the Lion, and her successful career as an author, agent and editor would seem to support the astrologists' claim that Leo people are particularly suited to vocations that embrace writing.

Undoubtedly one of the ten highest-paid women in New York, Carol Brandt has been working for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer since 1945, when two gentlemen from Hollywood, a Mr. Mayer and a Mr. Schenck, who know a good thing when they see it, offered her a position—too exalted, apparently, for a title—at a salary that almost qualifies her for the one-hundred-percent tax bracket. Carol is charged with acquiring the movie rights to promising new novels and stories for her studio. And since M-G-M, as the trademark indicates, expects her to furnish the lion's share, in addition to keeping a keen eye on the written word in America, the lady dashes over to inspect the European literary market several times a year. She also cooperates with publishers in subsidizing struggling young authors, and directs the committee that makes the annual Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer award.

The stargazers maintain that it is natural for Leo people to have such energy. Our Cosmopolite gave early evidence of this as a student at Barnard College in New York when her restlessness frequently drove her to long contemplative walks through upper Manhattan late at night. Barnard parted company with its rambling coed when her absence on one such occasion was reported to the dean by an unfriendly elevator operator. A year at secretarial school followed before Carol married Drew Hill, the late writer.

While in Budapest with her husband, the youthful Mrs. Hill sold her first magazine story. She continued to write as a free-lance author until shortly before Mr. Hill's death in 1929, and her association with writers and agents in Europe proved invaluable when she hung up her pen and returned to New York to work for Ann Watkins, the agent.

Carol was fired when she married her present husband, Carl Brandt, a rival agent, but Mr. Brandt, although he loved his wife dearly, refused to have her as a business partner. Mrs. Brandt nodded cheerfully, opened her own agency, and, what's more, made a shouting success of it. Mr. Brandt claims he still does not know quite what to make of all this.

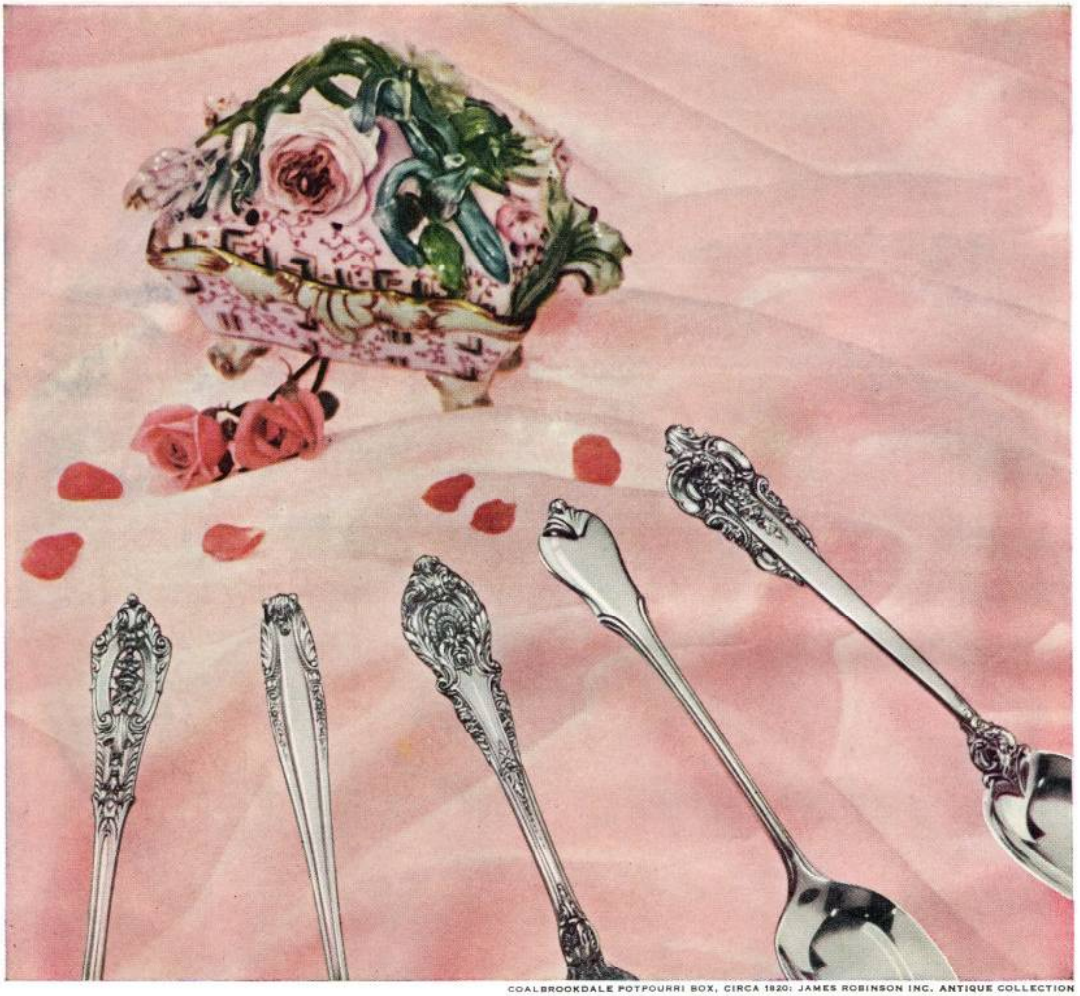
Carl Denny Brandt, aged eleven, and Victoria Brandt, eight, seem to stand little chance of escaping the literary virus, even though neither of them are Leo people. Their mother says her offspring have yet to enter a room in the Brandt apartment without wading knee-deep through their parents' manuscripts. Their father says the Brandt children have come to accept this phase of their home life with as much unconcern as they regard Carol Brandt's unique position in the highly competitive masculine field she has successfully invaded.

La Cross hands you a new idea!

Naylon, the new nail polish miracle!
Genius designed this bottle that won't tip, tilt
or topple. And genius made this Steady Stroke
Applicator too. It's easy to hold as a pencil, applies
polish as simply as you sign your name. Naylon
itself is a *dream* nail polish...dries faster,
lasts longer, is flexible as a fingernail. You'll find
the colors tantalizing...especially flaming, vibrant
Congo Magic. Yes, La Cross puts polish
perfection at your fingertips...60¢ plus fed. tax.

and in a word it's Naylon by La Cross

SCHNEFEL BROS. CORPORATION • 630 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 20, N.Y. NAYLON TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



COALBROOKDALE POTPOURRI BOX, CIRCA 1820: JAMES ROBINSON INC. ANTIQUE COLLECTION

More than a century of incomparable craftsmanship

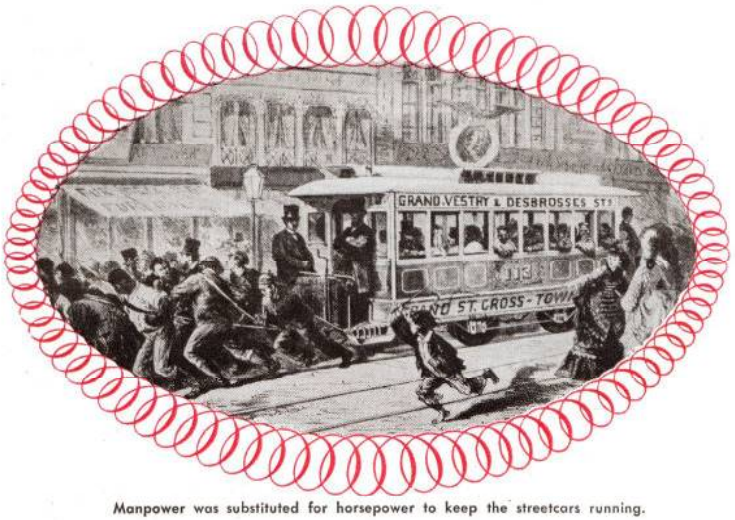
WALLACE STERLING

All Sterling is silver clear through — but there must be genuine artistry in its "working" to make a Sterling truly precious. Look for things like carving in complete contour, delicacy of detail, perfect balance — both in weight and in line. These are qualities which in their epitomy of projection spell that exclusively Wallace Third Dimension Beauty which sight alone can fully describe. Wallace is unchallengeable in terms of craft as well as great design. From left to right these exclusively Wallace patterns with third dimension beauty: Rose Point, Stradivari, Sir Christopher, Grand Colonial, Grande Baroque. Six-piece place settings (luncheon knife, luncheon fork, teaspoon, cream soup spoon, salad fork, butter spreader) about $25 to $30.

Ask for Wallace Sterling Silver Polish — saves time and effort.

Wallace Silversmiths, Wallingford, Conn. • *Since* 1835 • R. Wallace & Sons of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

THE CHOICE YOU MAKE ONCE FOR A LIFETIME . . . THAT'S WHEN NOTHING LESS THAN THE FINEST WILL SATISFY



Manpower was substituted for horsepower to keep the streetcars running.

THE GREAT TRANSIT CRISIS of 1872

A horse-disease epidemic in the wake of a cold wave from the north threw the Eastern states into a transportation turmoil in November of 1872. In all major cities horse-drawn streetcar travel was seriously interrupted and, in some instances, suspended completely. Storage houses near docks were filled to overflowing with products which could not be transported. Fresh produce rotted in wholesale centers. The few horse owners whose animals escaped the grippelike disease reaped tremendous profits during the two-week epidemic.

Railroad and stage companies were the first to feel the effects of the scourge, and in New York the few surface cars left running were jam packed with fighting, shoving customers. Teams of oxen soon appeared on the city's streets, much to the curiosity of New Yorkers. Employees of dairies and grocery stores were delivering essential foods on foot, the dairymen with milk cans suspended from shoulder rests.

Prices paid for the luxury of horse-drawn transport were exorbitant. One drayman was given $100 for transporting 100 barrels of whisky a few blocks. From $15 to $25 a load of ordinary merchandise was a common charge.

At the height of the epidemic in Boston, carts and in some cases heavy trucks were moved by manpower. Streetcar companies were so reduced that total suspension of service was prevented only by the offer of drivers to pull the cars by hand. In this way a few trips were continued, with fares increased to twenty-five cents. Boys harnessed to wheelbarrows trotted along the streets like colts as they ran essential errands. At one downtown Boston street corner, the following sign was tacked up:

"Men wanted to draw wagons. No objection to race, color or previous condition of servitude."

Oxen locomotion was slow but sure when disease felled the dray horses.

Passengers struggled for toe holds on the few streetcars operating.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

By Hans Schoenfeld

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY LUHRS

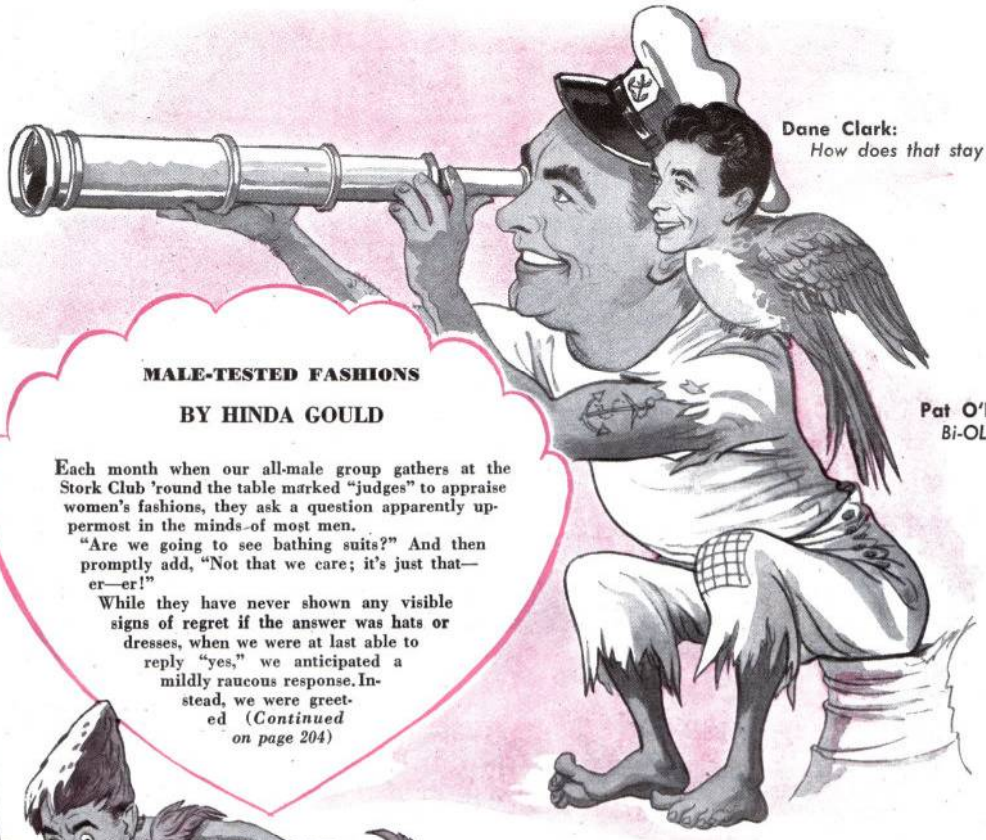
MALE-TESTED FASHIONS

BY HINDA GOULD

Each month when our all-male group gathers at the Stork Club 'round the table marked "judges" to appraise women's fashions, they ask a question apparently uppermost in the minds of most men.

"Are we going to see bathing suits?" And then promptly add, "Not that we care; it's just that—er—er!"

While they have never shown any visible signs of regret if the answer was hats or dresses, when we were at last able to reply "yes," we anticipated a mildly raucous response. Instead, we were greeted (*Continued on page 204*)

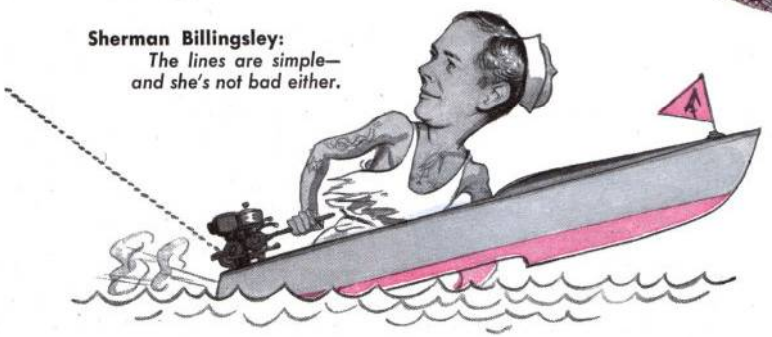


Dane Clark:
How does that stay up?

Pat O'Brien:
Bi-OLOGY!

Stanley Marcus:
It takes self-control to wear this!

Sherman Billingsley:
The lines are simple—and she's not bad either.



Jack Williams:
The proportion is good between the upper third and the lower two thirds.

What's Going On

(*Continued from page 4*)

by the way, is being filmed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with Clark Gable in the leading role.

Frederic Wakeman

Speaking of books being made into movies, Kenneth Roberts, author of "Lydia Bailey" was quoted in an interview with Robert van Gelder, which appeared in our February issue, as remarking that Twentieth-Century-Fox had seen galley proofs of his novel before they bought the screen rights for $200,000. Well, when Twentieth-Century-Fox read the interview, they took violent exception to Mr. Roberts' statement. They have witnesses to prove that he erred when he said that they looked at the product before they bought it. Twentieth-Century-Fox wants it clearly understood that they paid two hundred thousand for "Lydia Bailey" sight unseen. But, as Sidney Skolsky says, don't get us wrong; we love Hollywood.

Earl Gross, a partner in a Chicago art studio, who paints in his spare time, was one of the prime movers in the conception and promotion of the competition for illustrators which was sponsored by Cosmopolitan and three Chicago art groups. The contest was based on an interesting plan. Cosmopolitan distributed copies of a story by Gordon Malherbe Hillman called "The Frustration of Peggy Allen" to more than two hundred artists in the Chicago area. The artists were to paint an illustration for the story—the three best ones to be published in Cosmopolitan with the story. Gross is a great encourager of young and unknown artists. He practically forced one of them, named John Howard, to enter the contest. Howard, a native of Kansas City, is an artist whose progress was interrupted and almost halted by an attack of spinal meningitis in the thirties. Gross also submitted a painting of his own. The judges were Edmond Witalis, art editor of Cosmopolitan and three nationally known illustrators—Al Parker, Harold von Schmidt and Austin Briggs. The signature on each painting was hidden by a strip of tape to prevent the judges from being influenced by other work of the artists that they might remember. The Gross painting won second prize. It was beaten

only by the work of the artist whom Gross had persuaded to enter the contest—John Howard.

You'll find the Hillman story and the Howard illustration on Pages 60 and 61 of this issue. The Gross painting is on Page 62, along with that of the third-prize winner, Mary Miller, a twenty-one-year-old Chicago free-lance artist who used to live in Spokane, Washington, and Portland, Oregon. Cosmopolitan plans to sponsor similar contests in other sections of the country.

While we are on the subject of art, we would like to point with pride to a water color of a race-track scene by Hardie Gramatky, which won the Fifth Annual Award in the Audubon Artists Exhibition in New York. Gramatky did the painting originally as an illustration for a Beryl Markham short story, "The Quitter" which appeared in last July's Cosmopolitan . . .

Next month's Cosmopolitan features fiction by one of the oldest and one of the newest of this country's favorite writers—Peter B. Kyne and John Hersey. Hersey's story has the provocative title, "The Woman Who Took Gold Intravenously." We're not saying what it's about.

It is appropriate that Damon Runyon's last magazine article (Page 23) should be about the Stork Club because that was the place where he spent most of his evenings during the last few years of his life. He liked to sit at Table Fifty in the Cub Room with his friend Walter Winchell, listening to conversation, observing the passing scene, scrawling comments on the pad of paper which he used after an operation for the cancerous growth in his throat made it impossible for him to talk. It took him almost eight months to write the Billingsley-Stork Club article. He was suffering from his last illness while he worked on it, and he had to stop frequently and put the manuscript aside for a few weeks. But he refused to give up on the assignment.

By the way, Walter Winchell reported recently that Sherman Billingsley was born in Louisiana, not Oklahoma as Runyon states in his article. Mr. B himself agrees with Runyon, however, that he first saw the light of day in the back room of an Enid grocery store. As all Stork Club addicts know, Winchell and Runyon were intimate friends. They used to roam the city in the wee hours, listening to police calls on the radio in Walter's car and occasionally chasing burglars. What Stork addicts don't know is that it was Winchell who started Runyon writing fiction instead of sports. Runyon's first story concerned a character named "Waldo Winchester" who was Walter Winchell, or a reasonable facsimile of him. It appeared in the July, 1929 issue of Cosmopolitan.

One of the best descriptions of Runyon at work was that written after his death by Westbrook Pegler. Pegler described Runyon sitting up late in the Stork Club and other places, drinking coffee, his keen mind accepting and rejecting the bits of dialogue that passed around him, storing away a word or a phrase for future reference, constantly working hard at the writing trade. "He was always in the office," Pegler said.

THE END

TO YOUR GOOD HEALTH

WHAT'S NEW IN THE FIELD OF MEDICINE

A NEW TYPE of ultraviolet-absorbing lens has been developed to protect the sight of people who have had cataract operations, which increase eye sensitivity, particularly to ultraviolet. The new lens is of special chemical composition and weighs only 30/100 of an ounce.

FOR CHILDREN undergoing operations, an anesthetic called Avertin allays apprehension, quiets frightened and nervous youngsters and causes sleep in eight and one half minutes. Average recovery time is an hour and sixteen minutes.

LEADING CAUSE of maternal mortality is now heart disease. Yet doctors at New York Lying-In Hospital say the death rate can be reduced if pregnant women with heart disease are hospitalized *before* labor so their cases can be individually studied and delivery procedure planned. Digitalis can be used to lower too fast pulse and breathing rates, oxygen can be employed, and strain on the heart can be reduced by operative delivery, using local anesthesia, during the second stage of labor. Maternal heart disease does not affect the infant.

A NEW POTASSIUM penicillin salt can be held in the body for twenty-four hours, in contrast to previous penicillin preparations which often couldn't be held long enough to do the necessary job. It's safe, too, for patients with heart or kidney disease who cannot tolerate sodium penicillin. And in the inhalation treatment of lung diseases and sinus conditions, it is safer and less irritating than calcium penicillin.

THE LIVES OF thousands of women suffering from cervical cancer, a form of uterine cancer, are being saved today through use of both radium treatments and surgery. While either surgery or radiation alone is not always effective, the combination works so well that cures are said to be possible in nine out of ten cases.

MORE SIGNIFICANT news on cancer is the success of radioactive iodine in treating a *late* stage of the disease in the thyroid. The stage, called metastasis, occurs when cells from the original thyroid-gland cancer break loose, move through the blood or lymphatic system, and produce secondary cancers in other parts of the body. Usually the condition is hopeless. But in one case now being widely studied, radioactive iodine cleared up secondary cancers in lungs, intestines and skull. While the iodine works only for thyroid cancer and secondary tumors produced by originally diseased thyroid tissue, medical men have hopes that other radioactive substances now coming from atomic-energy plants may be as effective against other types of cancer.

A MUMPS VACCINE has been developed, and a test on one thousand West Indians, who are particularly susceptible to the disease, is being evaluated.

Medicines mentioned in this column should be used only on the advice of a physician

By LAWRENCE GALTON

Now your hair will Shine...

with more abundant, more brilliant, more lasting luster

ANNOUNCING
NEW

ADMIRACION SHAMPOO

with amazing new ingredient that removes the luster-dimming film from hair... DECANIUM

• Here is an important announcement for women seeking new hair beauty and glamor . . . the announcement of a new Admiracion Foamy Shampoo containing *decanium*, a remarkable new ingredient.

• *Decanium* gives Admiracion Shampoo *super-cleansing* action that magically yet safely floats away *the luster-dimming film.* New Admiracion *cleans hair till it shines* with a luster which seems to last days longer. You'll be delighted with new, different Admiracion Shampoo.

• Get new, revolutionary Admiracion containing film-removing *decanium* from your favorite toilet counter or hairdresser today.

Admiracion Shampoo now gives 7-Way Aid to hair beauty

- MORE LUSTER—NO FILM
- HAIR EASIER TO MANAGE
- REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
- RINSES OUT QUICKLY
- EASY TO APPLY
- WORKS IN HARD WATER
- DOES NOT DRY HAIR

"Problem Hair" made lovely again

Start using new Admiracion Foamy Shampoo today. Now wonderfully improved with *decanium* to check ugly, dulling film and help keep your hair at the peak of attractiveness—softer, smoother, silkier, more lustrous—hair so easy to manage that every shining strand goes obediently into place and stays there.

with new Decanium

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

International

Interview with a best-selling author:

ERIC HODGINS

by Robert van Gelder

In recent years a number of men have given up well-paying and important executive positions to settle down in the privacy of their libraries and "write that book." Eric Hodgins, who resigned a vice-presidency at Time, Inc., for this purpose, is the first of these middle-aged beginners to turn out a best-selling novel.

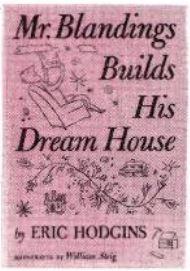
His story is called "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House," and it concerns a presumably slick Grand-Central-zone advertising copy writer whose words sell carloads of laxatives. Inspired by "the nest-building instinct," Blandings becomes enamored of an abandoned farm on a mountainside a couple of hours out of New York. The adz marks on the farmhouse beams, cut before the Revolution, seem to Blandings to be a symbol of the kind of security he seeks. He buys the farm.

But although Blandings is a fair-to-middling wizard in the city, he turns out to be a babe in the country. The house he has bought is about to fall down. He has to pay a lot of money to have it wrecked. For two years he engages in an unequal battle with realtors, bankers, lawyers, carpenters, plasterers and painters. In the end he owns a twelve-thousand-dollar house, for which he has paid fifty-six thousand, two hundred and sixty-three dollars.

"Yes, I did have a country house," Hodgins says. "And I know how Blandings felt and what he wanted because when my wife and I made up our minds to move to the country in the late 'thirties—well, it was a time of decision for us, too. That was when I promised her and myself that I would quit my job when I was forty-five and set myself up as a writer. I missed by two years on the promise. I was forty-seven when I quit last year. But, for all that, the novel is not autobiographical. It is made up of suppositions, the experiences of friends, tags and scraps of information."

The name of the hero was borrowed from the P. G. Wodehouse "Blandings Castle" series. Going into the publishing lists with that hallmark, the novel has been widely accepted as humor. Readers, always grateful for anything they can laugh at, have described it as "a hilarious gallop," "pure enjoyment, nearly split my sides." Distributed by a book club and for many months a best seller, the story will be made into a movie with Cary Grant as Mr. Blandings and Myrna Loy as his mild, patient, no-longer-exciting-but-still-good-looking wife. It contains enough quips and vinegary dialogue to make a funny picture. But actually, this novel—written in an expensive East Side New York apartment, a big country house in Connecticut and at a summer place on Cape Cod—is more inclusively bitter than most books that come out of garrets.

"You're sore about a lot of things, aren't you?" I asked Hodgins. "Your advertising copy writers are 'deeply miserable men.' Your workmen are mean and (*Continued on page 122*)



This popular novel was written by an executive who kept a promise and quit his job to be an author.

How to strike it rich

ONE WAY you *might* do it, is to get a prospector's outfit and head for the High Sierras.

But a way you're *sure* to do it is much simpler. Just go to your favorite bar or package store and ask for Four Roses.

When you taste Four Roses, we think you'll agree you really *have* struck it rich. For this matchless whiskey has a flavor all its own—rich, smooth, and satisfying. In short, we believe Four Roses offers you a delightfully different and *distinctive* flavor not to be found in any other whiskey you've ever tasted.

Just try it and we're sure you'll see what we mean!

• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies 5 years or more old; 60% grain neutral spirits.

FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

Frankfort Distillers Corp., N. Y.

GROWING FAVORITE OF MILLIONS!

"fresh up" WITH Seven-Up!

REAP A HARVEST OF *HAPPINESS*
BE A "FRESH UP" FAMILY!

For a full measure of fun in life, be a "fresh up" family! Share work and play with your youngsters. And share, too, their enjoyment of crystal-clear, wholesome 7-Up. Favorite of all ages. 7-Up is America's *family* drink. You like its buoyant personality . . . the way it gives you a "fresh up". Order where you see the colorful 7-Up signs.

YOU LIKE IT···IT LIKES YOU!

a noted professional photographer's favorite Color photo

By Joseph J. Steinmetz

To me the most colorful man-made subject in the world is the circus. The wild animals, acrobats flying through space, the lumbering elephants, the juggling seals, the clowns, the grand parade, all blend into a riotous spectacle of color. And for my money, the clowns and their antics are the most appealing part of the show.

My favorite color photograph shows my favorite clown, Lou Jacobs, pounding away on a fake calliope as part of his act with the Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey circus. Lou's rubber-ball nose, red wig and giant feet, and that expression on his face as he warms up with "Oh, Promise Me," make me chuckle every time I look at the photograph.

My home is in Sarasota, Florida, famed circus winter quarters, so I naturally have spent much of my time photographing the Big Top and its performers. Yet this one of Lou Jacobs more nearly catches the spirit of the big show for me than any other.

This photograph was taken with a 4x5 Speed Graphic, daylight-type Kodachrome and blue flash bulbs at 1/50th of a second with an F.11 lens opening.

DOCTORS PROVE

2 out of 3 women can have

Lovelier Skin in 14 days!

"I was fit to be tied!" says Mary Tuohey of Hackensack, N. J. "My complexion had been oily and coarse-looking for so long that I thought I had it for keeps! Even when I was invited to try the 14-Day Palmolive Plan, I didn't dare hope for any *real* improvement.

"But what could I lose? So I reported with a group of other women to a New York skin specialist. We were all ages, from 15 to 50. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some just fair-to-middling. After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days.

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

"Here's all you do: Wash your face with Palmolive Soap. Then, for 60 seconds, massage with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse! Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect. After 14 days, my doctor agreed my complexion was smoother, finer looking—less oily, too! See what the Palmolive Plan can do for *you!*"

You, too, may look for these Skin improvements in only 14 days!

Less oily—clearer

"Less oily," says Virginia McKinnan of Minneapolis. Excessive oiliness often leaves skin blotchy-looking—robs it of that clear, lovely look. The Palmolive Plan brought real gains to 89% of the women with oily skin!

Less coarse-looking—smoother

"Skin less coarse-looking in 14 days!" reports Sophie Hirst of Philadelphia. The 36 doctors reported almost two-thirds of all the women tested had smoother—actually finer looking skin! See what Palmolive can do for *you!*

Fewer tiny blemishes

Tiny blemishes—small blackheads due to improper cleansing respond to the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. "My skin improved a lot," says Betty Graff of San Francisco. Over half the 1285 women tested got clearer skin!

Fresher, brighter color

"Skin brighter, actually less sallow!" says Helen Farrell of Detroit, after testing the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. The 36 doctors report this same improvement for 2 skins out of 3. Start your Palmolive Plan today!

P.S. For Tub  For Shower  get the new, Big, Thrifty  Bath Size Palmolive! 

Color Photos by Roger Coster

Mr. "B" and his STORK CLUB

The last magazine article of one of America's favorite reporters. It's about a very famous tavern and its equally famous landlord

By Damon Runyon

The only night-club owner listed in Who's Who in America is Sherman Billingsley. The fine type following his last and first name in the July supplement to the 1943 edition of that collection of big-shot biographies begins with ". . . owner, Stork Club. Born in Enid, Oklahoma, March 10, 1900. Educated in grade schools in Oklahoma . . ."

Now I have nothing against Who's Who in America, but that seems to be a mighty dull way to make a reader acquainted with the proprietor and host of a colorful and glamorous institution on Fifty-third Street, Manhattan, U.S.A., which future historians may refer to as the Mermaid Tavern of our time. A Mermaid

Lucille Ball usually joins the celebrity parade to the Cub Room when she's in town.

Host Billingsley greets Dorothy Lamour and her husband, William Ross Howard, III.

Jack Benny and Don Ameche find the Stork Club a pleasant spot for a supper confab.

Band leader Benny Goodman engages in supper-time conversation with a guest at the next table.

Louis Calhern and Marianne Stewart share a Cub Room corner shortly before their marriage.

Gorson Kanin and Ruth Gordon are steady customers.

It's champagne for June Cox, Billy Harbach and Florence Pritchett as Mr. B plays host.

Photo by Don Arden

Dancers jam the main ballroom of the Stork Club.

Tavern complete with debutantes.

I don't see how anybody can start a Billingsley biography by merely saying that he is owner of the Stork Club and letting it go at that. After all, there is a great deal of difference between the Stork Club and every other night club in the world. It has no floor show, no line of undraped girls and no excruciatingly witty master of ceremonies. The absence of that last attraction may be one reason why so many customers are always trying to beat their way through the front door every Saturday night. It also has no melancholy French blues singer who speaks no English. That seems to be all right with the customers, too. Why, bless your hearts, I could make out a case stronger than the nuts, as the saying is, meaning the three shell game, against any form of entertainment in night clubs whatsoever, and cite the Stork as proof of my contention.

Instead Mr. Billingsley concentrates on nice furniture and interior decoration and good food. He is not afraid to keep the lights on so that you can see what you are eating. I am told that he also serves fine liquor which will not remove the enamel from the teeth. And, unlike other night-club owners, he keeps his peppy and pleasant dance music toned down so that you do not have to shout at the top of your lungs to make the punch line of the story heard above the roar of the brass and the crash of the cymbals.

But the best attraction in the house is the kind of people you see and meet there. The Stork Club is swanky but not snooty. Its clientele is always an interesting mixture of the more bearable members of the Social Register set, the well-mannered politicians, sports people, show people, writers, businessmen, scientists, artists, doctors and lawyers. Seen there frequently are such different types as Ann Sheridan, J. Edgar Hoover, Morton Downey, Ambassador James W. Gerard (he prefers the secluded Table Fifty-seven in the Cub Room), Alfred Vanderbilt, Lucius Beebe, Beth Leary, George Jean Nathan and Julie Haydon, Bernard Baruch, Drew Pearson, James A. Farley, Gypsy Rose Lee, Winthrop Rockefeller, Leon Henderson, Merle Oberon, Dorothy Kilgallen, Peter Arno, Gene Tunney, Helen Hayes, David O. Selznick, Mayor Ed Kelly of Chicago, Dorothy Lamour, Garson Kanin, Paul Gallico, Leonard Lyons, Mrs. Harrison Williams and, of course, Walter Winchell. But the trade at the Stork consists mainly of nice people from the big and small towns of America whose names you never see in the Broadway columns. And, last but hardly least, those beautiful debutantes and their undergraduate escorts. What I am trying to point out is this: the Stork Club, unlike most other night clubs and restaurants I know, is not a hangout for any particular kind of mob.

A lot of people who have never been there have the mistaken notion that you cannot get by the plush rope on the front door unless you are an established movie star. The man who has charge of the rope, a fellow named Frank Harris, who knows the names and faces of more than twenty-five thousand people, tries to keep out the characters who are inclined to tap dance on top of the tables and fight waiters. On a busy night he has to turn away as many as five hundred people, but only because they lack reservations and there is no room for them. These people can never understand why there is no room. It is a simple matter of arithmetic.

The Stork Club can hold only five hundred people comfortably, and Billingsley feels that it is smarter business to (*Continued on page 132*)

the Visitor

She had lived all her seventeen years on a South African farm. She

It wasn't often we had visitors up there in the Transvaal High Veld in those days, and never did we have one as welcome as Calgary. He came when we were breaking a new lot of horses for the police. My father was a big breeder, and we'd hardly finished breaking in one lot when they wanted another—sixty more remounts it was this time. There was Dad and me and Val. Val was my sister—as pretty a little horsewoman as you'd want to see. She'd finish 'em off for us. The boys we had were good, too—Basutos who had been used to horses all their lives.

We had just tied a big chestnut with a blaze, a snip and two white stockings on his forelegs when someone said, "Want any help?"

It was a rare thing to hear a strange voice at Wicklow Park—that was what my father had named his farm—and the voice was queer too. Sort of drawling and high-falutin. We made sure the chestnut was tied fast and then looked round.

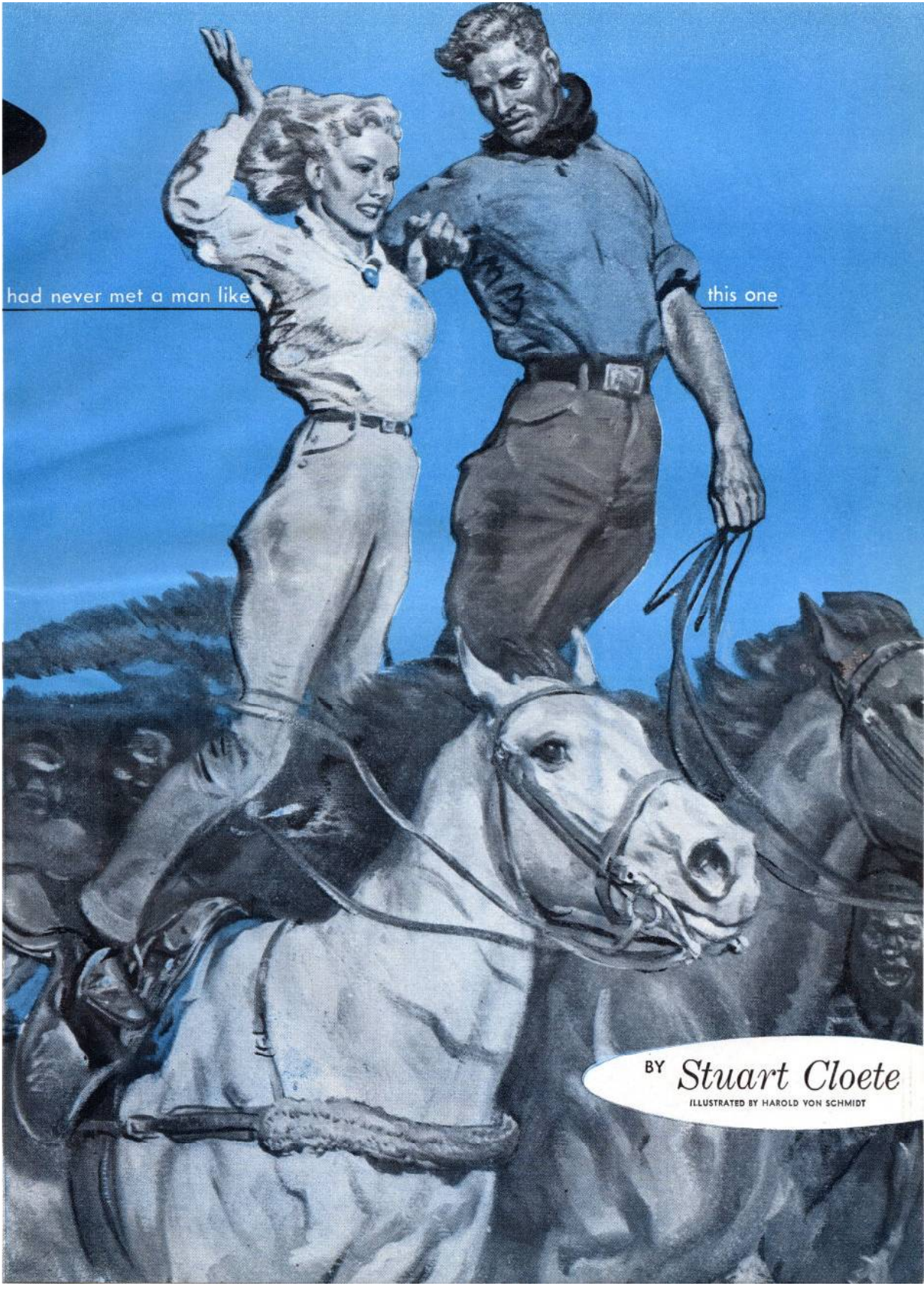
Outside the *kraal* a man on a gray horse was looking at us. As we turned he said again, "Want any help?" Then he threw his leg over his horse's neck, slid down and came over to the gate. He hooked his reins over a post and climbed into the *kraal*. His age I couldn't guess —boys aren't good at guessing ages, but he was a grown man, not old and not a boy. He was fairly tall and wore the kind of clothes I'd seen in the picture books and the English magazines—baggy riding breeches that were cut tight over the knee and brown top boots. The breeches had buckskin strappings. He wore a heavy leather belt with a brass buckle, a cream-colored silk shirt and a gray felt hat. The sleeves of his shirt were rolled up, and his arms looked very strong and wiry when he put out his hand to my dad.

"I'm Calgary," he said.

"I am the McFee," my dad said. Had a man called him mister he would have been insulted. A descendant of Irish kings, there was something kinglike about him. At that time I had not the knowledge that all the Irish are of royal descent. "This is my son Tim"—Dad nodded at me—"and my daughter Valentine."

Calgary took my hand. But before he took Val's he took off his hat and made a sort of bow. It wasn't exactly a bow; it was a kind of inclination of the head. His hair was fair, as fair as my sister's, (*Cont. on p. 90*)

had never met a man like this one



BY *Stuart Cloete*

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

morning, a week before

she was his brother's wife,
his absent brother's wife,
and she was completely beautiful
and wholly worthy of contempt

The day that Mark Gurney died of enteric fever in China, the heavy buds of the peonies in his mother's Rhode Island garden were swelling, and the delicate black twigs of the Judas tree in the southern corner showed their first veil of soft green-yellow leaf under the dropping of its strange rosy flower.

Dolly Gurney stood at her bedroom window, looking down. It's mighty pretty, she thought, dully. Well, it ought to be, the time she spends on it.

Old Lizzie, sitting in the chair behind her, had finished her sewing, and now she rose and laid it away. She was Dolly's maid and had been her nurse. She turned toward the window, watching the tall, idle figure before it with anxious tenderness. She's been too quiet, lately, she thought. She's fixing for one of her days.

Dolly Gurney was a young woman of startling appearance. She had the tall and sweetly ample body of a Praxitelean goddess, the waist a little thick, the breasts a little small, but all rich, magnificent womanhood; and above it, set strangely on the slender, smooth, sweetly modeled column of the throat, was the head of a Dresden doll, a small woman's head of infantile prettiness, the eyes large and dark, with a trick of opening very wide. Her color was high, and her light brown hair fell naturally into its deep, bright waves.

Her beauty of face—which was exactly the kind she herself understood and admired—she regarded with a careless confidence, but her body, until she met Mark, had been to her a source of regret.

"I certainly have got a pretty face and pretty hair," she would say to Lizzie. "It's a mean old shame I have such an awful figure."

"You ain't fat, honey. You're just right. It wouldn't become you to be skinny."

It was what she wanted to (*Continued on page 73*)

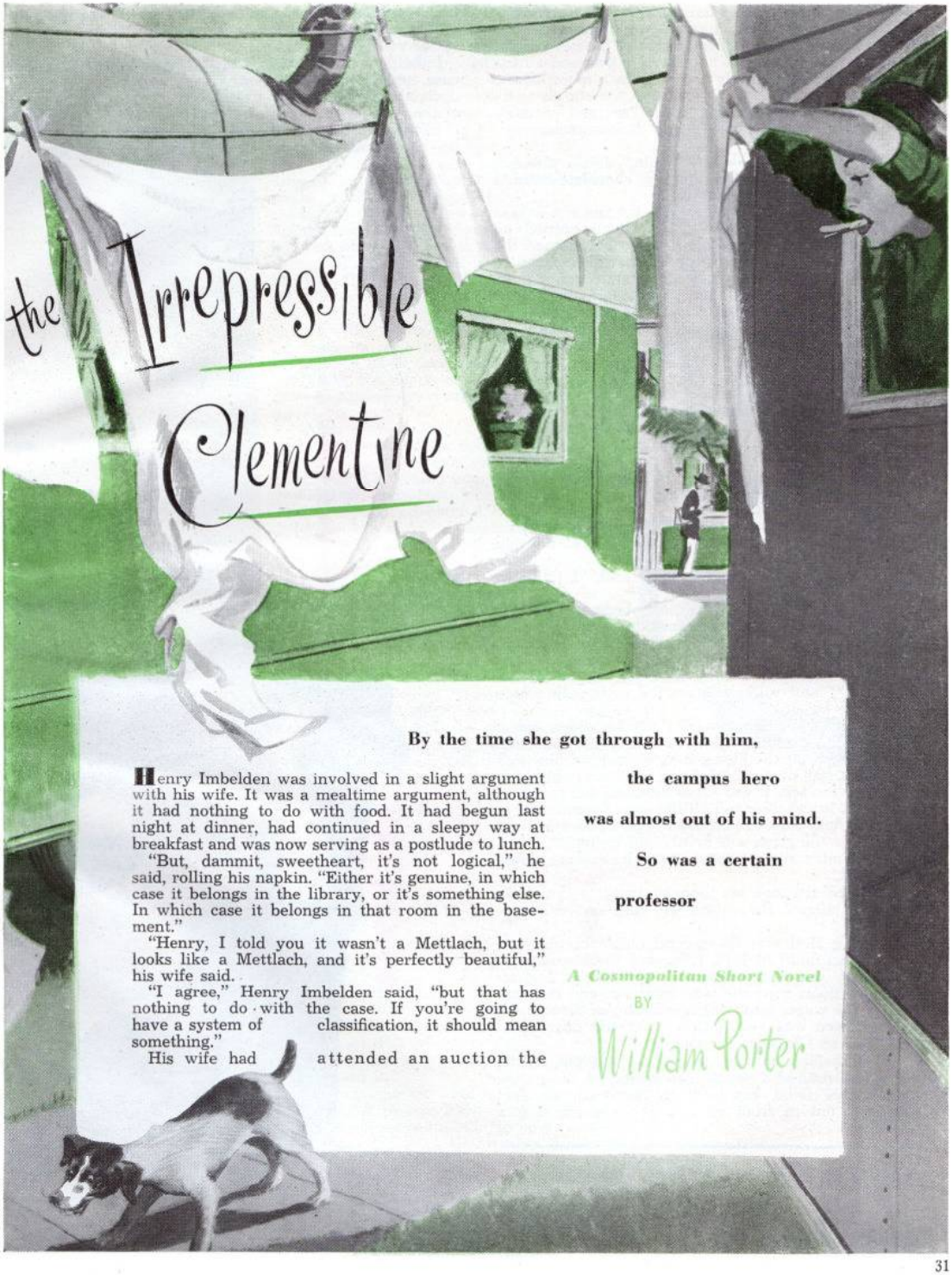
mortimer wilson, jr. illustrated this story

by Victoria Lincoln

Only in her sly dreams
had she entered his room
and felt his arms around her.


the crime

The terrier was no respecter of college presidents. It had a man-sized growl.



the Irrepressible Clementine

By the time she got through with him, the campus hero was almost out of his mind. So was a certain professor

A Cosmopolitan Short Novel

BY

William Porter

Henry Imbelden was involved in a slight argument with his wife. It was a mealtime argument, although it had nothing to do with food. It had begun last night at dinner, had continued in a sleepy way at breakfast and was now serving as a postlude to lunch.

"But, dammit, sweetheart, it's not logical," he said, rolling his napkin. "Either it's genuine, in which case it belongs in the library, or it's something else. In which case it belongs in that room in the basement."

"Henry, I told you it wasn't a Mettlach, but it looks like a Mettlach, and it's perfectly beautiful," his wife said.

"I agree," Henry Imbelden said, "but that has nothing to do with the case. If you're going to have a system of classification, it should mean something."

His wife had attended an auction the

previous afternoon, and she had brought this stein home with her. The Imbeldens collected steins, as other people collected stamps or etchings or china elephants. They watched the classified section of the newspaper, and whenever a sale of household goods and effects was listed and the family had a German name, Jessie dropped around. It was an excellent system. At various times she had brought home rare and remarkable items, sometimes for prices as low as seventy-five cents.

"Now come and look at it again," Jessie pleaded. "I've put it right beside the big, chocolate-colored one, and it's perfectly beautiful."

Mr. Imbelden followed her into the library. It was a big room, with terrace doors which opened on either side of the fireplace. "Very handsome," he said patiently, "But incorrect. Almost dishonest."

Jessie folded her small, pudgy hands and sighed. "Henry," she said, "you have no imagination."

"Jessie," Mr. Imbelden said, "you are illogical."

They looked solemnly at each other, and then as if he were giving a cue, Mr. Imbelden winked at his wife. They both laughed; the quiet, private laughter of people who have been married forty years.

Then Jessie got his hat and topcoat from the closet by the door—they always called it the vestibule closet—and his cane from the umbrella rack. The cane, a thin mahogany stick with an ivory head, was pure style, pure swish; he did not need to carry a cane. "When you're my age," Mr. Imbelden was always saying, "you really don't give a damn if a few people consider you affected."

"And what's on your schedule this afternoon?" he asked his wife, who was adjusting the relationship of his hat to his ears.

"The bridge club's coming," she said. "I told you once."

"Good grief!" he said. "I'll remember to be late."

He kissed her vigorously on the lips ("There's nothing more distressing," Mr. Imbelden was always saying, "than to see a man of mature years pecking his wife's cheek, as if they were not very well acquainted.") and walked down the rock path which led to the street.

He didn't have far to walk; the Imbelden house adjoined the campus. Once, to satisfy his curiosity, he had paced off the distance between his front door and the front door of Clunting Hall, in which his office was located. It was three hundred and seventy-odd steps. It was downhill all the way, a gentle slope; in the spring, smooth and solidly green as a billiard table. Now the grass was brittle and losing its green, but the university's famous aster beds were doing very well.

Mr. Imbelden took his time, stopping two or three times to admire the asters. He had no reason to hurry.

Clunting Hall was the second oldest building on the campus, built in 1879. It housed the Department of English and the Department of History. And on the third floor, near the west staircase and convenient to the water fountain, was Professor Imbelden's office. There was gold lettering on the door: Department of Classical Languages.

Mr. Imbelden stopped to rest at the top of the stairs and noticed a young man sitting on the imitation-marble floor, his back to the wall, his feet stretched out in front of him. He was smoking a cigarette.

"Your trousers," Mr. Imbelden said as he got out his keys, "are probably ruined. They sweep the floor with a mixture of sawdust and creosote. If you want to see me, come in."

Imbelden put his hat in a vacant space in the bookcase, unlocked one of the windows and swung it open about a foot, and put his coat across the end of the desk.

"Confounded leg broke off the confounded thing," he said, indicating the brass-branched hat tree

"I guess I'm

ILLUSTRATED BY LONIE BEE

★ *OUR REPRINT FOR THIS MONTH IS*

Michael Foster's

GREAT SHORT-SHORT STORY ON PAGE 213

propped in a corner. "Have to get it fixed someday."

"I know," the young man said. "It was that way when I left. The spring of nineteen forty-one."

"That's not so remarkable," Imbelden said. "As a matter of fact, I seem to remember a young man coming back in nineteen-nineteen and saying the same thing." He jabbed a finger at the young man's lapel. "This is the discharge thing, isn't it?"

"That's right."

"Well," Imbelden said, extending his hand and arranging his face in a large smile, "welcome home."

"You remember me?"

"Afraid I don't," the old man said. "As a matter of fact, we of the faculty were told to make a particular point of looking for the button, extending warm greetings, all that."

"You haven't changed, thank God! My name's MacIntyre."

There was a small silence.

"If you're under the (*Continued on page 156*)

Worry can be cured

Don't blame it on other people.
Doctors say you cause it all yourself.
And it is a disease that can be treated and removed

Most of us think that worry is forced upon us by the circumstances of our lives. Nonsense, say the directors of the Thought Control Class of Boston Dispensary, who have conducted a Worry Clinic for more than three thousand patients in the past sixteen years. Worry, according to their experience, is a disease, which can be treated and cured. And sometimes the cured patients stop worrying without the removal of a single one of the problems which were once "worrying them sick."

You are a worrier if you stew over a problem, instead of deciding what to do about it, or setting it aside as nothing, something that cannot be changed. Worry is dreading to act, instead of acting and settling the matter one way or the other.

Even the most fretful worrier can learn the simple rules worked out for patients at Boston Dispensary Worry Clinic. Using them, he will spare himself the unpleasant hours he now spends in fuming over the inevitable or the disagreeable event that may never occur. As a dividend, he will regain the vast amount of energy now spent on this unprofitable pastime and apply that energy to more creative work.

Here are the rules:

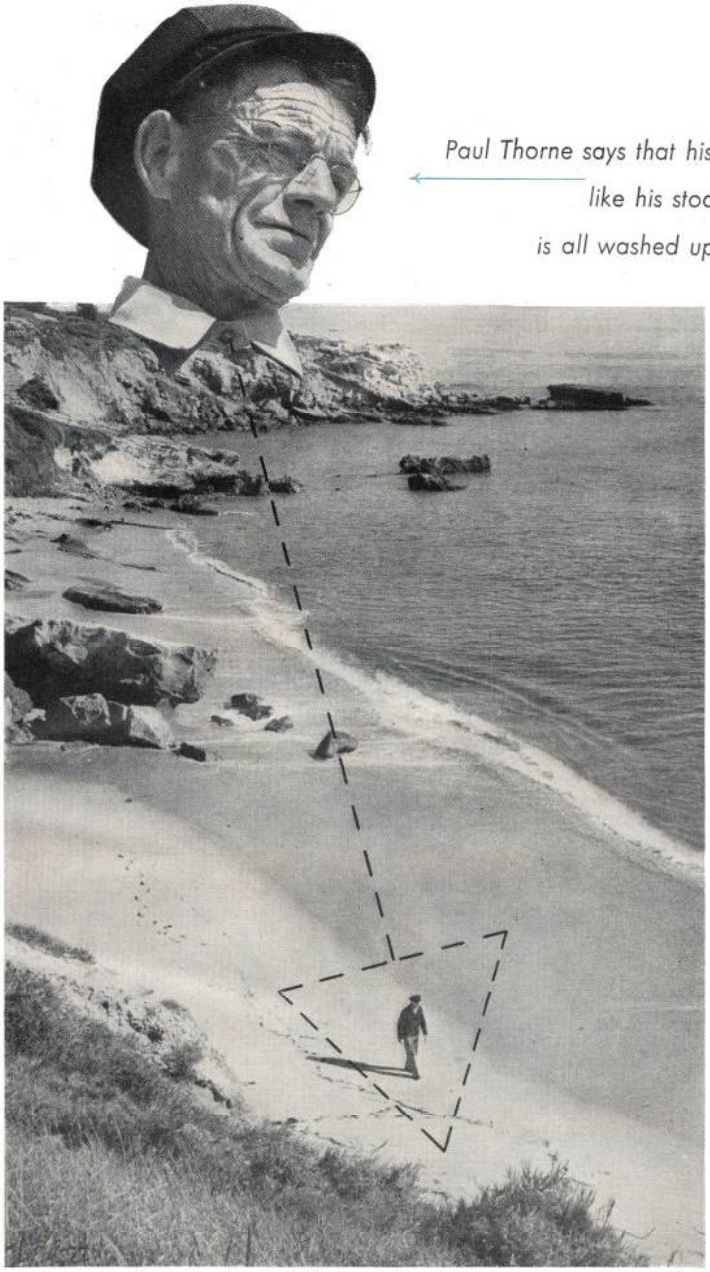
1. Take the matter about which you have been worrying lately and look at it as it would appear to someone else. Ask yourself this question: Has worry done anything to solve it or make it easier to bear? No? Then isn't it time to try tackling it by some other approach than worrying about it?

2. The problem which you are going to try facing without worry belongs to one of two classes, according to Worry Clinic teaching. If it is a Class I problem it can be cleared up as soon as you have obtained a little training in thought control and the courage that goes with it. And ten to one whatever bothers you *is* a Class I problem—the kind that would disappear if *you yourself* were different.

All the difficulties that stem from our own mistakes in living are of Class I—they are the troubles we have brought upon ourselves. Most of the dramatic case histories in the clinic's files are of this category. There was the girl so painfully shy that she couldn't look anyone in the eye. Taught how to manipulate her thoughts away from herself, she has learned poise and friendliness and is now a professional dancing teacher. A woman who suffered daily dizzy spells, with no physical cause, learned to turn away the fear that once preceded them—she hasn't suffered an attack in several years. Insomniacs have found that by mastering their thoughts, they can sleep whenever their eyelids close. Such problems submit quickly to a proper ordering of the mind, and the worry that surrounded them inevitably disappears.

Class II problems are another matter. These are "the bludgeonings of fate." If you have lost a child, or suffered the amputation of a leg, self-change will not remove the problem. Not worrying, in such cases, requires a courageous willingness to face the facts and to adapt to them. Many Class II patients at the clinic have been taught how to build cheerful lives in spite of (*Continued on page 202*)

By Gretta Palmer



Paul Thorne says that his noble profession like his stock in trade, is all washed up

There used to be a lot of openings on the beach for patient men who could keep their eyes open, and who didn't mind walking in soft sand.

It's just not that way any more. Things have tightened up along the coast, and the golden days of beachcombing are over. America's beachcombers, once proud and independent, have been forced to scrape the sand from their shoes—or from between their toes—and seek employment in town. They were brought to this sorry pass by the squeeze of inflation, by overcrowding, and by improvements in cargo ships down through the years.

That's the gloomy picture as Paul Thorne sees it, after fifty years of combing beaches in Texas and California.

"You take this beach," he said. "There's three of us makin' it regular now. One's a shoemaker, one cuts down trees, and me, I work for the city."

He shook his head sadly at these signs of decay. Thorne knew this was a blow not only to him, but to every executive and businessman who dreams that someday he will throw the whole thing over and become a beachcomber instead.

"No such thing any more," said Thorne. "I'll tell you why that is. Here, let's sit on this rock."

He sank upon the rock as if it were a sofa. I had met him wandering among the black boulders that butt out of the sand at Laguna Beach, California—a spare, wiry man, quick and light on his feet, who seemed to be looking for something. He wore an Army suntan shirt and trousers, and his face and hands, too, were the color of sand. A bright metal badge was pinned to his shirt.

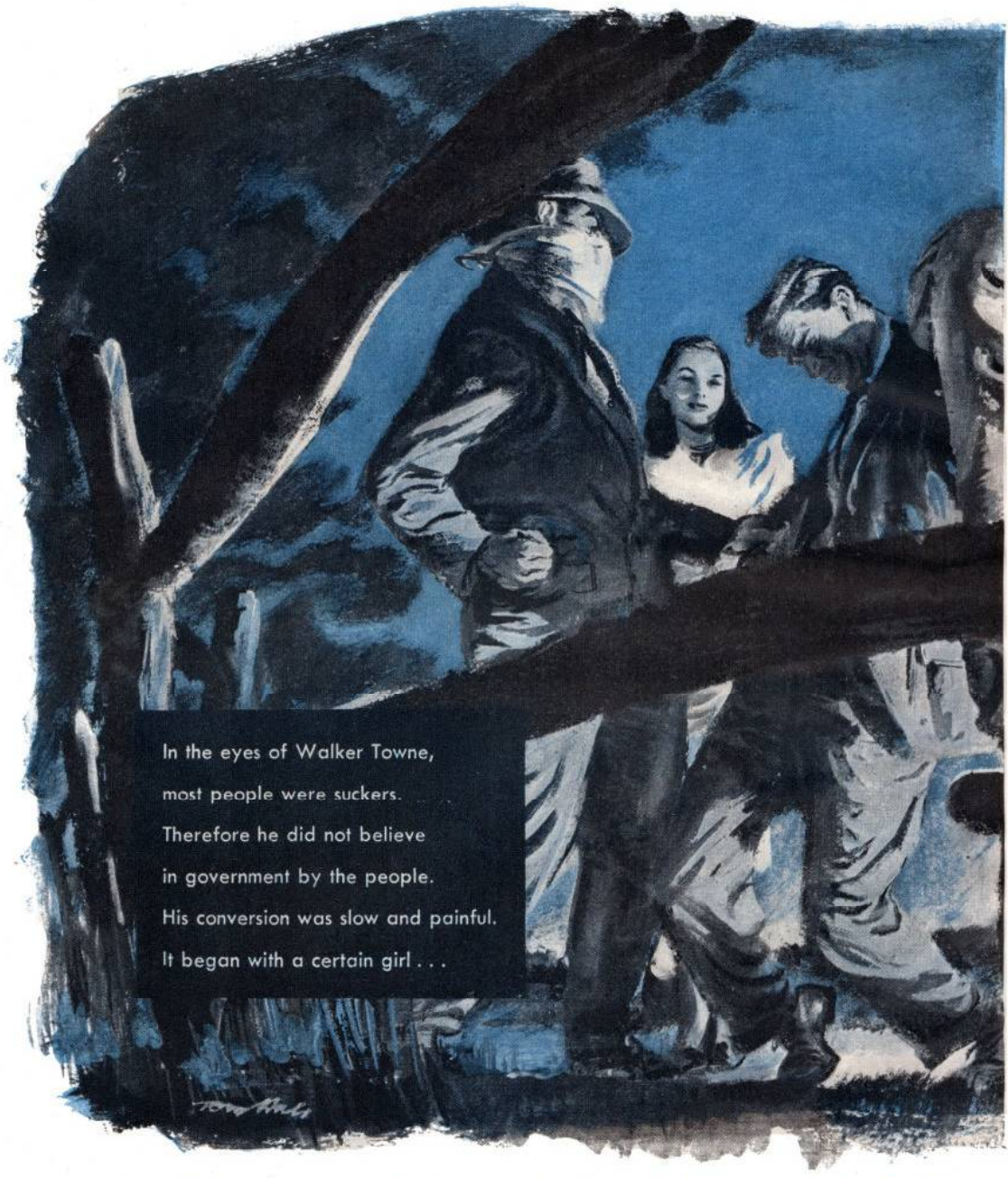
"Beachcombing?" I had asked innocently, (*Continued on page 211*)

BEACHCOMBING

ain't what it used to be

BY RAY DUNCAN

Photo by Schuyler Crail



There were sharp smashing blows—an infinity

of pain.

The Payoff

After two years of working for Sam Tanner I had almost stopped being sensitive about the job. I had almost forgotten a lot of dewy-eyed ideals about government by the people, picked up from professors of political science in college.

From the very first Tanner let me in on everything. A man named Blessing had been his right-hand man for many years. Then Blessing had died of a strep throat, and Tanner told me later he couldn't find anyone in the organization that he felt could handle the Blessing job.

I had answered the ad in the paper, and Tanner had interviewed me in the cream-colored office on the third floor of the Tanner Building. It had been an odd interview. He had sat behind his cheap oak desk, a great, raw, lean man with black hair curled tightly on the backs of his square white wrists. His mouth was twisted down on one side in sardonic good humor. His black eyebrows met above the bridge of his sharp nose. His long face gave an impression of angularity. I guessed his age at forty-five.

"Your name is Walker Towne. You are trained in methods of local government. You can type. You can keep your mouth shut. You can handle yourself in a rough crowd," he said. They weren't questions. They were facts. I nodded.

"What do you know about the city administration here in Harthaven?"

"Not a great deal, sir. I understand you take—an active interest in it."

"I run it," he said quietly. "I like your looks. I'll have you investigated. Report back here in three days. I'll tell you then whether I want you. Fifty a week to start."

He had wanted me. I had gone to work. It wasn't easy work. There were two of us in the outer office—Bess Proctor and myself. She did all the routine stenographic work. I did everything else. Bess is black-haired Irish, tall, casual and hard as nails. She helped me get the hang of things.

I remember her first serious words of advice. "Look, Towney," she had said, "you are going to be his man Friday. He's quite a guy. He turns on the charm with all the strangers, but with his own people he's like tool steel. Don't try to kid him. Don't trade on his name. Lots of jokers will think that just because you work for him, they can ask you to get him to do things. Report all those requests to him, but don't try to do anything about them unless he tells you. He's in this office about two hours a day. He's afraid of women. Once in a while he'll drink sherry. He smokes two cigars a day. His only hobby is making Sam Tanner the biggest thing there is."

It didn't take too long to find out how he managed to run Harthaven, a city of over a hundred thousand. He paid no attention to party lines. He merely did every favor that was asked of him. Everyone for whom he did a favor was automatically indebted to him. He (*Continued on page 100*)

BY JOHN D. MacDONALD

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM HALL

Atlanta, Georgia

The biggest shopping day
of the week:
A typical Saturday
department-store scene.

Stow, Massachusetts

Open since 1823, this
general store in Stow, Massachusetts,
is a favorite
Saturday meeting place.

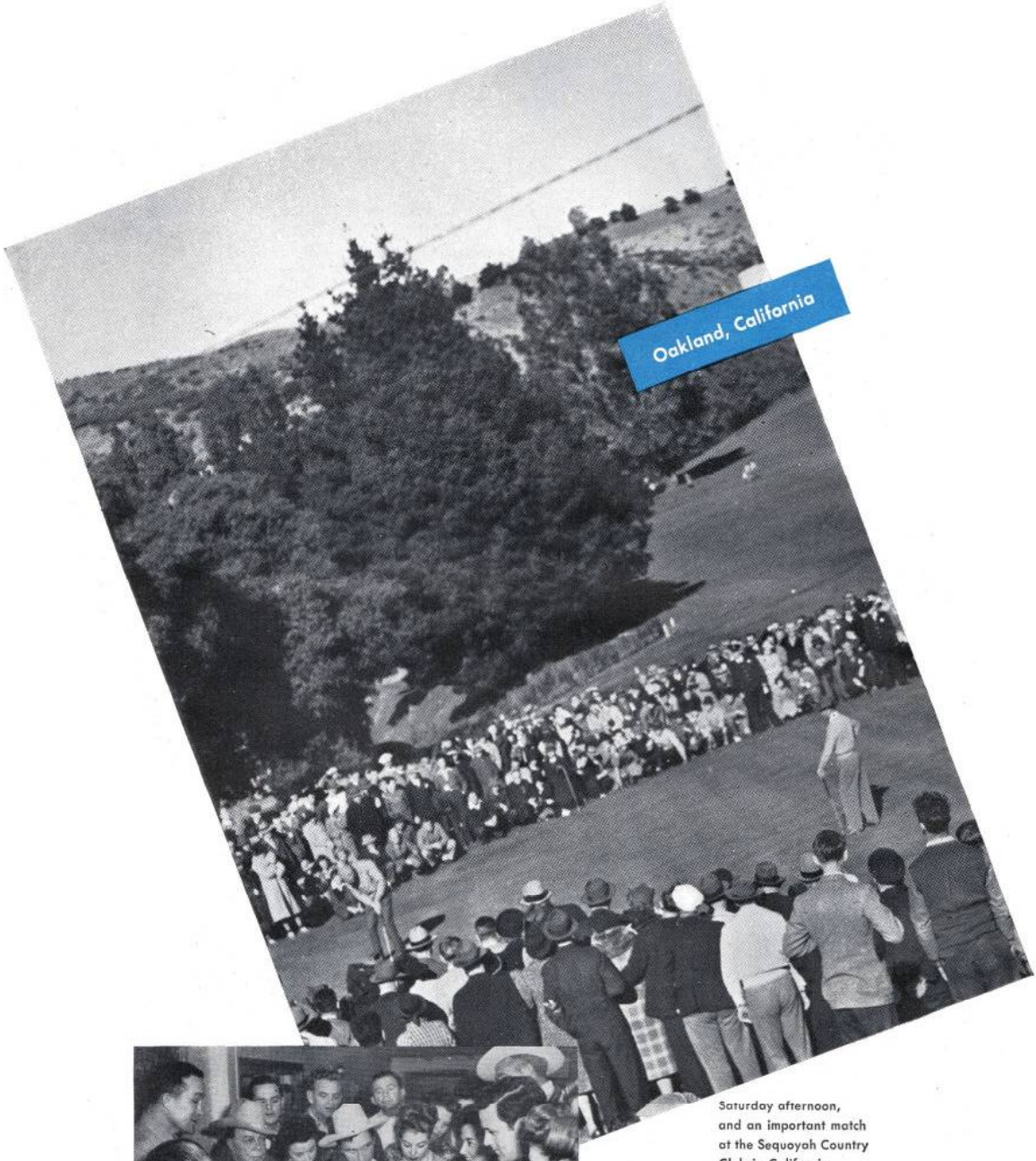
Saturday-U.S.A.

All over America it's a day of shopping, playing or just plain loafing— the most enjoyable day of the week

Saturday in America has always been an institution. In the days of the pioneers it was the day to go to the nearest trading post, where the women would do the marketing while the children selected penny candy and the men gossiped and exchanged guesses about the crops and the weather. In later years Saturday was payday and Saturday night was the night to howl. Today, in the year 1947, it is just as big a day as it ever was. It is the day for big sports attractions, bargain sales and motor trips. For children, it means no school and no dressing up and a matinee at the movies. For teen agers, it is the night of the Big Date. It is quite probable that more young Americans propose on Saturday than any other night of the week. For young married couples, it is the night to hire the sitter and to go to the dance at the country club or to the party at the Wilkinsons' or the Smiths' house. For all of us it means something special. The photographs on these pages show some of the things that make Saturday special everywhere in the U. S. A.

Photos by International and by Pix, Inc.

Every Saturday morning, the National Cash Register Company of Dayton entertains up to 2,400 children with songs, broadcasts, movies.

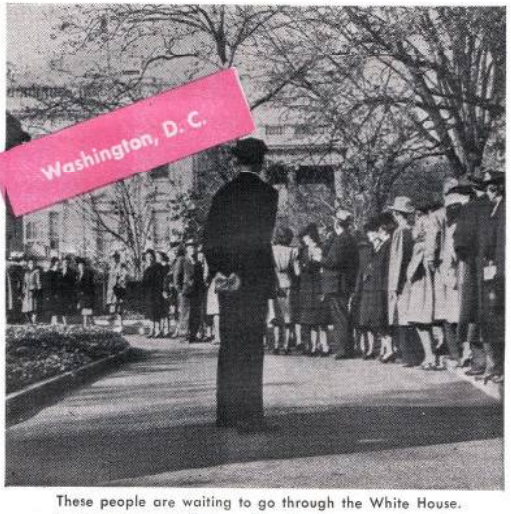


Saturday afternoon,
and an important match
at the Sequoyah Country
Club in California.

Action at the dice table on Hoot Gibson's
D4C Ranch in Las Vegas.
That's Hoot under the sombrero at left.

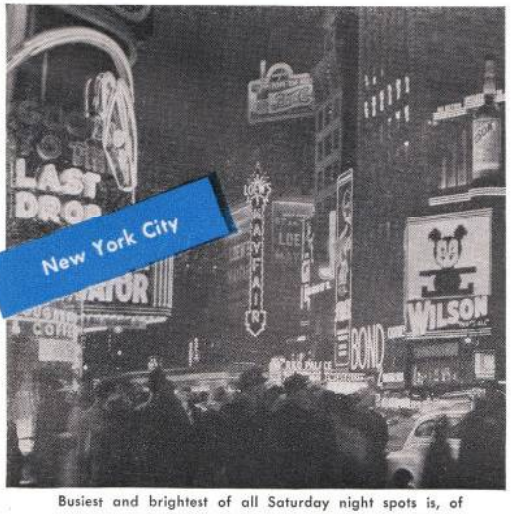
This could be Saturday anywhere in America. But the picture was taken at Alexandria's popular Kid Kanteen.

Seated on the famous Green Benches, elderly residents of St. Petersburg soak up Florida's year-round sunshine



These people are waiting to go through the White House. There are more visitors on Saturday than any other day.

Carl Miller's Bowling Alley does a land-office business on Saturday afternoon when a league of girls' teams plays.



Busiest and brightest of all Saturday night spots is, of course, New York's Broadway, blazing with a million lights.

Saturday night is bath night, too, and these Texas youngsters show how well-planned co-operation makes it easy.

TO CATCH A MAN, THEY TOLD

a husband for Monica

Monica sat across the dining-room table from her mother, her chin propped upon her square fists. Her myopic eyes were wistful behind her glasses, for Monica was unhappy.

Mrs. Wolff cleared her throat with elaborate innocence. "I do hope Peggy is as happy with Stirling as she seems to be," she said.

"Oh, Mother, I do too," Monica answered, surprised because Mother had never before questioned the success of Peggy's three-year-old marriage.

"Of course your sister could get around anybody," Mrs. Wolff continued.

"Anybody," Monica agreed.

"She really ought to write a column in a newspaper, telling girls how to catch a man. Nobody could be any better at it than she is."

Oh, dear, thought Monica in a panic, so that's what Mother's driving at; she knows all about everything.

Two weeks ago Monica, who was studying for her Ph.D., had met Kim Beckwith. Kim was a young instructor, new at the university. They had met at a tea at Professor Lowrey's. Kim had sat all the way across the room from Monica, but she was immediately aware of him in a way that made it a new experience. It was winter and the blinds were drawn, and his face was half in shadow as he leaned forward away from the lamplight, talking earnestly to Mrs. Lowrey. His nose threw a curious shadow across his ascetic face, and he had a crooked smile that went straight to Monica's heart. She heard his voice rising from beyond the group in which he was sitting, and although its timbre was no stronger than the others, her ears singled it out and listened to it, disregarding the discourse of Professor (The Middle Ages) Edgerly on the importance to civilization of the inventions of the button and the horse collar.

Before Monica left, she and Kim had drifted into the same group, and twice when he said something witty she was the only one who laughed. She had never met anyone who had quite the same quality of humor. Monica's wasn't a musical laugh; it was full-bodied and robust. Naturally (*Continued on page 124*)

by ANN MAULSBY

ILLUSTRATED BY PIOTR DIMITRI

HER, HERE'S WHAT TO DO. IT REALLY COULDN'T BE SIMPLER . . .

Thus she imagined herself, regal in evening dress, carrying a single rose.


We watched Lucy
as she danced,
a fragile butterfly.

the Accomplice

The French Riviera is an ideal place for laughter, sunshine, gaiety – and occasionally murder

A COSMOPOLITAN NOVELETTE

by **Mary Hastings Bradley**

My enlightenment about Mrs. Jones, the pretty lady who had told me to call her Lili, was sudden and sharp. I was going down the hall of the old-fashioned French hotel just before dinner, toward the elevator which I had learned to call the lift, when her voice came through the opening door of the room ahead of me: "If you don't like it, you—know—what—you—can—do!"

The words were childish, but the voice was venomous. It spaced the last six words so they were separate stabs of derision and contempt. There was a savagery in it which was appalling to the boy I was then and, in panic lest she find I had overheard, I turned and bolted down the stairs.

I had thought her such a pretty, pleasant lady! That afternoon on the beach, and the afternoon before, she had been gay and friendly, much more delightful, than my aunt's dull friends. Then, too, she was Lucy's mother, so of course she was perfect as Lucy was perfect. It was horrifying that she could speak so viciously, and it was all the more horrifying because she was speaking to that quiet, picked-sparrow-looking husband with the kindly smile.

Out of breath from my rush down the three flights, I slid into a chair in the lounge beside my aunt. The guests of the pension had a habit of congregating here before the dining-room doors opened. The British Colonel, retired, and the British Colonial Administrator, retired, were having what they termed their "sundowner," and the two old sisters who had been ladies in waiting to Alexandra were sipping sherry; the Boston mother and daughter were knitting and chatting with the curate, and my uncle was rustling his paper and imparting bits of news to my aunt.

Everything was very decorous; it was not at all what I'd thought a hotel on the fringe of Monte Carlo would be. My uncle and aunt had brought me with them, that summer of 'thirty-six, and it was supposed to be a great treat for me. My parents had impressed on me that they were being generous and that I was to be appreciative and not make any trouble.

I was not a troublesome boy. I had been lame, through an early accident, and sometimes I still limped a little. The braces I used to wear had kept me from a boy's normal life, and the hours with

A life that included a yacht and a millionaire at her feet. That was Lili's ambition.

books and with my mother had made me, at sixteen, both precocious and innocent.

The lift was making premonitory sounds. Everyone looked toward it, as if it contained something they were waiting for. The car thudded to a stop, and the Jones family emerged.

It was apparent that Mrs. Jones was dining out. She was in evening dress, bright blue, with a blue cape poised on her white shoulders. Her figure was what I later heard my aunt, with uncommon saltiness, call "busty," and there was a good deal of it uncovered. Her heavy hair was an odd shade of purplish black, and her doll's face was too highly tinted.

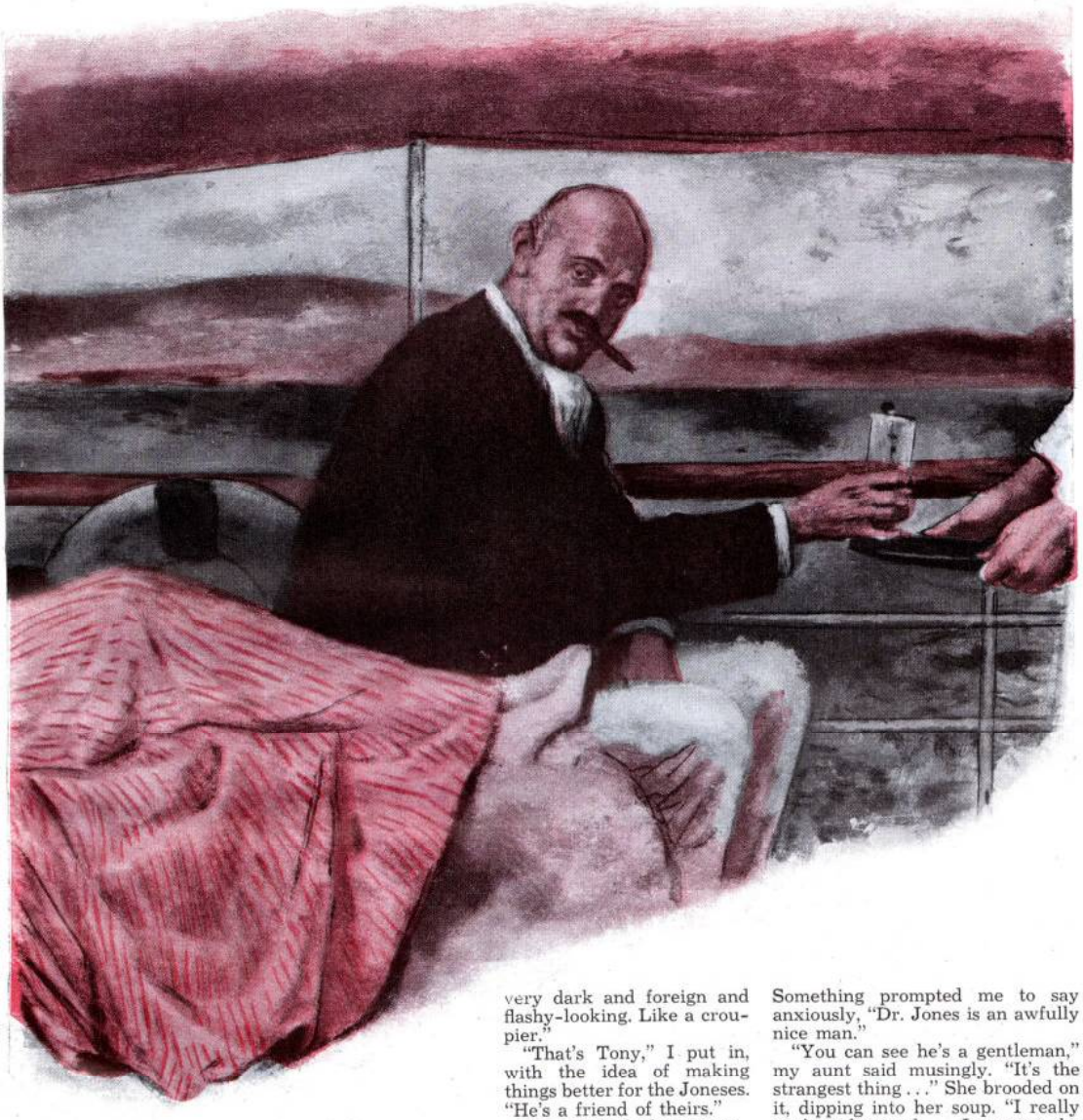
I did not know much about mascara then, but I did know that the blackness about her really vivid blue eyes was theatric.

She rustled forward, looking so radiant that it was hard to believe she had just been speaking viciously, and after her came Dr. Jones, thin and plain in a dark gray suit, and Lucy. They crossed the lounge—everyone now intent on knitting or reading or conversation—and Dr. Jones held open the outer door for her.

He said in his gentle, well-bred tones, which he made clear and carrying, "Have a pleasant time, my dear." He closed the door and turned back. He was holding Lucy by the hand, as if she were still a child instead of a girl of fifteen.

He paused beside one of the former ladies in waiting. "My wife has a child's love for games of chance," he remarked to her. His voice sounded affectionately amused and indulgent, but it seemed forced, and so did the smile on his worn face. Lucy, a slim silhouette against his drab gray, was expressionless.

The old lady gave him a pleasant smile and murmured something. I was conscious of relief because she was being nice to him. I felt intensely sorry for him because I knew how ashamed he must feel to have his wife speak to him like that, and I admired the way he tried to carry off her going out. I understood now—which I hadn't before, that afternoon on the beach



when I heard her making the date—that there was something rather queer about it.

The dining-room doors opened, and everyone went in. Our table was on the other side of the room from the Joneses' and my aunt, after a precautionary look at the distance, leaned toward my uncle.

"*That man* was out there in his car—the long, gray one. Mrs. Beckwith saw him when she came in. Mrs. Jones is out with him almost every night."

"What man?" said my uncle, applying himself to his soup.

"I don't know who he is—he's very dark and foreign and flashy-looking. Like a croupier."

"That's Tony," I put in, with the idea of making things better for the Joneses. "He's a friend of theirs."

My aunt looked at me surprisedly. "You've met him?"

"He talked to us on the beach."

"He did? What is he like?"

"Oh—all right, I guess."

I really hadn't liked him, but I wasn't going to say so.

"What is his last name?"

"I don't know. She just called him Tony."

My aunt looked at my uncle, with significance in the look. Then she asked me, "What did Dr. Jones call him?"

"I didn't hear him call him anything." I remembered that most of the time Dr. Jones had been sitting a little way off, looking toward the water, while Mrs. Jones and Tony had lain, chattering, on the sand. Something prompted me to say anxiously, "Dr. Jones is an awfully nice man."

"You can see he's a gentleman," my aunt said musingly. "It's the strangest thing . . ." She brooded on it, dipping into her soup. "I really can't understand . . . I suppose she was a pretty girl . . . The daughter has her coloring. With the father's features. She's lovely, poor child." She looked again toward her husband. "Those rings of hers are real diamonds. And he's threadbare."

"Diamonds don't wear out," said my uncle . . . He had a way of not seeming to pay attention, then coming out with something sensible. "Bought 'em for her in better days."

"But her clothes! They're terrible, of course, but they're new. And they cost money."

"Probably gives her all he's got left."

"Of course (*Continued on p. 144*)

I'm an old

Or how my salary dropped from thirty-five to twelve and a half dollars a week.

Part two of a two-part memoir

BY Sinclair Lewis

Now, as an honest Massachusetts farmer, I am amazed to see how much embezzlement, chicanery, incompetence and general antisocial behavior is revealed as I study the career of Harry the Demon Reporter. It makes me suspicious of all the standard biographies, which never admit such crimes.

Certainly George Sterling, the poet, was guilty at least of perjury and excessive imagination when he told Joe Noel, sports writer on the San Francisco Evening Bulletin, to let his city editor in on the secret that there was a wonderful young reporter and magazine writer named Mr. Lewis around those parts, that he seemed to like California almost as well as his native New York (Fifth Avenue), and might conceivably be persuaded to stay here. An interview between Mr. Lewis and that innocent city editor was arranged with the pomp of a royal wedding.

I had planned to accept the position at thirty a week—which was vastly higher than my value in the labor market had ever been—but as I walked into the editor's office, Joe mysteriously handed me a slip reading, "Hit him for thirty-five."

Hit? Me, the international journalist? I did nothing so vulgar as to hit. I permitted the editor to know that I was a Yale man and had had things published in these magazines and I knew New York like the inside of my hat (about which current hat, which I had left outside, the less, the better). But I liked his nice little city, and I would be willing to stay around awhile at—should we say forty or fifty a week?—oh, what did it matter?—make it thirty-five . . . expenses so much less in these smaller towns.

So I tilted back in my chair and looked casually down on Market Street.

Indeed it didn't matter at all, except that if I didn't get the thirty-five (and I would have listened happily to an offer of thirteen-fifty) I would have stopped eating and sleeping under cover.

He was a hard-boiled city editor and as credulous as all hard-boiled people, who are too busy admiring their own hard-boiledness to study other people. I got the job.

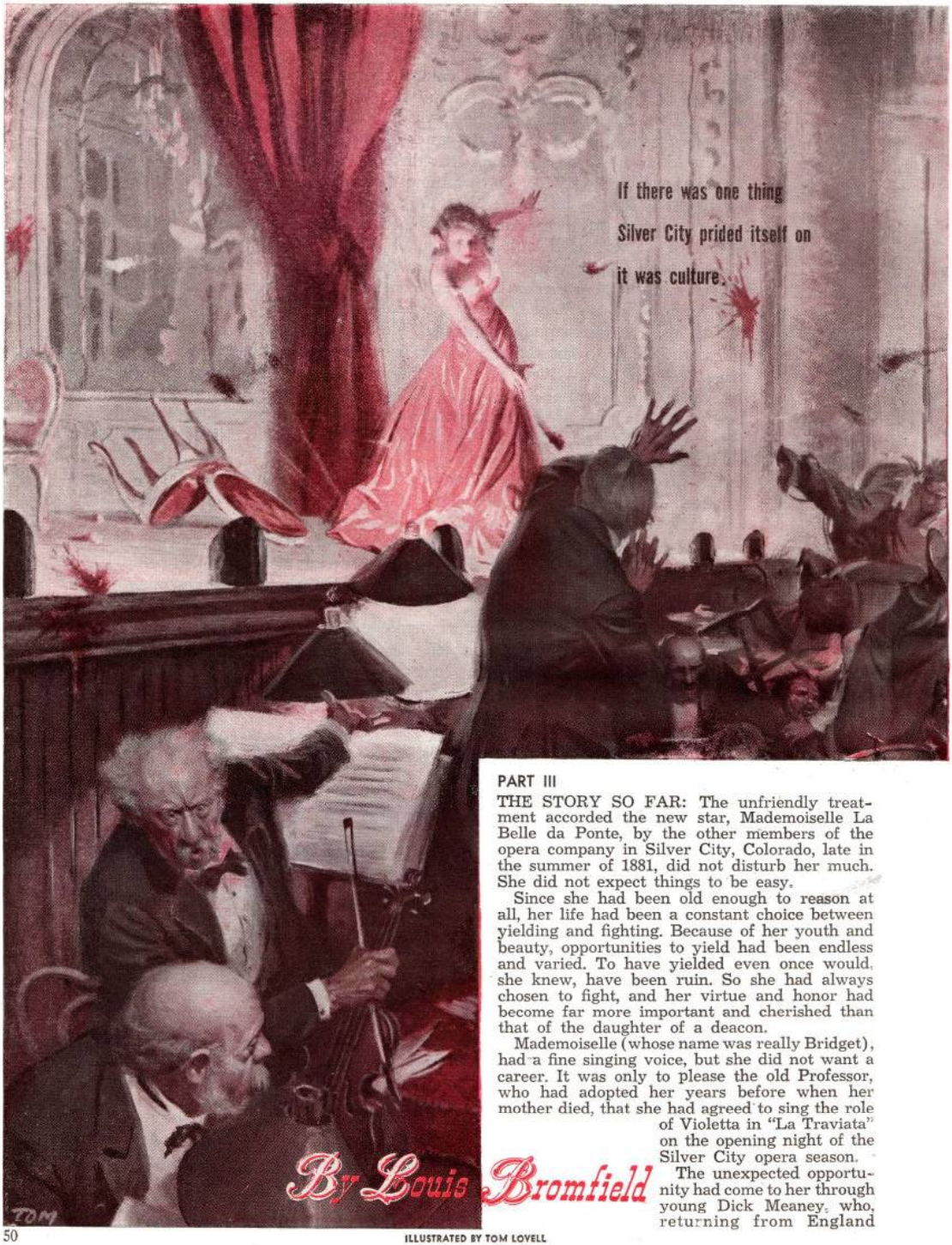
If it were 1909 again and I were that editor, I would either fire this Lewis the first week, or create a special department for him in the Saturday Supplement, and let him write his fool imaginative head off, and raise him and raise him—perhaps to thirty-seven-fifty in ten or twelve years. Lewis was good at "human-interest stories," but he never saw the news or heard the news or brought in the news, and if the governor had shot the mayor at the ferryhouse and Lewis had been the only reporter there, he would have come sunnily trotting into the office with a lovely piece about Sunset Over the Golden Gate. Again does his real career

newspaperman myself

make me suspect all the published Lives, especially the autobiographies, and when I read the triumphant pomposities of prime ministers and bishops and department-store barons, I suspect that along with their youthful twenty-six hours a day of industry and probity, they must have had endearing times of being ornery and idiotic.

This Lewis discovered in San Francisco a den, plagiarized from Robert Louis Stevenson, where the hobos drank only wine all evening long—wine at five cents a can—and they were gently crazy, and in a room where shadows slid along the huge wooden tables, they told one another stories from the South Seas or sang together as languidly as the lotos-eaters. But that story the editor would not let our young wonder hero write. Instead the editor told him that there were murmurings of financial scandal about a large orphan asylum, and would he kindly hustle out and get the dirt?

I found that the asylum was surrounded by a brutally high red-brick wall. A real reporter would presumably have climbed the wall at midnight, wriggled across the courtyard, anesthetized the night watchman, removed the ledgers from the safe, and have had a front-page story for next (*Continued on page 200*)



PART III

THE STORY SO FAR: The unfriendly treatment accorded the new star, Mademoiselle La Belle da Ponte, by the other members of the opera company in Silver City, Colorado, late in the summer of 1881, did not disturb her much. She did not expect things to be easy.

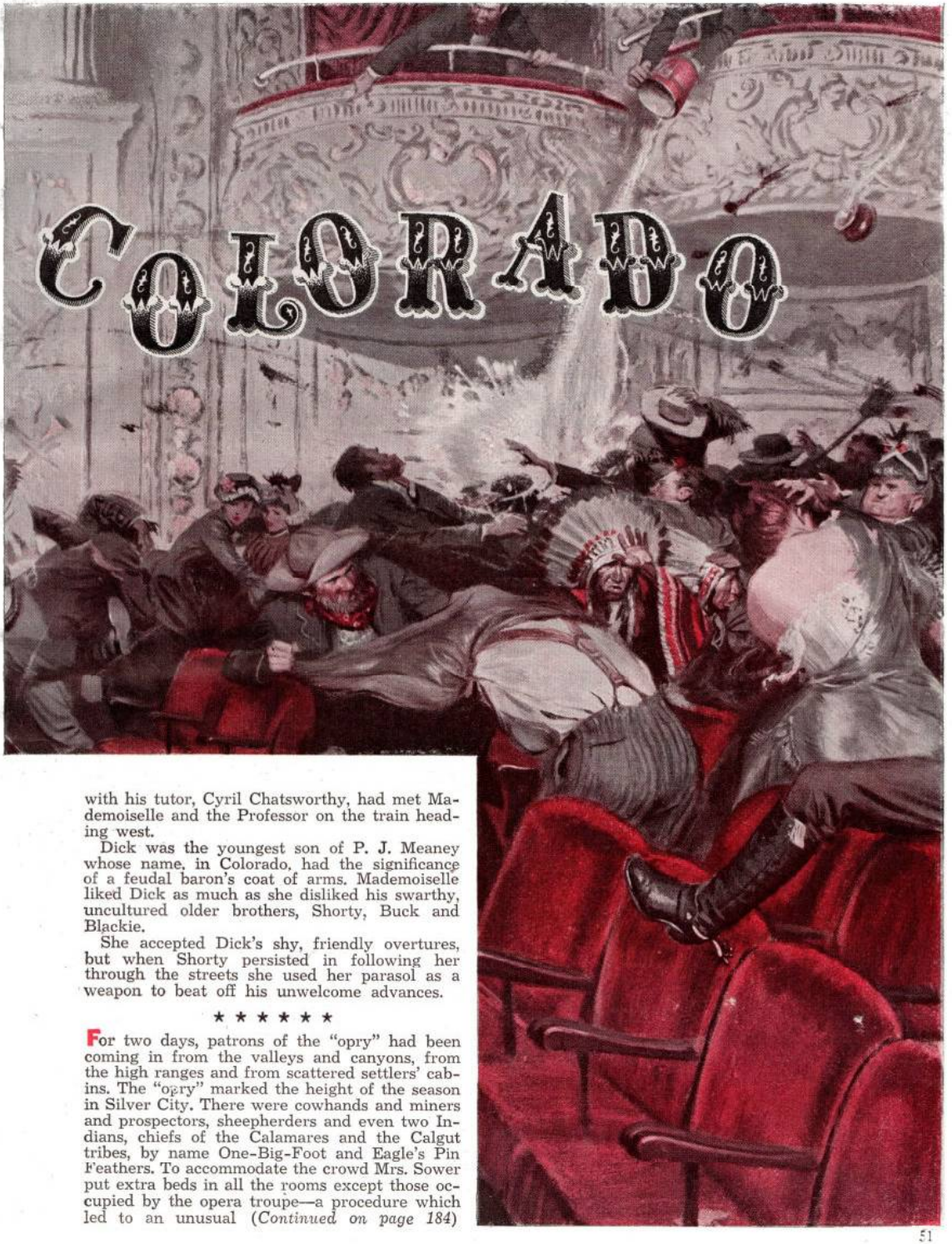
Since she had been old enough to reason at all, her life had been a constant choice between yielding and fighting. Because of her youth and beauty, opportunities to yield had been endless and varied. To have yielded even once would, she knew, have been ruin. So she had always chosen to fight, and her virtue and honor had become far more important and cherished than that of the daughter of a deacon.

Mademoiselle (whose name was really Bridget), had a fine singing voice, but she did not want a career. It was only to please the old Professor, who had adopted her years before when her mother died, that she had agreed to sing the role of Violetta in "La Traviata" on the opening night of the Silver City opera season.

The unexpected opportunity had come to her through young Dick Meaney, who, returning from England

By Louis Bromfield

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL



with his tutor, Cyril Chatsworthy, had met Mademoiselle and the Professor on the train heading west.

Dick was the youngest son of P. J. Meaney whose name, in Colorado, had the significance of a feudal baron's coat of arms. Mademoiselle liked Dick as much as she disliked his swarthy, uncultured older brothers, Shorty, Buck and Blackie.

She accepted Dick's shy, friendly overtures, but when Shorty persisted in following her through the streets she used her parasol as a weapon to beat off his unwelcome advances.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For two days, patrons of the "opry" had been coming in from the valleys and canyons, from the high ranges and from scattered settlers' cabins. The "opry" marked the height of the season in Silver City. There were cowhands and miners and prospectors, sheepherders and even two Indians, chiefs of the Calamares and the Calgut tribes, by name One-Big-Foot and Eagle's Pin Feathers. To accommodate the crowd Mrs. Sower put extra beds in all the rooms except those occupied by the opera troupe—a procedure which led to an unusual (*Continued on page 184*)

BY *Frederic Wakeman*

WHO WROTE "THE HUCKSTERS"

DOCTOR WILDER'S *dilemma*

The average American, accustomed to his thirty-hour work week, would have been astonished at Dr. Ross Wilder's schedule. Today, for example, had begun at nine A. M. with his rounds at the John L. Lewis Memorial Hospital where he was chief of medicine. Then, after a staff meeting, he hurried uptown to the university to give his lecture on diagnosis. By one o'clock he was in his Park Avenue office which was swarming with patients.

Next came his charity work at the children's clinic at five ten, interrupted by an emergency call—a heart attack. Ordinarily he would have gone straight from that patient back to the hospital, as there were several touch-and-go cases that needed his attention, but instead he called his wife and told her he would be home early for dinner.

No man of forty-five should permit himself to be as tired as I am, he thought, as he walked down into the subway. Although he had been riding the subways for over three years, ever since conditions had forced him to sell his car, back in 1950, he could never get used to the insult it heaped upon his general fatigue.

He equally resented the circumstances which had moved him from his comfortable Fifth Avenue apartment to an uptown three-room flat. This night, he could hardly make the fourth flight of stairs.

There was fish for dinner. Not because he liked fish. And it wasn't Friday. No, there was fish only because they could not afford meat.

Poor Barbara! She had many gifts, but cooking was not one of them. Even after these years of servantless living, she had not grasped the first principle of making food tasty. And she tried so desperately hard to be a good housewife, as the hospital-clean apartment demonstrated. He washed up and squeezed himself into his place at the dinette table. "Ummm," he said. "Potatoes."

Mrs. Wilder sighed. "I can't get used to paying eighty cents apiece for them," she said. "Even if we made a million dollars a year, I'd still be horrified. Did you have a busy day?"

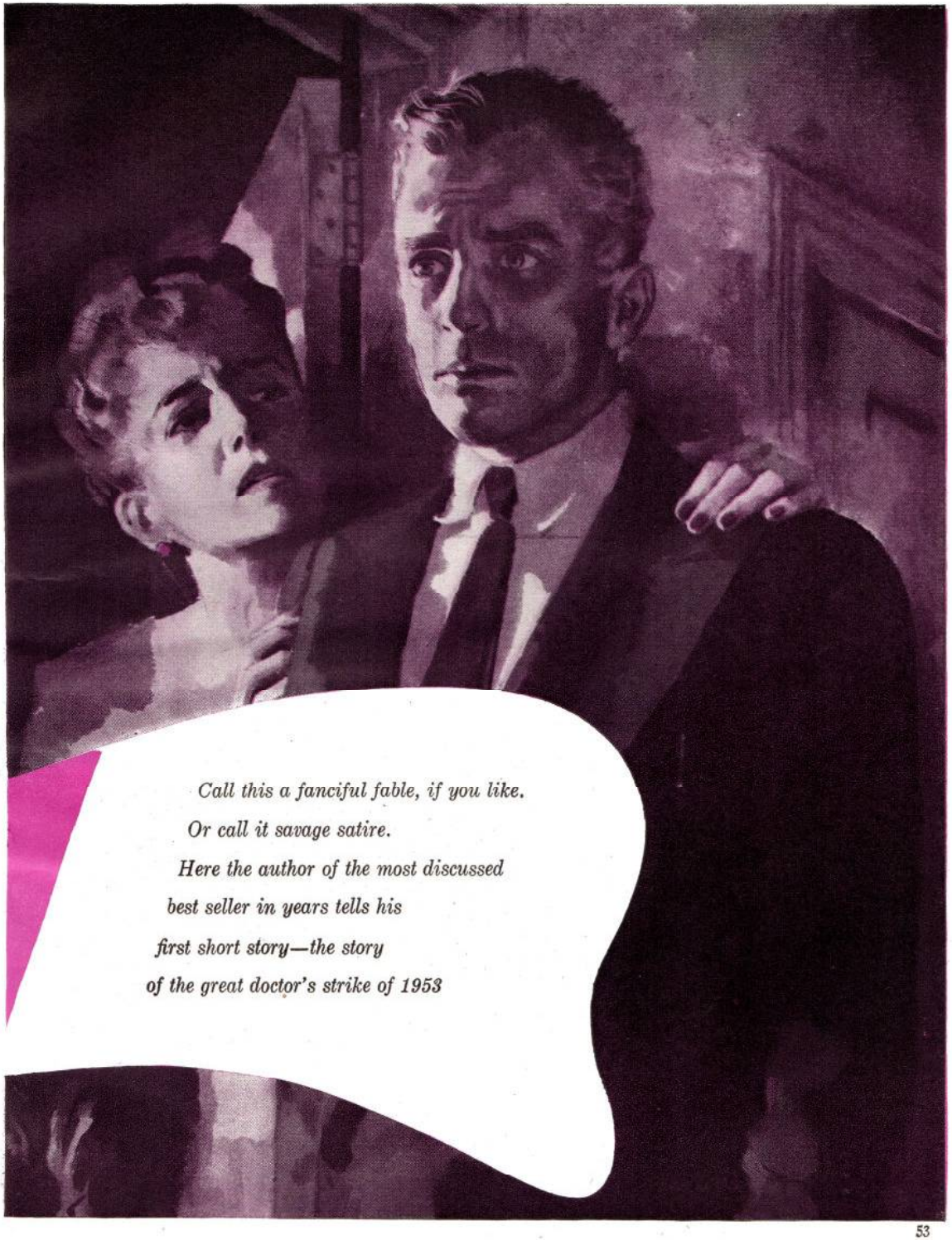
"The usual."

"Hospital tonight?" she asked.

Everyone knows about the medical *fraternity*, but few realize there is also a medical *sorority* of doctor's wives. They have a code as unyielding as the Hippocratic oath, these women. Take (*Continued on page 78*)

"Ross, she's in great pain. You *must* help her."

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS



Call this a fanciful fable, if you like.
Or call it savage satire.
Here the author of the most discussed
best seller in years tells his
first short story—the story
of the great doctor's strike of 1953

Before these visitors arrived, Meyers' Manor was known as a good place for a quiet summer vacation. Afterwards it was known as Meyers' Madhouse

THE REST CURE

by Sy Gomberg

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED LUDEKENS

"I think we got everything now so I'll lock the door only be careful don't drop my hatbox it's got dishes in it," Mom hollered to Pop and me as we carried the last suitcases downstairs. "And watch and don't let Marv disappear we'll never find him," she finished. She meant my shrimp of a kid brother. Sometimes he got out of sight and we had to search the whole neighborhood till we found him. Twice the cops had to help.

"Don't worry," Pop hollered back. "I locked him in the truck. Only for pity's sake, hurry up!"

I was almost nine then and the Shrimp was five, and we were going away to the country with Mom for the summer. This was in 1927, the year Pop got a ten-dollar raise from the furniture company. He'd have to work, of course, but he'd be up every Saturday night till Sunday night and for a whole week in August.

The place we were going to was called Meyers' Manor, a hotel up in the Catskills not far from Monticello, New York. It was the first time we had ever had a real summer vacation, and it started a lot of excitement in our neighborhood. People who lived in the part of Passaic, New Jersey, where we did couldn't afford to go anywhere—except on excursions to Atlantic City for one day maybe, or up the Hudson on the Louisa Street A. C.'s Annual Fourth of July boat ride.

So I felt kind of proud when we finally drove away in the small truck Pop had borrowed from the company. I stuck out my tongue at some kids who were playing punchball in the street. Mom cried, though, as she waved good-by to all the women hanging out of their windows and waving to her.

Meantime Pop turned to me. "Fasten the rope there to Marv's belt," he said, "and tie it to the trunk. I don't want him falling out of the rear doors."

We always had to be extra careful with the Shrimp. He never said much and looked like a little blue-eyed, blond angel with a Dutch-boy haircut. That's how he looked! Yet in the one week since kindergarten was let out he had already been fished out of a sewer, almost started a fire in the cellar and pushed the Jensen twins down a flight of stairs. To me, he was worse than anything. He followed me wherever I went and copied every-

thing I did. The gang I went with wanted him around like a hole in the head. But whenever I sneaked away from him, he got in trouble. Pop had told me not to worry, that in the country there would be kids his size for him to play with. I hoped so. Otherwise Mom would make me watch him like a shadow.

AFTER I tied him, I sat down on a suitcase and tried to picture what Meyers' Manor was like. Pop had never been there himself, but he thought they probably had horses for the guests to ride and a place to swim. So for weeks now I had been imagining myself galloping on big stallions other guys my age would be afraid to go near, making high dives off boards into a beautiful pool—like in moving pictures—and even going hunting for wild animals with the slingshot I'd made. Now, while I was dreaming these things over again, the Shrimp was busy taking apart an old clock he'd brought along. When a piece wouldn't come off, he either bit it loose or banged it free on the truck floor. Finally, when there was nothing left of the clock, he put all the parts in his pocket and went to sleep on the trunk. In a little while I fell asleep too.

IT WAS almost dark when we arrived at Meyers' Manor. One look and my stomach twisted with disappointment. It was just a big gray house with a long porch they called a veranda and with some trees in front. The same as houses in Passaic, except that it was in the country. As I helped Pop carry suitcases up from the truck to the little room we had, I noticed a big barn behind the house and some fields leading to a heavy forest. But nothing else—no casino, no colored umbrellas, no wild animals' eyes shining in the dark. And of all the people I had seen so far, there wasn't a single guy my age I could hang around with and not one girl big enough to show off for. Without asking, I knew there wouldn't be any stallions either. My dreams oozed right out of me, and I felt empty inside.

"This is a rotten lousy place," I told myself, as I came back down the stairs. I was so mad I kicked a hole in the screen door. But when I was pulling the hatbox out of the truck I heard an owl "hoo-hooing" in the dark someplace, and all of a sudden a rabbit ran across the road. Right in front of me! I grabbed my slingshot, only he was gone by the time I got a rock. So I stuck the slingshot and the rock in my shirt pocket, in case I had to make a quick shot, and I looked out to where the woods started. They were probably crowded with rabbits and other wild animals. Maybe even Indians, too. I felt much better. On my way back with the hatbox I fixed the screen so the mosquitoes couldn't get in.

Sanfy caught the turtle, the Shrimp caught Sanfy, and the three of them dangled from the tree.

"THIS is a wild, very natural place," I told the Shrimp later, when we got into bed. Mom and Pop were downstairs. "I know. I almost shot a real rabbit with my slingshot. And that means there's more hungry wild animals all around here which could eat up a shrimp like you in maybe one or two gulps. Know that?"

He nodded his head.

"Me, I got my slingshot. I don't haveta worry. But you ain't got a chance against a fox, even. Boy, I'd sure hate to see you meet one o' them. Wow, what teeth they have!"

He looked a little scared. But it was hard to tell from those light blue eyes of his. They never changed, and he didn't say anything—as usual. You know, for a long time we had thought he was backward because he didn't talk much. Then his kindergarten teacher told Mom he was "very profound," whatever that was. Right away to Mom that meant he was different, that he had a gift. What it was she didn't know, but she told everybody he was talented. Baloney! Here he was five years old already, and I had never seen him do one talented thing yet.

"Yeah, you'll have to be careful," I said, after I told him a few things about wild animals that would have scared a grownup. "So if Mom says you should go with me when I start scoutin' these woods, you better say, 'No, I don't wanna go with him.' Okay?"

He stared at me without moving a muscle. I should've expected that.

Pop came up to say good-by and he told me to be good and mind Mom and watch Marv. I promised, so he gave me a dollar for spending money. The Shrimp got a quarter and crossed his heart not to get in any trouble or take other people's things apart. Then Pop kissed us and left.

I WASN'T sure what woke me up next morning until I looked out of the window. It was just getting light, and a tall man wearing overalls was driving a bunch of cows into the barn. They were mooing. I also saw two big horses tossing their heads as they ran through the gate from the fields. Mom and the Shrimp hadn't heard anything. They were still asleep, with the Shrimp holding parts of the clock in both hands. How he got them, I don't know.

I was so excited I forgot to put on my shoes. I climbed into the cowboy pants Pop gave me for Christmas, pulled on a sweater and sneaked out quietly. Nobody else was up.

AT THE barn I found the tall man sitting on a stool and getting milk out of a cow. The other cows were lined up in a row, waiting to give theirs. From this close the man looked dark, and very lean, like some of the Indians I'd seen in pictures, except that he had on clothes. He even chewed tobacco, and he could spit all the way across the barn!

I told him my name and where I was from (*Continued on page 109*)

International

IGOR GOUZENKO

TELLS WHY HE BROKE AWAY FROM COMMUNISM AND RISKED HIS LIFE AND THE LIVES OF HIS FAMILY TO WARN THE AMERICAN NATIONS AGAINST THE DANGER OF SOVIET ESPIONAGE

I was inside Stalin's Spy Ring

When Colonel Nikolai Zabotin left Moscow in 1943 to take over the direction of one of the Soviet military espionage networks in Canada, he brought with him as his secretary a major in the Red Army named Romanov. Zabotin was warmly attached to Romanov and treated him almost like a son. Nobody else on the military intelligence staff at the Soviet embassy in Ottawa, to which I was attached as a cipher clerk, could stand him. Sober, he was cruel and treacherous. When he was drinking, which was almost every night, he became a rough and dangerous sadist.

One evening after we had worked late preparing material from Canadian Communist spies for transmission to Moscow, Zabotin asked Romanov and myself and a few other officers on his staff to help him sample a new bottle of Scotch at his home a few blocks from the embassy. The conversation with the drinks turned, as it often did, toward the war, and Romanov began to monopolize it, as he often did, with his experiences at Stalingrad where he had served as a combat intelligence officer.

I paid little attention to him at first because I felt that I had already (*Continued on page 85*)

PART IV

England's Elizabeth,

being heiress to the throne,

will have to do the proposing herself.

And when she becomes Queen,

her husband won't be allowed

to say a word about how she should rule the empire.

Not officially, at least

The Royal Family and the Prince: King George VI, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip.

By Richard Haestier

if – the Crown

Princess takes a Husband

Paul Adams, bandleader at the select Mirabelle restaurant and night club in London's West End, thumbed nervously through his sheet music. He was wondering what to play next. Perhaps the "Blue Danube"? The Very Important Personage who had turned up unexpectedly to dine and dance would surely find *that* a sweet, pleasant and inoffensive selection. Adams hoped he had it somewhere under the pile of American jazz favorites his customers usually preferred to European music.

A young girl with chestnut hair done in a loose bob, who was dining quietly with three companions, looked toward him and smiled. It was an encouraging smile. Then the girl called a waiter and spoke quietly to him. He moved through the closely packed tables toward the tiny bandstand.

National

"Her Royal Highness says would you please be so kind as to play 'People Will Say We're in Love'?"

"Huh?" said Adams, surprised —and relieved. In less than a minute he had found the music. He passed it out, tapped his baton with imperious confidence, and the notes of the song from "Oklahoma" floated over the dining room.

Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary Windsor, twenty-one-year-old heiress to the British throne and future ruler of 589 million people throughout the British Empire, smiled happily and glanced warmly across the table at her escort, Prince Philip of Greece, a good-looking blond, who will be twenty-six in June.

People have been saying for months that Elizabeth and Philip were in love and that royal wedding bells would be ringing in London soon. There have been rumors before. At various recent times, Elizabeth's name has been linked by gossips with five young dukes —and there have been denials in each case. But no one has said officially that she will *not* marry Philip. On the contrary, a Whitehall official, when questioned, broke down so far as to admit that the Prince and Princess are "*very* friendly," carefully placing a slight emphasis on the word "very."

It is now taken for granted that when Princess Elizabeth returns this summer from an official tour of South Africa with her mother, father and younger sister, her engagement and plans for an early marriage will be announced by special Court Circular.

Elizabeth is five feet two inches tall and weighs 137 pounds. Her figure could be improved by dieting, but so far she has postponed any such disciplinary measures. She uses lipstick but no nail polish, and her excellent complexion needs no facial creams. Her expression is usually thoughtful, but she has a warm smile and luminous gray eyes which often light her face with magnetic effect. Her voice is clear, resonant and unpretentious. She is perfectly natural with friends and strangers alike and has as much charm and poise as her Uncle David, the Duke of Windsor. She has tried cocktails and cigarettes but doesn't like them. Now and then she drinks a little wine, and she is especially fond of a single glass of champagne.

Elizabeth swims and rides well, plays golf and tennis and dances a mean rumba. She likes to drive a car. When it comes to Scottish folk songs she can surprise even the old lairds north of the Border with her knowledge of the lore. Similarly, she knows the intricate steps of most of the famous native reels. She is an accomplished pianist, having won a Bachelor of Music degree at the London University. Her singing voice is described as pleasant. In the privacy of her own room she accompanies herself as she sings "Surrey with the Fringe on Top" or a similar American number, but if her mother, whom she calls "Mama," asks her to play in the palace drawing room, she usually selects a piece by Beethoven. The Princess acquired her wide knowledge of tin-pan-alley tunes by listening to American bands on a short-wave radio set. From this hobby she builds her own hit parade and sometimes embarrasses an English orchestra leader by asking for a number that has not reached London. She is an ardent Bing Crosby fan and collects all his records.

Languages came easily to the Princess. She speaks French, German, Italian and Spanish fluently.

The man who, it is confidently believed, will become her Prince Consort, was born in Corfu on June 10, 1921. He is the son of Prince Andrew of Greece and Princess Alice of Battenberg—a family that changed (*Continued on Page 116*)

editor's note

Last summer Cosmopolitan and three Chicago art groups sponsored an illustration contest for aspiring artists in the Chicago area. They were invited to illustrate this story, and more than a hundred accepted. The winning paintings, selected by three outstanding American illustrators, are reproduced here.

The frustration of peggy allen

It can be very annoying

to discover you're wrong about something.

It can also be a great relief

by **Gordon Malherbe Hillman**

In a manner of speaking, Mr. O'Meara lived in a large harem. This circumstance did not alarm Mr. O'Meara, who for many years had been the sole male ornament of The Temple School for Girls.

Precisely what Mr. O'Meara's official position was had never been clearly defined. He was not exactly superintendent of grounds, though he did look after the extremely expansive lawns and flower beds; he emphatically was not an odd-jobman though no job was too odd for him.

It was Mr. O'Meara's well-considered opinion that he and Miss Temple—commonly referred to as Old Frozen Face—were the two people who really kept the school running. With, of course, some slight aid from Bobby and Bess.

Bobby and Bess were now taking Mr. O'Meara home for lunch with no assistance on his part, for they knew the way perfectly well and were a little hungry themselves after having hauled loam in the dumpcart all morning.

Bobby and Bess were two large, placid brown horses of uncommon intelligence, who held themselves loftily superior to the riding mounts in the school stable and were probably envied by those somewhat harried animals, who had to carry large and small girls about on their backs.

Mr. O'Meara, slouched on the seat of the dumpcart and half asleep in the pleasant sun, was thinking about girls. He was thinking that the landscape would look much better without so many of their legs.

The legs of the young ladies of Miss Temple's school were always bare and frequently scarred or scratched. There were large legs, lean legs, scrawny legs and legs that were downright fat. There was also displayed a great deal of knee, usually knobby.

Masculine legs, Mr. O'Meara was ready to admit, would probably have looked worse, but they would not have been so lavishly forced upon the beholder's vision.

Mr. O'Meara reached for his pipe and returned to his original conclusion that all

Right in front of the school stood doom itself—Miss Temple.

1st prize

JOHN HOWARD
450 EAST OHIO STREET
CHICAGO, ILL.

2nd prize

EARL GROSS
GLENCOE, ILL.

Mrs. O'Meara's parlor contained a startling profusion of everything.

Why the Jury gave First Prize to John Howard:

Austin Briggs:

"Howard's painting is the most original ... It symbolizes all the fears of traditional authority which motivate the small heroine."

Al Parker:

"Howard uses arresting color. . . . The painting is not executed in the traditional manner and should be refreshing to the reader."

Harold von Schmidt:

"No one who understands that which people do to houses and houses do to people can miss the inherent warmth in these unlovely buildings. . . . Howard felt this—the contrast (*Continued on Page 183*)

3rd prize

MARY MILLER
7340 SOUTH ARTESIAN AVE.
CHICAGO, ILL.

schoolgirls are mostly legs and shrill voices and that nothing can be done about it except to wait for them to grow up and go away.

Thanks to Bobby and Bess, Mr. O'Meara was now passing the boundaries of the school—that extraordinary world for women only—and entering the village, which was a slightly more rational universe.

He swayed gently upon his high seat: a large, brown-faced, bald-headed man with heavy-lidded blue eyes that never seemed to notice anything. As a matter of fact, they missed nothing, not even the small, dark-haired girl in the plaid dress, who was striding doggedly down the sidewalk, steadily talking to herself and holding a gray suitcase in one hand.

"Whoa!" said Mr. O'Meara, but he needn't have bothered for Bobby and Bess had stopped automatically, apparently knowing that small girls with suitcases are generally running away from school.

"Hot," said Mr. O'Meara lazily and wiped his shiny head with a red bandanna. "Have a lift?"

The small girl stopped and considered the matter. With her hair cut in bangs in front and hanging down in two thin braids in back, she seemed an oddly old-fashioned sort of child, and Mr. O'Meara had not seen one of those in a long time. She also had a snub nose and an extremely determined chin.

"Thank you," she said finally in a competent and grown-up voice, and Mr. O'Meara reached languidly for the suitcase. Bobby and Bess turned their heads to regard the small girl who was climbing to the high seat. They then started on of their own accord.

"Gosh," said the small girl, surveying them. "I guess they know everything, don't they?"

Mr. O'Meara was pleased. "More'n most people." He applied the red bandanna again. "Name's O'Meara. What's yours?"

"Peggy Allen. And will you let me off at the bus stop, please?"

"Sure," said Mr. O'Meara, who had no intention of doing anything of the sort. He had the sense that Peggy was quite different from most of Miss Temple's girls, though he didn't know how. He proposed to find out presently.

Peggy brushed back her bangs and continued to admire Bobby and Bess. "They are positively beautiful, Mr. O'Meara."

"Better not tell 'em so. Stuck up enough as 'tis."

"I s'pose they understand every word I say."

"Prob'ly. They've had plenty of practice listenin' to little girls."

Peggy's back suddenly got very stiff. "I am *not* a little girl, Mr. O'Meara."

"No?"

"And I'm thoroughly sick of being told I am. This is the most stupid school I ever saw. Absolutely nobody here has any sense."

Mr. O'Meara thought that was probably so. "Ain't countin' in Miss Temple, are you?"

An expression of utter loathing crossed Peggy's face. "Why, she's a simply terrible woman! All the girls call her 'Old Frozen Face.'"

Mr. O'Meara considered that. "Girls don't know much, do they?"

"They do not. They are absolutely abysmal. If they win a blue blazer in sports, they get fearfully stuck up. I think school sports are awfully silly, don't you?"

Mr. O'Meara meditated on that, and the tail of his eye saw the bus disappearing down the street. It was the last bus for some time. "Dunno. Got to give the little devils something to do, I s'pose."

Peggy giggled, then gave a sudden cry. "We're 'way past the bus stop, and there goes the bus and——"

Mr. O'Meara showed every evidence of surprise. "Why, so it does. Won't be another for a while, either." He had never yet heard of a schoolgirl who wasn't eternally hungry, so he added, "Better stop by my place for lunch. It's Irish stew."

There was a brief struggle between the small girl's determination and her stomach. Mr. O'Meara had suspected her stomach would win out, and it did.

"Well, if you're sure it won't be too much trouble."

"No trouble at all," said Mr. O'Meara, and Bobby and Bess turned in beside a low, white house, framed by trees, with a wide veranda all along its front.

A vastly billowy woman came to the door with her flaming red hair done up in a white kerchief. The rest of her was encased in a very ruffled blouse and a pair of plum-colored corduroy trousers. They were the largest trousers anyone would be likely to see.

"Molly," said Mr. O'Meara with immense dignity, "this is Miss Peggy Allen. Miss Allen, Mrs. O'Meara . . . Peggy'll be staying to lunch."

He indicated that she should alight; then Bobby and Bess bore him and the cart off into the back yard.

Peggy thought that, though Mr. O'Meara was quite calm, Mrs. O'Meara was calmer still. And large, calm people, in Peggy's experience, were extremely comfortable to be with. Mrs. O'Meara did not disappoint her. "I always do like company for lunch. Especially when unexpected. Maybe you want to wash."

Peggy said she didn't, and they passed rapidly into the white house, whose parlor was full of tables, plush chairs, and a startling profusion of ornaments, ranging from picture post cards to china figures and sea shells. On the wall were several large steel engravings, mostly of stags in extremely stiff attitudes.

Peggy was sorry that Robert, her father, couldn't have seen the room. He would have appreciated it. He would also have known what to say about it, and she certainly didn't. So she commented on the most conspicuous object she could see. "Those are marvelous pants, Mrs. O'Meara."

Mrs. O'Meara stroked her corduroys with affection. "Comfortable. I always say if you can't be comfortable, what's the use? So we eat in the kitchen."

Peggy comprehended this perfectly, and Mrs. O'Meara's kitchen was certainly planned for comfort. It was a very large sun-swept room and, besides its stove and sink, it contained a big, soft rocker and a black leather armchair that sagged. Its wide window commanded a splendid view of trees and garden, and its table had a red and white cloth on it with a bronze bowl of nasturtiums in dead center.

A huge yellow cat was sound asleep in the armchair, and the stew was bubbling on the stove. Mrs. O'Meara tasted the stew. "It's all right this time, but you have to keep your eye on those butchers."

Peggy smoothed her dress. "You have to be *very* careful of butchers. Can't I help you set an extra place?"

Mrs. O'Meara motioned to the china cupboard. "Go ahead. Haven't had a smart girl around for a long time. Got to go out to speak to Joe for a sec."

Peggy wondered what would happen next and was sure she didn't know. She couldn't very well escape because Mr. O'Meara had taken her suitcase off somewhere, and besides, it would (*Continued on page 180*)

The little house seemed so placid that Peggy could hardly bear to leave.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT RIGGS

THE *white circus horse*

Get into bed now, child, and your old nurse will tell you a story . . .

When I was a little girl, and seven years old, just like you, I lived on a farm not far from New Orleans. I lived with my father and mother and my sister Rose, who was six, and my brother Bill, who was nine, and my grandfather, who was a veterinarian and very old and wise. My father owned the farm. It was about twenty-five acres. We had a cow and a mule and a house and a barn, and a creek ran across our land. My sister and my brother and I used to play in the barn on rainy days, and we went wading in the brook, and often we rode the old mule.

Now, us Southerners love horses like we love nothing else; it's just bred into us, I guess; so while my brother and my sister and I were fond of that old mule, how we did wish he was a horse! Sometimes when we rode him we pretended he was a fine race horse, and we even thought up a fancy name for him: Windstream, we called him. We got up on his back, all three of us at once, my brother in front holding the halter rope, and Bill would shout, "Come on, Windstream, we're in the last lap! Come on, boy!" And my sister and I shouted too: "Windstream! Windstream!"

But it didn't work. The old mule never any more than just jogged along. And pretend all we liked, we always knew he was just an old mule.

One day in early spring we were walking down the road that ran past our house, and we got to talking about horses. "What kind of a horse would you ask for," my sister Rose said, "if a good fairy gave you a wish?"

I said I'd like to have a gaited saddle horse so I could ride down the road the way we saw fine ladies ride by sometimes. Rose said that was what she would ask for too. But Bill said he wanted a trotter; he said he would drive him in races, and that he'd be the fastest horse in the world, and he'd pass all the other horses there were. "And he'd be white," Bill said. "He'd be white, and he'd have an extra long tail. Maybe, when I hitched him to a sulky, I'd have to tie his tail up, to keep it out of my face."

"Would he be like that horse up there?" my sister Rose said, and she pointed to a big poster that was pasted up on a barn. It was a circus poster, put up because in a few weeks the circus was coming to New Orleans. We went over and looked at it. In the picture there were two dapple-gray horses and one brown horse and one white horse, and they were hitched up to a fancy chariot.

"That's a chariot race," Bill said.

"How'd you know?" Rose said.

You see, we weren't the kind of children who went to circuses.

"I know because I've read about 'em," Bill said.

Rose was only six and couldn't read, so that ended the argument, and we stood there and looked at the picture. Those horses were going so fast their manes and tails stood out as though they were starched, and the man's hair stood out and his robe, too. Oh, they were going like the wind! But it was the white horse that Rose had pointed to that looked most beautiful. He was chunky but not fat or too big, just strong-looking, and his nostrils stood out and his eyes were a little bloodshot, and he had the look of a boy let out of school. We stood there and looked at that picture and couldn't get enough of it.

"That's exactly the horse I'd want," Bill said. "There ain't a thing wrong anywhere. He's just exactly it."

"I don't think even a good fairy could get us a horse like that," Rose said. And I thought she was right.

We went back to the house and, though we had two hours until supper and the mule wasn't working, we didn't feel a bit like riding him. We went down and played by the brook (*Continued on page 140*)

Remember, as you read this story,
that the horse was more
than a horse to these children.
It was a shining symbol
of faith and justice and hope . . .
Remember, too, that no matter
how often such a symbol is destroyed,
it is always born again
in the hearts of children—
and of men of good will

by **Paul Marcus**

THE BLUE RIBBON STORY

Cosmopolitan's Movie Citations of the Month

By Louella O. Parsons
Motion Picture Editor, International News Service

BEST PERFORMANCES

Cowinners of Miss Parsons' "Best Performance" citation this month were Rita Hayworth as the goddess Terpsichore in "Down to Earth" and Deborah Kerr in the British-made thriller, "The Adventuress."

BEST DIRECTION

Bruce Humberstone is cited for his deft handling of the Technicolor horse-racing film "The Homestretch."

England is fighting for her life these days. The second Battle of Britain is on and the weapons, with which she hopes to win, are toil, sweat and exports.

I suppose when we say "exports" most of you react as I do, and think in terms of English sweaters, Scotch for highballs, wonderful luxury leathers and fine furniture.

The English people, hungry and fatigued, are sending over all these things. But they are also exporting another product, which, in view of the past, I never expected to see. They are sending out films so superior, so sensitive, so masterly in every respect, that Hollywood must look to its laurels—and quickly.

I must in all justice report that England has all the best of it, at least for the month of May.

When the shooting war ended, and the first British pictures, like "Colonel Blimp," "In Which We Serve" and "Blithe Spirit" began arriving in this country, Hollywood took the invasion with relaxed tolerance. "These pictures are the best pick of the past five years of their production," Hollywood said.

But the distinguished productions have kept coming—the brooding "The Seventh Veil," the tender "Brief Encounter," the completely magnificent "Henry V." They were all able to stand on their own box-office feet—but they did more than that. Whether by way of comedy, romance or heroism, they all proclaimed the message of English democracy, of English ways and of "English (*Continued on page 119*)

BEST PRODUCTION "Odd Man Out" is a moving story of the Irish revolution, featuring James Mason, Kathleen Ryan and a cast of Abbey Theatre players.

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

Sometimes it is easier to forget a wound you have received than one you have inflicted

THE Atonement

a very short story by Wyatt Blassingame

About halfway down the list, the principal stopped reading. "Miss Beatty," he asked, "isn't Mary Lesko the girl with the thick, steel-rimmed glasses?"

"Why, yes," his secretary said. "A tall, very gawky child. Quite homely. Why?"

"Nothing," the principal said. He leaned back in his chair, shutting his eyes. He would have liked a cigarette, but members of the school board were due, and several of them were opposed to smoking. As a substitute he tapped gently against his teeth with his pencil, a habit which he knew infuriated Miss Beatty, although she did not feel free to comment.

The list of names he had been reading represented nominations submitted by the students. All these nominees would be called to the school stage, and, before the complete student body, introduced and applauded. Then, by secret ballot, six would be elected Brandon High's Representative Girls, and their pictures would go in the school annual and quite possibly in the local afternoon paper. The list of nominees was made up of the school's prettiest and best-dressed and most popular girls—and Mary Lesko.

It was curious, John Shea thought, how the problems of teaching children remained the same year after year, generation after generation. He recalled a sentence he had learned years ago in a freshman college course in zoology: *The ontogeny of the individual is a recapitulation of the phylogeny of the species.* He found it comforting sometimes, and sometimes very discouraging, to think that each individual must relive the history of the race, that each child must pass through his own dark age of organized brutality and sadism.

Even the situations, John Shea thought, remained almost identical. Only the names changed. He didn't remember what the honor had been called when he was a boy. The Queen of Beauty, or something like that. But then, too, the contestants had been summoned publicly to the school stage. And it had been his idea, as a very hilarious joke, to nominate Sara Shadburn.

In the auditorium he could see Sara Shadburn, one row ahead and across the aisle. She sat with her hands tightly clenched on the books in her lap. Her fat, homely face was intent as she watched. She had her favorites among the girls being called to the stage, and she applauded them vigorously.

John Shea never knew whether the teacher was consciously aware of the name before she called it or not.

"Sara Shadburn. Will she please come forward?"

There was a stunned hush in the auditorium. Only the row of boys with John Shea in the center made any sound, and their snickering was muffled at first. Sara Shadburn sat as though the name called was that of an absolute stranger. Her face looked blank, numb.

Then the girls around Sara began to repeat her name. Someone

nudged her. There were loud whispers of "Go on! Go on!" For girls can be as vicious as boys. They had caught on to the joke like hungry dogs to a bone. They half pushed her into the aisle.

She started toward the stage, still with the dazed look upon her face. She was fat, with stringy reddish hair, and her clothes were cheap and ill-fitting. All over the auditorium persons began to giggle as she started down the aisle, awkward and frightened. Then one of the boys said loudly: "Our beauty queen!" and another gave a long whistle. Girls went into gales of laughter.

Halfway to the stage Sara stopped. She had always been a person to sweat profusely and now the beads stood glassy on her face. She stared about her as if she had lost her way. Her mouth was twitching, and, slowly, very slowly, a wild terrified look came into her eyes. With a cry she began to run up the aisle, away from the stage.

But even her escape was to be farcical. She put her fat hands over her eyes, and running that way she stumbled and fell. Her dress flew up, showing fat legs and cheap, cotton underwear.

Now, sitting behind the principal's desk of the Brandon High School, John Shea could remember the whole scene in detail, though he could not remember at what moment it had ceased to be funny. He had quit laughing before the others. He sat through the teacher's angry lecture, scarcely hearing it. He kept remembering how the look of terror had grown in Sara Shadburn's eyes, how the sweat had shown upon her cheeks.

The teacher had never learned who was responsible for Sara's name being listed. There was no punishment. John Shea had expected to forget the whole incident. But he found he could not forget.

The girl had not returned to school for two days, and then she went about her classes red-eyed, frequently weeping, and looking more ugly than ever before. A thousand times he imagined how she must have felt with the laughter beating at her from every side, trapped by the mockery of it, as he was by his own shame.

When he could stand it no longer he went to her house to apologize. He had been walking most of the afternoon, and now it was nearly dark. Young John Shea was trembling as he went up the steps.

Sara came to the door. "Hello," she said.

"I want to talk to you," John Shea said. "Will you come out here a minute?"

She must have been working in the kitchen, for he could smell the odors of food on her, and of perspiration. "What is it?" she asked.

It was hard for him to speak. "You remember that time at school when they called your name to go up on the stage?" But he did not wait for her answer. "I did it. I nominated you. But I didn't do it as a joke," he said. "I thought maybe you weren't as pretty as some of the others, but you are the smartest girl in school. You make good grades. I—I thought . . ." He was backing away, feeling for the top step with his foot. And she kept looking at him, saying nothing, her face only a pale disbelieving circle in the dark. Then he had found the steps and had gone down them and was running, the way she had run up the school aisle, blindly, trying to escape—and knowing already that he never could.

The principal opened his eyes and leaned forward and looked again at the list of names on his desk. He reached for his pencil—and it was not primarily the girl at all. For he had learned that sometimes the scar lives longer on the person who causes the wound than on the one who receives it. He knew that in all probability Sara Shadburn had long since ceased to be hurt by memory of the incident in the school auditorium, had even forgotten the name John Shea, while with Shea the memory and shame could come back so fresh that even now his hand trembled as he marked the girl's name from the list.

Weather unsettled? Just settle for SOUP!

Here are tempting Campbell's Soups to build 'tween-season meals around

And suddenly it's Spring! But you're ready for it, and for those outdoor appetites—when you've Campbell's Soups on hand. Be the weather sunny or showery, well-filled bowls of tempting soup can warm the heart and comfort the hungry.

THIS HEFTY SOUP got its start in Scotland. Adapted by Campbell's to American tastes, its thick, nourishing meat stock brims with fine vegetables, barley, tender pieces of mutton. Campbell's Scotch Broth is a soup for the hungry!

Campbell's SCOTCH BROTH

IT'S NEW AND IMPROVED! This *new, improved* recipe for Green Pea Soup gives you peas, young and tender, made into a smooth purée, with fine table butter. Add water for a tempting pea soup: milk for an extra-nourishing cream of pea.

Campbell's GREEN PEA SOUP

LUSCIOUS TOMATOES are specially grown from special seed to make Campbell's Tomato Soup. An exclusive recipe adds fine table butter and a touch of seasoning. Prepare it with milk added, for an extra-delicious cream of tomato.

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Do fine whiskies need something more than time for ageing?

Indeed they do. Hiram Walker's whiskies are not forgotten during their mellowing years in the warmed rackhouses. As these fine base whiskies mature in charred oak barrels, Hiram Walker men watch and test them with exacting care. Here Artist Fred Ludekens shows these men at work in the distillery at Peoria. We hope you'll come one day to see how skillfully Hiram Walker applies its 89 years of whiskey-wisdom. Then, whenever you order Imperial, you'll know the reason for your complete enjoyment of this finer whiskey.

It's good to know!

IMPERIAL

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

is made by Hiram Walker

86 proof. Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

hear, although she did not believe it.

Without Lizzie's love she would have had an empty childhood. Her mother had died in childbirth. Her father was a large but inconsiderable man, fond of cards and usually mildly tipsy from four o'clock in the afternoon on; her relationship with him, from babyhood, had been a protracted, stale flirtation. He was the prototype of "the gentlemen," and the dolls and frilly dresses that he brought back to her from his business trips were not, in her mind or in fact, so much the gifts of a loving father as *attentions*, like the flowers and the boxes of candy with lace paper and tiny gilded tongs which he had given her stepmother, Sally Anne.

Sally Anne herself had died at thirty, a gentle, vapid little woman without attachments. Dolly, thinking back, could remember only two bits of motherly advice that she had ever been given.

"You shouldn't laugh so hard," Sally Anne had once said. "It makes wrinkles. Look, Dolly, just smile gently, like this."

And once, when a gentleman had asked Dolly for a kiss, and she had complied, Sally Anne said, later, "Always remember, dear, never give the gentlemen quite all they want. That's our right way to keep them happy, Dolly. Just you be sweet and let them think they know it all, but, Dolly, you always leave them something to hope for tomorrow—hear?"

She remembered that. But she remembered, too, what Lizzie had said about it.

"Did you do like that with Sam, Lizzie?"

And Lizzie had answered, "You don't do a man that way when you love him, honey. I didn't do Sam no different than what he done me."

"And did he love you, Lizzie? Up till he died, did he love you like he did when you got married?"

"More and more," said Lizzie. And then, with a poetic quaintness which fixed the words in the child's mind, "He was my heart. And I was his heart. If he'd lived old, we couldn't have changed to each other."

"Maybe white gentlemen are different."

Lizzie took a small white hand and laid it open upon her own, closing her long black fingers above it, firmly, with love. "You and me different?" she asked softly. "We different how we feel 'bout lovin' each other?"

"Course not. Not you and me."

"No more our menfolks is different, honey." She looked at the soft brown hair, the anxious little face. Suddenly a belated caution swept through her. "How we're talkin'!" she said. "Don't you tell Miss Sally Anne on me, now, hear? She'd yank me baldheaded."

"Oh, I won't," the child cried. "I won't tell on you, Lizzie." Then, tactlessly, as Lizzie's grateful arms hugged her close, "You *know* I love to keep a secret on Mama."

She forgot it all, then, but the words came back, coupled with the strong impulse of her superior body, to save, in a limited but fundamental way, her marriage with Mark Gurney.

HER father had taken her to New Orleans for Mardi Gras, and there she met him, at the home of her father's banker.

He stared at her, almost without speaking, through half the evening, and she thought that he was attractive, but queer.

"I thought Yankees were supposed to be real brainy," she whispered to another girl. "But this one certainly acts like he's been dropped on the head."

Late in the evening he asked her to come out with him on the veranda. When she returned to the dancing the smug coquetry of her little face had been carefully rearranged, but behind it she was profoundly shaken. The passion of the New England Puritan, once it is liberated, has an intensity, a richness unequaled in happier natures. The strength of her response left her in no doubt as to how she should act, but in that headlong leap she would have found it hard to say whether she felt triumphant or helpless.

SHORTLY after they were married her father died. The big, inconsiderable man caught pneumonia in the mild Southern winter and accepted it, as he had accepted Sally Anne, his card games and his tippling, with a mannerly apathy.

Dolly wept by his deathbed. Her brief life with Mark had given her a curious feeling that she had treated her father ill, that there was something, some deep wrong in their relationship for which she should make amends, but she did not know how to go about it.

"Papa," she said. "Papa. You remember that doll-baby you brought me from Savannah, once? The one with the lovely, pink silk dress? That one?"

Did he remember? Did he hear? His suffused, staring eyes, his ugly breathing —which raised in her, in spite of herself, a trembling of anger—were unchanged, but she persisted, bowing her fine body above him, bringing her tired, pretty face close to his.

"I just loved it," she persisted. "I always just loved that doll-baby, Papa. I never thanked you for it enough. I just loved you for bringing it to me."

But it was too late. The lids dropped over the unseeing eyes, the ugly breathing filled the room.

"Papa," she said, "this is Dolly. You hear me, Papa? I do love you, Papa. I would have loved you just the same if you didn't ever bring me any old doll-baby. You do hear me, don't you, Papa? It's Dolly talkin' to you. You know it, don't you, Papa? . . . I do love you."

She began to cry terribly, like a child, with all the force of her strong body. Mark took her arm and led her out into the corridor. She sat down, her face in her hands, sobbing with total abandonment.

"I can't help being mad at him when he breathes like that," she cried. "I can't help it. Oh, Mark, he wouldn't answer me."

Seeing that her tears in no sense resolved the extreme and mysterious anguish of her spirit, Mark forbore, with an effort, to touch her. And as it was only by touch that they ever achieved any sort of understanding, his impotence and confusion in the moment of her defeat equaled her own.

The next day she was calm, self-possessed, taking him with her to shop for a black dress. When she came out of the fitting room to show herself to him, her grief was quite real and in her face, but it was overlaid with a sort of demure pleasure. She looked, thought Mark, watching her curiously, anxiously, lovingly, like a child allowed to pour the coffee, to assume some small position of adult dignity in a mother's absence.

They had been married for a little more than a year when the war came, and Mark went into the Navy.

The year of marriage had been, for him, a year of extraordinary release and delight. If Dolly's passion was not equal to his own, she was at least docile and tender, all soft receptivity. His amazement at the possession of her rich beauty had increased rather than diminished. And she, for her part, was not at all frightened by the continuing intensity of his desire,

but, rather, proud of it and of her own stability to content him. And still, he would wake sometimes, in the night, conscious of something wrong, very wrong and lacking.

And there were other things. A tinsel-embroidered evening scarf, not new, which he saw folded in a drawer that she had left open.

"Did Mrs. Wyatt give you this?" he asked.

"Why, no," she replied. "I bought it. Ages ago?"

Had she really owned it before? It was very pretty. Lucia Wyatt had worn one like it over her head to the country-club dance. Had she been wearing it when she left? He could not be sure, but it seemed to him that Lucia's head, then, had been bare.

And the lovely old Chelsea figurine that was thrown down from its table and broken in the Howlands' house. Dolly caught her foot in a rug and tripped and the figurine fell. It was irreplaceable, of course, and she felt very badly, so badly that the Howlands were sorry for her, sorrier than they were for themselves, and sorry, too—you could see it—that they had hurt her feelings earlier in the evening with that careless remark about Louisiana. She was clearly a defenseless child.

She was indeed a child—but defenseless? Caught her foot in the rug? Tall, graceful Dolly, who moved so wonderfully, whose walking, whose standing up and lying down, were lovely to see?

The instances, the little things multiplied; not fast, but enough, one here and one there. In a year there had been time for a good many of them.

And when the time came that Mark must leave her, he remembered them all. While he held her to him, his love, his dear woman, his wife—he remembered

"Of course," said Imogene, his mother, who had known Dolly only for a day or two before the wedding, "the poor child will come to us at Mount Leda."

Dolly, at Mount Leda, with Imogene and his brother Brooks? It was not the right solution, but apparently there was no right solution.

"Lizzie," he said, "I want to talk to you."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Mark."

He looked at the little woman standing before him. Lizzie had a low forehead, flat lips, the complexion of a plum, and her face, so uncompromisingly Negroid, was sensitive and wise, full of dignity.

"About Miss Dolly . . ."

He could not go on, of course; he could not put it into words, any of it, the deepest or the most trivial. But it was not necessary.

"Yes, sir. I'll look out for her, some way. Best's I can."

"You know her, Lizzie, don't you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. I know her right well. And I love her."

He paused. "My mother and my brother aren't the sort of people she's used to, Lizzie. They are very—well—individual." He had no gift for translation, no real way of communicating with people of background dissimilar to his. But he felt that he was understood. "I love them, Lizzie, and I am sure that you will. And that Miss Dolly will. But if there is—well—friction from time to time, Lizzie, do what you can."

"Yes, sir." Suddenly she took both of his hands in hers, and there were tears in her eyes. "You had to go off away too soon," she said. "I kep' thinking, if she had a baby of her own, then maybe she'd be able to leave off being a baby herself. You know, she tries to sometimes, Mr. Mark. Like that day when her poor papa died, she was tryin' to them. That day she was tryin'."

"You know her in and out, don't you, Lizzie? Well, take care of her for me, will you?"

"As much as I can, Mr. Mark. Always have, always will. Lizzie'll do what she can."

And with that Mark had to be content.

And now Lizzie looked at Dolly, standing so easily and nobly in the long white dressing gown that had been a part of her trousseau, her face coaxing and unregenerate beneath the tumbled curls, the face of a difficult child.

"Listen to me," Lizzie said. "You just get dressed and fixed up and quit lollin' round thinkin' mischief and meanness. I don't know what you got against Mrs. Gurney, sweet and lovely like she is to you, but I ain't going to touch one of her flowers unless she tell me—hear?"

Her face, as she brushed Dolly's hair, as she helped her into her clothes, was somber, like the face of a mother who recognized some grave, permanent handicap in her child, who makes herself say, "He will never run and jump like the others." Or, "He will never be able to keep up with his own class."

Lizzie's eyes under the withered eyelids were sad; her thick, sensitive lips were calm. "You just run downstairs now and be sweet and good," she said.

Brooks, in the wide garret under the skylight, was at the clavichord. The room was unfinished, shaped like an enormous field tent. The rafters had been white-washed, and the floor was painted with a green deck paint, darkened with age.

"The handsomest room in the house," Brooks had remarked years ago. "The proportions, of course, not the detail."

The sentence had tickled Mark, who never forgot it. Faced with any pretentiousness, any instance of affected delicacy, he would murmur, "The proportions, not the detail." And yet he sincerely loved and admired Brooks and would have been shocked to hear him spoken of as an incompetent, a sponge or a dilettante.

Brooks, for his own part, had very little opinion of himself, less than was justified, for he had missed genius by a very narrow margin. The sense of beauty by which both Imogene and Mark were plagued and justified appeared in him with a degree of pathological sensibility in which both pleasure and displeasure were felt with a torment of intensity. This painful over-refinement of life showed itself in the soft, dark, almost womanish eyes; in the smooth, transparent lids in which the veins showed oddly distinct; in the narrow hands with their nervous trick of thumb-hugging.

"I look," he once remarked unhappily, "like one of the saints on a religious calendar." The comment had an unforgettable comic justice.

Brooks Gurney was a professional musician. He played the piano in concert with a limited but respectable success, and he composed music. As a composer he was witty, intellectual, highly formalized and fundamentally uninteresting. He was at the moment at work upon a symphonic suite based upon Gogol's story, "The Cloak." It was the vitality of the narrative, the broad and handsome figuring of human emotion, which had tempted him into the undertaking; he was normally uninterested in program music. But in his hands Gogol had withered, and the satirical cacophonies which now ran out from his long, disciplined fingers had a static fragility, a lack of genuine importance approaching the macabre.

From time to time he lifted his hands from the keyboard, observing the color of his palms. They had taken of late to an odd trick by which one flushed and the other turned pale. After each examination he took his pulse by pressing his finger tips to the sides of his throat. About ninety-eight. No extra systoles today. He played again.

You could hardly have called him a hypochondriac, for he had been from his boyhood dismally aware of the psychogenic origin of his discomforts and had remarked, upon trying to enlist at the outset of the war, "However, it's only fair to tell you I'm psychoneurotic. I mean, I don't mind if you don't."

They had, to his real disappointment, minded a great deal. He tried to think that he was glad for Imogene's sake. From his fragile babyhood he had been the center of his widowed mother's life.

And still he was never quite ridiculous, still he had a quality of life. Imogene's possessive greed had crippled him, invalided him, but it had not made him a fool.

He bent his head above the keyboard, and the accurate, unresonant, courteous voice of the clavichord filled the garret.

A faint, light whispering of his music came down through the air like a wavering breeze and touched the ears of Imogene, where she sat on a low marble bench in the heart of the box maze, telling her that Brooks, her love, her dear one, was safe at home, near to her and safe.

She had come into the maze to enjoy her bed of auricula primroses. There were no flowers that did not please her. She rejoiced in them all, even the magenta phlox and petunias in the neglected farm dooryard that she passed upon her incessant country walks. "Like a shipwrecked sailor," she said coarsely, "who'd rather have any woman than none." But in the whole calendar there were none in which she took a delight approaching her delight in her auriculas, so small, so varied, each one exquisite and singular. And brief, so brief in their flowering time.

They lifted their small, fresh faces, charming and strange in subtle gradations of mauve, of brown, of rose-washed yellow. And Imogene stared at them in a passion of identification, taking them into herself in a greed of love that was deliciously enhanced by the sound of the clavichord, the quiet voice, the quiet welcome voice, telling her again and again that Brooks was near her, and alone.

This overweening sensibility, this wayward intensity of displaced affection, was wholly alien to her appearance. She was a tough old gypsy of a woman, thick in the waist, with a straight, sturdy back and shoulders. Under the gray-brown curls, piled in a careless approximation of her girlhood pompadour, her dark sun-weathered face had a queer, not unpleasant look of outlawry, like a pirate or a healthy witch.

She wore a shabby dress of faded blue seersucker, a brown cardigan with a button missing, old white sneakers. On her left hand, brown and strong, not very clean, an old gypsy's hand, was a magnificent sapphire centered by four large diamonds. It had been her mother's ring; she always wore it, and it was always dull with soap and gardening. To Mark and Brooks, as children, it had been part of her hand, like the square fingers, the short and broken nails.

The music, so faint and still so clear, now broke off in the middle of a phrase, and the moment of concentration broke with it. It was as if the auriculas had looked away, assumed their own identity again, refused her stare.

He must have finished his work, she

Dines at The Waldorf-Astoria —— Antonia Drexel Earle

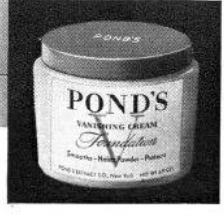
"Before I go out—always a 1-Minute Mask!"

Smooth on a cool, lavish mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave one minute.

"Keratolytic" action dissolves off stubborn dirt and dead skin particles! Tissue off!

Right away, your skin looks brighter and clearer! Feels *smoother*. Have a 1-Minute Mask every time you want to look your very best!

In the most colorful season that society has seen for many years, Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle is an outstanding beauty. Especially lovely is Mrs. Earle's complexion—smooth, milk-white, without flaw. Like many of her friends in Philadelphia and New York society, Mrs. Earle is devoted to the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. "In only one minute, the Mask makes my complexion look clearer and more alive," she says. "Gives a smooth finish that takes powder *perfectly*. I always have a Mask before an important evening!"



It's a lovely foundation cream, too!

thought with warmth. Now he will come.

She moved a little along the bench as if he had come already and she were making room for him. The blunt dark face softened.

Several times she lifted her head toward the central window under the roof of the old white house on the terrace above her. Once her eyes turned towards the windows of Dolly's room, and quickly turned away again, as if she rejected as quickly as it came the thought behind the glance. She waited for a long time, but Brooks did not come.

At length she stood up. "I'll just go for a little walk," she said. Her voice was matter of fact, her face composed, the bright blue eyes only a little set. "I'll go down the lane," she said to herself aloud. "He'll know where I've gone. He'll come."

A barberry bush at the head of the carriage drive was in blossom. She broke off a spray of it, turning it in her fingers, a spray of tiny yellow flowers with minuscule yellow centers. She walked down the long drive through the open fields, turning and turning the spray of barberry in her hands, mindless that the small thorns were lacerating her finger tips and making them bleed.

Dolly, mild as cream, came down the stairs. She looked in the long drawing room, the music room, the library.

"Well, my stars," she said, "where is everybody? Never knew such a crowd for pokin' off by themselves all the time."

She glanced in the long mirror near the door. She was wearing a white dress with a deep soft ruffle at the neck. She smoothed it down, passing her hands over the beautiful body that Mark had taught her to admire. She smiled at the pretty, small face, the gleaming brown curls, the little blue bow.

"Matter of fact," she told herself, "more'n half the time I'd rather have their room than their company."

She wandered out into the garden and the maze, where she found and picked herself a bouquet of little pink and yellow flowers, breaking the stems too short, like a child. She sat down upon the bench, holding them in her large hands. Upon her face there was a curious, infantile look, partly of triumph, partly of fear.

"Lizzie's just an old fuss," she whispered to herself. But in spite of the words, the triumph in her eyes faded. The odd, sly apprehension deepened.

"I guess," she said aloud, "I guess I'll just go upstairs and put them on my dresser . . . No, I guess I'll fetch them up to Brooks. He must get lonesome, stuck off up there workin', all alone. I won't stay and hinder him long."

Walking with her straight, easy stride, smiling delightfully at the thought of her own considerate amiability, she went into the house and once more up the stairs.

But on the second floor she hesitated. She glanced toward her own room, where she had left Lizzie, and saw that the door was safely closed.

Suddenly she ran into an empty guest room, opened the door to the bath, dropped the primroses into the toilet bowl and flushed them away.

Wrong, thought Brooks. It's all wrong. He pushed the manuscript aside and began to play again, from the beginning, quickly and nervously, hoping that the momentum would carry him past the bad interval and into the B-minor passage, the ghost in the dark square. Come up to it quickly, and it would develop its own necessary internal logic with none of this maundering. He felt himself nearing the difficulty like someone riding out of control at a deep gully. He felt his breath shallow and dry; his fingers remembered mechanically; his mind did not take over.

There was a quick step on the stair.

"That sure sounds right pretty, Brooks. You never let the ladies come up in your old hide-out?"

The small brown head appeared above the level of the floor, the curls bound in blue ribbon, dark eyes opened wide. "You makin' up music, Brooks, or just playin'? Can I come up?"

The innocent, doll-like head lifted higher; step by step the superb and opulent body disclosed itself.

Brooks rose and came forward, his courteous smile only a little rigid with irritation. "It's all right. It was going badly anyway."

If only she didn't always have her head on, he thought unexpectedly, she'd be charming. Like the Victory of Samothrace. Couldn't talk, then, either.

"My, oh, my," she said. "This is nice. Brooks, don't you tell Imogene, now, I came up here and bothered you. She'd skin me alive. You don't mind, do you, Brooks? That little old piano sounded so pretty, and I was feeling so awful lonesome."

She walked with her slow, swinging step around the room.

"Goodness, you've got a huge big place up here. You could go roller skatin'." She paused by a bookcase. Freud, Jung, Brill, the "Summa Theologica," numerous works of the Anglo-yoga persuasion. The varied history of Brooks's endless tinkering with his psyche. "My what high-brow stuff! All belong to you?"

"Yes."

"Goodness, you must be smart as Mark. I always thought you didn't go in for that kind of stuff. I thought you just played on the piano. I guess little old Dolly's just sort of dumb."

No, it would be a mistake to take her head off. She would be less amusing. But why had she come? What did she want? She moved around the room as if she were looking for something that she had lost. Under the artful, artless prattle he could hear an urgency in her; his hypersensitive body responded uncomfortably to an inquietude that was moving somewhere below the bright shallows of her mind.

She sauntered back to him, eying the cot.

"I don't know if it's even proper for me to be calling on you like this, Brooks. Is this your den or your bedroom?"

"That's a nice distinction," he said. "But I'm sure, Dolly, it's quite chaste. Do sit down."

She sat on the edge of the cot. She smoothed her ruffles. "I know it's naughty of me, bargin' in on you like this, Brooks. But I get so lonesome. And Lizzie got out of the wrong side of the bed this mornin'. She was scoldin' me for every little thing."

"I suppose you must get lonesome."

"Brooks, why does Imogene hate me?"

"You imagine it, Dolly."

"No, I don't, Brooks. She hates me so I can feel it coming right out of her and hitting against me. And you, Brooks. You make me feel like you thought I wasn't really there. Like maybe if you were to count ten with your eyes shut you could open them, and I'd be gone."

"You imagine it. We don't feel like that. I don't."

She looked at him quickly, her large brown eyes seizing on his face with a strange, unchildlike avidity.

"That's true," she said quietly. "Mostly you do. But you don't right now."

She was a remarkable person, he thought. The quality of the outburst excited him; it was so obviously sincere, and at the same time so obviously spurious, done for effect. Her loneliness, her clear desire for some human contact frightened him. But over and above it her patent vulgarity and dishonesty lay like a cloak, infinitely reassuring. Looking at her, Brooks experienced a queer, half-painful, half-exultant leap of feeling.

Dolly Gurney was beautiful; she was Mark's wife; and she was wholly worthy of contempt. Freed by her very inferiority, her contemptibility, as she sat there now, Mark's wife, feeling her way blindly towards a momentary flirtation with Mark's brother, Brooks Gurney looked at Dolly. He did not know that Imogene's love had made him afraid of love and love's guilt, and love's open vulnerability and inevitable pain. He only looked at Dolly and realized with a shock of amazement, with a naïve and quivering stab of pride, with a delicate immediacy of renunciation as helpless and as prompt as his own inevitable good manners, that he lust did after her in his heart.

And Dolly knew it and responded. Her eyes, avid and yet promising nothing, were like souls driven by thirst. They fastened upon his face as if it were a cup that they would drain dry.

Dolly spoke first. "I just know I shouldn't be up here," she said.

Her eyes, drinking their satisfaction, were still upon his own; but she spoke with automatic archness, showing her dimples; and the falsity, the ludicrous bad taste of the words were a joy to him. He wrapped them about his vulnerable life like a sheltering garment.

"Of course you should have come," he said. "I was getting nothing done, and you were lonely. Come when you like."

"Play me something, Brooks, will you?"

"I'd like to." He looked at her, sitting on the edge of the cot, the large hands lying open in her lap. "Lie down," he said, "and close your eyes and listen."

What would she like? Something easy, something melodious and gay. His fingers, overcoming a little momentary tremor, ran into Purcell's "Ayres for the Theayter." After a few moments he heard her move restively.

"I'm not so strong for that high-brow stuff, Brooks. Don't you know something that's classical and still, you know, sort of nice and sweet?"

Smiling, his fingers at once steady and strong, he went into the "Valse Bluette." The saccharin nullities ran out oddly on the clear, literal voice of the instrument.

"Better?"

"Oh, that's lovely."

But when it was done, she stood up. "I'd better go now, Brooks. I'd sure hate for Imogene to catch me up here."

"It wouldn't matter."

But he knew that it would matter, and he saw that she knew he knew.

"I sure feel whole lots better. Thank you, Brooks. You've been real sweet. I feel as if we were just getting acquainted, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You're tall, Brooks. Mark and I are just the same height. I'm not used to looking up at people."

He looked down at the young, uplifted face, the child's face, the avid, unchildlish eyes. The big white room was quiet, the May sunlight flooding down from the skylight in a quiet brilliance as absolute as dark. He felt himself leaning towards her with a compulsive, dreamlike deliberation. She did not move or draw back.

"If no one knows," her eyes said, "it will be the same as if it never happened, won't it? Won't it?"

He put his arms around her with clumsy stiffness, covering her lips with dry, unaccustomed lips. He dreamed about women, sometimes, but his dreams

This is the story of Annie...

NOW ANNIE WAS...

AS BEAUTIFUL A GIRL...

AS EVER WAS PUT TOGETHER!

WHY, WHEN ANNIE WALKED DOWN THE STREET... WOW!

YET ANNIE HAD HER BAD MOMENTS...LIKE ANY OTHER GAL.

AND YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY? ANNIE'S HANDS WERE A MESS. ALWAYS ROUGH AND DRY, LIKE SANDPAPER.

AND WHEN A MAN WANTS TO HOLD A GIRL'S HANDS... EVEN A GIRL LIKE ANNIE ...HE DOESN'T WANT TO WEAR GLOVES...

THEN, LUCKILY, FANNIE TOLD ANNIE ABOUT AN ENTIRELY NEW AND DIFFERENT HAND LOTION! THE **BEFOREHAND** LOTION...**TRUSHAY!**

SO ANNIE SMOOTHED CREAMY, FRAGRANT **TRUSHAY** ON HER HANDS BEFORE SHE DID DISHES...BECAUSE **TRUSHAY** GUARDS HANDS EVEN IN HOT, SOAPY WATER!

AND ANNIE PUT **TRUSHAY** ON HER HANDS BEFORE SHE TUBBED HER UNDIES...SO **TRUSHAY'S** SPECIAL "OIL-RICHNESS" COULD HELP PREVENT DRYNESS AND ROUGHNESS.

SO NOW ANNIE IS ABLE TO KEEP HER HANDS SOFT AND SMOOTH AND HOLDABLE... THANKS TO **TRUSHAY'S** WONDERFUL SOFTENING HELP.

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

P. S. Trushay's grand for softening hands at *any* time! Wonderful, too, for rough, dry elbows and heels . . . as a powder base . . . before and after exposure to weather. Trushay contains no alcohol, is not sticky. Begin today to use Trushay!

were violent and terrible. He held her stiffly, in an agony of ineptitude. He had no idea, he realized, in sharp, hopeless misery, how much or how little one could do, what he could do.

Her soft body taught him, leaning upon him in the quiet brightness. Her moist lips taught him. She taught him by an utter, absolute compliance, so that he felt his strength greater than hers, his kiss deeper, his hands wiser and more aware. Poor Brooks! For a moment he could believe what he never dared believe, that love can be happy, that it can be mutual kindness and peace.

The moment was strong, but the deep, twisted fantasy was stronger. Now he set upon her as if she were a woman in his dream.

Suddenly there was a little tearing of cloth, her hand went to the white ruffles at her breast, and she broke away from him, shaking.

"Brooks! For goodness' sake, Brooks!" she cried.

Her face was childish and frightened; she backed away from him as if she thought that he had only released her for a moment, as if she were too frightened to run away. And she was frightened.

He's queer, she thought. He isn't like Mark. He's queer.

She stared at him as if he were a stranger. The familiar, handsome face was quite composed now; only the eyes a little confused still, but gentle, apologetic, almost smiling.

"I tore your dress," he said. "I'm very sorry."

She did not know what to say.

"Goodness, Brooks," she said, "people don't know anything about anyone, do they?" Her voice was shaky.

"Didn't you like it?" he asked. "I thought you did."

"I don't know. I wanted you to kiss me, and then it was like Mark, and I miss him so. And then I thought that you hated me, Brooks, do you hate me?"

"You're lovely, Dolly. You're lovely. Everything's all right, dear."

She began to smile, pushing back her hair. "I guess I was naughty. We were both naughty. We'll be good now, won't we, Brooks?"

"As you say."

She had started down the stairs when she turned again. "Do you think I'd better not come back up here again?"

He held himself forcibly from laying hands upon her, from pulling her back to him once more. His voice had an unfamiliar roughness. "What do you think?" he said. "You'll be back, and you know it. We can't help ourselves now."

He watched her go down the stairs, very quiet, and he thought that she was still frightened, but in a moment or two he heard her voice, strong and clear, singing in the lower hall. She was singing a spiritual, and her high, untaught voice came up to him clearly, so that he could hear her words.

"Sometimes," she sang, "sometimes I feel like an eagle in the air."

"Good Lord," Brooks whispered. "Good Lord in heaven!"

He walked restlessly about the room. After a little time he returned to the clavichord, but as he sat down he was taken with a fit of shuddering, like the onset of a chill. He got up and ran down the stairs and out of the house.

He walked rapidly along the lane towards the main road. There was no objective in his mind, but he went at a jerky trot as if he were hurrying to an appointment.

At the end of the lane he saw Imogene coming towards him. She was turning a spray of barberry in her hands—small leaves, small flowers, small, fierce thorns—turning and turning it; and as he came closer he saw with a shock that the slow, mindless finger tips were torn, and the spray freaked with their blood.

Dolly was in the lower hall and still singing when she heard the cry from the maze. It was loud and strange, hardly recognizable, although she knew it was Imogene's voice.

"Look! Look! They're gone! Brooks, they're gone!"

Dolly became abruptly silent, and after a moment she went very quickly to her own room.

"Lizzie," she said. Her voice was small and good, like the voice of a sick child. "Lizzie, dear."

The dark old face lifted, anxious and quick.

Trouble, Lizzie thought. More trouble. When she takes a streak like this, ain't nothing you can do, seems like, but just let it run out.

"What you want now?"

"My head aches, Lizzie, it aches perfectly awful. Can you sort of pull the shades down and bring me my lunch up here on a tray? Just tell 'em I don't feel so good, will you, Lizzie dear?"

No good askin' her questions. Just stir her up, frighten her into talkin' mean and tellin' lies. Just make us both feel bad.

She took the soft, pliant hand as she had taken it when Dolly was a little girl in Louisiana, sick from too much romping in the hot sun. She led her to the bed. "Just lie down," she said. "Lie down and shut your eyes. Here, let Lizzie pull your shoes off."

"Don't let anyone come in here botherin' me, will you, Lizzie?"

Must be something bad, this time.

"How'd you tear your dress?"

"I caught it on something."

Her voice was cautious, secretive, but the question, oddly enough, restored a sort of composure to her face. She stretched her fine body and lay easier on the bed. She yawned. "I'm sleepy."

But Lizzie had gone to the window to pull down the shades. She looked down into the garden and saw Imogene coming into the house. She was staring straight ahead as she walked, and Brooks, following close behind her, had his eyes upon her, and his face was disorganized with nervous pity.

So that's it, thought Lizzie. So she did go and pull up Mrs. Gurney's best flowers after all. So that's her trouble.

Her heart, heavy with shame and love, filled with the tears that she was unwilling to shed. She stood with her back to the bed, pressing her thick, clear-edged lips together, holding her wrinkled eyelids open so that no tears could fall, staring at the drawn shade before her, her face sorrowful and shamed, her eyes quiet and wide.

Under her grief, her slow mind stirred again.

Never did say how she tore her dress, she thought. The blind, angry stare of Imogene's face rose before her again. Suddenly her old body was stabbed with a strange thrill of unrecognized, of unallowable fear.

"Mr. Mark's bound to come home soon," she told herself. "They're bound to let him come home soon. War's been over now, most a year. Praise the Lord, he'll be home soon! If he wasn't coming home soon, things might get bad around here. They might get right bad."

THE END

Doctor Wilder's Dilemma (Continued from page 52)

Barbara Wilder for one. Because she was a doctor's wife. Also a doctor's daughter and a doctor's granddaughter. Three generations of breeding were implicit in the way she had worded her question, "Hospital tonight?" A more self-centered woman might have phrased it complainingly: "I hope you don't have to go back to that old hospital again tonight." But not Barbara Wilder.

"I should," her husband answered. "But I have to attend a meeting."

On this extra-medical subject, she could speak out as strongly as any wife. And did. "Oh, dear," she said. "You're so tired. Can't you skip it, just this once?"

"Not this time. I have to speak."

Barbara Wilder pushed back her plate and jumped up. "I forgot to mend your dinner jacket," she said.

But Dr. Wilder stopped her. "No," he said. "This meeting doesn't call for even what's left of my dinner jacket."

He had just dabbed at his dessert, a chocolate pudding, and then stood up. "I'm going to rest for fifteen minutes," he said. "If I fall asleep, please call me."

She followed him into the bedroom. "You'll feel better with your shoes off," she said, untying them for him. They were very worn. "We must find some way to get you a new pair." Then she said, "Ross, dear, I hate to bother you when you're so tired, but—"

"It's no bother. What is it? Money?"

"No. It's Mrs. Kaplan downstairs. You know."

He tried to remember. "Oh, you mean the pregnant one?"

"That's the one. She's such a wonderful, young little thing, dear. And she's having trouble."

"What kind?"

"Well, for one thing, she has no confidence in her doctor. He just pays no attention to her. It would mean so much to her, Ross, it really would, if a man of your reputation looked her over."

He sighed. "For twenty years I've been looking over your friends because they've lost confidence in their own doctors."

"You'll do it?" she said, delighted. "Now? Tonight? You've no idea how much it'll mean to her."

"Not right now," he said. "Maybe later."

He closed his eyes and she tiptoed out of the room, feeling guilty about the minutes she had taken from his brief rest.

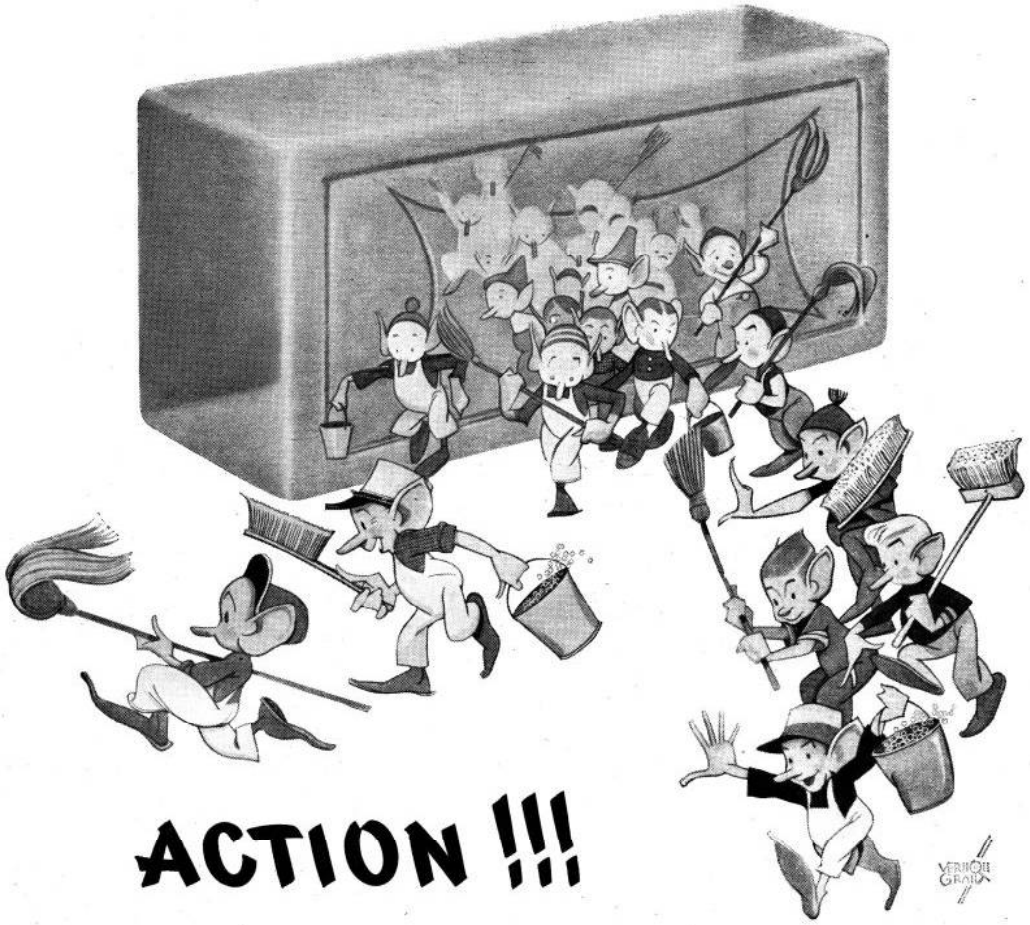
When Dr. Wilder arrived at Madison Square Garden for the meeting, most of New York's ten thousand doctors were already there. He took his place on the platform.

Although he had addressed many medical meetings in the past, tonight was different, and he suffered an attack of nerves as the meeting was formally called to order.

Finally, the chairman said:

"The speaker tonight is Dr. Ross Wilder, one of the truly great medical men of our time. As President of the New York Medical Association, Dr. Wilder speaks for all of us. Dr. Wilder."

He rose slowly, and their applause gave him time to gain control of himself. He was a tired, middle-aged man, thickening visibly in the middle; he wore rimless glasses and had a clear but rather high and nasal speaking voice. It was only the



ACTION !!!

Of course you can unwrap a bar of Fels-Naptha Soap without being overrun by midgets . . . but you can't *use* Fels-Naptha without discovering the fastest, surest cleaning action you've ever had in the house.

Dirt just can't escape the Fels combination of good mild soap and active naptha. No matter where dirt is hidden Fels-Naptha finds it. Loosens it quickly and gently. Floats it away without a tattle-tale trace.

Isn't this just the cleaning action you need on wash days? Isn't Fels-Naptha the laundry soap you have been looking for?

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

knowledge of his achievements that could account for the respect they paid him.

"Fellow medical workers," he said, "I need not follow my usual custom and speak from notes. The bitter facts are engraved so deeply on my cortex that not even schizophrenia could obliterate them."

But his audience was so extraordinarily attentive, so very tense, that this feeble bit of professional wit did not stir up one chuckle.

"I say it with shame," he continued, "but my strongest impression of us tonight is one of shabbiness. This suit I'm wearing . . ." He looked down apologetically and, as if to prove his statement, almost every man there grimly looked down at his own clothes. "God, how shabby we have all become!

"And what has brought about this unanimous shabbiness?" he asked, his voice hardening. "The cause is so well known that I'll only summarize the facts for the record.

"After the last World War ended in 'forty-five, minor inflationary movements persisted for several years, with the government trying all sorts of schemes to plug up the leaks.

"Nothing was very successful but, as conditions grew worse and price-fixing collapsed, the government desperately resorted to an attempt to fix the wages of labor. Then came that unhappy day when a law was passed fixing the maximum charges for medical services.

"But the workers in other fields would not stand for wage ceilings, so they simply struck, one after another. Theirs was a devastating weapon, as our industrial system was so dependent on each group's services that every strike paralyzed the national economy.

"So one by one their demands were met. And are still being met. Only last week the oil-pipeline watchmen forced the government to succumb to their ultimatum for a thousand-dollar, flat weekly wage. In October, the grocery clerks were successful—almost to the point of starving the entire country—in winning an eleven-hundred-dollar weekly wage. The atomic workers' union scored a seventeen-hundred-dollar victory . . .

"And so it goes," the doctor said. "While all the law permits us to charge for our services is ten dollars an office call, twenty dollars a house call, and so on. For example, with all my charity work, I am personally able to gross only seven hundred dollars weekly, in these times a starvation wage.

"And prices, like wages in all other fields, naturally go up and up, so that we doctors who formerly occupied a high place in the economy are now amongst the lowliest of the poor, unable to buy our families proper food or clothing.

"Forgetting ourselves, gentlemen, think of the effect on the future supply of doctors. Is it any wonder that students are leaving the medical colleges in droves? Just this morning my most brilliant pupil told me he was quitting to become a barber. Medicine, he said, held no future."

There was a short harsh laugh from the intent audience.

"And the government has resisted to date all our efforts to relieve this ridiculous condition. The government bluntly answers that increasing medical fees at this time would be just one more step towards disastrous inflation! Disastrous, indeed! They refuse to budge for us, when they give in to every other worker under the sun.

"I say we too are workers. And worthy of our hire! I say we have endured until endurance is a sin!"

This brought forth a great roar of assent and two solid minutes of applause.

Then Dr. Wilder said, "There are those who will argue that the moral obligation a doctor owes to the sick transcends all others. But I say a truck driver who refuses to cart penicillin into a strike-bound city is no better and no worse than the doctor who would refuse to administer it."

More applause.

"I am very conscious of my moral obligations. So are all of you. That is why we have endured so long. But if you strike, as I now propose, there will not be one iota of blame borne by you. The crisis is now beyond the issue of morality. The vote-crazy politicians who permit such inequities must take all the blame.

"I have come to the bitter conclusion that this administration only helps those who use force against it, and that we who try to be good citizens are the victims of our own government, which legislates against the weak while pandering to the strong.

"Well, let us be strong. Let us strike!"

The pandemonium that followed this final demand in Dr. Wilder's speech marked the beginning of the famous New York Doctors' strike of 1953.

It was unanimously voted to insist on legal ceilings of one hundred dollars an office call, two hundred dollars a home call. An appendectomy would cost two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars; babies would be delivered for an even two thousand. Other services were scaled accordingly.

And, at the end of the hectic meeting, ten thousand doctors stood with hands solemnly upraised and repeated after Dr. Wilder: "I will not serve a single patient until these just and equitable demands are met, so help me God."

THE first effect of the strike was rather farcical. That night people rushed to the drugstores, buying any and all patent medicines they could get their hands on. By midnight, the shelves were empty.

Next morning, the mayor issued an order authorizing nurses to do what they could in taking care of the sick, but withholding the right for them to operate or to prescribe narcotics.

The strikers answered this with a reasoned statement to the press, which Dr. Wilder wrote. It urged the public not to rely on the treatments prescribed by the nurses.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," it said, "and it is conceivable that untrained medical practitioners may kill more than they cure." It went on to say how much the doctors regretted this drastic action into which an irresponsible government had forced them.

For the first two days, until there was time to repeal the law requiring doctors' signatures on death certificates, removal of the dead was impossible.

The newspapers filled their pages during this period with human-interest stories about the strike. They told of pneumonia cases dying for lack of oxygen, of bedridden old folks in tenements perishing for want of care. There was one story about a child who got a pop-bottle cap in his windpipe and died for want of breath and the simplest surgery.

Then a polio epidemic added to the fear and trembling of the people. Many became sick simply because they were so afraid of becoming sick. Never had the city been so neurotic. Everyone who could afford it was taking self-prescribed sulfa drugs purchased at black-market prices.

On the fourth day, the governor declared a state of martial law and sent in troops, but the soldiers just added to the confusion. The general in command posted a warning, addressed to all pregnant women, to beware of racketeering midwives who were cleaning up fortunes and killing off posterity as well. The general also tried ordering back into active service those doctors who still had reserve

Women are Wonderful

Your "Yes" makes fashion. And you know instinctively, don't you? You look at this page and instantly *(men find it hard to believe it happens this fast!)* you've sensed the exciting, creative originality of these letter papers; you've remembered that all your life you've known Eaton makes *fine* papers; you've even made your deeply personal choice of the new letter paper style that you want! *(Your "Yes" makes fashion.)* Have it, by all means . . . it will work charms on your correspondence. At fine stores.

EATON'S HIGHLAND SHEER APPLIQUÉ — ultimate expression of femininity. Moonbeamed colors, paper recalling sheerest linen. Gossamer designs in white "appliquéd" by die-stamping, edges hand-brushed with color. Envelopes color-lined. $2.00.

EATON'S FLOWERLETTERS — abloom with color, imagination, originality. A selection of *unhackneyed* flowers, exquisitely die-stamped on fine paper in luscious tints. $1.50.

MEETING-HOUSE BLUE, SABBATH-DAY GREY, HEAVENLY WHITE — *different*, marvelous colors compounded by the Shakers and exactly reproduced in Eaton's Fine Letter Papers. Charming envelope lining adapted from Shaker "Tree of Life" motif. $1.00 and $1.50.

Eaton's fine Letter Papers

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

BY APPOINTMENT PERFUMERS TO H. M. QUEEN MARY. YARDLEY, LONDON

There's a language of loveliness that's understood the earth around—the romantic, worldly fragrance of Yardley's "Bond Street," recalling beautiful faces and enchanting ways. It is the scent chosen by women of sophistication, for it is as distinctive as they.

"Bond Street" Perfume, $2.50 to $15. Toilet Water, $1.50 and $2.50.
Plus tax

"Bond Street" by YARDLEY

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

commissions from World War II, but two or three went to jail, and the trick failed.

The Presidential board set up to conduct negotiations with the doctors got nowhere. Public opinion, as well as everyone in government, considered the demands impossibly, fantastically high. The strikers would not listen to what was considered reasonable.

On the fifth day of the strike, Dr. Wilder and the medical board again met with the government group headed by the Mayor of New York.

"Gentlemen," the mayor said, "we have been empowered by the President himself, with the full backing of Congress, to offer you practically your full original demand." He paused and then said dramatically, "We're prepared to settle on the basis of eighty-seven dollars and fifty cents for an office call."

The doctors said nothing but exchanged gratified glances. This was more than double the last offer.

The Secretary of Labor added, "The formula has been carefully arrived at by our economic planners who warn us that to go any higher would wreck the national economy."

"How do you wreck a wreck?" Dr. Wilder asked.

The secretary patiently explained a simple economic fact to the impractical men of science.

"If we meet your full demands, gentlemen, it will set off a chain reaction of strikes. The labor unions, naturally, will want higher wages to compensate for the higher cost of medical treatment."

The mayor pleaded, "Please, gentlemen, if you have any regard for your country, accept this plan. You have the highest possible offer we can make."

Dr. Wilder conferred with his board and returned with this message: "It seems to be a law of modern life that man's first duty is to himself. If, as you reason, our strike was created by previous strikes, and it will in turn create future strikes, then government as we know it is faced with an insoluble dilemma. But that, gentlemen, is your problem, not ours. Offer refused."

On his way home he heard the newsboys shouting that the nurses had just struck. The paper said they wanted one hundred and forty-seven dollars and fifty cents a day as a base pay. There was also a statement by the commanding general, saying that soldiers would be ordered to nurse the sick, but only if there was a provable temperature of one hundred and three degrees or more.

The stairs up to his apartment were just as hard for Doctor Wilder to climb as if he had been working on his prestrike schedule.

He wondered how the food was holding out. A few more days of this, and he'd have to sell something—anything but medical instruments, which had flooded the pawnshops until they had no value.

A note was pinned to the door. "Ross, dear," he read, "please come down to 3B when you arrive. Please!" Grimly he descended a flight to apartment 3B.

Barbara opened the door. "Ross," she said. "Oh, Ross, I'm glad you're here!"

She led him across the living room and into another, darker room. He was all the way in before his eyes adjusted. Then he braced himself against being led farther.

How many times had he seen such things: the woman in bed, biting her lips and dark-eyed with pain or terror. The hard breathing, the stiffening body, the gasping moan. The helpless man beside her, miserably holding her hand.

Barbara spoke hurriedly. "Ross, she needs your help. Please . . ."

Dr. Wilder turned and strode from the bedside, out of the apartment. Barbara caught up with him in the hall. She seized his arm. She talked very fast, making every word count.

"Ross, you can't just leave her. She's in labor. Premature. Worry brought it on. She's been having a terrible time. I'm afraid for her, Ross. And the baby."

But Dr. Wilder's anger was beyond human pity. "You had no right, Barbara, to build up that poor woman's hopes when you know I can do nothing. Nothing."

She began to cry. "If it weren't a baby! Can't you remember how we longed for one? Please, Ross."

Dr. Wilder's anger passed, and he spoke gently, for he loved his wife. "I'd like to visit every sickbed in this city tonight. But I can't. Please don't ask me, Barbara."

"No one will know," she pleaded. "Only you and me and the Kaplans. Please, Ross."

A shriek, uncontrolled and urgent, came from the apartment. It was like a sound-effect, staged to dramatize his wife's plea for mercy.

Dr. Wilder tried to close his mind against the noise. "I'm their leader," he said. "I made them take that oath. How could I break it? How could I betray them?"

Barbara Wilder turned her back on her husband. "I'm going, Ross," she said. "Back in there."

"I wish I could," he said. "But I can't. I just can't."

Slowly Dr. Wilder climbed the stairs to his lonely, empty home and tried to find comfort in the statistics of unattended births. But his mind would not be satisfied with scientific facts. Against his will, it probed deeper and deeper into the foggy recesses of the soul.

Man, he brooded darkly, is a selfish creature. Throughout history he has always acted in his own self-interest.

"Even if it kills him," a sarcastic inner voice seemed to add.

Through self-interest, argued the doctor to himself, he forms a group, for only in union is there strength. So he fights for his group, as if for himself, sometimes even to the point of destroying the entire society of which he and his group are a part.

But since there was no precise, scientific solution to the problem, this little-used, nonscientific fragment of Dr. Wilder's mind wrestled with thought-mixtures of good and bad, man and society, freedom and slavery, riches and poverty, golden rules and steel forceps, sickness and health, life and death, conception and birth.

And floundered hopelessly, further confused by the other voice when it said tauntingly, "Man's only salvation lies within himself; he will never find it in any group, for groups tend to destroy one another."

Dr. Wilder tried to refute the voice. Such individualism, he reasoned, sounds fine; but modern life has made it obsolete. What is one man in this complex world? Without the power of his group behind him, he is an economic nothing.

But the voice would not be stilled. "Perhaps you are right," it murmured a little sadly. "And if you are right, what a tragic choice! How would one decide whether to be an economic nothing or an individual nothing?"

"I don't know. I don't know," cried the harassed doctor. "There must be some way to strike a balance. There's got to be, or we're all lost."

He thought of his brilliant student who took up barbering. He thought of Mrs. Kaplan. He thought of the stern and tragic choices that face a man wherever he turns in this hard and bitter life.

He was sitting as if asleep when his wife returned. But the blood on her hands and dress shocked him back into reality. She went into the bathroom, where he heard her scrubbing up.

When she came out, she only said, "We've coffee enough for one more pot. Want a cup?"

"What happened, Barbara?"

"What?"

"Mrs. What's-her-name? Kaplan?"

Mrs. Wilder seemed anxious to get to the kitchen. "She'll be all right. I think . . . I guess I'll make that coffee."

"Wait, Barbara. And the baby?"

Talking was not easy for her. "Something went wrong, I guess. We couldn't seem to . . . It was born dead."

Dr. Wilder rose and held his wife in his arms. "I'm sorry, Barbara. I'm very, very sorry."

"Yes," said his wife gently, for she loved him too. "I know you are, Ross."

He removed his glasses and massaged his tired eyes. "I can't understand why a man—what it is that puts a man in—this position."

His wife considered this for a long time.

"It's a web," she said finally. "Maybe you helped spin it; maybe you didn't. Makes no difference. It catches all of us, the spinners and the others alike. And after it gets to a certain point, no one's right and no one's wrong. There's no blame, just—awfulness. It's just a web, that's all." She hurried into the kitchen. "I'll have coffee in a jiffy, Ross."

Dr. Wilder went into the bedroom and took off his shoes. Sitting around the house actually made him feel more tired than working.

The phone rang. He decided to ignore it. Some former patient perhaps. He didn't know how long he could keep refusing their frantic voices.

But the phone kept ringing and so deep was the habit of answering he picked up the receiver. It was young Anderson, the executive secretary of the association.

"We won," he shouted. "They gave in on every point, even night calls. It's a complete victory, Doctor."

Dr. Wilder said, "Of course, you'll see that every doctor is informed immediately. There's much work to be done."

"Of course, Doctor."

Mrs. Wilder came in with the coffee. "Who was that?"

"Anderson. The strike is over."

"Thank God! Did you win everything you wanted?"

"They granted all the demands," he said carefully, not wanting to use the word "win."

He began to put on his shoes. "Barbara, where did you put my bag? I'm leaving right away for the hospital."

"I'll get it for you."

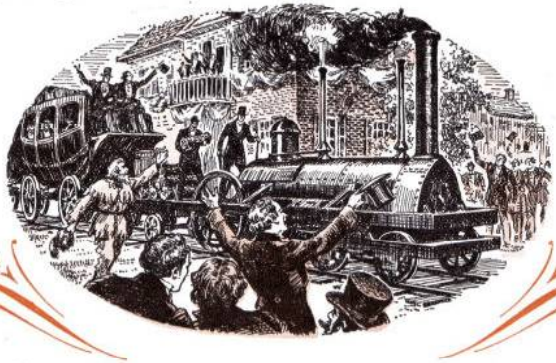
Dr. Wilder kissed his wife good-by. "What was that apartment number downstairs?" he asked. "I thought I might . . ."

"Three B," she said. "Good-by, dear."

"Don't wait up for me," he said.

THE END

James Crow and his neighbors toasted
Kentucky's first **IRON HORSE** *in 1835*



Those in the know...ask for

OLD CROW

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT–BOTTLED·IN·BOND

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation • New York

heard many times over everything that he could possibly say about Stalingrad. But after a while I began to listen. When I realized what he was saying, I straightened up in my chair. Romanov was describing, with relish and amusement, how he personally had shot and killed fifty Red Army soldiers.

"I had several bad assignments that had to be done," he said. "It meant sending men behind the German lines to get information about their positions and troops. Suicide missions, but I had to get somebody to do them. I'd call them out one by one with all the other men standing there, watching me. I kept my pistol in my hand while I told them what had to be done. If they showed the slightest hesitation or nervousness, I'd fire the pistol and tell the men to take the body away and call out another man. After they saw two or three die, they would volunteer for anything, let me tell you. I kept count of the ones I shot. There were exactly fifty in less than one week."

Romanov paused and took a long drink. "As I recall it, forty-three of them were Jews," he said with a smile. "The other seven were Russian. I included them because I didn't want anybody to think I was being anti-Semitic."

What Romanov said next was, to me, even more shocking. He described how the junior officers in his section, feeling that he needed to be restrained, sent a radiogram to Red Army intelligence headquarters, informing the commanding officer of the killings. The reply from headquarters was calm and businesslike. It merely asked if the shootings had been necessary.

Romanov's junior officers, fearing him and realizing from the tone of the reply that headquarters did not encourage disagreement in a combat unit for any reason, radioed the commanding officer that the action had probably been necessary for morale. They were then told not to interfere with Romanov.

When Romanov finished the story with obvious pride, even Zabotin, a man with a strong stomach, was somewhat disgusted. "Let us talk about something else," he said. "For instance, women."

I left Zabotin's house that evening wondering if there were any difference between the conversation I had just heard and a conversation that might have been heard at a gathering of Nazi storm troopers. I was not so much bothered by Romanov himself. There are cruel and degenerate people in every country. But I was deeply disturbed by the official Soviet approval of Romanov's cruelty. Here was the same ruthless lack of respect for the rights of the individual man that I had endured all my life as a citizen of the Soviet Union.

When I am asked today what made me make the break away from the Soviet embassy in Ottawa, which exposed Russian espionage in North America and which placed me and my wife and children in danger for the rest of our lives, I think first of things like the pistol in Romanov's hand at Stalingrad.

Things like that, compared with things I saw on every side of me after I came to Canada, convinced me that the freedom of the individual which exists in the American democracies does not exist in Russia.

Having lived in freedom all your life, you perhaps can't see it or appreciate it as I can. When you get your first taste of it at the age of twenty-four, as I did, after living without it for so many years, it affects you like love or like a strong drug. You would do anything to keep it.

Looking back now on my life in the Soviet Union, it reminds me of life in a prison cell. Picture yourself being born in a cell. And spending your childhood and your early manhood in it. It is a rather comfortable cell, and the warden treats you well. He tells you constantly that you are much better off in this cell with its four gray walls than you would be outside the prison. Never having seen the world outside, you accept the word of the warden and believe him.

Then one day the warden has some business outside the prison, and he asks you to leave your cell and go out and attend to it for him. You see for the first time the blue sky and the flowers. You also discover what it is like to live in a place where you are not hemmed in by four walls, a place where there is plenty of sunlight.

Would you give up all this and return to the prison cell?

That was how Anna, my wife, and I felt in the summer of nineteen forty-five when we were ordered to return to Moscow after living in Canada for two years. I had heard Zabotin remark more than once that living abroad spoiled some Russians. It had certainly spoiled Anna and me.

In Ottawa we had a comfortable apartment of our own. In Moscow a place that size would have been shared by four or five families. By Canadian or American standards, it was a modest and cheap place to live, but it was far superior to the three rooms Anna's family had occupied in Moscow while her father, a noted engineer, was directing the construction of a subway. The government allotted him that apartment because of the great importance of his work on the subway. It was considered the height of luxury. In order to keep it, Anna's father had to assume a position of extraordinary responsibility that kept him at work practically day and night for seven days a week. He was not a young man, and the strain affected his health. The government allowed him to take a less taxing position in the construction project. But the change meant that he had to change his apartment too. Anna and her parents and her brothers and sisters moved into two small rooms without bath or toilet.

The thought of giving up the only comfortable home we had ever had in our lives was not as bad, however, as the thought of giving up the food that we had been able to buy in Canada. Our little boy, Andrei, was just beginning to walk. We were thankful that he had been born here. Anna was then expecting our second child. We hated to think of the kind of food that the new baby would have to eat in Moscow. At that time another member of the embassy staff also had been ordered to return. His wife was worried about the health of their daughter. She told Anna that the little girl had broken into tears when they began to prepare for the trip.

"I don't want to go to Russia," the child said. "There's nothing to eat there but potatoes and bread. And not enough of that."

People who have never lived in the Soviet Union have no conception of the scarcity there of the simple necessities of life, such as medicine and clothing. The only fairly presentable suit I ever owned in Russia was one issued to me at Red Army intelligence headquarters shortly before I left for Canada. It was intended to be worn here, but I made the mistake of putting it on in Moscow and going out in it to keep a date I had made with Anna. I was supposed to meet her at a certain subway entrance, and she was late. While I stood there, waiting for her, the people in the street stopped and stared at me as though I was some sort of a curiosity. After a while I noticed that I was being watched by three men who were unmistakably secret-police agents. When I tried to walk away, they stopped me and asked questions about my clothes. I had to produce identification in order not to be arrested.

This suit, incidentally, had not been made in Russia. The factories there are not allowed to produce such luxuries. It had been made in Estonia where it had been either bought or confiscated by Russian intelligence agents and sent to Moscow with the diplomatic mail. Although it had seemed wonderful in Moscow, it was shabby and ill-fitting in America. When I reached Fairbanks, Alaska, on my way to Canada and saw how the people there were dressed, I bought another suit and threw away the one I had been given.

Walking into that store in Fairbanks and being able to buy a suit of my own free choice was an experience I'll never forget. The abundance of so many things we had always wanted but had rarely seen made us think that North America was a dream world. At Edmonton, our next stop on the way to Ottawa, we were so overjoyed with the mere fact that we were able to buy a bottle of cognac that we paid a waiter thirty-five dollars for it. Then we tipped him ten dollars and insisted that he sit down and drink with us.

But, above and beyond these material considerations, Anna and I dreaded the return to Moscow because we knew it would mean the complete loss of personal freedom for us and our children. There isn't even real religious freedom in Russia today, although Stalin in recent years has made a great show of returning the churches to the people. When Koulakov, the cipher clerk who came to Canada to replace me in 1945, arrived in Ottawa, he told me how he had shared a railroad compartment during his trip across Siberia with three young men whom he had known in the Young Communist League. They were wearing the robes and the beards of Russian Orthodox monks but, alone with Koulakov and sharing a bottle of wine with him, they made no pretense of being religious. They explained that they were doing undercover work for the government. The Communists abolished the Church in Russia after the revolution, because they claimed that the aristocratic classes were using it to exploit the people. Now they are using it for the same purpose.

The superiority of the democratic form of government, with its freedom of enterprise and respect for individual rights, became apparent to Koulakov as quickly as it had to me. Not long after he arrived in Ottawa, I was sitting in a park with him one day. Several workmen were cutting the grass and pruning trees. When it came time for them to go to lunch, they drove away, each in his own automobile.

"What do you make of that?" Koulakov asked. "The lowest workers, who could hardly earn enough for bread in Russia, ride to work here in cars like government officials. I can't understand it."

"There are a lot of things here that are hard for us to understand," I said.

"This country is nothing like I expected," he went on. "Everything is clean and orderly and efficient. I've been here only

a month, and I'm wearing clothes that one of the most important engineers in Russia could not afford after working and saving for ten years."

He pointed across the street. A bakery truck was delivering bread at a grocery store. "There's only one man working on that truck. In Russia, there would be at least three—one to drive, one to give him directions and one to deliver the bread. and maybe a fourth one, with a gun, to protect the bread. How do they do it so easily and simply here? What's their secret?"

"To them, it is no secret," I said. "It's this thing they call free enterprise."

Koulakov glanced at me nervously, realizing that the conversation was moving into forbidden territory. "You think too much," he said.

The ability to recognize the obvious benefits of democracy is not limited to cipher clerks like Koulakov and myself. I am sure that practically every Russian serving in the diplomatic service in America feels the same way, but most of them are too cautious to let their feelings be known. I even heard Romanov mutter one day, "These lucky Canadians." Rogov, the Red Army air attaché who worked as Zabotin's assistant, once remarked to me that he failed to understand the Canadian Communists who served as Soviet spies. "How could anybody be disloyal to a country like this one?" he asked.

I have been asked if I was reluctant to return to Moscow because I feared some sort of punishment might be awaiting me there. Most Russians in foreign service are inclined to suspect that recall to the Soviet Union is a prelude to disciplinary action. I remember one man on the embassy staff at Ottawa who was suddenly returned to Moscow with no advance notice and for no apparent reason. He was not even allowed enough time to take his wife with him. The only Canadian she knew was a grocer on Rideau Street who managed the store where she bought her provisions. She went to him in a panic.

"They will shoot my husband," she cried. "What will become of me and my child?"

The grocer, thoroughly aroused, went to the Soviet embassy and complained about the way the woman's husband was being treated. Pavlov, head of the NKVD, or secret police, at the embassy, whose function it was to guard internal security and to keep a constant check on the loyalty of Soviet subjects in Canada, talked to the grocer and convinced him that the woman was suffering from a nervous ailment. The grocer went away, apologizing for causing so much trouble. As the door closed behind him, Pavlov went into a frenzy. "Bring that silly woman here at once," he shouted.

When she appeared, he screamed at her, "You will leave for the Soviet Union tomorrow!"

Unlike the woman's husband and unlike most returning Soviet diplomatic people, I had no fears about the kind of reception I would receive if I went back to Moscow. My return had first been requested by Red Army intelligence headquarters in 1944. At that time I was nervous about it, and I asked Zabotin if I could not remain in Canada in information work. The embassy was badly undermanned, I pointed out, and my command of the English language was better than that of the other young men on the staff. Zabotin passed my request on to Moscow. He was told that I could remain in Ottawa but that I could not transfer to another line of work; I must continue to be a cipher clerk. Inasmuch as my duties as a cipher clerk involved the handling of highly confidential information, I knew that Moscow had absolutely no doubt about my loyalty. I must have remained on the list of trusted Soviet servants until my last day in the embassy. Otherwise, I would never have been able to perform my last act there—the removal of secret documents which gave the Canadian government the complete outline of the Soviet military espionage network.

The only fear that Anna and I felt about returning to Moscow was not a fear of the Soviet government. It was a fear of and for our own children.

"If we return to Russia now, how can we face them in the years to come?" Anna asked me with tears in her eyes. "They will ask us how it was to live here. We can't tell them lies. We must tell them the truth about this country and about the United States. Then they will ask us why we brought them back to Russia. And they will always hate us for it."

The thought was unbearable. But the thought of what would happen to our parents and our brothers and sisters in Moscow if we did not return was also unbearable. The merciless and completely unjust Soviet law of hostages—which, I believe, should be fought and outlawed by the United Nations—calls for the imprisonment or death of innocent relatives of any Russian who breaks the Soviet code of conduct. Anna and I knew that our families would be sentenced to five years in a concentration camp if we carried out our plan to stay in North America. And nobody in a Soviet concentration camp is able to live much longer than three years.

We weighed our children against our parents. Our children had their whole lives ahead of them. Our parents were not old, but they were aged beyond their years. They had nothing good to look forward to so long as they lived in Russia. It was a hard decision for Anna and me to make, but we made it in favor of our children.

I remember talking to a Royal Canadian Mounted Police detective when I turned over the Soviet espionage plans to the Canadian government on the morn-

My Luckiest Day

By Rosalind Russell

Sometimes you have to tempt luck. Sometimes you have to wave a four-leaf clover under its nose—or a new hairdo. It was really the hairdo that did it, I think. Fired with the fresh assurance it gave me, I strode into George Cukor's office. He was about to make "The Women," and I wanted a part in it. "But, Ros," he protested, "you can't play comedy."

"I did it on the stage," I assured him. "I even make my friends laugh occasionally."

I knew what he was thinking. Rosalind Russell as "Craig's Wife" . . . Russell in drawing-room "drahmas," as much a part of them as the statuary! He had, he explained patiently, signed someone else for the part. I was not the type. But I pleaded, and, more to get rid of me than for any other reason, he consented.

We made that test in two hours and fifty-five minutes. They put a thousand feet of film in the camera and just let it roll. And I played "Sylvia." Complete with jingling bracelets, a fussy dress that I managed to get from the wardrobe department, and a hat that bore semblance to both a banana and a porcupine. I played her in six different ways—using chairs for "the women" and with every gag in the book thrown in. The sixth time I played her for Cukor alone, and I "hammed" all over the set. "*That*," he shouted. "is the way we want it! *That* is Sylvia!" And so it turned out to be.

That day marked my release from the Hollywood pigeonhole. I have never been "typed" since.

There is a very lucky tag to the story, too. "The Women" not only proved the springboard for my screen career—but it also caught me a husband! Or so he says. When a gentleman by the name of Fred Brisson sailed from England on board the S.S. Washington, there was one solitary film on the ship—"The Women." They ran it continuously to entertain the passengers. "My deck chair," my husband later told me, "was right outside the theater window, and for days all I heard was your voice. I got to know every gesture you made, every line of your face. And I fell in love."


"LET'S MAKE IT FOR KEEPS"
Two . . . in a world of music . . .
two . . . in a world of their own . . .
two who have found each other . . . for keeps!
For keeps, too—through all their days—the two
will treasure the sparkling, hospitality-inviting
beauty of their gracious Community.
Here's silverware of great distinction,
classic in line, fine-balanced, true-proportioned.
A thoughtful overlay of extra solid silver gives
lifetime protection where there's wear.
You'll find Community dinner services for eight,
pleasantly priced to fit your budget.
Community
THE FINEST SILVERPLATE
*CORONATION
*LADY HAMILTON
*MILADY
If its Community*... its correct
*TRADE MARKS OF ONEIDA LTD. COPYRIGHT 1957 ONEIDA LTD.

ing of September 7, 1945, two days after I had fled from the embassy. He asked me if I wasn't making it hard for my family in Russia. I looked at my wrist watch and calculated the difference in time between Ottawa and Moscow.

"They are in the hands of the secret police right now," I said.

I said it calmly. The detective must have thought that I was the coldest and most heartless person he had ever seen. He did not know that I was then experiencing the most miserable moment of my life.

If I had left the Soviet regime silently and empty-handed, slipping away with Anna and Andrei to some distant part of Canada or the United States without revealing to anyone my knowledge of Russian espionage in this continent, we might be safer and more peaceful today. The NKVD would be looking for me, of course. The Soviet government would never permit anyone with even a slight knowledge of its spy operations to escape from the boundaries of Russia unwatched and unpursued. But if I had made my break for freedom quietly, my chances of losing my identity and starting a new life in a democracy might have been better.

I did not choose that easier way for a reason that seems to me to be inseparable from my original reason for not returning to Moscow. I did not want to return to Moscow because I fell in love with the freedom of democracy, and I wanted my children to grow up in that freedom. At the same time, I sincerely believe, from my experience in the Red Army intelligence service, that the leaders of the Soviet Union are bent on world conquest. They are devoted to the Communist ideal: a world without capitalistic democracy. Renouncing the Soviet Union in order to give my children the opportunity to live in a free democracy, I felt at the same time a moral obligation to do what I could to warn that democracy of the danger that was hanging over it. And so I made my escape from the embassy, carrying under my shirt documentary evidence of the Soviet Union's secret designs against Canada, Great Britain and the United States.

There is no question in my mind about the Soviet government's intention to fight a third world war. It may not come for many years, but unless there is a drastic and fundamental change in the thinking of the Politburo, the small council of Communist leaders who guide Soviet policy, it will come. Every Soviet move is pointing toward it. Every Soviet citizen in the foreign diplomatic service expects it. The ones who are not devout Communists—and there are many such Russians—fear it and hope that it can be avoided. The others look forward to it quite naturally as a process in the development of the human race that cannot be avoided. They feel that a completely Communistic world is inevitable.

There is not enough space in this magazine to permit me to report all the things I have seen and heard in the Soviet military intelligence service which force me to this conclusion. Here are only a few of them:

First of all, there is the increased activity of the Comintern, or the Communist International, that branch of the Soviet government which supports Communistic action in foreign countries for the purpose of setting the stage for a world revolution against capitalism. Although Stalin announced during the war the abolition of the Comintern, every Russian knows that it was never abolished. If anything, it was expanded.

And there is the increased use of the Communist parties in such countries as the United States, Canada, Great Britain, France, China, Australia and the South American republics as Soviet fifth columns.

Soviet espionage networks abroad are also establishing close liason with the diplomatic representatives of nations that are now within the Soviet sphere of influence in Europe, such as Austria, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia.

In the United States and in Canada, Soviet military intelligence agents have been ordered by Moscow to contact former spies who worked in those countries during the war for Germany, Japan and Italy. In the spring of 1945, I saw one telegram from Moscow to Ottawa which asked for names of Germans who had served on the military staffs of German embassies and consulates in America before the war. The Soviets planned to locate these people in Germany and to force them to divulge secret information about American and Canadian military plans which they might have obtained in this part of the world.

Any doubt that I might have had about the Soviet plan for world conquest would have been removed by the constant indoctrination that I received from my superiors in the embassy at Ottawa. There was, for instance, the meeting of the military intelligence staff which Zabotin called after V-J Day. He had received an important message from Moscow that day, outlining his work for the remainder of the year.

"The war has ended," Zabotin said to us. "But we must remember that for us a state of war exists continually. During peacetime we must increase our vigilance, extend our activities and perfect our specialties. Recently, I think, some of us have been taking our outward show of co-operation with our allies for something definite and constant. We have forgotten that the alliance between the Soviet Union and the capitalistic countries is merely temporary. We must not forget this. Yesterday they were our allies, today they are our neighbors, and tomorrow they will be our enemies. Nobody knows what the next day may bring."

Another unmistakable piece of evidence that points to the Soviet Union's intention to make war against the democracies is the way that the government in Russia is preparing the minds of its people for such a conflict.

When war comes, the question of guilt arises and, as was the case with Germany, there is always speculation about how much of the responsibility for the war lies on the heads of the people who support an aggressive government. In most instances the people are responsible. But the situation of the people in Russia, in relation to their government and to the rest of the world, is an extraordinary one. I don't think that the Russian people could be held responsible for a Soviet war because they have no knowledge of world affairs as a whole and very little knowledge of their own government.

This is a difficult statement for an American to accept. The average American, having lived all his life with free access to accurate information about the rest of the world and the freedom to choose between opinions of many different colors, cannot fully understand how a whole nation of people can be shut off completely from news and facts about foreign countries and forced to accept one viewpoint. But it can be done. I know because I lived in such a nation for the first twenty-four years of my life. For those twenty-four years I was convinced that only chaos and misery existed in the democratic countries, that the Soviet Union was the only free and prosperous nation in the world and that the people of all other countries were hostile toward the people of Russia. It was only natural that I was convinced of these things. I had no possible way of knowing anything else.

There is one fact that must be remembered if you want to understand how such a state of ignorance can exist in Russia today. That is the fact that the protective iron curtain has been hanging around the borders of Russia not for a few years but during the whole lifetime of a Russian generation that has now reached an adult age. The men and women in Russia who are now reaching their thirties were born under the Soviet regime. Even those who are now in their forties have had no access to knowledge of the outside world since their very early youth. It isn't as though they had been cut off from the rest of Europe and America in their full maturity.

But despite their limited knowledge, the people of Russia have the same natural longing for freedom as all other human beings. Let them see it, as I did when I was twenty-four, and they will reach for it immediately. The Soviet government, trying to explain the various abuses of personal freedom in Russia, such as the censored press and the absence of opposition political parties and free elections, claims the Russian people have an understanding of freedom and democracy different from that of the American or British people. This is a downright lie. The Russian people have the same understanding of freedom as all the peoples of the world. But in Russia terror and persecution have taken the place of individual freedom and democracy.

Writing this now in the comfortable home in Canada where I live with Anna and our two rapidly growing children—the little girl who wasn't born until after I fled from the embassy is walking now—and looking back at what I did, I feel proud.

I wanted to tell all the world about the Soviet spies in North America. Judging by some of the clippings of newspaper stories concerning the international repercussions and the trials of Canadian Communist spies that were brought about by my information, I guess I did it. I wanted to open some eyes in the United States and Canada to the danger of Soviet aggression. I hope I did that, too. There is one thing that makes me feel that the risk of death that Anna and Andrei and I faced was really worth taking. That is a statement made in the report of the Canadian Royal Commission which officially investigated the espionage described in the documents from the Soviet embassy. The statement says, "In our opinion, Gouzenko, by what he has done, has rendered a great public service to the people of this country, and thereby has placed Canada in his debt."

I will also be eternally indebted to Canada for the great gift of democratic freedom that it has given to Anna and the children and to me. We are still under the protection of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. There is always the danger of the Soviet NKVD agents. Perhaps this will be read by a Soviet official, with much more important information than I had, who is being held back from following my example only by fear of the NKVD. Let him ask himself—is it not better to live with a little danger in a free democracy than to exist in perfect safety within the four gray walls of a prison cell?

I'll take democracy.

THE END

Longines

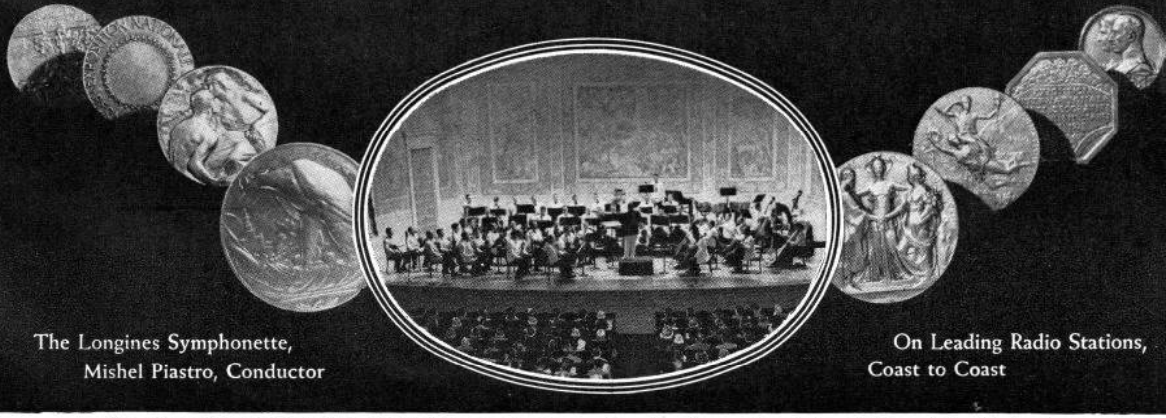
The World's Most *Honored Watch*

Product of
LONGINES
WITTNAUER
Watch Company

The sign of a good watch is the name Longines on the dial. It is assurance of superior manufacture, not in one detail or two alone, but all the way through. Eighty years of continuous practice has perfected the Longines technique of making watches of greater accuracy and long life. And it is for these qualities that Longines watches have won, over the years, 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals, and highest accuracy honors from leading government observatories of the world.*

Product of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company

New York Montreal Geneva



The Longines Symphonette,
Mishel Piastro, Conductor

On Leading Radio Stations,
Coast to Coast

*A series of regular Longines wrist watches in chronometric trials at the Swiss Government Observatory at Neuchatel recently took highest honors. The winning Longines made what we believe to be the best accuracy record ever achieved by any wrist watch in public competition under government supervision.

and his eyes a kind of gray flecked with brown spots. He had a small fair mustache and showed strong white teeth when he smiled. When he looked at you he really looked. His eyes fastened on yours and held them. He looked us all over like that as if he was fixing us in his mind once and for all, and I felt once he'd looked he knew about us.

And then when he'd done looking at us, he looked at the big chestnut that was pulling at the hitching pole in the middle of the *kraal*. He was lying back on the rein that held him, his white-stockinged forelegs straight out in front and his quarters nearly on the ground.

"Nice horse," Calgary said. And then he went up to him.

THIS was a wild horse, remember, a three-year-old that had never felt a halter or a rein on him since we'd branded him as a yearling. A lazy 7 Q was our brand, and there it was on the chestnut's near quarter. And it was there just above the brand that Calgary touched him, talking to him all the time very low, ". . . good boy . . . that's a good horse . . . that's a very fine horse." And all the time the horse was lying back with one ear turned towards Calgary. I thought he'd jump up and let out any minute, but he didn't. He just lay back there, part black with sweat, part white with curded foam. He didn't even move when Calgary touched him. He only gave a kind of shiver. I'd never seen anything like this before. Calgary didn't pat him. He touched him firmly, pushed on him and stood quiet, waiting, as if something he had in him was going into the horse from his hand.

I heard Dad tell Val to go to the house and order tea. But she never moved. She just stood there beside me, her big brown buck's eyes staring at the man and the horse in the middle of the *kraal*. The boys stood very still too. All white men were strange and mad to them, but this one was more of both than usual. In a minute no doubt the horse would kill him.

But something was happening. The rein that held the chestnut had slackened. He wasn't pulling back any more. Calgary's hand slid up the horse's body to the rump, then along the back and ribs till it reached the shoulder. He had to move forward now. That will make the horse jump, I thought, but it didn't. He let Calgary move closer, much closer. He was at the shoulder. His hand was on the horse's neck; it crept to his crest. He was fondling the ears; the hand came down over the blaze on his face, over his eyes, and still the horse didn't flinch.

Calgary moved in again, swinging his body round a little so that his left hand was on the horse's chest. It crept up his throat till it got under his jaw. Calgary was right up at his head now. His right hand was cupped over the near nostril, his left under the horse's chin. Then he leaned forward and, raising his left hand to form a funnel with his right, Calgary breathed into the horse's nostril.

A ruffle of quivers ran over the chestnut, his skin looked like the water on a dam when a breeze hits it. Then he began to raise himself in a series of little hops. His hind legs were steady, but he raised his forelegs and lowered them again and then raised them again; each hop was about three inches off the ground. Each time he came up Calgary gave to him. He stopped bucketing as suddenly as he had begun.

Calgary dropped his hands, turned away from the horse and backed right into his shoulder. The chestnut turned his head towards Calgary and could have gripped one arm with his teeth, dragged the man round and chopped him. But he didn't. All he did was to turn his head, and Calgary pulled his ears and played with his long forelock, twisting it between his fingers. Then he patted his neck and came over to us.

"I've been with horses all my life," my father said, "but I'm damned if I ever saw that done before."

"Gipsy trick," Calgary said. As if that explained everything.

"Now go and see about the tea, Val," my father said again.

She gave Calgary a long queer look and walked off. She was a good mover, was Val. She walked straight as a Zulu girl, balanced on the balls of her feet. Her thick yellow hair hung like a horse's tail over her shoulders.

"If you want help," Calgary said, "I'd be delighted . . ."

It was a queer way to talk. It was not the talk of a man wanting a job. It was as if he had just passed by and seeing there was a lot to be done was willing to oblige.

"How much do you want?" Dad said.

Calgary looked sort of surprised. "Oh, money, you mean." Then he smiled. "I don't want any money," he said. "I like horses. Some men like people; others like horses. I'm one of them. I like to meet new horses and to ride them."

"We've got sixty to break and train," my father said. "It's a big job; the police are in a hurry."

"They are always in a hurry, and I hear they are increasing the establishment," Calgary said.

"Yes," my father said. "There's been too much gunrunning going on."

"Cattle smuggling too," Calgary said.

I COULD see that Father was still thinking about how to pay Calgary. He would be useful to us, but he couldn't work for nothing. I could see what was going on in Dad's mind, and I could see that Calgary could see it too. There was a kind of smile on his lips. It was gentle and at the same time mocking. I didn't like him then because he had got Father just where he wanted him, like the chestnut horse. The only difference was that the horse knew it, and Dad didn't. Calgary knew my father didn't know what to say or how to open the subject again—he having made it awkward for him to do so, so he said, "I'll tell you what I would like, sir."

The "sir" had nothing to do with his wanting to work for us. It was out of respect for my father's age and also, I felt, to annoy him a little, because he wasn't really old at all, and he was as strong as a bull. After the "sir" Calgary paused, and then went on, "I'll help you break the horses for my keep, a sundowner when we're through, and the first pick of the ones we break."

"That's all right," Father said, "but it doesn't seem enough."

"Well, perhaps I'll ask a favor of you one day," Calgary said, laughing. "And there is one more thing—I'd like you to keep Kitty for me when I go."

"Kitty?"

"My mare. She needs a long rest. You could run her with your mares, and when I want her I'll send for her. Or"—he turned suddenly to Val, who had just come back—"you could use her, Miss Valentine. If you try her you'll see she's the best-trained horse you ever rode. Not," he said to Dad, "that I'm casting reflections on your horses, but you see, Kitty's a special horse, and I have a kind

THIS DIFFERENT *Face Powder*

GLORIFIES YOUR OWN INDIVIDUAL COLORING

ARE you blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead? Now you can add to the natural loveliness of your own individual coloring with this unusually different face powder in your own Color Harmony Shade.

And just consider these exceptional qualities in this different face powder:

1..It imparts a lovelier color to the skin
2..It creates a satin-smooth make-up
3..It clings perfectly...really stays on

Try *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder...a beauty secret of the famous screen stars ...now created for *you* to bring a surprising new loveliness to your make-up. $1.00

Smart, new, artistic powder box —beautiful white and gold plastic design.

Max Factor • Hollywood

COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP... Face Powder, Pan-Cake Make-Up, Rouge, and the *New*, Sensational Lipstick in Clear Red, Blue Red and Rose Red for each type, blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead

of gift with horses—training 'em, I mean."

"Learned from the gipsies, no doubt," Dad said.

"Yes, and from others."

"Tea's ready," Val said. "And Mother says the spare room's ready too, if you're going to stay." She looked at Calgary.

"Depends on the McFee," he said. He was laughing at my father in a way, I felt, but Dad looked pleased. It did not occur to him that he could be laughed at by anyone but his wife, and heaven knows he got it from her, my mother having a great turn for humor and all the gentle irony of a loving woman.

We left the red horse tied. It wouldn't hurt him to stand an hour or so. And we went out of the gate. The boys all sat down under a tree to smoke. The house was about five hundred yards from the main *kraal*. When we were halfway Dad said, "What about your mare? Shall we send a boy back for her?" The stables and small *kraals* were near the house.

"No thanks," Calgary said. "I'll call her." He turned to my sister. "Just watch, Miss Val." We all stopped and looked.

Calgary gave a long low call. It sounded like *cuu uuup . . . cuu . . . uuup*.

The mare looked up and cocked her ears. Then she took in her mouth the single rein that had been looped over a pole, unhooked it and trotted towards us carrying her head sideways so as not to step on the rein. When she got up to Calgary he patted her, threw the rein back over her neck so that it lay on her withers, and said, "She'll follow us now. She follows like a dog." Which she did with her nose right in the small of her master's back, nuzzling him as he walked.

She was a light gray, almost white, and it had surprised me for a minute that her mane, tail and forelock were so dark and that her hoofs were black. I remember, looking back, that it had surprised me momentarily, but I never thought of it again till much later.

Mother was sitting by the tea table on the *stoep* when we got to the house. "My wife," Father said. Then he said to Mother, "This is Mr. Calgary. He's going to help us with the horses."

"Just call me Calgary," our visitor said. "Just Calgary. Though some people call me Calgary Jack." Then he bent over Mother's hand and said, "It is very kind of you to let me stay a few days."

It really looked as if he had invited himself to stay, as if he had had it all figured out before he came.

Mother said, "I'm sure we can do with some help . . . Sugar, Mr. Calgary?"

"Please."

FATHER had lighted his pipe, but Val and I were watching Calgary. He was worth watching, too. He was so neat in his movements; each was clean-cut—when he stretched out to take his cup of tea, when he sat with it and crossed his legs, when he lighted a match for his cigarette by flicking the head between the nails of his thumb and first finger. His fingers were long and strong, his hands and forearms as brown as ours, and his nails were clean, beautifully trimmed and looked as if they were polished. Mother polished her nails with a buffer, but I had never seen a man with polished nails before. In fact, I don't think I'd ever seen a man with well-kept hands before, having seen very few people in my life except farmers and policemen, a trader or two or a hunter on his way north.

We had Boer rusks with our tea. Calgary didn't dip his in the cup, and it made me laugh to see Val not dipping hers either. Acting very ladylike all of a sudden, I thought. Poor little Val. She never had seen anything like Calgary before, and she was acting up whether she knew it or not. But I knew it. I'd been farming all my life, and a young lady was like a young anything else when the time came. Val was rising eighteen. That is to say she was seventeen years and four months old. Somehow I was glad to see that look in her eyes. They were soft like a Jersey cow's when she looked at him and thought no one could see; and then when she looked at us they were flat, as if she thought we could see nothing if she did that.

This man is going to affect us all, I thought. Father said he'd never seen that breathing trick before, though he'd heard of it. Val was in love with him already, and I had the feeling that this was a man I could follow. If he'd said, "Come on Tim, let's go," I think even then I'd have got up and gone. 'Tis a queer and dangerous gift for a man to have what Calgary Jack had. My sister in an hour was charmed into his hand like a bird from a thorn or a great red horse tame under the blowing of his breath.

Something of all this must have been in Mother's heart, for she looked at the man with her big saucer eyes of blue. A beautiful woman was my mother, not quite in her forties then and her hair as black as the coat of a cocker. And when she looked at Calgary, he looked straight back into her eyes. They held each other like that. 'Twas as if the points of two spears had met, point to very point; and behind the points was the shaft of the man and the woman and the strength of them—the man full grown and in his strength, and the woman still in hers and aware of him but also the mother of a young girl who was ready to mate.

No one saw that look but me. Val was looking down at her lap where her hands were folded. She was quite still, but her breast moved up and down as if she had been running. Dad was smoking, staring

out at the veld and thinking no doubt of his horses and the fine remounts they would make for the police—though goodness knows the McFee had no love of the police in any land. Horses were his love—and my mother. But this there was to be said of the British—and this alone, in his opinion—that they were good masters to horses and dogs, and good husbands to women. Let them get out of Ireland, he said; but let them buy our fine lepping horses and our gun dogs and hounds and marry our maidens, for these—which are the finest in all the world—would carry the fame of our land to the ends of the earth. Even as he had done, bringing his wife, the lovely Sheila O'Malley, into this godforsaken country and raising a breed of South African Irishmen for one reason alone, that in the old country there was no longer room for the likes of himself, who needed horses and servants and few to say him nay. He might have been thinking of Dragoon, too, our stallion that had died last year. Many of the horses we were breaking now were his get. In fact, the one we had left tied in the *kraal* was the dead spit of him.

So my father in his dreaming was not watching his wife or the stranger, and therefore saw nothing of this matching of eyes that was like a battle of spears. It lasted but an instant in time as we know it by a watch; but in another kind of time it was an hour, maybe, or a lifetime perhaps. Then Calgary smiled and my mother smiled back, and I knew then that they were friends and that she would give this man her daughter, and that it was in her mind that if it had not been for my father, whom she loved, she might have given him herself.

He had a way with women, had Calgary, and with boys—me being just a boy then. But with men—I did not know. I had not yet seen him with a man. For it is one thing to break a man's horse for him and another to ride away upon that horse with his maid across the saddle.

TEA was finished now, and we got up to go and work on the horses again. But as we got up Mother put her hand on Val's arm and said, "You're tired, Val; you had better go and rest."

She knew, did Mother, that the man who was our guest was like strong drink to the girl. Val gave in easily, so we men went off alone to the *kraal* and the horses. It was too hot even for the dogs; they stayed at the house with the women.

None of us said anything as we went. Calgary was carrying his saddle and bridle; he had taken them off the gray mare when the horse boy had come to take her to the stables. The saddle was an English hunting saddle, and the bit in the bridle was a rubber-covered snaffle.

The boys got up when we got into the *kraal*. The dust had caked on them while they rested, in dry paste that cracked as they laughed, and this dissolved as new rivers of sweat began to run. The chestnut stallion was standing steady, flicking his tail. The sweat had dried on him, matting his hair with dust.

When Calgary went up to him he had the saddle on his arm, the stirrups up on the leathers, the girths thrown back over it; the bridle was over his shoulder. The horse sidled a little, laid back his ears and rolled the whites of his eyes. Calgary stood still just out of the range of his heels and spoke to him. The horse's eyes changed, his nostrils stopped flaring and his ears flicked forward. Still talking, Calgary went right up to him and put the saddle on his back. The chestnut bucketed about a bit as the girths were tightened, but Calgary calmed him. Then the bit was slipped into his mouth and the bridle

brought over his head—the single rein lay on his withers.

I wondered what Calgary would do next. The horse was still tied by a double *riem* to the pole. This man might, I thought, mount him there with his head tied. Instead he turned to us and said, "Open the gate."

He waited while a boy opened it. Then he untied the *riem*.

The horse did not know at once that it was loose; for an instant it stood still. In that instant Calgary—he had the rein in his hand all the time—moved so that his left hand was on the front of the saddle, and his fingers that held the rein were twisted into the long golden hair of the horse's mane. For this instant everything was still. The boys, even the horses in the catching *kraal*, all seemed to be watching. A low dust like a mist drifted over the *kraal*, but the stillness was dynamic; it was like watching a lighted fuse and waiting for the explosion.

Then it came. The red horse went straight up; his white stockings pawed the air. Calgary went up with him. He let the horse lift him. He was limp and easy; he was not fighting the horse. Up the chestnut went again, this time pivoting a little. Then he saw the gate was open and saw the wide veld.

IT ALWAYS seemed to me that I knew the mind of a horse. I had broken so many and bred so many. In his mind the chestnut was thinking of speed and room—if only he could gallop enough everything would come clear. A man in trouble can think, but a beast can only run or fight. The fight was out of the chestnut—at least part of it was—all he could do now was to run. I saw him lower his quarters down almost to his hocks as he stood rearing, and then he gave a great jump forward. I saw him go in a great arc that almost reached the gate; but when his forelegs hit the ground Calgary was in the saddle.

The chestnut went straight as an arrow, not galloping, but in a series of plunging bucks. Calgary sat there letting him do whatever he wanted. I had never seen riding like this. I wished Val could see it. I must have been a fool to think she wasn't watching from the house.

The chestnut was settling down to a gallop, and Calgary began to swing him in a great circle round the homestead and the *kraal*. A circle a mile or so round. But this was not all. After the second time round Calgary dropped to the ground and, running beside the horse, jumped into the saddle again, dragged up by the horse's speed. First on the near side, then on the off, he did it. Then he pulled up the horse, slipped off him and led him back to us and tied him up.

"You breed fine horses, McFee," he said. He was sweating, but he was still perfectly neat. And when he had wiped his face with a red silk handkerchief and lighted a cigarette, no one would have thought to look at him that he had just broken in a three-year-old blood horse.

I could see that Dad was puzzled. "A fine exhibition, Calgary," he said.

Calgary laughed. "Not really in the best of taste, showing off like that; but if you want me to work for you I'll ride two horses a day and hand them over like that"—he nodded in the direction of the red horse. "Then Tim and the boys can finish them. You," he said to Father, "can do the selecting and catching. I want one horse tied up there at nine in the morning, and another at two in the afternoon. I don't like to get up early," he said, "and I like to finish at teatime . . . I see you have a lot of hay, and it will save time if we rig up horse lines, and feed and water the tame ones by hand

rather than letting them run in the *kraal*."

"You'll have the horses," Dad said. "Two a day for as long as you like or till I break my neck."

Calgary was laughing by that time.

"Might as well knock off for today," Dad said then, and we all went back to the house. Work for us indeed! In a couple of hours Calgary had broken a three-year-old that had never felt a *riem* except when he'd been thrown to be branded; and he had reorganized the work of the farm. Father was to catch the horses for him; I was to finish them. I wondered where Val would come in. She'd come in somewhere all right, if I knew anything about her.

THE DAYS went like lightning for me. I had never thought there could be anyone like Calgary. The way I had been brought up the end of life was to ride and shoot well and to be able to handle farmstock. There was nothing Calgary did not seem to know or to be able to do. He could throw and hold a nine-month calf alone. If he went out with a shotgun he'd bring down a brace of birds with a right and left every time. He was as good as any Boer with a rifle. He was wonderful with the dogs. Even Lion, the old mastiff, that allowed only my father to really handle him, would lie at Calgary's feet.

The horsebreaking went on as he had said it would. Punctually at nine, neat as a new pin, his riding beeches pressed, his top boots polished, Calgary would walk into the *kraal* and go up to the horse that was tied up ready for him. When he'd finished—it generally took him about a couple of hours—he'd go back to the house to bathe and get ready for lunch. At two he'd be out in the *kraal* again. The boys treated him as a chief. I had never seen a man handle natives as he did. He never raised his voice or hand. But the boys were always watching him; whatever he wanted appeared at once. I worshiped him. I would have gone anywhere in the world with him.

My father was puzzled by him. They did not talk to each other much. He was too English for Dad. It was hard for him to think that anything good could come from England, and yet there were the horse lines, with the horses getting tamer every day. They were the best broken *Klompie* we had ever had, and we'd broken them faster than we had ever done before. Mother seemed faintly amused by the whole thing. She was easily amused, and laughter came quickly to her. It came to her eyes before it touched her lips. I think she laughed more often at father than he knew; he was not a subtle man.

To our mother this was like a play, and I think as good as a play. I had never seen one, but she told us of them and had read to us from Shakespeare. But she liked Calgary and knew what would come to pass. For Val had eyes only for Calgary and one day Mother said to me, "Tim, when you go to court a maid one day, may you do it as well as Calgary." Then she smiled. "'Tis a wise man who courts the mother at the same time he courts the maid." So she knew that too.

"But Father . . ." I said. I was worried about Calgary and Val. Dad would never let her marry an Englishman.

"Your father," Mother said. "And what can he do? Val's of his getting and of the same mettle as himself, and the man Calgary is of no ordinary kind."

And that was all there was said about the matter. But each evening, as if he did not get enough riding, Calgary would saddle his gray mare and the red horse that he'd broken the first day and come to the *stoep* where Val was waiting for him. I think my father thought Val was still a child and was certain that, what-

ever happened, not one of us would ever dare to defy him. No one ever had. Certainly he was not afraid of Calgary, for no man had ever stood up to him in a fair fight—and he'd had plenty of fights in his life. Many a tale of them he told. So why had he to worry. Everything was well in hand, and his horses were being well and quickly broken.

But it was a pretty sight to see Val and Calgary riding side by side in the lilac light of evening, the red horse almost on fire, the gray mare a rosy pink. Knee to knee they rode, stirrup to stirrup, and he'd taught Val his tricks. She could run beside a galloping horse and vault onto it as well as he, and sometimes they'd play like centaurs, a man and a girl playing a game, with the horses they rode seeming to enter into it. It was a fine thing to see them gallop, to hear the thunder of the hoofs as they rode, the flying of my sister's golden hair and the manes and tails and tossing forelocks of the horses; fine to see them wheel together, like birds, in a cloud of dust and pull up laughing, still side by side.

THOUGH but a boy, it was clear to me then that this man was my sister's mate, and that she, since his coming, was no longer my sister, the girl with whom I had played all my life, but a woman who had flowered suddenly, bursting like a bloom from its bud with the coming of this man. Still little was actually said of it among us, and the work went on. We had fifty-eight horses in the horse lines before anything new happened. This time it was a native who came and sat down outside the horse *kraal*. He could have been a boy traveling to his home, who had just stopped by to rest and eat as was the custom; but he did not look like that to me. He was a Zulu and therefore far from home; he had the bearing of a warrior and wore a ring in his hair.

When I asked him what he wanted he answered, "Young Chief, I follow upon the yellow lion's spoor like a jackal to warn him of the hunters; also I pause that I may rest myself. In addition, I have friends in the vicinity and, besides, the thin air of these plains cools the fever in my blood."

"Stay in peace," I said, for the rigamarole he had given me meant nothing except that it was his intention to stay for some private reason of his own.

In a few minutes I had forgotten the Zulu; nor did I think of him at dinner when Calgary, suddenly, just as we were finishing, said to Mother, "I don't know how to thank you for your kindness to me while I have been here. You have been like a mother to me." He was laughing as he said it.

Mother said, "But are you going?"

He said, "Yes, I'll be off tomorrow."

Father said, "I don't know what we'd have done without you."

"You'd have done very well, McFee. It would have been a little slower, that's all. But I have had a wonderful time. It's wonderful to handle horses; each one is a little different. Sometimes I think you meet horses as you meet people, and I've met good horses here." He paused, then said, "You know, they say you do not make friends—you recognize them." It was not clear to me whether he was talking about us or the horses.

"I suppose you'll take the chestnut stallion," Dad said.

"Yes, he's the one I fancy."

"He's by Dragoon," Father said.

"I heard he'd been sold to someone in Africa," Calgary said.

"He went to Lord Freveril. When he died I bought Dragoon."

"Fine horse," Calgary said.

"Lepper," Father said. "National horse."

"I know," Calgary nodded his head.

"I saw him run," Father said.

"So did I," Calgary said.

"Remember the fall at Beechers' Brook?" Father said.

"You mean the way he cleared the horse that had fallen?"

"Yes."

"Jack O'Lantern fell," Calgary said.

"That's the horse."

There was something going on that I didn't understand — something between Calgary and Father. It had to do with a race that had been run ten years before. Father had been in England that year. They must both have been at Aintree.

"Funny, the resemblance in men and horses," my father said.

"Family likeness."

"Dead spit sometimes."

"Even the snip," Calgary said.

The chestnut had a snip on his nose, and so had Dragoon.

Calgary was staring over Mother's head. He must have known Dragoon well to know that, I thought. A snip as long as the top joint of my thumb was not something you remembered if you only saw a horse once.

LATER that night I went to Calgary's room. I could see his light still burning.

"Come in," he said when he heard me.

"So you're off," I said. It seemed very little to say, but I could not say more for my heart was sore.

"I'm off," he said. Then he told me to sit down, and he sat on the edge of his bed.

"Do you ever hear," he said, "of a man that was in love with a horse?" Not waiting for my answer he went on, "Could you imagine such a man? And could you believe that he could love that horse's son when the horse was dead? But that his true love was the girl to whose father that horse belonged. Like a golden daffodil she was, and he had her promise that if he won the race with her father's horse she'd marry him the next week. It was a joke between them because she was going to marry him the next week anyway, win or lose. All that could have stopped her was his breaking his neck over one of the jumps.

"But there was no next week for them," Calgary continued. "She died. Her horse fell. She was just riding cross-country, trying out a new hunter. He hit wire, turned right over and fell on her. He was a big horse, sixteen-three, and she was a slight slim woman.

"This one of whom I speak must have gone mad, for he found the man who had strained the wire in the hedge and 'twas said that he had killed him, though there was nothing ever to prove it. The man died in an accident—his horse galloped over the edge of a quarry. But there were the marks of two horses' hoofs right up to the edge, and there were marks of a whip on the man and on the dead horse's quarters when they were found in the quarry. Nobody said anything of all this, for she who died was well loved in those parts, and men who shoot foxes and strain wire in the hedges are not respected. Besides, they said, where was the man who could gallop a horse to a quarry's edge and turn him back upon the brink? Nevertheless it was thought best by this man's friends that he should get away—and he went abroad, as they say, till things blew over."

Calgary lighted a cigarette.

"He went to foreign parts—to the Argentine—to Canada, to Africa. He had money, plenty of it, and he made money, but he liked to take chances and to gamble. It could even be that he wanted something to happen to him. Not being one of those who would take his own

MR. PAUL LUKAS, DISTINGUISHED ACTOR AND ACADEMY AWARD WINNER

For Men of Distinction... **LORD CALVERT**

Produced only in limited quantities, Lord Calvert is a matchless blend of the world's finest spirits and most distinguished whiskies. So *rare*... so *smooth*... so *mellow*... it is intended for those who can afford the finest.

A "Custom" Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City.

life, he gave it to the gods to play with. And then one day it came to him that he should seek out the horse he had loved or see if he had bred colts that were like him. So he did this and found a colt, the dead spit of the father—and found a girl too."

"Val," I said.

"Yes, Tim."

"And it is your own life you're speaking of."

"Yes," he said.

"Then why must you go?"

"The police," he said. "I've been smuggling cattle and running guns."

"Why?" said I.

"For the hell of it, Tim. Because I was bored and angry and unhappy."

It was hard to think of him being bored and unhappy. "But you'll come back for Val?" I said.

He laughed. "Val and I will not be parted long," he said. "And now I'm off. Like a thief in the night. And give my love to the sergeant when he comes. We're old friends though we've never met . . ."

IT WAS early next morning when Val and I met Sergeant Ferrars on his way to the house. He had two troopers and some boys with him and a Cape cart with two mules with their camping gear.

"Come about the horses, Sergeant?" I said. "If you have, they're about ready."

"Yes," he said, but he was looking at Val's mare. "If that mare's mane and tail weren't so dark I'd swear . . ." He looked down at her hoofs. "Black hoofs, too."

Val and I didn't say anything. The gray had no brand, but quite a few of our horses weren't branded.

Since Calgary had gone the night before Val and I hadn't spoken of him. She knew what I felt about him, and I knew what she felt. And both of us knew that this was not the end. The sergeant looking at this mare was part of the story.

We liked Ferrars well enough, but nobody really likes policemen. They remain, as Father said, thieftakers, and are themselves but thieves set upside down.

" 'Tis a good lot of horses you'll find," I said.

And that was all that happened. Nor did anything out of the ordinary occur till later, when the horses had been looked over and the police had made their camp, for we had followed that sergeant like a brace of beagle pups; never for an instant had he been out of the sight of one of us. But now, sitting on the *stoep* with us, a drink in his hand and a pipe in his mouth, the sergeant said, "So he fooled us after all."

"Fooled us?" Father said. "Who did?"

"Your horsebreaking friend. To think of him lying up here with me watching the border for him for a month. And my description of him 'bearded and on a white mare.' Calgary indeed!" he said. "Gentleman Johnny's what we call him, but he's got a lot of names. Anyway it's over now."

"What do you mean, it's over?"

"The border is open to cattle again, and it's been decided that the natives can buy guns after all, so that settles his little smuggling business. But I hope you watched your daughter well," he said to Mother. "Gentleman Johnny's no man to have around with young girls for long."

"I was too busy watching myself," Mother said, "and if I had been a maid like Val no mother could have watched me enough to keep me from him. Indeed, considering the time they've been together I am surprised at my daughter. Had it been me, he'd never have ridden off alone."

I looked at Val. She was blushing a little and looking down. Then she looked up; her eyes were wide open; she stared straight at the police sergeant. Her hand was at her throat holding the little gold chain that she wore. Still looking at him she lowered her hand to her breast and then pulled it out so quickly that she snapped the chain. There was a heavy gold signet ring between her fingers. She did not say a word. She just slipped it on her finger.

Mother came over and kissed her. Father opened his mouth to swear, and then seeing Mother and Val both looking at him, changed his mind and began to laugh. "Sure, nothing but the best's good enough for Gentleman Johnny. A McFee for a wife and a Dragoon for a horse. You've got yourself a good man, Val. Your blood and your looks you get from me, but it is your mother's brains and good taste that you have."

"I told you I could manage your father, Val," Mother said.

Father, paying no attention to her, said, "What a race he rode!"

"You saw him?" I asked.

"Yes, I saw him win the National on Dragoon."

"When did you know him?"

"Not till I saw him with the chestnut one day when he thought he was by himself. He was talking to him and kissing his nose." My father paused.

"I'LL tell you the story," he said finally. "Calgary's not his name, but in his day—and that was almost the last of those days when I saw him—Calgary was the best gentleman rider in the British Isles. Like a young king he was, the pride of his regiment, and all the highest ladies in the land ready to marry him. For he had a title and great estates. The catch of several seasons he had been, but none of the young ladies who wanted him had been able to slip a bit into his mouth.

"Then suddenly there was a lot of talk about an accident, and a notice in the gazette that he had resigned his commission. He resigned from his clubs. He gave up his flat in London. But no one really knew what it was about."

So of them all only I knew the true story and the whole of it, though of course I didn't know how much Calgary had told Val.

Then the sergeant began to laugh. "To think of him hiding here right under my nose, and me searching the land for him," he said. "Well, the charges will be dropped, now." He turned to my father. "Can you beat it, a man like him turning smuggler and gunrunner! Why, with everything in the world to his hand, once his troubles had blown over, would he do that?"

"From boredom maybe," Dad said. "The old life was gone, and he wanted excitement and perhaps there was something else."

"What else?" The sergeant leaned forward in his chair.

"It could be that he was seeking the world for another golden maid and another big red horse," Dad said.

Val got up and left us. In a few minutes she was back with a bottle that she put into the sergeant's hand.

"What's this?" he said.

"Hair dye," said Val. "He gave it to me . . . Now I'm going." And when we saw her again she was on Calgary's mare. She waved to the sergeant and rode by.

Whereupon Father filled up his glass and the sergeant's and said, "Tim, it's a pity you're too young to drink to your sister's health."

And my mother said, "He can drink at the wedding, which will not be long now."

THE END

traded on the indebtedness. If he had loaned John Smith a thousand in 1930, then in 1933 John Smith's cousin on the zoning board would help Tanner get around a local ordinance so as to help Henry Brown. Then in 1935, Henry Brown would, at Tanner's request, speak to his brother on the liquor board about helping Jim Jones get a license. Then in 1938, Jim Jones would hire the son of another of Tanner's friends. This other friend would end up on the draft board in 1942 and get the son of another client deferred for a while. This other client's cousin would be writing specifications for county road contracts, and slant a specification toward the equipment of still another client. His gratitude to Tanner might take the form of cash. It was a confusing, tangled web, and Tanner kept it all clear in his mind. Small initial favors had pyramided to such an extent that his influence was felt in every meeting of the Common Council. His men were in office, and he kept them in office. The American public are too lethargic to inform themselves about the relative merits of candidates for office. The voters of Harthaven knew that there was a political boss. They knew Sam Tanner. And yet the city was reasonably clean; taxes weren't too high; and the pay-offs were handled in a discreet fashion.

Sam Tanner maintained three office staffs. Bess and I were one—the political and patronage angle—public affairs. The second was down in the Magnum Brewery which he owned. The third was in the Excello Construction Company, which handled a good many city and county contracts and also handled the rentals on the Tanner Building. As Bess said, the Boss spent only two hours a day with us.

I remember the first conversation I had with Tanner about ethics. From time to time, quiet men would come into the Tanner Building office, and I would have no clue as to their purpose. After I had been there about six months, Tanner called me in just after one of the quiet men had left.

HE TOLD me to sit down. There was a white envelope on his desk. He tore it open with a blunt thumb and spread a sheaf of bills on his desk blotter. He took out five twenties and handed them to me.

"This is a bonus, Walker," he said. I took the money a bit uncertainly, wondering about social-security deductions and withholding tax. He saw my hesitation and said, "Stick it in your pocket and forget it, son. It won't bite you. There'll be other bonuses." I stuffed it into my wallet and it looked good to me, even though I did feel a little uncomfortable about it.

He leaned his elbows on the desk and said, "Now listen to me for a minute, Walker, and remember what I tell you. This city, or any American city, is set up in such a way that it is very easy for one man or group of men to run it. I'm running Harthaven. You might call me a political boss. That word doesn't sting. I'm not too greedy. I take risks and I get paid for them—paid well. I don't grab too much. Suppose I died tomorrow. Somebody would step into my shoes. I imagine he would be greedier than I am. He would take bigger pay-offs. The city would suffer. I take a little, and I have the interests of the city at heart."

I got courageous and said, "You thinking along the lines of the greatest good for the greatest number? Isn't that a rationalization?"

He smiled at me, twisting one side of his mouth downward. "You've still got some damp idealism behind your ears, Walker. But now you're sharing in it—in the pay-off. Just remember that."

I did remember it. I kept wondering just how the money had got into my pocket—where it had come from. I had some ideas. But I had taken it, and I had bought a suit, hat and shoes with it; it was no good wondering. At times I detested the roundabout, sneaking methods of the game, the small furtive men, the crumpled bills changing hands. At other times I felt smart and proud and happy to be on the inside, while the suckers milled around in the street and paid their taxes like little angels.

I tried to date Bess, but she told me something that I couldn't quite forget. "No thanks, Towney. I go out with you, and all I'll be able to smell is changed assessments, construction contracts and the damp rotten wood in the City Hall. This is a business, and it's no pleasure. When I go out I want to go with a clean kid in the grocery or chicken-farm racket. Then I can pretend to be a lady."

"I didn't know you felt like that, Bess!"

"I don't, Towney. I just like to picture myself as a gal with enough sensitivity to dislike the whole business. You keep asking me; one of these days I'll say yes."

I REMEMBER the morning when things first started to go wrong. Tanner had Bess in for a while for some routine dictation, and then he called me in. There was nothing unusual about the assignments. I scribbled in my pocket notebook as he said, "Go over to the mayor's office and tell that clown not to use a city employee as a chauffeur when he goes out to get drunk. This is the second time, so tell him in a rough way. Then stop in and see Vince at the sales agency, and tell him that the next sedan he gets goes to Harold Vogler over at Consolidated. Tell him I don't care who the hell is on his list. Vogler gets the next one. Then call on a Mrs. Mary Hanrahan at 16 Otter Street, and tell her that her assessment has been reduced to three thousand. Tell her that I arranged it and tell her to keep her big mouth shut about it. Don't tell the neighbors. Then go see Lamonte on the park board. Tell him that I've decided that the tree-surgery contract should go to Watson. Tell him to check Watson's equipment and write the specifications around them. Call up Watson, and tell him that I'll stop in at his club at five for a drink with him. Then . . ."

He was about to continue when Bess rapped once on the door and came in. Tanner scowled at her, and she said quickly, "Farrell is out here, and he's excited. He says it's urgent."

"Send him in. Walker, you stick here."

Farrell came bustling in, a small graying man in a rumpled brown suit. He had an air of importance, and he was chewing on his lip. He looked at me cautiously.

"Come on, Farrell. Shut the door behind you. Walker Towne sits in on this, whatever the hell it is." There was no charm in Tanner's manner. Farrell was one of the group, a small cog, full of self-importance. Nobody cared much for him, but he had never stepped far enough out of line to be brushed off.

Farrell said in a high nervous voice, "Sam, there's all hell to pay. There's a kid named Santosa in the City Engineering Department, and he got hold of a list of the fake overtime pay, and his name was on it, and he's asking Mike Florence where the hell the money is."

Tanner's eyes narrowed. He said, "I told you a long time ago that your fake overtime is a clumsy damn way of mak-

HAIG & HAIG

The Oldest name in Scotch

IT HAD TO BE BETTER TO ENJOY SUCH UNIVERSAL PREFERENCE FOR 320 YEARS

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

ing dough. Who let Santosa see the list?"

"This Santosa has been pestering Mike, asking when he's going——"

"Answer the question, Farrell. Do you want me to call Mike up?"

Farrell came apart at the seams. His hands shook, and he dropped his hat. He swooped it up off the floor, and his face flushed with the exertion of stooping over. "Sam, it was just plain foolishness. You see, I had all these papers in my hand and I passed Santosa, who was heading toward the treasurer's office, and I——"

"Yeah," Tanner interrupted, in a voice that was dangerously soft. His face was expressionless. "You get too lazy to walk with the papers yourself so you let a guy carry them, and his name is on the list. You've been in the City Hall for over twenty years, Farrell. Resign this afternoon. Go buy a farm or something. You're all through as a public servant."

Farrell got dead white. "But I can't. I haven't got . . ." His voice trailed off.

"Resign this afternoon. If you don't I'll get your son fired at Consolidated. That'd be too bad. He's got more on the ball than you ever had. And if I remember, your daughter's husband works over at Sindley's. Maybe he can find another job as good."

Farrell stood for a few seconds staring at Tanner. Then he turned, fumbled for the doorknob and lurched out. We heard the outside door slam behind him.

Tanner said to me, "I bet you're thinking I was too rough. I'll let him stay out of work for six months or so, and then we'll stick him back in some place where he can't do any harm. This is no game for guys to be careless in. He won't be careless again."

I agreed and then he said, "I don't know this Santosa. Forget the other stuff I gave you to do and go see him. Patch it up. Get Mike Florence, the treasurer, to give this Santosa the money for overtime that he saw on the list. You see, every two weeks over there, they run through a fake overtime list, make out checks, pay themselves off out of petty cash, fake the endorsements and then cash the checks at the bank to reimburse petty cash. When the checks come back in the statement, they get hidden real deep in the files. Tell Mike to fix up his books so it won't show. I don't care how the hell he does it. Maybe he better pay it out of his own pocket."

On the way over to City Hall, I had to stop in a drugstore and phone Tanner and tell him that I had passed Farrell on the street. I told Tanner that he was right about Farrell not ever being careless again. One of the rear wheels of the truck he walked into went right over his head. I recognized the brown suit and cracked shoes. Probably was worrying so hard that he didn't see the truck. Tanner sounded mildly shocked, then he told me to hurry up and see this Santosa.

I found Santosa behind a drawing board in the engineering department. He was a soft-looking Italian kid with big liquid eyes and a trembling chin. I told him to come along with me, and I took him out to the water fountain in the hall where we could talk. "I'm Walker Towne," I told him. "I work for Sam Tanner. Mr. Tanner heard that there was a little trouble here about some overtime pay; he wants to know if he can help you out."

The kid looked puzzled. "It's like this," he said. "Last month I take a list down to the treasurer's office. Mr. Farrell give it to me to take down. I happen to see my name, John Santosa, and after it, it says twelve bucks. On the top of the list it says overtime. I don't say anything about it, and I wait for a while to see if I get the check. I don't. So I go see Mr. Florence, and he acts funny. He tells me that I imagine it. He laughs and says I am nuts, to go back to work and don't bother him. I don't like no run-around like that. Something's fishy, and I want to know who gets my twelve bucks, see."

The trembling chin firmed up, and he suddenly looked very stubborn. I told him that I'd see what I could do. He went back to work, and I went down to Mike Florence's office. Mike is a beefy citizen with crisp white hair, a ruddy face and a twinkling smile. He was able to see me right away. He shut the door to his office, and I pulled a chair up close to his desk.

He leaned toward me, and the twinkle was gone. "Does Sam figure I had anything to do with this?"

I made my voice quiet like Tanner's and kept all expression off my face. "Not at all, Mike. Sam wonders why you didn't pay the kid his twelve bucks and shut him up. By the way, Farrell's dead."

He arched his eyebrows and said, "Politically? Wasn't he always?"

"No, Mike," I said patiently. "D-E-A-D. As in corpse, coffin, undertaker. A truck wheel ran over his jolly little head."

I waited while he absorbed it, wiped off his glowing face with a big crisp handkerchief. Then he said, "Damn it, Walker! You're getting as cold as Sam."

"You want me to tell Sam that you think he's too cold?"

"Hell, no. What's the matter with you? That was between friends."

"I have no friends," I said. "Now get back to the point. Why didn't you give him his twelve bucks?"

"I tried to," he complained. "It was after the pay period, and I couldn't have another check made out. You know, we haven't got everybody around here. Just key guys. When you make out checks you let clerks in on it, and they aren't in the know. Besides, it would screw up the books. I can't plumber them around, you know. These guys from the State Comptroller's Office aren't dummies. And this Santosa won't take cash. He wants a check. I can't do anything with him. Better see him and try to give him the twelve. Get him to take it; I'll reimburse you."

I went back and got Santosa out of his office again. He stood in front of me in the hall, a half head shorter. I counted out twelve dollars and tried to stick them in his hand. He put his hands behind his back.

"What's the matter, John?" I asked him. "It was a little mistake. Here, you take the twelve bucks and forget it. Come on."

"I can't do it. I promised Bobby."

"And who is Bobby?"

"My wife. An English girl I married when I was in London with the Army."

"You don't happen to know what she's got in mind, do you?"

"Sure," he said. "She says that by accident I found out where public money is going. It's some kind of graft. She says that she has always heard about this country being a democracy, and she says I got to stick up for my rights. She wants me to make a big fuss about this. And I'm making a fuss."

"You're both wrong, John," I said patiently. "This was just a little mistake. Tell you what I'll do though. I'll see that you get a raise of fifteen bucks a month starting next month. That ought to make it right."

"No, sir. All I want is a check dated last month made out to me for twelve bucks. Over on the corner it's got to say for overtime. That's all I want."

I looked down at him. He made me angry. It was such a small problem, and still he wouldn't let me solve it. I walked away from him, which was a mistake, and phoned Tanner from Florence's office. I caught Sam at the brewery. I sketched in the details, telling why Mike didn't want

IT HAPPENED IN THE STRANGEST PLACES....

IT HAPPENED IN AN ICE-BOX!..

It was 20 below when they met... but it didn't take them long to start a heat wave!

IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK!..

Even the lovebirds were jealous of the way these two traded hugs 'n' kisses!

IT HAPPENED IN A NIGHT CLUB...

First she blew warm... then she blew cold... while the music just blew hot!

IT HAPPENED IN THE DARK!

ALLIED ARTISTS PRODUCTIONS, INC. presents

DON DeFORE · ANN HARDING · CHARLIE RUGGLES · VICTOR MOORE · GALE STORM

IN ROY DEL RUTH'S

"IT HAPPENED ON 5TH AVENUE"

...and it hasn't been the Same Since!

with GRANT MITCHELL · EDWARD BROPHY
EDWARD RYAN, Jr.

Produced & Directed by ROY DEL RUTH

Associate Producer, JOE KAUFMAN

Screenplay by EVERETT FREEMAN · Story by HERBERT CLYDE LEWIS & FREDERICK STEPHANI · Musical Score by EDWARD WARD

Music and Lyrics by HARRY REVEL & PAUL WEBSTER

to risk making out a new check. Then I waited for instructions.

He sighed heavily and said, "What's wrong with you, Walker? Is this little guy scaring you? Go see him where he lives tonight. See him and this wife of his and go up to a thousand to buy them off. If that won't work, scare 'em off. Impress 'em with what might happen, and then we can forget the whole thing. They got no proof."

I FOUND the Santosa apartment on the second floor of a brown frame two-family house on lower Stanley Street. It was six o'clock, and kids were playing all over the street. The hall door was open, so I went on up and knocked.

Santosa opened the door. He had changed to a soft yellow sport shirt and gray slacks. He recognized me and said, "You got my check?"

I said that I hadn't it on me and tried to walk in. He tried to shut the door in my face. I banged my shoulder into it enough to open it up and drive him back.

"I'm going to call a cop," he said, his dark eyes hot.

"Go ahead. Call all the cops. Call the chief. Tell them that you want them to come and throw Sam Tanner's man out of your house. Then stand back from the phone and give them room to laugh. I just want to talk to you and your wife."

He stepped back, and I walked on in. The apartment was dark and airless. I sat on the couch in the front room, and his wife came in from the back of the house. They sat on chairs opposite me. Bobby Santosa was a medium-sized gal with soft brown hair and not a trace of make-up. She had that wonderful pink and white complexion the English seem to specialize in. The lines of her jaw, brows, cheekbones, were prominent—almost too firm. Her wide, steady, gray eyes were her best point. Never let a person with eyes like that catch you dealing from the bottom of the deck.

There was no introduction. So I said, "Now look, you two. You're heading into trouble. You happened to find out something that doesn't concern you. You can't parlay that into a fortune, or even a headline. If you want to keep this apartment and your job, just take this twelve bucks and give me a receipt. That's all."

John looked at her. She looked at me. Without taking her eyes off me, she said, "Johnny, go out to the kitchen like a dear." He looked surprised, but he got up and walked out. She stared at me silently. It made me oddly uncomfortable.

When she spoke, her accent was a peculiar mixture of clipped British and Stanley Street American. "I'm delighted that you've come to see us. It shows that you and your chums are worried. And well you should be. In London I worked for a solicitor. When Johnny told me about the check he didn't get, I went to the Towner National Bank where the city funds are kept. There's a very sweet and important young man there. I won't tell you his name. Over coffee I had a long talk with him. He agreed to take a chance. He let me have the overtime check with the forged endorsement long enough to have photostats made. I rented a safe-deposit box and put the photostats in there. You don't know what name the box is under. You don't know where the key is. Jolly interesting, isn't it?"

I took my time answering her. She sat across from me, unsmiling, her wide gray eyes gentle but determined. It didn't take much imagination to figure out what would happen if the state comptroller's office got hold of those photostats.

The move was obvious. I said, "Five hundred bucks will buy you some pretty new clothes."

She shrugged delicately. "Quite. I really enjoy spending money. But don't you find that selling your self-respect is a bit difficult? I'd much rather see how one of your taxpayer's suits against local government works, you know. Educational."

"How about a thousand?"

She smiled a little. "If I wished to sell, you'd have been told the price. Just tell your people that we can't be purchased."

"A couple of idealists, hey?"

"If you want to call it that." She stood up—my signal to leave.

I used my last weapon at the door. I said, "It might not be healthy, you know." The door closed quietly and firmly. The Tanner machine in Harthaven was endangered by an odd girl with gray eyes—and a brain behind those eyes. I had to find Tanner quickly.

He was at Watson's club. The steward showed me into the waiting room, a dim place with leather chairs, potted plants and recent magazines.

Tanner looked surprised when he walked in. "What's wrong now, Walker? What a hell of a day!"

I gave him the whole thing, word for word, without advice or interpretations. He paced back and forth in front of me, his big white hands locked behind him. He stopped in front of me and leveled a finger. "Okay. Forget it. Skip it. I'll see that it's handled. Go and catch up on the other stuff I gave you." He walked out, and I left.

RUMORS get around. When I hit the office the next morning, Bess came over and draped herself on the corner of my desk, her eyes round and inquisitive. "Come on, Towney," she begged, "let Bess in on the dirt. What went wrong yesterday—beside Farrell getting it?"

I didn't tell her a thing, but she kept trying until Tanner came in. He looked older, and there seemed to be new lines on his face. He called me into his office and shut the door.

"Walker, last night I made a mistake, and I'm frightened. I gave a job to the wrong man, to an excitable man. I should have given it to you."

"What happened?"

"John Santosa is in the hospital, and that wife of his is going to be tough to deal with. Go see her. Here. Take this envelope. It's got fifteen thousand in cash in it. Go see her and see what you can do."

Bess glanced up at me as I walked through the outer office. She wore a smirk. Bobby Santosa wasn't home. I went to the hospital. I checked in the office and found that Santosa was in Ward E. His wife wasn't up there. A cute little black-haired nurse bustled over to me.

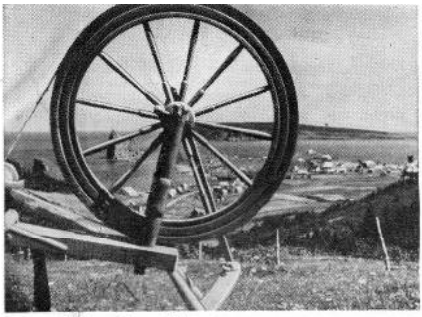
I pointed to the curtains around Santosa's bed and said, "How is he?"

She shook her head. "Not so good. Concussion with possible fracture. Eight teeth missing. Sight of one eye damaged. Broken ribs. Possible internal injuries. Somebody nearly clubbed him to death."

I turned and walked blindly out of the hospital. I felt sick. There was an acid taste in the back of my throat. The money felt bulky in my inside jacket pocket.

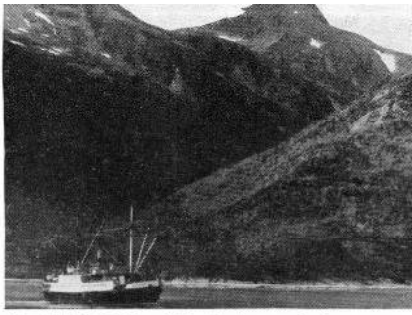
I didn't find Mrs. Santosa until the middle of the afternoon. I hadn't felt like having lunch. A car stopped in front of their apartment. She got out with two men and went into the apartment. I waited for a few minutes and then crossed the street and went up the stairs. When she came to the door, I took her wrist and gently drew her out into the hall. Then I closed the door behind her.

Her eyes were puffy from weeping. She stared at me coldly. "I can't tell you how sorry I am, Mrs. Santosa," I said. "I didn't have anything to do with this. We know how you feel. I've got fifteen thousand



Old crafts, old customs add piquancy to your sightseeing in the historic Eastern provinces.

Sun, swim and sail—get a glorious tan at one of Canada's away-from-it-all lake colonies.



Canada's coasts and inland waterways invite you to gay shipboard life... long, lazy hours on deck.

IT CAN STILL BE ALL YOURS THIS YEAR

... the "ah"-inspiring scenery, the cool green spaces of Canada's vacation playgrounds... the life and colour of her cities and resorts... the refreshingly different flavour of this neighbour nation where you're never a stranger—always a guest.

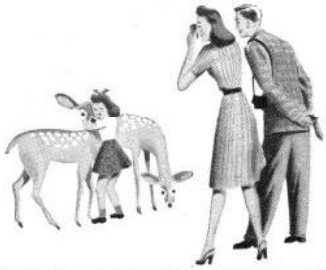
Make up your mind that this is *your year* to see and enjoy it all.

Then... stake your claim on the holiday of a lifetime *by making your reservations right away.* If we can help with information, just send the coupon below to Canadian Government Travel Bureau, Department of Trade and Commerce.

Hon. J. A. MacKINNON
Minister

D. LEO DOLAN
Director

NO PASSPORT NEEDED



CANADA
Vacations Unlimited

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU
OTTAWA CANADA

Please send me literature on Canada—Vacations Unlimited—*(Please Print)* S-473

Name.....

Street and No......

Town.....*State*.....

dollars here for you if you call off whatever you plan to do."

She looked at me and then she began to giggle. It changed into a kind of hysterical cackle that left her hanging against the door frame. I shook her, but she couldn't come out of it, couldn't speak. Finally she said, "Johnny was trying to be an idealist. He talked about cleaning things up. I just gave the man from the State Comptroller's Office the photostat. Johnny gave him a description of the men who beat him up." She pulled away from me and went into the apartment.

I stood for a time outside the closed door. The king was soon to be dead. Long live the king. I knew that I would be pulled down along with him—that when the whole machine blew up in his face, it would blow Walker Towne to bits along with it. Days without end behind gray walls. I remembered movies. This was where my studies in local government had taken me. I was at the end of the road—unless . . .

. I knocked on the door and when Mrs. Santosa opened it again, I walked in. There were two men in her front room, both grave and somber. I walked up to the oldest one of the two and said, "I'm Sam Tanner's confidential assistant. Here is the fifteen thousand he gave me to bribe Mrs. Santosa. I want to give evidence against him and the machine."

It was eleven o'clock at night when I was through. More men had been called in. I had given names, dates, places, amounts. I had their assurance of immunity in exchange for the information I had given them. They let me pack a bag, and they took me away to a neighboring city and had me register at a hotel under a different name. They told me that it would be safer that way.

I should have felt cleaner than I did. I wanted to feel washed and pure. After all, hadn't I mended my ways? Hadn't I killed the machine?

ON THE third night I called up Bess. I remembered what she had said about being clean. I knew that she would understand. She agreed to drive over and meet me in the hotel lobby.

I dressed and waited for her. At last she walked in, smiling, tall, casual and confident. She took my hand warmly, and we went into the hotel bar and sat at a small table in the corner. She had heard about what I had done.

After I gave her the whole story and my reasons, she sat back in the chair and inspected the end of her cigarette. She didn't look at me. She said, "Towney, if you'd done all this before the Santosa thing came up, then you'd be okay for my money. But you didn't. You waited until it was too hot on one side of the fence, and then you jumped the fence. Can't you see it? All you did was squeal, which isn't good no matter what the end result is. Tanner will get about ten years, I think. That's the general theory. The trouble with you is, you can't see yourself. You think you've done something good for your country. Nuts, Towney! You're dirtier than you ever were."

I tried to explain to her how, all along, I had been growing more disgusted with Tanner's methods. She didn't seem to listen. Finally she said, "Let's get out of here. My car's out front. We'll take a drive while you talk."

She drove, and I talked. She stared straight ahead into the night, her hands tight on the wheel. Finally she pulled up onto the shoulder of a narrow, unlighted road. I reached for her, but she took the keys and slid out her side.

She turned to someone standing in the night and said, "He's all yours, boys."

I locked my door on the inside, but the window was open on the driver's side. They had white handkerchiefs tied over their faces. There were three of them. They hauled me out, and two of them held me by the arms. A short, stocky one stood in front of me. I didn't see the first punch, but I felt my teeth go, and the world reeled as the salt blood seeped into my mouth. There were sharp, smashing blows I couldn't count—an infinity of pain as the stocky one grunted with each swing. At last the blows began to grow dull, as though I was standing behind thick cushions. I felt them let go of me, and I floated off into space . . .

I WAS walking along Kimball Street in Harthaven the other day, browned off because Bess Proctor had just passed me without even the flicker of a smile, when I saw Bobby Santosa walk slowly out of a store. I took one appreciative look at the gray-green dress which suited her perfectly, and walked over. Her gray eyes looked up into my face. "So it's Mr. Towne!" she said. "How are you today? Public-spirited?"

It was my chance to let her know how little she knew about politics. "Listen, Bobby," I said, blocking her way so that she couldn't walk on as Bess had done, "maybe you don't know it, but a slick apple named Hickock is ready to pick up right where Tanner left off. All you did was switch the pay-off into new pockets."

She studied me for a moment, and the fact that she looked more amused than annoyed stung me a little. I was conscious of my need for a haircut, shoeshine and new suit. "You consider yourself a realist, don't you, Mr. Towne? A rather cynical chap with an eye for what you people call the angles."

"I'm not a joker with stars in his eyes."

"Shortsighted would be a better description, I believe."

"I don't get you."

"Mr. Towne, you don't startle me with this talk of a person named Hickock. It's inevitable that in your American cities there will always be Tanners and Hickocks trading on inertia, building themselves up in all sorts of nasty little ways."

"So knocking Tanner down was pretty pointless?"

"Not at all, Mr. Towne. It's just as inevitable that there will always be little people like Johnny and me who can't be bought, who will come along and spoil the most powerful and complicated setups. It has to be that way."

The gray eyes bothered me. I had to look down at the sidewalk. When I glanced up at her, she was smiling a little. "I've known that from the start." She hesitated.

"You're not all you pretend to be, Mr. Towne," she said gently. "I'm working in the new mayor's office. If you have no other plans, stop in . . . There's lots of work to be done. We need trained men."

She walked away down the street. I walked to a diner and sat down to a cup of coffee. It's a bitter job, looking squarely at yourself—wondering if deep inside you there are enough untarnished bits to fit together—wondering if you have the guts . . .

I had just short of two dollars. Enough for that haircut, shine, press. And enough time to get to City Hall by three o'clock.

THE END

Peter B. Kyne returns to Cosmopolitan next month with the remarkable story of an old man who became a hero in a young man's war and then refused to admit it

Radiance is spelled: C-O-L-O-R... for the **NEW "2-0-8" EVENING IN PARIS FACE POWDER** enlivens your skin with a vivacious radiance of color.

Allure is spelled: P-E-R-F-U-M-E...

for this new face powder brings you, in an **INTENSIFIED**, more lasting form, the alluring perfume of **EVENING IN PARIS!**

and—
it covers and it clings
and it covers and
it clings!

"2-0-8" is the sensational new face powder process developed by the House of Bourjois! A modern miracle of jet-propulsion *infuses* every tiny powder particle with color and perfume at the rate of 2.08 miles a minute!

Covers so well it hides tiny surface flaws . . . and as for cling, you've never seen a powder stay on the way this does! It's moisture-resistant, too . . . which means the radiant color stays true on the skin.

$1 plus tax

NEW

Evening in Paris

Face Powder by BOURJOIS

Choose your shade from the eight new *true-skin* colors through this *clear-base* box —exclusive with Bourjois.

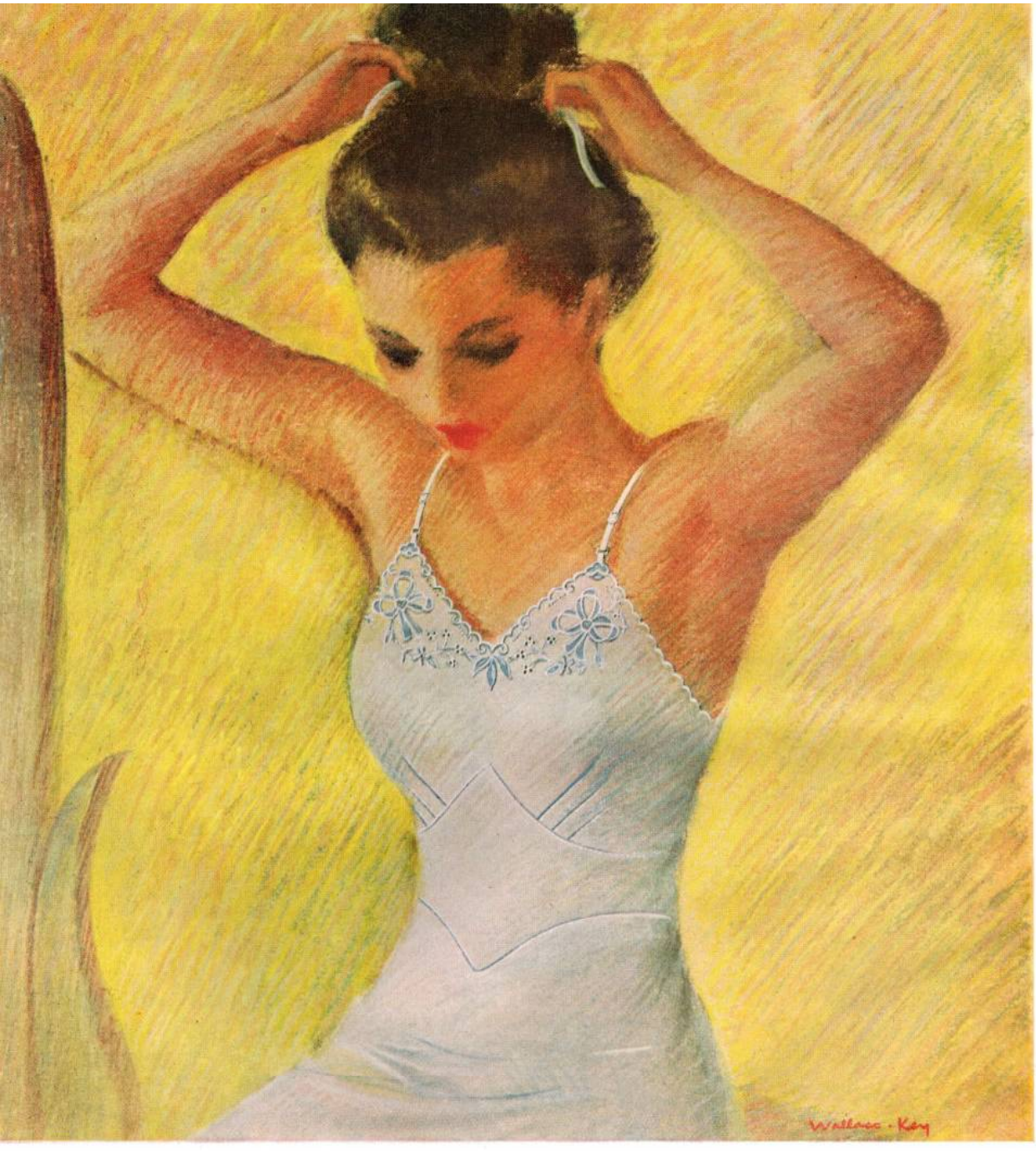
NEW Clear-Base Box... it's transparent!

NEW true color... it's moisture-resistant!

NEW truer scent—it's intensified!

NEW long-clinging texture—it's vitalized!

NEW "2-0-8" process—it's exclusive!



Eventually yours,

Corette

SLIP ILLUSTRATED NOT OVER $4. CORETTE SLIPS, 148 MADISON AVE., N. Y.

MADE OF A BIRAM QUALITY FABRIC

The Rest Cure

(*Continued from page 56*)

and I asked him what his name was.

"Lonnie," he said after a while. "I work here."

I asked him if he thought I could ride one of the horses and showed him how big my muscles were for a guy my age.

He looked at my arms, then he aimed a stream of tobacco juice at a big fly on the wall and almost got him. I wondered if Tom Mix could spit that far. Then he got up and reached for the full milk pail.

"Where's it go?" I grabbed the handle quick. "I'll take it!"

He told me where to pour the milk. After that he let me sweep out the milking room and pour feed for the cows and throw some corn to the chickens and pull fresh hay down into the stalls for the two horses. Their names were Dan and Bess, and he was planning to use Dan to do some plowing later. I was pouring more milk when I heard Mom calling me. Lonnie said he didn't mind me helping him because I wasn't like the rest of those city brats, and if I came back he might let me steer Dan while he plowed.

Mom was really sore when I got to her. I didn't get a chance to explain. She was talking too fast. "I didn't know what happened to you or anything you might have been kidnaped even," she said. "How was I to know?"

I tried to tell her about Lonnie, but she pointed at my bare feet and held her nose.

"Your breakfast is waiting only don't you come into the dining room like that you smell like you rolled in a pig stile," she told me. "Go right upstairs this minute wash good your father should see how you look already."

What could I do? I went to wash.

Mom wouldn't let me tell her much about Lonnie at breakfast. She was still sore. But I found out everything about Meyer's Manor. It wasn't like the big hotels where they waited on you; it was really a farm with a sort of summer boardinghouse on it. All the mothers cooked their own meals with their own pots in the big kitchen, and each family had its own table in the dining room. We got our food from the people who owned the Manor, Charlie and Jenny Meyer. Charlie was fat and always worried. He had a red face from high blood pressure. Jenny was skinny and worried about Charlie. She ran the little store, built near the kitchen. Whatever you bought, Jenny marked down in a book—except candy. You had to pay pennies for candy. When the fathers came up on each Saturday night, they paid for what you ate all week. It didn't cost too much.

As for the people—outside of three old men—they were mostly women and babies. Worst of all, I didn't see any kid the Shrimp could play with. That worried me. Lonnie expected me to steer Dan. But what would I do with the Shrimp? I was sorry I hadn't brought some more clocks for him to work on.

Mom wiped the last of the oatmeal off his mouth and took off his bib. "Now you take him out and watch him," she told me. "Don't let him run he just ate and he'll throw up and don't let him get in any trouble."

"But, Mom, what kind of trouble can he get into in the country?" I asked her. "There ain't nothin' he can break or take apart. Besides, he promised Pop. Didn't you?" I asked him. He didn't say a word.

"Don't talk so loud people'll think you haven't got no manners," Mom said. "Take him outside the sun's shining."

"We shoulda stood in Passaic," I an-

swered and took the Shrimp outside with me. I knew if I didn't meet Lonnie he'd think I was like other city kids, and I'd never get the chance to help him out in the barn or steer Dan again.

From the veranda I could see Lonnie riding Dan down the road. I hid behind a pole. I didn't want him to see me. He might think I didn't want to go—or maybe that I was afraid to ride on a big horse like most city guys who were nine would be.

Tears began biting at my eyes, and I looked up to the skies, wondering why God was punishing me this way. Then I got sore. I turned around ready to bop the Shrimp a good one. It was his fault, wasn't it? But he was gone.

I ran to the steps that went down to the lawn, and I spotted him. He was walking toward a redheaded kid his very own age! This kid was standing near a fat woman in a rocking chair. She had a baby in her arms, and when she saw the Shrimp coming she grabbed the redhead, too. I ran down to them very fast.

"Don't be afraid, lady," I said. "My brother won't hurt your little boy. He likes to play and never fights with nice children." I had a good hold on the Shrimp's neck in case he tried to stick his fingers in the other kid's eyes.

"I worry on account Sanford's a very delicate type child, you understand," she told me. "Also he got it his nervous nature from me and can't stand excitements or fighting."

"It shows on him," I said. But from his red hair and the way Sanford's eyes moved and the way he tried to pull away from her, I knew he was almost as dangerous as the Shrimp. "My brother Marvin is just the same way," I lied. "He runs away from fights." I had my fingers crossed, so God would see.

"That's the way children should be," she said, and smiled. "The baby here is named Sherman. My name is Mrs. Fliegel and we come from Flatbush," She let go of Sanford. "Go play with Marvin, Sanfy."

While I was telling Mrs. Fliegel about us, I watched Sanfy. He stepped close and looked right into the Shrimp's face. In one of his grubby hands he held a mixed up deck of cards. In the other, he held a stick. I still held the Shrimp. I couldn't tell which hand Sanfy was going to use.

All of a sudden he dropped the stick and plopped down on the grass. "Le's play carts, Mahwin," he said.

I let the Shrimp go—carefully. He sat down, too, and reached for half of the cards. Not the whole deck. That was a very good sign. In a minute they were playing a crazy kind of game they both seemed to know. They played with some of the cards face up and some face down, and what won the stack one time could lose the next time. But they didn't fight.

"See?" I told Mrs. Fliegel. "I told ya."

"Just like a coupla angels." She clicked her tongue. "A painter should see them, such a beautiful picture they make, no?"

"Yeah," I answered.

WHEN Mom came out they were still playing without fighting. Mrs. Fliegel told her how sweet the Shrimp was, and Mom looked surprised. But she said Sanford looked sweet too, and Mrs. Fliegel asked her if she would like to play a little rummy. Mom said yes and told me to bring a chair down from the veranda.

I came back with it and asked if I could go out to the field and watch Lonnie plow.

"Of course," she said. "Being that Marv has got such a lovely playmate he can play with only don't go so far you won't be able to hear me if I should call you."

"It's only over there," I pointed to the

Where it's good to be alive...

Hundreds of such beauty spots are easily accessible in Washington State.

Fascinating
WASHINGTON STATE

It's a land of breath-taking mountains, of still, blue waters, of primeval forests and rolling prairies, of farms and cities—this fascinating Washington State. Here you can go from sea-level to ski-level in two hours, catch forty-pound salmon in the shadow of seaport skyscrapers, fish for trout in thousands of lakes and streams, and thrill to flaming sunsets in vast painted deserts. Grand Coulee Dam, the mighty Columbia River, Mt. Rainier, Mt. Baker, Mt. St. Helens, the wheatfields of the Palouse and Big Bend, the famous orchards of Wenatchee, Okanogan and Yakima and many other scenic, agricultural, and industrial marvels will make your visit to Washington long to be remembered. Comfortable, modern accommodations of all kinds are available, and highways are broad and smooth. Do let us send you literature.

Lovely highways lead through primeval forests of fir, cedar, hemlock, and pine.

Five broad highways lead into Mt. Rainier National Park.

Dry Falls State Park where the mighty Columbia River roared in prehistoric days.

WASHINGTON STATE Department of Conservation and Development
Room 847 Transportation Bldg., State Capitol, Olympia, Washington
Gentlemen: Kindly send me your free literature on Washington State

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

field which was four or maybe five city blocks away.

"Oh, you'll be able to hear me."

"I know," I said, and I ran as fast as I could before the Shrimp got tired of being good or Mom changed her mind. When I got out on the road I jumped into the air and yelled, "Hooray!"—only not too loud . . .

From that time on—until the big excitement—everything was wonderful. The Shrimp and Sanfy played together from morning till night, and they never had one fight. It was like they had been born for each other. Mom said it was a miracle and that she had never had such a real rest. Of course she and Mrs. Fliegel got scared when Sanfy and the Shrimp started climbing trees and doing tricks, like hanging upside down. But after the two of them promised not to go higher than the first branches, they were even allowed to eat sandwiches in trees.

I was so happy that the Shrimp had found a friend and wasn't following me around any more, that I gave them a snapping turtle I caught in a small brook. They called it "Pres'dint Coolitch," and they took turns keeping it each night. That is, until Mrs. Fliegel woke up one morning and found the President sitting on her chest. After that he slept in a shoe box on the veranda.

Now that I was free of the Shrimp, I had become good friends with Lonnie, best friends. He let me help him with lots of things and ride the horses whenever he plowed. I learned how to milk cows and clean stalls, how to dig potatoes and beans and how to pitch hay. Sometimes what I did was hard work, but Lonnie said if he had to live in the woods with any guy under ten, he'd pick me. I was true blue, he said. He also promised he'd take me hunting some Sunday morning, and we'd shoot the woodchucks which were ruining the apple trees. I wrote a pal of mine in Passaic, Stosh Graleski, and told him I was coming home with a rug made from woodchuck fur.

THE Saturday night before the Sunday when Lonnie was going to take me hunting, Pop arrived with Mr. Fliegel, who was a baldheaded man much smaller than Mrs. Fliegel. He was so small I had to help him carry up the folding carriage he had brought for the baby, Sherman. It was made of canvas and was packed—with the wheels, axles and frame all apart—in a wooden crate. When we got to his room Mr. Fliegel showed me where a bag of nuts and bolts was tied and said he would give me a quarter if I put the carriage together the next day. I told him I could use the quarter, only I was going hunting woodchucks. He was surprised and said he'd do it himself.

Later Pop was also surprised when I left the veranda to go to bed without anybody telling me. As I was walking away I heard him tell Mom and the Fliegels that the country had made a man out of me.

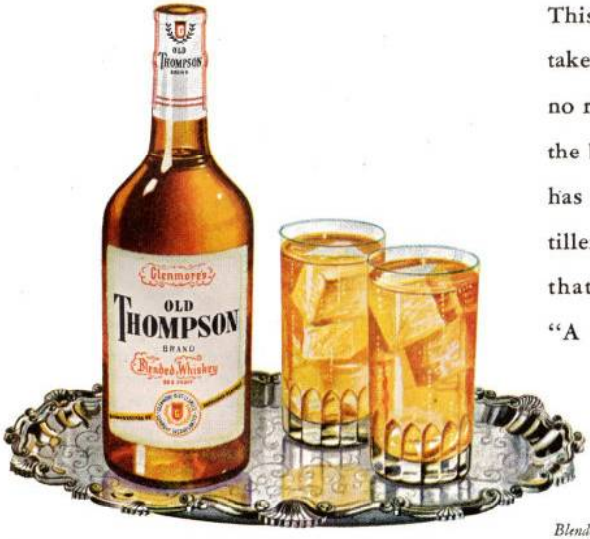
"A hunter you mean," Mom said. "I don't know what he'll do this winter in Passaic where there's nothing to shoot you'll have to take him to Pennsylvania, Sam, and hunt reindeer maybe."

That night I dreamed of shooting woodchucks as big as lions and of showing Pop how to hunt deer in Pennsylvania. I was shooting the fifth or sixth deer when I felt somebody shaking me. I opened my eyes without blinking, because it was still half dark in the room. It was the Shrimp and Sanfy, in their nightshirts. They were both standing over me, shaking me. The clock on the dresser showed it wasn't five yet, and Mom and Pop were snoring hard.

"Go back to sleep," I whispered to

THAT'S WHAT MAKES OLD THOMPSON DIFFERENT...

It's smoother, tastes better because fine old Glenmore whiskies are blended with the choicest grain neutral spirits and then WED • IN • THE • WOOD . . . *put back into barrels to assure a perfect union* of these famous distillations.



This old-time method of perfecting a blend takes longer and costs more. But there's no rush at Glenmore where the making of the best whiskey, not necessarily the most, has been the goal of this one-family distillery for three generations. . . . Perhaps that's why Old Thompson is called "A Better Blend for Better Drinks."

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof—32½% Straight Whiskies—67½% Grain Neutral Spirits. The Straight Whiskies in this product are five years or more old.

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY • LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

HE: Honest? Your dress was Luxed *20 times*? My best girl is plenty smart!

SHE: Oh, it's easy as pie to Lux a dress time after time, and you can see how nice this one looks

HE: Yes, I could look and look— lovely you, lovely dress

SHE: And figure for yourself what a budget-saver Lux care is!

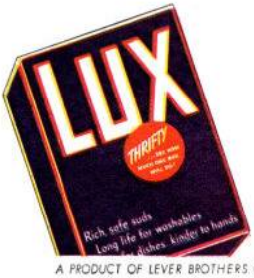
HE: I can figure for myself what a smart wife I'm getting!

YOU SHOULD SEE this gay rayon print after 20 Luxings and ironings! It looks simply *gorgeous*—just as it does in this photograph.

Lux is perfect care for all nice washables! Scores of tests proved this. In these tests, wrong washing methods soon made colors run or fade. Lux care kept colors lovely up to 3 *times* as long!

Before you wash a fabric for the first time, test a small piece in lukewarm water. If it's safe in water it's safe in Lux!

NEW colors, new fabrics, new "finishes" are coming in the stores. Care for them gently. Makers of modern fabrics recommend Lux 33 to 1.



Gentle LUX Care keeps your nice things lovely up to 3 times as long!

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

them. "It ain't even daytime yet."

The Shrimp shook his head and looked at Sanfy. Sanfy said, "No!"

"Sashh! If you wake up my pop he'll throw you both outa the window. Wbyn't you go downstairs and play?"

"No!" Sanfy's whisper was almost a holler.

I was getting sore. "Why?"

"'Cause we wuz playin' together," he answered, holding up a paper bag, "an' now my belly hurts. Thass why."

I sat up. "What're you talkin' about?"

"Mahwin tol' me t'eat it, and I did too," he said, fishing around in the bag. "Now my belly hurts." He pulled out a bolt from Sherman's new carriage. "One o' these I ate."

I couldn't believe it! It was over an inch long! I looked at the Shrimp. He nodded, his eyes very interested, Sanfy searched around in the bag again and took out a two-inch bolt this time.

"Or maybe it was one o' these," he said.

"Holy smoke!" I jumped out of bed and pulled on my pants. "Does your mother know?" I asked him.

"Nah. She's sleepin'."

"Holy smoke!"

Behind me one of Pop's snores broke off, and he mumbled a few words. If we didn't get out of the room he'd wake up, and . . . I was afraid to think what might happen if he found out.

I yanked Sanfy close to me. "You sure you swallered it?" I whispered. "Maybe it's only stuck in your throat or halfway down, and you can cough it out."

"Look." He opened his mouth wide. Empty, way past his tonsils.

"Come on!" I pushed him into the hall and shoved the Shrimp back into our room when he tried to follow. "We better tell your mother first, Sanfy. Only don't say Marv told you to do it. Will you cross your heart and promise?"

"But Mahwin he——"

"I know," I said. The Shrimp stuck his mophead out of the door, and I bopped it so hard he pulled it in fast. "But if you tell her he told you to, Sanfy, she'll be mad at him and won't let you play with him any more. See?"

"Oh." He crossed his heart. "I love Mahwin. I promise."

On the way down the hall, I looked back. The Shrimp was watching from our door. I made out like I was going to run back, and he jerked his head inside. But when I went into the Fliegels' room, I saw him watching again.

It took me over a minute to get Mrs. Fliegel to open her eyes. I didn't want to wake up Mr. Fliegel, who was sleeping on his face, snoring. When she saw Sanfy and me, Mrs. Fliegel sat up quick. She got nervous right away.

"Wh—what's the matter?" she asked.

"Nothin'," I answered. "and don't get excited, please, Mrs. Fliegel. Only—well—only Sanfy swallered a bolt like this." I held up one of the smaller bolts, of course.

"What?" Her eyes opened very wide and she grabbed her throat. "What?"

I got scared. "It ain't very big," I said. "Honest."

"Sanfy!" she yelled. "You swallered it a screw like that?"

"I dunno, Mamma. Maybe it was one o' these." He held up the two-incher again. "My belly hurts."

Mrs. Fliegel's mouth opened wider and wider. Her head went back. Then out of her came the loudest scream I'd ever heard.

"AAaiiieeEHH!" it went. "AAaiiieeEHH!"

"Mrs. Fliegel, don't get nervous. Please!" I begged her. "You'll wake people up!"

Mr. Fliegel jumped up like somebody had stuck him. He looked different without his teeth. Smaller.

"AAaiiieeEHH! Gevalt! AAaiiieeEHH!"

"Beshie! Beshie!" Mr. Fliegel yelled. "Wasn happened?"

I tried to tell him, but she was screaming so loud he couldn't hear me. And a minute later all the people in the Manor began crowding into the room. They were wearing nightshirts, pajamas, bathrobes, and they were half asleep yet and scared. Everybody was yelling, "What happened? What's the matter?" They were all asking at once, though, and Mrs. Fliegel was still screaming while Mr. Fliegel was telling her to stop—so nobody heard a single word I said. It was a terrible commotion!

Then my Pop pushed his way in. He went over to the bed and stopped a scream right in the middle by putting his whole hand into Mrs. Fliegel's mouth. The scream ended up like a gargle.

"All right," Pop said. "Quiet everybody. What happened?"

I told him and held up the bolt.

The people in the room heard, but the ones out in the hall still kept yelling to know what was the matter. One of the old ladies, Mrs. Mushkin, held up her hand and hollered, "A screw!! Mrs. Fliegel's boychickel Sanford svallered it a screw!!"

From the back I heard Mrs. Unger say, "I hope and pray it's going down headfoist. Otherwise . . ."

Mrs. Fliegel heard that, too. She pushed Pop's hand away and started screaming again, louder than before. Then Sanfy started to cry, too.

After that the real excitement started. Women came running in to quiet Mrs. Fliegel and to give Sanfy certain things to eat and drink so the bolt would go down easy. Raw oatmeal. Cold mashed potatoes. Olive oil. Dry bread. Pieces of butter. Hardboiled eggs. Cream. Mr. Fliegel didn't know what to do. He cracked his knuckles and tried to stop his wife from screaming.

Finally Pop couldn't stand it any more. He pushed everybody out of the room and called Charlie Meyer in. Charlie's face was very white, and he was biting his fingernails.

"Have Lonnie bring your car around the front, Charlie," Pop told him. "This kid's got to go for an X ray. That's the only way to tell if everything's all right."

"Sure. Sure." Charlie ran out.

I should have known it: something HAD to spoil my hunting. I wanted to remind Pop about Lonnie and me, but I was afraid to, then. He turned to the Fliegels. "Harry," he said, "you and Bessie get dressed quick. You can be in the village in a half an hour."

Mrs. Fliegel started to give another scream. Only Mr. Fliegel took a deep breath and yelled "BESHIE, SHUT UP!" so loud, she never finished it.

When we got back to our room, the Shrimp wasn't there. I couldn't hold it in any more. I was so worried. "Pop," I said, "it was Marv's fault. He told Sanfy to eat the bolt."

Mom heard me and sat right down on the bed. She began crying. Pop's face got puffed and his fists clenched. "Where is he?" he said. "Where is he?"

We looked all over the house. The Shrimp had disappeared. Pop told me not to mention it to anybody else. All he wanted to do was find him. But we couldn't, anywhere.

At seven o'clock, when the Fliegels came down, everybody was on the veranda to watch Lonnie drive them away in Charlie's car which didn't have a roof. The Fliegels got in the back, with Sanfy between them. He looked scared.

"Be careful, Lonnie," Mrs. Unger called. "Drive slow."

The car started to move. "If you shake him too much," Mrs. Mushkin hollered over the noise, "the screw! might toin upside don!"

Pop waved. "Good luck, Harry, Bessie." Everybody else waved, too. But Mom just sni ed and blew her nose.

Lonnie drove down the driveway real slow. Just before he turned onto the road, Sanfy stood up. "Mahwin!" he screeched. "Wheah's Mahwin?" Mrs. Fliegel pulled him c own in the seat.

After that all the mothers went in to make breakfast. The rest of us waited on the veranda. Nobody went back to sleep. Pop lit a cigar and drummed on the railing with his fingers. I had an idea where the Shrimp might be, and even though I was sore at him for spoiling my hunting trip with Lonnie, I didn't tell Pop. I had never seen him this mad before. So we waited . . .

Two hours later we were still waiting, all of us. One man had tried to start a pinochle game, but nobody felt like playing. Mom was worried about the Shrimp not having breakfast. Pop whispered that when he got his hands on him, he'd have to eat standing up for a month.

"He'll get hungry soon and come back, you'll see," Pop said, chewing on his cigar. "And when he does——"

Mrs. Hochman jumped up. "I hear a automobile!"

Everybody ran to the veranda rail. Sure enough. Down the road came Charlie's car, moving very slow, with Mrs. Fliegel in the front. Nobody said a word. Pop swallowed and put his arm around Mom. Then we saw Mr. Fliegel getting out of the car to talk to a couple of people. Mrs. Fliegel was yelling something.

"What's she saying?" Pop cried.

I jumped over the rail and ran and got into the back of the car where I could hear her. Then I turned around and hollered as loud as I could: "She says the X ray showed it's headfirst and the doctor says it's goin' t'be okay!"

You never heard such cheering and clapping. People began banging pots and pans. Mom and Pop danced up and down. It was like Fourth of July! I cheered for another reason, too. It was still early enough for me and Lonnie to go hunting!

Sanfy sat up on the back seat, so people could see him. And when the car turned off the road, everybody ran down the veranda steps to meet it. But just as the car started chugging up the driveway under the trees, I spotted the Shrimp. He had been hiding in the fifth tree, and now he was climbing down to the lowest branch.

I had a feeling I should grab for him quick. Only I was too late. Because as the car rolled under that tree, the Shrimp hung down by his knees. He had something in his hand. It was President Coolidge, the turtle.

Everything happened in a second. Sanfy stood up to take the turtle--Mr. Fliegel ran to grab Sanfy--the car hit a bump and bounced—the cheering stopped and somebody yelled "Watch out!" The car gave another lurch and I fell down on my face.

When I looked up, Sanfy was dangling under the tree! He had been reaching for the turtle when he was bounced out of the car, and the Shrimp had caught him by one hand. Now he was swinging back and forth. All the women were screaming, the men were running toward the tree. They never made it. The Shrimp let go of Sanfy, who turned over in the air and landed right on his head.

"The screw! tolned over!" Mrs. Mushkin hollered.

"AAaiiieEHH!" Mrs. Fliegel again.

A new commotion started. Everybody

was running around, the women screeching. Mrs. Fliegel fainted. Sanfy was wobbling like he was drunk. Lonnie turned the car so he could rush back to the village. Pop started up the tree after the Shrimp, who got scared and climbed to the top branch. So Charlie Meyer pulled Pop back down. He was afraid the Shrimp would fall from the top. Mom sat down and hid her face. Wow!

Long after Lonnie had speeded the Fliegels away to the village for another X ray, everybody was still under the tree watching Pop. He was yelling up at the Shrimp to come down "this minute!" and shaking his fist. Mom kept trying to calm him, but he was ready to explode. The Shrimp just looked down from way up without moving. I didn't blame him.

All of a sudden we heard a car horn, and people began to run. It was Charlie's car, coming back very fast. Mr. and Mrs. Fliegel were both standing up and waving their arms.

"It's out! It's out!" Mr. Fliegel was holding up the shiny bolt. "It's out!"

"The fall upset it Sanfy's stomach," Mrs. Fliegel cried. "He threw up the screw on the way!"

Even before the car stopped, people were crowding around it. Mrs. Fliegel kissed everybody. Sanfy climbed on the back of the seat and showed off by making faces. Mom gave him a big hug.

"Marvin, come down!" Mrs. Fliegel called up. "You saved it Sanfy's life!"

"Yes, come down!" Mr. Fliegel was very excited and smiling. "We're going to give a big party for you and Sanfy!"

The Shrimp didn't move. He was watching Pop.

Mr. Fliegel pushed Pop. "You tell him, Sam," he said. "He's afraid. Assure him."

Mom pushed Pop, too. Finally he said all right and went to the tree. "Come down, Marv." He sounded tired. "Everything is fine."

The Shrimp came down very slowly, still watching Pop. Mom grabbed him and kissed him. So did Mrs. Fliegel. And after a while Pop did, too. When Sanfy kissed him, there was more cheering.

THE party started that afternoon. There was a big cake, ice cream, candy and paper hats. Pop and the men went out to the barn with Charlie and came back a little drunk.

Then Mr. Fliegel made a speech. He apologized for spoiling everybody's Sunday rest, and thanked each and all for their kindness. We all clapped.

"But we mustn't forget our two little boys," Mr. Fliegel went on. "They was under a terrible strain this day." He turned to Sanfy. "Sanfy," he said, "Poppa wants to do something for you. Tell Poppa whatever you want and he'll see that you will be sure and get it."

Sanfy didn't think a second. "A choo-choo chrain, Poppa!"

"Good. You'll get it. Now Marvin." Mr. Fliegel looked at the Shrimp. "What is it you want?"

The Shrimp bent his head and didn't say a word.

I kicked him under the table. He still didn't talk.

Mom reached across and patted his face. "Go ahead Marv don't be bashful tell Mr. Fliegel."

The Shrimp finally looked up. A big smile came over his face. He licked his lips and said, "Can—can I have a party jus' like this for th' screwl I ate this morning, too?"

Pop's mouth opened, and he dropped his head in his hands.

"AAaiiieeEHH!" This time it was Mom. I got up and just started running.

THE END

If the Crown Princess Takes a Husband (*Continued from p. 59*)

its name to Mountbatten in World War I. Normally, Philip would be sixth in line for the Greek throne, but he has decided to pass that up, even if the necessary combination of circumstances should make it possible for him to become king. Instead he applied for and has been granted British citizenship, which means he has renounced all titles and affiliations that tie him in any way to the Greek nation. Not that there are many, except fortuitously through his family tree. The Prince has spent only one year of his life in Greece, when he was a baby, and he does not speak their language. In fact, by association, he is more English than anything else. He was brought up by his uncle, Viscount Louis Mountbatten, and educated in England. He joined the British Navy when he was nineteen. During the Battle of Matapan he was a junior officer on H.M.S. Valiant.

IT WAS under the British equivalent of the GI Bill of Rights that Prince Philip's application for British citizenship was speeded up, although the romantic in England did whisper that it was being hurried through so that he could marry the Princess. However, the fact remains that he is now a naturalized British citizen. Actually, the final papers came through before the Royal Family returned from South Africa. His name is now officially Philip Mountbatten. It is the first time he has had a last name. He will be given an ordinary British passport, signed, incidentally, by the former London Dockworkers' Trade Union leader, Ernest Bevin, now Socialist Foreign Secretary.

Since Prince Philip is a cousin of King George VI, he is also related to the future Elizabeth II of England. They both refer to Viscount Louis Mountbatten as Uncle Davie. But the royal relationship will give him no constitutional rights, even if he marries Princess Elizabeth. He will be merely her husband. As such he will be accorded the courtesies extended to royalty, but it will take an Act of Parliament to give him even the title of Prince Consort. A special act was passed after Queen Victoria married Albert, and it is a foregone conclusion that this precedent will be followed. As Prince Consort, Philip will have no say whatever—except that influence which a husband would normally have over his wife—in ruling England. Neither in Councils of State nor anywhere else, will his opinion be asked or accepted. The law of the land says that a Prince Consort has no standing in relation to the monarchy.

In fact, he would be most severely frowned upon if he ventured to offer a minister of the Crown any advice, and, legally at least, he could bring no pressure to bear on his wife should she become queen. Being seen and not heard will be his lot in official life once he has said "I do" in response to the Archbishop of Canterbury's question during the Westminster Abbey marriage ceremony.

Incidentally, it is quite in the cards that, should this young couple become engaged, Elizabeth will probably have to do the proposing. Queen Victoria certainly proposed to Albert, and since Elizabeth is the heiress to the throne and there is the precedent of Victoria, it would take a bold young man to make the first ad-

vance. Anyway, before either of them does anything about it officially, the Princess will have to talk about it with the King. The Constitution says that if she is under twenty-five she must obtain the King's permission to marry, not because he is her father, but because the King must give his consent in his official capacity. He, in turn, must consult the Privy Council, who, with the Dominions, must ratify the alliance. If she reaches twenty-five before deciding to marry she must herself obtain the consent of the Privy Council, and, having obtained it, wait one year before the marriage ceremony. This is to enable Parliament to think about and discuss the proposition. It's unlikely, of course, that either the Privy Council or Parliament would object, except under abnormal circumstances, since the only constitutional proviso attaching to a proposed marriage is that the partner of the heir to the throne must be a Protestant—that is, the equivalent of an Episcopalian in the United States. This law came into existence after Henry VIII tried to get rid of Katharine of Aragon by divorcing her. The Pope refused the divorce and Kathy, of course, made her exit the hard way.

WHEN Princess Elizabeth was born no one thought she would become next in line to the Crown. Her father, then Duke of York, was the second son of King George V, and he had a very healthy and popular older brother, David, Prince of Wales, through whom the line of succession should have passed. But among them, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, the then Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, and an American lady named Simpson from Baltimore, made a dramatic change in the history books. It was then that little Elizabeth, not yet eleven and not knowing what it was all about, had to start on the arduous job of training to wear the ancient Crown of England. From the small row-house on Bruton Street, in London's swank Mayfair, where she was born, she was taken to Buckingham Palace. Since then she has never been allowed to forget that one day she will probably be queen. It wasn't too bad, even in the beginning, because her tutor, Miss Marion Crawford, and her nurse, gray-haired, bespectacled Mrs. Knight—whom she still calls "Crawfie" and "Nannie"— went with her. Her grandmother, the Dowager Queen Mary, took over the supervision of her deportment in public and private, talked to her gently but constantly about the necessity of trying never to be bored, no matter what the circumstances, and certainly never showing boredom. At the same time, Sir Henry Marten, Proctor of Eton arrived. He is a famous authority on the British Constitution and every day of her life the Princess has to "bone up" on this dry but important subject.

Today her normal schedule is the same as it has been for ten years. She rises at seven forty-five and by nine thirty must start her studies. These go through the whole gamut of normal educational subjects, plus constitutional law, the duties of the king in relation to his ministers, and several languages in which she must be conversationally perfect in order to talk with visiting potentates in their own tongue.

Until recently Princess Elizabeth spent most of her days at Windsor Castle, some miles from London. Here, when she was younger, she showed all the normal tendencies of a healthy child to resist being educated. In fact, she once played hookey. At the foot of a sloping lawn on the castle grounds is a large lake. One morning young Elizabeth ran off when no one was looking, jumped into a boat, rowed

out to the middle of the lake and refused to come ashore when she was called. The Queen, it is reported, was very cross and thought such behavior called for punishment. But the King, who is very human and has a great sense of fun, stood at the lakeside and laughed. So there was no punishment; only a little more drumming into the child's consciousness that a future *queen* really mustn't behave like that.

Since she was eighteen Elizabeth has had a break from her studies every morning at eleven o'clock. At this hour, for fifteen minutes, she talks over matters of state with "Daddy," who shows her state papers and explains this, that and the other in relation to them. He also discusses with her what is happening in various parts of the Empire, and it is reported that at these sessions—always held over a cup of tea—Elizabeth is no mere listener.

On her eighteenth birthday she was formally appointed a Counsellor of State. She acted as such, signing state papers and being consulted by Cabinet ministers when the King was absent from England in 1944, visiting the Italian war front.

It was on this eighteenth birthday, too, that she was given permission to make her own dates and select her own friends. Even so, she is far from free. Princess Elizabeth is never allowed to go out without saying where she is going and taking a lady in waiting with her. Notice is then passed on to the Special Branch at Scotland Yard so that plain-clothes policemen may be detailed to shadow and protect her all the time. Her circle of friends, too, is necessarily prescribed. Even so, she has a lot of fun. Promptly taking advantage of her new-found, if only comparative freedom, she started to date young officers of the crack Grenadier Guards (of which she is honorary colonel) and the equally slick Household Cavalry. With one or another of these trim, good-looking, but nervous beaux, she began to appear unexpectedly at select night clubs and London theaters.

When Elizabeth goes to see a play she politely refuses to sit apart in the royal box. Instead, she squeezes into a seat in the orchestra stalls, where, she says, she can see and hear much better not only what is happening on the stage but all around her. The only thing she consents to do to prevent the theater management and her police shadows from getting the willies is to enter and leave through a side door. Thus she never gets "lost" in the crush of arriving and departing theatergoers.

At a night club, however, she has been known to stand in line by the cloakroom at the end of an evening's entertainment while her escort recovered her fur coat.

The only distinction accorded her when she goes to a night club is that the management usually rustles up a vase of flowers—which are scarce and expensive in postwar London—and the chef naturally tries to do something special with the rationed foods at his command. The Princess sits at a table for four, squeezed in among the other guests. Her favorite lady in waiting, the Honorable Mrs. Vicary Gibbs, pretty twenty-three-year-old widow of an army captain killed in the war, usually sits on her left. Her "date" is seated opposite and another young male escort on her right completes the royal party.

Elizabeth believes in having a good time on these occasions. She is a tireless and energetic dancer, and by the time the orchestra is ready to pack up and go home, her date is usually completely exhausted. For one thing he is invariably nervous, which makes dancing a strain, and for another, he usually holds the future queen as if she were made of the most delicate porcelain—which she certainly is not.

One of her favorite night spots is a small restaurant and night club called the Bagatelle. She chooses this for a sentimental reason. When her father and mother were courting they sometimes went to the Berkeley Hotel to dine tête à tête. Here they were served discreetly by Ferraro, who is now headwaiter at the Bagatelle. Naturally, these days, Elizabeth thinks a great deal about her mother's romantic love story.

The Princess makes no feminine hearts ache with envy over the clothes she is wearing. Like all other women in rationed England today, Her Royal Highness is allowed only thirty-four clothing coupons a year. A coat and dress cost twenty-four coupons, a pair of shoes seven and a pair of stockings, three. That takes care of the lot, and there are none left for evening gowns. Elizabeth has overcome this problem in just the same way as any other woman who wants to go to London's rather pathetically "gay" spots after dark. She wears the gowns her mother wore during the royal visit to Canada some years ago. They are cut down and remodeled. One of her favorite "hand-me-downs" is a simple black dress with a scarlet sash round the waist. The only decoration she wears on such an occasion as a night-club visit is a diamond Grenadier Guards emblem, pinned on her shoulder. Over her gown she throws a fur coat that has seen better days but must continue to do service until rationing is no longer necessary.

In 1945, when Elizabeth was nineteen, she decided to join the British armed forces. Her selection was the Auxiliary Territorial Service (British equivalent of the Wacs) and she enlisted for a full-time job. Her military number was 230873. Having given his permission, the King telephoned to the training center and ordered that his daughter was to be treated exactly the same as any other "rookie," without any special privileges. Consequently she was put into khaki jeans and had to do boot training, learn to oil and grease an automobile, change spark plugs and wheels, mend punctures and do small running repairs. When she had learned about the engine, she was taught to drive and finally became a subaltern, driving an ambulance in blacked-out London.

As a small girl the Princess joined the Sea Rangers section of the Girl Guides and eventually became a commodore. But before she attained this rank she had to drill with the other girls, learn about things nautical and salute officers.

Despite her exalted rank, Elizabeth is no snob. There aren't any soda fountains in England. If there were, she would be in them. She loves orangeade and drinks too much of it when she can get it. She also has a girlish passion for strawberry ice cream. "Sausages-and-mash" she can tuck away with an even greater relish than an American has for hot dogs at a baseball game. She is very fond of roast chicken and complains that she never can get enough of it to satisfy her appetite.

Like most girls of her age, Princess Elizabeth has to manage on a modest sum for pocket money. Her allowance is three hundred dollars a year, doled out monthly. If she spends a month's allowance too quickly she has to wait till the first of the month to become solvent again. This is to teach her the value of money. When he became king her father was allowed twenty-four thousand dollars a year for her education and training for her future role. This was a special government grant from the treasury. On the twenty-first of April, her twenty-first birthday, it was

increased by thirty-six thousand dollars a year.

Despite this substantial income, and specifically because of the wartime rationing and shortages, most of her clothes are bought from two well-known West End department stores.

If Elizabeth marries Philip, Britishers will be pleased. When stories of the romance began to circulate, sedate Britishers clucked in their cheeks a little, not knowing whether they were pleased at the prospect of a Greek prince getting into the Royal Family. The Sunday Pictorial decided that if there were any serious objections they had better be expressed at once. So they took a poll of their many millions of readers. Sixty-four percent were in favor of the love match.

A cockney in the Bag o' Nails, a pub in Buckingham Palace Road, across the street from the royal residence, summed up the thoughts of the man and woman in the street. Peering thoughtfully into his half pint of weakened postwar beer, he remarked to anyone within earshot, "Blimey! Why should anyone object, I'd like to arsk? Underneaf 'er royal robes she's a woman, ain't she?"

THE END

Cosmopolitan's Movie Citations

(*Continued from page 66*)

hearts at home under an English heaven."

This was double-barreled exportation. It would earn much needed money, but it would also tell the world that a land like England could not be let die.

Contrastingly, the run of Hollywood product which I saw while searching for Cosmopolitan Citation material, was slick, superficial and generally meaningless when it wasn't downright bad. In one of our productions, I observed its farm heroine living under the most primitive conditions but fashionably gowned by an exclusive dressmaker. In another superduper, I saw the hero, alone but undaunted, knock out six cops with a single blow while the heroine looked on, her face wet with glycerine.

Hollywood had better take a look at "Odd Man Out" and learn a lesson from it.

For this is real life as it happens in real cities. This is poetry, tragedy, heroism and faith told through the medium of a gallant and pitiful human story.

Johnny MacQueen is an Irish revolutionist who has no taste for murder. His party, however, must have money to carry on his work, and he agrees to get it by robbing a Belfast factory. Trying to escape, he kills a man and is badly wounded himself. The balance of the film shows the final hours of his life and his death as the police finally close in on him.

James Mason is Johnny MacQueen. I know that Mason has stampeded feminine audiences since "The Seventh Veil" in a manner that rivals the sweep of Gable and Sinatra before him, but speaking personally, he did nothing to my emotions until I watched him in "Odd Man Out." Now I salute him as a great actor—while being very aware of him as a difficult, different, commanding personality.

With the exception of Robert Newton as Lukey, the mad artist, Mason is surrounded by a cast composed entirely of players from the Abbey Theatre in Dublin—and without exception they are terrific.

Go see the sly "Shell" of F. J. McCormick, who is trying to make a good sale of helpless Johnny, dead or alive, to the

highest bidder. Go have your heart rung by the little "Father Tom" of W. G. Fay, who I'm told is past seventy, and who never faced a camera before. Mr. Fay should make Barry Fitzgerald very nervous.

Feast your eyes upon the exquisite Kathleen Ryan, the girl who loves Johnny enough to die with him. Dennis O'Dea, as the compassionate but rigidly ethical Head Constable, leading the man hunt for Johnny, is as handsome a man as ever I did see and a fine actor. The sense of truth that touches the whole picture is particularly manifest in its making the police smarter than the hunted man and not dopes, as we so often make our officers of the law.

I repeat—the whole cast with their lyrical Irish names—Dan O'Herlihy, Kitty Kirwin, Cyril Cusack, Maureen Delaney—are all wonderful.

Directed and produced by Carol Reed, this is a picture that shows you many sides of many people, which holds you in suspense, while it brings your tears, and at the end leaves you in a mood of almost mystical exaltation.

I give it the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best film of the month of May and I do not expect to forget its power for many months—or possibly years.

"THE ADVENTURESS," which I pick as my second favorite film of the month, and which is also British-made, is not at all in the class of the former picture. Yet it gains enormous vitality and power from the very things that make "Odd Man Out" such an outstanding work.

For one thing, it was taken in real settings, the wild, untrammeled countryside of Eire, the beautiful *environs* of Dublin and the fierce and rugged Isle of Man. The gales that blow through these scenes are not from the wind machines, the waves that beat its shores are not being carefully whipped up by the studio stage hands.

Where "Odd Man Out" is a love story told in terms of tragedy, "The Adventuress" spins its yarn by way of comedy and terror.

Bridie Quilty is such an ardent Irish patriot that when she is twenty-one she goes to England with the sole idea of plotting some way to overthrow that country and help her own. On the train, she meets a slick gentleman, who looks English but is actually a German agent who quickly realizes he can use her innocent enthusiasm. He hires her as a decoy to aid him in helping a German war prisoner escape.

Her first job is to vamp a young British officer on leave and get him out of the way during the prisoner-stealing. Bridie goes at this task with such gusto that the officer falls immediately in love, and it isn't until it's much too late, the prisoner lost, the Nazi agent wounded, that Bridie discovers she has lured the wrong man.

By then she is definitely in hot water. The Nazi is dying and calmly tells her that she must dispose of his body. The police begin to suspect and shadow her. Right there, along with your laughter, you'll find your pulse pounding—for the scenes where Bridie wheels the dead man along a crowded street and finally dumps him into the sea are so horrific that I could not get to sleep after I reached home.

When I saw "The Adventuress" (which in England was called "I Met a Dark Stranger"), it was afflicted with some awful comedy scenes, which were too broad in bad imitation of our sure slapstick touch. I'm told those are now eliminated, and all the scenes which Deborah Kerr plays have been pointed up.

It is Deborah Kerr and her gay, salty, saucy performance who gets "The Adventuress" into the Cosmopolitan Citation circle. Playing opposite the very attractive Trevor Howard, whom you probably remember from "Brief Encounter," the twenty-four-year-old Miss Kerr makes her Bridie such a dear little goose, blessed with such turbulent and misguided passion, that she utterly charms you. Miss Kerr will make her American movie debut opposite Clark Gable, no less, in "The Hucksters."

The luck of that Gable! He gets himself an actress who is a comedienne, as witness "The Adventuress," a young character actress, as witness "Vacation from Marriage" and a beauty as witness "Colonel Blimp."

As for Deborah, she gets the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best performance of the month. What's more, I have the feeling she'll be getting it in the future. She's big-star stuff, if ever I saw it.

PERSONALLY I am getting a little weary of movie angels descending to our mortal coil, of movie satans tramping our streets, bedeviling our lives, of heaven being presented as a kind of giddy summer resort.

All this was an amusing innovation when the original "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" was made, but now it seems to me that this celestial whimpy-poo has poo-ed out. I sat through Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit." I bore with Henry Travers spotting Jimmy Stewart from the clouds in "It's a Wonderful Life." I writhed with complete boredom at Paul Muni's hellish and unconvincing character in "Angel on My Shoulder."

When I saw luscious Rita Hayworth wafting toward Broadway in "Down to Earth" she being the goddess Terpsichore, accompanied by Edward Everett Horton as half-spook, half-man, I wanted to cry,

"Hollywood, take it away." "Down to Earth" could just as well be called, "Here Comes Mr. Jordan Again." For the old boy is in there, up to his old tricks.

Rita Hayworth is here in technicolor, in the most diaphanous gowns by Jean Louis, in a headdress that I prophesy will make fashion history, and she gives as alluring, as appealing, as gay a performance as ever you watched. Rita dances. Rita flirts. Rita sings (or rather somebody else sings for her, as always, on the sound track). She is so dear and lovely that I think it's a shame she hasn't got a plot to put her art in.

Larry Parks, that wonder boy of "The Jolson Story" is Rita's costar. His role is certainly not another "Jolson." His role of a Broadway manager could have been enacted by almost any actor. Marc Platt, the Broadway dancer, is featured, but doesn't get much chance, either.

Still—be sure to see "Down to Earth" because of Rita Hayworth. She's lovely to look at, delightful to hear, and I'm sure she's dreamy when kissed. I give her also a Cosmopolitan Citation for a best stellar performance of the month and I wish her better luck next time with her starring vehicle.

"THE HOMESTRETCH" is a bonbon, too, about horses and races and love, true and untrue. Two of the handsomest young people in the world costar in it, the stalwart Cornel Wilde and the glorious Maureen O'Hara, and they are ably supported by two other extremely comely people, Helen Walker and Glenn Langan. Backing them is a crop of wonderful thoroughbreds, the scenic beauties of all the top race tracks, from California to Florida, from Europe to North and South America.

Filmed expertly in the best technicolor, with everybody dressed up to their perfect teeth, "The Homestretch" is good fun. I admit that the plot could easily be written on the top of a pin, even after somebody had engraved the Lord's Prayer thereon—but I still think you will enjoy it.

If you must have details, it is all about the bold, dashing race-track follower who meets the lovely, innocent girl. He falls for her. She falls for him. She owns a horse which he buys and races. They wed but the pert girl who has always tried to snare him doesn't stop snipping. The young wife tags her husband from track to track, with the girl friend tagging also. Comes the inevitable misunderstanding. Comes the inevitable reconciliation. And comes, of course, those horses into the stretch.

Cornel and Maureen are the charming lovers. Helen Walker is most delectable as the impudent Kitty. The shots of the horses, on the horse farms and at the world-famous race tracks, are very exciting.

These various backgrounds, shifting around the world, changed in pace, touched with genuine romance have been blended with soothing smoothness by Director Bruce Humberstone. That's the man's name though nobody in Hollywood, since the earliest day when he and I first arrived here, has ever called him anything but "Lucky." He's a smart *hombre*, this Mr. Lucky. He's turned out scores of movies, all good. He's discovered lots of players, all good, too, with Arlene Whelan the most beautiful one of them.

But I don't want him to think that he's lucky that I am herewith giving him the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best direction of the month. Because the truth is, I'm giving him that for sheer merit. He's earned it here, and in a right smart and delightful way, too.

THE END

lazy. Your country neighbors in the book take every advantage. One of your architects is a simple-minded poseur. What makes you so sore? Have you any solutions?"

Hodgins replied quickly, "I suppose I am sore." Then he looked surprised. After a pause he said, "I'm no revolutionary. I don't even think much about being sore. But, look. We've proved so effective in handling nonessentials and yet we are helpless in the face of problems relating to the things that are basic in our civilization. I claim we needn't be, and I think there's something to be done about it.

"How do we distribute power? That is a really basic thing. The men go down into the ground and they dig coal. The lumps are graded and transported by rail and water; thousands of tons of lumps are carried in bulk for thousands of miles. Tough work for everyone involved —and expensive. And this is done not because we must have coal in lumps to get power, but simply because we have done it that way for a hundred years and more, and there is an enormous vested interest against change. With the knowledge that we have right now—and this is real knowledge, not a pipe dream—we could, at a great saving, burn that coal right where it is in the earth and pipe the resulting energy in gaseous form to a plant making electricity, to another plant making gas, and so on. We could supply our power needs without ever seeing a lump of coal. The process is worked out, all ready for use.

"And under present conditions, what good is that? In the way of making use of anything new is our habit of arguing and fighting against change in the very fields where change is most important to all of us. Someone comes along with a new machine to make it easy for us to buy a candy bar and that's okay. But against the new in agriculture or coal mining or housing—in the basic things—we build obstacles to prevent ourselves from benefiting by new methods just as long as possible.

"We won't use our possibilities in housing. For example, compare our production methods for automobiles and houses. We don't insist on custom-built automobiles. If we did our cars would cost about fifty thousand dollars each. We don't even want custom-built automobiles because the range of selection in this assembly-line product, with all the different makes at various prices, is so wide. Why must houses be custom-built? Because that's the old, old way.

"When a whole concept is brand new, we can work miracles. Atomic fission in five years! Think of it! An impossible job, a miracle!

"The shiny plants turning out bombs. And look at our housing. This nation is not merely one-third ill-housed; its about nine-tenths ill-housed.

"I had to set 'Mr. Blandings' back in the 'thirties because today he simply wouldn't have his house at all. All his troubles would be multiplied beyond his ability to cope with them—as they are for veterans and their girls.

"Yes, I think there's something to be sore about. We can do better with housing and coal mining and agriculture, among other things. The knowledge of what is wrong and what can be done about it must be spread, and with that, perhaps, enough of plenty will be piled up in this country and be made available to the people here, enough so that when some of it flows across the borders . . ." He paused and looked out the window. "We've got to kick hell out of inertia."

HODGINS does not pretend to have a high opinion of his writing ability. "I'm good at picking up nomenclature. I can talk on optology and make it sound all right. But I don't run deep and there's very little that I know. Dealing with most phases of life, I'm ignorant and lost."

He wanted to be a writer when he was a boy. He started school in Philadelphia where his father was an Episcopal minister. "I fancied my prose style, and my English teacher at the Episcopal Academy let me go on fancying it." Then his family moved to New York, where his father became editor of The Churchman, and he enrolled at Trinity.

"Even now, after thirty-seven years, I'd like to wring the neck of that English teacher at Trinity," he says, meaning it. "He took me apart and it still hurts. The science teacher was a swell guy, and I made a sort of forced switch in interest from writing to science. The du Pont advertisements were then playing up the scientist. He wore a goatee and had a black ribbon draped from his glasses. The Adventure of Science. I already had the glasses because of juvenile myopia, and I figured that in time I could work up to the black ribbon and the goatee. I followed that idea all the way to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. But after two years there I came under the influence of the professor of English, Robert Rogers——"

"The one who said to marry the boss's daughter?" I asked.

"Yes. Unhappily that's his epitaph—— 'Be a snob, marry the boss's daughter.' He said many wiser things. Through him I found what I should have known all along; that I didn't want to be a chemical engineer; that I wanted to write."

Starting in jobs in the writing field, however, Hodgins had an ungovernable tendency to climb into executive positions. When he finally quit to write about Blandings's dream house, he was toiling as the publisher of Fortune magazine.

"How did you happen to go wrong and become an executive so many times? Particularly since you knew you really wanted to be a writer?"

"I can truthfully tell you," said Hodgins, "that it was not my doing. The bad tendency is in industry. The du Ponts are going to work on that problem now but, as far as I know, they are alone in doing so. They have noticed that when they have a good chemist, the wheels of organization work in such a way that the good chemist becomes head of his department. They've lost a good chemist and gained, perhaps, a lousy administrator. The du Ponts are studying means of adjusting salaries and arranging enough kudos to keep a good chemist satisfied as a chemist. But that, of course, is a new idea, and a sound one. So it isn't likely to be taken up generally, I suppose, for a long time."

I asked, "How do you feel about the years you put off making the break back into writing?"

Hodgins waved his arm. "I don't think of them. I agree with Metternich, 'What is is right.' If I'd broken away years before that would be right. I didn't do it and I'm perfectly satisfied."

THE END

In view of the volume of manuscripts now being received, may we remind our contributors to attach a stamped, self-addressed envelope? Sending stamps only delays the return of manuscripts which are not suitable

New lustrous lovelights

will bloom

in your hair

a Beautifully burnished locks, by "deep-action" magic. Hughes *All-a-round* hair brush sinks deep, deep into your hair . . . polishing as it massages your scalp. Long, nylon bristles go all around a lovely Lucite handle. And, like two brushes swirling at once, it takes in every inch of your head. At fine drug and department stores everywhere. $5.00 and $7.50
Hughes Brushes, Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York.

*REG. U. S. PAT. APP. FOR

A Husband for Monica

(Continued from page 42)

Kim appreciated it, and both times he threw her an interested glance, along with the one-sided smile that so delighted her. He seemed to be thinking: You and I are two of a kind. I must see you soon again.

Monica sang all the way home. She couldn't carry a tune, but she sang her own interpretation of the love music from Tristan, with Tschaikovsky trimmings.

"Peg dearest," she had written her sister that very evening, "*I'm in love!* I met him this afternoon at a tea, and his name is Kim Beckwith. He's an instructor in the Classics department, and he looks about twenty-eight. He isn't actually handsome, I guess, but he has the nicest possible face and a most marvelous smile. This is it, Peg. I've never been so happy."

Only this morning Peggy's answer had arrived. "Skippy has had the whooping cough," the letter said, "and I haven't had a minute to write. By this time, for all I know, you and Kim are engaged. Tell me more about him, Mon. I'm fascinated. He sounds just right for you. Isn't it wonderful being in love?"

Monica's cheeks smoldered with humiliation, for she had not seen Kim Beckwith a second time. For two whole weeks she had been suffering the agonies of disappointment, and time had not mitigated the torment. Her lack of success with men had never mattered before.

Back in high school it had always been Peggy who made the splash. She had been the idol of the student body, the leading lady in all the plays, and her class voted her Prettiest, Most Popular, Best Dancer and Class Giggler. Monica quietly won prizes in English, Latin, French and History, and was voted Most Intelligent, but she went to the senior-class dance only because Peggy maneuvered an invitation for her. The attentions lavished upon her twin had never aroused the slightest spark of envy in Monica's small bosom. But now she most desperately wished she had some of her sister's beauty and charm.

Last night with tragic eyes Monica had wandered to the mirror to observe what transformation her unrequited love had brought about in her face. Instead of the beautiful spiritual quality generally supposed to be induced by suffering, there was only a wretched expression of petty discontent.

"You were never meant to be tragedy's high queen," she said fiercely into the mirror, making the most of her dying sense of humor. It was a very special kind of frustration not to be able to dramatize her broken heart.

Mrs. Wolff broke in on Monica's thoughts, saying, "Now, any girl who had a problem could just go to Peggy and ask her what to do. I'll bet Peggy would be only too glad to tell her, and I'm sure it would turn out right."

"But, Mother," Monica argued, "Peggy's pretty. That's half the reason she got away with her—well, her tricks."

Mother shook her head. "Peggy's always claimed any girl could do it," she insisted. She looked pointedly at Monica. "Any girl at all."

Poor Mother, she'd been pretty restless since Peggy had gone away; the house was so quiet, so empty. It was no wonder she was eager to stir things up a little.

AND she was right, of course. From the age of twelve Peggy's life had been a series of triumphs over the male. Scores of men had been in love with her. Monica remembered the few times she herself had brought a boy home to dinner. On these occasions she had worn an air of apolo-

getic embarrassment as if to say, "It's silly, I know. After he sees Peggy he won't know I'm alive." And so it turned out. After a decent interval the boy would telephone Peggy and ask her for a date.

Both girls attended the university in their home town, where they repeated their high school experiences. Monica made Phi Beta Kappa in her junior year, and Peggy made conquests. The house was always gay with the voices of Peggy's callers, and Monica often watched her twin with amused wonder.

"How do you dare say those things?" she asked Peggy one night, convulsed with laughter. "You were lying in your teeth all evening, and Harvey swallowed every word of it!"

"They all do," Peggy said cheerfully.

"And you looking at him with those big guileless eyes! Why, he believes you think he's the most wonderful man in the world!"

"Why not? Any man will believe that if you give him half a chance. Harvey's stupider than most, though."

"You don't even like him?"

"Of course not!"

"Then why——?"

"Oh, Mon, it's fun. That's all."

Monica could imagine that it might be fun to have dozens of young men fascinated by one's charm, but not Peggy's young men. They were so stupid that Monica felt embarrassed for them. Someday, she knew, there would be a man with whom she would fall deeply, irrevocably, in love—a man she could look up to. There would be no occasion to practice any of Peggy's wiles and enchantments, for this would be the man Monica was going to marry, and it was unthinkable that such a man would respond to feminine trickery.

Well, she had met him at last, and it wasn't at all the fine, gay, spontaneous affinity she had dreamed about. It was the source of the only real unhappiness Monica had ever known. She made up her mind to forget Kim as quickly as possible, although she knew it would take time. As for her mother's broad hints about calling upon Peggy for advice, such a thing was, of course, impossible.

It was only curiosity which impelled her a few days later to grind her pride under her heel and begin a correspondence with her sister that was to serve as her guide for many months.

"Mon, you've got to get a permanent," Peggy wrote in her first letter. "Your hair isn't half as becoming as it could be. Forget all about that old-maidish knot that always looks straggly; get your hair up on top of your head. With curls, if possible. You've got a cute face, and I think you could wear your hair that way. And never wear your glasses except when you absolutely have to! Wait till Kim knows what you really look like before you put them on; then he'll never notice. Remember that a nearsighted girl has something in her favor; when you look at a man you're making an effort to focus, and it gives a very entranced effect, if you know what I mean. Now about clothes, honey. I guess suits are all right since you like them. But for heaven's sake, buy some cute blouses and stop going around in those awful jerseys. That's Step Number One.

"Now for Step Number Two. Since Kim isn't exactly falling all over himself to get to you, you've got to get to him. It's just a matter of two people being in the same place at the same time, and nothing could be easier to arrange. In Kim's case, all you have to do is find out when he has classes. Then simply arrange to be walking past the building when he comes out. Then you meet, and you give him a daz-

zling smile, and say, 'Why, fancy meeting you!' as if nobody could be more surprised than you are. But, Mon, be sure to put everything you've got into that smile. If you look at him as if he were a god, he'll come back for more. It's as simple as that. It's funny about men. They may like you a lot at the first meeting and then forget you right away. You just have to make sure they see you as many times as it takes to make a permanent impression.

"When he asks you for a date the first time, you've got to go, no matter what else you should be doing. This is important. You daren't take a chance on his calling you again until you're sure you've made your impression. When you're positive he's fallen, then will be plenty of time to play hard to get."

Monica read the letter several times, sure she couldn't bring herself to do any of the things Peggy suggested. But she happened to have a copy of the University Bulletin in her room, so she thumbed through it, scanning the listings of the Classics department. Greek 3: Mon. Wed. Fri. 10 AM Wilson Hall. Dr. Beckwith. That wouldn't do. She had a class of her own at that hour. Greek 22A: The Influence of the Classics on English Literature. Tues. Thurs. 3 PM Wilson Hall. Dr. Beckwith.

That meant he'd be through at four o'clock. A nice hour to run into Kim, the end of the teaching day.

She had the permanent wave that afternoon. Miss Sue liked nothing better than to turn ugly ducklings into swans, and she approached Monica's blond hair with the creative rapture of a sculptor. As for color, Miss Sue suggested a rinse—just for high lights, of course.

It made a surprising difference, Monica thought shyly, squinting into the mirror, feeling unwontedly adventurous.

The new blouse cost eight dollars, but it was soft and white and decorated with fagoting.

On the following day Monica walked past Wilson Hall at four o'clock. She walked self-consciously, holding in her stomach, trying to glide gracefully. She tried to imagine herself, regal in evening dress, perhaps holding a single rose in her hand. She wore her glasses, because otherwise she would never recognize Kim. But she was ready to snatch them off the instant she saw him.

Students drifted down the steps a few at a time, and when Kim did not appear she turned around and walked back again, hoping the students weren't watching her. On the fourth trip Kim appeared, and her heart gave a sudden leap as she hid the glasses in her purse. He came down the steps in earnest conversation with another instructor, reached the walk only a few feet from Monica and turned in the other direction without seeing her at all.

In a sense she was pleased. The fact that the scheme hadn't worked seemed to prove Kim's differentness from Peggy's men. Besides, the idea of contriving a meeting with him offended Monica's better nature.

But, somehow or other, Tuesday found her again walking up and down in front of Wilson Hall, and this time Kim emerged from the building alone.

"Miss Wolff!" he exclaimed with evident pleasure. He had at least remembered her name.

She curved her lips in a determined smile and steeled herself to utter the despicable words, "F-f-fancy meeting you!" But the look in her eyes was genuine.

"Which way are you going?" he asked. "It's a good day for walking."

"I'm on my way home," she said. "But it's almost two miles from here."

"Good. Let's go."

Monica was shivering; the thin blouse wasn't half as warm as the jerseys she was accustomed to wearing under her suit. She was miserable without her glasses too; she was afraid of stumbling clumsily over some unseen obstacle and of failing to recognize friends they might meet. But she had infinite faith in Peggy's counsel; she was in Peg's hands.

They talked about some of the professors in their department, which led Monica to reveal that she hoped to win her Ph.D. this year. Kim thought she had chosen a fascinating topic for her dissertation: The Sources of Virgil's Metaphors. Kim had an idea or two on the subject himself, and it seemed to Monica a good omen that they should share a mutual enthusiasm.

They hadn't exhausted Virgil's metaphors when they reached Monica's house, so she asked Kim if he wouldn't like to come in for a cup of coffee.

Kim and Mrs. Wolff liked each other immediately, and it made Monica happy to see that Kim's conversation was not restricted to erudite matters.

"How are you going to like having a Ph.D. for a daughter?" he asked.

"It's beyond me why she's going through all this to be a teacher," Mrs. Wolff told him. "She had a wonderful offer to run the gift shop down by the university, but do you know what she told me? She said it wouldn't make her happy on her deathbed when she considered her contribution to mankind!"

Kim looked quizzically at Monica.

"I do think teaching is the most satisfying profession," Monica told him; "teaching or being a physician."

"You don't hold then with those who say a woman's most rewarding work is to be a wife and mother?"

"Well, I've never been a wife and mother," Monica said in confusion, "so I

don't know." She was sure Kim was laughing at her.

He said, "You'd better think about it—don't you think so, Mrs. Wolff?—you never know when you're going to have to make a choice."

Monica laughed; it was nice of Kim to imply that he considered marriage a possibility for her. But she changed the subject quickly, embarrassed to find herself the object of such speculation.

Mrs. Wolff brought in a plate of cupcakes and passed them to Kim with an air of maternal pride. "Monica made these," she told him shamelessly.

Monica tried to signal her disapproval of the lie, but her mother refused to meet her eye.

"Both my daughters have a natural talent for baking," she continued.

"Oh, you have a sister?" Kim asked.

"She's married and lives in Minneapolis," Monica explained, with a surprising sense of satisfaction that Peggy was at a good safe distance. "And she may be a wonderful cook now, but she didn't go near the kitchen before she was married. Neither of us——"

"Monica's a great help to me around the house," Mrs. Wolff interposed with determination, "and don't let her tell you anything else."

"I'm sure she is!" Kim agreed, winking alarmingly at Monica.

Mrs. Wolff, satisfied, left the two alone. Kim told Monica that he was writing a textbook which would take most of his time during the next two months, but that he had enjoyed the afternoon and hoped he would see Monica again soon.

"Mother!" Monica protested after Kim had left. "Why did you tell Kim I made the cupcakes?"

"Well, Peggy always told her beaux she made them."

"I know. But I don't want Kim to believe things that aren't true."

"I should think you'd take a leaf from your sister's book. She knew how to handle men."

"I don't want to 'handle men,' Mother. I *would* like to see more of Kim, but not if I have to tell him lies." It was bad enough, what she had already done. "Besides, he's not the sort of man who could be—who could be—well, *snared*, just because I could cook."

"Well, I wouldn't be too sure, dear. Of course, I'm more like you. I married your father when I was very young, and I don't know why he fell in love with me; I'm sure it was nothing I *did*. All I know is that Peggy knew how to catch a man, and if you think a lot of your Kim, you could do worse than copy her."

PEGGY'S next letter included an instructive paragraph about Kim: "Darling, it's a great piece of luck that Kim knows so much about your field. You're bound to know more than he does, of course, because you've been digging into it for three years, but nothing flatters a man more than going to him for help. Don't let him get away with the excuse that the textbook is keeping him busy. He'll be happy to be interrupted when you ask him questions, and the more the merrier."

Peggy had always treated men as if they knew much more than she did about everything. Monica remembered a conversation in which funny little pompous Harry Grace had undertaken to impress Peggy with his knowledge of furniture. Peggy had listened with wide intent eyes while Harry talked at length, wallowing in a welter of misinformation, and after he had gone home, confident of her admiration, Peggy had laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks.

Well, Harry Grace was not in a class with Kim. Kim was a man Monica could

look up to; he wouldn't fall for such nonsense. He was intelligent; he knew that Monica must naturally have a more intimate knowledge than he of her own subject. And if she went to him for advice he would see through the ruse.

Or (he was a man) would he?

"KIM," she said earnestly into the telephone, "I don't like to bother you when you're busy, but if you should ever be free for a couple of hours I wonder if you would help me. I'm having one of my orals next month, and I'm scared."

"I'll be glad to help, if I can," he told her. "Let's see. I ought to be through with this chapter by Thursday. How would Thursday night do?"

"Oh, beautifully!"

"I'll be over at eight. See you then."

It was easy for Monica to look with intense absorption into Kim's eyes as he talked, because they were wonderful eyes, kind as well as intelligent. To be sure, he told her nothing that she did not already know, and he asked her no questions that she could not answer. She felt abashed to have him believe she needed his coaching while she pretended to hear for the first time the things he told her. Still, she would have been willing to feign a more shocking ignorance if it would keep him at her side. And when she said, "I am very grateful to you," she meant it. She was grateful for the very sound of his voice.

His nearness was intensely disturbing to her. He wasn't that impersonal object, a man. He was Kim, and he was warm and breathing and she longed to touch him. The humorous dark eyes and the off-center smile seemed the most priceless things in the world.

He *does* like to be with me, she kept thinking; I couldn't be wrong about it. But why doesn't he——

"Are you still afraid of the oral?" he was asking.

"I feel much better about it now." She smiled. "I get so nervous sometimes."

"If you want to go over it again, we might get together another time. I wish I hadn't agreed to a deadline; then I wouldn't have to be so miserly with my time. But I think I might be free a week from Monday."

"Oh, good! I'd appreciate it. Would you like some coffee before you go home?"

"I certainly would. And if you have any more of those cupcakes you make——"

She was sure he knew all about the cupcakes, but it would have been humiliating to admit that her mother had deliberately lied to him.

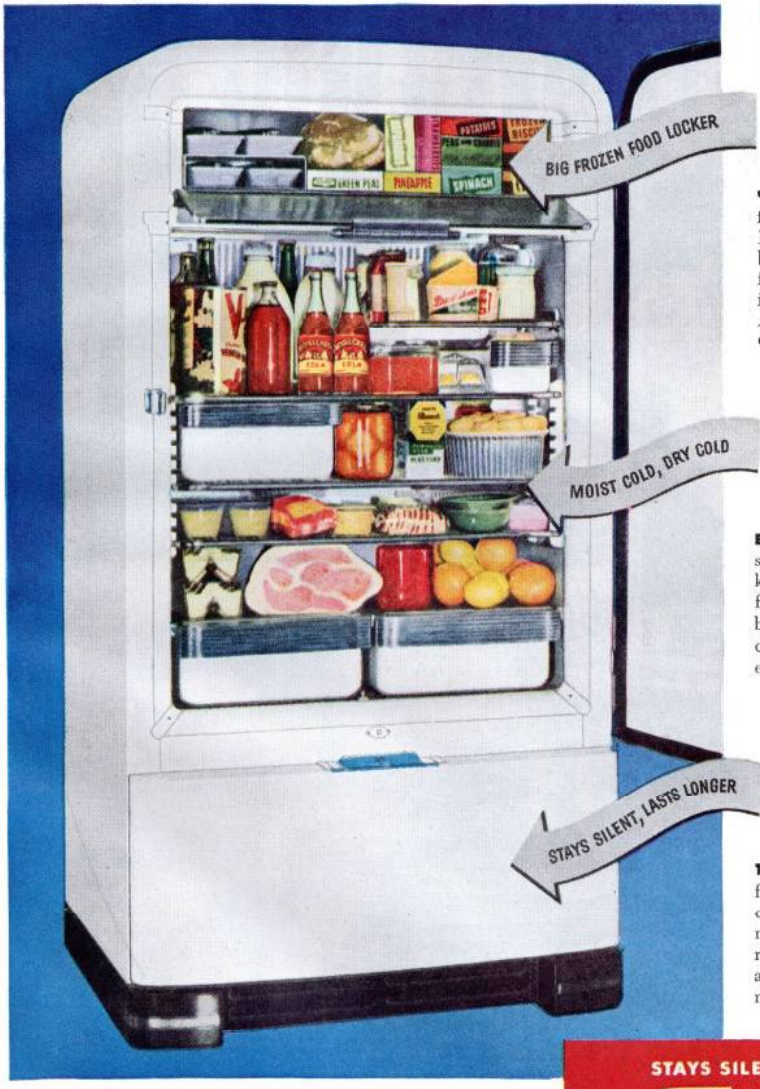
Monica found out several more things about Kim that night. He liked to ski; he played the piano a little; he had once written a play; he read himself to sleep with mystery stories. Monica also liked skiing and music and mystery stories, and sometimes she wrote sonnets. They talked till long after midnight, and when they shook hands at the door, Kim's hand, so big and warm and hard, clasped hers with a very evident enthusiasm.

After the next coaching session Monica did not hear from Kim at all. Six painful weeks of silence elapsed. Monica wrote to Peggy, announcing that she had passed the oral examination and added, "But I haven't heard a word from Kim, and I guess I never will."

"Why didn't you tell me before?" Peggy wrote, scolding. "I've been assuming you'd got him all nailed down by this time. Six weeks is a dangerously long period. Some other girl could meet and marry him in that length of time. You should have been hanging around Wilson Hall as I told you, day after day. Now you've got to do something drastic. Write Kim a note, thanking him for the flowers. That's right, sweetie-

Look! New 1947 Servel

SILENT GAS REFRIGERATOR STORES A BUSHEL BASKETFUL OF FROZEN FOODS



"Look at all the frozen food you can fit into the wonderful new Servel Frozen Food Locker! A whole bushel basketful of frozen meats, vegetables, fruits, ice cream. You'll save marketing hours, prepare every meal faster! And Servel's ice trays hold lots of ice cubes, easy to get at."

Extra room for fresh foods, too. Meats stay tender for days in the Servel meat keeper. Vegetables actually crisp up, fruits keep their full goodness, in the two big dew-action fresheners. And Servel's clear-across shelves are adjustable to eleven different positions.

There's not a single moving part in the freezing system of the Servel Gas Refrigerator. No machinery to wear or get noisy! A small gas flame circulates the refrigerant that produces constant cold and ice. Two million owners know this means "Servel stays silent, lasts longer."

See it at your Gas Company or neighborhood dealer. *The wonderful new 1947 Servel Gas Refrigerator is now on display. (For farm and country homes, Servel operates also on Bottled Gas—Tank Gas—Kerosene. Write Servel, Inc., Evansville 20, Ind. Or if you live in Canada, write Servel Ltd., 457 King St., W., Toronto 1, Ont.)*

STAYS SILENT . . . LASTS LONGER

Servel

The GAS Refrigerator

100 PROOF

"There is nothing better in the market"

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION, INCORPORATED, AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

pie; that's how I got Allen Quackenbush back that time. It goes like this: 'Thank you for the lovely roses. No card came with them, but they must be from you because I seem to remember making a bet with you that I wouldn't pass my oral. You are a darling to have sent them, although you really shouldn't have, and I'm enchanted that you remembered. If you'll come to dinner some night I'll enjoy thanking you in person.'"

"There wasn't any such bet," Monica wrote back, "and Kim knows it. I just couldn't do it, Peg; and he'd tumble right away if I did, so what would be the use? Anyhow, I'm resigned to my fate by this time, so don't worry about it."

"Don't be an idiot!" ranted Peggy via air mail. "Is he worth fighting for or not? You do as I say, and I promise you it will work. He'll be intrigued to know whether you really think you made a bet with him or whether you made up the whole story just to get him to call. If he doesn't react he's no man at all."

Monica's unwilling fingers trembled as she wrote the note. She copied Peggy's words exactly, lest whatever magic power they held be dissolved by so little as a single change. The "you are a darling" stopped her for several minutes; she would have preferred a less intimate word than "darling." But if Peggy used it, it must be right.

She examined her note objectively. Her handwriting was uncharacteristically small and compact and legible. The message was centered perfectly on the paper. Usually she scribbled the date in the middle of the top of the page, but this time she had written it with her address in the lower left-hand corner. She folded the note paper meticulously in the very middle before she tucked it inside its envelope (into which she had brazenly sprinkled a little white-lilac sachet). The very tip of her tongue moistened the flap, and she sealed the envelope carefully, her fingers wrapped in a clean white handkerchief. She placed the stamp in the precise corner, leaving a margin of exactly one eighth of an inch over the top and at the right-hand side. She hoped Kim's name and address contained some mysterious essence of Monica that would enable him to recognize the handwriting.

She almost didn't send the note. Her judgment told her it was a waste of time. Only the thought that she had nothing to lose made her drop it at last into the mailbox at the corner. Kim was already ignoring her; the worst that could happen was that he would think her even more of a fool than he must think her now.

On the way back from the corner she wished that she and Peggy had been identical twins. She felt she would have been willing to sacrifice her mind in exchange for Peggy's irresistible beauty. She remembered her mother's telling her how they had looked when the nurse wheeled them as babies into her room: Peggy so tiny and fragile and doll-like; Monica a sturdy, lusty, bellowing bundle of humanity. Mother had been glad they weren't identical, but it was cruel that two girls should be so different. And of what use was a mind if you were in love with a man who scarcely knew you existed?

Having mailed the note, Monica was convinced that she had gone too far. Peggy's devious plottings might have borne fruit with the lame-brains Peggy liked, but Kim was something else again. In writing such a note she was insulting his intelligence. As a matter of fact, she knew that if Kim could swallow this enormity of a ruse, she would despise him. So, either way, it was all over now. But for the ill-advised note, she might at least have been able to meet Kim at professors' teas without hanging her head in shame. She wept into her pillow, knowing that her future was bleak and empty.

When Mrs. Wolff called Monica to the telephone the next morning she did not imagine it might be Kim until she heard his voice. Then it seemed as if her heart were pumping ten times its normal speed.

"I just got your note," Kim said. "Are you busy tonight?"

"Yes, I am." She and her mother had tickets for the symphony concert. But, frantic, she remembered what Peggy had said about Kim's first invitation. "That is, no, I'm not."

"There's a dance at the Sigma Chi house," Kim explained, "and I didn't think I'd be able to go. But I was up all night with the last chapter, and if you wouldn't be bored I thought we might look in on the dance for a while."

"Oh, I'd *love* to!" Mother could take Mrs. Sluyter to the concert.

Monica had one evening dress, black velvet, of a style that was ageless and timeless. It was her most becoming garment. It was always exciting to dress for a dance, but, although she was happy, she wasn't happy. To tell the truth, she was disappointed in Kim. She would have had a deeper respect for him if he had told her off. He was now relegated to the limbo of Peggy's lame-brains. Darn Kim! He should have known better. How could she be madly in love with a man who was so easily hoodwinked? Oh, he was still dear, but he had proved that Peggy was right in saying that all men were alike. He wasn't unique at all; she felt he had let her down.

When he came she met him calmly, with a smile that was the least bit patronizing.

"How pretty you look!" he exclaimed, and suddenly took her into his arms.

"Thank you," she said, blushing a little but feeling completely unmoved.

"It must have been someone else you had the bet with." He grinned enchantingly and gave her a box from the florist.

"Oh!" was all she could say as she lifted out a spray of tiny white orchids. She fastened them in her hair.

"They're beautiful!" she exclaimed. "I'm so glad they aren't lavender ones."

"Those are strictly for chorus girls," he said. "Girls getting Ph.D.'s deserve something a little more *recherché*. By the way, I'll take one of those roses for my buttonhole if you can spare it."

"What roses?"

"The ones you wrote to thank me for. My book has finally gone to the publishers, and I'm in a mood to celebrate."

"Oh!" Monica had regrettably neglected to buy roses. "Oh, dear! They aren't here. Mother—Mother has a friend who's ill, and she took them over to her."

Kim laughed. "All right. I'll do without. We'd better be off if you're ready."

It was Monica's first dance in almost a year, and she felt timid about dancing with Kim. Fortunately he did not use a variety of steps, and he danced so rhythmically that she followed him easily.

It was pleasant to be in his arms, but there was no ecstasy, for he had spoiled everything. She could not forget how much Kim was like poor Harry Grace with his witless gullibility.

When one of the students cut in, no one could have been more astonished than Monica.

"Isn't Kim tremendous?" the student asked enthusiastically. "We're trying to persuade him to be our alumni adviser next year. If you have any influence with him, work on it, will you? Oh, here comes Pete. He's our president."

Pete's was a less direct approach, but after going through the amenities, he too

brought up the subject of Kim's being alumni adviser to the fraternity.

"There's nobody like him," he said. "I've never known a real scholar who was so understanding of an undergraduate's problems. He's helped a lot of us as it is, and he claims he'd rather go on working with us informally than accept the responsibility of the title. He says he doesn't know all the answers and might let us down."

"And you think that's just modesty?"

"I know darn well it is. We really need him, Miss Wolff, and I hope you'll try to show him how important he is to us."

As a third boy approached, Monica realized that she was in for a rush.

After hours of hearing about Kim, Monica had forgotten how much he had disappointed her. It wasn't until they were in the taxi on their way home that she remembered and suffered a sudden depression of spirits.

"You were a great hit at the dance," Kim said admiringly.

"That wasn't for me," she told him. "They all wanted me to persuade you to be their alumni adviser."

Kim laughed. "Do they still have that on their minds?"

"I heard nothing but Kim, Kim, Kim, all evening. They asked me to use my influence with you."

"They're pretty shrewd boys. They certainly came to the right person." He took her hand. "May I see you tomorrow night—that is, tonight?"

"I don't know," she said, "until I look at my calendar."

"I was rather counting on seeing you all the time from now on, now that the book's finished."

"Why don't you just forget about me?" she said lightly.

"Do you want me to?"

She hesitated, groping for the true answer. It was hard, with her hand in his.

"I've had the impression," he said, "that for some unfathomable reason you—shall we say?—looked upon me with favor."

"I did," Monica confessed.

"Past tense?"

"Yes. I don't know what's happened."

"I see. The Diana complex," Kim observed. "You're the huntress type. You bag your man, and then you don't want him any more."

"It isn't that. I'm not that way at all!"

"But you won't marry me?"

"Kim!" He couldn't mean it. But there he was, smiling his smile, looking as if he adored her. He was so dear, so sweet, how could she *not* marry him when he asked her to? She guessed the chemistry of love was at work; otherwise her contempt for his weakness would have prevented her enjoyment of being in his arms. Resting with her head against his chest, hearing his heart beat through his bulky coat, she impulsively put both arms around him. She loved him; she would always love him; she could not understand why she had ever doubted it. It wasn't his fault that nature had made men the dupes of women. But, overcome with this sad sense of disillusionment, she reflected that this must be the secret sorrow of every woman: having to live all one's life with a creature of inferior keenness of perception.

Out of her turmoil she cried, "Oh, Kim, why did you let me get away with it?"

A roar of laughter greeted her anguished question.

"Is that what's bothering you?" He was obviously delighted. "Why, Monica, I fell in love with you the first time I met you. I loved everything about you—that sweet original face behind the solemn glasses, your hearty laugh, the way you appreciated my feeble jokes, everything. I went straight home that afternoon and made a notation on my memo pad, just out of high spirits. I wrote, 'Look up Monica Wolff. Object—matrimony.' I can show it to you. But I had this damned book to finish, so I had to postpone operations in your direction. It took some doing, by the way. You almost made me give up the project, taking my mind off my work."

"I did?"

"You did! But I had to help you pass your oral exam, didn't I?"

"Oh, yes! That is——"

"That is, you enjoyed hearing me sound off on a subject you already knew cold. And not once, but twice! I went home laughing at both of us—at you for being so enterprising, and at me for not being able to get a rise out of you. Why, darling, it was as if I'd been coaching you in the alphabet, and you never said a word."

"Kim!"

"And then this note." Kim took it out of his pocket and flourished it. "I'm going to preserve it for our grandchildren. How did you dare? What made you think I'd believe it?"

"Oh, you knew right away?" Her voice was quivering with relief and joy.

"I knew long before that, the day you met me in front of Wilson Hall and said, 'Fancy meeting you!' It was out of character, so I put two and two together. Oh, you needn't look ashamed. It made things easier for me. It saved me the time and nervous strain of a long courtship. That's why I told the Sigma Chi boys I couldn't be their adviser. I thought my wife might object to the weekly sessions . . . You wouldn't?" He laughed because Monica had shaken her head. "Oh, Monica, as a dissembler I give you an F, and I love you."

"Kim!" It was lucky she wasn't wearing her glasses, because they would have been in the way. It was wonderful now that the feeling had all come back, the way it was before. Because Kim was so darling, and she would have hated to marry a man she didn't look up to.

THE END

Mr. "B" and His Stork Club (*Continued from page 25*)

seat five hundred comfortably than eight hundred uncomfortably. The turnover of customers is not frequent. Between eleven in the morning until four the following morning, the club serves about twenty-five hundred persons. The Stork, by the way, is one of the few big clubs in the world that keeps its doors open for three hundred and sixty-five days a year. It is quite a lively place at noon on Sundays. People go there from church for a big Sunday breakfast, bringing their children with them. The dance floor is usually filled with fox-trotting couples eight or nine years of age.

When you enter the door of the club, after checking your coat in the small reception hall, you pass first through a bar and cocktail lounge which seats sixty people. Twelve hundred drinks are consumed at the bar daily, in case you are interested. Adjoining the bar are the main ballroom—large and square, with enough space for three hundred—and, off to left, the Cub

Room, a small quiet place holding one hundred people. It is designed for quiet conversation. There is no orchestra in the Cub Room and no dance floor. A customer in the Cub Room who is overcome with the urge to rumba gets up and leads his lady outside into the main ballroom. Upstairs from the Cub Room is the Blessed Event Room, an even smaller chamber with room for forty people, although sometimes sixty squeeze in there. It is used for small private parties and, occasionally, for the overflow from downstairs. The exclusiveness that is often mistakenly attributed to the whole Stork Club is really confined to the Cub Room. At lunchtime only men eat there. It is usually reserved at night for celebrities and for established and respected customers. One of the few celebrities who shuns the Cub Room is Tommy Manville. He prefers the main ballroom where more people can see him.

In order to reach the powder room at the Stork Club, ladies from the bar and the main ballroom must pass the door of the Cub Room. Billingsley sees to it that the choicest available celebrity is seated in the Cub Room at Table Fifty, directly opposite the door. Then the lady who returns from the powder room will sit down breathlessly at her table in the main ballroom and announce that she has just seen Tyrone Power. It helps business.

Through these rooms every day at lunch and all evening long, wanders the landlord, nodding here and waving to somebody over there and sitting down for a few moments of conversation at this table while he scribbles initials on an order which sends a free bottle of champagne to that table. Sherman Billingsley is a soft-spoken man with a cherubic smile and an easygoing air of Oklahoma informality about him.

He is American to the core. He refuses, like many American males, to wear formal evening dress. While his assistants and many of his customers wear a stiff shirt and black tie, Mr. B always makes his appointed rounds in a conservative business suit and a rather loud and flowery cravat. He forbids his employees to wear mustaches on the ground that they look unsanitary. There is one exception to this rule—the Stork Club chef, Gabriel Beaumont, who used to preside over the kitchen of Louis Rothschild in Vienna. "Oh, well," Sherman shrugs, "he has to be different."

As he passes through the Stork Club, Mr. Billingsley is constantly followed. Fred Hahn, a former waiter, stays near him and watches every move he makes from seven o'clock in the evening until closing time. He even accompanies Mr. B to the theater and to prize fights. Hahn rarely speaks to his boss. Every few minutes he passes him a slip of paper with a message on it. "Doris Duke has just come in," the message may read. Or "Do you want the music to stop at three fifteen?" Mr. B will glance at it without interrupting his conversation and shake his head or nod. "Governor Green of Illinois and Bing Crosby are here; both want Table Sixty-one." He scribbles a solution and hands it to Hahn while he asks Leon Henderson about the stock market. He passes another table and stops to say hello, rubbing his right index finger against the side of his nose. Hahn knows this means a gift of perfume for each lady at the table, just as the adjustment of the handkerchief in the Billingsley coat pocket means free champagne and a turn of the ring on his little right finger means no check for this party.

Hahn has held his job for two and a half years. His predecessor was a former waiter who operated smoothly with Mr. Billingsley until a photographer from Life

Magazine did a picture story about their teamwork. The pictures showed the Billingsley shadow taking notes with a pad and pencil and receiving hand signals from his boss. "Fame ruined him," Mr. Billingsley says. "He began to strike picture poses all over the club every night."

Mr. B's hand signals give away three hundred thousand dollars' worth of gifts to the customers every year. Mr. B belittles the cost of his generosity. "You must remember," he says, "that I don't spend as much on gifts as other night clubs do on floor shows. And I spend nothing on newspaper advertising." The Stork Club gifts range from automobiles, wrist watches, expensive jewelry and solid-gold cigarette lighters to dice and cigarette holders. He specializes in perfume—which is free to every lady in the powder room—and lipstick, which comes in three shades named after his three daughters, Jacqueline, Barbara and Shermane. He gives dolls to the little girls at lunchtime and official major-league baseballs to the boys. He used to send Franklin D. Roosevelt bow ties. On Sunday nights before the war, he staged balloon parties which he hopes to resume again soon. At these parties the patrons would scramble for hundreds of floating balloons to which were attached one-hundred-dollar bills, tickets for free parties at the Stork Club and coupons which entitled the bearer to receive silver cocktail sets, pedigreed dogs and even horses.

Sherman says that he began to give away perfume years ago when he found a seaman who was bringing the stuff by the suitcaseful from the British West Indies where the expensive French brands can be picked up cheaply. It seems that there were two kinds of bottles in the seaman's bags. One bottle was large and fancy and the other was small and plain.

"I never knew anything about perfume," Mr. B recalls. "I naturally gave the large, fancy bottles to the important ladies and the little ones to the kids."

One evening Mr. B had the finger put on him in a nice way by his friend, Beth Leary. "Now don't misunderstand me, Sherman," she said, "I appreciate these big bottles of perfume you've been giving me. But the kind of perfume I like best—and it's very expensive and hard to get—is the kind in the little bottle you just gave that child at the next table."

Quite often, of course, an expensive gift ends up by mistake on the table of somebody Billingsley hates and never wants in the club again. And then there was the time he asked his people to find out the latest married name of a society lady and to send something to her home. A few weeks later he saw her in the Cub Room. "That was a nice case of champagne you sent to my maid," she said.

ALTHOUGH Mr. B does not believe in advertising, he knows the value of publicity. When a public figure arrives in town, he receives a gift from Mr. B and an invitation to the Stork Club, where, he is casually reminded, the seclusion of the Cub Room will protect him from autograph hunters and drunks. When he arrives, Don Arden, the Stork's publicity man, takes his picture and sends it to the wire services and to his home-town newspapers. The club's file of pictures is larger than that of most newspapers. Many an editor finds in it a desperately needed photograph when every other source has failed him. On November 28, 1940, Arden noticed Jesse Livermore, the Wall Street tycoon, dining in the Cub Room with his wife. Arden asked if he might snap a picture. "Go ahead," said Livermore. "This will be the last picture made of me because I am going away for a long time."

Two hours later a wire service called Arden and asked if he had any recent pictures of Livermore. The financier had just committed suicide in an East Side hotel. The picture of Mr. and Mrs. Livermore, with a Stork Club ash tray prominently in the foreground, ran in practically every big paper in the nation.

Once upon a time a Stork Club photograph showing two men sitting at a table full of liquor was published in the home town of one of the men in the Middle West. A few days later Mr. Billingsley heard from him. "You've ruined me," he said. "I own the dry paper here, and I'm the campaign manager for a politician who is running for office on a dry program. You sent that picture to the wet paper in town, and they are running it on the front page every day."

A few weeks later the same man entered the Stork Club. "I don't like the way you run your publicity," he told Billingsley, "but I like the way you run your club. So I'm back." He is still a regular customer.

IT IS no accident, of course, that Mr. B has encouraged such nationally published columnists as Winchell, Lyons and Louis Sobol and Dorothy Kilgallen to use his club as a headquarters. On the other hand, the number of important people who frequent the premises make it advisable for the columnists to spend time there. It is a wonderful place for news. Stories of the marriages and divorces of celebrities are always being revealed by Stork Club communiqués. The marriages of Sonja Henie and Dan Topping, Gloria Vanderbilt and Pat di Cicco, Brenda Frazier and John "Shipwreck" Kelly and Victor Mature and Martha Kemp were all announced there. So was the divorce of Lana Turner and Artie Shaw.

Anything can happen in that house on Fifty-third Street. Leonard Lyons, tells, for example, about the evening in November, 1941, when American-Japanese relations were strained to the breaking point. A reporter, sitting in the Cub Room, heard for the first time about an important statement on foreign policy made by Prince Konoye in Tokyo that afternoon. He asked for a telephone. The call went through quickly and Table Fifty talked at length with the Japanese government official.

SPENDING most of his waking hours in such an atmosphere, Mr. B has quite naturally developed a rather startling store of strange information beneath his slightly receding hairline. He knows at a glance that the red-faced man at the corner table is now cheating on the lady with whom he had previously been cheating on his wife. He hears some things about the stork market and the stock market long before the rest of us. He also knows that the favorite dish of Annie Sheridan is not caviar or filet mignon or lobster thermidor. It is canned salmon, served with chopped onions and vinegar. He knows that Amon G. Carter and Larry Fisher of the Fisher Body Fishers bring their own steaks with them from Fort Worth and Detroit, respectively, and have them cooked in the Stork Club kitchen. He knows that Carole Landis adores a half grapefruit with flaming cognac in its center and that Beatrice Lillie likes a drink which consists of one-half lime, one teaspoon of sugar, two jiggers of crème de menthe, one white of egg and one scoop of vanilla ice cream, shaken well and poured in a Tom Collins glass. He is glad that the war is over because during it the amateur generals were always drawing maps on his table cloths, adding twenty-five percent to his laundry bill which runs around thirty thousand dollars in normal years. He knows

that there is a girl somewhere in Texas who thinks that she is married to his son. Mr. B has talked to her on the phone and assured her that he never had a son. But she knows better because she is sure that her husband would never lie to her. "Why don't you two make up?" she asks Mr. B. "Why do you keep up this silly quarrel?"

Incidentally, Mr. B is accustomed to having strangers pose as his relatives. During the war he received a letter from a sailor named Billingsley who had been telling everybody on his ship that Sherman was his brother. Now the ship was unexpectedly heading for New York, the sailor explained with a red face, and his shipmates were demanding that he take them to the Stork Club to be wined and dined. If they found out the truth, his life would be miserable. Would Mr. B be a good sport and help him out by putting on a brother act? Mr. B did just that and earned the sailor's lifelong gratitude.

As Sherman elbows his way through the bar and the ballroom and the Cub Room, one of his problems is to avoid the bores who want him to sit down and spend the whole evening at their table. If he imbibed alcohol, the quantity of drinks he would be forced to accept out of politeness might double the Stork Club's annual liquor consumption. (As it is, he sells and gives away thirty-three thousand and six hundred bottles of Scotch and fourteen thousand and four hundred bottles of champagne each year.) But fortunately for his health he has not touched the stuff in years. He does not smoke, either.

One especially busy Saturday night, when the place was filled with people he wanted to talk with, a headwaiter told him about a customer who was extremely anxious to see him. Mr. B recognized the name as that of a gentleman who had owed him nine hundred dollars for several months. "Tell him I'm busy," he told the headwaiter. In twenty minutes the headwaiter was back again. The gentleman said it was urgent. "Oh, all right," Sherman grumbled. "Tell him I'll talk to him in the pantry." The pantry is a very noisy spot. Mr. B calculated that an interview taking place there, amid the clatter of dishes, could not possibly last long. The guest waited in the pantry almost ten minutes before Mr. B arrived.

"Sherman," he said, "I just had a good week in the market. I want to pay you that nine hundred dollars I owe you."

Such incidents and his experience with customers in general lead him to believe that most people are fundamentally honest. Considering the great number of checks he cashes in a day, remarkably few of them bounce. If Sherman knows you, he'll cash a check for almost any amount. And he will cash a check for anybody if it isn't over twenty-five dollars. If one of them turns out to be made of rubber, he figures that the money is well spent. "Those guys never come back to the club," he says. "And it is worth twenty-five dollars to me to get rid of such people." When a big check comes back to him unpaid, it is usually due to an honest oversight on the customer's part; he forgot to cash in some coupons that month or there was a mix-up in his bookkeeping. "You can tell about business conditions from the number of bad checks we get," Mr. B observes. "Very few of them during the war. Nowadays there are more."

One of the rubber checks he took during the war came from a second lieutenant. A few days later he mentioned it to a friend. A major who was sitting with the friend proceeded to give Sherman a long lecture on how to check on the identity of Army officers. "Ask for their

AGO card," he said, showing his and explaining how the identification system worked. The next day Mr. B read in a newspaper that the major had been arrested for impersonating an Army officer.

The Stork Club's law firm, Goldwater and Flynn (Ed Flynn, the Democratic boss of the Bronx), finds that most of Mr. B's legal work consists in bringing suits against night clubs in other cities who use the Stork Club name. They have won such battles in Buffalo and Philadelphia, and now they are waging similar ones in San Francisco, Denver, Boston, Baltimore and Chicago. Mr. B does not ask damages. He merely tries to stop the use of the name and recover court costs. His argument is a long column of figures showing the amount of money he has spent building up the identity of the name since he opened his club at 132 West Fifty-eighth Street in New York, back in 1929. Mr. B today has not the vaguest idea how that place happened to get called "Stork Club."

BESIDES protecting the name of his business, one of the main problems in Mr. B's life is trying to get enough sleep. He maintains that he once went a whole week without closing his eyes. "A shower and a change of clothes is just as refreshing as sleep," he says. But still he wishes he could have more slumber. He blames the lack of it on Leonard Lyons who always appears at the Stork Club when the doors are closing at four in the morning, and demands another round of the continuous gin-rummy game which Lyons and Billingsley have been playing for years. This means that Mr. B gets home at five thirty instead of four thirty.

Still he manages to be on the premises at lunchtime, bright and cheerful. In the afternoon he either goes home again to spend a few hours relaxing with his family or gets involved in business discussions. At five he is sitting at the table nearest the front door, reading the stock prices. After the dinner crowd begins to thin, he usually retires to his three-and-a-half-room apartment above the club for a shower, a rubdown and a nap, reappearing downstairs around ten thirty or eleven. Sometimes it is hard to wake him from these evening naps. One Saturday the waiter who was supposed to arouse him shook him vigorously and, hearing a muffled response, left the room. When Mr. B finally did come to, he looked at the clock and discovered to his horror that it was seven thirty Sunday morning.

"Can you imagine a character like me being wide awake at that hour on that day in New York?" he says. "I went for a walk. I met a few people who knew me and they pointed at me and began to laugh. When I went home, the neighbors were thunderstruck. They thought I'd lost my job. I felt like a fish out of water."

Mr. B compensates for his meager sleep by taking very good care of his health in other respects. He eats generously but never sits down to a big meal. He has snacks several times a day. He is extremely partial to Canadian bacon and green vegetables. He often walks from the Stork Club to his Park Avenue apartment, a distance of more than two miles. In the summer he spends his mornings in the sun at the Atlantic Beach Club.

While he rests in his apartment upstairs, Mr. B keeps in touch with everything that is going on downstairs in the Stork Club by means of a two-way telephone system. By snapping a switch he can listen to the conversation in the service bar, at the telephone switchboard, in the lobby and in the kitchen. Knowing that the boss may be overhearing their words, employees are careful to ask the price before ordering tomatoes from the grocer. The telephone system enables Mr. B to prevent bus boys being persecuted by waiters or captains and also enables him to give orders to the entire staff at one time without taking the time to assemble them in one room.

The success of the Stork Club is largely due to the kind of relationship that exists between Mr. B and his help. The boss, as every employee in the club calls him, makes it a point to know everything about everybody who works for him. No one is allowed to quit or to be fired without talking to Mr. B.

Several of his twenty-seven captains—those gents in black suits who take your order and supervise the service of the white-coated waiters—started working for him as bus boys and were fired as bus boys. After talking to the boss, they decided to give the job another try. Mr. B follows a policy of filling vacancies by promoting somebody within his organization. This makes for loyalty and general contentment. A few years ago a private detective, hired by the Stork Club to pose as a bartender in order to check on the cash register, liked it so well he quit the detective racket and stayed there.

There are three hundred people working in the Stork Club on a payroll that runs around $600,000 a year. There are fifty-three in the kitchen alone—one head chef, one night chef, one *saucier*, two assistant *sauciers*, two roast cooks, eleven cooks, two *garde-manger* (that one baffled me, too; it means the men who store and cure the meat), two assistant *garde-manger*, two oystermen, four pantrymen, four vegetable men, four silvermen, eight dishwashers, two porters, three food checkers and four stewards. I won't even attempt to guess at the earnings of the Stork Club waiters because a lot of their income is derived from tips, and waiters do not like to broadcast how much they make a week from tips. Stork Club customers, however, are pretty good tippers.

The largest tip in the history of the Stork Club was twenty-five hundred dollars which a wealthy advertising man from Michigan gave to Arthur Brown, a former day manager. On another occasion the same man asked Frank Harris, the guardian of the velvet rope at the main entrance, what was the biggest tip he had ever received. "One hundred dollars," said Harris. Our friend promptly handed him two hundred and then asked who had given him the one-hundred-dollar tip. "You did, sir," Harris replied.

Because he has to say no to so many people, Harris holds probably the most unenviable job in the house. He lives in constant fear of saying no to the wrong people. There was the evening, for instance, when he found himself faced by a large party with no reservation. He explained that there was no room. The leader of the party, a Paramount executive on his first trip to the Stork, said to Harris, "You tell Billingsley that if we are not in the Cub Room within five minutes, there will never be a movie called 'The Stork Club.'" Naturally, they got in.

Then there was the time when Mr. B was engaged in a feud with Fiorello H. La Guardia, who, as mayor of the City of New York, was threatening to have the ABC Board revoke the Stork Club liquor license. That would have meant Mr. B's ruination. One night Sherman received word that two ABC men were at the front door and wanted to see him as soon as possible. This, thought Mr. B, mopping his brow, is the end of everything. He approached them with nervousness. "Can I do something for you?" he asked them.

"Yes," one of the ABC men said, pointing at Harris. "Can you fix it so this guy will let us go inside and have a drink?"

Not long ago a well-known killer, formerly employed by the Luciano mob,

found himself on the wrong side of the velvet rope. He informed everybody present that he was planning to come back again and that, if he could not get in, there would be a dead doorman in the Stork Club. Mr. Billingsley walked up to the mobster and said to him, "If you think you're so tough, let's see you stand where you are for the next five minutes."

"What do you think you're going to do?" the gangster demanded.

"I'm going to call your bluff by calling the cops."

The character beat a sullen retreat.

As IT said in Who's Who, Sherman Billingsley was born in Enid, Oklahoma, on March 10, 1900. One of his biographers, trying to tie him up in some way with the Abe Lincoln tradition, uncovered a tattered photograph of a tacky frontier dwelling and announced that it was Mr. Billingsley's birthplace. Sherman showed it to his mother. "Law, no honey," she exclaimed. "You weren't born in that house. You were born in the back room of a little old grocery store."

Sherman's father, a Kentucky mountaineer by origin, was a jack-of-all-trades, and he happened to be running a grocery store in Enid that month. There were nine Billingsley children in all. Six of them are now living. He has three brothers—Logan, Ora and Fred—in New York. One sister, Lottie, is married and living in Oklahoma. The other sister, Pearl, lives in New York. She makes the sensationally good Stork Club pies.

Soon after his birth, Sherman and the Billingsley family moved from Enid to the Oklahoma town of Anadarko, where at a tender age Mr. B made his first business contact with Demon Rum. There were a number of Indians living near Anadarko. The sale of alcoholic beverages to Indians was then and is now forbidden by law. When he was seven, one of Sherman's older brothers brought joy to his childish heart by presenting him with a little red wagon. Then his brother carefully placed in the wagon one dozen bottles of beer. On top of the beer he put a blanket, and on top of the blanket he put Sherman's nephew, aged two.

"Now, Sherman," he said. "You just pull your wagon down by the Indian village and you just stand there. When an Indian takes a bottle of beer out of the wagon, you take fifty cents off him."

Thus Sherman was introduced to that phase of the liquor traffic known as rum-running. In fact, it may be that Sherman was the youngest rumrunner in history. The baby nephew can scarcely be considered as a contender for the title because he was not actually an active participant in the transactions. He was asleep during most of the business hours. The Indians removed the beer bottles from under him with great care so as not to wake him up.

At the tender age of sixteen Mr. B was already embarked on a modified form of his present business. He and his brother, Fred, had opened the Lyric Drugstore at First and Robinson Streets in Oklahoma City. In a dry territory, such as Oklahoma was in those preprohibition days, certain angles of the drugstore business bore a family resemblance to certain angles of the night-club business today. Not everybody bellied up to the soda fountain in dry territory drugstores calling for a strawberry ice cream or a nut sundae. The majority of applicants for refreshment called for a shot in the arm, as a jolt of redeye was then known. The drugstores could get whisky from the warehouses on government withdrawal permits. The government assumed the whisky was for medicinal purposes. And who should say, when a man called for a slug, that he wanted it to make the

drunk come, not to relieve the pains and aches aforesaid? I mean, was the drugstore clerk or soda puller to make a mere call for a dram a case for the D.A.?

No one seemed to think so in those good old days. We used to have drugstores like that in Colorado Springs which was dry territory many years ago, and I always thought the whisky tasted rather funny. It was one reason why I quit drinking whisky. Anyway, the Lyric ran for two years under the firm of Billingsley and Billingsley and did fine.

There were similar ventures in other parts of the country. Then Sherman became a wholesaler of legitimate liquor in St. Joseph, Missouri. This was still prohibition, and Missouri was a wet state, though hard by was Nebraska which was dry. The dryness thereof Sherman made it his business to alleviate.

He began riding the bleak Western roads through the dark of night with loads of liquor for the relief of thirsty in such towns as Omaha. It was what they called rumrunning. He was young, and it was the high excitement that youth craves. I would not be surprised if today, as he sits in the lush elegance of his Stork Club, absently nodding to passing celebrities, there are times when he sees beyond the lights and the gay crowds the lone reaches of some black and muddy road in the back country of Nebraska and hears above the oompah of the rumba number only the steady hum of his motor as he drives furiously through the night. I find it almost impossible to reconcile these facts of his early career with his shrinking and gentle personality, but of course every man changes when responsibility takes him by the elbow and starts guiding his steps.

Afterwards, Sherman worked in the equally dry sections around Des Moines. Then he became owner of three grocery stores in Detroit. There, Fred Armour, an Oklahoma schoolmate, worked with Mr. B. He has worked with him ever since. Today Fred is day manager of the Stork Club and runs its concessions.

In the early 'twenties, Sherman came to New York and invested his Detroit earnings in a Bronx drugstore, which soon expanded into a string of drugstores in the Bronx and Westchester County, Harlem, Staten Island and Brooklyn. He also delved into real estate and built a four-block residential district known as Billingsley Terrace. In 1925, he married Hazel Donnelly. Their oldest daughter, Jacqueline, who is now nineteen, drops into the Stork quite frequently. Barbara, ten years old, often throws a luncheon party for her schoolmates. Shermane, the youngest Billingsley girl, does not pay much attention to her father's business. She is only two.

THE first Stork Club, which opened in 1929 on a site on West Fifty-eighth Street where a Western Union office now stands, looked not unlike the current establishment. And like 21, El Morocco and the Colony in those prohibition days, it was a speak-easy.

The management of a speak-easy had its headaches. On the one hand there was the law. The Federal agents who raided the Stork Club had to use a member's card to get by the door. When they completed the raid, they would hand the card to Mr. B with a smile. The name and number were carefully obliterated, of course. Mr. B went frantic trying to figure which of his customers was in cahoots with the Department of Internal Revenue.

Finally he designed a membership card which was really two cards; the second one, bearing the same number, was glued tightly to the first one. After the next raid, Mr. B accepted the telltale document from Federal agents and split it in two. Inside he found the number of the guilty member, who, to this day, remains on his black list.

On the other hand, when the speak-easy proprietor was not worrying about the law, he pondered about the underworld. When the Stork Club became popular, Mr. B was visited one evening by two notorious racketeers who inquired politely what valuation the owner placed on his business. Sherman, whose original investment amounted to something like six thousand dollars, allowed it might be around thirty thousand.

The more repulsive member of the team licked his thumb and placed ten one-thousand-dollar bills on the table.

"We now own one third," he announced.

THE owner of a speak-easy in that era could hardly turn down such a proposition. The gangland powers had too much influence with the sources of liquor supplies. There was also the possibility of being put out of business in a manner that might leave you somewhat maimed for the rest of your time on this earth.

Sherman, to put it mildly, did not care for the arrangement. He found himself owning pieces of other speak-easies in which he had no particular interest. He was forced to do business with certain friends of his new partners. These same friends often appeared in the Stork Club at inopportune moments, frightening the regular customers. But Mr. B was advised strongly by acquaintances whose judgment he respected to do nothing about it.

Finally there was a meeting of the partners in the Stork Club cellar at which Sherman attempted to buy back the one third of the stock. "We don't own one third of the club," he was informed coldly. "We own one third of *you*."

But after a year Mr. B got out of the alliance rather easily. He merely paid thirty thousand dollars to regain full ownership of his own business, three times more than he had received under the original shakedown.

The underworld was not pleased. At that point, however, Mr. B was a good friend of several very influential people. One of them, highly placed in New York politics, let it be known around town that if anything happened to Sherman there might well be a general crack down on rackets and several mobsters would find themselves forthwith in the pokey, or as the British prefer to call it, the gaol.

In the meantime, the Stork Club became famous. It started to attract the Social Register trade. The free champagne and perfume and the free publicity really paid off after Sherman moved to Fifty-first Street, near Park Avenue. The Vanderbilts and the Astors were followed by the Washington politicians and the Hollywood glamour girls. Now, in the Fifty-third Street location, where he has been since 1934, Mr. B does a two-million-dollar business annually.

The present headwaiter of the Stork Club is a short, fat and bald little man named Victor Crotta. When Mr. B opened the original institution in 1929, he hired Victor as headwaiter. Victor stuck it out for a few months. Then he handed Sherman his resignation. "I don't think you are going to be a success," he said.

Victor opened a restaurant of his own on Fifty-second Street and later gave that up to go into the liquor-importing business. In October, 1942, he dropped in to see Mr. B and asked if he could go to work for him again. "I think you are going to be a success," he said.

Victor's second guess was undoubtedly correct.

THE END

Its cleaner, brighter **Taste** means cleaner, brighter teeth!

New Pepsodent,

the only tooth paste containing **Irium,** removes the film that makes your teeth look dull...uncovers the natural brilliance of your smile!

Use Pepsodent twice a day .. see your dentist twice a year.

The White Circus Horse

(*Continued from page 65*)

instead. That beautiful white circus horse got so set in our heads we couldn't think of anything else, and for days every chance we got we went up the road and looked at the picture, and every time we went to look, that horse seemed still more beautiful to us. By the time the circus came to New Orleans we'd have given anything we owned just to get one little glimpse of that horse. But of course, we knew we wouldn't. Not children like us.

WELL, a few weeks went by, until finally we decided that maybe it was better to ride the old mule we had, than to imagine riding a white circus horse we didn't have. So one afternoon, when we knew father wasn't working in the fields but was patching the barn, we went out to the pasture to catch the old mule. And what do you think?

He wasn't there.

We went down to the barn, then, and asked my father what had happened to the mule. And he said, "Your grandfather took him to go into New Orleans. The circus called him because they've got a sick horse."

We all looked at one another because right away we were afraid it was our beautiful white circus horse that was sick, and Bill said, "Was it a white horse?"

"I don't know what kind it was," my father said. "Just a sick horse."

We didn't talk any more but went walking down the dusty lane to the gate at the road. We sat down in the grass to wait for Grandfather.

"If it is the white circus horse," Bill said, "I bet Grandfather will cure him."

"He's the best horse doctor in the South," I said.

"Everyone knows that," Rose said.

So we lay in the grass there by the gate and waited and waited until the west was streaked with red. And then we saw Grandfather coming down the road on the old mule. Behind Grandfather was a white horse.

We waited at the gate, the three of us. When Grandfather turned down the lane toward the barn we began to run alongside him, looking at the white horse. He didn't look much like our beautiful white circus horse in the picture. His head hung down, and his eyes looked dull and stupid, and his coat was matted with dirt. But his tail was extra long; Bill noticed that. When Grandfather came up to the barn my father helped him off the old mule and Grandfather said, "Fix up the second stall, son."

"Where'd you get him?" Father said.

"Circus man gave him to me," Grandfather said. He looked awfully tired. "I told him the horse would most likely die, but maybe I could cure him in six months. The man, he says he can't have a sick horse around for six months, but he ain't got the heart to shoot him. So he gave him to me."

"Will he die, Grandfather?" I asked.

"I don't know," Grandfather said. "I'm going to doctor him. But only the Lord can save him."

My father covered the floor of the second stall with fresh straw, and Grandfather led the white horse in. The horse sighed and lay down and Grandfather shook his head. Rose began to cry. My father took her hand and said, "Come on, children, it's suppertime. Let your grandfather take care of the horse."

We didn't eat much. We didn't talk

A great Martini must know the right people... and here they are!

Without them, no Martini can be at its best. For they put a Martini on the road to greatness by giving it the right start in life... a *great gin!*

These men from faraway lands produce the IMPORTED BOTANICALS used in Hiram Walker's Gin. The plump juniper. The delicate coriander. The spicy cassia. The fragrant herbs, barks and berries from Italy, China, Czechoslovakia, Saxony—best in the world.

Yet, only the cream of the cream goes into Hiram Walker's Gin. Fine as they are, these matchless botanicals are finer in some years than in others—they have "vintage" years. *That's* when we buy them—and *only* then.

Taste what a difference imported botanicals make in any gin drink. And learn why the best mixers insist upon Hiram Walker's Gin for a Martini that makes them say "That's *great!*"

HIRAM
WALKER'S
Distilled London Dry
GIN

90 proof. Distilled from 100% American grain.
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill


"Here's a stocking after my own heart
it's seam-free—to highlight fashion's sleek, lovely look," says
Claire McCardell
noted fashion designer
The new DANCING TWINS nylons are designed to fit perfectly... made to belong to the leg. The Seal of the DANCING TWINS identifies these exquisite new nylons... sold under leading brand names... at the better stores.
DANCING TWINS
Trade-mark
Perfect Fit · Seam-Free Beauty
PATENTED HEEL AND TOE
LOOK FOR THIS SEAL ON THE HOSIERY, THE BOX OR THE WRAPPER

much at the table, either. When we went upstairs Bill whispered to Rose and me, "If you'll pray for him, I will," and we nodded.

Rose and I slept together. After we'd said our prayers we stayed awake a long time, whispering. We couldn't decide whether the white horse in the barn was our beautiful white circus horse or not. But we did so much hope he didn't die.

In the morning us three children and my father went right to the barn as soon as we got up. Grandfather was sitting there in the straw with the horse's head in his lap. He had stayed there all night. He said the white horse wasn't any better, and he wasn't any worse.

Two weeks passed, and Grandfather spent many nights with him and days, too. Then one evening Grandfather said for sure that the horse would live. We children were very happy. And the way my father and grandfather smiled I could tell they were very happy, too. After a month, Grandfather led the white horse out to pasture. He was all skin and bones, and he stood with his head hanging down; once in a while he ate some grass or walked over to the creek to drink.

Paul Marcus, the author of this story

By now our sugar beets had to be harvested, and there was a lot of work in the fields for us children; but every day we went out to the pasture to look at the white horse, if only for a few minutes. If we could, we lay down in the grass near by and watched him eat. Grandfather kept doctoring the horse. As the weeks passed his ribs filled out and his coat became glossy; he held his head higher and higher, and his eyes began to brighten.

One day, when we were lying out in the grass watching him eat, a horse fly came along and bit him on the haunch, and he threw up his head and went galloping across the pasture, his mane and tail streaming out and his eyes with that look of a boy let out of school. Such a beautiful sight you never did see! And we knew, watching him, that he was our own, our very own beautiful white circus horse.

THE next day Grandfather put a bridle on the white circus horse and lifted all three of us children up on his back and led him around the pasture. My father came over from a field and leaned against a fence and watched. The white circus horse had a broad strong back, and we could feel his muscles moving beneath us as he walked, and our heels could feel him breathing. Around the pasture we went, Bill in front holding on to the mane and Rose holding on to Bill and me holding on to Rose, while my grandfather smiled and my father laughed and laughed because he was so happy. "Make him go faster!" Bill shouted, and Grandfather made the white circus horse trot a little, and we bounced up and down and the wind went whistling past our ears. But soon Grandfather was out of breath, and he led the horse up to my father. Grandfather helped us all down and he and my father smiled at each other.

"Tomorrow," Grandfather said to my father, "we'll hitch him up to the buggy and drive to town."

"Us too!" Bill said.

"No," Grandfather said. "We don't know how he'll drive, so we can't take you children along. But if he behaves well, we'll take you along next time."

Bill puckered up, but he didn't cry, because we knew that, besides being the best horse doctor in the South, Grandfather was old and wise and knew best.

In the morning we all went to the barn together to hitch up the beautiful white circus horse. My father threw the old mule's harness over the white circus horse's back, and he had to let out every strap to the last notch and even piece it out here and there to make it fit. Then Father backed the white circus horse between the shafts of the buggy and fastened them. He helped Grandfather up into the seat. Then he got into the seat too and gathered up the reins and off they went.

What a beautiful sight that white circus horse was, going down the lane! Mother turned her head so us children wouldn't see her eyes, and we stood there and watched until there was only dust to see. And the minute he was gone we almost stopped believing in the white circus horse, because he was such a wonderful thing to happen to a family like us that it seemed a good fairy had indeed given us a wish and then taken it away again.

BILL was the first to see them coming down the lane in the evening, and he let out a whoop, and we all went down to the barn. Father climbed down, and we looked at Grandfather's face, and we stopped talking. We didn't ask them any questions. We knew something was wrong; we smelled danger. We watched my father and grandfather unhitch the beautiful white circus horse, and we followed them to the house and watched them wash. My mother got our supper.

"How did he drive?" my mother said, knowing very well what we children knew.

"He drove all right," Father said.

"A very gentle horse," Grandfather said.

"Except that he has to pass," Father said. "When he comes up behind another horse, he's got to pass; he can't be held."

"A runaway horse!" Mother said.

"No, not at all," Father said. "It's just that the circus must have trained him to try to pass any horse he comes near, and he's bound to do it."

"Today," Grandfather said, "we passed Dr. Wilkinson on the road and Judge Glass, and they smiled and they waved to us. We passed that Joe Kirby, too. He didn't smile. He didn't wave to us."

Then us children understood. Grandfather looked very tired and shook his head. Mother took us children up to bed, and we were all quiet and frightened and said our prayers extra long, and said "Amen" twice at the end.

Well, after that, my father didn't know what to do. He didn't want to drive the beautiful white circus horse into town again, because it was too dangerous for us all; but he hated not to drive him, too. He didn't know what to do. Two weeks

passed while the beautiful white circus horse ate grass in the meadow and drank water from the creek and sometimes galloped from one fence to the other just to feel his muscles roll and his long white tail stream out. And finally my father and grandfather decided they would try it again, and they hitched up the beautiful white circus horse and drove to town.

And what do you think happened?

The same thing. When they got back home the white circus horse was dirty and covered with sweat, and Grandfather rubbed him down and curried him before leaving him in the stall. We went in to dinner, and my father told my mother, "I couldn't hold him back; we passed that Kirby man again, and two other white folks I didn't know."

Us children were even more frightened than we were before.

"So," Rose said to Bill when we were alone, "you wanted a horse that'd pass every other horse on the road! It's all your fault!" Bill hung his head, and you could see he felt bad.

"Isn't either his fault," I said.

"I wished for him all right," Bill said.

"But it isn't your fault," I told him, and I gave him a little hug, and he felt better. Soon after that we went to bed, and Rose and I stayed awake awhile whispering.

"Do you suppose," I said, "that any of those folks the circus horse passed up are awful mad?"

"I don't know," she said. "Let's give our beautiful circus horse a carrot first thing in the morning."

"Let's," I said.

In the morning we ran out to the pasture before breakfast, but we couldn't find our white circus horse. We couldn't see him anywhere, though we saw the old mule. We ran all over, calling the horse as loud as we could, until Bill heard us, and came out to help us hunt. At last we found him down by the creek. He was lying on his side close to the water. Our beautiful white circus horse had been shot through the head.

We walked back to the house. We told my father and my grandfather, and they walked out across the meadow. Us children didn't want to see our beautiful white circus horse lying there dead, again, so we climbed up into the hayloft over the old barn, where it was quiet and sweet-smelling like a church. We lay down in the hay and looked up at the rafters. We watched a bird building a nest, flying in with a wisp of straw and then flying out again to get another.

"Do you think Father did it?" Bill said all of a sudden.

"No!" Rose and I said together.

"He might have," Bill said, "to protect us."

"Why don't you go ask him?" I said.

"I will," Bill said, and he got out of the hay and climbed down the ladder.

My sister Rose and I heard Bill cross the yard, but we didn't hear the house door slam. Then pretty soon we heard Bill climbing up the ladder toward the loft, and he came and lay down in the hay. He didn't say anything.

"Well, did you ask him?" Rose said.

"No," Bill said, "but he didn't do it."

"How do you know?" Rose said.

"Because, I looked through the window," Bill said, "and he was sitting in the kitchen, crying."

. . . And that's the end of the story about the white circus horse . . . Now go to sleep, child.

THE END

"The Vine," by Elizabeth Enright: June Blue Ribbon story of a woman's nostalgic return to the place of her only real happiness

---

The Accomplice (*Continued from page 47*)

she may win something by gambling," said my aunt disapprovingly. Then she let that supposition slide. "But it looks—the way she goes round with *that man*——"

"Tawdry stuff," said my uncle. "Husband should put his foot down. No backbone."

"It's dreadful to let it go on."

"Not the people for this place," said my uncle. "Can't think why they came."

"I expect he wanted to be with nice people," said my aunt. "You can see he's used to nice ways. But that wife——"

"Management should know better." My uncle looked at me. "I shouldn't see too much of them, Frederick."

I said, "No, sir." It wasn't a prohibition, I was thinking. I knew I would have disobeyed the most rigorous prohibition . . . for not to see Lucy . . .

We had met at the morning outdoor art class to which elders affixed their young by way of exposing them to culture and getting them looked after. Lucy and I were older than the others, and we were both shy and embarrassed by it and took to each other in immediate sympathy. That first morning I was limping a little from too much running, and I think that drew her to me. She was a gentle, compassionate girl, but with an intense pride.

Neither of us had artistic talent, but we industriously painted indigo seas and purple and gold sand and confided our true ambitions. I wanted to be an aviator, and she wanted to dance.

I remember I said, "To dance? But you know how, don't you?" and she looked at me oddly and said, "I mean to be a dancer. A real dancer. In ballet."

I had never seen any ballet. Plays and concerts, yes, but I expect my mother had felt ballet might give me, in my braces, a feeling of frustration. So I could summon no image of a ballet dancer, but I knew if Lucy wanted to be one that it was a lovely thing to be.

"Are you going to be one?" I asked.

She shook her head. Her hair was dark, fine spun as the hair of a very young child, and it fell to her shoulders in a cloud with uncurled ends. Her eyes were grayish blue. Everything about her was fine and delicate.

"It's too late," she murmured. "I had some lessons once, but——" Then she brightened and confided, "I still practice by myself. Silly little dances I make up. You never know——"

I said, "I don't know how to dance."

"I'll show you."

"Do you think I could? My mother wanted me to try last winter, but I didn't want to go to classes with kids."

I had told my mother I didn't care to dance. But I could tell Lucy anything.

So I knew that no matter what my uncle said I would not give up being with Lucy Jones. Luckily, he felt that advice was a sufficient guide.

Several days went by. I saw Lucy the mornings of the art classes, and at other times we roamed the shore for shells. Because we were both shy, or through some instinct older than my experience, we avoided each other in the hotel. Mrs. Jones came and went in the long gray

car with her flashy-looking admirer, sometimes with a group of noisy friends, and Dr. Jones read a book at meals to his daughter.

The Jones family was the scandal and enigma of the hotel. No one knew anything about them except their present appearance. The ladies did not say anything to Mrs. Jones beyond an occasionally forced and distant greeting, so naturally they could discover nothing from her. They were pleasant to Dr. Jones when he was without his wife, but the doctor was reticent, and, I expect, astute at warding off leading questions. He was a forlorn underdog beside his showy wife, but he had a gentle dignity, and there was something about the sad, shabby man that drew you with an instinctive trust.

IT SOMEHOW became known that Lucy had been born abroad and had never seen America, though she had gone to school in England. Also that Dr. Jones had never practiced since he came abroad.

I remember a scrap of conversation between my uncle and aunt about that.

My uncle said, "My guess is he had his license revoked—you know——" and cocked his eyebrows at my aunt.

She nodded and said, "He's just the softhearted man who *would* . . ."

I wondered what softheartedness had to do with not being allowed to practice medicine, but I was shy of questions that revealed my own inadequate knowledge of life.

My aunt was saying, "I wonder what he really *does* over here? He must have *something* to live on."

"Lives on his wife's money, very likely," said my uncle. "That's why he doesn't put his foot down."

"I don't believe she has any money. Clotilde says she's always nagging him for more money. Clotilde heard her tell him she had to get one of her friends to stake her at the Casino."

"Ha! Gossiping with Clotilde!"

Clotilde was the chambermaid on our floor, a stout middle-aged brunette with eyes like sparkling jet.

"Well, I like to practice my French," said my aunt, though Clotilde used vigorous English in her outpourings, and all the French my aunt spoke was a *"Tiens, tiens!"* and *"Vous dites!"* at the revelations.

Clotilde took a lively interest in *la famille Jones*. Nothing so piquant had happened before to the staid hotel. Clotilde did not belong to the school of thought that held Dr. Jones was subservient to his wife's money, nor did she accept for a moment the delicate theory of the old ladies in waiting that he was so nice-minded that everything seemed quite innocent to him. Clotilde took a very dim view of that possibility, when my aunt relayed it to her.

"Not to see a thing before your face—when it flaunts itself! A man would have no natural sense. And that one is experienced. He is sad with experience." Clotilde drew a deep breath and said impressively. "She is in his blood. He is possessed by her. There are men like that, for whom only one woman exists. They will bear anything, Madame, anything, rather than lose her. They will let themselves be trampled on, ordered about like a dog. Only to be near her. He knows she is a *poule*, but what can he do?"

I was impressed.

"But someday she will go too far," said Clotilde darkly. "And then—Poof! Phsst! Those quiet ones—they are the ones to be feared."

That night I looked across the dining room to see what a man looked like who

had a woman in his blood, but my new knowledge added nothing to my impressions. I merely saw the same mild-looking man, reading a paper propped against a carafe. He was certainly a quiet one, but there was nothing about him to suggest any future Poof and Phsst.

IMPRESSIONS overlay themselves so rapidly that it is hard to know exactly how much I understood then, but I don't believe I was aware, at first, of all that the gossip was implying. Clotilde's *poule* meant nothing specific to me—I simply gathered that the French said "hen" when they meant a silly woman. Through my reading I was awesomely acquainted with the implications of "lover," but no one in my aunt's circles said "lover"—they said that Mrs. Jones "saw too much" of that dreadfully fast-looking man, and I took the words at their face value.

I thought of her as parading around with Tony at cafés and the Casino, which she certainly did, and that seemed quite bad enough to me, since it hurt Dr. Jones and Lucy.

It was a little embarrassing to be with Mrs. Jones now, and I called her "you" instead of the "Lili" she liked, but she must have put that down to my young awkwardness. She treated Lucy and me as children who mildly amused her; she chaffed us, and sometimes she was quite jolly to be with, but I had the feeling of holding my breath for fear something would go wrong and she would lash out at her husband.

She never spoke as viciously as the night I had overheard her in the hall but very often, when out of sorts, she was spiteful and contemptuous. She had a way of saying, "Oh, you do, do you?" and "That comes well from *you!*" and laughing nastily.

He never answered back. He retreated in utter quiet.

Lucy looked distressed when some flare-up occurred, but she had her father's silence. I had no idea what she felt for her mother, but I knew it must all be dreadfully complicated, for a mother is a mother and there is a natural fondness—moreover, there was something defensive in Lucy's pride that made her walk through the hotel halls stiff and straight beside her mother, as if she dared anyone to say a word against her. Yet she was tenderly attached to her father and must have suffered a great deal for him.

Money was the root of much of the acrimony. Mrs. Jones despised her husband because he lacked it, and he was perpetually in the wrong because of that and of other things I did not understand. There was a quarrel about the expense of keeping Lucy in the art class, but there Mr. Jones was quietly firm. I suppose he felt she was learning something and that she was with nice children even though they were younger.

I remember that Mrs. Jones said, "All right, then! Don't blame me if . . ." and gestured with the hands where the two diamond rings sparkled.

Through their talk I came to know that Dr. Jones had worked at several things in several places, but they seemed places where his wife never wanted to continue living. She despised England which Lucy had liked, and where he seemed to have had some idea of becoming a doctor again. Mrs. Jones said that Switzerland was all right if you got to know anybody and didn't get stuck in a cheap pension. She hated Paris, which surprised me, for I thought so lively a lady would revel in Paris, but they had lived in a French quarter, and she knew no French, though Lucy spoke it naturally. And just when Mrs. Jones was getting to know some Americans, Dr. Jones took them away.

She said, "If I'd been smarter then . . .!" and looked at him and laughed.

I wasn't, you understand, consciously putting two and two together and piecing out the puzzle of their life. I happened to hear these things, but I was not very concerned with them. I was absorbed in my happiness with Lucy. I had a wonderful feeling of happiness when I was with her.

That was all I wanted—to be with her. There was nothing of a boy's adolescent fumbling for love-making in this. It was, in utter truth, an affair of the heart. I never thought of kissing her, and I never touched her, except casually and naturally, until that time at the very last. I simply loved her. She was unutterably dear and precious. She was Lucy.

IT WAS only for a short time that the Joneses stayed at our hotel. They moved suddenly into a small rundown villa on the hill behind us. Whether the management prompted the move or the hotel was beyond their means no one knew, but I expect it was a little of both. Dr. Jones had the villa rent free for acting as caretaker.

This change made it much easier for me to be with them without anyone at the hotel being the wiser. My aunt knew that I spent some time at the villa but not how much. She did not mind my seeing Lucy occasionally, for she thought Lucy was "sweet," and there were no other young people my age at the hotel, but she would have disapproved if she had known how many times I trudged up the hill, after she saw me starting off down the beach on my business of shell collecting.

Generally Mrs. Jones was out or asleep, and Lucy and the doctor and I had the place all to ourselves. Lucy could keep her promise of teaching me to dance, and I was glad to learn, but I never enjoyed it very much for I felt clumsy beside Lucy. She had a natural grace and lightness that was sheer enchantment to watch.

The doctor was always repairing things, a broken arbor, or a neglected chair, and Lucy and I helped, and at those times he talked a good deal to us, chiefly about natural history. His mind was stored with information about birds and butterflies and moths and mammals; I was much more interested than Lucy who had heard all this before. One day, when he was showing us different butterflies, Lucy suddenly darted off to do a butterfly dance for us.

With arms outspread, now fluttering, now still, she hovered over flowers or flashed across the tiny lawn. Her hair caught the sunshine and her slim feet moved so fleetly that she gave the illusion of wings. She was so beautiful that my throat ached, and I was angry when a loud clapping broke in on us. Tony—I never knew his other name—had come along the path and he applauded and cried *"Bravo!"* and *"Bis!"*

Lucy ran back to us, flushed to clove pink. The man gave her a warm, admiring smile. "You've certainly got something, kid." For all his olive skin and what the hotel called his "foreign looks," he spoke like one kind of New Yorker, as perhaps he was.

Usually Lucy was polite but shy with him. Now she asked eagerly, "Do you think I can dance?"

He had a thick mouth with upturned ends, and now its ends turned up more and more as he looked at her. He told her, "Dancing ain't half of it."

Dr. Jones took a step toward Lucy, and his thin hand clasped hers as it used to at the hotel. He said, his voice sounding

set and formal, "We will tell my wife that you are here."

"You do that," said the man. He looked very amused. Then he took out a match and began picking his teeth.

THE talk about Mrs. Jones did not die down with her departure from the hotel. She was conspicuous on the beach or at a café which she and Tony frequented for afternoon drinks, and Clotilde kept the ladies of the hotel supplied with startling facts. The Joneses kept no maid, only a woman once a week to clean, and Clotilde went up to the villa on her free nights each week to cook dinner for them.

I heard her tell my aunt that the doctor did the marketing, like a *bonne à tout faire*. "And prepares the breakfast and brings it to her in bed. Figure you that, Madame. Then he and the little mademoiselle eat together in the garden. Ah, she is *gentille*, the little one. Like a flower. A rose opening . . . *Quel malheur* to have such a mother!"

"*Tiens, tiens!*" said my aunt.

Clotilde thumped a pillow. "It is as I said, Madame. He is a slave to her. In terror of losing her."

"Oh, come, come," said my aunt, abandoning all that "*tiens, tiens*," business. "He's just a meek-spirited little man who doesn't dare call his soul his own. He must know what she is and hate it, but he hasn't the pluck to do anything about it. That's what's the matter with him."

"He will do something one day. I have seen his face when she threatened to leave him."

"It would be good riddance for him. . . These are your handkerchiefs, Frederick." My aunt was sorting out the laundry which had just returned.

As I went out the door Clotilde said, "And she threatens to take away the little one."

"She can't do that," said my aunt.

THEN the yacht came. A great many yachts came to Monte Carlo that summer and they were nothing in my life but slim, beautiful, distant objects to gaze at. This yacht, however, was different. It was different because of the fact that Tony knew the owner.

It happened like this. It was a day like any other day, all blue and gold with white balloons of cloud in the sky, and I came along the beach till I met the Jones family before the cabaña which belonged to their villa. I dropped down beside Lucy, who was stringing shells. Lili Jones was talking away to the doctor about something.

I paid no attention till her voice grew sharp. "I tell you Tony's a *friend* of his. Tony's got plenty of swell friends. And you can't stick up your nose at this one—he's all right. He's rich. He's so rich that Tony says he makes the Rothschilds look like pikers. Why do you always have to crab?"

Dr. Jones said mildly, "I only said that it seemed unlikely that such a personage would be interested in meeting us."

"Who said he wanted to meet *you*? I said that Tony was going to see he met *me*."

Lucy jumped up and ran toward the water. I wanted to go with her, but I didn't. I stretched out and laid my face on my arms. I would go in a moment, I thought. When it wouldn't be so noticeable.

Lili Jones said angrily, "You seem to think I haven't any S.A. left."

The doctor was silent.

"If I ever had anything decent to show me off."

Then silence. Two separate silences,

sullenness and dreariness. I turned my head to watch Lucy dashing in and out of the surf. It was heavy surf, and its booming filled my ears so I didn't hear the feet on the sand. I heard Tony's voice, and then I heard Lili's, very gay and welcoming.

I looked around. There was an older man with Tony, a really old man for his hair was white under a yachtsman's cap. He looked stiff and important, and I knew he must be Tony's rich friend, who made the Rothschilds look like pikers.

Tony said genially, "And our young friend, Freddy," and I scrambled up politely. A pair of cold, sharp eyes examined and dismissed me, and I sat down again. Dr. Jones offered his beach chair, and in a few moments detached himself from the group. Lili sat in the sand at the old man's feet, and I could see that she was very nervous, laughing and talking a great deal in an anxious-to-please way. Her hair was floating about her shoulders, and she kept tossing it back and twitching at the straps of her bathing suit. Tony was sitting beside his rich friend, throwing in a word now and then when Lili ran down. The old man did not seem to talk much. I turned and looked toward the water, toward Lucy.

She was dancing in and out the surf which was high that day. She had on a white bathing suit and her legs and arms were honey color. Sometimes she opened her arms wide toward the waves, letting them swirl over her, and sometimes she ran back, as the blue-green water broke, and outraced the white smother of foam about her feet.

She was lost in her play, utterly unconscious. It was a sea dance to her, I knew. There was something about her, an air of wild and joyous innocence, that made you feel that at any moment she might dive into the sea and disappear forever.

They were all watching her now. The old man said something and Lili said, "Yes, that's my kiddie. She's a darling little thing."

"Didn't I tell you?" said Tony, in an odd, satisfied voice.

Lucy stopped her play and looked back over her shoulder, and I ran out to her. When we came back Tony and the stranger were gone, and Mrs. Jones was talking eagerly to the doctor. She was very excited.

She and Lucy were to lunch on a yacht next day. This rich man owned a yacht. Now maybe he'd believe she knew what she was talking about when she said Tony had swell friends. But what was she going to wear? There wasn't time to get anything—as if she ever had any money to get anything! Lucky the white sharkskin was back from the cleaner's. Lucy could wear her pale blue silk—it didn't matter if it was a little short . . . And what sort of hat did you wear on a yacht? Sort of small and tailored? That wasn't her type. The big white with the roses set her off better.

WHEN I went up to the villa late next afternoon Dr. Jones was alone, the others not yet back. He was putting a clock together, and I watched him for some time. His thin hands moved surely and dexterously. I said something about it being hard to do, and he smiled, in a queer way. He said, "I've put together more tricky insides than this."

I asked, "Were you a surgeon, too?" and he said, speaking as if he hardly knew he was speaking, "On the staff of one of the best hospitals in Chicago."

I was from a suburb of Chicago, and I almost said so. I expect he'd taken it for granted, if he thought about my background at all, that I was from Connecticut where my uncle lived. But the words never came out. An explosion of recognition, like a depth charge, went off inside me.

I thought: Why, of course! If he came from Chicago, then he was my mother's Dr. Jones. The very doctor who had brought me into the world. Mother was convinced that without his skill and devotion neither she nor I would have lived. When I had the accident to my leg she had said, crying bitterly, "Oh, if we only had Dr. Jones!"

She didn't have Dr. Jones then because, just after I was born, he had left his wife and practice and everything he had worked so hard for and run off with a young woman nobody knew anything about.

It was one of the greatest scandals of the community. Dr. and Mrs. Jones had been members of the church that Mother and Father went to then—this was before they moved to the suburbs.

I HAD heard the story ever since I could remember. I was always impressed by Mother's emotion about it; I had heard her say to other ladies, "You'll never make me believe Dr. Jones wasn't a *good* man—even though he did wrong. He was weak—he yielded to temptation—but he was *good.*"

That paradox had interested me, for, when I did wrong, nobody thought I was good.

I had absorbed unconsciously quite a few bits of the story. Mrs. Jones had never known there was another woman, though after the event she remembered being suspicious of a young woman who came to the door one evening to see the doctor. Mrs. Jones—the authentic Mrs. Jones—had gone to the door herself because she was seldom able to keep a maid, and she had seen the young woman and taken the message that the doctor was to call Mrs. Delcourt as soon as he came in.

She thought it "pretty funny" that the woman had come to the house instead of telephoning, but she had given the message to the doctor when he came and he rushed right out, saying something about an emergency. She described the woman as young and pretty in a showy way, with a much better fur coat than her own. She was bitter about the fur coat because she was convinced that Dr. Jones had bought it for her. It was with Mrs. Delcourt that he vanished.

The doctor had written, begging his wife to forgive him and to grant him a divorce. Mrs. Jones refused. He wrote again, pleading and entreating, saying that a child was coming, and Mrs. Jones read the letter to her friends. Mother was not one of her intimates, but she knew someone who had heard the letter and described it as "pitiful."

But Mrs. Jones was adamant. She said a good deal to her friends about the punishment for sin and the judgments of God and undoubtedly incorporated her views into her letter to her husband. So far as mother knew, she never did give him a divorce. Nothing more was ever known of Dr. Jones.

The story was only one of many at the bottom of my young consciousness, but it seemed astonishing to me then that I hadn't thought of it before, that I had waited for the word "Chicago" to make the connection.

I sat there, not daring to look above his hands, wondering why he had not recognized my name, since he had been at such pains to bring me into the world. But the name Brown was as usual as Jones, and he must have brought a great many babies into the world. Besides, at the time of my advent, he certainly had

something else very much on his mind.

I figured back. I was sixteen, and Lucy was fifteen.

Mother had spoken of Dr. Jones as being a young man, young for a doctor in his position—was that the young thirties? He must be in the late forties now . . . Over fifteen years with Lili Delcourt.

I was too young to know all that meant, but I had some inkling of it.

He looked across at me after a time. "What is it, my boy?"

I felt myself reddening. "Nothing. I was just—thinking."

He probably fancied I was thinking of Lucy for he smiled that kindly smile of his and went on with his tinkering.

I continued to watch his hands. I thought how they must miss their true work. How he must hate this hole-and-corner existence with a woman he must be ashamed of. I wondered what he felt for her—and if she was really "in his blood" as Clotilde said, or if he felt he had to stay with her because he had "wronged" her and could not marry her. She was Lucy's mother. Of course he had to put up with Lucy's mother.

MY THOUGHTS were so full of him that night I could scarcely attend to what was said at dinner. I was profoundly thankful that my aunt had undoubtedly forgotten a story that my mother years ago must have told or written her, and even more thankful that I had never written home anything in particular about the Jones family. I had said that Lucy had taught me to dance, and that a nice doctor had told me a lot about natural history, and I was making a butterfly collection. I felt sure my aunt wouldn't write any scandal about the hotel. What she would write would be the stories of past high life that the old former ladies in waiting retailed.

The next afternoon I was on the beach again with the three Joneses, and Lili and Lucy poured out the story of the yacht's splendor. I had never seen Lucy so excited.

There had been what Lili called a lovely luncheon with champagne and men in white to wait on them, and all the time they had been sailing along the coast. "Sitting there like millionaires," said Lili with her throaty laugh. It had all been wonderful, simply wonderful. Their host had been wonderful. "Simply swell," said Lili, and this was before "swell" had any smartness, when it was merely common, and Lucy said quickly, "It was delightful."

For once Lili was not resentful. She laughed again and said, "Yeah. We got to watch our step now, Lucy, if we're going places."

Dr. Jones said in a low voice, "That man has a very bad reputation."

Lili turned on him sharply. "What do you know about his reputation? You don't know any of his friends. I don't see you talking to any top bankers and high-up politicians!" Her sarcasm was terrific. She said, "You'd better not try to crab anything. You know what I can do!"

The doctor was silent. Lucy looked from one to the other. She said, in a placating voice, "It was lovely, Father—being on the yacht."

"Lucy's had a taste of high life," said Lili mocking. Then she said tauntingly to Lucy, "But if your father's going to be so fussy, maybe I won't take you the next time. Maybe the next party will be for grownups."

Lucy said involuntarily, "Oh, no, Mother——"

"You see? Lucy's had a taste of high life," Lili repeated with satisfaction. She told Lucy, consolingly now, "Don't you worry. I'll see you have fun. How'd you

like to sail all over the Mediterranean on that yacht?"

Lucy looked tormented. She said loyally, "Only if Father comes, too."

I think they had forgotten about me. Then Tony came. He was in bathing trunks and flung himself down in the sand beside Lili. He gave her a slap for greeting, and, instead of slapping playfully back as she always did, she rolled away and told him not to get fresh.

He just laughed. He had an offhand bantering way with her as if she wasn't very important to him, but he was always touching her, or looking at her, and often he said things to her under his breath, as they lay stretched on the sand, that made her laugh in a soft, teasing, intimate way.

I didn't pay much attention for a time. I lay there looking toward Dr. Jones and Lucy who had gone off by themselves. Mrs. Jones and Tony murmured back and forth for quite a while, then suddenly Tony gave a whoop of laughter. "I get it! You're upstage because you think you've hooked a bigger fish! Girl, you kill me! You got more ideas about yourself."

He didn't sound offended. Just amused. Then he got serious. "Put that right out of your head. He isn't interested in your curves. He likes 'em young."

"You go to——"

"You don't get me. *That's* your bait." He nodded his black head toward Lucy.

Lily said sharply, "You're crazy!" Then she said something about "just a kid."

"Yeah? Well, he likes young girls. He'll give them everything their little hearts desire—if they like him. The sky's the limit. While it lasts."

In my inexperience I thought he was explaining to Lili that his rich friend wasn't interested in showy ladies but had a fatherly sort of love for young girls. That seemed to me all right. Probably he hadn't any children of his own. I wasn't auch s fool, though, that I failed to see that Tony felt this was something to be turned to advantage.

His low voice was urgent now. I heard "chance in a million," and "play your cards right," and "she'd have a grand time," and things like that. I didn't hear what Lili said. Once Tony sounded angry. He said, "Oh, no, you don't! Try that one, and I'll blow it all to bits. I know how. I've been useful to him before . . . You can't handle this alone. So you can make up your mind to come right back and be sweet to me."

That was the last thing I heard. Dr. Jones and Lucy had wandered off and presently, disappointed at not being with them, I picked myself up and went back to the hotel.

The next day I went on a motor trip along The Corniche with my uncle and aunt. It was very scenic, but I felt anything a waste that did not include Lucy. I imagined she was on one of the yachts lazing along the water and that we were looking across to each other through the blue distance.

THEN it stormed, and my aunt wouldn't let me go out. The rain fell in torrents. I remember how the bougainvillea lashed back and forth across my window in the gale. I thought that day would never end. I made up my mind to go out the next day no matter what happened.

The next day the gale had abated, but it still rained. I announced that I liked to walk in the rain, but my aunt said the art class was being held indoors that morning. I went to my room to get my painting things, wondering if there was a chance of Lucy's coming to the class. If not, I decided to walk out on it.

Then I heard Clotilde's voice carrying through the half-open door between the rooms. "She is leaving him, Madame! Leaving him for that piece of—for that other one. They are to motor off tomorrow, as soon as the little one is able—she has an upset of the stomach now."

My aunt was scandalized enough to satisfy even Clotilde's passion for giving a thrill. "How dreadful! You mean that she—she's actually going off——"

"Tomorrow. In the automobile."

"But—not to wait for a divorce!"

Clotilde said drily, "Do not imagine that friend of hers contemplates marriage, Madame."

"Then she's just—just——"

"*Exactement.*"

"How dreadful!" said my aunt again. "Her poor husband. You say she told him?"

"That I can assure you . . . With these ears I heard. While I was doing the oishes . . . They were together, the three of them, and she told him just as you tell someone you are giving up a room in a hotel, that she was going away with her friend. She said she had a chance now to get something for herself, that she was sick and tired of the kind of living the doctor gave her, and sick and tired of him."

"Good grief! . . . And what did he say?"

"At first nothing, Madame. He sat turned to stone. Then—oh, there was talk between them, and he began begging her—his voice was enough to break your heart. Lucy, that poor little one, was sobbing out loud. Finally she ran up the stairs and into her room, and you could hear her sobbing there. The doctor went up, but he could not quiet her, and then he came down and talked to *her* again. But it was no use. I heard her say, 'I'm going and Lucy's going and you can't stop us.' I heard it, Madame."

My aunt cried, "Lucy's going?"

"That is what she said."

"But she can't do that! A father has the right . . . If she's running away from her home she can't take her child."

Clotilde said vaguely, "Well—les *Americains!*" As if eloping with your child might be one of our customs. Then she said vigorously again, "It is as I said, Madame. She can do anything with him, even now. Deprive him of his child—anything. He is her slave."

"I never heard of such a thing in my life," said my aunt.

"I went up this morning—I had left a dish. The little one was in bed. Naturally the emotion had made her ill. But the plan is unchanged. Her *maman*"—with indescribable contempt—"was in the room packing her daughter's dresses."

My aunt said feebly, "Maybe she thinks that with a child it looks more—more . . ."

I could think of nothing but the awful fact that Lucy was to be taken away the next day. I had known our time together would not last forever, but this abruptness was dazing. I went downstairs, avoiding the art class, and hid myself in a corner of the reading room, with a book in my hands.

I really wanted to rush right to the villa, but what common sense I had told me that if Lucy was in bed I couldn't see her, and I had better wait. I also had a feeling that Lili Jones might be out by afternoon, and I did not want to see Lili Jones.

At any rate I waited till afternoon. The rain had stopped, but the day was gray as my thoughts. I trudged up the path to the villa, and went along the garden walk through the drip-drip of the leaves. The cleaning woman was shaking something at the side door, and I went in that way. She told me in French that the doctor was in the front room.

He was sitting there, not working at a table or a desk, but just sitting. He was quite thin, but now he looked shrunken. His face was so sad that the ache in me deepened with painful pity for him.

I said awkwardly, "Where's Lucy?"

"Upstairs . . . In bed . . . She's had an upset." His voice sounded the way he looked.

I asked, "Is she very sick?"

"Oh, no. Just a stomach upset. She—she overdid . . . I'll fix her a little soup when she wakes up."

I sat down. He did not say anything more, and I did not know what to say. I wanted terribly to say something that would be of comfort to him, but what could you say to a man whose wife—one he had thought of as his wife—was going to leave him? And going to take away their daughter . . .

There was a clock—the clock he had repaired—ticking loudly in the room. That ticking and an occasional noise from the back of the house were the only sounds. At last I got the courage to speak. I thought he might feel better if he knew there was some real reason for Lili's going, something besides her being sick of him.

It was very hard to put the words together, but I made an earnest stab at it. "It isn't just that she wants to go so much," I got out. My voice had been changing, and it croaked badly now.

He looked at me as if he had forgotten I was there and had no idea what I was talking about, and I said desperately, "Mrs. Jones, I mean. She isn't really crazy about Tony—she sounded sort of mad at him. But if she doesn't do what he wants, he won't help her about Lucy."

"Help her?" he said, his thoughts seeming to come back confusedly from far away.

"It's Tony's friend," I explained. "That one who has the yacht. He likes young girls. Tony said so. He can give Lucy about anything in the world, and Mrs. Jones wants her to have things. And Tony told her she could not fix it by herself."

There was a dead silence. Then, "Say that again," said the doctor harshly.

I said it again. I tried to think exactly what Tony had said. I repeated, "He'll give them everything their little hearts desire—if they like him. The sky's the limit." I didn't add, "While it lasts," because I didn't want him to worry about that, and it was inconceivable that any one could stop being fond of Lucy.

I told him, "He said Lucy would have a grand life. I know Lucy wants dancing lessons so she can dance in ballet . . . I guess Tony's friend hasn't got any children of his own—and he's wanted a girl——"

"God!" said the doctor. "Oh, my God!"

The horror in his voice was frightening. I saw I had made everything worse. It darted through my mind that he was thinking the rich old man would want to be a father to Lucy and not let her own father see her. That was worse than her just being with Lili and Tony. Tony would never want to be like a father.

"How do you know these things?" said the doctor in the same frightening voice, and I told him I'd overheard them, that I hadn't meant to overhear, but it just happened.

FOR a long time, it seemed to me, he sat staring ahead of him. His face was a queer color, a greenish-gray.

Then he said, speaking with slow emphasis, as if forced to make accounting to my ignorance, "That man is a very evil man. He is—abominable."

I did not understand the extremity of the horror. My immaturity, the innocence of my own thought of Lucy, kept me from realization. I understood only that

When you're in Love wear Muguet des Bois

Coty

FACE POWDER $1 • SACHET $1
PERFUME $5, $2.50, $1 • TOILET WATER $1.85, $1
DUSTING POWDER $1 • TALC 50¢ (All prices plus tax)

KINSEY'S MAY CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1 Dewey destroys Spanish Fleet at Manila, 1898.	2 First non-stop, trans-U. S. air flight, 1923.	3 Ho hum Spring fever Good thing it's Saturday!
4 Haymarket riots in Chicago, 1886.	5 Napoleon dies on St Helena, 1821	6 This Kinse is as good a	8 ermany ers, 1945.	9 Ethan Allen crosses Lake Ticonderoga, 1775.	10 First trans-U S railroad completed, 1869	
11 Well—it's not Father's Day!	12 National Golf Week Fo-o-o-re!	13 Jamestown, Va settlement in A	15 gins first air rvice, 1918.	16 Navy seaplanes first span Atlantic, 1919	17 First Kentucky Derby, 1875	
18 Selective Service Act made law, 1917	19 U. S. and Mexico sign Peace Treaty, 1848.	20 First fire e used in U S.	22 National aritime Day	23 "Squalus" sinks, 1939 Thirty-three men saved.	24 Indians sell N Y for $24, start land boom, 1626	
25 U S. Constitutional Convention begins, 1787.	26 If you're born today, your sign is Gemini.	27 British sink "unsinkable" Bismarck, 1941	29 R I., last of Colonies, ratifies Constitution, 1790.	30 Memorial Day	31 Att June Bridegrooms: Get ready, set . . !	

the old man who was to be Lucy's benefactor was hateful and mysteriously wicked. I thought of him instinctively as cruel. And I knew Tony and Lili would not protect Lucy from his cruelty—not with their eagerness for money.

I said anxiously, "Don't let her go! Stop her from going."

"I am helpless . . . Legally, I have no rights."

Later I understood that when a man is not married to the mother of his child, the mother has the right to the child. Later I understood many things. I understood that the doctor had been tied to Lili, not by that preposterous passion Clotilde had talked about but by his love for his child; he had been helpless in the grip of a situation he, himself, had brought about. At the time I simply ached with sorrow for him.

He did not seem to realize how much he had said, or if he did, he felt it did not matter. We sat there in silence. I was thinking my dazed, bewildered thoughts, sometimes of him, sometimes of Lucy, feeling miserably unhappy.

Of what he felt I had only implications, but I know now that he was a man looking into ruin, the ruin of his dearly loved child whom he was powerless to protect. The long years of his helpless endurance had been in vain. By his old act of folly he had come to this. The face of dead infatuation must have mocked him.

I said timidly, "I wish that I could do something."

He looked at me as if he had forgotten again that I was there. He continued to look at me a moment. Then he said in a surprisingly everyday voice, "Why, you can, I think. Yes, you can. You might go get Lucy a box of candy."

He thought about it a moment more. "Yes, that would be just the thing. To tempt her to eat. How would it be if you went down to the shop now and brought her a box of candy?"

I stood up. "I'll go right off." I had money with me. My aunt had given me my allowance the day before.

"I think I would get her chocolates," said Dr. Jones. "Preferably those with liquid insides—you know the ones. With liqueur in them. She is very fond of those."

They cost more than the others, but I would not count the cost. I said eagerly, "Yes, sir."

"That would please her. That would tempt her to eat. To have you bring her something—something that you got for her yourself."

Suddenly he smiled at me, and I had never seen him smile like that. It had a suggestion of archness. He said, "We won't say that I suggested it."

"No, sir," I said.

He stood up and walked with me to the front door. "They come in colored papers, don't they? Silver paper and gold? I'd get several kinds, I think. The bright colors look pretty together. And have them put in a box. That looks more tempting than in a bag."

My allowance was not very large and these chocolates were expensive, but I felt sure I could manage a box.

His hand on my shoulder held me a moment more. "And have it wrapped. Be sure to have it wrapped. Nice shiny paper. That looks more like a present, doesn't it?"

I said, "Yes, sir," again.

He gave my shoulder a little push. "Don't lose time, my boy. Be as quick as you can."

I RAN all the way down the steep path to the nearest shop in the row that catered to the near-by hotels, and I picked out from the big glass case three kinds of chocolates, in red paper and in silver and in gold, and had them put in a gold-colored box and wrapped in white paper with a red ribbon. I was proud of that present. I hurried back as quickly as I could though my leg was bothering me, and I limped.

The doctor had the front door open for me. "Good," he said at sight of me, and took the box and put it under his arm. I was disappointed because I had hoped to give it to Lucy myself.

I asked, "Is she still sleeping?" and he said, "I'll see."

He did not go upstairs but went into a back room where he slept. I knew there were back stairs up from the kitchen, and I supposed he had gone that way. In a little time he came back, with the box, still wrapped, under his arm.

He gave it back to me. "You might put it on the table. So it will catch her eye the first thing when she comes down."

I put it on the table, then sat down and waited. The gray day was brightening, and a ray of late sunshine came through the window. Presently Dr. Jones said, "Perhaps you had better unwrap it. The sight of the gold box—that might be more tempting than the paper."

I thought he changed his mind a lot. It did not occur to me to wonder how he knew the color of the box.

I opened the stiff white paper placing the box very exactly in its center. I hoped Lucy would like it. She used to exclaim over the chocolates when I brought them in a bag. I wished she would wake up and come down.

THE iron gate clanged, and I looked out and saw Mrs. Jones walking up the path. The doctor had left the front door open when I came in and she walked right into the room.

"Hello!" she said good-humoredly, with an air of amusement at the two of us sitting there. She was very self-possessed and gay. "You look like two stuffed owls," she said.

"Frederick brought Lucy some chocolates," said Dr. Jones.

He spoke very pleasantly. I was surprised that he was so controlled and matter of fact. "Her favorites, with liqueur in them."

"My favorites, too," said Lili. She wandered over to the box and took off the lid, looking down at the assortment.

I thought she was admiring it, and I was horrified when she picked a piece up and began to peel off the bright gold paper. "I always go for these," she said. "Curaçao, aren't they?" I wanted to shout at her that these were Lucy's chocolates and she was spoiling my present, but I had been brought up not to be rude, so I sat helplessly, watching her bright red nails scrape the last bit of glistening color from the chocolate.

She popped it into her mouth. She said, "That's not so good," and picked up another. She glanced at me, and I must have looked distressed for she laughed in my face. Deliberately she picked out the biggest gold one in the center and ate that. Then she took a red one. I was watching indignantly.

"Lucy can't eat them—she's been sick to her stomach," she said.

The doctor said apologetically. "Well, I thought—a little later . . ." Then he said, "But perhaps . . ."

I would never have dreamed he would have been inconsiderate but now, to my consternation, he too despoiled my box. He said, "I think I'll have one myself," and when his wife—for it was impossible not to think of her as his wife—held out the box he chose one with exact care. To my relief it was a silver one. The silver was less eye-catching than the red and gold.

He looked toward me. "Have one?" he said casually, as if it was thinkable that I would sit eating the chocolates I had brought for Lucy. He made a motion to select one for me, but I shook my head. I was hurt and angry.

"Well, I've got to get along," said Mrs. Jones. She gave the doctor much the same defiant so-what smile that she had given me when she ate my chocolates. "Big party on tonight."

"Yes, you told me."

She took another gold-wrapped piece from the box he had put back on the table and ate it as she walked toward the door. Then she looked back at him, and there was a stiffening in her as if now she expected opposition. "Think the kid will be all right to travel tomorrow?"

"Do you think you will be ready by then?" he asked mildly.

"Ready?" She laughed. "Believe me, we're not taking much. I got nearly everything packed this morning. And we don't plan to get off till noon."

He made no comment or objection, and she gave him a sharply examining glance. Then, as if satisfied, she said, "Toodle-oo," with affected gaiety and went upstairs.

The doctor gave a heavy sigh. He sat quite still a moment. Then, in a preoccupied way, he took up the candy box again, picked out a few more bright ones and put the cover back on the box. By now I didn't care. I felt that he was so upset he didn't quite know what he was doing but was trying to act natural.

I caught up my cap. "I guess Lucy isn't going to wake up."

"I wish you'd wait," said the doctor. "I really wish you'd wait."

He spoke so seriously that I sat down again. I looked surreptitiously at my wrist watch and figured I had plenty of time. I did not have to change for dinner since I had put on a clean shirt before coming here.

NOW the doctor began to talk as if trying to entertain me. He told me about some of the birds on the Riviera, and then he switched to toads and went into a long story about the Surinam toad which hatches its eggs in pockets on its back.

Even in my depressed mood I was interested in that toad. The eggs are carried on the back of the mother, and the skin thickens and grows around the eggs until each is enclosed in a little pocket. The eggs develop completely within these pockets, and when they are ready, the young hop out in perfect condition.

"Curious are the arrangements of nature," said the doctor with a wan smile.

All the time he talked I had been hearing steps overhead and hoping that Lili would make some noise that would wake Lucy up.

The cleaning woman came in then, and Dr. Jones paid her, counting out the francs carefully. I knew enough French to understand when she said, with assumed innocence, "Is it that madame will not require me the next week?"

He considered. "You will be required, as usual."

Now Mrs. Jones was coming downstairs, her heels tap-tapping on the bare boards. I got up nervously. "I've really got to go."

"I'll walk a bit with you," he said.

He did not turn back at the gate but continued on down the path with me. We could hear the big gray car coming, and once, when the path cut across a stretch of the zigzag road, we saw it making one of the sharp turns.

Dr. Jones kept speaking of things along the way. I thought he was trying to take his mind off his troubles so I pretended

to be interested, but all I wanted now was to escape from all this awfulness.

There was a big rock by the path with a piece broken off and he stopped by that and said, "See those striations, Frederick? They mean . . ." And he told me what they meant, but I could see that he was listening to something beside the sound of his own voice, and, sure enough, as soon as we heard the car returning, he turned to go back.

But before he went he said, "Don't forget this rock, Frederick. Come back and study it. Don't forget where it is," and I said, "No, sir, I won't forget."

Later—it was a long, strange day later—when the Frenchman with the pince-nez and the small beard asked me how far down the path Dr. Jones had gone with me I said, "To the big rock. More than halfway down. He was telling me about its striations."

The Frenchman looked toward the other man, a tall middle-aged Englishman. "You see? There could have been no time after the return. It must be as he said, that she had already gone."

The Englishman said, "But that's not——"

"We will examine everything. With system." The Frenchman spoke very slowly, checking off each item on his fingers. "First, the dinner the night before."

"That's not important. The time element——"

"Let us be sure. Everything is of importance, my friend. We must look at that dinner before we dismiss it. Now that dinner was prepared by the maid Clotilde, a reliable character, and she states that madame did not partake of the dinner, that she did not return to the house until the husband and the daughter had dined. By that time the remains of the food were back in the kitchen. The husband and wife went immediately into a conversation . . . That disposes of the dinner, does it not? We may dismiss it?"

The other nodded. The Frenchman held up another finger. "Now the time after dinner. That was occupied with the quarrel. Neither madame nor her husband entered the kitchen. The maid, Clotilde, was there until they had retired."

"I am not interested in the evening before. The time element——"

"Exactly. But by disposing of the impossible we come to the possible. Now the *déjeuner*. The breakfast. It was the husband's custom to prepare his wife's *déjeuner*, but on this morning, with the difficulty between them, he ignored it. Madame Gion, who cleans the little establishment, relates that Madame Jones called down to her to prepare the coffee and bring it up. This annoyed Madame Gion as it was no part of her task, but she complied. The husband had no access to the tray. He had prepared himself some coffee and consumed it downstairs. He explained to Madame Gion that his daughter was asleep, that she had been *malade* in the night . . . We have since learned that this was no true illness, but an affair of the nerves. That is correct?"

The other nodded in a bored way.

The Frenchman continued, "Now we have again the evidence of the maid Clotilde who came in to recover a dish which she had brought from the hotel the night before. At this time, madame, in negligee, was packing her baggage. She was in the room of the daughter, and monsieur was downstairs. Madame demanded of Clotilde that she take down the tray that Madame Gion had brought up, and Clotilde complied. At that moment, in the kitchen, monsieur was preparing the juice of orange and the toast for the daughter. He took that upstairs himself. It is quite understandable that he should have given the daughter something to make her sleep, as he has told us. She was in need of rest."

The Englishman lighted a cigarette and mutely offered one to the Frenchman who gestured a negation.

"In the hall, upstairs, he encountered his wife. She said some things to him, but he made no reply and came downstairs quickly. The women below listened. Naturally they listened. It was raining so he did not go out, but he went into the salon, and Madame Gion says that he did not go upstairs again until after his wife had departed. She left before noon, for an engagement for luncheon. At the door she called to him, saying that she would not be at home for the dinner that evening. Madame Gion does not well understand English, but she certifies that madame made some such speech to which there was no reply. Madame's luncheon was with her friend, at a reputable café, and they partook of the same dishes. I think we may disregard the luncheon—yes? And you agree that, for the husband, there has been yet no opportunity?"

"Oh, quite. But it's the——"

"I am coming to that. Attend! Madame did not return until late afternoon when this young gentleman here," he smiled with sudden playfulness at me, "was in the house. That is correct, is it not?" he asked me. "You were in the house with Doctor Jones when Madame Jones arrived?"

I said, "Yes, sir."

"And the husband was not alone with her?"

"No, sir."

"And you were together, in the same room, all the time?"

"Yes, sir. All the time."

"I understand that Madame entered and partook of some chocolates that you had brought?"

"For Lucy," I explained.

"Exactly. For the little mademoiselle. *Bien* . . . And you had bought the chocolates—where?"

I told him the shop. He asked, "The box was wrapped?"

I said, "Yes, sir."

"And it was wrapped when madame entered and partook of the contents?"

"No, I'd taken off the paper."

"Ah! You, yourself?"

"Yes," I said, remembering. "I put it on the table."

"Did the Doctor Jones then pick up the box and examine it?"

"Why no."

"You are quite sure?"

"He was sitting across the room."

I said nothing about the time the wrapped box had gone in and out of the room under the doctor's arm. Perhaps I did not think of it then.

The Frenchman prompted gently, "And then?"

"Then Mrs. Jones came in."

"And she opened it? Will you describe what she did?"

"She took the cover off and ate some."

"Did you also partake?"

I shook my head.

"The husband—did he partake?"

"Yes, he took some."

"As many as madame?"

I thought of the way he'd picked out those last bright ones. I hadn't seen him eat them, but I supposed he had. I said, "He took as many as she did."

The Frenchman said, "Ha!" and looked triumphantly at the Englishman. "You see, doctor?"

Then he asked me, "What happened then?"

I thought back. "Mrs. Jones went upstairs. I stayed awhile." Since more seemed expected of me, I added, "He was

talking to me, so I stayed on for awhile."

"And on what subject was he talking?"

"He talked about birds. He liked to talk about birds. And he talked about the habits of toads."

That seemed to astonish the Frenchman. He turned toward the Englishman with a gesture of his gloved hands.

"*Incroyable!* The man is being abandoned by his wife—and he talks to a young boy about the habits of toads!"

For the first time the Englishman asked a question. "When Mrs. Jones was in the room how did her husband act toward her?"

"He was all right. He was very nice."

"Do you recall anything that passed between them? The words, you know?"

I said painfully, "She asked if Lucy would be well enough to go next day and he asked if she thought she could get packed by then. She said she could."

"*Incroyable!*" said the Frenchman. He took hold of the questioning again. "Did monsieur go upstairs before madame left the house?"

"No, sir."

"He was with you all the time?"

"Yes, sir."

"In conversation about the birds and toads?"

I repeated, "Yes, sir," uncomfortably.

"And you left together?"

"Yes, sir. Just as Mrs. Jones was coming down."

Again Pince-nez flashed that triumphant look toward the English doctor. "You see? They walked to the rock together. We have come to the rock again . . . There was no opportunity."

The other was silent, and there was something stubborn in his silence against which the Frenchman strove.

He said very seriously, "We both wish to arrive at the truth. But by two different roads. Since our *métiers* are different. For you it is the medical exploration. What, you wish to know, occasioned the death? Was it brought on by accident or intent? You have certain suspicions——"

"The symptoms——"

"The symptoms occasion your suspicions. Exactly. You do not understand. There is nothing that you can identify with assurance but you do not, as you say, 'like the look of things.' The seizure has been too violent and the death too sudden. So you wish to explore before you sign the certificate."

"It is my duty——"

"Let us consider the circumstances. Madame is taken with a seizure while upon the yacht, in the midst of a most festive evening. She gives evidence of severe colic, of internal disorder. Since she had been imbibing freely her condition was not considered so remarkable. We can assume, perhaps, that the others had been imbibing as well. She was placed in a stateroom and given sedatives. Apparently she slept. The yacht returned to its anchorage. In the morning madame was discovered unconscious, and you were called. You pronounced her condition as coma. Almost immediately she died."

The Englishman nodded, with an air of resigning himself to hearing the thing through.

"Now you are disturbed by the violence of the symptoms which indicate no ordinary colic. You can recognize no evidence of the poison most frequently resorted to, so you wish to explore—to have a post-mortem——"

"A post-mortem would tell us——"

"It will tell you whether she died from natural causes—an accident of the cuisine, shall we say?—or from intent. Now if you discover it was from something administered with intent you arrive at the question: Who accomplished this? Who

had the motive? And the opportunity. That is the situation which confronts us then, is it not?"

Again a nod.

"Now with me, I proceed on the road of logic. I assume the situation which I have just described. We are aware that a motive exists. Also that the husband possesses the knowledge and the skill to prepare something out of the ordinary. I am acquainted with the ability of the hypodermic needle to insert poison into the most innocent-appearing article of food. So I examine the opportunity. That is logical, is it not?"

A mute nod confirmed the logic.

"And we find no opportunity. You admit that?"

"I admit it does not look——"

"The chocolates give the only occasion for suspicion. But the chocolates are purchased by this young boy, unwrapped by him——"

"Yes. Yes. But all this," said the Englishman irritably, "is going about it the wrong way."

"No, the right way. The right way for this case, my friend. By logic, by examination, we have excluded the husband from our suspicion. And that, I think, disposes of all suspicion of what you call 'foul play.' For no suspicion can attach to anyone upon the yacht, unless"—his smile grew briefly playful—"the friend of Madame Jones had already regretted his indiscreet proposals to her."

He grew serious again. "Now let us consider the party on the yacht. There were six persons present. The host. His captain. His secretary and a young lady friend of the secretary—of a certain type. Madame Jones and her friend, also of a certain type. A party of relaxation. Now, since we have excluded the possibility that poison could have been given by intent, it becomes evident that the poisoning was a disaster of the cuisine. An accident. The same menu was served to all but not, naturally, the same lobster, the same mushroom. A false mushroom is dangerous. You recall the Englishwoman who would have died from muscarine if you had not been at hand to give her atropine."

"I don't think she'd have died——"

"Certainly she would have died. You are too modest. Didn't Czar Alexis die from the amanita muscaria and the Count de Vecchi, in Washington? So did many French soldiers who ate of it in Russia. The symptoms are those ascribed to Madame Jones. A false mushroom can be of utmost danger."

"We ought to know——"

"Why should we know which mushroom? Or what fish? Or what internal disorder? It is enough that the affair was an accident. It is not pleasant to the owner of that yacht that there was a death upon it. To call attention to it by a post-mortem would be to create a situation of the utmost embarrassment. Seized upon by the journals of sensation. Even when the findings are of the most innocent the gossip remains. We must consider. We must consider the feelings of the owner of that yacht. He is of importance."

The official paused, to let that sink in.

"We must consider, also," he said, even more seriously, "the situation of Monte Carlo. We are sensitive about our reputation. You are aware of our policy in regard to the suicides. We do not publicize them. We prefer to consider their condition is due to heart trouble. Now, as to this case—it would be most unfortunate if tourists were to feel that our cuisine held any danger. That is something to think about."

Apparently the doctor thought about it, for he did not speak for some moments. Then he said, "Nevertheless . . ." but he said it indecisively.

Pince-nez seized upon the word. "Nevertheless, as you say, if suspicion of intent existed, I, myself, would counsel action. But since we have examined the case and discovered no opportunity, we would be imprudent to create a scandal about a woman of no importance."

He waited a moment then said gently, "Already there has been embarrassment. It is regrettable that a seizure took place on such a yacht. But if it were a sudden colic—complicated, perhaps, by a weakness of the heart?"

After a thoughtful interval the other said slowly, "I dare say you're right . . ."

I was at the station the evening that Dr. Jones and Lucy went away. They went the day after the funeral, which was a private one. Clotilde and Madame Gion came to the station, too. Lucy and I went off by ourselves and sat down on a bench, and for the first time, we held hands. We did not talk. There was nothing to say. This was parting and a coming-to-the-end.

She had no address for me to write to; I gave her mine, but no word from her ever reached me.

Just before the train left I got up and drew Dr. Jones aside. I tried to keep my voice from trembling, but I was not far from tears. "You'll take care of her," I said, "won't you?"

The train's whistle gave a warning falsetto squeak. Dr. Jones looked directly at me. "Lucy will have a safe and happy life," he said. "We've seen to that." There was sadness in his face, the sadness of long-accepted ironies, but there was, too, the wry humor that appreciated the ironies. That same humor was in his voice for the last words he ever spoke to me. "You and I—Frederick—you and I . . ."

THE END

Corliss Archer's neighbor gives the man's point of view in F. Hugh Herbert's latest story, "The Diary of Dexter Franklin." Coming soon

The Irrepressible Clementine (*Continued from page 33*)

impression that that explains everything," Imbelden said finally, "you're mistaken."

"Roland MacIntyre, liberal arts, 'forty-one, I took your course in Roman Culture."

"Well," Imbelden said, "good for you."

"You still don't place me," MacIntyre said. He shrugged. "It's just as well. As a matter of fact, it's probably a damn good thing." He swung a chair around and straddled it, locking his arms across the back. "Professor Imbelden," he said, "could you use a disciple?"

"A what?"

"A disciple. A protégé." MacIntyre dug in his pocket and laid a white card on the desk. "To put it simply, Professor—I want to be just like you."

There was a faint edge of mockery in the words. On the card MacIntyre had listed five courses—Greek, two in Latin composition, one in Attic Civilization, and a seminar.

Imbelden blinked at it, surprised. "You mean you intend to do graduate study in this department?"

"That's it, Professor."

"With what objective in mind?"

"Teaching. I want to purvey to the young the glory that was Greece and the

grandeur that was Rome. For a living."

Imbelden was a little bewildered. "But, damnit, I don't—did you major in this department?"

"I majored in everything as an undergraduate," MacIntyre said. "I majored in liberal arts. I majored in football and debate and student activities and campus politics and dance managing and the editing of humor magazines. I lived the full life."

"Then why the sudden interest in a field as . . . as . . ."

"As stodgy as classical languages?" The young man grinned. "It's a long story, Professor; I wouldn't want to go into it."

"*Scholarly* was the word I had in mind," Imbelden said stiffly.

"There's a thing I want to know," MacIntyre said. "One thing. If I take a master's degree, maybe a Ph. D., could I make a living teaching this stuff?"

"If you work at it, I suppose so," Imbelden said. "The field isn't exactly crowded, you know. If you do intend to do serious, advanced work, you'll be our first candidate in three years." He snorted. "Higher education seems to feel that it is above and beyond the foundations upon which it was built."

"Good, good!" MacIntyre said. He applauded. "Same old Professor Imbelden."

"That's right," Imbelden shot back. "I dislike impudence as much as ever. You might remember it."

The young man leaned forward and hooked his arms around the chair again. "I'm not being impudent," he said quietly. "I mean it. This may sound funny as hell to you, Professor, but you meant a lot to me. Well, maybe not you as a man—I hardly knew you. I dozed through Roman Culture; it was dull."

"Doubtlessly," Imbelden said. "But I doubt if it's very good policy to tell me to my face."

"What you stood for, that was it. I've thought about that a lot during the past four years. When I get out of this, I used to tell myself, I'm going to be like Imbelden. I'm going to have a warm little world with books on all sides and a bust of Cicero, and what goes on outside—none of my business. None of my business at all."

"I don't even know what you're talking about," Imbelden said.

The phone on his desk rang, a wild and furious sound in the narrow, high-walled room. They both jumped.

"The invention of the devil," Imbelden growled, putting the receiver to his ear. "Hello!" he roared.

"Professor O'Hara told me to call you to remind you of the meeting of the Advisory Council on Publications," an impersonal secretarial voice said.

"All right," Imbelden said.

"You'll be there?"

"Yes," Imbelden said.

"That's in fifteen minutes," the voice said.

Imbelden banged the phone back in its cradle. "The man who invented the female secretary," he said, "should have been strung up by his thumbs. I have to go to some damn meeting."

MacIntyre stood up. "I just thought I'd come around and introduce myself," he said. "We'll have lots of time for details." He started for the door.

"Young man," Imbelden announced, "I don't like you."

MacIntyre grinned over his shoulder.

"You're preposterous," Imbelden said.

MacIntyre pushed the door open and touched his finger tips to his forehead for good-by.

"But come to dinner, anyway," Imbelden said.

"Me?"

"Six o'clock. You know where the house

is. Six o'clock, and heaven help you if you're late."

"At your——"

"There's a draft," Imbelden said. "Close the door."

THE MEETING of the Advisory Council on Publications was held, of course, in the main hall of the Assembly. In the sixty-odd years of its life the university had grown enormously, but the old Assembly remained at the center of things, physically and spiritually. Now it houses the administrative offices—the chancellor, the dean of men and dean of women, the business offices, and the alumni organization. The building is kept in careful, immaculate repair; there is, in its halls, a faint but constant odor of wax and new varnish. Most faculty committee meetings of any importance, such as the one which Henry Imbelden was attending, are held in the main chamber.

Imbelden was early for the meeting, a remarkable thing for him. O'Hara (Professor of English, Shakespearean scholar, and head of the Advisory Committee on Publications) was there, along with a small man whom Imbelden remembered vaguely as a member of the History Department. Imbelden didn't like O'Hara, and he didn't know the other man, so he made no attempt at conversation. He sat down, impatiently crossed his feet and leaned back in the chair. As he reached in his pocket for his cigarette case, he remembered that smoking was forbidden in the Assembly. O'Hara smiled at him but said nothing. Imbelden pushed back his chair, got up, and wandered over to the window.

He was not aware that anyone else had entered the room until the young woman spoke to him. She was standing so close behind him and spoke so softly that he jumped in surprise.

"Listen, Prof," she said, "just make sure nobody leads you by the nose. Just think it over before you commit yourself; that's all I ask."

"What?"

"You're my last chance. We're either going to understand each other immediately, or we aren't going to understand each other at all. The rest of this bunch is here to cut my throat." She glanced toward O'Hara. "Torquemada and his stooges," she said.

"What are you talking about?" Imbelden said.

"Torquemada was the chief inquisitor of the Spanish Inquisition," the young woman said. She smiled at him. "I supposed you knew."

"I know who Torquemada is," Imbelden said, raising his voice irritably, "but I'm damned if I know who you are or what you're talking about."

"They came here to fire me. I stepped on toes. Didn't you hear about it? I wrote that editorial in the Blazer."

Imbelden was vaguely aware that the Blazer was the campus newspaper; it was under his office door every morning, but it went directly to the wastebasket. Imbelden hadn't looked at a copy in fifteen years.

"Haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about," he snapped.

"You see? That's why they put people like you on these committees. A bunch of fuddy-duddies and one hot-shot as chairman. You believe in the freedom of the press, don't you?"

"Professor Imbelden," O'Hara said from the head of the table, "it appears that we're ready to begin."

The girl laid a hand on Imbelden's shoulder. "You know yourself," she said, "that academic freedom is shot to hell on this campus. Is the press to be muzzled next?"

O'Hara rapped the table lightly with round, soft hand. "Professor Imbelden—" he said.

The old man moved around the girl and ambled across the room. He sat at the far end of the table from O'Hara, with three empty chairs between him and his nearest colleague. He smoothed his mustache with a knuckle and leaned back in his chair. He was a little irritated.

O'Hara signaled the young woman to the chair next to his own. He was almost ingratiatingly polite about it; he seated her himself, standing behind the chair and sliding it forward. He even said something in her ear, but the young woman paid no attention. She was looking, in what she apparently considered an appealing fashion, at Imbelden. Imbelden snorted and looked at the ceiling.

Professor O'Hara told the committee that he was sure *they* must be aware of the importance of the meeting, of the serious nature of the misconduct of the young woman (he identified her as Clementine Hall). He then, obliquely but vigorously, accused her of blackening the good name of the university and—in particular—of the faculty. Doubtlessly the young lady had written this thing with the impetuosity of youth; Professor O'Hara referred to her, with a smile, as a consistent tilter at windmills. But this time she had gone too far.

He suggested that Clementine Hall be removed from the editorship of the Blazer and be formally censured by the university in a statement which should also contain an apology to the affected teachers and the alumni. As a matter of fact, Professor O'Hara had a rough draft of such a statement.

Imbelden heard all this through a faint haze, except for a silent reflection that Clementine was the most preposterous name he'd ever heard.

"I'd like to make a request," the young woman said, and the sharp intensity of her voice woke the old man up a little. "Before anybody passes judgment, I have a request."

Ave Caesar; morituri te salutamus! Imbelden said to himself.

"Of course," O'Hara said.

"I'd like to read the editorial to the committee. Just to make sure everybody knows what it's all about."

O'Hara chuckled, a warm and pleasant sound, famous on the campus. As a matter of fact, O'Hara himself referred to it in class as the William Howard Taft chuckle (and here he would generally launch into a little description of the way the twenty-seventh President used to warm up a room with this noise).

"Young lady," O'Hara chuckled, "you're just stalling. After all, this composition appeared in the campus newspaper; and these gentlemen, as members of the Advisory Committee of Publications, are certainly familiar with it."

"I'm not," Imbelden said suddenly, as much to his own surprise as anybody else's.

"I have it right here," Clementine Hall said, eagerly ripping the entrails out of a leather notebook.

"Henry, we're a little pressed for time," O'Hara said.

It was the first time he had ever called Imbelden by his first name, and his tone was condescendingly unctuous.

"Preposterous," Imbelden snapped. "Who ever heard of a college professor being pressed for time?"

FROM the corner of his eye he could see O'Hara staring at him in bewilderment. The chairman was obviously caught off base by this unexpected impishness on the part of one of the oldest and most scholarly members of the faculty. As a

matter of fact, all his colleagues on the committee were looking at him suspiciously.

He wondered what they would do if he suddenly stood on his hands, say, or put his feet on the mahogany table, but he controlled himself. He gave his attention to the young lady's message.

The editorial was about textbooks. There was nothing startling or new in it. It pointed out that almost any teacher in any well-known college could get a textbook published, because he could guarantee sales by requiring that text in classes, and that he could stimulate lagging financial response by doing a revision every three or four years; that no less than seventy-two members of the staff of the College of Liberal Arts alone were authors on this basis, having contributed three hundred and thirty-five volumes to the organized knowledge of mankind, of which two hundred and thirty-eight regularly appeared in "new and revised" editions, generally at an increase in price. This, the editorial suggested, was a low trick.

Then the young woman's editorial became specific. It discussed the case of a teacher of architectural drawing, Mitchell by name, who not only required his own textbook ($5.00; revised every two years) but also specified a Handbook (by Mitchell: $1.50) an annotated Bibliography (Mitchell: $1.25, mimeographed) and special drawing paper designed by Mitchell (10 cents per sheet) which differed from regular stock only in that it had a sky-blue border and oddly cut corners which fitted in special clips which held it to the board (the clips, an invention of Professor Mitchell, sold for $1.00 a dozen.)

"I got this from an engineer I had a date with one night," Clementine Hall said, interrupting herself. "You can learn a lot on dates if you have an inquiring mind."

"Doubtlessly," Dr. Hamilton O'Hara said. "Well, Professor Imbelden, if you've heard enough——"

"I haven't finished yet."

"Let her finish," Imbelden said.

O'Hara pulled off his glasses and, holding them by the bows, bounced them gently on his stomach.

"'In conclusion,'" Clementine Hall read, "'we might point out that the basic responsibility for this undignified grafting lies not with the faculty, but with a Board of Trustees—a group of incredibly shortsighted dairy farmers, corporation lawyers, and all-round Babbitts—which has yet to realize that teachers, like steelworkers, deserve a living wage. True, the average member of the teaching group seems to have taken to this spiritual prostitution'"—O'Hara's glasses whacked violently against his Phi Beta Kappa key—"'with an easy conscience, but most of them are, in all probability, honest men. The Board of Regents made this bed, and now the faculty lies in it. It is a situation which requires action, action, ACTION!'"

Miss Hall practically shouted the last word. She then took a deep breath, folded her clipping, and sat down.

"Well," Imbelden said. "She writes a nice, winy prose, eh?"

"The whole article's ridiculous." O'Hara made an impatient gesture. "Ridiculous and impudent. Name-calling exhibitionism."

"I was wondering," Imbelden said, "if it's the truth?"

"That's not the point," O'Hara said. "Confound it, Imbelden, you've been teaching since the turn of the century, and you've seen hundreds of students like this. The fuzzy intellectuals, the unwashed liberals, the sensation-seeking tub thumpers who will attack anything just

to get themselves some publicity. It's especially vicious in the female."

"Now who's calling names?" the young woman said.

"I know what you mean," Imbelden said, "but I never saw one with good legs before."

Even Clementine Hall was surprised this time. O'Hara flung his horn-rimmed glasses half the length of the table.

"Imbelden, you might remember that you're one of the senior staff of this——"

"That's just what I am remembering," the old man said. "I think maybe it's time I spoke up about something. I've been loaded off on committees like this for twenty-five years. I have dignity and I'm respectable; I don't give a damn about the involvements of academic politics, so I'm a nice, safe selection."

He glared up and down the length of the table. "What the hell's the matter with the rest of you?" he said. "Pemberton"—Louis F. Pemberton was head of the Physics Department—"I've been on a dozen of these idiotic committees with you, and I've never heard you open your mouth once except to say 'aye.' And Gottschalk"—George Gottschalk, Astronomy—"I've heard you bumble for hours about the weather, the need for a new telescope, and the dreadful condition of the faculty locker room in the field house—but so far as I know you've never said anything about anything about any important decision. Remember that business about the misappropriation of funds in the Athletic Department? We both sat there and listened to that smooth talker from the Extension Division gloss it over; the university didn't want a scandal, no unfavorable notice in any respect; it was being settled outside regular channels, and we weren't to worry."

Imbelden smacked the table with his hand. "I've had enough of it," he said. "Just between you and me, O'Hara, I'd be *against* anything *you* were *for* today—even a fifty percent increase in pay for the faculty."

The chairman seemed to be struggling with himself. Finally, after a considerable effort, he achieved a William Howard Taft chuckle, slightly mechanical.

"How did we get into this, anyhow?" he asked amiably. "Henry, I'm surprised and pleased to see you taking an interest in the affairs of the university. Really pleased."

"Does it take a unanimous vote to fire this young woman?" Imbelden asked.

"You know the regulation; in any decision involving academic status or the holding of any paid position, unanimous assent is——"

"That's all I want to know," Imbelden said. He got up and reached for his hat. "I vote no," he said.

On his way out, he glanced at the portrait of the founder.

"And *that* thing," he said, "should be turned face to the wall."

Miss Clementine Hall caught up with him as he went down the stairs. "You were wonderful," she said. "I'd like to kiss you."

Imbelden stopped and glared at her. "Do so," he snapped, "and I'll go back there and tell the committee I've reconsidered. You're fortunate, young lady, that you were the bone of contention when my sense of principle finally became aroused. It had nothing to do with you. Personally, I suspect you of idiocy."

"What about the good legs?" she said.

The mustache quivered for a moment in the ghost of a smile. "That was intended for effect," Imbelden said. "I don't notice legs. When I was young enough to be interested, skirts came to the floor. By the time skirts came up, I no longer cared. How'd you like to come to dinner?"

She looked at him with an open mouth.

"Six o'clock," Imbelden said. "Stuffed pork chops. Delicious."

He headed down the stairs again.

The Imbelden house was not in the tradition of American college architecture. It was a genuine house, true to its times; it was not a fraudulent glorifying of the English cottage. It had been built in the 'seventies. It had two round turrets in front (one off the study, the other off the parlor) with a broad connecting porch, and narrow stained-glass windows flanked the front door. There was a sprawling kitchen wing and a big-eyed sleeping porch (an afterthought of the 'twenties) and an intricate shingle pattern on the roof. The place was elaborate with scrollwork; there was oak gingerbread about the tops of the porch columns. The whole house was shining in a new coat of white paint. It looked like an overdressed grandmother, but it also looked solid, as if it grew out of the hunched shoulders of the slope.

MacIntyre lifted the knocker—a tarnished brass ring in the mouth of a griffin—and dropped it. It clattered loudly. He waited. There was no sound of movement inside the house. He banged the knocker again, twice, and then tried to peer through the stained-glass panel.

The door opened suddenly and he almost fell inside.

"Don't tell me," the girl said. "You're looking for an apartment. No dice. Anyhow, you wouldn't like it. The man of the house keeps Shetland ponies. As a hobby. He keeps them in the basement. The place smells awful."

"I came to dinner," Mac said.

"Mrs. Imbelden is busy in the kitchen and the old gentleman is having a nap upstairs. He always has a nap before dinner. Come in."

MacIntyre put his hat away, and the girl took him by the hand.

"Come along and we'll look for the kitchen together. It's somewhere on the first floor. I should be able to find it; after all, I just came from there."

Mrs. Imbelden appeared before they could start. "It's wonderful to have you here, I'm sure," she said, giving Mac her hand. "Only I hope you aren't very hungry. This was all a surprise to me. Young lady, why don't you take him down to the rumpus room? There's all kinds of entertaining things down there. Right down those steps." She pointed.

Still holding his hand, the girl led him down the steps.

"You'll have to introduce yourselves, I'm afraid. Henry mumbles; I didn't get it," Mrs. Imbelden called after them. "Besides, I'm not sure he got it himself."

She disappeared through a swinging door.

"I'm Clem Hall," the girl said.

"I'm MacIntyre."

"I know," the girl said. "Let's go rumpus."

They played a game of ping-pong and the girl won, twenty-one to thirteen.

"You aren't very good," she said. "Your co-ordination is lousy. You're disillusioning me."

"There's nothing wrong with my co-ordination that a little practice won't cure," Mac said grimly. "Stand back, sugarfoot."

The girl won the second one, twenty-one to eleven. She had long arms, and her backhand was a killer.

"One more," MacIntyre said, taking off his coat.

"You're just trying to tire me out," the girl said. "Let's smoke instead."

"Is it all right?" MacIntyre said, looking vaguely in the direction of the hostess's footsteps against the kitchen floor.

"It's done all the time," Clem said. "Women paint their faces now, too. Nice women. A lot's happened while you've been gone."

He gave her a cigarette and a light, and she dropped into a large leather chair. This basement room was in violent contrast with the aging gentility of the house. It looked like an ultramodern room out of the advertisements in a homemakers' magazine—which it was.

"I don't think they use it very much," Mac grinned.

"That ping-pong table was virginal until we came along," the girl said.

"You live here?"

"*Live* here? Me?"

"I thought maybe you were their student girl," Mac said. The girl laughed. "Or something," he added lamely.

"I guess I'm wasting my time," Clem said. "I was hoping you'd remember me."

MacIntyre looked her over carefully and liked what he saw. She was leggy and tall, but the legs were good. She was high-chested and she had fine hands, fine eyes. He sat and smoked and looked.

"And now if you'll be good enough to look the other way," she said sharply, after a moment, "I'll put my clothes back on."

MacIntyre fumbled with his cigarette.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Maybe I'm too direct. I'm direct about a lot of things I used to be coy about."

"Anyhow," she said, sitting up and looping her hands around her knees, "you don't remember me."

"You must have changed a lot," he said, "or I'd remember you."

"I sat beside you in New Testament class," she said. "You were there because you were a real busy football player and campus big shot, and you needed two hours of easy credit. I was there in what you might call the quest for knowledge. I've got an inquiring mind."

"I guess I don't remember."

"I also sat in the stands with eighty-two thousand other people and watched you run for forty-three yards for a touchdown against Minnesota. I don't like football, but I came to see you. I also voted for you for President of the Student Council. I not only voted for you, I influenced others. For one entire year I got up an hour early so I could have breakfast at the same time you did, at the Queen Bee Café. I was seventeen." She stubbed out her cigarette and smiled at him. Hello, MacIntyre," she said.

"How old are you now?"

"That was a long time ago. I'm twenty-two."

"It must be wonderful to be grown up," he said solemnly. He pointed a finger at the pin on the lapel of her suit. "What's the sorority?"

"What are you talking about?"

"The pin." He pointed again.

She leaned back in the chair and made a broad gesture of comic despair. "MacIntyre, you kill me," she said. "That's the emblem of the Council of Democracy in Action. The C. D. A. Ever read the papers?"

"The only Council for Democracy I ever heard of was some labor union's baby——"

"That's the one," Clem said. She ran a hand through her short curls. "I rang doorbells. I was practically responsible for the triumph of the liberal cause in Detroit."

MacIntyre grinned and lighted another cigarette from the stub of the first one. "But you have to work for a living to get into the unions. With your hands, baby. I didn't think you were the type."

"I haven't a card; I was just a volun-

Settings and Accessories by B. Altman & Co., Inc.

Now we are three...

In all your life never a moment like this! In all the world nothing too good for *your* small son! And among baby blankets none quite so fine as a gentle North Star "Iris." Colors light as a baby's dream, texture soft as that peach-bloom cheek, deftly woven of precious virgin wool to be handed down from baby to baby. Full crib size (42 x 60), richly bound all around—a fairy Godmother gift for your favorite baby!

On the bed: Luxurious Regal Pair, Peach Pink, to start your North Star Blanket Wardrobe.* And note Mother's and Dad's smart robes of North Star 100% wool fabric.

North Star
100% Virgin Wool
Blankets

FREE BOOKLETS! "Sleep, Baby, Sleep"—"Decorate Your Dream Room." North Star Woolen Mill Co., 243 So. 2nd St., Minneapolis 1, Minn.

9.95 to 145.00 (Baby Blankets start at 6.50)

*TRADEMARK REG.

there's no gin like Gordon's

BECAUSE OF LIQUEUR QUALITY and HIGH PROOF (94.4)
***DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH* GORDON'S GIN**

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN · GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

teer helper," she said. "I cut classes and went up for a couple of weeks, just before election. I was terrific. Just ask anybody in Detroit. And it was educational. I learned to say 'corrupt and greedy reactionary, a robber of widows and orphans' in Polish, Yiddish, Czech and two Ukranian dialects."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning just what it says. 'Corrupt and greedy reaction——'"

"Meaning nothing. It sounds like a woman's idea of politics. Just make it loud; never mind if it makes no sense."

Something like the light of battle came into the girl's eyes. "What's a man's idea of politics?" she said, with menacing sweetness.

"It's this man's idea—you might even call it a conviction—that it doesn't make one damn bit of difference who's elected to what; that any given Champion of the People mucks up the works just as much as any given Robber of Widows and Orphans; that any guy who goes around telling other guys how to improve themselves is a lardhead and a menace to his fellow creatures."

She stared at him, open-mouthed. MacIntyre, sitting on the end of the ping-pong table, swung his feet and laughed at her.

"You see," he said, "I do a little revolutionary thinking myself."

"Yoooo-hoo," Mrs. Imbelden called from the top of the steps, "it's ready."

"Of all the dreadful things," the girl said, standing close to him, "Of all the dread——"

"There's spoon bread," Mrs. Imbelden said, "and spoon bread's really awful if it gets cold."

Mac grabbed Clem by the hand and started up the steps. "Come along, Emancipated Woman."

"Now, you listen to me——"

"Come along, Lady Astor," he said. "Let's go, Clare Boothe Luce."

THE dinner was excellent; there was only one chop apiece, but there was a big casserole of spoon bread, a quantity of whole-kernal corn (which was served, for some reason, in a gravy boat) and a peculiar but amiable dish consisting of green beans, tomatoes and bread crumbs. There was also floating island.

After they had finished the dessert, Imbelden shoved back his chair and reached for the silver coffeepot. MacIntyre wanted a cigarette, but he decided against it. Instead he sat with his hands on the table and built little pyramids with his fingers.

"Well!" Mrs. Imbelden said, dusting her lap with her napkin, "we had enough after all, didn't we? I always make spoon bread when I'm surprised—Henry called this afternoon about this gentleman, and I didn't know about *you*, young woman, until he came home—because spoon bread is filling, and most people seem to think it's rather special."

"My wife," the old man said, "makes the best spoon bread in the world."

"It's delicious," the girl said. She threw a look at MacIntyre.

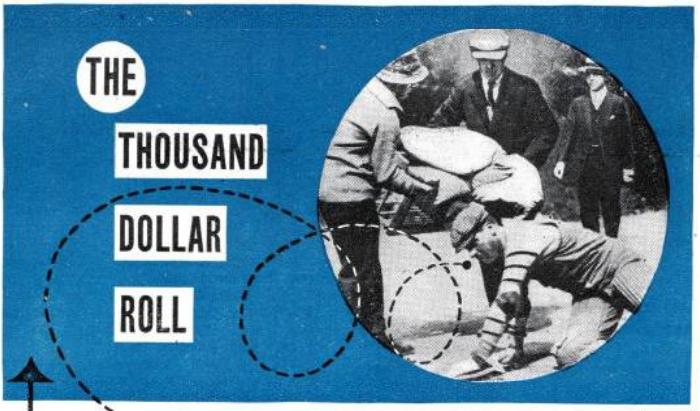
"Delicious," MacIntyre said obediently.

Mrs. Imbelden beamed. "We're glad to have you," she said. "You know you are the first students to be in this house in—oh, five years? Henry do you realize it's been five years? There hasn't been any student around here since that Jarvis boy."

"Gaddis, sweetheart."

"His name was Jarvis, dear," she said. "I thought a lot of him; he was a nice boy."

"Gaddis!" the old man roared. "Anyhow, we'll call it a celebration. After all, MacIntyre, you're the first thesis candi-



THE THOUSAND DOLLAR ROLL

Baltimoreans still discuss this gentleman's epic cross-country tumble to win a country-club wager

By Michael Desmond

At exactly eight o'clock on the evening of May 18, 1914, G. Howell Parr stretched himself out on the front lawn of the Elkridge Kennels Country Club just outside of Baltimore, Maryland, grunted, "Well, here goes," and proceeded to roll down the hill.

Mr. Parr, socially prominent Baltimorean who died two years ago, had wagered a reported $1,000 that he could roll three miles up and down the hills of Charles Street until he reached University Parkway on the fringes of the city.

It is not exactly certain just how the whole thing started. One version is that sportsmen at the Elkridge Kennels were discussing the merits of a race horse, and Mr. Parr disgustedly said, "Why I could roll from here to University Parkway faster than that horse could run that far."

Anyway, he found an argument on his hands. Mr. Parr insisted he at least could roll the three miles, and his friends said he couldn't.

So he appeared at the Elkridge Kennels on May eighteenth, dressed in heavy shoes, ribbed stockings, sweater and khaki knickerbockers, with elbows and knees padded, all topped off with a plaid cap.

There had been no advance notice, and the only people on hand at the start were his trainer, his physician and his brother, Ral Parr.

The first 500 yards took him an entire half hour because they were covered with rough gravel, which cut through the bandages on his hands and bruised his arms and legs. His crew of helpers walked ahead of him, kicking the larger pebbles out of the way.

As he made the left turn into Charles Street and faced a sizable hill ahead, the fruits of careful planning became evident. Mr. Parr had practiced rolling for weeks and had found that by cocking himself on one elbow and then quickly letting it drop he could roll up hill as well as down, gaining about four feet with each revolution. He had carefully calculated 1,320 rolls to each mile—3,960 rolls would net him the $1,000.

Gradually, a crowd began to gather and walk beside the perspiring roller. Diners at the club finished eating and came out to watch the curious performance. At three A.M. Parr had reached the halfway mark and expressed his determination to keep going. Reporters arrived, but when they asked Mr. Parr for a statement, he replied:

"I have nothing to say. I can't for the life of me see what possible interest the public would have in a thing like this."

He had difficulty holding his course in the darkness. Two helpers led the way with lanterns to warn traffic of his approach. At dawn Mr. Parr was still doing well, and the crowd had grown quite large.

Fifteen and a half hours after he started—11:34 A.M.—Mr. Parr gave one last exhausted flip and rolled into the middle of University Parkway. The crowd went wild.

He was immediately mobbed by reporters and photographers who asked him how he felt. "Sore," he replied.

date in the department in a long time. We celebrate new blood and the return of the warrior."

He lifted his coffee cup and made the faintest suggestion of a bow.

Clem Hall half rose from her chair. "Am I to understand," she said, "that you plan to take a graduate degree in Classical Languages?"

"That's right," MacIntyre said.

"Why, heaven help us?"

"There are lots of reasons. Let's just say that I've made up my mind."

"But that's ridiculous," Clem said. "It's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of. What do you intend to do among the graybeards?" She glanced apologetically at Imbelden. "MacIntyre, you have good sense. You have talent. You have a considerable duty to your fellowmen."

MacIntyre closed his eyes wearily and pushed his cup away. "Nuts," he said through closed teeth. "Nuts."

"But you have," Clem said. "You can't bury yourself; you can't spend the rest of your life sorting the ancient bones; that's for the pigeonhole minds, for scholars, for the guys with spiritual athlete's foot."

"Please," Mrs. Imbelden said feebly, "not at the dinner table."

"Of course," the girl said, with another apologetic look at Imbelden, "that doesn't apply to you. I mean, at the time you went into it, it was a highly respectable profession."

"Thank you," Imbelden said.

The girl slid her chair around the end of the table and talked fiercely to MacIntyre.

"Look, you have a responsibility. It's like that Chinese thing about rescuing a suicide—if you rescue somebody who is attempting suicide, you're responsible for him. That's your whole generation, MacIntyre. You rescued the world; that's fine, that's wonderful, but it's just the beginning. Now the real work starts."

"You talk like a book," he said. Suddenly he began to get sore. "What do you know about it? Where does a twenty-two-year-old female get her information about the remaking of the world, and who's responsible? Out of the Blazer? Out of dormitory hen parties? Out of the malted milks on the sun porch of the Memorial Union?"

"Out of many places," Clem said, "in many ways you wouldn't understand."

"Sure, I know," he said. "You've really lived. You rang doorbells in Detroit. For two whole weeks."

"Well, at least I'm willing to try. I'm willing to *think;* right or wrong, I'm working at it," she said. She grabbed him by the shoulders; for a ludicrous moment, MacIntyre thought she was going to shake him. "You aren't even willing to do that. Are you?"

He cooled off, as quickly as he had flared. He grinned at her. "Baby," he said softly, "doesn't it strike you that we're being a little impolite?"

She looked at him for a moment, then made a quick grimace of annoyance and returned to a ladylike stiffness in her chair. She linked her hands self-consciously on top of the table.

"Pardon me," she said. "Pardon us."

"It's all right, dear," Mrs. Imbelden said cheerfully.

Imbelden turned his coffee cup slowly in his fingers. "Personally," he said, "I'd like to hear the young man answer the question."

"What question was that?"

"Mr. MacIntyre, *are* you willing to think?"

Mac glanced at the girl. She was looking at him with a wry, triumphant smile. He started to say something—he wasn't quite sure what—and changed his mind.

"Why don't we go into the library," Mrs. Imbelden said, "and look at the steins?" There was a small silence. "It's really a famous collection," Mrs. Imbelden said, a little desperately. "I mean, locally famous." The hostess sighed. "As a matter of fact, I was only trying to change the subject. It struck me that the conversation was becoming a little uncomfortable."

"My wife," Imbelden said, "has a rare social instinct." He dropped one eyelid in a faint suggestion of a wink, a very private communication, and she giggled. "Let's go look at the steins. Bring the coffeepot, sweetheart."

THERE was no more character research, no soul-searching, for the rest of the evening. The four of them talked polite and animated nonsense, and MacIntyre found himself enjoying it. They talked about Germany, and Imbelden told some stories about Heidelberg in the old days (his wife listening with the self-conscious interest of the wife who has heard all her husband's stories innumerable times, who is bored with the stories but not with her husband); they talked about flower growing, the university's prospects for football (admittedly feeble), and Theodore Roosevelt (Imbelden had met him a couple of times). None of this conversation was important or even interesting. It was more a code than anything else, all words meaning the same things—"I like you; you're all nice people; let's get better acquainted." They sat warm and comfortable in front of a fire and grew friendly.

MacIntyre talked little; he spent most of his time listening and watching Clem Hall.

The girl was putting on a very good performance as a Coed Being Nice to a Faculty Wife. She did it so well that after a while she and Mrs. Imbelden had almost changed functions; Clem was asking the questions that steered the conversation, footnoting Imbelden's anecdotes, switching the subject when a topic wore out, leaping into the unhappy pauses when everybody seemed to run out of things to say at the same moment. MacIntyre filled an ash tray with cigarette stubs watching and listening to her. It was a good performance.

It was Imbelden who lowered the curtain on it just after the clock struck ten. "Well, Miss Hall, I suppose you have closing hours, eh? Back to the dormitory, or something, by ten thirty, eh?"

"Not me," Clem said. "Not for graduate students."

Imbelden knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "Do I have to tell you to go home?" he asked amiably.

He got up, yawning. "Young lady, I wake up at six in the morning. A kind of mental alarm clock. I don't like it, but it happens. Has something to do with advancing senility, I suppose."

"Henry, you're rude," his wife said.

"The hell I am!" he said. "I'm a lovable old character." He patted MacIntyre lightly on the shoulder. "I'll get your coats."

THEY walked across the campus together—past Clunting Hall, around the lily pond where a couple of strong-minded frogs still made vocal love, although it was early October; past the Assembly, white and graceful and somehow festive with light shining through the windows.

"I don't know where I'm taking you," MacIntyre said to the girl. "Where are you living, anyhow?"

"At the Crescent," she said.

"But that's—" MacIntyre turned and pointed at the bank of lights on the crest of the hill, all the way across the

campus. "That's only a block from the Imbelden place," he said.

"I'm taking you for a walk," Clem said. "The interesting part starts just after we cross the street."

MacIntyre had forgotten many things during his four years' absence, but he had not forgotten his campus geography. A footpath picked up on the other side of the street and looped slowly down a gentle hill, down to the big stadium at the bottom of the shallow valley. University students called this the Slope. The path was set with pine trees and a few elms and oaks. A few years before, a particularly militant dean of women had seen to it that bright lamps on iron posts were planted along the stone footpath, but the inventive nature of the student body had created any number of small detours, and the Slope was still a shadowy and inviting place. There was even a campus legend (going back to the late nineteenth century, as a matter of fact) that a certain couple had spent their wedding night there, not only because of their own sentimental feeling for the place, but also because of a strong affection and loyalty for the school; this was probably apocryphal.

"Come on," Clem said, taking his hand.

"Wait a minute," MacIntyre said, "I suppose I should ask about your intentions."

"I intend to satisfy an unfulfilled ambition," the girl said. "The realization of an old dream. The katharsis, as Aristotle used to say."

"It was a mistake to teach women to read," MacIntyre groaned.

"I used to sit behind you in class and look at the back of your neck and think about walking down the Slope with you. Come on, MacIntyre."

As they reached the darkness on the other side, she slid her hand into the big side pocket of his topcoat and linked her fingers through his own. MacIntyre had a sudden feeling that she'd been rehearsing the whole business; it was a performance, like the one for the Imbeldens. He chuckled.

"What's funny?" the girl asked.

"Never mind."

She said nothing else until they were in sight of the stadium, the huge concrete U lying at the bottom of the slope in the halfhearted moonlight. Then she asked him for a cigarette. He lighted it.

"What's the matter with you?" she said.

"Me? I feel fine."

"Why are you so . . . negative? It's as if you kept turning your back. Mac, what *are* you turning your back for?"

He snapped the lid shut on the lighter and took a long breath. "Look, I will tell you about it," he said. "Once and for all, and then the subject is closed. Did you admire those people tonight? Did you sit there and think: How nice, how solid, how real?"

"Heavens, no!"

"I did. I used to think about him and his house and his books and his wife; I hadn't met his wife then, but I filled her in. And I envied him. When I was in school before, Clem, I didn't think at all. I was involved in everything that went on, sure; I Faced the Issues, I Thought My Way Through, I Looked to the Future. Baby, that commencement address in 'forty-one was right up my alley; I was just the guy that bishop was talking about.

"The only trouble was that I didn't know how to think. I was involved in a lot of mental action but no thinking.

"The last four years have been just the opposite. Very little action, lots of thinking. Don't let them kid you, Clementine; you have plenty of time to think when

you fight a war, especially in the air; pretty soon you look forward to the action as a relief from thinking. I began to see some things. And I kept coming back to Imbelden. Baby, do you read the newspapers?"

"Four of them every day; all sides . . ."

"Then, if you've got anything behind that high forehead, baby, you know that the world stinks. The races of the world are still using their muscles instead of their skulls; they're still racing through the wild woods of research, trying to see who can find the biggest club to use on his fellow creatures; they are still playing penny ante and drinking gin out of that bottle labeled 'me and mine.' It's not their fault. They're just born stupid.

"Don't get it wrong—this has nothing to do with my being that kicked-around character, the Returning Veteran. This is a conclusion anybody with any sense is reaching. The answer to having the wits scared out of you in the big world, is to make your own little world. You can do it a million ways. If you have money, you can lock yourself in an attic and paint pictures, just for yourself, or write books that nobody else gets to read; or, if your inclinations are carnal, there are millions of pairs of good legs in smooth stockings and millions of bottles filled with various liquids. The trick is to find a way of making a living with your head in the sand. Imbelden's done it. That's for me."

The girl said nothing. MacIntyre looked at her curiously, but her face was in the shadow. The red fire point of her cigarette arced upward to her mouth, hung there, glowed with a sudden intensity, faded, and then spun away. She hadn't smoked half of it.

"Let's go," she said.

"No discussion?" Mac said, a little surprised. "No argument?"

"None at all." She laughed. "Let's go."

She started back up the path. She was completely friendly and casual; she just didn't talk; and MacIntyre found this a little disturbing.

"I don't make orations very often," he said. "Honestly."

Their shoulders touched as they walked. They were almost to the top of the Slope when she stopped, abruptly, as if remembering an idea she had forgotten.

"There's one more childhood ambition," she said. "It had slipped my mind."

She turned to face him and lifted her face.

He did a deliberate and careful job.

"I thought so," she said.

He slid his hands slowly down her arms. "Meaning what?"

"Meaning that finishes the illusions. Now I guess I'm a real grown-up woman. I no longer believe in Santa Claus, the rabbit that lays eggs for Easter—or the acetylene touch of Mr. MacIntyre."

It made him a little sore. He moved toward her again, but she ducked and walked on. MacIntyre stood where he was for a minute and then followed her.

When they stood under the street light again, she turned to him almost plaintively. "Dammit," she said softly, "why did you have to turn out to be such a dull man?"

TWO DAYS later he became involved in a rhubarb; a noisy rhubarb, and with a college professor. This was in the class listed in the catalog as 21:101 Shakespeare—His Plays, and it was the personal property and joy of the celebrated Doctor Hamilton O'Hara.

Now 21:101 was the most popular course on campus. It was limited to one hundred members—an admittedly unwieldy group, but Doctor O'Hara refused to teach duplicating sections; he felt that repetition would kill the spontaneity of his performance. Since class work consisted of nothing but listening, there was a considerable demand. And the doctor unquestionably put on a very impressive show.

It started with the arrival of his assistant, an anonymous young man who wore green-tinted glasses and carried a large folder. He would open the folder, take a pencil and begin looking over the class. Occasionally he would make a mark with the pencil. MacIntyre had been observing this strange behavior since the beginning of the semester, and he still could make no sense of it. It was one of the things that was beginning to irritate him about Shakespeare — His Plays. When he wasn't irritated, he was bored.

It was because of this boredom that he changed his seat in the huge drafty lecture auditorium. He moved to a chair near the window, through which the outside world could be observed, just as Doctor O'Hara made his entrance.

"Today," Doctor O'Hara said, producing a pair of spring-bowed horn-rims from his pocket and clipping them to his temples, "I discuss the character of Macbeth."

THE plan of the O'Hara lectures was simple. The semester's work consisted of consideration of four plays. In his first three lectures, on each play, the doctor discussed the "scholarship" of the play—the various editions and folios, typographical errors, the probable dates and personnel of the first performances. In the remaining five lectures he discussed the five leading characters, including the reading of illustrative passages from the play.

It was in these performances that the doctor excelled. He never read; he acted. There was a legend on the campus that he knew every line of the "Complete Works"; this was not true, but Doctor O'Hara made no particular effort to deny it.

"I ask you to remember this, first, about Macbeth," he said. He stood with his hands hooked over the edge of the podium, and as he spoke his eyes, enormous behind the glasses, traveled from row to row. "I ask you to remember that Macbeth was a man who was in love with his wife. This fact, too often neglected in the body of criticism, is the mainspring of his nature, the fountainhead of his motivation, the explanation of his headlong desire. I ask you to remember the lines." Here the doctor removed his glasses and stepped back to give himself room. He lifted a hand in a broad gesture and began to act.

"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow," he quoted, "creeps in this petty pace from day to day . . ."

MacIntyre began to doze.

He did not actually doze; it was that old knack which the experienced student acquires, the ability to focus the eyes while unfocusing the mind, to let the spirit loose to wander while the body remains on a hard seat.

MacIntyre's spirit was wandering around an imaginary tennis court (Clem Hall was on the other side of the net, and she looked surprisingly good in shorts) when there was an interruption. A hand went up, hesitantly, in the row ahead of him. Doctor O'Hara ignored it. The hand went higher and finally began to swing slowly from side to side like a lazy semaphore.

O'Hara stopped talking, took off his glasses and glared.

"Questions are not permitted during the class period," he said. "I had supposed I had made that clear. Any queries should be written out and handed to Mr. Turner." He indicated the young man with

the green-tinted glasses who sat behind the desk.

"I know," the man ahead of MacIntyre said, "but this is important. I mean, it's something I have to know now, because otherwise you just don't make sense."

MacIntyre straightened up in his chair, interested for the first time.

"I'm sorry," the doctor said. "You can consult me after class if you like." He restored his glasses. "Now, to continue. The vulnerability of Macbeth's psyche ——"

The hand went up again and started its slow wigwag.

O'Hara stopped in the middle of a word and whipped off his glasses again. He stalked over to Turner and whispered something. The assistant consulted his folder and whispered something back.

"Are you Mr. Estopy?" O'Hara asked the man with the uplifted hand.

"Yes, sir."

"It should be obvious to you, Mr. Estopy, that a class of this size cannot indulge in discussion; we would progress not at all."

MacIntyre opened his mouth and found himself talking. "We'll progress even less if the lecturer doesn't make sense," he volunteered. MacIntyre was getting a little fed up.

O'Hara's hands tightened on the side of the podium; he drew a long breath. "What's your question, Mr. Estopy?" he asked with ominous quiet.

"What do you mean by 'susceptibility to circumstance'?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"You said that just a minute ago, talking about Macbeth. What's 'susceptibility to circumstance'?" Mr. Estopy repeated doggedly.

THERE was a silence, and the class held its collective breath and waited. The doctor was famous for cold annihilation of upstarts in his classes.

"Mr. Estopy," he said, "your admission to this class presupposes a certain level of intelligence. You're obviously out of your depth."

There was a snicker from the back of the classroom.

"To continue," O'Hara said, "Macbeth was——"

MacIntyre found himself talking again.

"Wait a minute," he said, "I think it's a good question. What *do* you mean by 'susceptibility to circumstance'?"

O'Hara started to take off his glasses again and dropped them. The assistant rushed to pick them up.

"My meaning seems to be perfectly apparent to the remainder of the class."

"I doubt it," MacIntyre said. He knew that he was being rude and maybe a little juvenile. He also found that he was enjoying it. "I think they sit here and take it from force of habit."

"What's your name?" O'Hara said. He said it as if he were strangling.

"MacIntyre."

"Who?" This time it was Turner who spoke up. "You can't be. MacIntyre is absent today."

"The hell I am."

"But MacIntyre is in seat seventy-two," the assistant objected, tapping his big folder nervously, "and that seat's vacant."

There was laughter from the back of the room.

"Look, I'm real," MacIntyre said, standing up. "Come pinch me."

"If you would be good enough to come to my office immediately," O'Hara said grimly, "I would be very grateful." He seemed to be breathing very hard. "The class is dismissed."

The doctor had regained his temper. He was amiable, almost avuncular.

"Look here, MacIntyre, we can talk to

each other—man to man; I think we can understand each other. I was in the other war, you know; Thirty-fourth Division, a sergeant. Just a plain buck sergeant." He chuckled at his own obscurity in the other war, and waved MacIntyre to a broad leather chair. Then he settled himself on the end of his desk and began inserting a cigarette in a silver holder.

"Now, man to man, MacIntyre—you were somewhat obnoxious in there, you know." He lighted the cigarette and crinkled his eyes, smiling through the smoke. "Finding it a little hard to get back to the old routine? Maybe we could talk it over."

"Let's say that nowadays I'm choking over things that I used to swallow without any trouble at all," MacIntyre said. He leaned back in the chair and locked his hands behind his head. "Doctor, man to man—did you ever notice that one hell of a lot of college teachers are phrasemakers and windbags?"

"I'm not quite sure what you mean," O'Hara said, after a moment's pause.

"For instance—has it ever occurred to you that you run almost entirely on bluff? Bluff is your motive power. You intimidate our students——"

"Oh, now look here——"

"You do. Through that stooge, first of all; by the time they get admitted to the class, you've already bluffed them out of whatever critical thinking they might be able to do. You intimidate them through your own manner in class; that business with Estopy was pretty cheap. You're a man, doctor; you shouldn't have to resort to a woman's tongue."

MacIntyre wasn't sore any more; he was just telling the good doctor and a lot of others just like him. It was a thing, he realized, that he had been wanting to do for a long time.

"You intimidate them, and then, just to make sure it sticks, you talk in language they don't understand. And they aren't smart enough to realize that it means nothing most of the time. They're afraid to say anything for fear they'll demonstrate their ignorance."

O'Hara sat and stared at him, holding the cigarette in mid-air.

"I'm twenty-six years old, and I've got a pretty good mind; I'm not modest," MacIntyre said. He made a weary gesture. "It's really none of my business if those kids want to lap it up. Sometimes it makes me sore, only mostly it just makes me tired."

He got up from the chair and put his hat on the back of his head. O'Hara jabbed out his cigarette. The muscles of his mouth kept working as if to tighten the slack of his jaws. "You're the most impudent——"

"The hell I am! I'm too old for impudence. I'm just independent."

". . . and you might remember to whom you're talking ——"

"I know to whom I'm talking," MacIntyre said, moving toward the door. "I'm talking to just a plain old buck sergeant, Thirty-fourth Division—man to man."

He closed the door behind him, then opened it and leaned inside again. "I'll go over to the registrar's and arrange to drop the course." He saluted with the tips of his fingers. "Meanwhile—don't take any wooden first folios, Sarge."

WHEN he came out he found Estopy sitting on the steps of Clunting Hall. Estopy wore blue pants and a white shirt with a green tie and a battle jacket. He got up and dusted off the seat of his pants as MacIntyre came down the steps.

"Thanks," he said, "for taking him off my neck. I was beginning to feel foolish as hell."

"One of the good doctor's specialties," MacIntyre said. He looked at the orange and blue shoulder patch with the figure fours on it, back to back. "Forty-fourth Division. Good outfit."

"The best," Estopy said.

"I flew support for you in the Vosges."

"Good support, as I remember," Estopy said.

"The best," MacIntyre said.

They grinned at each other and went down the walk together.

"I was thinking," Mac said, "of maybe bending an elbow briefly. I got my subsistence check yesterday, and it's making holes in my pocket."

"It sounds good, but I can't," Estopy said. "It's my turn with the kids."

"Kids, plural?"

"Sure," Estopy said. "Twins. We got twins. Eighteen months."

"Congratulations," MacIntyre said. "How are they distributed?"

"One boy, one girl," Estopy said. "Very handy. George and Georgina." MacIntyre laughed in spite of himself, and the kid in the battle jacket grinned apologetically. "My wife's idea," he said.

"Where you living?"

Estopy made a face. "The Palace Hotel," he said. There were two hotels in town; the Bellefield and the Palace. The Bellefield was routine, and the Palace was downright shoddy. "One room, a dollar and a half a day, by the day," Estopy said. MacIntyre did a little mental calculation and it came out that the hotel bill equaled exactly half of Estopy's monthly subsistence. "I've worn off my ankle bones, walking. I've rung every doorbell in this damn town." He shrugged. "Tight as a drum."

"How long you been here?"

"Since the middle of August. We thought we'd come early, so we could find a nice little place," Estopy said bitterly. "Seven weeks. I'm in a beat groove. I got to do good work in this place; I've *got* to, and I'm not worth a damn. I don't seem to get anything done. I just——" He stopped in the middle of it, self-consciously. "Hey, listen to me talk," he said. "Speeches, yet."

"You need to bend the elbow," MacIntyre said. "It'll take five minutes; come on."

Estopy shook his head. "Nope. It's my turn with the kids. My wife—well, she's stuck in the room all day, just one little window, and the kids—you know. I'm a real good husband. I run right home just as soon as class is over." He walked off.

Why doesn't he get a nice job in a grocery store and become a self-made man? MacIntyre asked himself. I wouldn't go through that for what any college could give me. Not for any college.

"You seem to be meditating," a familiar voice behind him said.

"Look, Clem," he said, turning to face her, "you're a social-minded woman." He jerked a thumb in the direction Estopy had gone. "He's got twins. They've been in a cockroach cave in the Palace Hotel for seven weeks, looking for a place to live."

"Sit down," Clem said, "and we'll talk about it." She sat down on a ledge of rock overlooking the aster beds and crossed her legs in front of her, tailor fashion.

"Why isn't somebody doing anything about it?" MacIntyre said. He didn't sit down. "What about some nice, hot editorials in the Blazer? Come on, kid; the masses are suffering; get a move on."

"There were a couple of hot editorials—six months ago. It's a dead issue." She reached a hand and wiggled it invitingly. "Come on, sit down. The rock is cold. We can get pneumonia together."

"Ask Estopy if it's a dead issue," MacIntyre said, ignoring the hand. "Other

places are doing something; I read things in the papers. Missouri U's got trailers, and Iowa's got trailers and Quonsets; practically every major school in the country's got something. But here it's a dead issue."

"The university's going to build apartments," Clem said impatiently. "Sit down and give me a cigarette. I promise you I won't lay a finger on you."

"When?"

Clem sighed wearily. "How should I know? We had a piece about it, a couple of months ago; I don't remember. Depends on materials and labor, I suppose."

"There's a department store downtown, five blocks from here, that's remodeling and putting on a new addition. A hundred thousand dollars' worth, right now. I saw that in the papers, too. A full-page ad." He kicked suddenly at the dirt and a rock sailed into the middle of the aster bed. "What the hell is wrong with people, anyhow?" he said, talking to himself.

Clem Hall began to laugh. "Now who's developing the social conscience?" she said. "I just hear that you practically assault a distinguished professor in class, and now you're wondering what's wrong with people."

"Go roll a hoop," MacIntyre said.

"Are you going to sit down?" she said.

"I'm going to the library," Mac said. "I'm going to go conjugate some old Latin verbs and read some background material on beekeeping in Ancient Rome." As a matter of fact, he was going to bend an elbow, but he had no desire for the company of a woman who gave him the needle. "Virgil was a beekeeper, you know," he footnoted.

"Fascinating," Clem murmured, rising. Her motions were fast and graceful; she was tall, but MacIntyre had observed that she knew how to move. Then he wondered why he should take the trouble to notice.

"Are you coming to see me tonight?" she said.

"Was I supposed to?"

"It's Saturday; no paper to get out. Come and visit me, and we can sit in the parlor."

"I'm busy," he said, which was a lie.

"Come on. Come and make love to me." She said it almost as if she meant it.

"I'm a dull man," Mac said.

"I know," she said. "Maybe a little recreation is just what you need. Come and see me."

"I'm a comedian, is that it?" He caught her elbow and pulled her around. "Listen," he said, "I don't like to be laughed at."

"Who's laughing, MacIntyre?" she said.

So he went to see her that night, and they played records on the phonograph and danced a little. She was a good dancer, and he was not as rusty as he had thought. She told him lengthy but amusing anecdotes about her comical Uncle Elijah, who was the town drunk of Parsons, Kansas; he told her about the summer he lived in New York and worked in Radio City. They talked about a variety of things. Near the end of the evening, he told her a mildly suggestive story. She countered with one that was slightly more outspoken. He topped this with one that was almost dirty, and she laughed with an air of great bravado but nevertheless, blushed.

He also kissed her twice and went home without knowing whether he had made love to her or not.

ON MONDAY morning Henry Imbelden looked at the newspaper spread out on his desk and said, "Well, I'll be damned."

There was a picture of Ronald (Mac) MacIntyre on the front page of the Blazer. The picture had obviously been taken in

an earlier day; Mr. MacIntyre was in football garb, holding a helmet under his arm, and there was a big block 66 on his chest. He had a broad smile and a fuller head of hair, and he was obviously heavier than at present. The caption across the top of the picture said, *He Accuses!*

Mr. MacIntyre, it seemed, was running for office. He was running for the presidency of the campus veteran's organization, a group now numbering almost two thousand, the article said, and a potential powerhouse in student affairs. Imbelden had only a fuzzy notion of what, specifically, student affairs might consist, but it struck him as a nice, vigorous phrase.

Somebody knocked on the glass panel of the door, and he said, "Come in," without lifting his head.

"Good morning," somebody said.

"Good morning," Imbelden muttered. "Oh, it's you."

"Life-size," MacIntyre said.

The old man rocked back in his swivel chair and cocked an eyebrow. "Of course," he said, "it's your own affair, but you have a rather heavy schedule, you know. It was my understanding you had no interest in such things."

"What things?"

Imbelden shoved the paper across the desk. "You're a public figure," he said drily. "Congratulations."

MacIntyre bent over to read without picking up the paper, but after a moment he grabbed it from the desk.

"This is a mistake," MacIntyre said. "It's a put-up job. Me—run for some silly student office?"

"Don't shout at me," Imbelden said. "I didn't give it to the papers."

MacIntyre crumpled the newspaper between his hands and reached for the phone. He dialed the first two numbers of the university extension, stopped. "To hell with it!" he said. "I'll go."

He slammed the instrument back into the cradle and started for the door; stopped, came back and scooped up the crumpled newspaper. "May I take this with me?"

"Certainly. Mr. MacIntyre, are you telling me that someone is under a misapprehension——"

"To say the least." MacIntyre began smoothing the newspaper as vigorously as he had crumpled it. "What does she think I am—a dumb sophomore fraternity pledge?"

"I must admit I was surprised——"

But MacIntyre was already gone, his heels clattering rapidly down the stairs. Imbelden sighed and leaned back in his chair. He had decided long ago that the trouble with American college life was the frantic pace: to eat, to sleep, to make love, to get educated. He had gone to school in Florence for a year. Now, that was something like it. He tried to imagine a Florentine running downstairs—particularly a man of mature years and about something that appeared in the newspapers. He tried to imagine it and couldn't.

CLEM HALL sat with her feet on an elderly desk and looked at pictures. The pictures were large, glossy prints; she selected one of a girl in a bathing suit, flopped it face down, wrote something on the back, and tossed it in a steel basket labeled "Shop."

"We run that on the back page," she said. "Ornamental."

"Stop brushing me off," MacIntyre said. "Straighten this silly stuff out. In tomorrow's paper."

The Blazer was not the standard college semiweekly; it was a daily morning sheet, six pages, complete with a wire service, comics and ads. The ads didn't make enough money to pay expenses, but they did make the Blazer look more professional. At the moment, the so-called city room—the second story of the education building—was quiet. A young man in a plaid shirt was sleeping soundly on top of a long table, and a girl in a hip-length sweater was stabbing dejectedly at a typewriter with a solo finger.

"The Blazer never retracts anything," Clem said. "We never have to." She pointed to a sign pasted to the wall—" 'Get It First; But First, Get It Right!' We always get it right the first time," Clem said. "Like the sign says."

"You made it up," Mac said. He was angry and embarrassed at the same time. "Look, I don't want to make a fuss, but of all the silly——"

Clem swung her feet down from the desk. "It's not silly," she said indignantly. "There's almost two thousand veterans on this campus, and they aren't downy-faced kids; they're men. You guys can revolutionize education if you work at it. And education needs it."

"I'm not interested in a revolution," MacIntyre said between his teeth. "All I want is a small box on the front page saying——"

"A bunch of scholars have this whole election rigged, as it stands," the girl said, with the great patience of one who speaks to a backward child. "They've put up some punk who was a j.g. at Corpus Christi and who owns a cream-colored convertible and dates a Kappa. He hasn't even got any opposition; the whole election's a fraud, the organization's a dummy, and the guys who could make it get up and go—guys like you—are ignoring it."

"Clem——"

"Now, you've got a good issue there in that housing business, and we can build something out of it."

"If you want to quote somebody on housing, go ahead. You can even quote me. Quote, the situation smells, unquote. But the electioneering—— Clem, it's so juvenile!" He was almost pleading with her. "I'm a big boy now; I have no use for collegiate short pants."

"Then why come back to school?" she demanded. She ran her fingers through her hair, a gesture which was beginning to annoy MacIntyre. "If you can't help make this college a place for men, why don't you go out and work in a lumber camp?"

"All right, you've made a fool of me. All right, it's a big joke," he said bitterly. "Have you laughed yourself out, or do we have to kick it around some more?"

"I don't play you for laughs, MacIntyre," she said wearily. "I play you for tears in my beer. You can back down if you want to, but darned if I'll write it." She lifted an arm and pointed. "There's a typewriter. Help yourself."

MacIntyre looked at her for a full minute without speaking. Then he said, "All I need is a piece of paper."

HENRY IMBELDEN and his wife Jessie were playing cribbage. It was a game they had learned during their honeymoon, and in forty years they had developed an incredible proficiency at it; they could deal, discard, play and count automatically, giving themselves leisure to talk or do some private thinking.

They were discussing whether or not any iris toe was worth twenty dollars when the knocker rattled. Imbelden let it bang awhile and then laid his cards on the table. "I hate people," he said.

He flipped on the porch light and peeked around the corner of the blinds. "Especially a mob of people," he said. "Good Lord, what do *they* want?"

The mob consisted of three—his physicist friend Loomis, a familiar face he couldn't identify, and—of all people—Dr.

Hamilton O'Hara. The last time O'Hara and Imbelden had met, at the committee meeting on student publications, they had parted on terms somewhat less than amicable, but O'Hara seemed to have forgotten the incident. He introduced everybody, all the way round, and during the process maneuvered himself so far into the parlor that Imbelden could do nothing but ask him to sit down. The familiar face turned out to be Mr. Nevin, a local insurance agent.

"Henry," O'Hara said, "we'll get to the point."

"Good," Imbelden said. "You're interrupting a hell of a good cribbage game."

Nevin looked a little startled.

"Don't be upset by my husband," Mrs. Imbelden said, reassuringly. "He likes to pretend he's a rude old man, but it's just a pose. Isn't it, Professor Loomis?"

All three visitors managed a small, tight laugh.

Imbelden pushed tobacco into his pipe with his thumb and spoke to O'Hara. "Well, get down to it."

"We came here to talk about a rather peculiar subject, Henry," the good doctor said. "Real estate. We—well, we wanted to find out whether or not you planned to sell your lots in the Hillcrest development."

"Haven't even thought about it," Imbelden scowled. "What business is it of yours, anyhow?"

"Quite a lot," O'Hara said amiably. "As a matter of public unity, you might say. And you're going to be approached on the subject of sale. By the university. They plan to build apartments out there, you know."

"You wouldn't really want to sell, would you?" Nevin asked. There was an erractic tic in the left side of his face that made him wink. He winked at Imbelden and said, "You wouldn't really consider it, would you, Professor?"

"I don't know; depends on price," Imbelden said. "Thought I might build a house out there one day, but I like this one." He looked at the clock. "This had better lead somewhere in a hurry," he said, "or I'm going to bed."

"All right, here's the nutshell—we want you to promise you won't sell your property. Or, if you do want to get rid of it, to sell it to us."

"Just so the university doesn't get hold of it?"

"Exactly so," O'Hara said briskly. "The spot they particularly have in mind is the four hundred block on Highland between Diversey and Wordsworth Avenue. Completely vacant. The four of us here own it. Mr. Loomis owns the largest parcel, as you know; you and I have four lots apiece, and Mr. Nevin has the remainder. It's up to us to present a solid front."

"Why?"

"My dear Henry," O'Hara said patiently, "the problem does not concern you in a direct sense, admittedly, but it does us. Our homes are in that vicinity. Hillcrest Drive is a strictly zoned, restricted district. No houses under twelve thousand dollars; no business enterprises whatever; no—ah—undesirables. It's taken us years to build that district into what it is."

"And you figure that apartments would ruin——"

"Not just apartments," O'Hara said. "I understand that the first thing to go up would be Quonset huts." The good doctor almost shuddered. "To tide things over, as they put it. The apartments would come later. Kids and clotheslines; perambulators, tennis courts, and garbage cans lined up on the sidewalks." O'Hara got up; he even waved his arms a little. "We spend thousands—nay, hundreds of

thousands of dollars—to develop a restricted district, and what happens?"

"Clotheslines," Nevin said. "And garbage cans."

"Imbelden," O'Hara roared, "do you realize that the only requirement necessary to get into their precious project will be a marriage license?"

"Don't yell at me," Imbelden said. "Can't stand the noise."

He leaned over the fireplace and knocked his pipe against the firebox bricks. Nevin and O'Hara looked at each other, and Professor Loomis played with his hat, which he held in his lap.

"There's another way to look at this thing, Professor," Nevin said. "This is one of the nicest little communities anywhere. Nice parks, nice playgrounds, high standard of living. More cars per capita in this town than in any town its size in the state. This is just about as rich a little burg as you'll find anywhere, Professor." He tapped Imbelden on the chest with a long forefinger. "You wouldn't want to see anything cheap go up——"

"This may be a surprise to you," Imbelden said, "but I really don't give a damn what goes up. Loomis, you haven't made your speech yet. O'Hara spoke for good healthy sentiment, Nevin spoke for nice solid business. What's your angle—scientific? The difficulty of securing adequate plumbing installation in multiple units?"

O'Hara sighed and took off his glasses. "I told you this would be difficult," he said to Nevin. "Henry, you've always been one of the most reasonable men I've ever known. What's got into you?"

"Maybe it's senility," Imbelden snapped.

"Professor, there's one more thing," Nevin said. He winked violently. "Right now that's the hottest piece of property in this town. Fine building sites in the most exclusive district. Getting into Hillcrest will be like—well, getting into Phi Beta Kappa. In five years, Professor, you can double your money."

"Now I think we're getting down to it." There was a gleam behind the old man's glasses. "O'Hara, do you actually intend to ever build a house there?"

"Well——"

"No, you do not. Hell, your present house is just across the street, and I'll bet there's still a second mortgage on it. I don't know why, but people in the English department always live beyond their means. And Nevin, you're completely transparent."

Imbelden stomped over to the sofa, where Loomis sat looking at the top of his hat.

"Loomis, how'd you ever get mixed up in that two-bit cartel?" he asked.

"Well, it just sounded like a good idea. I mean, keep up the standards . . . Doctor O'Hara, here, was talking about the garbage cans——"

"Suppose we go." O'Hara said. He arose with dignity, looking a little saddened. "It was only a matter of neighborly courtesy to come in the first place."

Imbelden snorted.

"Oh, that's right, Professor," Nevin said. "We just came because we thought it would be nice to stand together on this thing.

"We can see to it that the university doesn't acquire the property; after all, you've only got four lots."

"I repeat, a neighborly gesture," O'Hara said. He picked up his hat from an end table and carefully set it on his head. "But never mind."

Mr. Loomis didn't say anything.

Imbelden stood by the door until the three of them got beyond the steps, then snapped off the porch light. He stood in the semidarkness for a moment, smiling to himself—half cynical, half amused.

"You know, dear," Jessie said, taking him by the hand, "Doctor O'Hara is right. You've been really strange. I think that Mr. MacIntyre had something to do with it."

"My good woman," he said, "are you implying that I have heretofore been unable to think for myself?"

Jessie thought it over for a moment. "Well," she said finally, "if I was, I take it back . . . Come to bed, dear."

"You go ahead, Jessie; I'll be along."

She went up the stairs, and he wandered back into the parlor. He got his pipe from the mantel and stuck it between his teeth without filling it. Then he walked over to the telephone and dialed the university switchboard.

"I wonder if you could give me the number of a graduate student named Ronald MacIntyre . . . Thank you . . . of course I want you to ring it. Did you think I just was asking out of idle curiosity?"

He waited, grinning to himself. He felt an odd elation. He, Henry Imbelden, was about to touch off an explosion. He was about to kick a hole in the roof. And at his age, too. "Second childhood, I suppose," he snorted.

THE city room of the Blazer was a good deal more lively at ten at night than in the morning. There was an erratic chatter of typewriters, a good deal of miscellaneous shouting and a considerable collection of feet on desks.

MacIntyre was talking earnestly to Clem Hall.

"I'd want to use names," Clem said. "None of this it-is-rumored stuff."

"Of course names. Why run it otherwise?"

"Including Imbelden?"

"That's what he said," MacIntyre said. He scowled. "What are you being so cagey about? I thought you were——"

"And including your name?"

"What difference does it make about my name?" MacIntyre said. "All I did was bring you the story; you're quoting Imbelden, not me."

Clem was cutting up proofs with a pair of long scissors. She pointed the scissors and said, "It's as good as printed—if you run for office. Think of the campaign possibilities in it!"

"Look," MacIntyre yelled at her, "are you trying to blackmail me?"

"Let's just say that the fate of the university's housing program is in your hands. We can blow those boys sky high, you know. Including O'Hara." She snapped the air vigorously with her scissors. "He called me a tilter at windmills. Ha!"

"You mean you wouldn't use that stuff if I didn't——"

"Exactly so," Clem said. "Exactly so."

MacIntyre gave her a long, silent look; then began to grin. "Don't give me that. You couldn't pass up that juicy bit if you tried. Don't try to kick dust in my eyes, Clementine."

"Sonny boy," she said, "the front page of the Blazer goes to bed in three hours. I hate to use your own sense of justice as a club to beat you over the head—but I'm a ruthless woman. Take it, as they say on the radio, or leave it."

"I'm a hard man to bully."

"And I'm a hard woman to soft-soap. I'm a hard woman, period."

"Besides, what difference does it make who runs the G I League, or whatever they call it?"

"What difference does it make if your friend Estopy sleeps in the street, twins and all?" She turned toward the typewriter on the small table beside her. "Do you want to debate some more, or shall I start writing it?"

"Listen, if anybody writes it, I will."

"You?" she said, incredulous. "Turn a story like this over to some rank amateur? Don't be ridiculous, MacIntyre."

EVERY morning at two fifty-eight a fast passenger train shot through the outskirts of town and under a viaduct at the edge of the campus, headed for Kansas City, headed for the heartlands of Texas and eventually for Galveston, a city on the sea. MacIntyre had always been fond of going to the viaduct to watch this train go by; in the old days, he'd gone at least twice a week, and almost always alone.

Now he was taking Clem Hall to see it. Most feminine collegiates are prohibited by law from roaming the campus during the early hours, but Clem's position as editor of a morning paper gave her night-owl privileges. They took their time walking across the campus, feeling self-righteous (now that the truth had been served), and comfortably weary.

In the pocket of his topcoat MacIntyre carried a smeared proof of the front page of the Daily Blazer, copies of which would be slamming onto front porches in about three hours. There was a fat and indignant headline: Pressure Group Fights Housing Plans. The story ran two columns plus a picture of Hamilton O'Hara.

"You realize that this is the last copy of this sheet you'll ever edit?" MacIntyre said to her. "They'll get you for this. One way or another, they'll get you."

"So what?" she said. "So I was getting tired of the long hours, anyhow."

The viaduct was a high, short span; the railway cut was just wide enough for the double track that arced to the east on one side and to the south, into town, on the other.

"You can see her for almost a mile," MacIntyre said. "See, way over there—the tiny green light? That's the block; when he hits the block, it turns red."

"I'll watch for it," she said.

Behind them lay the town, asleep, with street lamps burning like lightning bugs against the night. They leaned against the broad cement railing, their arms resting on top of it, linked together.

After a while MacIntyre pulled her around so that her back was against the barrier and leaned over her. She held her face up. He slid his hands along her cheeks and hooked them around the back of her head, his fingers buried in the loose curls. This was a thing for which he had been hungering a long, long time. When he kissed her, her lips parted slightly.

MacIntyre found himself short of breath when he let her go. "This is a thing at which you've had practice," he said.

It was not what he wanted to say; certainly he felt far from flippant or casual, but he was afraid to say anything else.

"You're no duffer," Clem said. "Let's do it again."

"Wait a minute," MacIntyre's voice was unsteady. "There's something—look, the answer to the question I'm about to ask you is completely unimportant, but I've got to ask it. Don't laugh at me, Clem, but——"

"I will be honest; there were two other gentlemen I thought I was in love with," she said. "Is that the question?"

He nodded, pulling in his breath.

"Jealous?"

"A little."

"Good."

"And Clem——"

"I liked them both. A lot. I thought I was in love with them. But there was always a little bit of myself that I saved, that I held back, because I was never sure."

"Thanks," he said.

Away to the east, the tiny green light

on the horizon changed to red, and a whistle howled distantly.

"Thanks very much," he said.

"You talk too much," she said.

The Arrow hooted around the long curve and laid a finger of light along the tracks beneath them. The cut rocked to the echoes of its passing. Neither of them noticed.

L. Edward Armbruster, the president of the university, found the Blazer on his desk, as usual, amid the morning mail. He always glanced at the Blazer; not through any particular positive interest in its contents, but just to make sure that the news was bright and clean, and that nothing got into print which reflected on the character of the institution. He almost passed over the picture of Dr. Hamilton O'Hara; the good doctor was always getting his picture in the papers. But a line under the photograph which began "Branded today as one of a bloc which seeks to prevent . . ." caught his eye. He scowled and dropped into his chair, spreading the paper out before him.

As he read a pale tinge of red showed above his starched white collar; the paper quivered in his hands. Finally, he snapped the switch on the intercommunication panel. "Miss Thurleson," he said, "get me Doctor O'Hara on the phone. And get me the editor of the Blazer. Immediately."

"Which one first?" a mechanical soprano came back.

"Whichever one you can get first," the president said grimly, "and have the other one wait. I will take them one at a time."

At approximately the same time Mr. Chester Nevin (Insurance of All Kinds) was entering his office on the fourth floor of the National Industrial Savings Bank building.

"Here's a newspaper," his secretary-receptionist said. "It was under the door. It's just that university thing."

Mr. Nevin flipped it open and ran his eye over the front page. Doctor H. O'Hara smiled out at him, and Mr. Nevin winked and smiled back.

"Oh, Ham's sent this," he said. "You know, the famous man over at the college; we're real good friends. There's a thing about him in here——"

Suddenly Mr. Nevin screamed as if he had been knifed.

"What—what?"

His secretary stood up and tried to read over his shoulder.

"I knew it!" Mr. Nevin said. "I knew we shouldn't get any college professors mixed up in this. They never can keep their damn mouths shut!"

In his office on the third floor of Clunting Hall, Henry Imbelden was also reading the paper. Behind a closed door. For a while, at least, he had no desire to look the general public in the eye. Not that he was afraid; it was just that his nerves seemed slightly on edge. He certainly had stepped out of his field.

And downstairs in his elegant office, Doctor Hamilton O'Hara was also occupied with the telephone. He was holding it in one hand; in the other he held a handkerchief which he occasionally rubbed across his forehead.

"It'll be attended to," he said. "Everything. Believe me, sir, this entire situation has arisen from a malignant misunderstanding of a basically simple commercial proposition——"

He realized that the president had hung up at the other end, and slammed the phone back into the cradle. He spun his swivel chair around and glared out of the window at the sundial that was a gift of the class of 1911.

"Turner!" he yelled. After a moment he heard a door click open and a nervous clearing of the throat.

"Yes, Doctor?"

"Get on the telephone and call an emergency meeting of the Advisory Committee on Publications. You know where the list is. In half an hour, in this office. Emergency, I said." O'Hara glared at the sundial and did not even glance at his assistant. "Everybody except Imbelden. He is not to be called."

"Isn't it rather risky, Doctor, to deliberately exclude——"

"You may be certain, Turner," O'Hara said heavily, "that any action I may take will have the sanction of the president. As a matter of fact, he suggested it. We're going to get rid of that damn girl."

"Yes sir." Mr. Turner hesitated for a moment and then decided to risk a small joke. "I guess what Professor Imbelden doesn't know won't hurt him, will it?"

Doctor O'Hara swung around in his chair. "Turner," he snapped, "sometimes you make me sick."

Two days later the Blazer carried a banner-line story which said that the holders of the land in Hillcrest addition which the university desired were going to sell. This, the story pointed out, had been their intention all along; through an unfortunate misunderstanding, reports to the contrary had been circulated. In the middle of the column was a box which was, in effect, an apology to Messrs. O'Hara, Nevin and Loomis; it said that a former member of the Blazer staff had slipped into the "irresponsible practice of accepting second- and even third-hand information as fact."

There was an editorial on page three commending the citizens of the town for their helpful and progressive attitude toward the university's problems. There was an architect's drawing of the projected apartment units, and a good deal of general backslapping in all directions.

It made Clem Hall sore and lonely at the same time, reading such stuff in the sheet that had been her baby.

"Give me the word," MacIntyre told her, "and I will go punch your successor in the head."

"I do my own punching," Clem said. "Anyhow, he's doing his job. He's one of these guys born to take orders, and that's what he's doing. Me, I was born to tilt at windmills."

"Personally, I prefer you just as a normal, healthy girl," MacIntyre said. "Remember what they say: A lady should be in the papers just three times; when she's born, when she marries, and when she dies."

"Who said that?"

"Clare Boothe Luce. In a play she wrote."

"I should live so long," Clem said.

He is such a lardhead, she was thinking to herself. He is such a stubborn, perverse lardhead, and I would let him walk up and down my back in track shoes if he wanted to.

"Anyhow, you've made your mark in the world," MacIntyre was saying. "You saved the day; you turned the rascals out, so to speak. Untold generations of infants, born in university apartments, will give you thanks."

Clem frowned.

"They gave up too easy—the big real estate combine, I mean. I don't think they gave up at all."

"What else could they do?" MacIntyre shrugged. "With all the publicity. I'll bet that poor mouse Loomis won't crawl out from under the bed for a month. And O'Hara is the original beam-in-the-public-eye; he has to protect himself . . ." MacIntyre pulled a wry, humorless grin. "In a way, I almost feel sorry for them. They're just trying to look out for their

own necks and chisel a little on the side. And who isn't, these days?"

Clem looked at him long and intently. "Plenty of people. I'm not, I hope. Imbelden's not. Your friend Estopy. Plenty of people. It's got to be that way, or we're all dead pigeons."

"Baby, these days everybody is looking out for the big I."

"What about you?"

"I'm different. I'm running for office."

After a moment, she said, "I don't like it when you talk like that."

"Sorry, baby . . . Anyhow, what makes you think they haven't given up?"

"It was too easy; I know." She winked at him. "Let's just call it a normal, healthy girl's intuition."

She was dead right.

THE next Monday morning the Blazer, along with most papers in the area, broke a wire story from Chicago. The board of trustees of the university had held a special week-end meeting, and they were regretfully forced to announce that any such building project as the Hillcrest Development was a violation of the charter of the institution. The reason: competition with established local industry!

Imbelden heard this on the early newscast of the university's radio station and promptly knocked over the cream pitcher with his elbow. He then said six monosyllabic words which his wife had not heard him use since the first night of their honeymoon when the ship's captain had ordered an unscheduled boat drill.

"Henry!" she gasped.

"Sweetheart," he said grimly, "unless you want to hear more of the same, you'd better go into the kitchen." He said some more monosyllables.

"Now, that's enough," she said sharply. She bounced over to the radio. "What did you ever say to upset him like that?" she asked the thing as she snapped it off. "Henry, you're getting childish."

"Quite possible. Established local industry! Ha!"

"I don't know why that should upset you. Anyhow, do you know what he's talking about? I don't."

Imbelden wadded his napkin and tossed it on the table. "What he's talking about, my sweet, is a simple provision in most college charters. That means that an agricultural college, for example, can't peddle apples it grows on an experimental farm in competition with the grocer. Or milk. Or the auto-mechanics department fix cars in competition with the garage down the street. You follow me?"

"Of course. Don't lecture me, Henry."

"Which," Imbelden said, ignoring the footnote, "is only fair and decent. But places for people to live—ye gods, doesn't the university have dormitories? Doesn't that compete with village females that run boardinghouses?"

"Well——"

"Don't interrupt, sweetheart." Like a man suddenly inspired, he made for the glass-paneled bookcase. "Where's that copy of the confounded college catalog?" He found it and came back to the table, thumbing rapidly through the front pages. He stopped and gave page three a quick inspection. "Board of trustees," he announced triumphantly.

"You're going to be late for your eight o'clock," his wife said. She was obviously a little distressed.

"Altepeter, Conners, Eberlich," Imbelden muttered, running a finger along the page. "Kenner, Mori——" He stopped in the middle of the word and looked up. "My dear," he inquired gently of his wife, "do you know who Augustus L. Moriarity is?"

"Henry, don't be ridiculous. Of course I do. He owns things. *Lots* of money. Mrs.

Moriarity is in the club. He owns things all over town."

"Including three apartment houses and heaven only knows how much rental property."

"Henry, you didn't even finish your coffee."

"And he's on the board of trustees. Class of nineteen-nine, Augustus L. Moriarity——"

The telephone rang.

"Answer it, sweetheart." He stamped over to the window and stood there, rubbing one side of his mustache with a knuckle. He could hear his wife's voice, but he paid no attention.

"Gus Moriarity, an established local industry," he snorted. He heard his wife come back into the room. "Who was it?"

A small silence.

"It wasn't anybody. A wrong number."

He turned around and looked at her, cocking an eyebrow. "Jessie, I've been married to you for forty years . . . Who was it?"

"It was the Hall woman. That Clem Hall—which is a ridiculous name for a woman."

"Not as ridiculous as Clementine," Imbelden said. "What did she want?"

"Whatever it was, I'm sure it wasn't good," Jessie said. She slid her arm through the crook of his elbow. "I told her you weren't home."

"You what?"

Jessie sunk her fingers in his arm and held on. "Henry . . . you worry me, dear. Getting excited about all these silly things. I mean, all the odd things these wild-eyed students do, and making statements for the paper—well, just getting mixed up in things that are none of your business."

He looked at her for a long moment without speaking. Jessie was pulling a slight pout. This was a habit which he had found attractive in their courtship days—she had a pleasant little mouth—but it did look strange in a woman of fifty-nine.

"Jessie," he barked, "pull in your lower lip!"

The lip retracted, but Jessie continued to look hurt. He caught her hands and pulled her down beside him on the window seat. "What's the trouble, honey?"

"It's just that—well, I just don't like you to get mixed up in things. We're such quiet people, Henry."

"MacIntyre's private little world," Imbelden said grimly.

"And at your age—people talk about it, you know."

"The old man's in his dotage. Senility is roaring around the corner, is that it?"

"Henry, I know better," she said patiently, "but—it's upset you. It's upset everything. Look out there at the lawn, for instance. You haven't taken up the gladiolus bulbs yet, and the hedge should have been trimmed before the frost——"

"What do you think I am, a full-time gardener? This is a big place—almost three acres."

"But that's the sort of thing people talk about, you see? It's practically on the campus, and the president is only two doors away. Henry Imbelden, just because some noisy young people haven't any place to live, are you going to let your house become an eyesore and—Henry, what's the matter *now?*"

A strange and wicked light had come into Imbelden's eye. He whirled around and opened the big casement windows and leaned out, his hands gripping the sill.

"That's right," he said. "It is a big lawn." He nibbled excitedly at the corner of his mustache. "By jingo, I can just see their faces. Haw!"

"Now what does that mean?"

"Haw!" Imbelden said. He slammed the windows shut and patted his wife on the knee. "Sweetheart—if you're already disturbed, you'd better prepare yourself. Or else leave home."

He scuttled into the hall.

"Henry, where are you going?"

"To telephone!"

IT WAS some days later, on a Friday, that the trailer appeared. As a matter of fact, it had apparently been brought in Thursday night, because it was early in the morning when President Armbruster first noticed it from his bedroom window.

He told his wife about it at breakfast. "Imbelden and his wife must be planning on some travel next summer," he said. "He's bought a trailer. It's right in his front yard. I hope he moves it quickly; the thing's unsightly."

"That's funny," Mrs. Armbruster said. "They always go to Colorado in the summer. They own that place in Estes Park. Gone there for years."

"Well, he's bought a trailer," the president said. "It's right out in the front yard."

The next morning there were two trailers on Imbelden's front lawn.

The new arrival was slightly more seedy than the first one; it had apparently been painted an aluminum color at one time, but the paint was peeling badly. It sat at the near end of the lot, just across the sidewalk from the university's famous aster beds.

The president noticed for the first time that there were curtains in the windows of both trailers. In the window of the scabby aluminum one, there was even a spot of red that might have been a geranium, but it was too far away to tell.

"Good heavens, it wouldn't be possible!" Armbruster said to himself. "Not in Imbelden's front yard!"

Ordinarily the president cut directly across the campus, going to the administration building, but this morning he went out of his way to walk past the Imbelden house. He was too gentlemanly to stare, but he managed to give the things a close inspection out of the corner of his eye.

There was a geranium, all right, but he could see nothing else. He walked more slowly. Suddenly a baby began to cry, and he stopped dead in his tracks for a moment.

When he started walking again, he almost ran.

"Well," Imbelden announced from the window seat, "there goes L. Edward."

"Who?" Jessie said. She lifted a piece of hot toast gingerly between her finger tips.

"Armbruster. Giving us the once-over. Suppose he's put two and two together yet?"

"How did he look?"

"Appalled," Imbelden said cheerfully.

Jessie shuddered inside her quilted housecoat. "Henry," she said timidly, after a moment, "you don't suppose they'd fire you?"

"What good would it do?" Imbelden said. "They can't kick me off my own property." He pulled out his chair and sat down behind his grapefruit, tucking the end of the napkin inside his belt. "Remember, there's another one arriving from the auto court this afternoon. Name of Kelly, I believe. If I'm not here, make a pretty speech, sweetheart."

THE Kellys arrived shortly after four, and it was almost five before they got the trailer maneuvered into the proper position, with Imbelden directing from the front porch. Kelly weighed at least two hundred and twenty pounds, and he had shoulders like a boxcar. Besides his

wife and baby, he had arrived fully equipped with fox terrier.

"I'm sure grateful," he told Imbelden. "We were payin' a dollar and a half a day out there at that camp. Just for a place to park this thing." He gestured with a thumb toward the green trailer. "Just for a place to put it and plug into the electricity and use a washroom. It's nice of you, Prof; all this for free."

"That's Imby for you." Clem Hall said. She had been coming around occasionally since Imbelden had begun his project, vaguely hoping to be useful to some little mother, but nothing much had come of it. "Got a heart as big as a whale, that Imbelden."

"It's MacIntyre that's running for office," the old man snorted. "Not me. How's he doing in his politicking?"

Clem made a circle with her thumb and forefinger. "He's a shoo-in," she said. "We've got the town blanketed with handbills. MacIntyre's the Man that Meets the Issues. He made a good speech last night, too. Right on the steps of the Union, which is illegal. The campus cop played right into our hands—came along and made him quit. Brother, are we going to make an issue of *that!*"

"I'm glad he's doing well at something," Imbelden scowled. "He certainly isn't studying Latin."

•

CLEM looked down the walk and whistled softly through her teeth.

L. Edward Armbruster was coming up the long walk, with the Kelly dog barking furiously at his heels.

"Well, Professor," he called cheerfully as he approached the house, "you seem to have quite a little colony here. Guests, I daresay."

"Residents," Imbelden called back, just as cheerfully. "Come up and sit down. Surprisingly warm day, eh?"

Armbruster glanced nervously over his shoulder. "I wonder if we could, eh, get this little fellow out from underfoot? We don't seem to be able to get acquainted—do we, fellow?"

The fox terrier had a man-sized growl and was no respecter of college presidents.

"Imbelden," said the president, "I wondered if we could have a little chat? Uh—you and I."

"I'm on my way," Clem said.

"We could go inside," Imbelden said, "but I don't think you'd like it very much. My wife's entertaining the bridge club. There's only seven of them today. She thinks maybe the ladies were frightened"—he took in the lawn with a broad gesture—"by all this."

"I shouldn't be surprised. Now look here, Imbelden, we're going to have to talk seriously. How long do you intend to keep these things here?"

"For the duration of the emergency," Imbelden shrugged. "That's the phrase they use, isn't it?"

"Confound it, Imbelden, none of this going around the mulberry bush. This is a cheap trick, nothing else. A kind of moral blackmail——"

"Intimidation is a better word," Imbelden said mildly. "Armbruster, you're the president of this institution. Haven't you any conscience—don't you know the way hundreds of these people are living?"

"Of course I know, and I'm perturbed. Deeply perturbed. But it's the nature of the times; you can't lay it on anybody's doorstep——"

"How about the board of trustees, and the sovereign privileges of established local industry?"

"A long-time policy of the institution; besides that, a part of the charter."

"Well," Imbelden sighed, "unpretty as

they are, I guess these things sit here until the charter's changed."

"I'm afraid not. Not as a community eyesore, a disgrace to the campus, and within a stone's throw of my own house. We can move them legally; I had only hoped you and I could reasonably discuss——"

"How?"

"Do I have to remind you that this is a strictly zoned class-A district? No business activities of any kind——"

"Who said anything about business? It doesn't cost them anything. I've a heart as big as a whale; a young lady told me so, not ten minutes ago. Go ahead; tell me how you think you're going to move them out."

Armbruster ran his palm over his head. "Permanent dwelling places are subject to the building code——"

"Look—wheels," Imbelden said. "What's permanent about trailers? These devices are like the Arabs, Doctor; they can silently steal away. Why, if the university went ahead with the Hillcrest Development and put up some Quonset huts or something until regular apartments could be built—why, I wouldn't be surprised to see these things disappear practically over night."

"By heaven, they can always be declared a public nuisance!" Armbruster waved his arms.

"Try it," Imbelden said. He got up; he was getting a little excited himself. He could see faces looking at him from the windows of the trailers. "Try having a hero of the Anzio beachhead and his family declared public nuisances! Try it, and the newspapers will crucify you!"

This was gaudy oratory, and Imbelden suddenly became self-conscious. He sat down again, puffing. Armbruster pulled out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead, also puffing.

"You'd better sit down too," Imbelden growled. "We seem to be attracting a crowd."

The president dropped heavily to the steps. He looked so distressed that the old man was almost sorry for him.

"Imbelden, I swear I can do nothing about this situation. Nothing at all."

"You're the president of the university," Imbelden said grimly. "Therefore automatically chairman of the board of trustees. You have a nice loud voice and certain powers of persuasion, and most members of the board are fat-headed fools who don't give a damn one way or another. You can lift up your voice and try, Doctor."

Armbruster got to his feet. He seemed very weary. "I'll try," he said. "I'll try, but I won't promise anything."

"And by the way," Imbelden added from the steps, "you might be interested to know that all this keeps our bathroom pretty busy. If these things are here much longer, I'm thinking of a couple of outdoor structures."

The president staggered slightly and walked on, a little faster than before.

THE trailers were in Imbelden's front yard exactly seventeen days. Oddly enough, there was never an announcement of any further meetings of the board of trustees; simply a routine statement from the Regional Housing Authority in Chicago, saying that a request for emergency dwellings had been received from the university. Five days later the first Quonset huts began to arrive.

A few nights later, Imbelden was on his way upstairs when the doorbell rang. Swearing, Imbelden snapped on the hall light and opened the door.

"You can see me tomorrow," he said. "Go home and go to your respective beds."

"It'll only take a minute," Clem said. "We came to thank you. In the name of the university and all its students, Imby—we thank you."

Imbelden winced. "It sounds as if you'd practiced it," he growled.

"She did," MacIntyre said. "There's more."

"I can do without it. Go home."

"There's something else. It'll only take a minute."

"If you now intend to be coy and blush," the old man said, "and inform me that you have serious intentions, I'll throw you out of the house. Bodily. I can't stand fatuous scenes."

"Nope," the girl said. "We supposed you assumed that."

"All right, congratulations, and good night."

"It's something else again," MacIntyre said meekly.

Imbelden sighed and opened the door wide. "I'll be a minute longer, sweetheart," he yelled up the staircase. He waved them toward the parlor, and MacIntyre stood with his back to the remains of the fire.

Imbelden dropped into his big leather chair. "Well," he barked, "talk!"

MacIntyre took a long breath. "All right, here it is. I realized that this is ungrateful of me, that I owe you something much better than this—but I'm getting out of the department. I'm changing my field of study."

Imbelden looked at him through narrowed eyes. "It's a good thing," he said. "You barely got out in time. I was getting ready to flunk you. Your marks are outrageous, your attitude leaves much to be desired and you obviously have no affinity for the scholarly life, anyhow."

MacIntyre blinked in astonishment. The old man was grinning maliciously at him.

"Don't misunderstand me," Imbelden said threateningly. "If you think this is a coy way of saying that you are much too talented, too intelligent, too personable to spend the rest of your life with your nose in a dusty old book—you're mistaken. I have a great respect for scholarship, needless to say. Man's desire to know everything about anything is one of his few constant virtues, and someday it may be his salvation. The research gentlemen in the sciences are always hacking away at the future, and men like myself are always pawing over the debris of the past. Neither that outrageous fool Loomis—he's a research physicist, you know—nor myself are very good at living in our own time. Now you, my dear MacIntyre—and also this woman—are creatures of the present. You're strictly contemporary. You're toilers in the vineyard of *now*, if you know what I mean." He waggled a stubby, crooked finger. "Not that I envy you. And not that I admire you for choosing it; you're stuck with it, that's all. But you have, my dear young people, my very best wishes."

"You did a little toiling in the vineyard yourself," Clem said gently. "You got out of character for a while, Imby."

"I'm aware of that," the old man snapped, "and I doubt if I'll ever be the same. MacIntyre, what do you intend to study?"

"Law. Some sociology, some economics, some psych—I'm in no hurry."

"You know what'll happen, don't you?" Imbelden said. "You get a diploma, and she'll have you running for Congress."

"I think we'll start with the post of county attorney," Clem grinned. "A modest beginning never hurt anybody."

"And I suppose you'll be getting married?"

"It's either that or living in sin."

"Matrimony is cheaper," Imbelden said, "and a good deal less trouble." He got up, grunting a little. "And for your wedding present, young woman, I intend to buy you a mimeograph machine, with which you can put out various sensational publications to your heart's content. And now I'm going to bed."

He waved them toward the door and snapped on the porch light. The girl went ahead, and MacIntyre started to follow her. Then he turned back and slid his hand over the old man's wrist.

"I'm grateful as hell," he said, "for a lot of things."

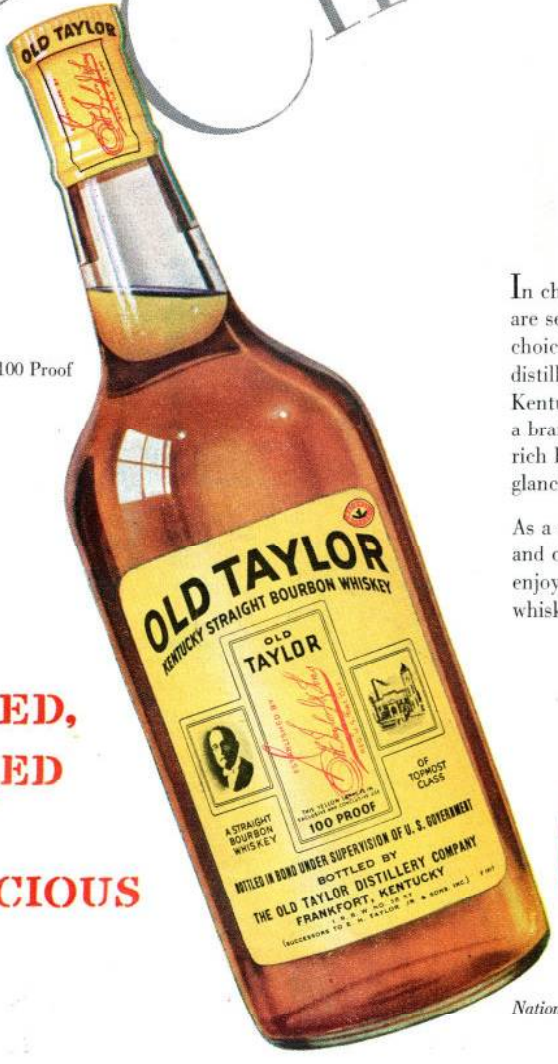
Imbelden looked up at him and snorted softly. "Would it please you to know I'm grateful for some things myself? Well, I am."

MacIntyre closed the door softly, and took Clem's arm. In the silence they heard the chimes on top of Clunting Hall ring through the Westminster change, and then the striking bell hit a single note.

It was one o'clock. She dropped her head on his shoulder and relaxed.

THE END

Of Topmost Choice



100 Proof

In choosing OLD TAYLOR, you are selecting a whiskey of topmost choice—a topflight bourbon, distilled in the best traditions of Kentucky's fine whiskey making—a brand whose mellow flavor and rich bouquet are appraised with glances of appreciative approval.

As a mark of a discerning host—and of one who is accustomed to enjoy the finer things—make your whiskey OLD TAYLOR.

SIGNED, SEALED AND DELICIOUS

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND

National Distillers Products Corp., New York

be a shame to leave without sampling the stew. The cat came over and rubbed against her leg, and that was very comfortable too.

Presently, Mr. and Mrs. O'Meara came in through the back door, although not at the same time since there was altogether too much of them for that.

Mr. O'Meara's calm was so monumental that he had undoubtedly been up to something.

Mrs. O'Meara, in plum-colored majesty, set the steaming stew before him. "Dish up, Joe," she commanded and then sat down herself, carefully tucking in a napkin at her neck.

"And now, dearie," said she, "whatever started you up to run away?"

It is impolite to tell a lady that a particular matter is none of her business, especially if you are about to eat her stew. So Peggy tossed her head. "It all began when that fat Rosalie Peabody came up to me and said, 'Hello, skunk!' "

Mr. O'Meara, used to schoolgirls, betrayed no surprise. "Stew's better even than last time," he proclaimed with pleasure. "So what did you do to Miss Rosalie?"

Peggy's dark eyes flashed. "Knocked her down and sat on her, of course, and just when I was teaching her *some* manners, Miss May, our housemother, came along and pulled me off."

Mrs. O'Meara considered the matter with great judicial gravity. "But violent, maybe. Seems you might have thought of some names to call Her Fatness instead of knocking her down, especially when you were sure to be caught at it."

That, Peggy thought, sounded eminently reasonable.

"I s'pose I should. Only Miss May's so full of sweetness and light, she'd have been shocked silly by what I'd have called that Rosalie."

Mr. O'Meara nodded. "Don't suppose Miss May knows many really bad words. And so she told you you'd have to stay in bounds in Hawthorne House on all your time off for five—six days, and you sneaked your suitcase out and started off . . . Have some more stew?"

It was easy to talk to the O'Mearas, Peggy thought, because they considered the situation with due seriousness, quite as if she were grown-up.

It was so easy that she went straight on. "I guess prob'ly I'd have run away sooner or later anyway, because I do not like the school, and Robert should not have spent so much money on it, and besides, he simply cannot look after himself."

Mr. O'Meara wiped his chin and picked out the important point. "Who's Robert?"

Peggy felt as if she were about to cry because Robert was so perfectly helpless in a difficult world and only she could look after him properly.

"He's my father. He's an artist and much better in water colors than he is in oils, and he never could balance his checkbook, and he never will remember to take his laundry to the Chinese place."

She began to choke up as she considered the dreadful messes that Robert had probably managed to get himself into by now. Even imagining them was too much to bear.

"H'm," said Mrs. O'Meara. "Wouldn't wonder if you'd been keeping house for him for some time . . . Better have a cinnamon bun."

Peggy did and it helped. One cannot cry while consuming a cinnamon bun. "Ever since Mother died. And she *said* I'd have to look after Robert because he hasn't much sense. And so I do. And how can I when I'm in that silly school?"

Mr. O'Meara calmly fed the yellow cat. "Sounds like sort of a helpless gentleman."

"Oh, he is. Completely. It was all right as long as I did all the marketing and most of the cooking and kept the apartment clean and saw that he threw away his underwear when it got holes in it. And then—then he said it was high time I learned to be a lady and . . ."

She could see herself quite well, sitting in the chintz-covered armchair with her shirt hanging out and her dungarees rolled up, a duster in her hand, and Robert striding about, his dark face all alight as he described the splendors of sending her to school.

Robert had been extremely provoked when she had pointed out that it would cost a great deal of money, and even more annoyed when she had ungratefully burst into tears.

For all the pleasant, bustling life of arranging, planning, managing, battling storekeepers and conversing with the Chinese who ran the laundry, was about ended, and, instead, she was doomed to something that sounded very much like a female jail.

She was conscious of telling the O'Mearas some of this in swift, incoherent snatches, and then she burst out, "And besides, it's such a frightfully expensive school and Robert simply cannot afford it."

Mr. O'Meara, deep in thought, rubbed a large hand over his shining head. "Seems a shame, then, that he should have to lose a whole year's tuition, just

because you up and run away. That ain't economic."

Peggy felt as stunned as if she had been hit by a large, hard object. For a second, her brain refused to work and then it did. "They wouldn't be mean enough to keep the money!"

Mr. O'Meara nodded solemnly. "Contract. They contract to teach you, and your pa contracts to pay. School does its part; you don't do yours. Too bad." He helped himself to another bun.

Well, there you were. Peggy had felt all along that something would stop her running away, and now it had. In thirteen years with Robert she had known a great many disasters, and it did no good to try to duck them. You just had to deal with each one till it somehow got out of the way.

She said swiftly, "I'll have to go back. I'll have to stay in that stupid school with those silly girls who don't know how to cook or shop or clean or anything. And it'll be awful, because all the time Robert won't have anybody to look after him."

Mrs. O'Meara dealt comfortingly with a deep-dish apple pie. "Well, now, I'll tell you, dearie. When people are left to look after themselves, they most generally manage to get along somehow. You'd be surprised."

Peggy did hope Mrs. O'Meara knew what she was talking about, for then she wouldn't have to worry over Robert *quite* so much. "Well, if he were only capable, like Mr. O'Meara."

Mrs. O'Meara lovingly regarded her spouse. "Him? Why Joe don't know enough to come out of the rain. Hasn't half as much sense as Bobby and Bess."

Mr. O'Meara placidly ate pie as if he had just been paid a profound compliment.

But Peggy thought she'd better be tactful. "Of course Bobby and Bess *are* wonderful . . ."

Mr. O'Meara arose. "If you like hosses so much, why don't you learn to ride?"

Peggy's eyes opened wide. "But it would be an extra. It would cost an awful lot."

Mr. O'Meara shook his head. "No extras at Temple. All included in the price of the ticket. Might's well get your money's worth."

His huge bulk went magnificently out the back door, and Peggy had an ecstatic vision of herself bouncing about on the back of a blooded horse. Besides, she might as well get something for her money—or rather Robert's.

Mrs. O'Meara was putting a flowered apron over her plum-colored trousers, and Peggy suddenly remembered her manners. "Do let me help you do the dishes, Mrs. O'Meara."

"Not necessary. Whisk 'em off in a second."

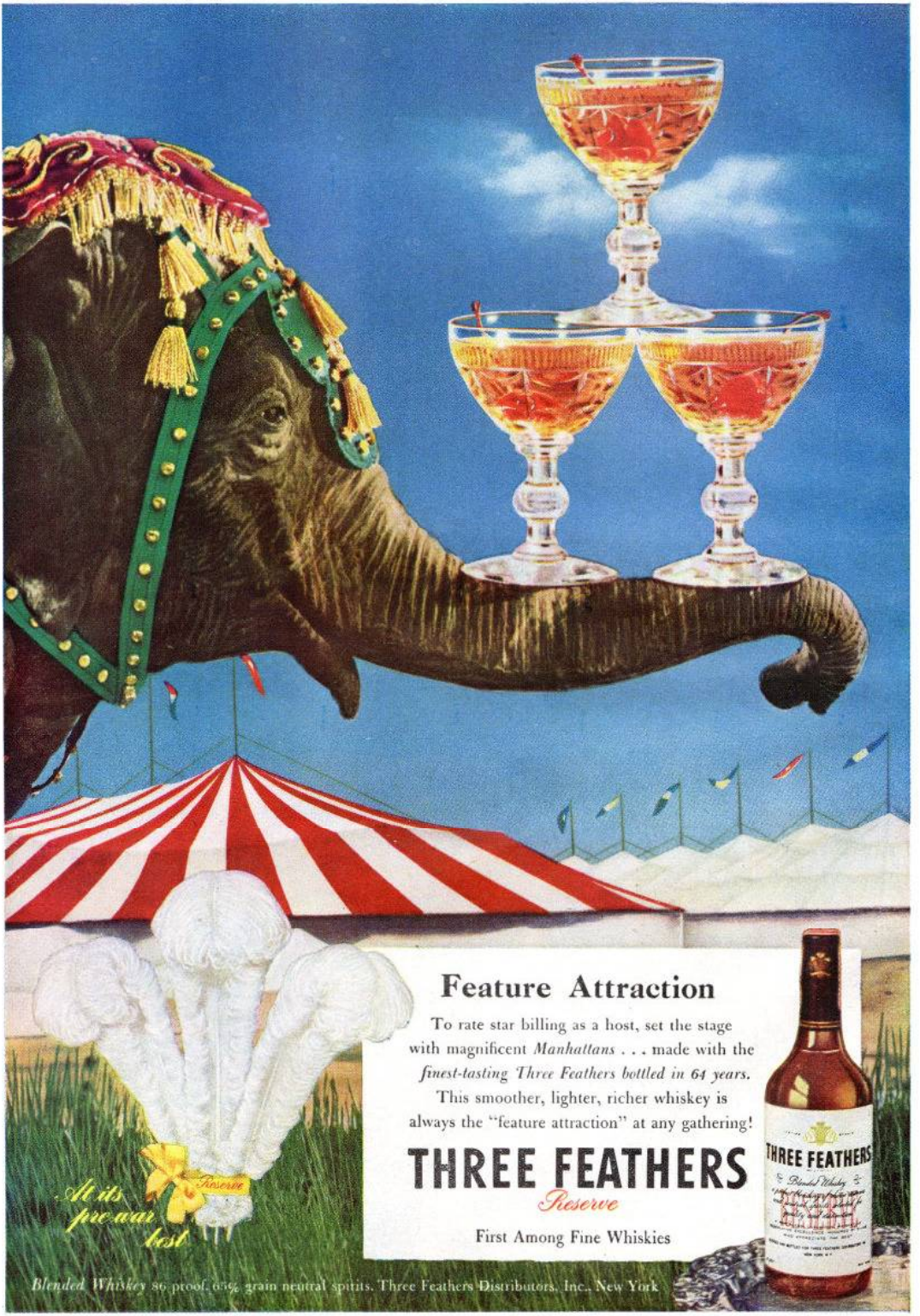
"But I *love* to do dishes, Mrs. O'Meara!"

HALF an hour later, she was again sitting in high state as Bobby and Bess bore her and Mr. O'Meara back to a woman's world. But it was a world in which everything seemed to have improved a little—perhaps due to the stew and the apple pie.

The trees really were a crisp shade of green, the sun was warm upon one's back, Robert might just possibly be able to look after himself, and if horseback riding was entirely free . . .

But there was Miss May, and there was Hawthorne House. If only Miss May wasn't so sticky sweet, and if only Hawthorne House wasn't such an abominably ugly place in which to live. It would drive an artist mad with all its architectural gingerbread, its horrible halls, its staircase so dreadful it made you ache.

Now Sevier Cottage across the way was


Feature Attraction
To rate star billing as a host, set the stage with magnificent *Manhattans* . . . made with the *finest-tasting Three Feathers bottled in 64 years.* This smoother, lighter, richer whiskey is always the "feature attraction" at any gathering!
THREE FEATHERS
Reserve
First Among Fine Whiskies
THREE FEATHERS
Blended Whiskey
At its pre-war best
Reserve
Blended Whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York

really quite nice, and Miss Cross, its housemother, seemed almost human . . .

Peggy stared, for there on the sidewalk, stood Doom Itself—Miss Temple.

There stood Miss Temple, gray-haired, tall, erect, crisp in blue, so titanic a figure that the whole landscape seemed to shrink.

And Bobby and Bess stopped dead beside her.

"Good afternoon, Miss Temple."

"Good afternoon, Mr. O'Meara. Good afternoon, Peggy."

Even Miss Temple's face was majestic, and from it rose a Roman nose. Bobby and Bess began to nuzzle at her, and she had, unbelievably, a lump of sugar in each hand, as if she were actually human and not the Head of the School at all.

"Well, Peggy," said Mr. O'Meara. "Here's where you get out."

It was awful—awful because he'd betrayed her, because he must have telephoned to Miss Temple. She felt sick inside, for that's the way life is; you like someone and then he lets you down. And now he was calmly putting her suitcase on the sidewalk quite as if he weren't a Monster.

" 'Bye, Peggy," said he, and he and Bobby and Bess slowly went away.

And in a second—any second—the lightning would strike. She didn't care much, for she was so miserable over Mr. O'Meara. He'd seemed to be a friend.

"I sometimes think," Miss Temple was saying, "that horses are much superior to human beings."

"Oh, yes," said Peggy, considering Mr. O'Meara's treachery. "Oh, yes, they are!"

Miss Temple surprisingly tucked a hand under her arm. "Shall we walk along to the French Cottage?"

So much had happened so quickly that Peggy's mind simply stopped working. But the French Cottage was lovely—almost like a big doll house, and here they were sitting down on the steps in the sun.

It was odd that so magnificent a person as Miss Temple should sit on steps with one of her girls; it was odd that she should seem much less formidable now.

"If you're so fond of horses, you'd better report for riding," she said, and even her voice wasn't frozen but actually warm and friendly.

Peggy rubbed her nose violently. "You're sure it isn't an extra?"

"Quite sure."

Financial problems and Peggy's nose seemed inseparable; she always rubbed it while she considered them. "I haven't any riding clothes, and I certainly *cannot* afford them."

Miss Temple looked a little amused. "Slacks and sneakers will do nicely. I don't suppose the horse will mind."

Peggy couldn't imagine why the girls called Miss Temple Old Frozen Face—not when she had those laughing crinkles about her eyes. Besides, she seemed very sensible.

Peggy gave a small sigh. "That will be all right then. I have to be very careful about money because this school is so *frightfully* expensive."

Miss Temple nodded. "I'm afraid it has to be. Otherwise there'd be extras. Report for riding Saturday at two."

Peggy linked her hands about her knees. "Maybe Miss May won't let me. I'm supposed to be Kept-in-Bounds because I sat on Rosalie Peabody."

"Perhaps you won't be with Miss May by Saturday. It occurs to me that Hawthorne House may not be exactly the place for an artist's daughter."

It was nice to talk with someone who understood such things. "I never saw such a hatefully ugly house in all my life. Did you, Miss Temple?"

"It's pretty bad. And how do you get on with Miss May?"

"Well"—Peggy tried to be perfectly fair—"she *will* keep talking about the Spirit of the School."

Miss Temple shuddered. "I'm going to shift you over to Sevier. Miss Cross is in charge there. She won't stand for much nonsense."

Peggy drew a deep, delighted breath. "Miss Cross tripped on the curbstone by Sevier last Tuesday," she said with much admiration. "She knows some very violent words."

Miss Temple brushed back a stray lock of hair. "As Head of the School, I find it advisable never to hear anything I don't wish to. Did you mention Miss Cross?"

Peggy could see that perfectly. It began to impress her that running a school was probably difficult. "Yes, Miss Temple. I said she skinned her knee."

Miss Temple rose much more gracefully than any of her students ever did. "Peggy, I bought one of your father's water colors about a week ago. Do you think French Cottage is the proper place for it?"

A great warm glow came over the world. For Miss Temple knew really good work when she saw it. Miss Temple was simply wonderful, and Mr. O'Meara had known that all the time. Peggy mentally begged his pardon for having misjudged him.

"It'll be just right, Miss Temple. I'm so glad you got a water color. Robert's oils aren't nearly as good." She stopped suddenly. "I do wish I knew what to do about him!"

Miss Temple nodded. "You have an idea you ought to look after him, haven't you?"

"Yes, Miss Temple. You see, he isn't very practical and——"

Miss Temple's tone was quite crisp. "Peggy, you've just got to get it out of your head that you're indispensable. Nobody is." A small smile came upon her face—almost a mocking smile. "I've often worried, myself, what would become of the school if something happened to me. You know what would become of it? It would get along nicely."

The words came out of Peggy in a rush. "Oh, no! Oh, no, Miss Temple, it wouldn't!"

"Nonsense . . . What worries you most about your father?"

Peggy began thinking hard. He'd be careless about money; he wouldn't eat right; he'd never remember his laundry——

"He's sure to make a fool of himself over some woman," she said sadly.

Miss Temple took that quite coolly. "Well, he'd do that whether you were around or not, wouldn't he?"

"You bet he would. He has."

Miss Temple waved her slim hand as if dismissing the matter. "Well, he'll get tired of it. Artists always do. Would he consent, do you think, to give a lecture on art out here some Saturday night soon?"

Miss Temple's tact was wonderful. She knew Peggy wanted to see her father, but she wasn't saying so. She was just arranging it. And Robert would enjoy the girls greatly—especially the pretty ones.

"He most certainly would. But you mustn't pay him much, Miss Temple, because Robert is not good at public speaking."

Miss Temple's dark eyebrows rose. "Do you always look after everybody's money, Peggy?"

"Oh, yes. It's very hard to get, and it's extremely stupid to waste it."

Miss Temple stood looking out over the school, and suddenly Peggy seemed to see it through Miss Temple's eyes: quite a nice school (if you cared for such things) with its pleasant white buildings and the green grass and the trees. Miss Temple was probably proud of it.

"Aren't you being extremely stupid, yourself, Peggy? Your marks, except in arithmetic, are atrocious."

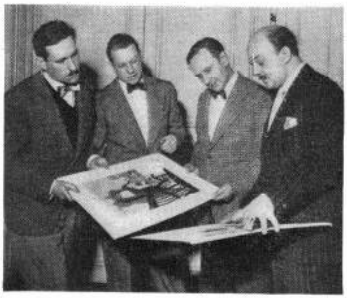
Peggy began rubbing her nose at a great rate. "I s'pose so. It's uneconomic when it costs so much. And I could study harder. Anybody can do anything if they'll only set their mind on it. Robert says. Only, of course, he never does."

Miss Temple kept silent.

"But sometimes it's difficult. In class, Miss Smith will keep telling us about the artists of the Renaissance, and I know *much* more about them than she does."

Those little crinkles of amusement came about Miss Temple's eyes again. "Miss Smith has been telling unappreciative girls about the Renaissance for twenty years now. Maybe she's a bit bored by it."

Of course that was so. It must be dread-



Contest judges: illustrators Al Parker, Austin Briggs and Harold von Schmidt, view one of the entries with Edmond Witalis, Art Director of Cosmopolitan.

Prize Winners

(*Continued from page 62*)

between the exterior and the interior."

Second Prize to Earl Gross

Austin Briggs:

"Gross is the best craftsman of all the contestants. . . . There is an eerie quality to the room empty of all humans but full of inanimate objects that suggests a mood, but I do not feel it is the mood of this story."

Al Parker:

"Gross has the mood of the story, and the water color is in very good taste."

Harold von Schmidt:

"Technically well done, the painting lacks warmth and feeling. . . . It might be a photograph. . . . To me it lacks direction."

Third Prize to Mary Miller

Austin Briggs:

"The painting has a good strong pattern and easily assimilated design which requires little from the reader."

Al Parker:

"While in the familiar groove, it does show imagination and has good reproduction qualities."

Harold von Schmidt:

"In this painting the young lady, blankly defiant, and bluffing her way into the unknown, illustrates very well the mood of the story."

ful to keep telling stupid girls things they didn't want to know. The teachers must be sick of so many girls anyway.

She saw Rosalie Peabody come ambling down the far walk. And Rosalie had undoubtedly caught sight of her and Miss Temple standing together in the doorway, for she started to stare. Her large mouth flew open. She began to move at what, for her fat figure, was a run.

She wouldn't waste any time in telling the girls that Miss Temple was in the act of skinning Peggy Allen alive.

And Peggy would do nothing to spoil that impression. For all the school thought Miss Temple was a good tough baby and that was advisable. If people didn't think you were a tough baby, they would take advantage of you. Miss Temple probably knew that herself.

So she said most appreciatively, "Thank you for everything, Miss Temple. And I guess I'd better be running along because you must have a great many things to do."

Miss Temple's eyes twinkled as if she realized Peggy was now managing her just as she'd undoubtedly managed her father. But she didn't seem to mind.

"Oh, yes. There's always a great deal to do. Do you know, Peggy, I once ran away from school myself?"

It was absolutely inconceivable that Miss Temple could have done any such thing. But she was still talking.

"I got as far as Framingham on the train, and then the conductor collared me and brought me back. If, at that time, anybody had told me I should sometime have a school of my own, I should have thought they were mad. Run along, Peggy."

Peggy took up the suitcase. The world was certainly a very odd place. Robert always said it was. He said that life was full of the damnedest things, most of them unlikely. Robert was occasionally right.

"Peggy," called Miss Temple from the path.

"Yes, ma'am?"

"I shouldn't let Miss May see that suitcase if I were you. And if she wants to know where you were, tell her you've been with me."

That was very sensible, Peggy thought. It would save a good deal of trouble. And Miss Temple, she concluded, was undoubtedly the most sensible person she had ever seen.

She strode happily across the campus and thought there probably were pleasant things to be got out of this institute of learning. She didn't know what they were yet, but she proposed to find out. It would be a waste of money not to.

Besides, it was her clear duty to help Miss Temple and Mr. O'Meara run the school.

THE END

Colorado (*Continued from page 51*)

amount of brawling and quarrels and general disorder. Women in the town took in roomers, and Madge allowed certain of her best clients to live in her establishment for the season. The two Indian chiefs had a simple solution for the housing problem. They brought tepees and set them up outside P.J.'s corral where the squaws, children and pinto ponies created a lively village.

In the Castle Mr. Jonathan Wright, the lawyer for the railroad company, and Mr. Cyrus Laidlaw, the banker, who had come out on the train with Dick and Cyril, put in an appearance, occupying big high-ceilinged rooms on the second floor. For P.J., this was a signal honor and a symbol of triumph, for it meant that he and his kingdom were recognized now in the distant East. They were coming to see *him* now instead of his going to see them. With most of Colorado under his thumb, they had to ask *him* when they wanted to put through a new railroad or buy in on a new mining concession. But they were a source of boredom and irritation to Ellie-May who was now forced to dress up twice a day for meals and assume her secondary personality as hostess and woman of the world.

Henry Caldwell appeared in town too, but he had not come for the "opry." He came because the season brought in people from five hundred miles around whom he could see and talk to, thus saving himself hundreds of miles of slow travel, much of it by buckboard or on horseback. He appeared everywhere, in bars, at the Eldorado, in hotel and boardinghouse parlors, even at the sparsely attended evening church services. He talked in corners, or leaning against the hitching rail lined with buckboards and cow ponies. Henry was well liked. The "peepul" liked his lean, straight, toughness and the clear light in his gray eyes. He was one of them, but he was better than most of them—a fact which they accepted. He was smarter, more aggressive, more courageous. He did not know what it was to be lazy or tired.

P.J. received reports of what was going on. He knew that Henry was in town and that he was trying to stir up revolution inside the kingdom.

At noonday dinner on the day of the opening of the opera, Mr. Wright, the New York lawyer, stroking his black beard, asked, "Who is this man called Caldwell I hear about all over the state?"

P.J. laughed, "Oh, he ain't anybody. Just a crazy character. He used to be a partner of mine. He wasn't practical enough to fit in."

Mr. Laidlaw, the banker, said, "Looks to me like he's kind of an anarchist."

Mr. Wright added, "You see, Mr. Meaney, we have to keep ourselves informed about these things. *Sometimes* we have to keep up with politics."

P.J. gave a big belly-laugh. "Well, you don't need to worry about him. When folks get troublesome out here in *that* way we just remove 'em where they can't do no harm."

Then, for the first time, Ellie-May raised her eyes from the table and looked at her husband. She had been listening all the while with the demure air of a distinguished and worldly dove, but now she felt her blood boiling. She did not like Mr. Wright or Mr. Laidlaw. She did not like any of the lawyers or bankers from the East who turned up at the Castle. She didn't like their smug air or condescension to P.J. and to herself. She did not like the smooth insincerity of their manners. But most of all she hated their dullness. Whenever she had to talk to them, she found her mind wandering off to more interesting things. Even the little Indian boy who fed the ponies at the corral was more entertaining.

Now she felt her temper slipping as she heard P.J. and the two visitors ganging up on her Henry. She knew the insincerity that lay at the root of everything the two Easterners were saying. She knew that they hadn't even a vestige of real friendship for P.J. and that if Henry were successful in taking over the state, they would desert P.J. and go over to Henry's side overnight. She said to herself, "Ellie-May, hold yourself in! This isn't the way

to do anything! It won't do any good!"

So she bit her lips and, turning to Mr. Wright who sat on her right, said elegantly, "How is the season at the French Opera in New York?"

"Well, Ma'am I couldn't tell you," he replied. "When I'm in New York I'm so busy I don't have time for things like that."

Ellie-May thought: Well, that doesn't get anywhere. So she tried again. "Tell me," she said, "how's the Erie Railroad doing?"

This opening was more successful. Like the Ancient Mariner, Mr. Wright fixed her with a glittering eye and told her how the Erie Railroad was doing. She didn't understand anything he was saying, and she didn't care how the Erie Railroad was doing, but he told her, on and on for nearly twenty minutes. About halfway through she developed hysterical deafness, heard nothing, but merely nodded her head from time to time and murmured, "Yes, how interesting!" All the time she was really thinking how she would set in the gores on Eudora's new dress.

The problem had troubled her since early morning, a little after seven, when, at the imperious sound of the cowbell, she had gone to Eudora's bedroom to find her on her feet rummaging through the drawers of her walnut bureau, bringing out old ribbons, gewgaws, bits of jewelry, and silk stockings that had rotted during the long period of Eudora's retirement after her "disappointment."

At the sight, Ellie-May understood that what she had dreaded yet hoped for had happened. Eudora turned toward her mother and spoke the fatal words, "I'm feeling so good, Ma, I think I'll go to the opry tonight." A coy smile suddenly illumined Eudora's big, dark face. "Cyril," she added, "is going to take me!"

Ellie-May's practical mind hit at once upon the difficulty, "What," she asked, "are you going to use for clothes? You can't get into your old ones, and Millie Hirshbein hasn't got anything your size."

But Eudora had everything figured out. Not for nothing was she P.J.'s daughter. She said, "We can run up something on your new sewing machine."

"What about stuff? Millie hasn't got silks and satins in stock for Silver City."

A sly look crossed Eudora's face. "I got that figured out too. You know them new red velvet curtains we got for the library? We can cut them up, and I've got some old gold passementerie in the drawer here."

Weakly Ellie-May said, "I don't know whether we've got enough time. I've got to go to every meal with those New York fellows here."

But again she was checkmated by Eudora. "Millie Hirshbein can help you. Rachel can take over the Emporium and Millie can keep the machine going while you're eatin' dinner."

Within an hour, Millie Hirshbein, still excited by the news of Eudora's miraculous recovery, was on hand, and together she and Ellie-May went to work.

The truth was that Ellie-May was really a frustrated *grande couturière*. In another time and in another world she might have been a great designer, and she found as she worked, cutting, fitting and basting, that her alarms and forebodings over Eudora's recovery largely faded away in the face of the immediate problem confronting her.

To begin with she draped the red velvet around Eudora and pinned it in place, while Millie stood at a little distance to figure out the problem of cutting it. It was a long business, and Eudora revealed the fact that she was strong as an ox by standing bolt upright, without faint-

ing, throughout the whole performance. Just before they unpinned the stuff from Eudora's figure, inspiration came to Ellie-May.

"I know," she said. "We'll give it the Hussar effect. I've got some gold frogs and tassels laid away that'll do fine."

A moment later, the red velvet curtains were on Ellie-May's big cutting table, and the scissors were snipping at it. By dinnertime it was cut and basted, again with Eudora herself serving as a dress form. And when at last Ellie-May had to change her dress and personality to go downstairs to dinner with Mr. Wright and Mr. Laidlaw, Millie took over the sewing of the seams.

When Ellie-May returned she fetched the passementerie and the gold frogs and tassels and pinned them on where they belonged. She used the passementerie as an insert to the *décolletage* which revealed a fine expanse of Eudora's magnificent bosom. The result was what great dressmakers are always seeking: it was both alluring and modest, both revealing and concealing.

Then with pins, Ellie-May arranged the frogs across Eudora's torso from the low-cut neck to waist, shortening each successive frog with a snip of the scissors by an inch or two as they descended, thus creating the illusion of a wasp waist. The gold tassels she arranged in a cluster on the left shoulder, and finally she draped the loose material at the back into a slight bustle and a short train. Then, standing at a distance, she and Millie reviewed the result.

It was magical. Eudora appeared no longer squat, wide and thick. She seemed taller and slimmer, and the combination of red velvet and gold suited her swarthiness and enhanced what good looks she possessed.

Ellie-May said, "Wait a minute!" and went to the closet where she kept her vast assortment of gadgets and the little book in which was written the record of P.J.'s skulduggeries. After digging about for awhile, she emerged with a box covered with purple velvet. Opening it she took out a parure of diamonds. It consisted of dangling earrings, a necklace, a bracelet and a low tiara. Without a word, she placed these on Eudora and then stood back again to survey the effect. It was really magnificent. After a moment she turned to Millie and said, "I must say, you'd hardly know it was Eudora."

ALL through the afternoon the excitement kept mounting in the hotels, bars and other establishments of Silver City. It could hardly be said that there were in the prospective opera audience many real lovers of classical music. The more experienced ones, familiar with the opera, went to it each season because it was a "show" and because it offered romance in a life where that particular kind of romance was scarce. There were too many who had never seen before anything more elaborate in the way of a show than the performances put on by the men who sold the cure-alls commonly used on the frontier.

Behind all the excitement there was an odd psychological feeling of an approaching crisis, even of doom, which arose from nothing anyone could define. It arose, perhaps, from the restlessness of the miners, the approaching political campaign and the fact that, as the growing pains of the community augmented, and Madge's Eldorado could not longer accommodate the sporting element, disorder became more frequent.

In the midst of all this apprehension, the Professor's sense of suspicion regarding the quietness which attended the rehearsals of "La Traviata" had been growing steadily. It was increased considerably by the sudden and complete retirement from the scene of the Eyetalian Nightingale. From the beginning she had been in the eyes of the Professor a bird of evil omen, and when she no longer appeared in the parlors and dining room of Mrs. Sower's Hotel, he viewed the disappearance not with relief but with alarm. When he discovered that the Nightingale had not left the hotel but was simply keeping to her room, he knew that she was "brooding," a danger signal in any temperamental opera singer, male or female. Of all this he made no mention to Mademoiselle, for he did not wish to upset her, but privately he was alarmed.

At least one other person suffered apprehension not connected with the economic and social problems of the community, and that was young Dick. He had come to the conclusion that sooner or later he must speak up and put an end to the impasse which existed between himself and Mademoiselle, and he had chosen the night of the opening as the occasion. It seemed a good time, for he was certain that Mademoiselle would have a triumphant success. Afterward she would be at the party given at the Castle each year on the opening of the opera, when all the company, as well as the leading ranchers of the countryside and Silver City's most prominent citizens, were invited to celebrate.

THEN would be the right time to declare his suit; if not to propose, at least to make a flattering declaration of his admiration and intentions. As a prelude he had arranged to send her across the footlights the biggest, handsomest bouquet that Denver could provide.

During the afternoon he went to the corral, picked out a pony, swung himself aboard and rode up the trail past the mines. He went off alone to prepare himself for the ordeal of the evening, and as the pony picked its way up the mountain, the declaration took form in his head. It would, he decided, run something like this: For a long time, Bridget, I've been thinking about you, but I never knew how to say what was on my mind. But I've never seemed to get anywhere at all, so now I'm saying it right out. I'm in love with you, and I want to see more of you. It's pretty hard to court someone like you here in Silver City, but I guess we can do something about it. I hope you won't think I'm a fool. This is not a sudden thing. It has been coming over me ever since that day I first talked to you on the train.

He tried the speech in many ways. It seemed foolish to him that such a declaration should be so difficult, but it seemed impossible to say simply, "Will you marry me?" There had to be some kind of preparation. Flushed with success, she would be in a mood to be kind. From there on, he hoped, things would be easy.

Once he had settled the speech he allowed his imagination to run into the future. Once they were married he would take her away, perhaps to San Francisco. They would stay away from Silver City. Perhaps in Denver he would find himself a job, for he knew by now that, although he could not bear to leave the West, he could not remain in the town where he had been born. He had to stand on his own, away from P. J. and Eudora and Shorty and Buck and Blackie and Madge and everything which stifled him. Maybe, he thought, he would take up with Henry Caldwell. Maybe he would go into politics. It was time he decided what he was to do.

The pony jogged homeward down the

trail with his back to the setting sun. Dick himself rode in the blue shadow, while the mountains on the other side were illumined by rosy light. Even the shacks and shanties of Silver City with the Opera House and the Castle rising high above them were softened and lovely in the fading glow.

Then suddenly the pinto reared and sprang forward so that Dick was almost thrown from the saddle. He was a good, steady pony, not given to shying but as Dick pulled him in, he reared again. Then a rock half as big as a man's head struck the pony on the forequarter. Another glanced off Dick's shoulder and, looking up the side of the mountain above him, he saw against the rosy sky the outline of three heads and a raised arm. The arm thrust forward and another rock whizzed past, narrowly missing both pony and rider. Dick gave the pony his head and a moment later they were both out of range.

On the edge of the town he pulled up and leaned forward to examine the pony's shoulder. The rock had been sharp and had cut through the animal's hide. If it had struck his rider on the head it would have killed him.

Dick looked back again toward the mountain. The rocks had come at him from the ledge high above the road and just below the opening of the Sunflower Mine. Now, the ledge, lying in the shadow, appeared empty. Dick patted the pony's shoulder. "Someone," he said, "wanted to get us, Tex."

But who? Why should they want to kill him? So far as he knew, he hadn't any enemies in Silver City. For nearly four years, he hadn't even lived in Silver City. Shorty had enemies and Buck and Blackie. Certainly P. J. had them—enemies who would have drilled holes in him if they believed they could get away with it. They could hardly have mistaken him for his swarthy father or one of the dark-haired Meaney brothers. "They?" Who were "they"? Perhaps men the Meaneys had swindled or beaten up or . . . Maybe it was a bunch of miners who wanted to kill or hurt anybody connected with P. J.

The thought depressed him. He hadn't believed the trouble P. J. was having with the miners was as bad as that. They had been complaining of poor wages, of water in the mines, of quarters that were more like dog kennels than houses. They all spoke with one kind of accent or another, and they lived apart on the periphery of the life which centered about Eudora Street. When they came into town from the shacks on the hillside they were shoved about or told to shut up. He hadn't even thought of them since his return. As a kid, before he went away to school, he had hardly been aware of their presence. They were just there like the dogs and the ponies and the Indians.

He wakened out of his thinking as the pony stopped at the porte-cochere of the Castle. Bojo, the Indian boy, took the reins. "Bathe Tex's forequarters with liniment," Dick said.

The Indian looked at the cut and then back again at Dick and said, "Fall?"

"No," said Dick. "Somebody threw rocks."

The Indian looked at him again, made an incoherent sound, swung himself up on the pony and rode off.

IN THE Castle, everyone was making ready for the opera and Dick hurried to his room, forgetting for the moment the whole unpleasant incident, thinking only that in an hour or two he would be seeing Bridget again.

He took a bath in the big zinc tub

with the swan-necked gold taps, and when he returned to his room, he found Henry Caldwell, wiry and thin, standing near the window.

He said, "Hello, Dick."

"Howdy. When did you come in?"

"This afternoon."

Dick threw off his bathrobe and opened the drawer of the bureau. "Going to the opera?" he asked.

"No."

Dick pulled out his underwear and Henry said, "You have grown into a husky feller." He grinned, "How'd you get that way on books?"

Dick began to dress. "It wasn't books. I played Rugby and rowed."

"Yeah! I've heard about all that."

"Does Pa know you're here?"

Again Henry Caldwell grinned. "Not that I know of."

"How are things going? The campaign, I mean."

"All right! Pretty good!" Then he said, "What happened to your shoulder? The pinto throw you?"

Dick looked at his reflection in the mirror and noticed that his shoulder was cut and bleeding.

"Oh, that!" he said. For a moment he didn't speak, feeling a strange unwillingness to tell Henry Caldwell the story. Then he found himself, with an equally unaccountable impulse, telling the story.

He finished by saying, "I don't know who was trying to get me."

"I suspect I know," said Henry.

"Who?"

"Some of them miners."

"I thought that too—but I couldn't quite believe it."

Henry Caldwell knocked the ashes out of his pipe and then said, "Dick, there's goin' to be trouble around here one of these days. Someday them miners are going to cut loose and raise hell, and it's the Old Man's fault. He ain't reasonable. He squeezes them too hard."

"I've been away so long I don't know anything about it. I guess I never did know anything about it even when I was home."

Henry was silent for a time while Dick got into his trousers. Then he said, "Funny! I came here to talk to you about that. Funny they pulled this afternoon to heave rocks at you! Funny they picked you—that's had least to do with the mess."

"It wouldn't have been so funny if that rock had hit me on the head."

Henry went on. "I tried to talk to your pa about it before we broke up, but he wouldn't listen."

"Did Ma ever talk to him?" asked Dick.

"She tried, but he don't pay any attention to her about things like that. He thinks wimmin ought to mind their own business."

"Yeah, I know!"

"Mebbe you could talk to him. It's for his own good."

Dick didn't answer for a moment. Then he said, "I guess it wouldn't do any good. He thinks I'm a dude." The last sentence seemed suddenly to echo in his mind and he said, "Maybe I am."

"Maybe you are," echoed Henry.

"You mean it?" asked Dick.

Henry just grinned. The color came into Dick's face and Henry asked, "Made any plans since I last saw you?"

"Why, no . . . not exactly . . . Nothing definite."

"When are you gonna start plannin'?"

"I don't know. I guess there's plenty of time."

"There ain't never plenty of time in this world. There ain't time enough, son, to get through half the stuff any he-man ought to get through. The sooner you begin plannin' the better it will be."

Dick didn't answer him. He felt a sudden impulse to forget all about the opera and go off with Henry up into the range country. The old doubt about his relationship to P. J. returned. P. J. wasn't any father at all. He was a kind of noisy, animated, busy monument.

"What's all this about this here gal in the opry?" Henry asked suddenly.

Again the color came into Dick's face. "Nothing, I guess. Who told *you* about it?"

"Your ma," said Henry directly. "What kind of a girl is she? She ain't no trollope, I take it."

"No," said Dick. Out of the window he could see the carriages coming up to the porte-cochere, three of them—open victorias with horses in gold harness and plumes, and he thought: It looks like a damned circus!

"You ain't makin' much progress."

Half sullenly, Dick answered, "I don't know."

"Had any experience with wimmin?"

Dick didn't answer him and after a pause, Henry said, "Most womanly wimmin like masterful men that knows where they're goin'."

Again Dick didn't answer and Henry put one hand on his shoulder and said, "Listen, son. If I can help you any way, call on me, see?"

"Yes," said Dick.

"The Old Man ain't much help. He never was to any of his children." He stopped abruptly. Then he added, "Your ma always knows where to find me if you want me for anything."

Then the door opened and Cyril stood there in his London full dress. Nervously, he said, "They're waiting for you downstairs. Your father wants us all to drive down together."

"I'm coming," said Dick "Tell 'em I'll be right down."

He turned to Henry, "Good-by for now. Are you going away?"

"No. I'll be hanging around for a time. I got political work to do." He grinned, "I gotta see that a lotta people don't get cheated out of voting."

Again he slapped Dick on the shoulder, "Good luck, son." And Dick hurried off to join the party.

ALL Eudora Street was filled with the crowd moving toward the Opera House. Some had tickets for the opera, and some were just going along to watch the show. Some were roaring drunk. Every now and then a cowhand started a near riot by throwing strings of lighted firecrackers into the crowd.

As the crowd became packed near the steps of the Opera House three men on horseback broke a way through it. They were Bill Jennings, the sheriff, and two deputies. Directly behind them came the three victorias bearing P. J.'s party. The first victoria carried P. J. and Ellie-May, P. J. dazzling in tails and top hat with hair and mustache oiled and perfumed; Ellie-May dressed in purple taffeta, wearing diamonds, with an aigrette in her hair. Precariously, on the seat opposite them rode Buck. In the second carriage rode Mr. Laidlaw and Mr. Wright; in the third, young Dick, Cyril and Eudora.

In a fourth carriage which had slipped in unobserved to take advantage of the wedge driven by the sheriff, rode Madge Beakymer and her cousin, Lena.

At sight of the procession, part of the crowd broke into cheers. More firecrackers were set off, and the plumed horses reared and pranced. Ellie-May bowed to right and left as if she were royalty, and P. J. raised his top hat in acknowledgement of the crowd's applause. The two visiting New Yorkers sat nervously on the edge of their seats, watching the rearing horses, and ready to climb out at the first sign of a runaway. Clearly, they found the spectacle both exciting and terrifying.

Eudora looked from side to side, her eyes bright with excitement over her first excursion into town in seven years. The look of animation, the red velvet gown with the gold frogs and braid, the diamonds, made her appear almost handsome in a monstrous sort of way. Young Dick felt uneasy and depressed and a little ashamed. The bruise on his shoulder had begun to hurt. It was much worse than he had thought. He glanced at Cyril, as if to apologize, but Cyril was clearly enjoying the spectacle and the ovation.

He turned suddenly to Dick and with a beaming face, said, "Oh, I say, isn't this jolly?"

Madge and Lena accepted the ovation directed at them. Madge bowed slightly, smiling, in acknowledgment of the loud

wolf howls and the cries of "Good old Madge!"

On the steps, other deputies of the sheriff cleared a path for the party, and one by one the carriages unloaded their burdens and the rearing horses drove off. Then the crowd closed in again.

Inside the doors the Opera House was already packed and smelled of tobacco, horses, beer, cows, sheep, sweat and cheap perfume. Down in the first row sat three of Madge's girls who were not taking part in the performance as guests at Violetta's party. The two Indian chiefs, accompanied by their prime ministers had seats just behind, and near them Moses and Millie Hirshbein and their daughter Rachel occupied seats on the aisle. The remainder of the audience was made up of cowhands, gamblers, prospectors, mine foremen, with a few women scattered here and there. In the front row just behind the conductor's podium sat the Eyetalian Nightingale in a very low-cut dress, aigrettes and a vast amount of false jewelry. On either side of her, in a kind of phalanx, sat the other members of the company who were not taking part in "La Traviata."

The Opera House was constructed with only two boxes, highly gilded, one on the right, one on the left of the proscenium. Into one box piled P. J. and his party. Into the other came Madge and her cousin Lena, chastely and alone. At sight of the two parties the ovation broke out again, punctuated by cries of "Good old Madge!" and "Three cheers for P. J."

The curtain, bearing the landscape of Lake Como and the garlanded advertisements of Eudora Street's activities, rolled up revealing an undercurtain of faded, dusty, crimson plush. The gas lights were turned down by attendants, and the hush which falls over an audience at that moment of expectancy swept over the house. Signor Malatesta appeared to the accompaniment of cheers, stompings and whistles. Twice he bowed and then, turning, raised his baton. The first thrilling, expectant, shimmering notes of the overture arose from the pit; the opera season in Silver City was open.

BACKSTAGE in the dusty dressing room, Bridget and the Professor awaited her cue to go on. They were alone, with an aloneness which seemed to have increased during the last day or two. When they had come into the theater, the other singers had seemed to ignore them, and now there was none of the going back and forth, none of the chatter which always preceded an opening-night performance.

Bridget, her make-up finished, sat in her costume, made by Mrs. Hirshbein for the opening scene, staring at her reflection in the fly-specked mirror. But she saw nothing of the reflection. She was waiting, thinking.

The old man watched her, wondering that she showed so little excitement or emotion, wondering indeed what went on in the mind which remained perpetually mysterious to him.

The pair sat thus for a long time, and at last the Professor said, "The overture is finished. You'd better go into the wings and be ready."

That was the only word spoken between them. The old man opened the door and stood aside to let the girl go out, and silently they moved into the darkened wings.

It was an old-fashioned set where one could walk on the stage at any point from behind the high columns of painted marble. On the scene the party was in progress. The show was going well.

Out of the darkness, quickly, almost mysteriously, Alfredo, fat, middle-aged and painted, appeared at Bridget's side.

The Professor said, "Now, honey, now!" He kissed her hand quickly, and she walked on to the stage as the music rose for the entrance of Violetta.

IN THE gilded box on the right young Dick leaned forward between his mother and Eudora, waiting for the moment when Mademoiselle appeared. Then suddenly she was there, young, radiant, beautiful, and he experienced again the cold-hot shivering feeling he had known during rehearsals.

The crowd on the stage raised their glasses in a toast to Violetta, and then she began the great aria, so filled with life and glitter, with youth and gaiety and zest in living. She seemed unafraid. She was singing it brilliantly, and then suddenly, when she was halfway through, a curious thing began to happen. The volume of the orchestra seemed to rise, at first imperceptibly and then noticeably. It grew louder and louder until it was quite impossible to hear the young, fresh voice of the singer. She seemed unaware of the rising volume and the effect presently became ludicrous, for she appeared to be standing in the middle of the stage, grimacing, opening her mouth without a sound audible to the audience. It was as if she were playing a role in silent pantomime. The audience leaned forward striving to hear the sound of Violetta's voice. Here and there people began to whisper or nudge one another. In some quarters resentment arose at having been swindled. What was this? A singer whose voice was so feeble it could not be heard?

Dick felt that something had gone wrong, but in his inexperience he did not know what it was. He only knew that it had not been like this at rehearsal. Even in the back of the theater he had heard her voice quite well; now in the box immediately over the stage he could not hear her. The others in the box seemed at first to notice nothing. Ellie-May was the first to turn and look at Dick with an expression of questioning. He had told her that the girl was magnificent, and now you couldn't even hear her voice.

Then suddenly the aria was finished, and instead of the applause which always greeted any singer after an aria during the opera season in Silver City, even when he sang off key, there was only silence punctuated by a few handclaps. Dick's own vigorous applause rang out almost alone, so loudly that heads turned toward the royal box as if to inquire what all the clamor was about.

Backstage the Professor had heard the volume of the orchestra swell to proportions so tremendous that even the loudest-voiced Wagnerian soprano could not have been heard above the noise. It was an old trick—when there was a feud between conductor and singer—to drown out the singer.

The old man knew that Mademoiselle, in her inexperience, could not know what was being done to her. Frantically he walked up and down trying to catch her eye, to convey to her in pantomime what was happening. When the curtain came down between the acts he would go for Malatesta. With this in mind he returned to Mademoiselle's dressing room to take courage from the bottle he had brought for just such an emergency.

But the worst was still to come. Near the end of the act, as the guests at the party left and Violetta began her second aria, the volume of the orchestra again swelled to gargantuan proportions. Again not a note that Mademoiselle sang was audible, but toward the end of the aria, something even more fantastic and

disastrous happened to the orchestra. Part of it—that part not recruited from local talent but which had played many times under Malatesta's direction—seemed to undertake a career of its own. While the tuba and the more agile, flat-toned violins, (all recruited locally) continued on their own course, the rest of the orchestra changed key. At the same time, its volume diminished notably and suddenly the voice of Mademoiselle was heard singing freshly and clearly but disastrously off key.

Apparently the change of key had been a signal of some kind, for simultaneously there arose here and there in the audience loud boos, hisses and foot-stampings. Then a tomato was hurled, then another, then a few eggs.

The orchestra played on, but Mademoiselle stopped singing. The elderly tenor, Alfredo, his arm raised above his head to protect himself from an ill-aimed egg or tomato, took to the wings leaving Violetta to face alone the sound of catcalls and the barrage of vegetables.

For a moment she stood there as if frozen into stone while more and more vegetables accompanied by the clinking sound of pennies came across the proscenium. Then a tomato struck Bridget's bare shoulder and, as if it sparked her into action, she picked up first one tomato and then another and another and threw them straight back into the orchestra. One struck Signor Malatesta full in the forehead just below his toupee.

In the audience fights broke out between those who were launching the attack upon the new singer and her partisans, who thought she was "mighty pretty," and did not care whether she sang on key or off or even whether her voice was audible. Then the curtain was lowered suddenly (by the Professor from behind stage), but the brawling out in front continued. A few peaceful music lovers, like the Hirshbein family, managed to escape from the auditorium, but the remainder of the audience, enjoying a good brawl, remained.

In the gilded box on the right, P. J. stood up and began to shout in the voice of Stentor, "QUYUT! QUYUT!" but no one paid any heed. At the back of the house the brawl had translated itself into a free-for-all between sheepherders and cattlemen. The Eyetalian Nightingale, with a strange glitter in her eye, made her way out the side exit, along with other members of the company and their hired claque and retainers.

The sheriff and his deputies went to work clearing the house.

Outside in Eudora Street the crowd still milled about, and at news of the brawl inside the Opera House it made every effort to get inside and join the fray. Its entrance, however, was made difficult by the fact that the sheriff and his deputies were driving the brawlers out of the Opera House into the street. The two crowds met on the steps, and began a new fight.

Meanwhile P. J.'s party made its way into the alley. Their carriages had gone back to the stables to await the normal time of closing, and a boy sent to find the drivers reported that there was no trace of them. There remained but one alternative—for P. J. and Ellie-May, Eudora, in her splendor, and Mr. Laidlaw and Mr. Wright, Cyril and Buck to walk back to the Castle.

P. J., fuming, led the way through the back streets. All the way he kept declaring his contempt for opera singers and for opera as a form of art. He was through with opera. There would never be another performance. The ticket buyers could have their money back. He would turn the Opera House into a

warehouse. To hell with the whole program of culture for Silver City.

The moment the curtain came down, Dick left the box and went backstage, but by the time he reached there Mademoiselle was already locked in the dusty dressing room.

What he found backstage resembled, on a smaller scale, the brawl which was taking place in the foyer and on the steps of the Opera House. In one corner was the Professor, held back by Alfredo and Alfredo's father. They were trying to prevent the Professor from committing an assault with a fire ax upon the person of Signor Malatesta. Elsewhere, three of Madge's girls, having taken the side of the Professor and Mademoiselle, were calling other female members of the company a rich assortment of names, embroidered with the fruity language of the Eldorado. Through the midst of the fray Dick made his way to the door of Mademoiselle's dressing room.

He knocked without receiving an answer, once and then again, and then gently he turned the knob and tried to enter, but the door was locked. He heard the faint sound of sobbing, and for a second he stood uncertainly, listening to it.

Upon his already agitated nerves the sound produced a prodigious effect. Love, frustration and the confusion of emotions arising from his half-adolescent passion turned him into a White Knight bent upon rescuing a damsel in distress. The proper course of action came quickly into his head. He would break down the door, rescue Mademoiselle and carry her off, out of Silver City, out into the world. With that idea in mind he thrust his big, muscular shoulders against the door to break the lock, but at the first shove the voice of Mademoiselle came to him through the closed door.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"It's me—Dick. Let me in!"

There was a little silence and then the voice, no longer softened by sobs, came to him again. This time it was colored by icy fury, a fury so concentrated in its contempt and scorn that it was like a jet of ice water full in the face. What the voice said was even worse.

It said, "Get the hell out of here! I don't want to see anything called Meaney again—ever! I don't want to hear the name Silver City! It's a hick town full of white trash and the Meaneys are the worst of all. If you try to get in here, I'll kill you. Get the hell out and never try to speak to me again!"

The sense of the words was bad enough, but what collapsed all his indignation, his admiration and, for a moment even his passion, was the discovery that the girl he loved, the girl who was so pretty, so soft, so desirable, could use such language in a voice so terrible.

But the voice was not finished. It said, "I hate the whole place and everything called Meaney from that gorilla of a brother of yours through your old man. They ain't even civilized, and you ain't any better with your soft la-de-da manners. You're nothing but a silly calf! Get out and leave me alone!"

The dazed paralysis in Dick turned into wild anger, akin to the rage which was consuming P. J. at the same moment. He answered back, saying, "All right! Nobody gives a damn what you think! To hell with you!"

At the same moment there appeared out of the shadow what might have been mistaken for an animated funeral offering moving forward under its own power. It was the bouquet from Denver carried by one of the Indian boys who was completely hidden behind it. Its arrival could scarcely have been subject to worse timing. The sight of it seemed only to augment young Dick's rage. He seized it from the astonished Indian boy, tore off the card, so carefully worded as a tribute to Mademoiselle's expected triumph, crumpled it and flung it on the floor. Then he threw the bouquet violently against the door, crying out, "Take your damned flowers!" and stalked blindly through the shadows toward the stage door.

On the way—without being aware of it until some minutes later—he noticed two things. Three or four stagehands were carrying out something feet first and, at the same time, out of the shadows, there appeared the ample, bedizened figure of a large woman with bleached yellow hair. It was only after he reached the street that he understood the meaning of the two brief, incomplete pictures that had registered upon his consciousness. The something that was being carried out feet first was the Professor, and the bedizened figure with bleached hair was Madge Beakymer. Vaguely it occurred to him that she was moving in for the kill, but in his rage at the insult projected through the dressing-room

ADVICE

He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear.

EMERSON

★

If we had used the advice which we have given away we should need none from others.

MATTHEWMAN

★

Never forget what a man says to you when he's angry.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

★

To raise your daily average of happiness, lower your expectations.

B. C. FORBES

★

Never permit yourself to reach that stage where your entire happiness depends upon one person.

E. W. HOWE

★

Keep silence about all things, and thou shalt have interior peace.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES

door, he did not care what Madge was up to.

For a long time he walked the back streets fuming, oblivious to the interest aroused among the miners and Indians at the sight of his black suit with long coattails, the high starched collar and white necktie. At last, when he had cooled off a little, he found himself walking up the hill to the Castle. He entered it by a back door and cautiously made his way up the stairs to his own room, where, as rapidly as possible, he stripped off the tight uncomfortable black clothes.

MADGE BEAKYMER could read signs and portents, especially when they concerned men and women who for twenty-five or thirty years had been her business, and so, as she came through the backstage shadows, moving indifferently through the arguing, brawling members of the opera company, she observed two things which, for her, had great significance. She noticed first the broad retreating back of young Dick and then the crumpled bouquet flung against the door of Mademoiselle's dressing room and the crumpled card near by. Picking it up she held to her eyes the lorgnette, which she carried only on such grand occasions as the opera opening, and by the dim light of the kerosene lamps, read what was written.

These three things pieced together told her the story. As she read, the big, hard, experienced face relaxed into an unconscious smile. It was the smile of a realist who was eternally amused by the ructions and goings on which complicated the lives of other people.

The fact was that she had wanted Mademoiselle as an entertainer in her establishment since the girl's first appearance in Silver City. Having observed the effect of the girl, since the day of her arrival, upon the overpopulation of males on this particular frontier, she divined that Mademoiselle's presence would be like that of honey to flies. But more than that the girl would give "tone" to the establishment. At first the ambition to engage Mademoiselle as an entertainer had appeared unattainable, but now events were playing into her hand.

Knowing women and being shrewd, she did not attempt to seek a personal interview with Mademoiselle. She knew well enough that in the agitation of the moment she would get nowhere. So she did not knock on the door and attempt to speak to her. She simply thrust underneath the door a note she wrote quickly on the back of a program. Then she joined her cousin Lena who was waiting in the shadows. Together the two women made their way back to the Eldorado.

INSIDE the dressing room, the rage and tears of Mademoiselle presently wore themselves out, and she began to take off the gay first-act costume.

She realized she would never again wear it on the stage of the Silver City Opera House or perhaps on any other. Then as she began removing her make-up, it occurred to her that it was strange the Professor had not put in his appearance. She considered opening the door and looking for him, but she dared not do it for fear that she would find young Dick standing outside, moon-eyed and reproachful. And in her humiliation and hurt pride she wanted to see no one, the Professor perhaps least of all, for he had counted on this performance tonight as a last gamble for success, security and rest. She could not bring herself to face him, although she knew that sooner or later it was unavoidable.

As she threw the ball dress into the corner of the room, she noticed the bit

of paper thrust under the door. She picked it up suspiciously, as if it were not a simple piece of paper but a stick of dynamite. It was, she was certain, a note from Dick, and suddenly she did not know whether she hated him or was in love with him, whether she believed him a fool or was sorry for him.

Then she discovered that the paper was a program with her name at the top as star of the opening performance of the Silver City Opera Company and that the back was covered with writing. It was not Dick's small, careful handwriting which she knew by now, but big, sprawling, careless script. The note read:

Dear Mademoiselle,

I am writing to congratulate you on your wonderful performance. The hubbub was a plot. Anyone could see that. It's what comes of bringing foreigners into Silver City.

Will you accept an offer to sing at the Eldorado? I would pay well, and you would have the special rights of a prima donna singer . . . no drinking at tables and such like. I would look after your protection personally.

Your admirer,

Madge Beakymer
Proprietor The Eldorado

Quickly Mademoiselle tore up the letter. No matter how much money she was offered she would never sing at the Eldorado. She would not even stay a day longer in Silver City. She could not make up her mind whether the letter was sincere praise, whether it was an insult or whether it was merely a trap. It did appear, however, to be a plot against her virtue which, all else having failed, suddenly became of even greater importance than it had been in the past.

At last she put on a brown dress and tied a bonnet over her head and unlocked the door. She was a little afraid of opening it for fear of what she might find outside. For a moment she stood quite still, listening, but she heard no sound save the mewing of a cat. Opening the door carefully she discovered that the place was empty and dark save for an oil light burning beside the door which led into the alley. As she crossed the stage, she heard the voice of the old man who tended the door during the opera season. He said, "Good night, Miss! And don't let it worry you. It was a stinking shame!"

"Good night!" she said. "Thank you."

That was the triumph the Professor had hoped for!

She opened the door on the side street which was empty now, and still. Overhead, between the shabby buildings, she glimpsed a deep, cobalt sky brilliant with stars that seemed to move and glitter in the dry, still, clearness of the mountain air. For a moment she stood looking up at the sky. Then she took a deep breath and felt her courage return.

IN HIS room Dick, dressed now in his old cowhand clothes, packed some odds and ends into a saddlebag and then turned out the lights. As he passed Ellie-May's apartment, he opened the door and left an envelope on her sewing machine where she would be certain to find it. He went quietly down the back stairs and out into the brilliant starlit night.

Quickly he turned in the direction of the corral outside which the two Indian chiefs were camped with their delegations. An Indian dog howled somewhere in the distance, but otherwise the night was still.

At the same time an old man climbed the hill from the railroad station. He was carrying a telegram addressed to P. J. Meaney which had come over the railroad wires from Denver. The old man, who had worked for P. J. for more than twenty years, knew that it was important.

At the door of the Castle, Esau admitted him and led him straight to P. J.'s room on the second floor. The old man had orders to bring every telegram to P. J. no matter what hour of the night it arrived.

P. J. himself opened the door, clad in a long nightshirt with red embroidery about the cuffs and collar. With his black hair tousled and the black hair on his chest showing through the open neck of his garment, he looked a little like a gorilla female impersonator, and his appearance startled the little old man bearing the telegram. He took off his cap, averted his eyes as from a mystery and went into a series of bobbing bows.

P. J. tore open the telegram and read the message, muttering, "Well, I'll be damned!" When he had recovered he took a five-dollar bill out of his bulging billfold and gave it to the old man, saying, "No answer, Wilmot. Go on home to bed."

When P. J. was alone again, he sat down on the edge of the big, double bed and read the telegram again. It said:

CAUCUS HELD TODAY MAKES CERTAIN DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION HENRY CALDWELL. CLEAN-UP CAMPAIGN PLANNED.

VIC MCGINTY

Slowly P. J. tore the telegram into small pieces and threw them on the floor. For the fraction of a second he was afraid, perhaps for the first time in years. But the fear passed quickly, and he turned out the gas, lighted a cigar and lay back on the bed.

He had already begun plotting.

AT MRS. SOWER'S Grand Hotel, Mademoiselle came in by the back door that opened on the alley. She didn't want to see anyone, especially any of the opera troupe, but as she climbed the stairs she heard them on the second floor, arguing and chattering angrily in two or three languages or in broken English. Word from the Castle had already reached them, by way of Mrs. Sower, who notified them that their contracts were ended and that their rooms would be needed the next day.

The center of the disturbance seemed to be in a room where the voices of the Eyetalian Nightingale and Signor Malatesta were heard, engaged in violent recriminations, interrupted by occasional sobs from the Nightingale. In doorways along the corridor there appeared singers of various nationalities, carrying odd bits of clothing which they were in the process of packing; they threw into the general bedlam remarks and observations of their own.

Mademoiselle passed quickly along the corridor, igoring them, aware now that the plot had misfired and that as a result all hell had broken loose. Out of long experience she was prepared for physical violence, but she received nothing worse than black looks. The fury of the company seemed to be directed less against herself than toward Signor Malatesta and the hysterical Nightingale.

At the end of the long hall the door of the Professor's room was open and a light shone from it into the hallway. As she reached the doorway she discovered that he was not alone. He lay on the bed with his coat off and his shirt open at the neck. His eyes were closed, and beside the bed sat a man dressed in a

black suit. He was holding the Professor's wrist with one hand and in the other, a gold watch attached to his vest by a heavy gold chain. At the foot of the bed stood Mrs. Sower herself, with a forbidding yet triumphant expression on her battered face.

At sight of Mademoiselle standing in the doorway, Mrs. Sower moved toward her. She held her finger to her lips, and the drooping lines of her battered face took on a new expression which betokened only the satisfaction which she had always felt in disaster, even in her own disaster and disillusionment in having picked a drunkard and wastrel for a husband. With the mournful look of an injured bloodhound she led Mademoiselle to the head of the stairway and, despite the racket still continuing at the far end of the hall, said in a whisper, "He has had a stroke!

"It seems that just as the Professor was about to bash in Signor Malatesta's head with a fire ax, the old gentleman fell down in a fit." She sighed quickly and added, "Lots of things happen in Silver City, but there was never a night like this." And she made a clucking sound, which indicated satisfaction rather than alarm.

"How is he?" asked Mademoiselle.

"I guess he ain't gonna die," said Mrs. Sower, "but he's pretty bad off."

WHEN Mademoiselle returned to the room, the doctor had finished taking the Professor's pulse and was standing by the bed. Mrs. Sower introduced him and he said, "Your father has had a stroke. I think he'll get over it, but he may not be much good afterward."

"When will you know, doctor?"

"Not for four or five days. In the meanwhile he'll have to have someone with him all the time, night and day."

"I'll stay with him," said Mademoiselle. Then she added, "He really isn't my father. He just brought me up."

"He's all right for now," said the doctor. "If he should start getting purple in the face, send for me."

Mademoiselle thought suddenly of the escape she had planned from Silver City and asked, "When will we be able to move him? I mean, out of town and back to Denver?"

"You'd better not count on moving him that far for a long time."

She felt a sudden weakness in her stomach. The doctor picked up his hat and bowed, "Mrs. Sower'll know where to find me," he added.

When he had gone, Mrs. Sower closed the door and her expression changed from that of a saddened bloodhound to that of a rather battered weasel.

"There's one thing," she said, in a refined voice. "It's about the bill . . . "

Mademoiselle's temper flared suddenly. "This is a hell of a time to talk about bills. I'll take care of it in the morning."

The weasel expression of Mrs. Sower softened a little. "You understand, Miss. I have to make ends meet here. P. J. Meaney is a hard man. I've got a contract with him, and I have to pay up regular, and in Silver City there's always three people for every bed."

"I understand. Please go away."

Mrs. Sower opened the door and stood there for a moment. "And there's another thing," she said. "It ain't good business to have people dyin' in the house." Then she quickly went through the door and closed it behind her.

When she had gone Mademoiselle took off her bonnet and sat down wearily on the chair. On the bed the Professor breathed heavily and noisily, a sound interrupted only by the shouts and accusations from the quarrel which con-

tinued among the performers at the far end of the hall.

As she sat there, it seemed to Mademoiselle that she had come to the very end of the tether and that everything which had happened since the Professor chose the ill-fated train to Silver City had led steadily toward this end in the dreary bedroom.

In a kind of weary bewilderment she watched the Professor, his breath coming noisily, his Adam's apple moving slowly up and down in the withered turkey throat. She kept speculating upon what she should do, and the more she tried to find a way out, the more difficult everything became. There were complications of money, of pride, of virtue, of reputations, which involved Madge Beakymer, P. J. Meaney, Mrs. Sower. At last, as the first rays of the sun turned the view of the great mountains outside to a pale, glowing pink, she reached a conclusion.

She would humble her pride once more and send a note up the hill to Dick. Now in her weariness, with all her bad temper washed away, he seemed more desirable than he had ever seemed before, and she began to regret the harshness of her behavior. Maybe she had been a fool. In any case, he was her last hope.

By eight o'clock she had composed a careful note and sent it up the hill to the Castle by one of the half-breed boys who hung about the hotel. It read:

> I'm sorry I lost my temper last night. The Professor is sick. He had a stroke. I don't know what to do. I need advice. Can you come to the Grand Hotel?

Then she sat down to wait, and in half an hour the boy returned. He gave her back unopened the note she had written and said, "Mister Dick gone away. Nobody know where he gone."

She gave him the last silver dollar that remained in her purse and sent him away. Then she sat down and remained for a long time staring in front of her. At last, about the time the opera troupe had begun to straggle out of the hotel toward the depot, she took up the scratchy pen again and wrote a note to Madge Beakymer.

> Dear Mrs. Beakymer:
> I am interested in your offer. The Professor is sick. He had a stroke last night, and I have to stay with him. Could you come to the hotel?
> Yours sincerely,
> La Belle da Ponte

IT WASN'T altogether true that no one at the Castle knew where Dick had gone. One person knew and that was Ellie-May, but she kept the secret. And in the way in which chance determines all too often what happens to us, Ellie-May never knew that the half-breed boy had brought a note up the hill from the Grand Hotel and Boardinghouse. The boy never got any further than Esau at the door, and Esau only knew what he, along with the rest of the household, had been told by Ellie-May—that Dick had gone off to some unknown destination. If Ellie-May had met the boy at the door and guessed the note was from Mademoiselle, the whole story might have been different. But she knew nothing about the note.

At noon next day, Ellie-May dressed and went downstairs, in her role of consort, to lunch with Mr. Wright and Mr. Laidlaw, but it was a gloomy lunch. P. J. was in a black mood and Mr. Wright and Mr. Laidlaw didn't seem very sprightly. Eudora and Mr. Chatsworthy had gone off in a buckboard, taking a picnic lunch with them. When she heard the news, she thought: "I hope Eudora isn't overdoing it."

In the middle of lunch an argument broke out between P. J. and Mr. Wright. Mr. Wright said that he and Mr. Laidlaw would have to leave for Denver that afternoon. P. J. complained that they hadn't finished their business with him and that too many things had been left in the air. But Mr. Wright, who was smooth and cold and slippery, wasn't to be persuaded, although P. J. fumed and cursed. Even to Ellie-May the sudden decision to leave seemed mysterious and suspicious. But Mr. Wright and Mr. Laidlaw bored her, and she slipped away as soon as possible after bidding them a gracious and elegant good-by and urging them to return soon. She had an idea that they had been somewhat shaken by their experiences at the opera the night before, and that she might never see them again. The thought did not trouble her.

At about five o'clock Eudora burst into her room. And as Ellie-May turned from the machine, she saw at a glance that the picnic had been a success. Eudora was flushed as a schoolgirl and looked almost pretty in a swarthy, elephantine fashion. She gave a brisk account of the drive to Meeker's Gulch and of Mr. Chatsworthy's fascinating, sophisticated conversation and then said suddenly, "Have you heard about that girl, Mademoiselle?"

"No," said Ellie-May.

"Well, she's gone to the Eldorado. Everybody in town knows it. She's gonna sing there, beginning Monday night."

"Well!" was all Ellie-May could say, although she was thinking very rapidly.

"I wish I could go and hear her!"

"Now, Eudora, don't begin getting ideas. Remember you've been sick for years. You'd better take things easy at first. You know no respectable woman has ever been inside the Eldorado."

"Yes, damn it!" said Eudora. "Sometimes I think it's a pity to be so respectable."

"Eudora!" said Ellie-May as severely as possible.

"Well, I mean it. When I think of all the things a man like Cyril is able to do."

Then Eudora went away, and Ellie-May settled back to her sewing. She wanted to finish the child's red flannel petticoat she was working on so that she could go down to Millie's for an astrological reading. Everything was turning out better and better. Now the whole matter of whether Mademoiselle was a good girl or a trollop was settled. If she had gone to the Eldorado she was a trollop. Probably that was what Dick had found out and probably that was the reason he had gone away.

WHEN the proprietress of the Eldorado awakened lazily after one of her more quiet evenings the old porter brought her Mademoiselle's note along with her coffee. She read it and decided to lose no time in plucking this peach which was ready to fall into her lap. She dressed quickly and set out on foot for the Grand Hotel, passing on her way the bedraggled members of the opera troupe.

She found the girl in the Professor's room by the side of the stricken old man. The meeting was cordial enough and conducted entirely upon a most professional and ladylike plane. Madge had taken care to dress well and impressively in a stylish suit, a plumed hat, parasol, feather boa and gloves.

She took the girl's hand in hers and patted it. "Now, you don't need worry about a thing," she said. "I'll take care of everything." She looked admiringly at the pale, pretty face with the dark circles

of fatigue beneath the eyes and added, "What you need is some rest. I'm getting my housekeeper, Mrs. Birdwell, to set with the Professor until we can get a regular nurse from Denver. Mrs. Birdwell is very good and conscientious, and you can really trust her. I've got quite a lot of property in this town, and we'll find a small house where we can put the old gentleman. But you come home with me now and get some rest. I'll put you in the room I keep for Aunt Etta when she comes out from Cincinnati to visit me."

Bridget was silent for a moment. Then she said, "But I can't pay for all this. I haven't any money."

"Don't you worry about that. I'll take care of everything. In a few days you'll be singing and earning money—lots of it." Then after a second she said, "Do you mean to say P.J. hasn't paid you anything?"

"No. He was paying our expenses until last night. But I guess that's finished. Mrs. Sower was asking for her money last night."

"Why, the old skinflint!" said Madge, and Bridget didn't know whether she meant P.J. or Mrs. Sower or both. "I'll see that he pays you all right. Just leave that to me!"

She looked out of the window and said, "Here comes Mrs. Birdwell now. She will take over here. She's had lots of experience. She often takes care of the lady artists at the Eldorado when they're sick."

"But my clothes," said Bridget.

"We'll send over for them. Mrs. Birdwell can pack them up."

The girl didn't protest. She felt herself sinking deeper and deeper into a morass of fatigue so profound that it seemed difficult even to move her arms or raise her hands to tie her bonnet strings beneath her chin. It was good—wonderfully good—to have someone taking charge of everything, taking care of her. But in the back of her mind a voice was saying. "But I won't give in. Nothing can make me give in."

Then Mrs. Birdwell appeared in the doorway, a motherly little woman of about sixty-five. In an unexpectedly deep voice she said, "Well, Madge, here I am!"

Madge took a nightshirt out of the cupboard, and together she and Mrs. Birdwell raised the unconscious old man, undressed him in the most professional way and got him into the nightshirt. For neither of them was this an unusual or a recently acquired achievement.

"When is the doctor coming back?" asked Madge.

"He said he'd be in about ten o'clock."

"What's his name?"

"Cantwell, I think he said."

"That's good," said Madge. "He's the one who looks after my girls." And turning to her companion she said, "You know how to handle him, Mrs. Birdwell. See that the old gentleman gets the best attention."

"Sure, Madge!"

Then Madge said briskly, "I guess that takes care of everything. We can go now." She patted Bridget's shoulder, "You must be terribly tired, my dear."

Her manner was warm and pleasant. The odd thing was that the girl felt it was sincere.

Madge said, "Come along. I've been in some tough spots myself till I got to be a businesswoman."

In the hall below they encountered Mrs. Sower. This embittered woman, understanding what was happening before her very eyes, tried to look scornful, but scorn got her nowhere with Madge who knew that Mrs. Sower knew that her own fate was inevitably in Madge's hands.

She said briskly, "The Professor and Mademoiselle are leaving your hotel this

"Be with you in a minute"

And so saying, he ascends the stairs to wash up while the dinner gets cold—the model husband

"MEN," my mother said, at intervals during my childhood. "men are all alike. You can fall down dead at a man's feet before he'll notice you're ill!" she said. She also said that men, left to themselves, deteriorate; that men are bone lazy; that with men, it is take—take—take; and added that this was what *her* mother had always said. . .

"Men!" my mother used to say, twice a week without fail. "The minute a meal's on the table, upstairs they go to wash their hands with the joint getting cold."

Two pairs of male feet at this juncture could be heard ascending the stairs. My mother sighed at the congealing mutton fat.

"Now isn't that just *like* a man. . ."

My sister and I sat in our places. We exchanged looks. Poor mother, our looks said. Of course men were not all alike. It would, of course, be different with *our* men. It was simply a matter of good management. Of finesse. Of diplomacy. When *we* were married. . .

I remember the first married meal I ever served, years afterwards. The table was spruce with wedding-present glass, with silver from the office-presented service, with trousseau linen. And, as the women's magazines said, with candles lighted. . .

"Supper's ready, darling," I announced.

The male bulk heaved itself out of the chair.

"That smells good!" my husband said of the stew steaming in the first-time-used casserole. And he went upstairs to wash his hands.

But it should be, I had decided years ago, simply a matter of management.

"Supper in half an hour, darling," I warned the next night.

Not a muscle moved.

But when my first soufflé stood risen upon the table—off he went, upstairs, to wash his hands.

It was my fault, of course. The time lag between warning and event was too long.

"Supper in ten minutes," I said next night.

"Supper in five," I said the night after.

Even, weeks later, biting my lip: "Supper in two minutes. If you want to wash, go and do it *now!*"

But still, still, supper was on the table and growing cold before the abominable male remembered cleanliness (as my mother also said) being next to godliness.

Well, it just happened that I had picked a man like father, I thought. Until my sister got married, and I went to stay with her.

The table was spruce with wedding-present glass, fresh-polished silver, trousseau linen. And, as the later women's magazines advised, candles were bright in a little forest of flowers.

"Supper's ready, darling!" my sister said.

"I'll just go up and wash," said her husband. The door shut. The feet of the unrepentant male ascended the stairs. My sister and I exchanged womanly glances.

"Have you ever met a man who *didn't* do that—go up and wash the minute food's ready?" my sister asked.

"Never!" I said.

My sister started to serve.

"Everything," she said, with a deep and heartfelt sigh, "everything that mother ever told us about men is true!"

By Lyn Arnold

morning for better quarters. Please make out your bill and send it over to my place."

Their progress along Eudora Street did not go unnoticed and, although Mademoiselle was too tired to notice anything, Madge saw with satisfaction that not a man they passed failed to observe the pretty girl in her company.

They did not go in by the main entrance of the Eldorado where the gambling had already begun but went up by the covered outside stairway used only by Madge. Upstairs she led the way through the sitting room with the gilded "suite" and the Turkish Cozy Corner and down a short corridor. There she opened a door and said, "Here we are. This is Aunt Etta's room. I keep it just for her."

It was, Mademoiselle noticed, a really gorgeous room. The furniture, like that in the sitting room, was gilded, and the lights were covered with soft, pink shades. On the far side of the room stood an enormous gilt bed covered by a spread made entirely of what appeared to be gigantic rose petals. There seemed to be mirrors everywhere.

"Isn't it pretty?" asked Madge. "Aunt Etta made a good marriage in Cincinnati—a brewer. She's used to luxury. She kind of raised me until I was sixteen so I've always been very good to her—nothing but the best."

For a moment, Mademoiselle just stood there, as if dazed.

Then she said, "Yes, it's pretty—especially the bedspread."

"All rose petals," said Madge. "See!" She lifted the border. "See! All the leaves and thorns around the edge." She gave a deep-throated laugh and began undoing the buttons of Mademoiselle's dress. "You get to bed. That's what you need. And sleep as long as you like. Mrs. Birdwell and I will take care of the old gentleman. D'you want some breakfast?"

All Mademoiselle could see or think of was the great gilded bed with its cover of silken rose petals. It hypnotized her. "All I want," she said, "is to sleep and sleep."

Madge went to the bed, removed the rose petal cover and, folding it carefully, placed in on a chair and turned back the bed.

"Well, honey, if you want anything just pull that gold rope beside the bed. When you wake up we'll talk business, even if it's day after tomorrow."

Then she went out, and in a little while Mademoiselle, half buried in the great gilded bed, was fast asleep.

THIRTY-SIX hours later, Bridget awakened. As she opened her eyes her reality and the pink silken room filled with mirrors were for a time blended in a haze. Then slowly, emerging from the haze, the room became the reality, and she remembered bit by bit the whole sequence of events from the nightmare moment when the vegetables began flying in the Opera House. Presently she remembered where she was and how she had come there and remembered Madge Beakymer's admonition to pull the gold rope beside the bed in case she wanted anything.

Lazily she tugged on the bell pull, and in a little while there was a knock on the door and Mrs. Birdwell entered. "Well, how do you feel?" she asked.

"Fine," said Bridget.

"I suppose you'd like some breakfast?"

"Yes, but I can come downstairs."

"No. Madge wants you to eat up here. She wants to talk to you. You leave it to me. I'll send you up a good, big meal. You'll be needing it."

Then Bridget asked about the Professor.

"He's all right," said Mrs. Birdwell. "I've got him moved into a cottage Madge

owns down by the river, and I've got a good woman to look after him."

"Has he come around yet?"

"No. He opens his eyes now and then, but he just mumbles."

"What does the doctor say?"

"He says the old gentleman will be all right. He may never be able to walk, but he'll get back his senses." Mrs. Birdwell's face puckered into a smile. "Doc says he's a tough old bird. A stroke like that would have killed most men his age." She crossed the room and opened a door. "The bathroom is in here," she said. "Hot and cold running water, marble tub, silver taps. San Francisco hasn't got anything better--mighty nice! Well, I'll send you up some breakfast. Madge is just getting dressed for the evening. She'll be in to see you as soon as she's ready."

When Mrs. Birdwell had gone, Bridget got up. She had no nightgown, and for a moment she stood regarding her strong, young body in the mirrors which were so arranged that standing in one place she could see herself from every angle. It was a Narcissist pleasure she had never experienced before, and she was a little astonished at the beauty and perfection of her own figure. It was like a statue she had once seen called "The Greek Slave."

When she had bathed she began to dress, and while she was still putting on layer after layer of petticoats there was a knock, and Madge came in.

"I'm all dressed up tonight," she said. "The governor and P.J. are coming in for a little champagne supper." Then she seated herself and said, "Go on dressing, honey. Don't mind me . . . I suppose you want to go to see the old gentleman?"

"Yes," said Bridget.

"Well, while you finish dressing, I thought we might talk business."

Bridget didn't say anything, and Madge continued, "I've got it all figured out. You'll supply tone to the place. It'll be just like I said in the note. You don't have to do anything but sing. Of course, now and then, there'll be gentlemen here—important gentlemen like the governor—and when they come I'd like you to help me entertain them. You know—kind of help me as hostess. It would help me out a lot. My cousin Lena ain't much good. She's sort of common, and what I like is tone. Nothing, you understand, but be pleasant and chatty and only with important guests. You understand what I mean?"

"Yes," said Bridget dully.

"You'll be entirely on your own to do just as you feel best. If anybody gets fresh with you just let me know, and I'll take over. I've got it all figured out." She was silent for a moment and then said, "You are a virgin, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Bridget.

"Well, we'll keep you that way. It's an asset if you're serious about settling down later on. It can be an asset to an entertainment establishment too, especially if it gets around. Now as to the act—I think you might sing opry now and then to give tone and then some good songs like 'The Baggage Coach Ahead' and 'She May Be Somebody's Mother.' You know the kind that makes 'em cry? They cry easy out here where women are so scarce. And we'll get you some fine clothes—lady's clothes—refined and everything. We don't need sequins and bugles and short skirts with fringe. We get plenty of that from the other girls. I want you to be a lady. I want you to remind 'em of their mothers and sisters.

"Come here and let me button up your back," said Madge. Bridget obeyed and while Madge went on with the buttoning, she said, "Of course you may get a chance to marry some important bloke. It's a big

opportunity. You'll meet a lot of them here—mine operators, ranch owners, politicians and all kinds of people. I'll make it clear to them that you're a good girl and brought up refined . . . What would you think of fifty dollars a week to start with?"

For a moment Bridget caught her breath. Fifty dollars a week, coming in steady, was more money than she and the Professor had ever known. Usually they got along on fifty dollars a month or less and even that had been dwindling for the last two or three years. Fifty dollars a week!

"Paid in silver dollars," said Madge.

"That would be fine," said Bridget.

"And now as to the billing," said Madge. "I've been giving it a good deal of thought, but I haven't come to anything. Mrs. Birdwell says you're like a dove, and you ought to be billed as the dove of something or other, but I can't think of what. Your foreign-sounding name is too much like the Eyetalian Nightingale, and that old war horse has worn out the Eyetalian shindig all through the West."

"But I'm not really Italian," said Bridget. "My real name is Bridget. Mademoiselle da Ponte is just made up."

"Irish," said Madge. "Well, that's just wonderful. That gives me a whole lot of new ideas." She tilted her head to one side speculatively. "Let's see! . . . Blarney! That's no good. The Dove of Cork . . . No, that's no good . . . sounds like a bottle stopper. The Dove of Dublin . . . . No." Then a look of inspiration came into her eyes. "I've got it! The Dove of Tralee! How do you like that?"

"It sounds all right," said Bridget.

"That's it! The Dove of Tralee. It fits right in with bein' a good girl and refined. I can see it now out in front—'The Dove of Tralee!' "

Next month: Dick, away from home, makes up his mind about things, while Bridget makes her debut

I Was A Newspaperman, Myself (*Continued from page 49*)

afternoon's papers. But it pains me to say that I walked twice clear round that uncommunicative wall and just could not get any spiritual urge to shin over it. Nor was I properly resolved to ring at the unfriendly gate and ask the watchman, "Is the head of this institution a crook, and have you any proofs handy?" I am not boasting of this, mind you; I am sore lamenting it; but I went home to my boardinghouse (and I want to inform my landlord now, thirty-eight years later, that I *did* know he sneaked in and used my typewriter) and wrote a very nice poem about Helen's eyebrows or some equally newsy topic.

Oh, valiant and ingenious youth! Was it William Pitt who was prime minister at twenty-three—and was it twenty-three and was it prime minister or president of the University of Chicago?

Not all of my epoch-making career by the Pacific had to do with odes to eyebrows. We were an afternoon paper, and I was in the office by eight A.M., writing headlines. I never did master the composition of headlines, an art even more deft and passionate than the old-time writing of epitaphs but highly resembling it, for are not headlines little tombstones for items of news that are now dead and often decayed? But still, I could manage a few curious masterpieces, such as:

English Sir Says S.F.
Be Biggest U.S. Burg

From ten to four, we were supposed to go out and ask embarrassing questions of people who much preferred to be let alone, and then, in the evening, we really got to work. An agitated election was coming, and every evening I had to report three or four oratorical debauches.

The chief figure in the election was a gentleman known to spellbinders as "P. Haitch MacCarthy, stannard-bear of th' City n County of San Francisco." I ineffaceably remember his golden smile, his beautiful mustache, and the heartiness with which he greeted the reporters. "Well, boys, God bless you," and it is characteristic of American politics, in which we have always been so much more ardent about personalities than about principles, that the only things I now forget about P. Haitch are what he stood for, and whether we were adoringly for him or belligerently against him, and whether he won or lost.

And that is how you write history. You collect the evidence of eyewitnesses who were right there when it happened and who remember exactly what kind of a fancy ♦est Dickens wore and forgot only whether he liked Christmas and the little ones and benevolent fat gentlemen, or hated the whole lot of them and tried to get them abolished.

Such things as elections paled beside the Epic of the Vanishing Bellboy and the Grateful Whaleback.

I was on the Bulletin hotel-beat at the time, engaged in persuading such distinguished visitors as English lecturers to state that, yes, San Francisco was larger than Los Angeles and more romantic than London. And on that beat I had an Adventure in Culture. We were told that a Chinese prince had just landed, and I skipped happily to his hotel to interview him. On the way I planned my story, which would obviously be very funny. He would be a fat and waddling prince, with comic mustachios and a long saber, and he would say, "Me heapee biggee princee," and with the superiority of all the Sauk Centres and the New Havens to such ridiculous outlanders, I would tease him with clever questions.

I never did see that prince. At the door of his suite I was greeted by a slim Chinese in morning coat, quite the suavest and coldest and best-spoken man I had ever met, with an Oxford accent and a Mayfair blankness, and he murmured, "It would be quite impossible for you to see His Highness, but I should be glad to answer any questions."

Questions? I don't think I had any, beyond the familiar "Huh?" It was a moment of revelation about the world, as swift and complete as Mr. Hendryx's explanation of why you don't write "a good time was reported by all."

But the bellhop epic was more triumphant.

At a hotel which we shall call the Brown, there was an amiable assistant manager whom we might call Smith. Now I won't say that Mr. Smith ever tried to bribe me, but I did just happen to get around to the Brown very often at one o'clock, and Mr. Smith did just happen to think that the Brown would be honored to entertain a distinguished literary man like me at lunch—no obligations. And if afterwards Mr. Smith introduced me to a charming man who was—he *said*—an explorer from Arabia or a renowned soil chemist from Kansas, it would make an interesting essay for the readers of the Bulletin. Would it?

I enjoyed those lunches—three kinds of soup and four kinds of dessert. At first, a salary of thirty-five a week had seemed magnificent, but I had now learned to eat regularly, and that devastating habit ruins more idealistic young men than love or liquor.

Breezed up to me in the refined Brown lobby, one fine day, this Smith, bountifully beaming, and said Smith, "I got a swell story for you, exclusive. Last winter we had an old lady from Connecticut staying here, terrible old crank, always complaining—what we call a Whaleback. But there was one bellboy—he said she was so like his mother—he never got sore at her, he just used to laugh and do any errand she asked him, and evenings when he was off duty—and mind you, she never tipped him one red cent—he'd sit and read to her, and all the other bellhops laughed at him, he was such a sap. Well, she's just died, back East, and she's left this boy her entire fortune—seventy-five thousand dollars. How's that?"

"What's his name?"

"Who?"

"The bellhop."

"Oh. His name? You mean you want to know the bellhop's name? Can't you make— Well, they called him Robert."

"Last name?"

"Oh—uh—Johnson."

"Where is he? I want to ask him some questions."

"He's in the old lady's town in Connecticut, collecting the fortune. The eighty-five thousand."

"What town?"

"Medford."

"That's in Massachusetts."

"Oh, sure. I meant Massachusetts."

"Look. Make it twenty thousand and I'll run the story."

"Do you mean to say——"

"Twenty thousand!"

"Okay!"

Now the moral of this chronicle would be irretrievably bad, except that as I wrote the story for the Bulletin, I made our Bobby Johnson so tender to his elders, so given to brushing his teeth and combing his hair and saving electric light and pieces of string, that he was a model for all future youth. Probably you can still see the influence of it, almost forty years later.

When the story was published—for once, uncut—the hotel-beat man on the Chronicle exclaimed, at the nearest bar, "Smith gave me that story before he did you, and my city editor wouldn't let me use it. He said it sounded phony. Don't that show what dumb tyrants they put over us reporters?"

I had incautiously announced that Bobby Johnson was coming back this week, to go around with the twenty thousand and be oppressively kind to all the other bellhops in town and teach them to save string and read to old ladies. Now the sob-squad lady on the Bulletin was no less a mistress of heart-throbs than Bessie Beattie, now famous for her daytime show on the radio. The city editor said, "I'll have Bessie interview the kid. We'll give him a big spread on Saturday, with photos."

"You better let me do it," I begged.

"You? You couldn't write a tender human story about a kid like that. Bessie will do it."

My brain child! My own Little Lord Fauntleroy and string-saver and crusader against the life-sapping cigarette! And I couldn't do his biography!

I did not explain why Bobby would

not be coming home this week. I let Mr. Smith of the hotel do all his own lying. I turned to ways of nobility and exact truth which, as is well known, unlike many fiction writers whom I could and in private do name, I have followed ever since.

Months later, when I was on the Associated Press—after I had been fired from the Bulletin and just before I was fired from the A.P., which was #4—Mr. Smith showed me a scrapbook full of press clippings about the Bellhop and the Whaleback. I was again confused about the moral philosophy. This business simply did not go with the ethics I had learned from Spinoza and Horatio Alger, Jr. Many pure-minded vignettes had I written on suburban flower shows, visiting swamis and the facts of wild-swan life, which had never been read clear through even by the city editor who tossed them into the wastebasket. But this atrocity, this betrayal, this maudlin waterworks about that blithering and nonexistent young prig, Robert, had been read and fondly reprinted all over the world—all mentioning the hotel! The diabolic Mr. Smith let me see that it had appeared—sometimes with a favorable editorial—in every city in America, in Paris, London, Berlin, Rome, Pekin, Kandahar.

And I, the author of this revised and more pestilential Tiny Tim, had not only been fired but was ripe for being fired again.

One happy Californian eve on the night desk of the A.P., my immediate boss—then a mild and scholarly indoor man given to the study of magic, but sometime to be known as a galloping foreign correspondent, a peering man with thick glasses and the kindest heart, a man named Karl Von Wiegand—muttered to me, "Do you know that the Coast Superintendent is planning to fire you tomorrow, because you just can't see a good news story? You might beat him to it."

I walked languidly in on Charley Kloeber, the superintendent, next day, and drawled, in the grossest imitation of English novels, "My dear fellow, I do hope I shall not inconvenience your overworked little staff too much, but I really must sever my connection here. The literary standard is too shockingly low."

Charley was a Virginian, soft-voiced and soft-eyed and he had played poker in Alaska and Lima and Helsinki. I had hoped that he would be furious at losing such a jewel, but he just looked mildly at me, and sighed, "Ah'd give a lot to know who told you Ah was goin' to fire you!"

So I went back East, to Occupy a Responsible Position on a magazine called The Volta Review, a journal for teachers of the deaf, a subject of which I knew less than I did of radar, even though radar had not yet been invented. The salary was fifteen a week, but they could not hold me, could never hold the literary parent of the Edifying Bellhop. In less than a year, I was in New York, as editor for a book-publishing house, and you may be sure I wasn't getting any miserable fifteen dollars a week—not at the age of twenty-five!

No, I was getting twelve-fifty a week.

So you can see how, without influence, solely by the exercise of my industry and genius, I had progressed not only socially but financially. In less than two years I had climbed from thirty-five dollars a week on the Bulletin to thirty dollars on the Associated Press to fifteen dollars on The Volta Review to twelve-fifty at the sedate and honorable firm of Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Ah, youth and glory!

THE END

such mishaps. The roster of such cases has included the bedridden, the handicapped, a woman whose child is feebleminded, a man whose whole family perished in a fire. Even patients with problems such as these can learn to banish worry from their lives.

MOST of us are not called on for such heroic efforts. But most of us do have one Class II problem to face and that is the fact that we are not going to own a yacht or be offered a Cabinet post, no matter how hard we try. Too many "inspirational" volumes have promised wealth and fame to everyone, regardless of abilities. Such notions, psychologists believe, have done incalculable harm by creating mountains of useless worry.

Many a girl who could build a happy hobby around a minor talent for music suffers because she thinks she is called upon to be a concert violinist. Many a man doing a capable job fitted to his abilities blames himself because, by forty, he has not become the head of his firm. American overemphasis on worldly success makes many people imagine that only laziness or bad luck or unfair competition has kept them from the heights. The Worry Clinic teaches its patients that there is no eleventh commandment reading, "Thou shalt be rich and famous." A five-thousand-dollar-a-year man, assured that he doesn't have to make fifty thousand dollars a year, often looks delighted and says, "You know, I never thought of that. I don't." Thus abandoning an artificially high ambition proves a very great relief to this kind of worrier.

3. Patients' problems are of many kinds, requiring vastly different solutions. But there is only *one* kind of worry, and it is always a disease. No matter what you worry about, you can stop worrying tonight. You can stop by recognizing the simple fact that the mind can contain only one idea at a time, and that it is always within your power to determine what that idea shall be.

In one session at the clinic (officially known as the Class in Applied Psychology), the instructor drew on the blackboard a chalked outline of a human head and wrote in it, "Worry, fear, egotism, anger." Then he erased the words and wrote, "Love, unselfishness, happiness, charity." The second set of values, he said, will always drive out the first. One patient dates from this simple demonstration the beginning of her recovery from a melancholy which had broken her health and soured her life.

The raw materials of both misery and joy are present at almost every moment in every life—it is up to each one of us to decide which state of mind we will have. A man in a hospital bed can still build a beautiful world of remembered flowers and stars, and a man with every outward benefit that life can give may still inhabit a private universe made harsh by fear and hate.

4. Worry can be best tackled by crowding it out of the mind with a more constructive thought. Every Worry Clinic patient is given a kind of mental first-aid kit to use throughout the day. This is a notebook in which he has jotted down thoughts and quotations that appeal to him. Whenever a worry or an angry or hostile thought invades his mind, he flips open the pages of the book and concentrates on the inspiring words he sees.

One woman has filled her notebook entirely with musical phrases with which to exorcise her unhappier thoughts. A number of the patients turn to short prayers when worries begin to bother them. Others fill their notebooks with bits of inspirational verse or with quotations from books on psychiatry.

At first, clinic patients report, worries crowd into the mind a hundred times a day, and a hundred times a day they have to open the notebook. After a few months the mind is under so much better control that the mere thought of the notebook often serves to drive the destructive, gloomy thoughts away.

5. Patients are asked to borrow books from the Worry Clinic shelves primarily to "mine" them for notebook quotations. This leads to an attentive reading of these carefully chosen volumes. Among the books offered are Winfred Rhoades's "Self You Have to Live With," "The Moral Universe" by Fulton J. Sheen, "And Now to Live Again" by Betsey Barton, "Common Neuroses" by T. A. Ross, "Conquest of Fear" by Basil King, and J. G. Gilkey's "You Can Master Life."

Banned from the shelves are books which promise success and wealth to those who will follow some formula of living. It is no part of the clinic's philosophy to raise men's hopes beyond the limitations of their own capacities. Happiness, the patients are told, does not lie in conquering the world—it lies in conquering themselves.

6. Worry requires tension and it cannot occur when the body is relaxed. One way of breaking its hold on the mind is by doing away with physical tension. Worry Clinic patients are taught to lie flat on the floor for fifteen minutes, at least once a day, and relax themselves completely.

. . . . . .

In view of the volume of manuscripts now being received, may we remind our contributors to attach a stamped, self-addressed envelope? Sending stamps only delays the return of manuscripts which are not suitable.

. . . . . .

With closed eyes, they "speak" to every muscle of the body, beginning at the top of the head and working down to the toes, saying, "Let go. Let go. Let go." As each tense muscle sags they get a feeling of the body's heaviness upon the earth.

The patient then fills his mind with a scene of summer peace. Through pine-scented woods, on a drowsy afternoon, he sees a clear, blue lake, unruffled by a breeze, and warm under the sun. As he looks upon the lake, his mind takes on the same smooth, unbroken quality. Body and mind are at peace.

After such total relaxation, worry does not easily fasten upon the mind. Such exercises in serenity are practiced by the patients before going to bed at night and as many times during the day as is necessary to reduce the tension which has cramped their minds.

7. Worriers are usually bad company. By the time patients arrive at the clinic they are usually a mass of jangling nerves which cause unhappy human relationships. One of the surest ways of besting the worry habit is to learn to center the mind on the people *nearest at hand*. Thinking about those we love, who are absent, may be as worrisome as thinking about ourselves.

One lonely, seclusive patient was asked to make a game of trying to understand the nearest person so well that she could put him into a novel. She began, very timidly, imagining backgrounds for strangers on the morning bus. Soon she was practicing her game on those with whom she talked, eagerly watching their expressions for a clue to what really made them tick.

"For the first time in my life," she says wonderingly, "I began to listen to what other people said, instead of wondering what they were thinking about me."

8. Situations that are apt to lead us into tension and worry can often be anticipated and avoided. One businessman, who spends hours a day on the telephone, used to end up each evening worn "to a frazzle" by cutoffs, wrong numbers and long waits. He was advised to keep a volume of poetry open on his desk and to read it as he sat at the telephone. The waits and interruptions no longer bother him. A woman who suffered a panicky fear whenever she entered a crowded room rehearsed for such occasions by imagining her fear as a "black little devil inside of me which I can drive out by an exercise of will." She learned always to stop for a moment on the threshold of a room and feel the fear separating itself from her. Now she can, with poise, handle any social situation that comes up.

9. Irritation aroused by the annoying habits of those around us creates a state of mind which makes future worry more probable; for when we fume at things we cannot correct we are losing the habit of serenity which anti-worry techniques are all designed to build. So Worry Clinic patients are urged to cultivate tempers which cannot be ruffled by other people's faults.

A woman whose spiteful bickering with her husband had embittered her life was pulled up short by the question, "Suppose he died? Would you miss nothing from your life?" Challenged to list her husband's virtues, she drew up an impressive total of his fine qualities. Now she has learned to force her attention to those qualities whenever his shortcomings threaten to bother her.

A husband, caught in the same round of domestic strife, has taught himself, whenever his wife annoys him, to picture her as she looked to him when she came up the aisle in her wedding gown many years before.

Through such devices, patients are trained to abandon one of the most futile forms of worry—concern over the imperfections in the characters of other people.

10. Certain types of ambitious worriers are greatly disturbed by the passage of time; they feel that every passing day reproaches them for having done so little.

ONE woman told Dr. Joseph Pratt, one of the clinic's directors, "The clock as it ticked used to tell me, 'Hurry up! Hurry up!' Hurry and worry combined to give me dyspepsia."

Today she, like other clinic patients, lives by a schedule drawn up the night before, dividing her day into half-hour periods. Her conscience is now calmed by the knowledge that, at each hour, she is doing the allotted task and fulfilling all her obligations. She is no longer harassed by a sense of having failed to do the things she meant to do.

11. Half-hour living serves another purpose for worriers. Every schedule is

drawn up so that a portion of the day is devoted to solving the practical problems which the patient has to face. A man who used to worry over the "wildness" of his grown daughter now spends half an hour every day writing her a cheerful letter. His real fondness for her has found a helpful outlet, and he realizes today that her behavior never was alarming. A woman who was once the victim of "sick headaches" spends an hour a day reading the literature of psychiatry, collecting cases for an anthology to help other patients suffering from similar complaints. In trying to cure others, she has cured herself.

A man once worried himself half frantic over his old debts. Now he spends a half an hour a day writing to his creditors, telling them about his situation and setting the date when he hopes to begin payments. The daily facing of his problem has made its terrors lighter. In many cases the fight on worry includes a fight on the practical problems which we had put off solving because we were too busy with the engrossing task of stewing over them.

12. Those problems which cannot be practically solved can be mastered too. The courageous spirits of all history have shown us the way. Poverty, bereavement, misunderstanding at the hands of the world have been gracefully endured by those who had their eyes fixed on broader perspectives. Lives of heroes and saints are studied at the clinic. Patients whose universe has room for a God are encouraged to bring their religion into the events of every day and to weigh their little troubles on the scales of eternity. It is the observation of the doctors at the clinic that atheists, who cannot accept this advice, are far less successful than others in their efforts to cure the worry habit.

THE Worry Clinic was set up by medical men who had no intention of bringing religion into the hospital. But they now quote the statements of Dr. Carl Jung, Dr. Gregory Zilboorg and Dr. C. C. Burlingame to the effect that modern man suffers more than his share of anxiety because he has less than his share of religious faith.

"Patients who worry themselves sick," Dr. Rhoades has said, "are tensely concentrating on one very small section of time and space. We help them to expand their horizons and we set their thoughts free to wander far from the single problem that has baffled them. If their horizons extend as far as Infinity, their problems will seem very small indeed."

But the modern skeptic who dares not pray can find other ways to drive worry from his mind. He can so change his mental habits that no destructive thought will ever fill his mind for more than a few seconds at a time. When he has accomplished that, outward events will inevitably lose most of their terror for him.

"I'm not afraid of anything that the future can bring," one Worry Clinic patient told the doctors recently. "Whatever happens to me, will not be able to destroy the lovely things that remain in the woods and fields and art museums and libraries of the world. And it can't destroy my determination to fill my mind with them!"

THE END

There will be in next month's Cosmopolitan an entertaining profile of John Mason Brown, who rates as the most popular lecturer in the country so far as the women's clubs are concerned

Male-Tested Fashions

(*Continued from page 13*)

with the pleasantest of smiles and a simple, "What are we waiting for?"

Thus we made our introductory speech succinct and got straight down to the (nearly) bare facts. "Today we will show you sixteen swim suits." (Coats never drew so many grins.) "You are to select your favorites. Each model will carry a card with an identifying number. On the backs of the cardboard wolf heads which you have already received, mark the numbers you prefer, the reasons for your choice, and any other pertinent comments."

WE WENT on to explain that the prices of these suits were between six and fifteen dollars. Actor Pat O'Brien had come directly to the Stork from a meeting with his pal, New York's Mayor O'Dwyer, and was full of City Hall technicalities. He interrupted us to ask, "Are we judging these suits on the basis of women who look like this?" He looked admiringly at the girls.

"These swim suits are being shown for the judges' approval," we told him. "We expect that a great many women of different ages and physiques will be looking for suits to wear at resorts this summer. However, if you have any objections, recommendations, or suggestions, speak up, man, speak up. We're here to learn what men like, what they don't like, and why."

He did. "There are bathing suits and bathing suits, and they fall into two categories, as I see it. The first looks good; the second would only look good on those who look good."

"What you mean, Pat," Dane Clark, star of Warner Brothers' "Deep Valley" interrupted, "is that the first would flatter any figure and the other would only look good on a figure that doesn't have to be flattered."

"What I am saying," replied Pat, playing safe, "is that the first suit looks very attractive on the girl, and the girl looks attractive in the suit, and my wife would look just as attractive as the girl looks, and the girl looks just as attractive as my wife."

"I like the first one, too," Stanley Marcus, president of Neiman-Marcus, said. "It is the kind of swim suit which will look as well on a size forty-two as a size forty-two can look in a swim suit. And no cracks about my wife either."

Clark: "Well, I like it a lot. It looks like a bathing suit."

Marcus: "What a strange reason to like a bathing suit. Say, Clark, would you like a job as a bathing-suit buyer?"

Clark: "I'll answer that when this option is up. Don't you think I'm right? After all, you're a merchant." The whole discussion had involved a trim dressmaker suit versus a sleek skin-fitting tank suit.

"Are you sure you weren't in this racket before?" Jack Williams, president of L. Bamberger, asked Dane. "Maybe an old Macy buyer?"

"I think he owns a piece of Gimbels, too," Pat O'Brien broke in and, turning to Sherman Billingsley, the Stork Club's pappy, asked, "How are you voting, Sherm?"

"I'm voting for number two."

"Why are you doing that?"

"Because number one has already won, and I just want to confuse you guys. After all, I am a professional among a group of amateurs. I have appeared on this board before."

As we progressed, the show began to gain flavor. The models giggled when

Dane Clark asked how a strapless suit stayed up.

"By wire," Jack Williams said.

"By will power," was Sherman Billingsley's suggestion.

"BI-OLOGY," was O'Brien's.

Jack Williams and Stanley Marcus, two of the most noted retailers in the country, seemed very pleased with the judges' choices.

"Are you surprised," we asked them, "that a group of men, without any so-called training or experience, is capable of rendering a verdict that shows such expert good taste, good sense and good judgment?"

"Surprised? No. But it took the weaker sex to recognize how much a man does know, and that there is no escaping one fundamental fact—women dress for male approval!"

male-tested fashions DIGEST

One of our readers wrote to tell us of her agreement with the philosophy behind Male-Tested Fashions. In her words: "If every woman realized that her individual man, while he may not always be articulate about it, knows a great deal more about the way his gal should look and is more honest in his reactions than her ordained best friend—then, indeed, American women *would* be the best-dressed women in the world."

We think that there will be little difference of opinion about who will reign as beach queen when the new and exciting bathing suits make their appearance this season.

Our current panel of judges had little difficulty in making their decisions after the first huddle was over. All the suits they chose had to meet the stiff requirement that they be flattering to the wearer. There was some discussion about lastex.

One judge told us, "I never did like lastex suits. They always look like a two-way stretch—a woman in a girdle who forgot to put her dress on. Every time I meet one on the beach I blush."

After the other judges commented that no girdle they ever saw came in such a lush array of colors—aqua, melon, coral, and—(we could use up all our space enthusing over colors), it was decided that those "danger-curve" suits were wonderful if you have the figure for them. But, unless you can unequivocally state no spare, no middle and no rear, they are dangerous suits, and the onus will be on you if you wear one.

Our judges were particularly impressed with a group of charmingly printed piqué suits, which they said seemed to have a split personality. One mannequin, her hair pig-tailed, looked young and fresh in a one-piece ruffled suit, while another, long and languorous in the two-piece version of the same suit, was as "exotic as a Tahitian maiden."

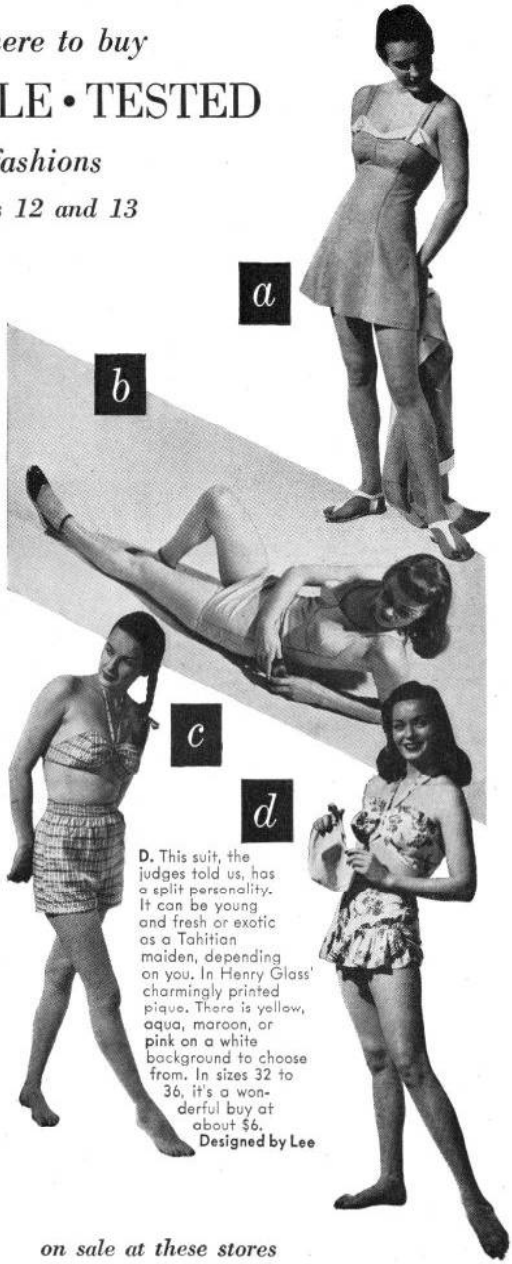
Another suit, while not a winner, was a runner-up. This was a simple one-piece jersey with a full skirt. It lost out to another full-skirted suit with princess lines because they felt the jersey would look messy after it hit the water. But, they approved the idea of one-piece suits and observed that there had been an absence of them for too long.

Their final comment: Let's keep 'em simple! Could be we've never reported a M.-T.-F. party without the constant use of the word SIMPLE. It keeps cropping up again and again in the male fashion-evaluating glossary. And, if, as we are reminded so often, it's a man's world, that's a warning which dare not go unheeded.

THE END

. . . *Where to buy the* MALE • TESTED *fashions*

shown on pages 12 and 13



A. If you're long and slender, if you're short and roundish, or if you're in-betweenish, this is your swim suit. Designed by Gabar it has flattering princess lines frontward but is cut like a two-piece for rear approval. In wonderful Celanese Prospector rayon, turquoise, grey, coral, and yellow with white ruffle trim, or in all white. Sizes 12 to 20 about $12. The matching beach coat about $15.

B. We're celebrating the return of satin lastex and you will, too, when you see this one-piece skin-fitting tank suit with fagotted seams for extra smoothness. It is designed by Reel-Poise in a Hafner fabric. In sizes 12 to 18 (if you're more, lastex is not your dish) in white, black, horizon blue, aqua and maize. About $15.

C. When luscious plaid taffeta takes to water, that's news. This two-piece swim suit has a three-way strap for a made-to-order sunburn. The boxer shorts have an adjustable elasticized waistband and lightweight poplin bloomer underpanties. Designed by Jantzen in a Duchess fabric, it comes in blue, gold or red plaid in sizes 10 to 16, and is about $9.95.

D. This suit, the judges told us, has a split personality. It can be young and fresh or exotic as a Tahitian maiden, depending on you. In Henry Glass' charmingly printed pique. There is yellow, aqua, maroon, or pink on a white background to choose from. In sizes 32 to 36, it's a wonderful buy at about $6. **Designed by Lee**

on sale at these stores

if you live in	go to	for
Baltimore, Maryland	Hutzler Bros.	A, B, C, D
Bartlesville, Okla.	Montaldo's	A, B, C, D
Boston, Mass.	Wm. Filene's Sons Co.	A, B, C, D
Brooklyn, New York	Abraham & Straus	A, B, C, D
Charlotte, N. C.	Montaldo's	A, B, C, D
Chicago, Ill.	Mandel Bros.	C, D
Cincinnati, Ohio	John Shillito Co.	A, B, C, D
Cleveland, Ohio	Higbee Co.	A, B, C, D
Columbus, Ohio	F. & R. Lazarus	A, B, C
East Orange, N. J.	Doop's	A, B, C, D
Greensboro, N. C.	Montaldo's	A, B, C, D
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox	C
Independence, Kansas	Montaldo's	A, B, C, D
Jacksonville, Fla.	Furchgott's	A, B, C, D
Milwaukee, Wis.	Boston Store	A
Newark, N. J.	L. Bamberger Co.	D
New York City	Bloomingdale's	A, B, C, D
Philadelphia, Pa.	Strawbridge & Clothier	A, B, C, D
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joseph Horne Co.	A, B, C
Richmond, Va.	Thalhimer's	A, B, D
Rochester, N. Y.	B. Forman	A, B, C
Savannah, Georgia	Levy's	C, D
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller	A, B, C
Washington, D. C.	The Hecht Co.	A, B, C, D
Wilmington, Del.	Bird-Speakman	A, B, C, D
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Montaldo's	A, B, C, D

Cosmopolitan *Educational Guide*

LYLE BRYSON, *Director*, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York 19

CAMPS AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

BOYS AND GIRLS

BROOKSIDE MUSIC & ARTS CAMP
Great Barrington, Mass., July 1-Aug. 25 for boys & girls 7-17 active in Music—instrumental & vocal; drama, ballet, painting, photography, etc. plus rec., camp activities. Campers participate in end of season Operetta Festival. Parents accom. N. Y. phone Circle 6-2839. Write to Paul Biffoli, Dir., 862 Carnegie Hall, New York 19.

NEW ENGLAND MUSIC CAMP
Enjoy musical summer with famous artists in Maine woods. Private instruction; all camping activities. Fee $300. 25 practice cabins. Orchestra, Band, Chorus, Catalog. Paul E. Wiggin, 125 Hampden St., West Springfield, Mass.

CAPE COD MUSIC CENTER
Mrs. C. C. Crocker, director
VACATION WITH MUSIC
Senior camp, 14-18 years; Junior camp, 10-14 years
An inspirational summer on historic Cape Cod for girls and boys who love music and enjoy seaside sports. Individual instruction by leading authorities in instrumental and vocal music, ballet, and the arts. Visiting artists and lecturers. For beginners and advanced students.
Write for Illustrated booklet C.
EAST BREWSTER · MASSACHUSETTS

CHAPPA CHALLA
Duxbury, Mass. A salt water sailing camp of 3 separate units. For girls. For younger boys. Day camp for boys and girls. Horseback riding available. Sailing and water sports emphasized. 40 miles from Boston and Providence.
Elizabeth Carleton, 1018 Bradshaw St., Medford 55, Mass.

MAINE SUMMER CAMPS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
What a summer experience for a growing boy or girl! Swimming, canoeing, riding, hiking—every kind of outdoor sport under careful supervision! Real lessons from nature and wonderful farm-fresh food! For information about Maine's State Inspected Camps write for new booklet.
Maine Publicity Bureau
Box C, Gateway Circle, Portland, Maine

WALNUT MOUNTAIN CAMP
★★★ IN THE CATSKILLS
Children 5-13. Liberty, N.Y., 100 miles from New York City. High, healthful, happy living. 750 acres of protected camp land. Marvelous buildings, equipment and activity program. Swimming, archery, crafts, dramatics, dancing, picnic trips in stimulating mountain air. Rate $350.00 all-inclusive fee.
A Hoefeddern Foundation Enterprise
Write or Call 535 Fifth Ave., Room 803 New York City
Murray Hill 2-4221

GIRLS

LAKE GREELEY Pocono Mts. in Pa. Girls 6-17. 27th Yr.
Glorious summer of riding every day, tennis, dancing, crafts, archery, riflery, drama, music, swimming & trips. Talented staff. Cabins with baths. Inclusive fee. Alt. 2,000 ft. Chaperoned groups Chic., Wash., Phila., N.Y.C. *Catalog.* CARL D. HUMMEL, 403 Charles Lane, Wynnewood, Pa.

SYLVANIA FOR GIRLS In the Ozark Mts.
The riding camp of the middle west—pack trips, swimming, hunter, saddle-craft, marksmanship, art, dancing, dramatics, excellent staff. Sylvania is sensitive to the needs of each girl—training as well as to the joy of living. Ages 5-19. Fee for 8 wks., $350.00. For information write: Camp Sylvania, Furdy, Ida.

CAMP TWA-NE-KO-TAH
For girls. Lake Chautauqua, N. Y. Character training stressed. Riding, land activities, water sports, nature lore. Dramatics and crafts. Catalog. Rev. and Mrs. R. L. Stoh, 144 Jewett Parkway, Buffalo 14, N. Y.

OGONTZ WHITE MOUNTAIN CAMP FOR GIRLS
On Ogontz Lake, near Sugar Hill, N. H. Aquaplaning, swimming, sailing, golf, riding, tennis. First aid classes. Crafts, nature study, dancing, music. Outdoor cooking. Tutoring. Rustic cabins on 750 acres of woods and meadows. Booklet. Abby A. Sutherland, Ogontz School P.O., Pa.

SAN LUIS—TRIANGLE L RANCHES
For girls 6-21. Thrilling summer on Colorado ranches in high Rockies. Riding (form and trail), pack trips, exploring mountain trails, acquiring habits of helpfulness, resourcefulness. Swimming, tennis. Counselor training. Training for older girls in camp leadership, child care, useful arts. Mrs. Robert M. Potter, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

EAGLE POINT FOR GIRLS EST. 1905
White Mts, Rumney, N. H., On Lake Stinson.
Professional staff. Resident doctor. Nurse. Brother Camp Stinson. Fee season, Fri. Eve. services. Riding. Sailing. All-inclusive fee. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Richman, Dirs., 527 Riverside Dr., New York City. AC. 2-1061.

TEELA-WOOKET HORSEBACK CAMPS
In Green Mts. of Vermont. Girls enjoy a glorious summer of riding, fun and adventure! Be Indians' mounts, show horses, hunters. Water sports, golf course. Well-rounded program at moderate & all-inclusive rate. Booklet.
Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Roys, 30 Ordway Rd., Wellesley Hills, Mass.

TRIPS

RADLER EXPEDITIONS
FOR TEENAGERS
Co-Educational—14 to 18 years
Exploration • Travel • Camping • Fun • Excitement
Educational • Safe • Reliable • Supervised
Write for Details 120 Boylston St., Boston 16, Mass.

CAMP PAGWA
July-August. Young sportsmen 12-18. By airlines and canoes through Northern Ontario's wilderness. Medical staff. Sports program with able coaches. Real fishing. Indian guides. No hay fever. John J. Gleason, Dir., 55 W. 95 St., N. Y. 25, N. Y. RI. 9-3166.

ADVENTURE TRAILS
A Summer to Remember. Thrilling rail-bicycle and rail-motor tours for students to Alaska, the Great West, Canada, Mexico and Europe. Supervised co-ed groups 12-21 years. *Write for Booklet C.* Adventure Trails, Room 1160, 11 W. 42 St. N. Y. 18

BOYS AND GIRLS

NORTH CAROLINA CAMPS

BOYS AND GIRLS CAMPS in North Carolina are among the nation's finest. Wholesome recreation, health supervision and valuable, selective training are emphasized.

Long, sun-drenched days are filled with riding, boating, swimming, tennis, archery, golf and hiking. Skilled tutors offer instruction in domestic science, art, woodworking, first aid, woodcraft and handicrafts.

Write today for descriptive literature on North Carolina Boys and Girls Summer Camps. Specify if interested in Boys or Girls Camps, or both. Plan NOW to give your child an unforgettable summer camp experience. Address 3600 Dept. of Conservation and Development, Raleigh, North Carolina.

BOYS

Sequoyah In the Land of the Sky Near Asheville, N. C.
Nationally recognized as one of America's outstanding camps for boys. 50 buildings. Patronage in 28 states. 10-week season. 24th year. 5 periods. Rates $75, $225, $250, $350, $450. Ages 7-16. Private Lake. Riding featured. C. Walton Johnson, Director, Weaverville, N. C.

CHIMNEY ROCK CAMP FOR BOYS
In N. Carolina, near Asheville, heart of the Blue Ridge. Best leadership, program and equipment. Individual attention. Jr.—7-11, Sr.—12-18. All camp activities. Sailing. For 29 yrs., choice of discriminating parents. Free booklet. R. B. Sugg, Jr., Dir., Box C., Chimney Rock, N. Carolina.

LAKE POCAHONTAS CAMP
24th Season IN VIRGINIA Boys 7-16
Located on large private lake in Southern Appalachians. Complete modern equipment, cabins and lodges. Mature Counselors. Swimming, canoeing, archery, tennis, crafts, riding and other sports, under careful supervision. Tutoring. Nurse. Booklet. William H. Edmondson, Dir., Glade Spring, Va.

HOWE MILITARY CAMP
Spend the summer of your life at this modern, well-equipped camp. June 30 to Aug. 16. Every outdoor sport. 10 acres on lake. Studies, if desired. Special Junior program. Low rate. Catalog. Burrett B. Bouton, M.A., 10 Academy Place, Howe, Indiana.

CAMP LEN-A-PE
Indian, cowboy, magician, nurse. Christian boys 4-16. On lake in Pa. POCONOS, near N. Y. C., Phila. Riding, tennis, swimming, crafts. Adult camp nearby. Booklet. David C. Keiser, 7733 Mill Rd., Phila. 17, Pa. Phone: Melrose 1682.

ULVER SUMMER SCHOOLS ON LAKE MAXINKUCKEE
NAVAL or CAVALRY, 14-18 Yrs. WOODCRAFT CAMP, 10-14 Yrs.
A Boy's ideal vacation. All sports. Exceptional housing, dining, and health facilities. Regular Academy personnel. Separate catalogs.
53 Lake Shore Way Culver, Ind.

BOYS

IDLEWILD Famous for Water Sports
A summer of fun and adventure for boys on Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H. Trips, riding, rifle, golf, tennis. Tutoring at no extra cost. Mature staff. Doctor, nurse. Cabins. Booklet. Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Roys, 332 Otis St., W. Newton, Mass.

CAMP STINSON FOR BOYS Est. 1927
In the White Mts., Rumney, N. H.
Prof'l staff. Resident doctor. Nurse. Sister Camp, Eagle Point, Post season. FRI. EVE. services. Riding. Sailing. ALL-inclusive fee. OPENINGS FOR A FEW NEW CAMPERS.
Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Richman, Directors
527 Riverside Drive New York City AC 2-1061

BOB-WHITE Health and Fun In The Country
Boys 3-15. Riding included in fee. Swimming, Tennis, Riflery, Archery, Crafts, Pack Trips. Mature Counselors. Three separate units. Nursery group, 33rd yr. At Ashland, Mass. Also Bob-O-Link for Girls 3 thru 12.
Booklets. S. D. Hayes, Box 15, Framingham, Mass.

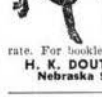
ADMIRAL BILLARD ACADEMY
For 11th summer offers eight-week intensive naval program, ages 13-20, with week at sea aboard famous schooner "Yankee". Optional study for H. S. credits. Also naval camp for younger boys 8-13. Write for catalogue
Admiral Billard Academy, New London, Conn.

MEL HEIN'S
Camp Iroquois For Boys
On beautiful Gull Bay, Lake George, N. Y., 85 acres of pine forest. 28 modern sanitary lodges. 1500 feet of lake front. All recreational and sports activities under experienced guidance. Instruction in water safety and life saving. Crafts. Write for booklet. Mel Hein, Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.

SUMMER CAMPS open June 28th
VALLEY FORGE Military Academy
Unforgettable vacation fun, sports. CAVALRY camp for boys 14-18 (75 horses). Expert riding instruction; Mounted hikes through hist'ric Pa. PIONEER Camp for Boys 9-14; program for each boy's development; woodcraft instruction; trips; overnight camps.
Request Comps Catalog.
Box 14 WAYNE, PA.

SUSQUEHANNA
Boys 5-16. Mountain Camp on private lake. New Milford, Pa. 29th Year. 775 Acres. Daily riding, complete course in horsemanship. Fine 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 T. Smith, New Milford, Pennsylvania

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMP
Ahoy mate! Stand by for a cruise on 157-foot "ICI". A part of thrilling summer on Toms River for boys 10-17. Navy custom, uniforms, drills. Cutters, sloops, ca boats. All sports. Modern buildings. Academic programs available. Catalog. Admiral Farragut Naval Camp, Box FC, Toms River, N. J.



BOYS' RANCH CAMP
In Cattle Ranch Country of Western Nebraska
June 16—August 9
Conducted by University of Nebraska School of Agriculture
Stage own rodeo, livestock show. Forge & motors practice. 25 cow ponies. Swimming, fishing, sports. Earn two high-school credits in agricultural science. Moderate rate. For booklet and application blank write
H. K. DOUTHIT, DIR., BOYS' RANCH CAMP
Nebraska School of Agriculture, Curtis Nebr.

LAKE GENEVA NAVAL CAMP
Conducted by Northwestern Military & Naval Academy. Boys 14-17 learn seamanship, boating. 75 miles from Chicago. Cutters, sailboats, motorboats. Junior Camp (boys 11-13)—sailing, swimming, sports. Catalog.
25 South Shore Drive, Lake Geneva, Wis.

CAMP ST. JOHN'S★★★
A sports and recreational camp for boys 9-18 with one hour daily military training. Large staff mature men, many from St. John's Military Academy faculty, others, leading university athletes. Superb equipment, modern sanitation, pure water, splendid meals, physician and trained nurses. Accredited academic work offered. Lake location. One term only, 3 weeks. *Catalog.*
★ ★ ★ C-25 De Koven Hall, Delafield, Wis.

WENTWORTH Military Summer Camp and School. A boy's real vacation. 4 or 8 weeks sessions. Swimming, Riding, Tennis, Hiking, Golf, Woodcraft, Camping trips in beautiful OZARK Mountains. Marksmanship. Geology. Ages 9 to 14, and 14 to 20. Experienced leaders. Small group. Starts June 16th. Catalog. Col. J. M. Sellers, 257 Main St., Lexington, Mo.

For schools and camps in other locations write this department

NEW ENGLAND—BOYS

EASTERN MILITARY ACADEMY
Fully accredited. 30 miles from N. Y. City. 250 boys 8-18. All grades through high school. Experienced faculty. College entrance. Full military program, infantry and (elective) air corps. Actual flying, class and ground training lead to Pilot's license. Large campus & athletic fields. All sports. Address:
Box C, Shippan Point, Stamford, Conn.

FAY SCHOOL
For younger boys, 6-14. A vigorous, healthy school-life, emphasizing self-government, character, strong scholarship, and genuine achievement. Country setting near Boston; all sports; well-equipped plant. 81st year. For catalogue: **Harrison L. Reinke, Box 135, Southboro, Mass.**

CHESHIRE ACADEMY
A pioneer in personal attention to the individual student. Small classes, flexible programs, accelerated progress. College preparation. Experienced faculty. Graduation Jan., June, Sept. Summer Session. Junior School. Athletics for all.
A. D. Sheriff, Headmaster, Cheshire, Conn.

Nichols JUNIOR College
Executive Courses in Business Administration leading to degree. Junior College exclusively for men. Personalized executive analysis plan. Modern dorms, all sports. For information and catalogue write: **James L. Conrad, Pres., Nichols Junior College, Dudley, Mass.**

EMERSON SCHOOL FOR BOYS —AGED 8 TO 15—
A country boarding school 50 miles from Boston. Small Classes taught by men teachers. Graduates enter leading preparatory schools. Homelike surroundings. Supervised sports. Catalog.
Edward E. Emerson, Headmaster, Box 872, Exeter, N. H.

MILFORD *Superior Teaching Very Small Classes*
35 years' experience in college preparation. Optional accelerated program for older students. Lower school teaches younger boys proper habits of study. Summer school can cover half year's work.
W. D. Pearson, Headmaster **Milford, Conn.**

ATLANTIC AIR ACADEMY Boys 12-18
Your Boy successfully prepared for college by this outstanding air corps military school. **Men Teachers.** Individuality of each boy considered. Navigation, meteorology; flying available. Sports for all. For illustrated catalog, address: **Dr. Franklin G. Williams, Ph.D., Box 305, Rye Beach, N. H.**

Tilton SCHOOL TILTON, N. H.
Accelerated three-semester college preparatory for boys. Fully accredited. Math., languages, sciences. Also grades 7 and 8 in separately organized junior school. All sports. Moderate rate. Direct R.R. to N.Y.C., Boston. Est. 1845. Catalog.
Dr. James E. Coons
Box C **Tilton, New Hampshire**

NEW ENGLAND—GIRLS

OAK GROVE
A FRIENDS SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Emphasizes Preparation for College and Gracious, Purposeful Living. Music, Art, Speech. Grades 7-12. Joyous Outdoor Recreation. Riding included. New Fireproof Buildings.
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Owen, Box 128, Vassalboro, Me.

VERMONT JUNIOR COLLEGE
Fully accredited liberal and practical arts, sciences. Journalism, pre-nursing, med. secretarial, business, lab. tech., home economics, art, dramatics, music. Winter sports. In heart of Vermont. As low as $850. Est. 1833. Catalog.
John C. Kinsbury, D.Ed., Pres., Montpelier, Vt.

ROCKWOOD PARK
FULLY ACCREDITED COLLEGE PREPARATORY
Complete academic and cultural program for girls. Gracious home atmosphere—country environment with Boston advantages. All sports. Riding. Golf. Tennis. Forest Acres Camp. Career Colony and Ranch Club in White Mts.
ROCKWOOD PARK—JAMAICA PLAIN—BOSTON

HOWARD SEMINARY For Girls
Accredited New England School. Courses: College Preparatory, secretarial, general, music, art, speech. Small classes. Moderate, all-inclusive fee. 73rd year. All sports, riding, swimming. Accessible; 26 miles from Boston. Catalog.
Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Sargent, Box 10, West Bridgewater, Mass.

MARY A. BURNHAM SCHOOL
Accredited college preparation and general course for girls. Exceptional work in music, art. Also post-graduate courses. Drama, secretarial. College town advantages. All sports. Riding. Mensendieck for posture. 69th yr.
Mrs. George Waldo Emerson, Box 43-C, Northampton, Mass.

Weylister
Secretarial skills and cultural subjects (languages, history, social sciences, etc.) prepare young women for management of personal affairs and preferred business positions. One and two year courses. Transfer possible. Large estate near New Haven. A.S. degree. Placement service. Catalog: **Mrs. Marian W. S. Beach, M.A., Box C, Milford, Conn.**

LASELL JUNIOR COLLEGE
For young women. Ten miles from Boston. **Resident enrollment complete. Applications accepted for Sept. 1948 only.** Academic, home ec., secretarial (general or medical), merchandising, fashion, pre-nursing, pre-occupational therapy. Sports. Home life. Catalog. **Guy M. Winslow, Pres., 109 Woodland Rd., Auburndale, Mass.**

Larson JUNIOR COLLEGE
Careers for girls: Lab. Technician. Pre-Nursing, Med. Sec., Sec'l, Homemaking, Fashion Illustration, Merchandising. Accredited. Liberal Arts, Library Sc., Music, Art. Degrees. Campus. dorms. Sports.
G. C. Larson, New Haven 14, Conn.

NEW ENGLAND—GIRLS

BERKSHIRE
SCHOOL OF ARTS AND SCIENCES
For High School Graduates, Girls. Complete academic and residential facilities. Located in the heart of the Berkshires. Enroll now for October. Catalog. Director of Admissions,
GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.

Stoneleigh-Prospect Hill
Accredited college preparatory and general courses. Art, music. All sports. 150 acres, beautiful modern building in heart of famous educational region. Private stable; professional instruction in riding, skiing. Mensendieck for posture.
Mrs. George Waldo Emerson, Box C, Greenfield, Mass.

MACDUFFIE SCHOOL for Girls
Est. 1890. Outstanding record for college preparation. Accredited. Emphasis on HOW to study. Small classes. Natural, homelike atmosphere. Art, music, theatre. All sports. Moderate rate. Girls 12-18. Catalog. Address:
Dean, MacDuffie School, Springfield 5, Mass.

NEW JERSEY—CO-ED

BERGEN JUNIOR COLLEGE
2 Yrs. Accredited College Work. One yr. certificate course. Pre-professional courses. Diploma. Country campus. Resident, day, evening. Summer Term opens May 28th. 25 minutes from Times Square. Catalog.
Charles L. Littel, Ed.D., Pres., Teaneck, New Jersey.

NEW ENGLAND—CO-ED

CUSHING Endowed. Moderate rates. Excellent equipment.
Small classes. High standards of preparation for college and life. Special opportunities in secretarial studies, science, music, art, dramatics, pre-nursing, journalism. Experienced faculty advisers. *Catalog.* **Clarence C. Quimby, Headmaster, Box 35, Ashburnham, Mass.**

DEAN ACADEMY AND JUNIOR COLLEGE
81st year. Campus life. Homelike atmosphere. Sports. Pool. Direct train service N.Y., Boston. **ACADEMY:** Coed. Grades 9-12. College preparatory, general courses. Music, dramatics, speech, radio technique, art, mechanical drawing, crafts. Moderate rate. **JUNIOR COLLEGE:** Women only. Liberal arts, semi-professional courses. Home economics, medical assistant, fashion design, sec'l, merchandising. Music, speech, dramatics. Distinctive residences. Placement. Moderate rate. Specify catalog. **W. B. Garner, Pres., Franklin, Mass.**

NEW YORK—GIRLS

Edgewood Park FOR YOUNG WOMEN
• Recognized by leading colleges and universities. Accredited college preparatory. Advanced courses in Cultural and Practical Arts, Fine Arts, Secretarial Sc., Real Estate, Medical Ass't, Home Ec., Dramatics, Costume Design, Interior Decoration, Merchandising, Kindergarten. All sports—riding. *Ask for Catalog.*
Box C, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

NEW JERSEY—BOYS

BORDENTOWN MILITARY INSTITUTE
Fully accredited. College preparatory. Military and academic training combined to prepare useful self-disciplined citizens. R.O.T.C. Vigorous physical training. ***Boys taught how to study.*** Homelike atmosphere. 100-acre campus. Near Trenton. All sports. Lower school. Summer session. 62nd year. Visitors welcome. Catalog.
Registrar, Box 295, Bordentown, N. J.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT ACADEMY
Accredited. Prepares for all colleges and gov't academies. Grades 7-12. Guidance program. All sports. Fleet of boats. Band. Uniforms. Highest Navy Department rating. Also summer camp. Adm. S. S. Robison, USN (Retd.), Pres. *Catalog.*
Admiral Farragut Academy
Box F, Toms River, N. J.

PENNINGTON
110th Year. Boys in classes of 10. Daily help of friendly masters assures scholastic, social, athletic progress. Large endowment. Gym, pool, crafts. Near Princeton. Send for illustrated catalog. **J. Rolland Crompton, D.D., Headmaster, THE PENNINGTON SCHOOL, Box 50, Pennington, N.J.**

PEDDIE
Boys thoroughly prepared for college and for life. Fully accredited. Junior School. Small classes, individual guidance. Experienced faculty. Public speaking course required. Sports. Gym, playing fields, golf, pool. 240 acres. Summer session. 49 miles NYC. 82nd year. Catalog.
Wilbour E. Saunders, Headmaster, Box 5-K, Hightstown, N.J.

Educational Trouble Shooters
Individualized Plan—Each Student a Class
40 Years' Experience. Faculty 12; Enrolment 30
Successful college preparation and general education for boys. Our tests enable us to (1) discover causes of difficulties; (2) devise individualized program to fit each student; (3) make up quickly lost time; (4) instill confidence. Not everyone needs Oxford, but he who needs us, needs us badly.
OXFORD ACADEMY, Box J-95, Pleasantville, N. J.

NEW YORK—BOYS

★ MANLIUS ★
Accredited college prep, 8th grade. Military training develops initiative, character, fitness. R.O.T.C. Skiing. Flight training available. Excellent background for gov't academies. Sports. Register early. Catalog.
Director of Admissions, Box 157, Manlius, N. Y.

LA SALLE MILITARY ACADEMY
Accredited college preparation under Brothers of the Christian Schools. 8th Grade through High School. Senior ROTC. Flight training. 26 acre playing field. 64th year. 50 miles N.Y.C. Catalogue.
Brother Brendan, Headmaster, Box C, Oakdale, L. I., N. Y.

NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY
• THE SCHOOL • OF DISTINCTION
Renowned for character-building, high scholastic standing. Graduates destined for leadership. Address 10 Academy Ave., Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

IRVING
Thorough preparation for all colleges. Grades 6 to 12. Certificate privileges. Regents accredited. Small classes, able faculty. All sports. 25 miles from New York City. 110th year. Write for catalog. C. Walter Olson, Headmaster, Box 857, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL
College preparatory. Separate Junior School. Small classes. Supervised study. Gym. Pool. Military training. All sports. 45 min. to N.Y.C. Moderate rate. 105th yr. Non-sectarian. Catalogue. **William A. Ranney, Ossining-on-Hudson, N. Y.**

MOHONK FOR THE YOUNGER BOY •
90 miles from New York. 7000 acres, private lake, altitude 1500 feet. Boys 8-14. Small classes. Special reading training. Accredited. Excellent food. Riding included in moderate fee. *Catalog.*
EDWARD M. LAFFERTY, Box C, Mohonk Lake, New York

Peekskill MILITARY ACADEMY
115th Year
All around development of each boy. *Accredited college preparatory* including West Point, Annapolis and engineering colleges. Business course. Small classes. Riding, swimming. Senior and Jr. schools. Apply now for Sept. Entrance. Tel 381.
Col. Thomas K. Fisher, Harvard A.M., Headmaster
Box 12, Peekskill-on-Hudson, New York

NEW YORK—CO-ED

ADELPHI COLLEGE *for Men & Women*
Degrees of A.B., B.S., and M.A.
A Liberal Arts College, combining Cultural and Career Education.
Business Administration, Med. Tech. & Lab. Sci., Pre-Med., Pre-Law, Social Work, Languages, Kinder. & H. S. Teacher Training. Nurses Tr. Home Ec. & Nutrition. Music, Art, Drama, Dance. Accounting, Basic Engineering. 51st year. Swimming, Riding and all Varsity Sports. *Mention your interests.*
Address: Box 305, Adelphi, Garden City, N. Y.
40 minutes from N. Y. City

For schools in other locations write **Cosmopolitan Education Department**

PENNSYLVANIA—BOYS

VALLEY FORGE MILITARY ACADEMY
AT THE NATION'S SHRINE

Valley Forge Graduates are leaders in Peace as they were in War. College Prep & Jr. Coll. for young Gentlemen 12-20. Parents appreciate small, personalized classes, our modern guidance & testing bureau, and reading clinic. Faculty of distinguished specialists. Special emphasis on body development by experts. All varsity sports, with swimming. Intramural athletic program for every boy. 30 modern fireproof bldgs. Motorized Field Artillery. Cavalry (75 horses). Infantry. Band. Sr. R.O.T.C.

FOR CATALOG ADDRESS BOX E WAYNE, PA.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY COLLEGE

Standard four-year degree courses. Business administration, arts, chemistry, biology, engineering (C.E., I.E., E.E.). Senior ROTC. All major sports. Interesting social program. 126th year. Applications for admission to Cadet Battalion now being considered. *Catalog.*

Registrar, Dept. C, Chester, Pa.

★ Carson Long ★

Boys' Military School. Educates the whole boy—physically, mentally, morally. How to learn, how to labor, how to live. Prepares for college or business. Character building supreme. Rates $650.00. Extras about $225.00.
Box A, Bloomfield, Pa.

FORT WASHINGTON MILITARY ACADEMY

Preparation for college and business. Also grades 5 to 8. Small classes, supervised study. All sports. House-mother, resident nurse. Stone buildings. 67-acre campus. 30 minutes to Philadelphia. Fort Washington Military Academy, Box 309-C, Fort Washington, Penna.

MERCERSBURG ACADEMY

Thorough preparation for leading colleges. Grades 9-12. Summer session. Every boy joins literary society, studies debating, public speaking. Unusually beautiful 300-acre campus. chapel. 43-bell carillon. Between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, 88 miles from Washington. 17 tennis courts. 5 playing fields, gym, swimming pool. Alumni from every state and 20 foreign nations. 111th year. Catalog.

CHARLES S. TIPPETTS, Ph.D.
Box C, Mercersburg, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA Military Preparatory

College prep. Also 8th grade. Small classes. Guidance program. R.O.T.C. Highest War Dept. rating. All major sports. Swimming and riding. 126th year. Catalog.

C. R. Moll, Headmaster
Dept. 2 Chester, Penna.

WASHINGTON AND VICINITY—BOYS AND GIRLS

MARYLAND COLLEGE for WOMEN

Non-sectarian. Estab. 1853. Degrees of A.B. and B.S. in Liberal Arts, Home Economics, Merchandising, Music, Kindergarten Training. Secretarial. Limited enrollment provides maximum Faculty assistance. Large campus. In beautiful, healthful Green Spring Valley 10 miles from Baltimore. Advantages of nearby Annapolis and Washington. All sports. Riding—own stable of fine horses with expert instructors and miles of cross country trails. Enrollment from 34 states, 4 foreign countries.
Write for Catalog

MARYLAND COLLEGE FOR WOMEN, BOX 5-C, LUTHERVILLE, MD.

THE BULLIS SCHOOL

6 miles from the White House
Wm. F. Bullis, U.S.N.A. '24, Pres.
ANNAPOLIS

At Silver Spring, Md. Box C.
Address: Registrar
WEST POINT

"PREP. FOR SERVICE ACADEMIES"
Accredited. Outstanding success. Modern fireproof buildings. Rates moderate. Summer term—June 15. Write for catalog.

SANFORD PREPARATORY

Co-educational, college preparatory school. Fully accredited academic program, fine and practical arts, interscholastic sports. 100 acre country campus nine miles west of Wilmington. Summer school. Lower school and summer camp. For booklet:
Ellen Q. Sawin, Philip Q. Sawin, Box 205, Heckessin, Del.

Marjorie Webster JUNIOR COLLEGE

In Capital's finest residential section. Accredited. 2-year liberal arts and terminal courses. Physical education, secretarial, music, kindergarten, dramatics, radio, fine and commercial arts. Gymnasium, indoor pool, sports. Beautiful campus. Catalog.
Box C, Washington 12, D. C.

COLUMBIAN PREPARATORY

Special prep for West Point, Annapolis and competitive exam of Navy's new NROTC college training program. Summer course for Congressional competitives. How To Study training. One-year course ideal "refresher" for College Board exams. Catalog. Box C, 1811 Biltmore St., N.W., Washington 9, D.C.

ARCHMERE ACADEMY

Catholic country school for boys under the Norbertine Canons. Fully accredited. Emphasis on college preparation. Junior and senior high school courses. Small classes. Resident or day. Limited enrolment. All sports. Gym. Catalog.
Very Reverend Headmaster, Box 67C, Claymont, Delaware.

SULLIVAN SCHOOL

ANNAPOLIS • WEST POINT PREP
Approved for veterans under the G.I. Bill of Rights
Lieutenant G. J. Sullivan (Retired)
Box C, 2107 Wyoming Ave., Washington 8, D. C.

PENNSYLVANIA—CO-ED

WILLIAMSPORT DICKINSON

Accredited Junior College. Coed. Liberal Arts, Music, Art, Business, Secretarial, Medical Secretarial, Medical Tech., Consumer Education, Dramatics. Outstanding faculty. Intercollegiate and Intramural Sports. 100th year. Catalog:
John W. Long, Pres., Box C, Williamsport, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA—GIRLS

PENN HALL JUNIOR COLLEGE

Credits transferable. Also accredited Preparatory, Music, Drama, Int. Dec., Costume Design, Secretarial, Merchandising, Home Ec., Connecting baths. All sports. Riding. Swim. Social life. *Mention interests.* Catalog: F. S. Magill, A.M., LL.D., Box N, CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

OGONTZ JUNIOR COLLEGE

Prepares young women to fill their proper places in life successfully. Transfer, terminal courses. Home economics (nutrition, child care), home nursing, secretarial, languages. Music, art. Military drill. 10 miles from Philadelphia. Box JC, Abby A. Sutherland, Ogontz School P.O., Pa.

HARCUM JUNIOR COLLEGE
FOR GIRLS

2-year college—Diploma. Academic, Fine Art, Merchandising, Dramatics, Music, Secretarial and Medical Secretarial, Sports. Vocational guidance. Placement. Registrar, Harcum Junior College, Box C, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Linden Hall JUNIOR COLLEGE AND SCHOOL for GIRLS

Cultural and Vocational. Music, Home Economics, Secretarial Studies. Fine and Commercial Art. Dramatic Art. Preparatory and General Courses. Beautiful Campus. All Sports. Riding. Swimming Pool. Endowed. Moderate Tuition. *Catalogues.* Address: F. W. STENGEL, D.D., Box 15, Lititz, Pa.

BEAVER COLLEGE Degree courses for women.

Liberal arts, music, speech, art, commerce, home economics, phys. ed., teaching, lab. tech., phys. therapy, religious education, social welfare. Extra-curricular sports, social programs. 94th year. 37-acre campus near Phila. Catalog. Raymon M. Kistler, D.D., President, Box C, Jenkintown, Pa.

FLORIDA AND THE GULF COAST—BOYS

FLORIDA MILITARY ACADEMY

ONE of the outstanding schools of the South. Fully accredited. R.O.T.C. Individual attention to every boy. Separate Junior Dept. Tennis, all sports, beach recreation center. Fine health record. All inclusive rate. Enrollment limited.
Col. Walter Mendels, President
Box 2 St. Petersburg, Florida.

BOLLES SCHOOL On Beautiful St. Johns River

Boys. Grades 6-12. Accredited preparation for colleges, government academies. Small classes, individual attention. Year-round golf, tennis. Outdoor swimming pool. Naval or military training. Boats. Catalog.
Director of Admissions, Box 5037C, Jacksonville, Fla.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT ACADEMY

St. Petersburg, Florida
Fully accredited. Prepares for all colleges, gov't academies. Separate Jr. Dept. Day, boarding. Guidance. Naval, military, aviation. Sports. Boats. Band. Catalog.
Admiral Farragut Academy, Park St., St. Petersburg 3, Florida

SAINT LEO COLLEGE PREPARATORY

Accredited. Superior college preparation. Boys 10-17. Small classes. Supervised study. Ideal climate. 36-acre campus. Private lake. Land and water sports. Modern equipment. Gym. Est. 1889 by Benedictine Fathers. Near Tampa. *Write for catalog.*
Rev. Father Raphael, Box C, Saint Leo, Fla.

SOUTH—BOYS

RIVERSIDE MILITARY ACADEMY

FULLY ACCREDITED preparation for all colleges. Junior College. Outstanding record. Highest official War Dept. rating. MI ROTC. Separate school for younger boys.
RIVERSIDE combines the superior facilities of two complete school plants and the individual attention of faculty officers who live in same buildings and eat at same tables with cadets.
BOYS AND PARENTS appreciate: the varied activities and well rounded program, the small classes, the weekly reports, and the fine incentives of this distinguished school.
HEALTH, interest and development assured by spending Jan., Feb. and Mar. at Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Fla. Economical and all-inclusive school bill. Illustrated catalog on request.

WINTER IN FLORIDA GENERAL SANDY BEAVER, Pres. Box 205-C, Gainesville, Ga.
FALL & SPRING IN BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS

BATTLE GROUND ACADEMY 58th year

Fully accredited. In healthful bluegrass section. Emphasizing character building, scholarship, physical development. Boys grouped by age level for athletics. Grades 7th—12th. Moderate rate. For catalog and view book, address:
Glenn M. Eddington, Box 701, Franklin, Tennessee.

MASSANUTTEN MILITARY ACADEMY

R.O.T.C. 95 miles from Washington, D. C. in Shenandoah Valley. Stresses scholarship and leadership. Distinguished records by graduates. Operates Camp Massanutten July-August. For catalogs and "Spirit of Massanutten," address:
Col. Howard C. Benchoff, Headmaster, Woodstock, Virginia.

MILLERSBURG MILITARY INSTITUTE

In the Heart of the Blue Grass. Fully Accredited. 54th Yr. College Preparatory and Separate Junior School. New $125,000 gym. For catalog, address:
Col. W. O. Nelson, Supt., Box 847, Millersburg, Ky.

Darlington School for Boys

Fully accredited. Individualistic instruction—high scholastic standards. Development of Christian character stressed. In foothills. Lookout Mt. range. Boys compete in sports with others of same age, size, experience. Lake. Dairy farm. For catalog, address: C. C. Wilcox, Ph.D., Pres., Rome, Ga.

HARGRAVE MILITARY ACADEMY

In the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mts. El. 800 ft. Preparation for Christian leadership. Excellent educational facilities at reasonable rate. Accredited. Competent instructors. All sports. Jr. School. *Catalog.*
Col. A. H. Camden, Pres., Box C, Chatham, Va.

GULF PARK COLLEGE By-the-Sea. For girls.

Accredited Junior College. Also 2-years high school. Music, art, speech, home ec., secretaryship. Riding, dancing, golf, aviation. 1946 educational Award of Merit conferred by N. Y. Museum of Science & Industry. Catalog:
Richard G. Cox, Pres., Box K, Gulfport, Miss.

FAIRMONT—CASEMENTS

For girls. Jr. College and Prep. courses (credits transferable). Liberal arts, fine arts, costume design, radio, int. dec., drama, sec'l. music, etc. Ocean front. Bathing, golf. Catalog (Specify Junior College or Prep. School). Maud van Woy, Pres., Box M, Ormond Beach, Florida.

GREENBRIER MILITARY SCHOOL. 136th year. Accredited.

Lower School, High School, Junior College. Elevation 2300 feet. All sports. For Catalog address: COL. D. T. MOORE, REGISTRAR, BOX C, LEWISBURG, W. VA

PORTER MILITARY ACADEMY

Grades 4 to 12 inclusive. Accredited. Supervised Study. Athletics. R.O.T.C. Cultural atmosphere of historic Charleston. 80th year. *Catalogue.*
President, Box C, Charleston 17, South Carolina

FISHBURNE MILITARY SCHOOL

Accredited college preparatory emphasizing academic excellence. 68th session. All sports, social program. Individual guidance. ROTC, highest rating. Catalog. **Col. M. H. Hudgins, Box C-7, Waynesboro, Va.**

GORDON MILITARY COLLEGE

Accredited Preparatory School and Junior College, boasting a century of accomplishment. ROTC. Outstanding equipment. 350 acres. Bracing atmosphere. Golf course. Athletic fields. $600 incl. rate. Early enrollment advised. Catalog. **Col. J. E. Guillebeau, Box C, Barnesville, Ga.**

GEORGIA MILITARY ACADEMY

8 mi. from Atlanta. Winter and Summer School. Prep School—Junior College—Separate Junior School—R.O.T.C.—Aviation. Moderate rates. Catalog. **Col. W. A. Brewster, Pres., College Park, Ga.**

MARION INSTITUTE MARION ALABAMA

Accredited four-year High School and Junior College. Special department for preparation for Annapolis and West Point. R.O.T.C. Military training. Sports. 105th year. Write for catalog.
Col. J. T. Murfee, President, Box C, Marion, Alabama.

COLUMBIA Military Academy

12 buildings. 9 built by U.S. Government. Fully accredited. R.O.T.C. Special Department preparing for Gov't Academies. Jr. School. New $90,000 gym. Athletics: swimming, golf, horsemanship. Summer session. 50 piece band. For catalog, address: **Dept. C, Columbia, Tenn.**

Randolph-Macon ACADEMY

MILITARY ACCREDITED 58TH YEAR

At northern entrance to Skyline Drive. Prepares for college through intensive study methods. Fireproof buildings. Limited capacity. For catalog and folder, address:
Col. John C. Boggs, Principal, Box C, Front Royal, Va.

The Baylor School

Fully accredited. Boys 12-18. Superior academic preparation for leading universities since 1893. Semi-military. All sports—riding, boating. Endowed. Moderate rate. Limited enrollment. Six-weeks summer camp for boys 8-14. Catalog.
Baylor School, 101 Cherokee Road, Chattanooga 1, Tenn.

AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY

Country location in Shenandoah Valley. Prepares for Universities, West Point, Annapolis. R.O.T.C. Gymnasium, pool, all sports. Fully accredited. 83rd yr. Catalog. **Address Colonel Chas. S. Roller, Jr., Box C, Fort Defiance, Va.** *Capacity enrollment last year.*

CASTLE HEIGHTS

Military Academy. Sr. Unit R.O.T.C. High School, Junior College, separate Junior School. Summer School. Camp. Non-profit. For Catalog and "122 Points," Address: **Col. H. C. Armstrong, Pres., Lebanon (near Nashville), Tenn.**

MARION COLLEGE

Accredited Junior College and 2 years H.S. for girls. Strong Christian influence. Liberal Arts, Pre-library, Pre-technician, Pre-nursing, Pre-social work, education, business, merchandising, home economics, music, speech, dramatics. 74th year. 8600-8645. Catalogue.
Rev. Henry E. Horn, Pres., Box 806, Marion, Va.

WHITWORTH COLLEGE

Accredited Junior College and 2-year high school for girls. Liberal and Fine Arts. Journalism, Dramatic Art, Music, Sec'l, Home Ec., Color and Design, Phys. Ed. Aviation, Golf, Riding, Swimming. Educational tours, field trips included in rate. Catalogue. **Box 229-C, Brookhaven, Miss.**

ANDERSON COLLEGE

For girls. Accredited Junior College and 4 years H. S. in famous Piedmont section. Terminal and transfer courses: Liberal Arts, Art, Music, Home Ec., Secretarial, Medical Secretarial, Speech, Dramatics, Radio, Happy social life. Sports. 32 acre campus, modern dorms. $435. Catalog.
Annie D. Denmark, Pres., Box C, Anderson, S.C.

BLACKSTONE COLLEGE

Junior college for girls. Features unique guidance program. Terminal and transfer courses in liberal arts, music, speech, art, secretarial, home economics. Near Richmond. Indoor swimming pool, riding, golf. Modern fireproof building. Catalog:
John D. Riddick, President, Box 102, Blackstone, Virginia.

AVERETT

ACCREDITED Junior College for girls, emphasizing liberal arts. Music, art, speech and dramatics, secretarial, med. sec'l, physical ed., home ec. Modern buildings. 88th yr. Endowed. *Catalog.*
Curtis Bishop, Litt.D., Box C, Danville, Va.

WARD-BELMONT

Junior College, Preparatory School, Conservatory of Music. Fully accredited. In well-known Univ. Center. Year round sports. Own stable of gaited horses. Every girl club member. For view book, catalog, Club Village folder, address:
Robert Calhoun Provine, Ph.D., Dept. C, Nashville 4, Tenn.

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

★ **Develops Character, Initiative, and Discovers Your Boy's Aptitudes**

1—Your boy's advancement assured by Remedial Plan which develops concentration.
2—Your boy taught to think and talk each subject and understand basic principles.
3—Guidance Program prepares for future.
4—Highest official R.O.T.C. rating.
5—560-acre campus, 16 modern bldgs., Swimming Pool. Athletics. Bands.
6—Accredited preparation for Business or College entrance without exams. *Summer School.*
7—Lower School, grades 1-8. Separate Bldgs. Housemothers for small boys.
8—Ideal environment in the Heart of Virginia.

Catalog, address: **DR. J. C. WICKER, Pres. Box 105-C, Fork Union, Virginia**

SEWANEE MILITARY ACADEMY

Thorough preparation for college. ROTC. Small classes—every boy taught how to study. Summer session of study and recreation. Private mountain domain in summer resort area. All sports. Gym. pool. Endowed. Moderate rate. 80th year. Catalog. **Gen. G. R. Allin, Supt., Box C, Sewanee, Tenn.**

GEORGIA MILITARY COLLEGE

Accredited junior college, high school, junior school. Year-round program. Quarterly registration. 68 years' leadership. Modern equipment. Sports. Military Institute. ROTC. Summer quarter June 9. Fall opening Sept. 9. Moderate cost. Catalog. **Commandant, Box C, Milledgeville, Ga.**

KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE

A school with a winter home in Florida

Preparation for college under ideal climatic conditions all year. Oldest private Military School in America. For fully illustrated catalog, address
Col. C. B. Richmond, Pres., Box C, Lyndon, Ky.

★ OAK RIDGE MILITARY INSTITUTE

NORTH CAROLINA

95-yrs. helping youth become better men. 3 yr. preparatory, Jr. college, 2 yr. business course. Excellent climate. Sr. ROTC. Non-denominational. Supervised study. Approximately 8000. Fully accredited. **Address Box C-1, Oak Ridge, N. C.**

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

★ One of America's most distinguished military schools, located in historic Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Highest War Dept. Rating. High elevation, excellent health record. For 86 years graduates have made excellent records at best colleges, Annapolis and West Point. War Dept. R.O.T.C. Unit. ★

Modern, fireproof buildings, two gymnasiums, swimming pool. Separate Junior School. Early enrollment advisable. Visitors welcome. *For illustrated catalog, address*
Superintendent, Box C-5, Staunton, Virginia. ★

CARLISLE MILITARY SCHOOL

"Develops Manly Men"—cultivates physical, mental, spiritual qualities. From 7th Grade. Pre-Aviation. Rapid, Mild climate. Strong camp. Regular health checkup. School dairy and truck farm. For catalog and view book, address:
COL. JAS. F. RIGHER, HEADMASTER, BOX C, BAMBERG, S.C.

★ TENNESSEE MILITARY INSTITUTE

TMI

Prepares for the better colleges and technical schools. High academic standards, developed through 73 years, encourage scholarship. R.O.T.C. Athletics. Grades 8-12. Restricted to 200. Write for catalog.
Col. C. R. Endsley, Supt., Box 313, Sweetwater, Tenn.

Southern Seminary

AND JUNIOR COLLEGE • *A SCHOOL OF CHARACTER*

For 80 yrs. one of America's famous schools for young women. **Accredited** Junior College & Preparatory School in Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. Home life that of fine old Southern family. **Cultural & Career Courses** combined to meet Today's needs:—Music, Art, Languages, Drama, Speech, Home Ec., Merchandising, Phys. Ed., Library Sc., Journalism, Kindergarten Tr. & Secretarial Courses. Social Training. All Sports. Own stable of fine horses. Indoor swimming pool. Every room filled each year. *For Catalog, write*
Robert Lee Durham, President, Box 915, Buena Vista, Virginia.

Fassifern

School for girls—college preparatory and grades. Accredited. Courses in Music, Art, Dramatics, Secretarial. Limited enrollment. Stimulating mountain climate. Interesting trips to Great Smokies and nearby lakes. Sports. Own stables. For illustrated catalog, address:
John L. Sevier, Pres., Box C, Hendersonville, N. C.

Bethel Woman's College

Accredited Junior College. Liberal arts, piano, voice, violin, art, dramatics, home economics, commerce, teacher training, physical education. Swimming, riding, other sports. Moderate cost. Catalogue on request. Address: **Powhatan W. James, President, Box 537C, Hopkinsville, Kentucky.**

STRATFORD

In healthful Piedmont. Accredited Junior College and High School. Develops personality. Music, Dramatics, Art, Interior Decoration, Costume Design, Secretarial, Journalism, etc. Sports. For "Intimate Glimpses" and Catalog, address:
John C. Simpson, Pres., Box C, Danville, Va.

GREENBRIER COLLEGE

For girls. Two years college preparatory and two years standard college work. Founded 1812. In the healthful Alleghenies. Art, Music, Dramatic Art, Secretarial. Exceptional social and recreational advantages.
Address: French W. Thompson, Pres., Dept. C-6, Lewisburg, W. Va.

VIRGINIA INTERMONT

Endowed Junior College and two yrs. High School for girls. Accredited. Music, Art, Speech, Dramatics, Home Ec., Physical Education, Secretarial, Library Science, Riding, swimming. Founded 1884. Moderate rates. All sports. *Catalog.*
R. L. Brantley, Ph.D., Pres., Box 125, Bristol, Va.

Fairfax Hall

An old Virginia School

Noted for high scholastic standards. Accredited. 2 yrs. college, 4 yrs. high school. Liberal arts, secretarial, music. All sports, stable. Early applications advised. Catalog.
Wm. B. Gates, Pres., Box C-5, Park Station, Waynesboro, Va.

Sullins College

Bristol, Va.

Jr. College and High School. Both accredited. 327 Acre Campus in beautiful Virginia Park. Swimming Pool. Boating, Riding, Music, Art, Radio, Dramatics, Home Ec., Secretarial, Physical Ed. Camp Segunda. Which Catalog? **Box C, Bristol, Va.**

ULVER MILITARY ACADEMY

(ON LAKE MAXINKUCKEE)

A distinguished preparatory school.
Write for catalog. 53 Pershing Way, Culver, Indiana. ★

Shattuck School

Faribault, Minnesota
Episcopal Founded 1858

Boy's college prep. Grades 9-12. Master-student ratio 1-9. ROTC. 14 sports. 640-acre campus offers School golf course, trap-shoot, toboggan, skitower. Pool. Choir. Band. Summer School-Camp. Catalog.
Donald Henning, D.D., Rector 474 Shumway Hall

Brenau

COLLEGE for WOMEN

In Blue Ridge Mts. Degrees of A.B. and B.M. Also Junior College diploma. Liberal Arts and Modern Career Courses. Physical Education. Training for Recreational Dir., Home Science, Nutrition, Secretarial Sc., Music, Art, Drama, Speech, Radio Broadcasting, Languages, Sciences. Separate Academy for Girls. Beautiful campus. Swimming, Tennis, Riding, all sports, Social life. Attendance 40 states; national sororities. *Mention your interests.* Catalog, address:
BRENAU, BOX B-205 GAINESVILLE GA.

MISSOURI MILITARY ACADEMY AND JUNIOR SCHOOL

MMA

76th year. Fully accredited. R.O.T.C. Individualized instruction teaches boy how to Study. Friendly teachers inspire boy to excel—complete guidance program prepares him for life. All sports. 5 athletic fields. 200 acre campus. Riding. Catalog.
Col. C. R. Stribling, 257 Main Street, Mexico, Mo.

WESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY

Broad accredited training prepares cadets for any college. Grades 8-12. Boys taught how to study. Personal attention. ROTC. Highest government rating. Sports, Riding, Pool, gym. Interesting social program, 69th year. Near St. Louis. Catalog. **Col. R. L. Jackson, Pres., Box C-5, Alton, Ill.**

WEST—BOYS

★ ST. JOHN'S ★
MILITARY ACADEMY

Accredited college preparation in the heart of Wisconsin's land o' lakes, within easy driving distance of Chicago. Grades 8-12. Balanced program. Excellent faculty. Riding, golf, rifle marksmanship, sailing. Winter sports. Flying. Summer session. 63rd year. Write for catalog.
257 De Koven Hall, Delafield, Wisconsin

PILLSBURY MILITARY ACADEMY

Fully accredited preparatory school with enviable national reputation. Boys 12 to 19. Large endowment. Modern equipment. Reasonable rates. Small classes. Supervised study. All sports. Separate dormitory for younger boys. 71st year. Catalogue. **G. R. Strayer, Box 257, Owatonna, Minn.**

HOWE MILITARY SCHOOL

Training young Americans for leadership. R.O.T.C. Accredited college prep, business courses. Jr. School. Small classes. Sports, hobbies. Balanced program. Episcopal. Est. 1884. Summer camp. Write for catalog.
Burrett B. Bouton, M.A., Supt. 457 Academy Place, Howe, Ind.

KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL

High School and Junior College—103rd year.
Accredited education with military training. ROTC. Small classes. Varied social, cultural, recreational programs. Sports for all. Swimming pool. New stadium, gym. Catalog.
Col. A. M. Hitch, 857 Third Street, Boonville, Missouri.

ST. THOMAS MILITARY ACADEMY

Military is inlaid combined with superior college preparation in Catholic environment. Individual guidance. Pool, gym, sports. Beautifully located in exclusive residential district of Twin Cities. Boarding, day. Established 1885. Catalog.
Very Rev. Vincent J. Flynn, Pres., Box 5, St. Paul 1, Minn.

MORGAN PARK MILITARY ACADEMY

★ Accredited college prep. with close attention to every boy. Thorough academic training. Small classes. Lower School. All sports, gym. Riding. Band. Near Chicago. 75th year. *Catalog.* Col. Sandford Sellers, Jr., Box 257, Morgan Park, Ill.

NARGA MILITARY SCHOOL

Individual College Preparation. Accredited all colleges. Teaches How to Study. Business, Vocational Guidance. Ages 10 to 19. New gym and pool. 65 miles S. of Chicago. Endowed. Catalog:—Phone Cen. 6646 Chicago.
Col. L. C. Bittinger, Supt., BOX C, ONARGA, ILL.

NORTHWESTERN
MILITARY AND NAVAL ACADEMY

On beautiful Lake Geneva, 75 miles from Chicago. College preparation. Complete new science department. ROTC. Grades 9-12. Sailboats, motorboats, cutters. Sports. Wooded campus. 59th year. Catalog. **25 Lake Shore Road, Lake Geneva, Wis.**

WENTWORTH
Military Academy

69th Yr. 4 Yr. High School. Separate 2 Yr. College. R.O.T.C. and C.A.A. Flying. All accredited. Heart of America. Large Gym. Indoor pool. All sports. Riding. Marksmanship. Country Club. Summer School. Catalog. **Col. J. M. Sellers, 257 Wash. Place, Lexington, Mo.**

ELGIN ACADEMY

Prepares for leading colleges. Grades 7-12. Small classes. Excellent faculty. Coed., boarding boys. Well-balanced activity program. Gymnasium, pool, art gallery; music, dramatics, sports for all. Near Chicago. Endowed. Chartered 1839. Catalog.
Capt. Benyaurd B. Wygant, 221 Academy Place, Elgin, Illinois.

ROOSEVELT MILITARY ACADEMY
"BUILDERS OF MEN"

Complete Military Staff of World War II Officers. Fully Accredited. High School; Junior School. Outstanding Guidance Dept. Small Classes Ages 10-19. All sports: Riding. Moderate rate. Catalog. ★
Col. Glen. G. Millikan, Box C, Aledo, Illinois ★

PACIFIC COAST—BOYS

THE TAMALPAIS SCHOOL

Prepares boys—from 5th Grade on—for Eastern and Western universities. Outdoor activities. 12 miles from San Francisco. Address: C. J. Keppel, Headmaster, The Tamalpais School, Box 30-E, San Rafael, California.

PUGET SOUND
NAVAL ACADEMY WINSLOW, WASH.

The only naval academy in the northwest. Grade and high school. Write for catalog. Dept. C.

PACIFIC COAST—BOYS & GIRLS

BROWN MILITARY ACADEMY
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Highest War Dept. Honor Rating. R.O.T.C. Junior School thru Junior College. Modern classrooms and laboratories. Competitive sports. Outdoor swimming pool. Healthful climate. Training for Leadership.

Companion School—Brown School for Girls
Located in the foothills of the beautiful Sierra Madres.
Glendora, California

WEST—GIRLS

WILLIAM WOODS COLLEGE

Accredited Junior College courses for young women (transfer, terminal, pre-professional). A. A. degree in Liberal and Fine Arts; Music, Home Ec., Medical and Dental Secretarial, Costume Design, Pre-Medical, etc. Sports. 100 acres, private lake. 57th year. Reasonable rate. Catalog.
H. L. SMITH, BOX B, FULTON, MISSOURI

ST. KATHARINE'S SCHOOL

For Girls. Offers sound program of scholarship, musical and spiritual training in friendly atmosphere. Episcopal. Limited resident enrollment. College preparatory and General Courses: also 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th grades. For "Future Years," write:
Ophelia S. T. Carr, Head of School, Box C, Davenport, Iowa.

FERRY HALL

ACCREDITED secondary school for girls 12 to 18. Strong college preparation, and general course. Home Economics, Music, Art, Speech, Riding, swimming, dancing. On Lake Michigan, 30 miles from Chicago. Fireproof dormitories. 78th year. *Catalog.* **Frances G. Wallace, Principal, Box 15, Lake Forest, Illinois**

Christian College

For girls. Accredited Junior College and Conservatory (A.A. degree). Terminal, transfer, pre-career courses. Music, Art, Drama, Sec'l, Nursing, Int. Decoration, Costume Design, Home Management. All sports, pool, riding. 96th yr. Catalog.
James C. Miller, Ph.D., President, Box B, Columbia, Mo.

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE, NOTRE DAME

Fully accredited Liberal Arts college for women. Courses lead to degrees of B.A., B.S., Mus.B. Basic nursing. Graduate Dept. of Sacred Theology. Sisters of the Holy Cross. Catalogue. **Saint Mary's College, Box C, Holy Cross, Ind. Railroad Station: South Bend, Ind.**

Lindenwood

For Women. Confers A. B., B. S., B. M. Degrees.
Accredited. Also 2-year Junior College. Modernized curriculum prepares for civic and social leadership. Secretarial Training. Special work in Music and Art. Sports. Near St. Louis. Catalog. **Director of Admissions, St. Charles, Mo.**

SOUTHWEST—BOYS

TEXAS MILITARY COLLEGE ★

- High School and Junior College
- Small Classes; Individual Attention
- Nightly Tutoring by Qualified Instructors
- Athletics for All

Catalog & viewbook on request.
The President, 10 Stonewall Jackson Drive, Terrell, Texas

ST. EDWARD'S UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL

AUS IN, TEXAS. Fully accredited boarding school for boys. Grades 9-12. Healthful climate. Sports. Recreation. Moderate rate. Conducted by *The Brothers of Holy Cross.*
For catalogue address the Principal.

PEACOCK MILITARY ACADEMY
Woodlawn Lake, San Antonio, Texas

A Distinctive School Since 1894. All-round development. Fully accredited. Ages 12 to 18. Limited enrollment. Cavalry and Infantry.
Address the Superintendent, 201 Peacock Ave.

NEW MEXICO MILITARY INSTITUTE

High School and Junior College
Every Boy Rides
R.O.T.C.
Col. D. C. Pearson, Superintendent
Box E, Roswell, New Mexico

SOUTHWEST—GIRLS

Radford School for Girls

Accredited college preparation for girls in ideal year 'round climate. Open air classes. Music, art, dramatics, secretaryship. Character and personality developed in friendly home life. Sports, riding. Limited enrolment. Endowed. Catalog.
Lucinda de L. Templin, Ph.D., Principal, 4200 Austin Terrace, El Paso, Texas.

WEST—CO-ED

COE COLLEGE

One of the leading medium sized colleges of the country. A.B., B.M. degrees. Emphasis on liberal arts and music. Located in residence district of charming, small city. Dormitories, ample buildings and campus. Coed. Write
Registrar, Box 357, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

WAYLAND ACADEMY

Prepares boys and girls for all colleges and universities. Small classes. Supervised study. Religious home atmosphere. Music, dramatics. Commercial department. Athletics. New gym, swimming pool. Dormitories. Grades 9 to 12. 92nd year. Warner K. Hicks, President. Box 69, Beaver Dam, Wis.

TEACHER TRAINING

National College of Education

Thorough Preparation for Teaching, Nursery School, Kindergarten, Primary and Upper Elementary Grades. Teaching Offers congenial, happy working conditions and adequate vacations. Fall and summer terms.
EDNA DEAN BAKER, Pres., Box 74-E, EVANSTON, ILL.

FINE AND APPLIED ARTS

ABBOTT ART SCHOOL

Advertising & Fashion Illustration; Design for Textiles, Interior Design; Life & Water Color. 2 and 3 year courses. Certificate. Day & evening. Successful artist teachers. Approved for Veterans. *Catalogue.* **Anne F. Abbott, Box C, 2013 Eye St., N.W., Washington 6, D.C.**

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ART

Practical courses in Commercial and Fine Art. Fashion Illustration. Dress Design. Faculty of international reputation. Summer term begins June 23.
FRANK H. YOUNG, Dept. 157, 25 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.

CHICAGO ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS

Enroll Now for Summer Art Courses! Special Classes for High School Students! Start June 30th! Now is the time to lay the foundation for your Art Career. A preliminary summer course in any art subject will help decide your future. Write today for free catalog!
Suite C-5, 18 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3

THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

Professional School. Fine, Industrial, Advertising Arts, Dress Design, Interior Decoration. Accredited. Catalog. Summer term June 30, 1947.
Box 6O, Michigan Ave. at Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

MOORE INSTITUTE OF ART

School of Design for Women. 103rd year. Textile design, commercial illustration, advertising art, art education, fashion design, fashion illustration, painting, interior design and decoration. B.F.A. in all courses. Residences. Catalog. **1344 N. Broad Street, Philadelphia 21, Pa.**

ART CAREER SCHOOL

DRAWING • PAINTING • ILLUSTRATION
ADVERTISING ART • FASHION • CARTOONING
Individual Instruction. Day, Evening, Saturday, and Children's Classes. Free Placement. Est. 1926. Summer Term June 23rd. *Catalog.*
Alberta T. Ellison, Dir., Suite 2001, 175 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10

MEINZINGER ART SCHOOL

Develops native ability in fine and vocational art. Professional courses in Advertising, Fashion Illustration, Layout, Lettering, Design, Photo Retouching, Portraiture, Automotive Rendering, etc. Catalog. **Fred J. Meinzinger, Director, Dept. S, 12 E. Hancock, Detroit 1, Michigan.**

Art Institute of Pittsburgh

Demands for student-artist work far exceed supply. Earn as you learn in 2 yr. Commercial Art, 1 yr. Dress Design, Interior Decoration. Fashion, Photography. Start any time. Placement service. Approved G.I. Bill. Catalog.
Willis Shook, Dir., 635 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

SPRING GARDEN INSTITUTE

Fashion Design, Dressmaking, Millinery.
97th Year. Send for *Catalog C.*
New term begins September 22, 1947.
G.I. students accepted.
Broad & Spring Garden Sts., Philadelphia 23, Pa.

ACADEMY OF ARTS

38 minutes from Times Square, New York

Fine and Commercial Arts. Anatomy, Fashion, Water Color and Oil Painting, Interior Design, Advertising Design. Tuition under G. I. Bill of Rights. Write for Catalog C.
F. R. Bogue, Director, 247 Broad Street, Newark 2, N. J.

FASHION MODELING

FASHION AND PHOTOGRAPHIC MODELING

• A distinctive career for attractive girls •

Prepare for today's superior opportunities in modeling for photographers, in exclusive shops, showrooms and fashion shows.
FREE PLACEMENT SERVICE • DAY-EVE. SESSIONS
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE C ON REQUEST
BARBIZON STUDIO of MODELING
576 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 19, N. Y.

SPECIAL

Binghamton Training School

Nervous, retarded, and mentally deficient children.
Pre-school, school, and special training groups. Home-like, cottage plan. Individual attention. Scientific methods. Moderate rates. Established 1881. **Dr. W. H. Boldt & A. A. Boldt, Directors, 110 Fairview Ave., Binghamton, N. Y.**

SPASTIC AND POLIO CORRECTION

MILTON H. BERRY FOUNDATION SCHOOLS
Our 45th year of teaching the paralyzed how to walk, talk and become physically independent. Seven Resident, Two Day Schools in U.S.A. Medical Supervision. Write
15228 VENTURA BLVD., ENCINO, CALIF.

SPEECH CORRECTION

STAMMER?

GET THIS FREE BOOK!

This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 46 years. **Benjamin N. Bogue, Dept. 1798, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.**

For schools in other locations write Cosmopolitan Education Department

Beachcombing

(Continued from page 35)

meaning nothing more than a pleasantry in passing.

"Beachcombing!" he snorted scornfully, and he spun in the sand to face me. "This ain't beachcombing, Penny-ante stuff!"

He wiped the dark wet sand from something he was holding and handed it to me. "I find a slew of these things," he said. It was a battered and water-faded can of oil, such as might have dropped from an airplane or ship.

"Ships nowadays are too good," he said bitterly when we were seated on the rock. "You can't make a living on the beach any more."

He spoke with a drawl, part Southern, part Western, but now and then, when his bitterness mounted, the words came with a rush. Deep squint lines marked his leathery face around the pale blue eyes, and a long crease cut through either cheek. His hair, like everything else about him, was pretty much the color of sand.

"You take when I was a kid down at Corpus, about nine years old, I saw some big white bundles floating towards the shore from out in the Gulf. Cotton, you see. I ran and told an old beachcomber about it, and he took me with him out in his skiff. Well sir, we tied all those bundles together, and then we towed them ashore. Worth a lot of money. Now *that's* beachcombing. That's where I got started. I grew up at Corpus Christi, Texas, and I've been on the beach off and on ever since. Never lived far from it in my life. I'm sixty-two years old and never had a sick day. I've never missed a day on this beach right here for nine years. I pick up some loose change and jewelry and odds and ends, but that ain't beachcombing. Nowadays you've got to have another job. So I work for the city."

He waved back over his shoulder at the city, built on the hills and valleys and bluffs that sloped down to the Pacific.

"I've found some expensive jewelry on this beach. One watch was wrapped up in a napkin in the sand, and it was worth $175. I've found all kinds of watches and rings and bracelets and anklets and pins. You take these identification bracelets, like the service men used to wear all the time. Fliers, you see. If I found one of them I found twenty. They come off in the water while they're swimming and wash up a month or so later. Penny-ante stuff."

I wondered silently if the badge on his chest was something he had found on the beach. "City of Laguna Beach," it said. "Special."

"Things were different when I was a kid. The best beachcombing I ever saw was along the coast of Texas, between Galveston and Corpus, along about eighteen ninety-five. The currents in the Gulf of Mexico move west, so everything drifts ashore on Texas. You take the year the hurricane hit Galveston, nineteen hundred I think it was, and wrecked the whole city. They loaded up a lot of bodies from the streets and took them out to bury them in the Gulf. Emergency, you see. Buried them ten miles out from shore. Well, sir, it wasn't but a very few days before all those bodies washed back up on the Texas coast!"

He squinted at me while the picture sank in, his pale eyes searching my face.

"You take the cargo ships in those days—they couldn't ride out a storm if they were loaded. Sailing ships, you see. So when a storm blew up, or a hurricane, they dumped their cargo overboard and ran for the nearest harbor. The stuff was all insured anyhow.

"Lumber?" he barked suddenly, as if

I had asked about lumber. "Why I've seen lumber covering the beach, as far as you could see up and down! And the bales of cotton used to *roll* ashore, after a real good storm. Kept us busy draggin' it up to dry land.

"During a storm we all worked together, in teams, so we could handle the stuff faster. Afterwards we divided up the profits. We'd go down to the harbor and dicker with the companies that had the cargo insured. Made out better that way than trying to sell it on the open market."

Thorne's eyes were nearly squinted shut as he gazed out to sea. "I was too young then to be anything but a helper. I used to work for one or another of those beachcombers sometimes two weeks at a stretch, after a storm. They lived good along the Texas coast. Each man had a shanty and a little boat of his own. Must've been hundreds of them along there, and two or three on every little island. That's all over now. You take ships nowadays, they can ride out any storm without dumping their cargo. Anyhow the beaches are all building up, houses and clubs and such stuff as that. Man needs about twelve miles of open beach to do any good for himself.

"And anyhow nowadays you can't find enough to pay the prices they're asking for food. During the depression a man could get by if he worked hard during the summer months and kept his eyes open all year. But people don't lose much more on the beach in boom times than they do during a depression.

"Another time that beachcombing was good was during prohibition. Some lonely places along the coast where the rumrunners operated, you stood a good chance of finding stuff where they hid it out or had to scuttle when the law was on their tail. Plenty of money in something like that. But a lot of guys started makin' the beaches in those days that wasn't really beachcombers at all. Gangsters, you see."

His thin brown sun-cracked lips tightened in contempt for beachgoing highjackers, and for all false beachcombers everywhere—the literary folk, the Midwestern tourists, the aimless seaside drunks — all those who liked to call themselves "beachcombers."

But worst of all, in Paul Thorne's eyes, were the Monday-morning beachcombing squads who drive down to the beach from Los Angeles and strain the sand with little machines. They operate only after a big holiday or Sunday crowd has romped on the sand and lost its loose change and jewelry.

"I never strained any sand in my life," Thorne declared with firm pride. "I've watched them some. I reckon they'd average about a dollar an hour."

He was trying not to appear to be critical of the technique of professional rivals; but it was plain what he thought of sand strainers. They push little gocarts that scoop up sand and strain it as they move. When a squad of them has worked the main beach over, they load up their gocarts and speed to the next town along the coast.

"They never look up from those carts while they work. I can't see any pleasure in that. I get a kick out of *spotting* things myself."

The biggest kick Thorne ever got came from a big blob of rust that he saw buried in Laguna's sand.

"I beat on that rust, and kept beating on it, and pretty soon it all came off in one piece. There underneath it was this clean smooth metal. Cannonball, you see. Curio dealer here in town said it was probably from the old times when the Spaniards were here in California. Said it might be worth a lot of money, and he wanted to sell it for me. But I've got that old cannonball yet!"

The thought of his cannonball brought Thorne's first grin, requiring the use of a lot of new wrinkles around his eyes and lips.

MONEY

You can run into debt—but you have to crawl out.

ANON.

★

A friend in need, as the saying goes, is rare. Nay, it is just the contrary; no sooner have you made a friend than he is in need, and asks you for a loan.

SCHOPENHAUER

★

It is no indication of brains to have money. If you think it is, look at those who have it.

CLARENCE DARROW

★

Money—the desire for money—the need of money, has always been hurtful to me and to all men and women I have known.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

★

Just pretending to be rich keeps some people poor.

ANON.

★

Money is what you'd get along beautifully without if only other people weren't so crazy about it.

MARGARET CASE HARRIMAN

★

He who expends gold properly is its master, who lays it up is its keeper, who loves it is a fool, who adores it an idolator.

PETRARCH

"You've got to watch the ocean and the sand all the time to uncover things like that. High tides eat away the sand so you can find things that have been buried for a long time. Storms and strong winds and rains help too. The best place to start digging is where black and white sand are mixed together. I don't know why that is.

"I've found almost every kind of ring there is. Any time I get something valuable I report it right away to the cops. Usually I advertise it in the papers, too, and then I keep it awhile before I sell it. That way I'm in the clear. And usually there's a little reward.

"Some beachcombers don't," he added darkly. "Out-of-towners, you see. It's different when you live in a town for nine years. I've had women cry and nearly get hysterics when I return something they lost. Once I found a platinum watch that had four diamonds set into the case. The police told me it had been reported lost and gave me the address. So I walked into this woman's store and handed the watch back to her.

"She just stood there, and her lips began to tremble, and just before she started to cry she said, 'That watch has got sentimental value.'

"Every now and then the cops call me in to do a little job for them. Once a tourist lost a ring down between the cracks of the boardwalk, and I had to dig a tunnel under there to look for it. You take a case like that, the thing to do is smooth off the sand near where you think it is, and then you keep cutting the sand away at the bottom and let it slide down from the top.

"Well sir, I did that, and pretty soon here came that ring, rolling down that sand slide, just as big as you please!

"I've always been friendly with the cops here in town, but the FBI was down to see me once. During the war I found an envelope with some war bonds and personal papers in it. I mailed them to the person that had her name written there, and sent my name and address along with it. Pretty soon here came the FBI, wanting to know all about that envelope, exactly where I found it and all. They ended up telling me I did exactly right, and they thanked me for my co-operation. I never did find out why the FBI was so upset about that envelope, but I guess it was something to do with spies."

He seemed to feel this was the climax of his life, and the logical end of his story.

He fell silent.

"What's the badge for?" I asked finally, unable to contain the question any longer.

"Well sir, that's for my job with the city. I check the parking meters on the downtown streets and collect the money from them. I work under the police department, so they thought I ought to have some kind of a badge. That's why I'm wearing these Army clothes. For a uniform, you see. Their idea."

He was wound up again. "Before this I was street sweeper in Laguna for a while. I liked that job fine—I used to find a lot of things there too. Different times I've been a fisherman and an electrician and other things, but always near the beach, and I always made the beach when I could.

"If there was a living on the beach right now, that's where I would be all the time. But it can't be done, so I'm checking parking meters."

He grinned again, and it was plain that he considered the parking meter his revenge on civilization.

He stood up stiffly from his seat on the rock.

Part of a newspaper, rolled into a tube, stuck from his hip pocket. He pulled it out and opened it.

"I guess this newspaper's a few days old, but you take here where it says, 'Raging Storm Lashes Florida Coast.' Well, sir, if a man was to make that beach right now he ought to pick up a little stuff all right!"

THE END

"Later," the fifth story in our reprint series, first appeared in Cosmopolitan in November, 1938. It was then purchased by the Reader's Digest and became one of the first fiction pieces ever to be used in that magazine. Used in some textbooks, "Later" is another great Cosmopolitan story from the past, one whose place in American fiction's hall of fame is already assured.

Michael Foster, author of the recent novel, "The House Above the River," sold his first short story about twenty years ago, and since that time has augmented his books with an occasional short story. At present, Mr. Foster is at work on a new novel

Michael Foster

Later

It's queer, the things you remember. When life has crumbled suddenly, and left you standing there, alone. It's not the big important things that you remember when you come to that: not the plans of years, not the love nor the hopes you've worked so hard for. It's the little things that you remember then: the little things you hadn't noticed at the time. The way a hand touched yours, and you too busy to notice; the hopeful little inflection of a voice you didn't really bother to listen to. . .

John Carmody found that out, staring through the living-room window at the cheerful Tuesday-afternoon life of the street. He kept trying to think about the big important things, lost now—the years and the plans, and the hopes. And the love. But he couldn't quite get them focused sharply in his mind, just now. Not this afternoon.

They, those important things, were like a huge but nebulous background in his mind. All he could remember, now, was a queer little thing: nothing, really, if you stopped and thought about it in the light of the years and the plans and the—the great love. It was only something his little girl had said to him. One evening, two—perhaps three weeks ago. Nothing, if you looked at it rationally. The sort of thing that kids are always saying.

But it was what he was remembering, now.

That particular night, he had brought home from the office a finished draft of the annual

stockholders' report. Very important, it was. Things being as they were, it meant a great deal—to his future; to the future of his wife and his little girl. He sat down to reread it before dinner. It had to be right: it meant so much.

And just as he turned a page, Marge, his little girl, came with a book under her arm. It was a green-covered book, with a fairy-tale picture pasted on it. And she said: "Look, Daddy." He glanced up and said: "Oh, fine. A new book, eh?"

"Yes, Daddy," she said. "Will you read me a story in it?"

"No, dear. Not just now," he said.

Marge just stood there, and he read through a paragraph which told the stockholders about certain replacements in the machinery of the factory. And Marge's voice, with timid and hopeful little inflections, was saying:

"But Mummy said you probably would. Daddy."

He looked up over the top of the typescript. "I'm sorry," he answered. "Maybe Mummy will read it to you. I'm busy. Dear."

"No," Marge said politely. "Mummy is much busier, upstairs. Won't you read me just this one story? Look—it has a picture. See? Isn't it a *lovely* picture, Daddy?"

"Oh, yes. Beautiful," he said. "Now, that picture has class, hasn't it? But I do have to work tonight. Some other time . . ."

After that, there was quite a long silence. Marge just stood there, with the book open at the lovely picture. It was a long time before she said anything else. He read through two more pages explaining in full detail, as he had directed, the shift in markets over the past twelve months, the plans outlined by the sales department for meeting these problems which, after all, could safely be ascribed to local conditions, and the advertising program which after weeks of conferences had been devised to stabilize and even increase the demand for their products.

"But it *is* a lovely picture. Daddy. And the story looks *so* exciting," Marge said.

"I know," he said. "Ah . . . Mmmmm. Some other time. Run along, now."

"I'm sure you'd enjoy it, Daddy," Marge said.

"Eh? Yes. I know I would. But later."

"Oh," Marge said. "Well, some other time, then. Will you, Daddy? Some other time?"

"Oh, of course," he said. "You bet."

But she didn't go away. She still stood there quietly, like a good child. And after a long time, she put the book down on the stool at his feet, and said: "Well, whenever you get ready, just read it to yourself. Only read it loud enough so I can hear, too."

"Sure," he said. "Sure. Later."

And that was what John Carmody was remembering. Now. Not the long plans of love and care for the years ahead. He was remembering the way a well-mannered child had touched his hand with timid little fingers, and said: "Just read it to yourself. Only read it loud enough so I can hear, too."

And that was why, now, he put his hand on the book. From the corner table where they had piled some of Marge's playthings, picking them up from the floor where she had left them.

The book wasn't new any more; and the green cover was dented and thumbed. He opened it to the *lovely* picture.

And reading that story, his lips moving stiffly with anguish to form the words, he didn't try to think any more, as he should be thinking, about the important things: about his careful and shrewd and loving plans for the years to come; and for a little while he forgot, even, the horror and bitterness of his hate for the half-drunken punk kid who had careened down the street in a secondhand car—and who was now in jail on manslaughter charges.

He didn't even see his wife, white and silent, dressed for Marge's funeral, standing in the doorway, trying to make her voice say calmly: "I'm ready, dear. We must go."

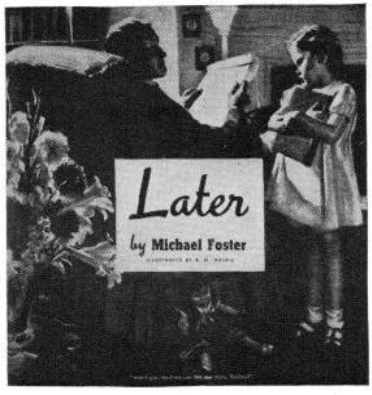
Because John Carmody was reading:

"Once upon a time, there was a little girl who lived in a woodcutter's hut, in the Black Forest. And she was so fair that the birds forgot their singing from the bough, looking at her. And there came a day when . . ."

He was reading it to himself. But loud enough for her to hear, too. Maybe.

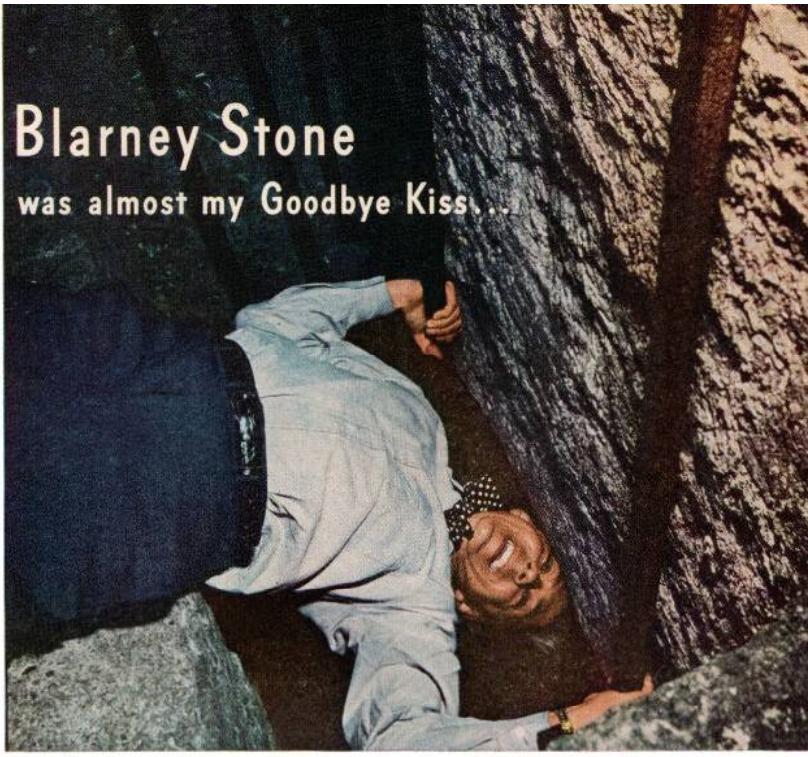
THE END

Cosmopolitan readers first saw "Later" in the November 1938 issue of the magazine. The page reproduced here was illustrated by R. G. Harris.



PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

Kissing the Blarney Stone was almost my Goodbye Kiss...



1 **"I was hanging head down** to kiss the Blarney Stone for its traditional gift of eloquence," writes Gene Patterson, a friend of Canadian Club. "Suddenly the Irish guide holding my legs relaxed his grip. Only my firm hold on the guard rails saved me from a possibly fatal fall. Shaken, I used my new found 'eloquence' to send the guide packing.

2 **"Leaving Blarney,** I visited a famous Dublin crypt dug in the year 1038. There I shook hands with the Crusader's mummy—said to bring good luck forever. I'd *need* luck, judging by my close call at Blarney Castle.

3 **"More than 20 battles** have been fought in and around Dublin. But you'd never know it looking at peaceful scenes like this typical Irish farm. The whitewashed stucco walls and traditional farm methods seem to be unchanged by time.

4 **"Ireland's peat bogs are on top** of hills, not in the valleys as in most other lands. We visited one of the bogs, and watched as they spaded the peat into muddy-looking blocks, which they left in the sun to dry.

5 **"At a friendly pub** back in Dublin, the Crusader's 'good luck' worked for me. My neighbor at the bar insisted I have a drink with him. Shur-r-re and they had Canadian Club, my favorite whisky. We drank to 'the luck of the Irish'; then I left for Shannon airport and a TWA plane home."

6 **It's like finding an old friend,** to be offered Canadian Club in out-of-the-way places. Why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon. That's what made Canadian Club the largest selling imported whisky in the United States.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof.

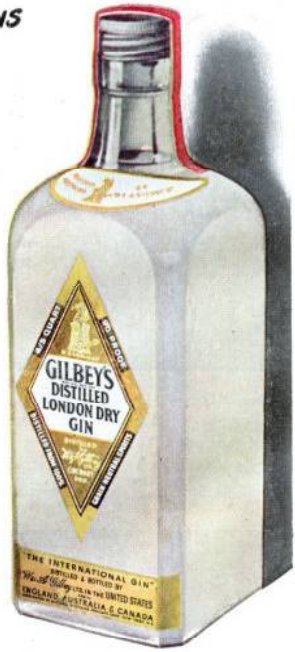
The world agrees on "Gilbey's please"

ON SHIPS

ON TRAINS

AT RESORTS

AT RECEPTIONS



World's favorite for nearly a century

Send for free 12-page folder "Gilbey's Primer of Famous Gin Drinks"—an attractive collection of International recipes which should be at every mixer's right hand. Write National Distillers Prod. Corp., Dept. C-5 P.O. Box 12, Wall St. Station N.Y.C.

THE *"INTERNATIONAL GIN"* DISTILLED BY W. & A. GILBEY LTD. IN THE UNITED STATES AND IN ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA AND CANADA

National Distillers Products Corpo. ation, New York. 90 Proof. London Dry Gin. Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.