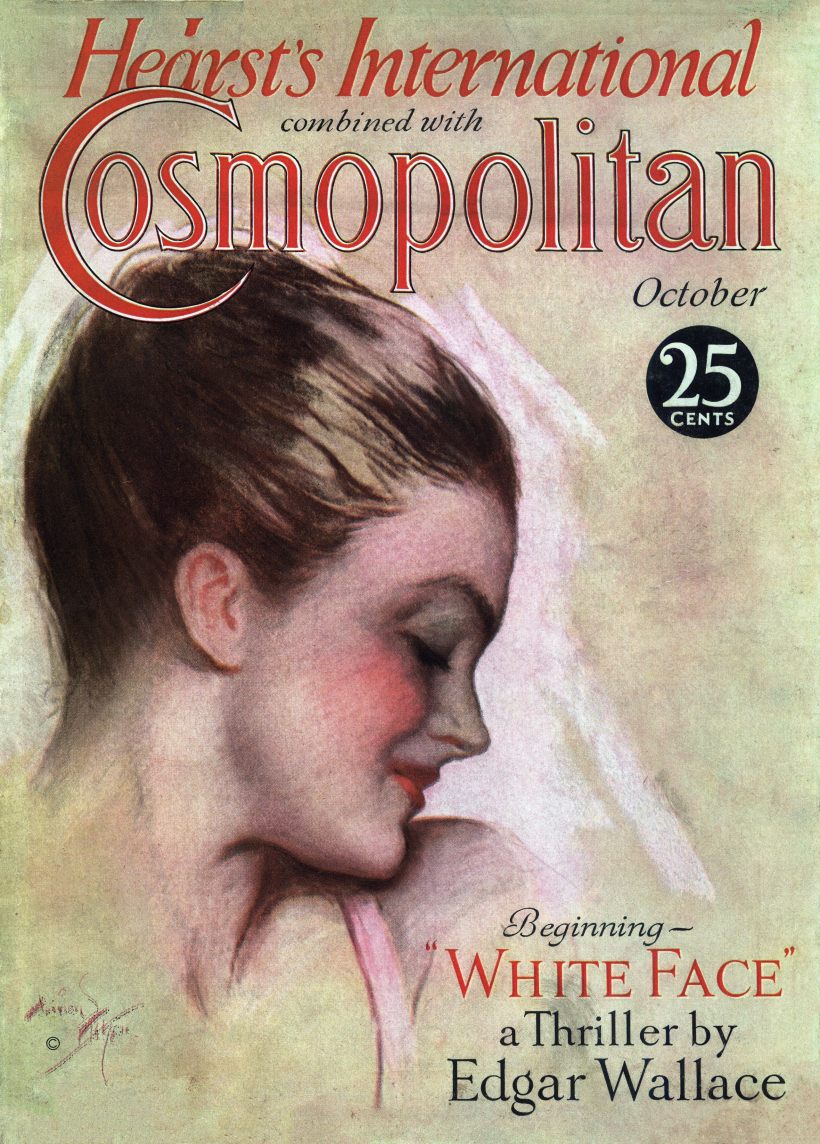
Hearst's International

combined with

Cosmopolitan

October

25 CENTS



Beginning—

"WHITE FACE"

a Thriller by

Edgar Wallace

A Company Dessert
. . . at slight cost

RASPBERRY PRINCESS PUDDING—Dissolve 1 package Royal Raspberry Gelatin Dessert in 1 cup boiling water; add 1 cup cold water. Pour ¾ cup of mixture into a shallow pan to depth of about ½ inch. Chill until firm; cut into cubes. Add ¼ teaspoon salt to remaining liquid gelatin mixture; chill until it begins to thicken. Whip until thick and frothy. Fold in ½ cup cream, whipped, 1 cup sponge cake cubes and the cubes of clear gelatin. Pour into mould; chill until firm. Cut into slices to serve. Serves 6.
Approximate cost—30¢.

Imagine!.. Gelatin Dessert in *One* Hour!

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A NEW TYPE of gelatin dessert has been discovered. A gelatin that sets in half the time you usually allow.

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And what a wonderful difference in taste! You get the rich, natural flavor of red raspberries, scarlet strawberries, ruby cherries.

The ripe juiciness of orange . . . the sharp tang of lemon. And the refreshing coolness of lime—a brand new flavor.

You get these flavors always full strength. For Royal is never allowed to grow stale on your grocer's shelf. It is delivered to stores regularly in small quantities by the nation-wide delivery system of Standard Brands Incorporated.

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Doctors, you know, recommend gelatin—especially for children. Because it promotes growth . . . and digests so easily.

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A NEW KIND OF LEMON PIE—Made with Gelatin . . .

LEMON SPONGE PIE—Beat 2 egg yolks slightly, add ¼ cup sugar and ¼ teaspoon salt; mix well. Add 1 cup cold water and the juice of 1 lemon. Cook in double boiler, stirring until thick enough to coat spoon. Remove from fire.

Dissolve 1 package Royal Gelatin Dessert (lemon flavor) in 1 cup boiling water. Add custard mixture and grated rind of the lemon; cool. When it begins to thicken, fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour in baked pastry shell; chill until firm. Cover top with thin layer of whipped cream; sprinkle thickly with rolled corn flakes or grated macaroon crumbs. Makes one 9-inch pie.
Approximate cost—32¢.

ROYAL

Quick Setting GELATIN DESSERT

"Pink tooth brush" . . . how did it happen to me?

AT any time or any age, a touch of "pink" may show upon your tooth brush. For "pink tooth brush" is a warning that your gums have become dangerously soft!

Due to modern food and hasty eating, your gums have become "touchy", unsound. They grow soft. They bleed. And dread infections, such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea threaten the loss of outwardly sound, white teeth.

Wake up your Gums with Ipana and massage!

But, taken in time, "pink tooth brush" can be quickly defeated with Ipana Tooth Paste and gum massage.

Massage of the gums, with finger or with brush, is what dentists order for soft and bleeding gums! Thousands of them add "with Ipana", for Ipana is more than a delightful tooth paste. It is specifically compounded to care for the health of your gums when and while you brush your teeth!

Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic often employed by the foremost gum specialists in their professional work at the chair.

So, if your tooth brush "shows pink", if your gums bleed easily, restore them to health with Ipana and massage. Wake up the lazy tissues. Send fresh, clean blood coursing to the stagnant cells. That's the modern way to fight gum troubles . . . to invigorate the depleted tissues and to make them resistant to disease and infection.

You'll like Ipana, you'll like its taste. You will be amazed to see how clean and beautiful it makes your teeth—how healthy it keeps your gums!

Start tonight with Ipana. Go to your druggist and get a full-size tube today. Ipana may cost a few cents more than some tooth pastes you can buy, but do not forget that a good dentifrice, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

* * *

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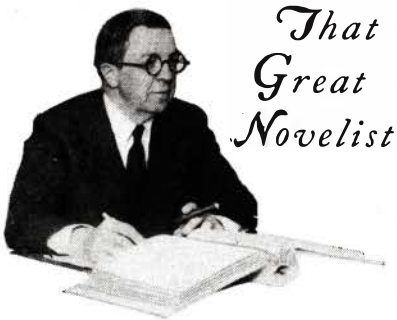

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VOL. LXXXIX NO. 4

Contents of Hearst's International combined with Cosmopolitan *for* October, *1930*

A Poem by the New Poet Laureate

Serials

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Cover Design *by* **Harrison Fisher**

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"Hard times" didn't touch these men*

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WE'VE been going through one of those periods when men outnumber available jobs. Lots of fellows riding along on the crest of the wave, thinking things would last forever, have found out differently.

But wherever an individual has had something worth while to offer—so-called "hard times" haven't touched him. Many men have increased their earnings—bettered their positions when other fellows found themselves on the street.

And it hasn't been luck—or chance—or circumstance.

The trained man—like the rock in a storm—isn't affected by times or conditions.

Listen to these facts:

"When most of our old men were laid off, I was promoted"

For instance, there was our Industrial Management student in a Middle West aircraft plant who found that his training and his use of it in his daily work paid quickly. He writes, *"During these bad times when most of our old men were laid off, I was promoted. Now whenever I meet one of the old gang and he asks me about my 'pull', I simply show him my LaSalle membership card."*

And our Higher Accountancy member in Philadelphia who, employed as a temporary man by one of the nation's outstanding firms of accountants, did so well that a month later his job was made permanent. In telling us of it, he adds, *"This I consider quite a boost for LaSalle training, since the firm was letting other men go."*

Another man cashed in on his training even more quickly, for, broke and unable to get a job, he enrolled for our Traffic Management course and then went to the employment department of the largest firm in his Southern city, told them he was enrolled with us and wanted work in their shipping department. He was given the job over a long line of applicants—largely, as they told him, because he was studying with LaSalle.

Back in Pennsylvania, a graduate of our Railway Station Management course applied for the Joint Agency at an important railroad junction. Several other applicants had twenty-year records but he won the promotion, *"because,"* as he puts it, *"of my training with LaSalle."*

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One executive expressed this attitude forcefully when we told him that a minor employe in his warehouse was studying with us. *"If we've got a man who is that ambitious down there, we'll bring him up here and give him a real job."*

And another nationally known manager sums up the almost universal feeling of employers, *"When we find a man with sufficient faith in himself to spend his own time, energy and money to complete a home study course, we consider him as being in that group from whom our future leaders will be drawn."*

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The School Problems Of a Parent Of Five Children

I have read with much interest in these pages what good effects summer camps have had upon children.

In the case of my children changes have been wrought by private schools; and as there are four children of school age in my family; and as we have tried both private and public schools for three of them, I believe my experience has been of value to other parents.

The eldest child is a girl. She had completed grammar school and had had one year of high school before we felt we could afford a private school.

In her case scholarship was no problem, but the social side of her girlhood was unsatisfactory. It seemed to us that she chose for her intimates the least desirable of her schoolmates; she was diffident and retiring when in the company of strangers.

One year at a fine school for girls gave her poise, self-assurance, and a deep respect for breeding and "family" among her associates. She chose for her chum one of the most admirable girls in the state and one whose friendship meant a great deal in every way to our daughter.

With that in mind, when our second daughter became of school age, we entered her in kindergarten at the above mentioned girls' school, and though we have changed our residence from one part of the country to another she has never gone to a public school. Now at ten years of age her scholarship is quite satisfactory; but of equal importance, her friends are children of the best families of the community; she has high ideals of life and has all the little marks of cultivation which denote refinement and a careful education.

With the boys there was a similar experience. They had had a year or two as day pupils at a country day school before we changed residence. At that time we put them in public school in a strange community; with the result that they both formed very undesirable friendships and the older one acquired the reputation of being "wild." He took the car without permission and wrecked it. And his scholarship was a total loss, as he quit school in disgust at the end of the term.

So we sent him to his former school as a boarder. When he returned at the end of the year there was an almost unbelievable difference in him. He had quieted down; showed every evidence of his desire to please his parents; did more than his share of duties around the home; and became a model to his younger brother.

With these experiences one can realize that I am "sold" on private schools—and when the time comes for the fifth child to enter school she will profit by her elder brothers' and sisters' examples.

J. N. T.

FREE

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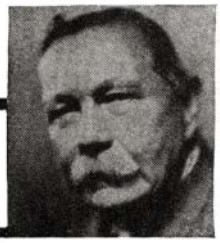

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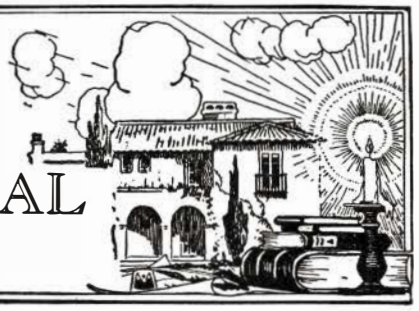

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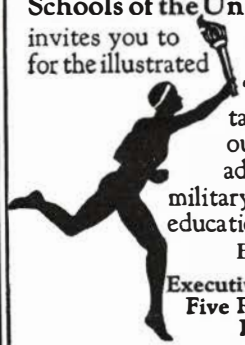

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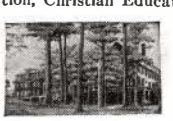

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COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

May G. Linehan, *Director*

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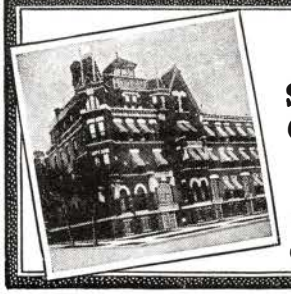

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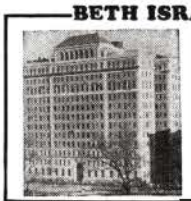

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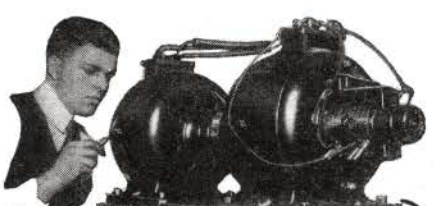

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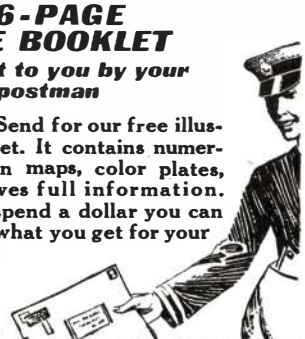

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RAY LONG
Editor

"That's Young Bob!"

by
FRAZIER HUNT

The Senate was enjoying its after-luncheon siesta, sung to sleep by the droning of an elderly Senator. A short boyish figure, with a mop of raven black hair, rose to his feet.

"Mr. President, will the Senator yield?"

Blasé correspondents, even Senators straightened up in their seats. "That's Young Bob!" the galleries whispered. "Now we'll hear something."

The elderly Senator yielded, and the boy Senator from Wisconsin swung questions of facts and figures that were devastating.

That's what this youngest United States Senator since Henry Clay does to Senate traditions. And he does it with such good humor that they almost love him for it.

This is the chief difference between him and his father: Young Bob knows how to laugh and Young Bob never holds a personal grudge.

As a matter of fact, I think this thirty-five-year-old son of Fighting Bob La Follette has more personal popularity than any single member in the Senate.

"Young Bob is a great fellow," I've had a dozen Senators tell me. "Of course we seldom agree with him, but we think the world of him."

But interesting as he is as a Senator and public figure, Young Bob La Follette is vastly more interesting as a human being.

I remember an evening we spent discussing President Hoover and his first year in the White House.

"You Progressives won't give him a chance," I argued. "Whatever he does you are automatically against."

Then patiently Young Bob went through his list of grievances—the President's appointments; his lack of leadership; his failure to strike out; the futility of a dozen moves—and when he had finished he added: "Of course I may be wrong about him; if you can convince me that I am, I will be the first to make amends."

That's Young Bob! He may be wrong in some things but his heart and his mind are wide open.

He has courage, too. I asked him about this Wet and Dry business: how soon it would become a party issue.

"Not for years will either old party make the Wet question a major issue," he answered. "Both parties are split straight down the middle on it. They both face Wet cities and Dry rural districts. The Democrats got all the Wet business they wanted in the Al Smith campaign. And the Republicans won't touch it with a ten-foot pole. Prohibition is sewed into our Constitution. If there is any real change in the Volstead Act the Supreme Court would probably call it unconstitutional. Then, what can be done? Certainly no sane person believes that for many years we can unravel the Eighteenth Amendment."

"And two years from now—will you launch a third party?"

The astute young man from Wisconsin shook his head. "No, we tried that once. My theory is that within, say, ten years one of the two old parties will disappear and a new Liberal Party will be born. You remember it took thirty years for the Republican Party to grow out of the old Whig Party.

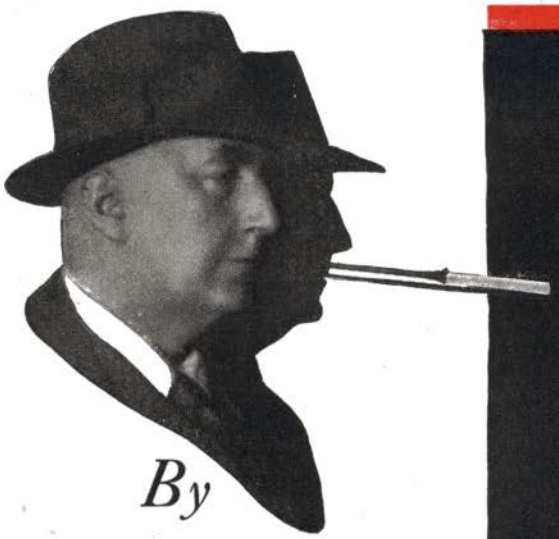
"I think history will repeat itself. Today there is almost no real difference between the old-line Republicans and the old-line Democrats. Slowly people are awakening to the necessity for a new party that will put real power back in the hands of the people.

"**Right now** small business men and bankers and merchants are conscious of the pinch of concentrated wealth and business. They are uneasy and dissatisfied. In a decade, or perhaps earlier, they will be ready to support a political realignment. And a new Liberal Party will be born of the necessity."

That's Young Bob's prediction.

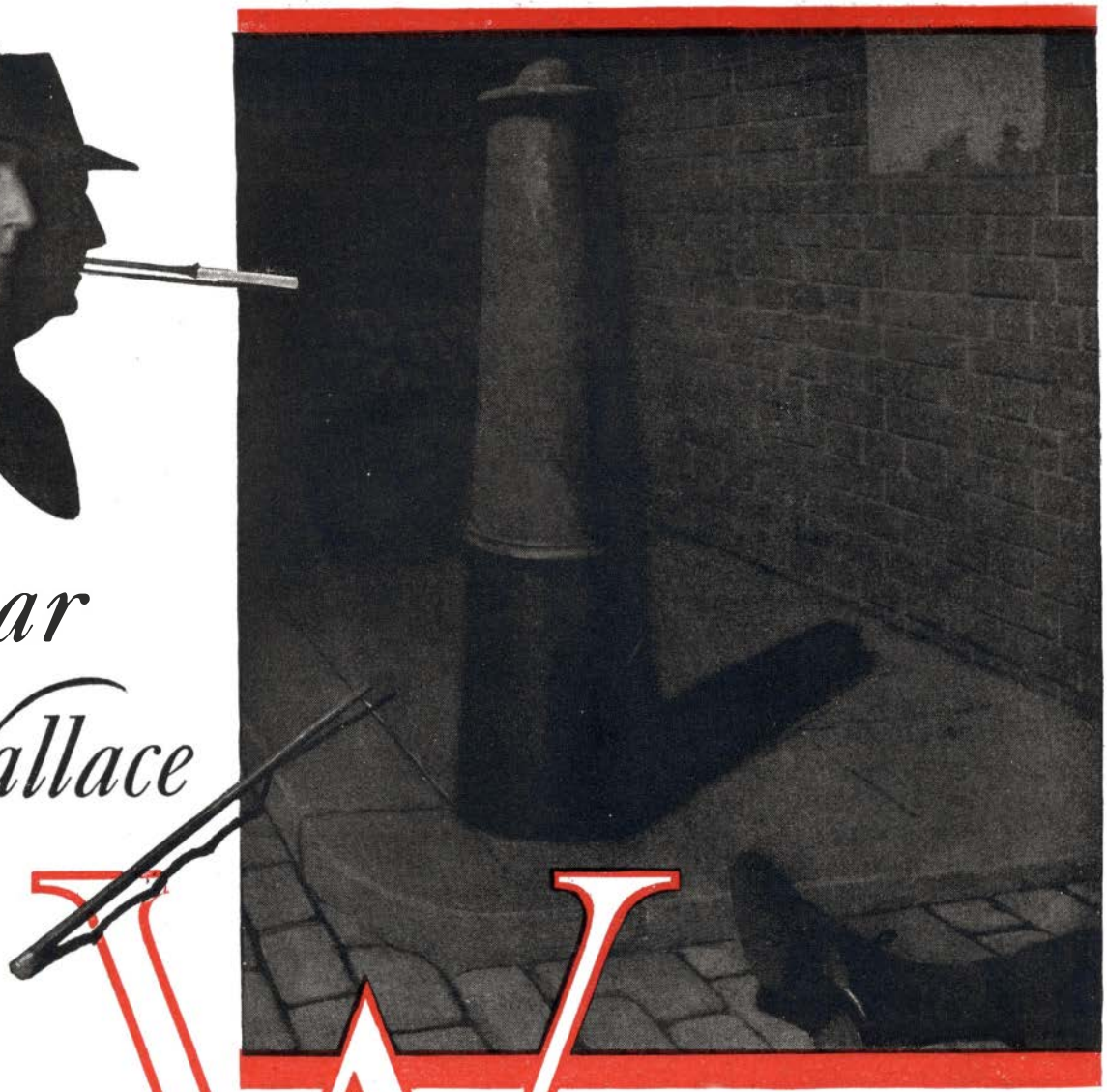
Well, I'm going to make a prediction of my own now: When a real Liberal Party rises from the failures and ashes of one of the old parties a short, well-built, two-fisted fighting bachelor from Wisconsin will be its leader and its first elected president.

That's Young Bob.



By

Edgar Wallace



WHITE

Michael Quigley had a fair working knowledge of perverse humanity, having acquaintance with burglars, the better class of confidence men, professional forgers, swindlers, bank workers, bucket-shop keepers and pickpockets. He did not know White Face because nobody knew him, but that was a pleasure deferred. Sooner or later, the lone operator would make a mistake and come within the purview of a crime reporter.

Michael knew almost everybody at Scotland Yard and addressed chief constables by their first names. He had spent week-ends with Dumont, the hangman, and had helped him through an attack of delirium tremens. He had in his room signed photographs of ci-devant royalties, heavyweight champions and leading ladies. He knew just how normal and abnormal people would behave in almost any circumstances. But personal experience failed him in the case of Janice Harman, although he had heard of such cases.

He could understand why a girl with no responsibilities (since she was an orphan) and three thousand pounds a year should want to do something useful in life and should become a nurse in an East End clinic: other girls had allowed their enthusiasm for humanity to lead them into similar vocations.

Janice was very lovely. She had amazingly dear eyes and a mouth that was red and sensitive. The one quality in her which made him wriggle uncomfortably was her cursed motherliness. He could never bridge the gulf which separated her from his twenty-seven years.

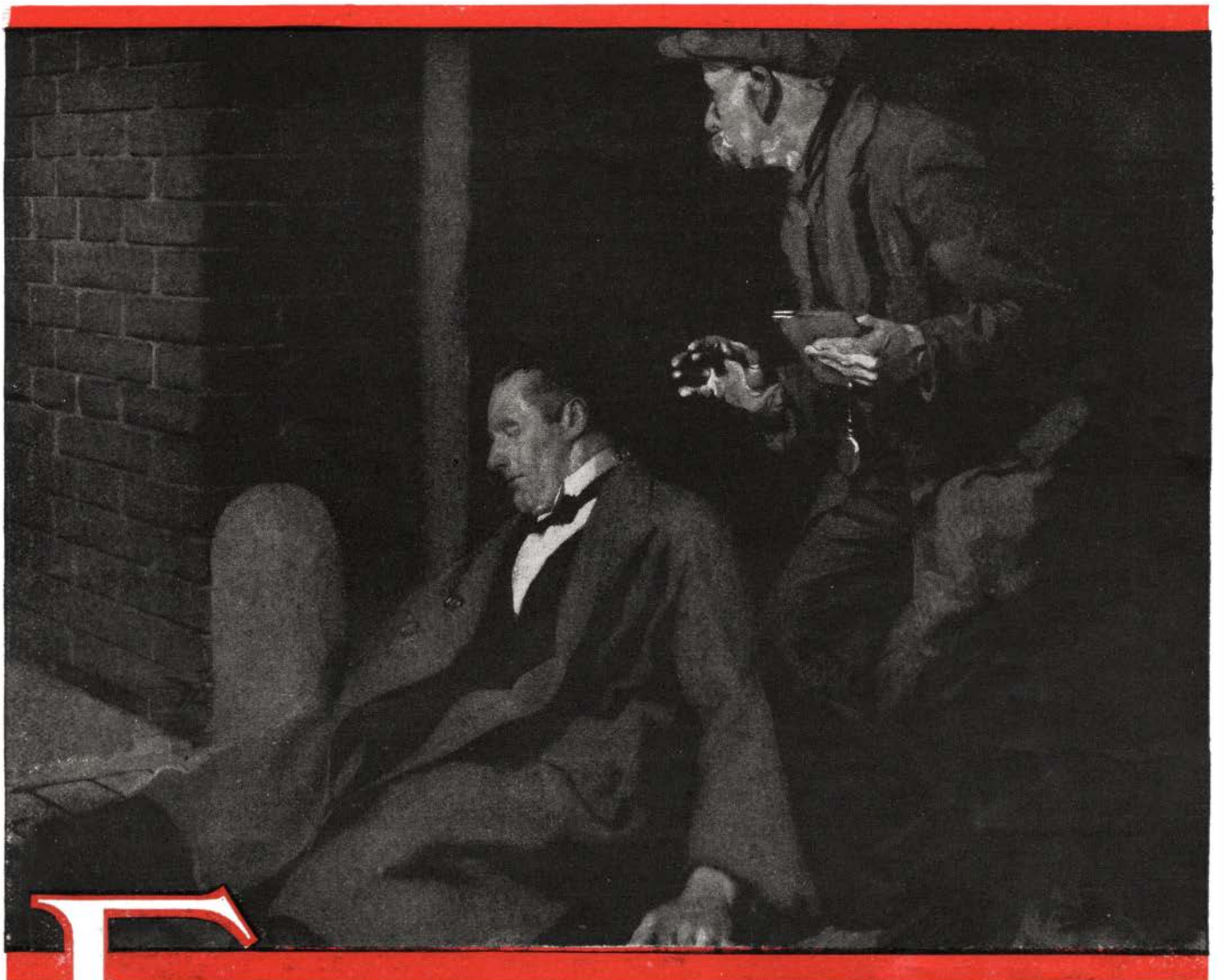
She was twenty-three, and as she often told him, a woman of twenty-three was at least twenty years older than a man of the same age. But twenty-three can be motherly or cruel. One night she told him something that struck all the color out of life. It was the night they went to supper at the Howdah Club—the night of Michael's pay day.

He knew, of course, about her romantic correspondent. Had sneered at him, raved at him, grown wearily amused about it all. The correspondence started in the most innocent fashion. One day a letter had come to Janice's apartment in Bury Street, asking if she would be kind enough to place the writer in touch with his old nurse, who had fallen on evil times. This was a few months after she had begun her work in Doctor Marford's clinic and one of the newspapers had found a good story in the "rich young society woman" who had given her life to good works.

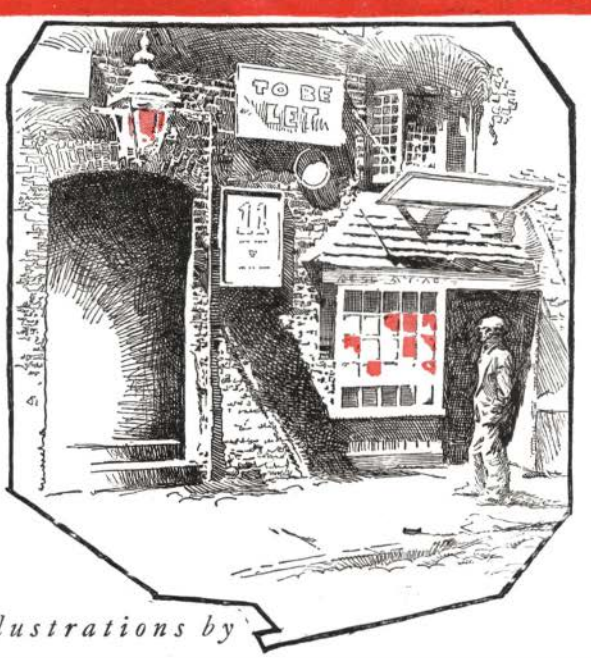
The letter was written from South Africa and enclosed five pounds which the writer begged her to hand to his old nurse if she found her, or to the funds of the clinic if she did not.

"How do you know this fellow isn't working a confidence trick on you?" demanded Michael.

"Don't be stupid!" said Janice scornfully. "Because



FACE



Illustrations by
Sydney Seymour-Lucas

you are a crime reporter you think the world is made up of criminals."

"And I'm right," said Michael.

That the unknown stranger had arrived in England Michael did not know until ten days later. Janice called him up, asked him to take her to supper: she had some important things to tell him.

"You're one of the oldest friends I have, Michael," she said, speaking rather breathlessly. "And I feel that I ought to tell you . . ."

He listened, stunned.

She might have seen how pale his face was, but she purposely did not look at him, fixing her eyes on the dancing couples on the floor.

"I want you to meet him—you may not think he is wonderful, but I've always known—from his letters, I mean. He has lived a terrible life in the wilds of Africa. I'll be terribly sorry to leave dear Doctor Marford. I shall have to tell him, of course."

She was incoherent, a little hysterical.

"Let me get this right, Janice. I'll try to forget that I love you and that I was only waiting until I got my salary raised before I told you." Michael's voice was steady. "This isn't unusual—I've heard of such cases. A girl starts a correspondence with a man she has never seen. The correspondence grows more intimate, more friendly. She weaves around him a net of romance. And then she meets him and is either—disillusioned, or else falls for him.

"I've heard of happy marriages which started that way. I've heard of others. I can't believe it is true—but obviously it is, and I don't exactly know what to do or say."

It was at this moment that he missed something from her hand: a long oval-shaped ruby that she had worn since he had first known her.

Instantly she knew what he was looking for and dropped her hand out of sight.

"Where is your ring?" he asked bluntly.

She had gone red; the question was almost unnecessary. "I've—I don't see what it has to do with you!"

He drew a long breath. "Nothing has to do with me—but I'm curious. An exchange of love tokens?"

He was very tactless tonight.

"It was my ring and I refuse to be cross-examined by a—by somebody who hasn't any right. You're being horrible."

"Am I?" He nodded slowly. "I suppose I am, and I know I've no right to be horrid or anything else. I won't ask you to show me what you got in exchange. A bead necklace, perhaps."

She started at this chance shot. "How did you know? I mean, it is very valuable."

He looked long and earnestly at the girl. "I want to vet this fellow, Janice."

She saw his face now and was in a panic—not on his behalf but on her own. "Vet? I don't know what you mean."

"Well, make inquiries about him. You vet a horse before you buy him——"

"I'm not buying him; he is a rich man—well, he has two farms." Her manner was cold. There was a touch of resentment in her voice. "Vet him! You'll find he is a criminal, of course; if you can't find this, your fertile imagination will invent something. Perhaps he is White Face! He is one of your specialties, isn't he?"

He groaned miserably. Yet here was an opportunity to escape from a maddening topic. "He is not an invention; he's a fact. Ask Gasso."

Gasso, the slim maître d'hôtel, was near the table; Mike beckoned him.

"Ah! That White Face! Where is your so-called police? My poor friend Bussini has his restaurant ruined by the fellow."

It was to Bussini's restaurant that White Face had come in the early hours of a morning and, stepping to the side of Miss Angela Hillingcote, had relieved her of six thousand pounds' worth of jewels before the dancers realized that the man in the white mask who had appeared from nowhere was not a guest in fancy dress. It was all over in a second or two and he was gone.

A policeman at the corner of Leicester Square saw a man fly past on a motor cycle. The cycle had been seen on the Embankment going eastward. It was the third and most spectacular appearance of White Face in the West End of London.

"My patrons are nervous—who is not?" Gasso apparently shared their nervousness. "Fortunately, they are refined people——"

He stopped suddenly and stared at the entrance of the room. "She should not come!" he almost shrieked and darted forward to meet an unwanted guest.

This was a blond lady who called herself Dolly de Val. The name was found for her by an imaginative film agent, who thought—and rightly—that it sounded more

pretentious than Annie Gootch, which name she had borne in the days of her poverty.

She was not a good actress, but there were a lot of people who found her attractive and in the course of the years she became rich, and packed a considerable amount of her fortune into platinum settings, so that in all the fashionable night clubs of London she was known as "Diamond Dolly."

Managers of such clubs and fashionable cabaret restaurants grew nervous after the Hillingcote affair and when Dolly booked a supper table they rang up Scotland Yard and Superintendent Mason, who was in control of C area, but had an executive post at Headquarters, would delegate a couple of detectives arrayed like festive gentlemen, but looking remarkably like detectives, to the club or restaurant honored by her dazzling display, and these were generally to be found lounging in the vestibule or drinking surreptitious glasses of beer in the manager's office.

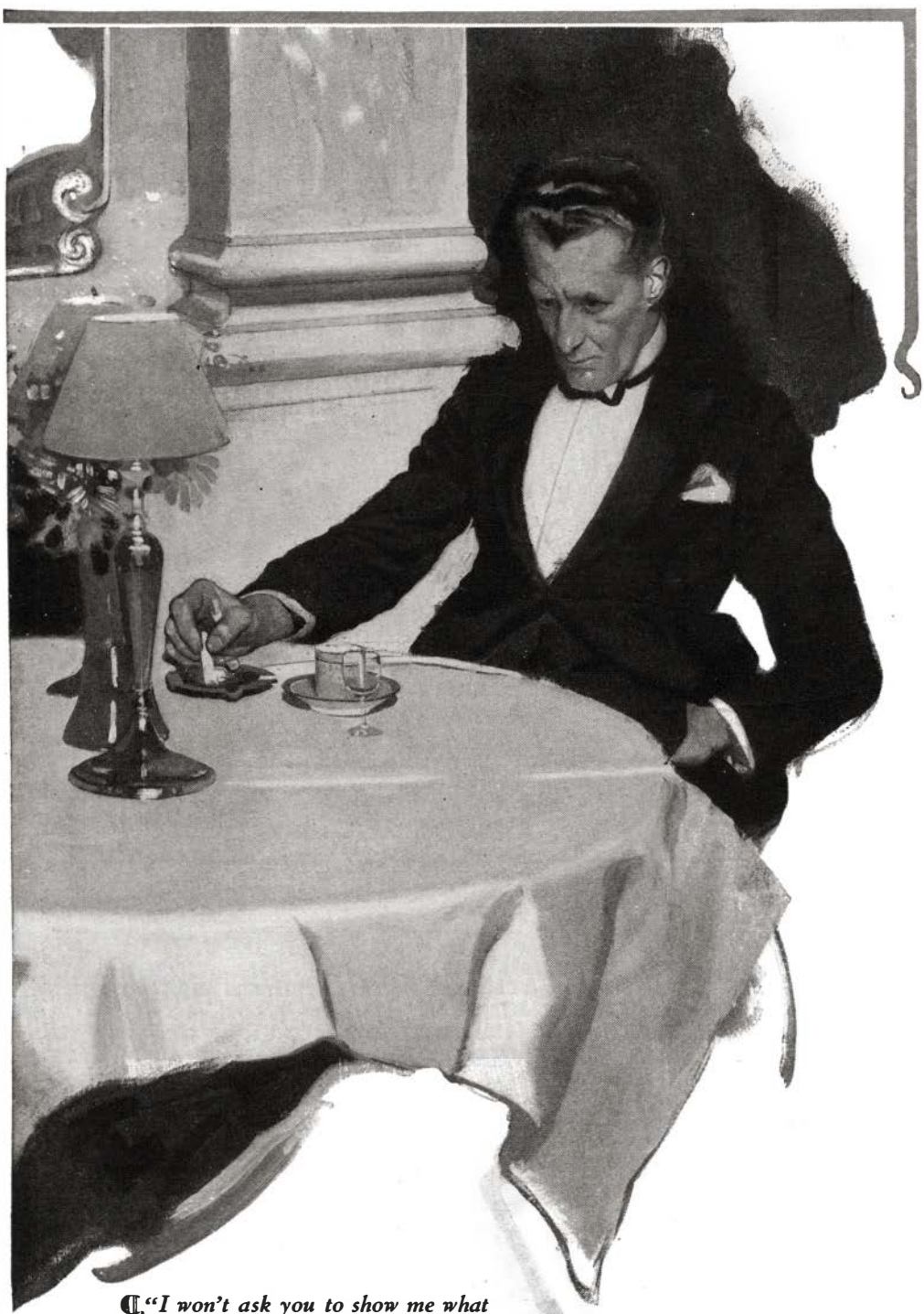
But she came this night unheralded into the Howdah Club and Gasso, who was Latin and entirely without self-control, threw up his hands to the ceiling and said things in Italian.

"No room? Don't be stupid, Gasso! Of course there's room. Anywhere will do, won't it, boys?"

So they put a table near the door.

"I don't like you to seet here, Madame," said Gasso, "with so much beautiful jewelry. Miss 'Illingcote—ah, what a disaster! This fellow with the white face——"

"Oh, shut up, Gasso!" Dolly snapped.



"I won't ask you to show me what you got in exchange for your ring," said Michael. "A bead necklace, perhaps." Janice started at this chance shot. "How did you know? I mean, it is very valuable."

The Russian dancers had taken the floor and had made their exit after the third encore, when:

"Bail up—you!"

Dolly, who had seen the faces of her escort suddenly blanch, half turned in her chair.

The man in the doorway wore a long black coat that reached to his heels; his face was covered by a white cloth in which two eyeholes had been cut.

He carried an automatic in his gloved hand; with the other, which was bare, he reached out.

There was a "snick"—the long diamond chain about Dolly's neck parted. She stood frozen with fear and saw the glittering thing vanish into his pocket.

Men had risen from the tables; women were screaming; the band stood ludicrously grouped.

"After him!" yelled a voice.

But the man in the white mask was gone and the cowering footmen, who had bolted on his entrance, came out from cover.

"**Don't** move; I'll get you out in a minute." Mike's voice was urgent, but Janice heard him like one in a dream. "I'll take you home; I must get through to my paper. If you faint, I'll be rough with you!"

"I'm not going to faint," she quavered.

He got her out before the police came, and found a cab.

"It was dreadful; who is he?"

"I don't know," he answered shortly. Then, "What's this romantic lover's name? You've never told me."

Her nerves were on edge; she needed the stimulant of righteous anger to recover her poise and here was an excuse.

Mike Quigley listened unmoved to her tirade.

"A good-looker, I'll bet;

not a gaunt, tow-haired brute like me," he said savagely. "Oh, what a fool you are, Janice! I'm going to meet him. Where is he staying?"

"You'll not meet him." She could have wept. "And I won't tell you where he is staying. I hope I never see you again!"

She declined the hand he offered to assist her out of the cab, did not answer his "good night."

Mr. Quigley went raging back to Fleet Street and all the vicious things he wrote about White Face he meant for the handsome and romantic stranger from South Africa.

A slovenly description of Janice Harman would be that she was the product of her generation. She had inherited the eternal qualities of womanhood as she enjoyed a freedom of development which was unknown in the formal age when guardians were restrictive and gloomy figures.

Janice had attained independence almost unconsciously: had her own banking account when she was seventeen, and left behind the tangibilities of discipline when she passed from the tutelage of the venerable head mistress of her school.

A bachelor uncle was the only relative she had possessed. In a spasmodic and jolly way he was interested in his niece, made her a lavish allowance, sent her beautiful and useless presents. When he was killed in a motor accident she found herself a comparatively rich young woman. He had appointed as trustee a friend whose sole claim to his confidence lay in the fact that he was the best judge of hunters in England.

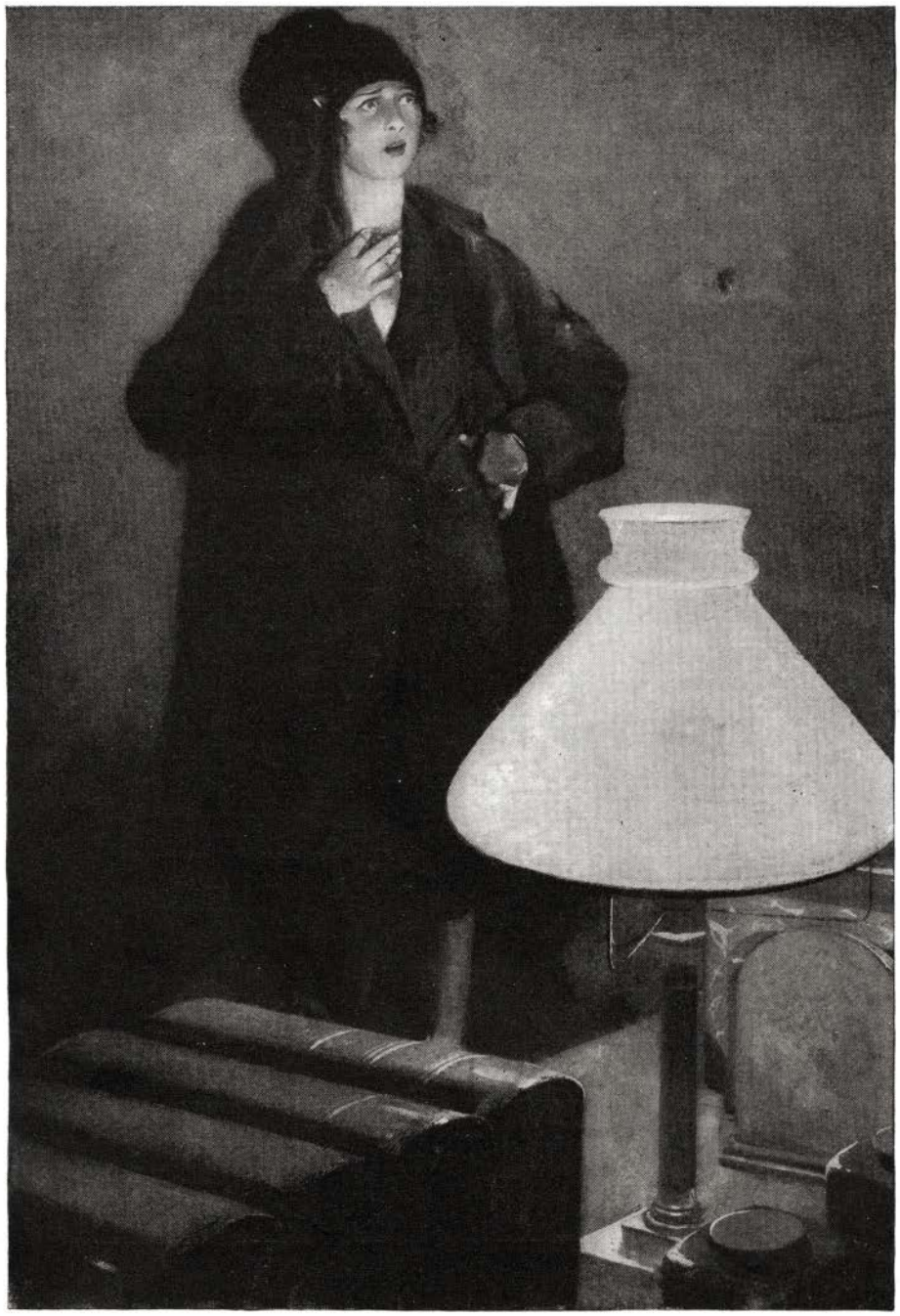
Janice left school with an exalted code of values and certain ideals which she religiously maintained. At eighteen all men were heroes or dreadful; at nineteen she recognized a middle class which were neither heroic nor unspeakable. At twenty the high lights had receded and some of the duller tones were taking shape and perspective.

Donald Bateman belonged to the old régime of idealism. In his handsome face and athletic figure she recaptured some of the enthusiasms of the classroom. He was Romance and Adventure, the living receptacle in which were stored all the desirable virtues of the perfect man.

His modesty—he no more than inferred his excellent qualities—his robust personality, his good humor, his childish views about money, his naïveté, were all adorable. He accepted her judgments and estimates of people and events, giving her a sense of superiority which was delightful.

In one respect he pleased her: he did not embarrass her more than once. He never forgot that their acquaintance was of the slightest, and the word "love" had never been uttered.

The second time they had met he had kissed her, and she had been ridiculously uncomfortable. He must have seen this, for he did not repeat the experiment. But they talked of marriage and their home and the wonders of South Africa.



¶ *"Is he—is he dead?" the woman asked echoed the doctor, marveling at her*

She was taking afternoon duty at the clinic and had been worrying about him all the morning—he had been depressed when she had seen him last.

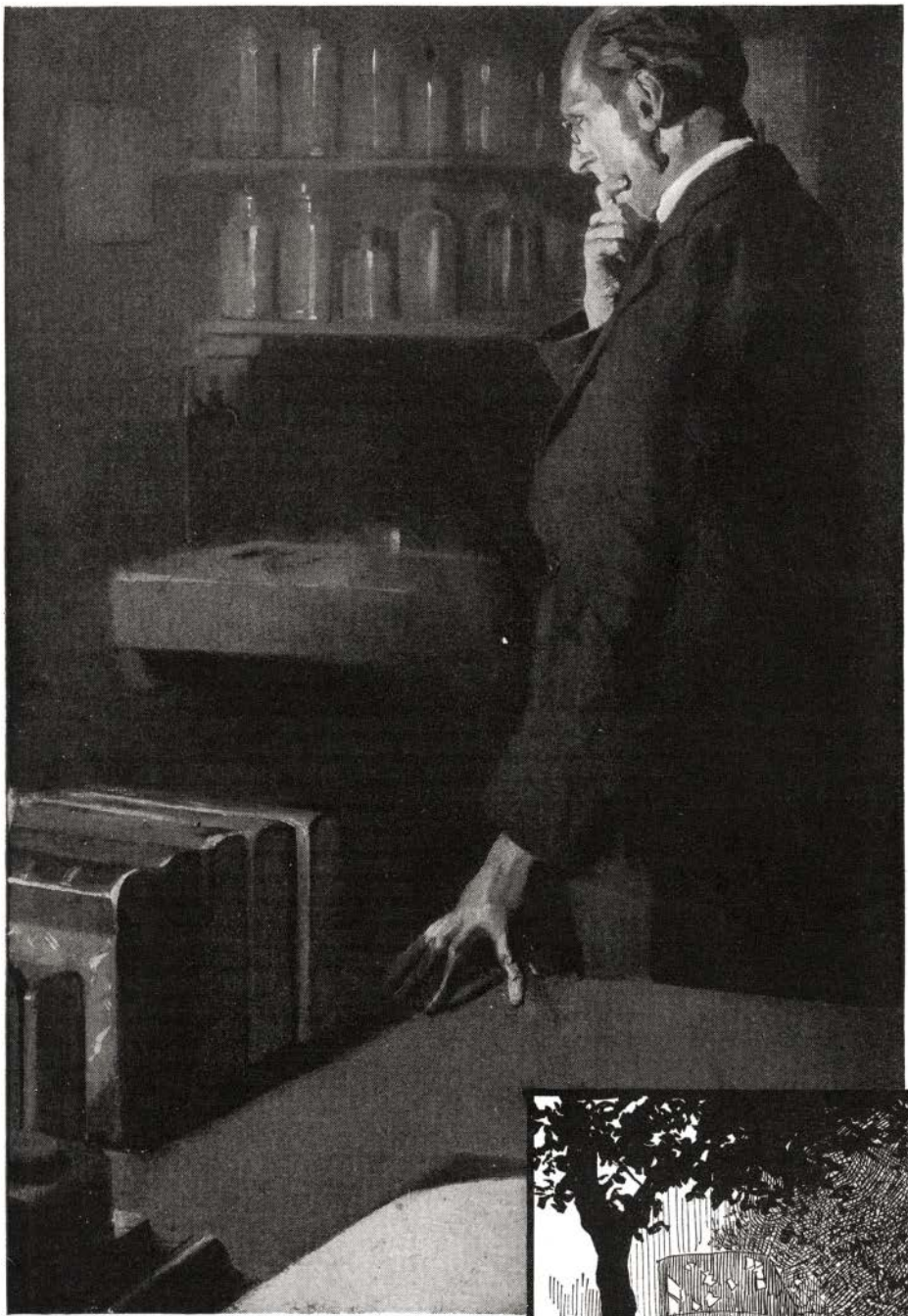
"Did your money come?" she asked with a smile.

He took out his pocketbook and drew forth two crisp notes. She saw they were each for a hundred pounds.

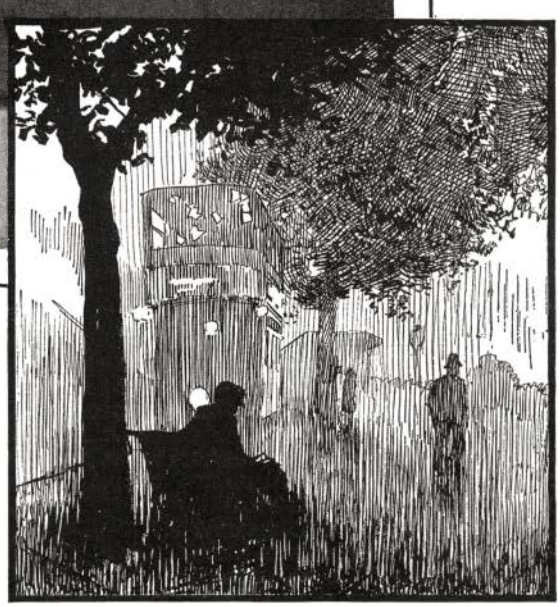
"It arrived this morning. I drew out these in case of emergency—I hate being without money when I'm in London. Angel, if the money hadn't turned up I should have been borrowing from you this morning, and then what would you have thought of me?"

She smiled again. Men were so silly about money. Michael, for instance. She had wanted him to have a car, and he had been almost churlish when she offered to help him.

Donald sat down and lighted a cigaret, blowing a



jerkily. "Is who dead?"
presence in Tidal Basin.



cloud of smoke to the ceiling. "Did you enjoy your dinner?"

She made a face. "Not very much."

"He's a reporter, isn't he? I know a reporter on the Cape Times—quite a good chap."

"It wasn't Michael who made the dinner a failure," she intervened loyally. "It was a man with a white mask who came into the club."

"Oh!" He raised his eyebrows. "The Howdah Club—White Face? I've been reading about it in this morning's papers. I wish I'd been there. What is happening to the men in this country that they allow a fellow like that to get away with it? If I'd been within reach of him one of us would have been on the floor. The trouble with you people in England is that you're scared of firearms. I know from my own experience . . ."

He told a story of a prospectors' camp in Rhodesia; it was a story which did not place him in an unfavorable light.

He sat facing the window, and during the narrative she had time to scrutinize him—not critically but with indiscriminate approval. He was older than she had thought; forty, perhaps. There were little lines round his eyes, and harder ones near his mouth.

That he had led a difficult and a dangerous life, she knew. One cannot starve and thirst in the desert of the Kalahari, or lie alone racked with fever on the banks of the Tuli River, or find oneself unarmed and deserted by carriers in the lion country west of Masikesi, and present an unlined, boyish face to the world. He still bore beneath his chin the long scar which a leopard's claw had left.

"Living in Africa nowadays is like living in Bond Street," he sighed. "All the old mystery has departed. I don't believe there's a lion left between Salisbury and Bulawayo. In the old days you used to find them lying in the middle of the road."

She could listen to him for hours, but she explained there was work to do.

"I'll come down and bring you home. Where is it?" he asked.

She explained the exact location of Tidal Basin.

"Doctor Marford—what sort of man is he?"

"He's a darling!" said Janice enthusiastically.

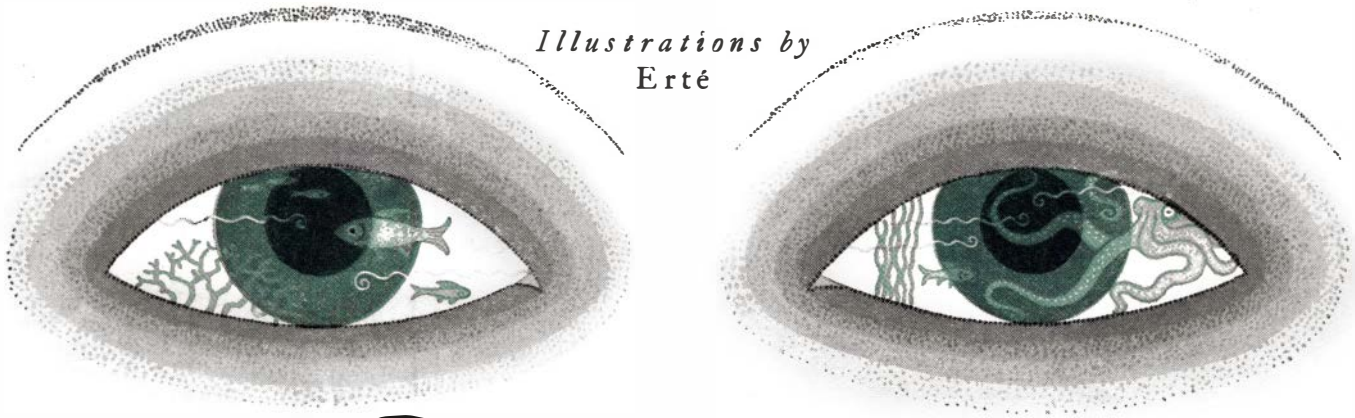
"We'll have him out at the Cape." He echoed her enthusiasm. "It's very easy. There's an extraordinary amount of work to be done, especially with the colored children. If I can buy that farm next to mine, we might turn the farm building into a convalescent home. It's one of those rambling Dutch houses and as I've rather a nice house of my own I shouldn't have use for the other."

She laughed at this. "You're suffering from land hunger, Donald," she said. "I shall have to write and get particulars about this desirable property!"

He frowned. "Have you any friends at the Cape?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I know a boy there—he was a Rhodes scholar—but I haven't written to him since he left England."

"H'm!" He was serious now. "When strangers come into the property market they soak 'em! Let me give you a word of advice: never try to buy land in South Africa through an *(Continued on page 156)*



Illustrations by
Erté

The Mermaid's Husband

A little more and it will be a habit with me to record the tales of Joseph Jorkens, so that men and women to whom the Billiards Club means nothing may come by scraps of knowledge of far corners of Earth, or tittle-tattle about odd customs of some of its queer folk, which otherwise would be lost with the anecdotes that were told only to help pass a dingy afternoon. And this tale I tell because he told it to me, and to half a dozen others, one winter's day at the Billiards Club between luncheon and nightfall.

And I tell it because it throws a little light on Jorkens' early life, which none of us shall quite clear up from one story. I tell it, too, because Aden is one of the world's inns, a halting place for innumerable travelers, and so of some slight interest to such as care for this planet. I tell it for many reasons.

Yet for one reason I nearly withhold it. There are points in it which I myself sometimes doubt. And if I doubt them, others may doubt them too. There is no harm in that; indeed, I advise them to reserve their judgment until further investigations shall have been made locally, or until Science has penetrated far enough into biology to be able to accept or reject the story with certainty.

As I came into the room these words of Jorkens' caught my attention: "I was beginning to feel more and more clearly that my wife belonged to the hotel." Something about that struck me as unusual, and so I told Jorkens. I even got him to tell me the story over again from the beginning to satisfy my curiosity. If he had exaggerated anywhere he could not now alter it, with the six men sitting beside him to whom he had told it once.

"I was just showing them this ticket," he said. And he produced a ticket about three inches by five, that had once been stiff and yellow; faded now, and jagged about the edges as an old soldier's discharge sheet. He fumbled with it awhile, as though a little embarrassed; so I did not stretch out a hand for it and he kept it in his fingers, twisting it round as he talked.

"It was in Aden a long time ago. I was on my way eastwards, and we were to stop there five hours. We went ashore, in the way one does, and began looking round. And I had not gone far when my eyes were caught by two placards outside a hotel. One said 'High Grade Teas,' and the other said 'Mermaid on View.'

"Well, I had only gone ashore to look round, so I thought I'd begin there; and I went inside to ask about the mermaid. And the man I asked merely gave me this ticket and said to me, 'One rupee.' I paid the rupee, and—well, here is the ticket."

And this time Jorkens handed it to me. On the yellow ticket were printed in capital letters the two words "Mermaid Ticket," and in small letters below it, "One Rupee." No man would have such a thing printed in order to corroborate a story that he was to tell at a club years later, and I could see that the ticket was years old. It was this ticket as much as anything that decided me to record this story; not that it is absolute proof of it, but it showed me that there was too much material there for me or anyone else to brush aside.

"Well, I was shown in with my ticket," Jorkens continued, "to a long room rather badly lighted, with a high screen at the end of it, and just space at the left-hand end to get round the screen, and a man standing there to take my ticket. In the end I got him to let me keep it, for I guessed the possibility of an unusual story and I value these bits of corroboration, though I was miles from guessing all that that idly bought ticket would mean to me.

"**It is like** that with the past: it is all gone now; gone forever with all its vastness, all its tremendous import; but it is made out of trifles like that one-rupee ticket bought in an hour to spare, ashore at Aden. All gone now.

"Well, I walked round the end of the screen, and there was a tank, with glass sides, and rocks in it rising up through the water, and a live mermaid on one of the rocks combing her hair. At least she ought to have been combing her hair, as she told me afterwards; it was one of the rules of the hotel; but as a matter of fact she was doing nothing at all except sitting there on a piece of seaweed and whistling, with her brass comb away on a rock at the other side of the tank.

By Lord Dunsany

" 'That's a nice tune you're whistling, Miss,' I said. 'Oh, do you think so really?' she answered.

"I need hardly say that I do not usually address young women as 'Miss,' but it struck me that as an exhibit in a hotel in Aden she might not have been accustomed to such refinements and courtesies as would have come the way of a barmaid in a first-class London eating house.

"Indeed, she suggested this thought at once from the way she pronounced 'really.' And then by calling her 'Miss' I was stressing the human side of her. I thought that that would please her; and it was my immediate recognition of her humanity, a point that I always exaggerated, which as much as anything made us friends from the start.

"Others went in with their tickets looking for something odd; and of course the more that they looked for it the more they found things that were queer about her.

"Then there were those, more kind but quite as silly, who pitied her for being partly fish. They had merely annoyed her. Yes, it was a curious thing about that mermaid; she was always flattered by being mistaken for a lady, and yet in her heart she was far more fish than woman.

"**Well, I said** to her next, 'Yes, I think it is very nice.' And she said, 'Is it really?'

"And then we got to talking about social events at Aden, about who was coming to the hotel, and one thing and another, though all the time her heart was far out at sea."

"And do you mean," inquired Morden, who was one of those present, "that there really are such creatures?"

"Well," said Jorkens, "there was this one, at any rate. Whether there are many of them is for Science to say. And Science one day will. At present the men of that calling are doing all their biological work to prove that there is a definite unbridged gulf between us and the apes. That must always be our first interest, so far as biology goes.

"Some," he said, looking at Morden, "are naturally more interested in that than others. But when they have proved that, when we can all be sure that there is no taint of the ape in man, then it will be time enough to work to the point at which we are related to fishes.

"Let me see, what was I saying? Ah, yes, we were talking, she and I, about who was coming to stay at the hotel. Nobody interrupted us. All the rest of my fellow passengers had gone to see the tanks of the Queen of Sheba, that she had made in rocky valleys to catch the shower that falls there once a year.

"One young man came in, as we talked, with his yellow ticket. But with a flick of her tail she was behind one of the rocks at once and leaning over the top of it, with her bright brass comb in her hand, and not a scale visible, the very image of a fake in a cheap show. 'Do you call that a mermaid?' he said to the ticket collector. And the attendant only smiled foolishly. He didn't care so long as he got the ticket.

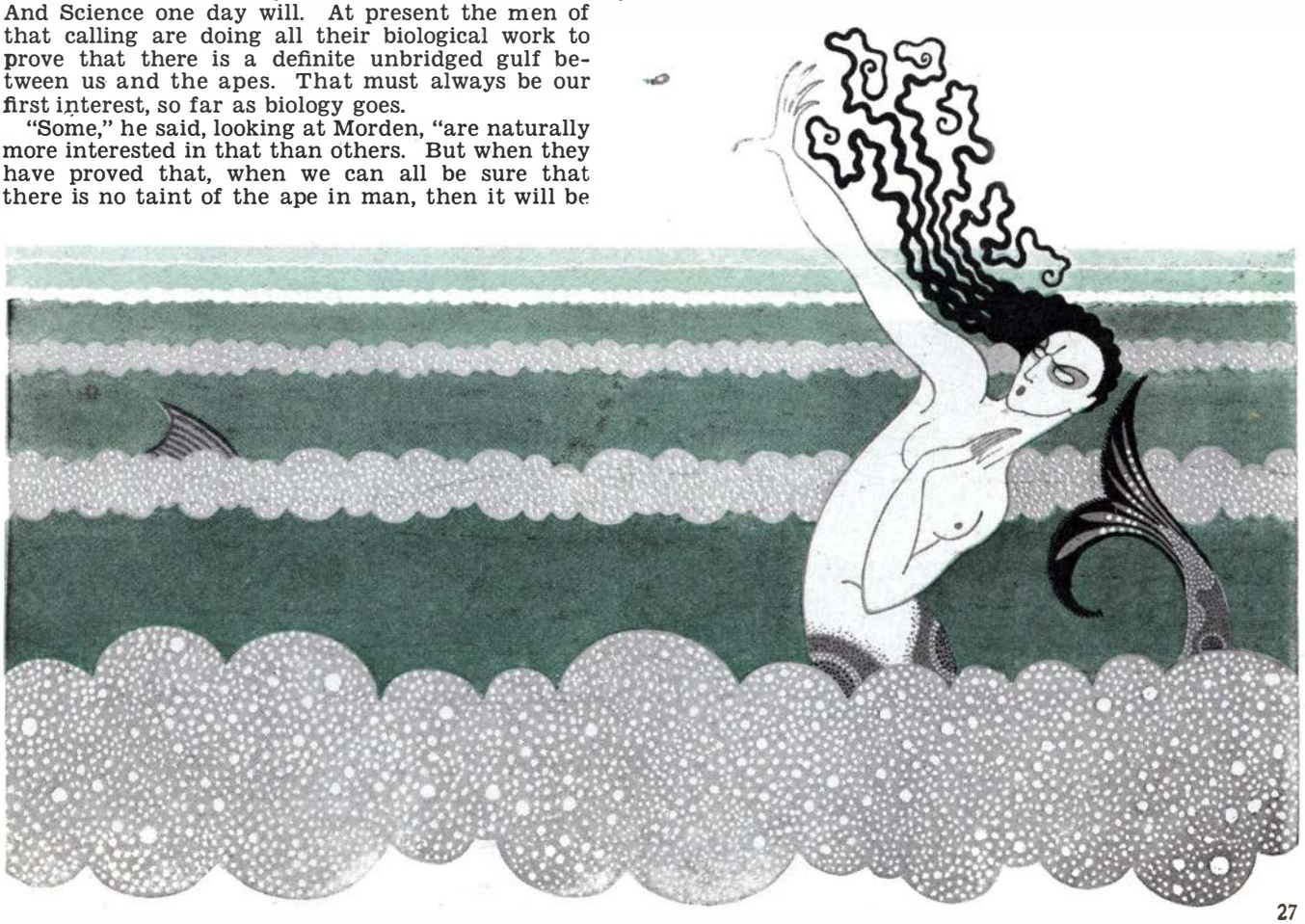
"Nobody else came near us. And after a while I gave another rupee to the man, in case he should come and say that my time was up.

"He sauntered away after that, and then we were quite alone.

"I suppose every girl has certain surroundings in which she looks her best. Certainly, half in the water and half out, among those rocks that the management had had covered with seaweeds of every color, and a shell or two on white sand on the floor of the tank, she looked perfectly splendid. And so I told her.

" 'Do you really think so?' she said. And I think my remark pleased her. In her eyes there was something of the deep ocean, a long way out from shore; dark blues and greens and flashes and trembling lights, and colors you could not follow; green just where you'd swear it was blue, then blue again, and every now and then a streak of what you'd call lilac if it wasn't absurd to name such a color in trying to tell of eyes.

"Whenever I looked at them they made me think of great deeps, lonely and shoreless, shining with unseen



splendors immeasurably fairer than land. And I tried to get her to speak of the wandering tides of her home. Do you know, you might as well have gone to some glorious singer, or to some world-famous actress, right at the height of her triumphs, and tried to have a talk with her about dairying.

"The tittle-tattle of the hotel was what she wanted, and whether the man in the dry-goods shop over the way had lately bought a new bicycle. So I talked all that tittle-tattle to her, and some more that I had got out of an old illustrated paper we had on the ship, in order to go on looking at the mystery of her eyes, lighting up with every silly trifle I told her, till they were like what imagination perceives in the deeps of strange seas.

"And so the time went by, till I told her that soon I had to go back to the ship. At this she said, 'Ow,' so plaintively that, ill-advised though it seems, and hasty and rash as it certainly was, I made up my mind in that instant to throw over my journey and get hold of my luggage and leave the ship at Aden.

"Well, I was luckily able to get all my kit off the ship, but I would have gone without any. And so I would to this day, and barefoot, and penniless, and walking all the way, if I could walk there; not to Aden but into the past, where that romance was.

"Oh, the green of those seas, and oh, those sunsets and the blaze of the afterglow! I'm sure they don't shine like that now. I never hear any one of the thousands that pass by Aden talking of it.

"I know they are all gone, all those colors and lights. And nothing remains but this dark dripping evening.

"Well, I went back and stopped at that hotel. And the next day I had a drink with the manager, sitting outside his door, watching the folk of their small world go by, and asked him the price of his mermaid. And he said he wouldn't sell her for a thousand pounds. Of course if a man talks like that while you are having a drink with him, there isn't the ghost of a chance that he'll ever do business. I saw that, and I said no more of it.

"Well, it's a long time ago, and if I don't tell you the truth I'll spoil my story. And the truth is that there and then I made up my mind to steal her. I've never excused myself, and I don't do so now. At any rate, I never quibbled or canted about it. I never said that she would be happier somewhere else; that towns did not agree with her; that she was meant to be free; that I'd made the man a fair offer.

"She belonged to the hotel, and I knew it, and I made up my mind to steal her. That's the bare truth; and however much honesty I have lost in your eyes, I'll at any rate stick to that."

For a moment I felt, and so, I am sure, did all of us, that something was due to be said about Jorkens' perfect integrity. And yet it was difficult to think what. The mermaid obviously belonged to the hotel, and Jorkens was going to steal her. Somebody said at last, "Oh, I am sure it was quite all right." And that very feeble remark was the best we could do amongst us.

"Well, rightly or wrongly," Jorkens continued, "and we may leave out rightly, I made up my mind to steal her. I went to her then to talk it all over, and of course I paid my rupee."

That, somehow, to me was the worst of the whole story; the satisfaction, almost the smugness, with which he told us he paid that rupee. What did it amount to but an admission of, and a respect for, the hotel proprietors' ownership of that mermaid. Those tickets were their earnings. And here was he about to take away their capital, and punctiliously paying them five minutes' income upon it. It's queer how that rupee stuck in my gizzard more than the whole mermaid.

"She was quite ready to come," Jorkens went on. "I promised to marry her. 'What's that?' she said; for she knew nothing but the deeps of the sea, and the tank in the Grand Hotel, and once for half an hour a fisherman's net.

"I had made my plans, and for a while I talked them over with her; but those strange blue-green eyes, like ocean currents woven with rays of the moon, would always flash at the sight of a passing hat, if they caught it over the darkened half of the window. Then she would want to know who the wearer was, and if he was coming to the hotel, and whether to have a drink or perchance to stay, and whether he had bought the hat in Aden and at what shop. So after a while I stopped discussing my plans with her, and only told her what she would have to do.

"Well, this was the plan I made. And the first thing I needed was a Bath chair. As there had never been one in Aden I got one made by a carpenter. It excited

no suspicion, because I managed to cover it by Fashion, which is the sacredest thing in England, but in Aden it seemed to have a double sanctity. Not that a Bath chair is fashionable in England now. We must give the cocktails a few more years to sink in before it comes to its own again.

"But it's queer how old fashions float round the world like driftwood; and in Aden, where Landseer was beginning to be appreciated, and Marcus Stone had not yet come, they were all ready to welcome a Bath chair as soon as I mentioned it. So I got one made with wood and old wheels and a strip of tarpaulin; and found a man who would pull it for five annas an hour. And the next thing I had to do was find a girl to go in it.

"You see, I couldn't go up to the hotel and drive straight off with the mermaid. The Bath chair was the first place they'd have looked for her. So I had to have the Bath chair definitely occupied by somebody else in the sight of all Aden. Well, I found a girl to do it: I paid her a pound. And I promised her a pound a month more for so long as she didn't talk about it.

"I made her wear a veil and gave her a green parasol and a white dress; and I got a black wig made for her, the color of my mermaid's hair. Then I had her pulled up and down the beach by the man, before the heat of the day, and again in the evening, every day for four days. We became prominent figures of Aden in those few days, going along that beach with the green sea behind us. I changed the green parasol for a blue one on the second day, for the contrast it made against that emerald sea.

"What excited more curiosity than the actual sight of us going along the beach was the speculation as to who the lady was. I had wanted to excite curiosity, in order to establish definitely that that Bath chair had an occupant long before anybody should miss the mermaid, but this curiosity was almost too much for me; had it not been for two seas and the Arabian Desert, there is no saying how far it would have spread. As it was, it was the principal topic in Aden for more than a week.

"I had a lot to do during those four days besides walking along the beach by the side of the Bath chair. All my plans had to be ready. I'm afraid it is the more innocent thieves who get caught. Those who give their whole minds to their crime, as I was doing, before beginning to steal at all, rise to high place and honor. Only, every plan must be perfect.

"And another thing is that after you've worked carefully for a while luck begins to favor you. I was extraordinarily lucky to be able to rent a small house up on the cinders of which Aden is made, above the town with a fine view out to sea. It belonged to the manager of some business they had, which was on its last legs, and he was just retiring.

"Then I had to get in touch with the clergyman there, and of course the mermaid had to have a name; and I found from the clergyman that she also had to have a parish.

"Well, I went to see her, paying my rupee as usual, and told her about her name. They had given her some silly name in the hotel, and I told her that that wouldn't do at all. Well, I could never discuss things with her easily; a different color would suddenly flash in those eyes, and her mind would be off after some other subject quick as a startled fish. So I had to choose her name myself

"For her Christian name I thought of 'Siren'; and yet somehow she didn't remind me at all of a siren. She reminded me more of a barmaid I once knew at Brighton, a long while ago, called Gladys. As for her surname, I named her after her parish.

"You, Alton, are a lawyer," he said, turning to the man on his left. "You know that everyone born at sea is born legally in the parish of Stepney."

"Well——" Alton was beginning, but Jorkens swept on, for points like this were interesting to Alton and only funny to Jorkens, and to discuss such things between these two would have been useless.

"So she became Gladys Stepney," said Jorkens. "She had a bit of a dress. They used to dress her, she told me, in a green arrangement like seaweed; but what must have been a missionary had come along and said it ought to be black; so they gave her a small black skirt that she'd worn ever since. And now I had to get a decent dress for her; and you'll never guess what else I got for her, never. And she liked it too.

"A pair of boots. Yes, boots to stick up from the tarpaulin at the end of the Bath chair. I take no credit for it—it was just thievish cunning; but I will say, on my solemn word, she was the only thing I ever stole in my life. Of course the dress was white, stitch for stitch the same as the one I'd got for the lady of Aden.

"Well, the day came, and I picked my hour. Midnight's the time for such work as that in England, when honest men are asleep, afraid (*Continued on page 104*)

Photographs by N. Lazarnick

The house that Joan

I'll be darned if I've been able to get away from "squarehead" influences, even inland, far from the pungent odor of sailing ships and bilge water, for I bought an old stone ruin of a house which was built by Swedes in 1679. Those Swedes certainly erected their "wikiups" for keeps.

My dearest friends shook their heads sadly at my purchase. "Who'd live in that dump heap?" and, "Joan has bought a gold brick this time," were typical of the remarks whispered over my lapse of sanity—all of which fell on my shell-pink ears without avail.

The fact that I had hurled at me for my autobiographical efforts enough bricks to build myself a castle, including a Bridge of Sighs and a Moat of Despond, did not dampen my enthusiasm for a house as solid as authors' heads should be!

Avidly I held on to the thought, "Here is a house that I can go to sleep in and wake up in the same place the next morning. It won't drift hither and thither with changing winds and treacherous currents." Then, too, hadn't I read the success stories of our most prominent authors, wherein they fled from the "gross materialism" of cities and the filthy money pots of editors who dared insult them by offering mere lucre for their works of genius—fled to the country and sought seclusion for their wounded souls in "the solitude of Nature" or something like that?

Well, I was going to be a genius; if it took atmosphere I would have that—in fact, I have one hundred and eleven acres of it—and if to run from the admiring hurrahs of the public, and hide my blushes of delight that something I'd written would even be *printed,* was the thing the best authors did, I'd bury myself under bushes, barns and hayfields, too.

My greatest curse, it seems, is that I am young and follow the example of the aged ripe minds of the Superior Sex. I have lived here now for nearly a year and I don't seem to be developing any symptoms of genius—which makes my childish brain begin to wonder if those successful authors in their biographies told the truth of how they got that way.

No masterpieces have dripped from the ribbon of my typewriter, nor yet do I hear the din of editors clamoring for my manuscripts. But I have unruined a ruin of a house so that it is now a show place of historical value and beauty.

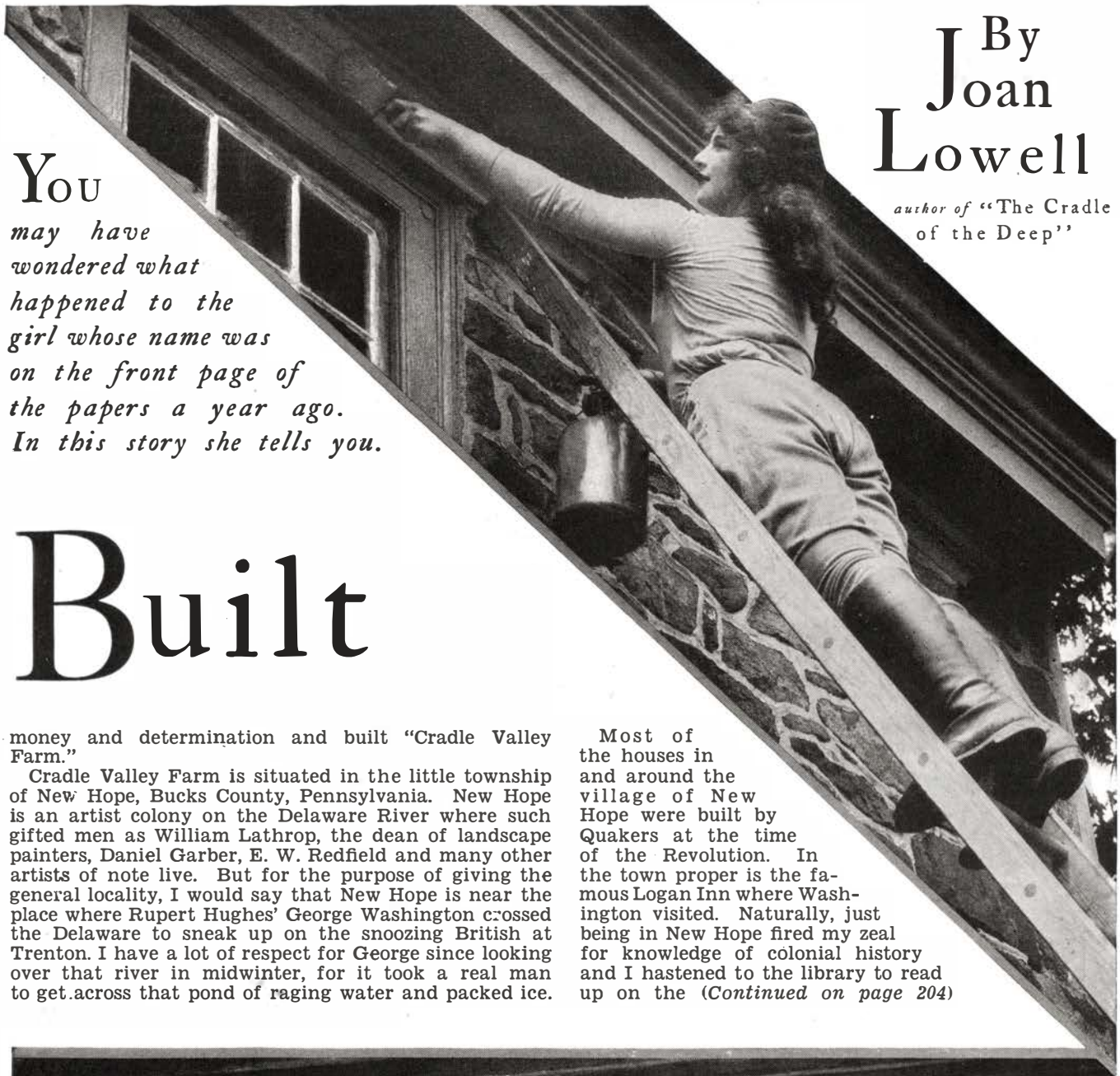
Instead of getting geniusy, I get healthier and humaner: instead of seeing visions to preserve for posterity, I shovel fertilizer on my strawberry beds and asparagus (I don't know whether asparagus lives in beds, flocks or rows), fight weevils in the grain, potato bugs in the spud patch and crows in the corn field, and retreat to my four-poster from sheer exhaustion, there to listen in vain for the ghosts of those who have slept in that antique to come through with confessions of tragedies and comedies which must have occurred on its hard slats.

This is the first time you've seen Joan's skipper and father.

Even concentrating on the samplers on the walls (all colonial houses must have samplers in them), while I endeavor to weave around them stories of what hand embroidered them, I find myself baffled with doubt. Did those hands that stitched so carefully ever hold a cigaret, or their owners sigh in vain for a redcoat who kissed and fled away for the good of his country?

I'm afraid I'll never know, for poster beds, hooked rugs, samplers, spinning wheels and other antiquities are not so frank and outspoken as this awful modern generation. Fancy their holding out on me after I bought them and honored them by letting them live in my historic house!

But now to get back to the unruining process, which in itself is an accomplishment. Men, please take note. Here is a woman who created something out of nothing—I, a mere rag, bone and two hanks of hair, took stone, plaster, worm-eaten wood, two chimneys, six months' work,



You may have wondered what happened to the girl whose name was on the front page of the papers a year ago. In this story she tells you.

Built

By Joan Lowell

author of "The Cradle of the Deep"

money and determination and built "Cradle Valley Farm."

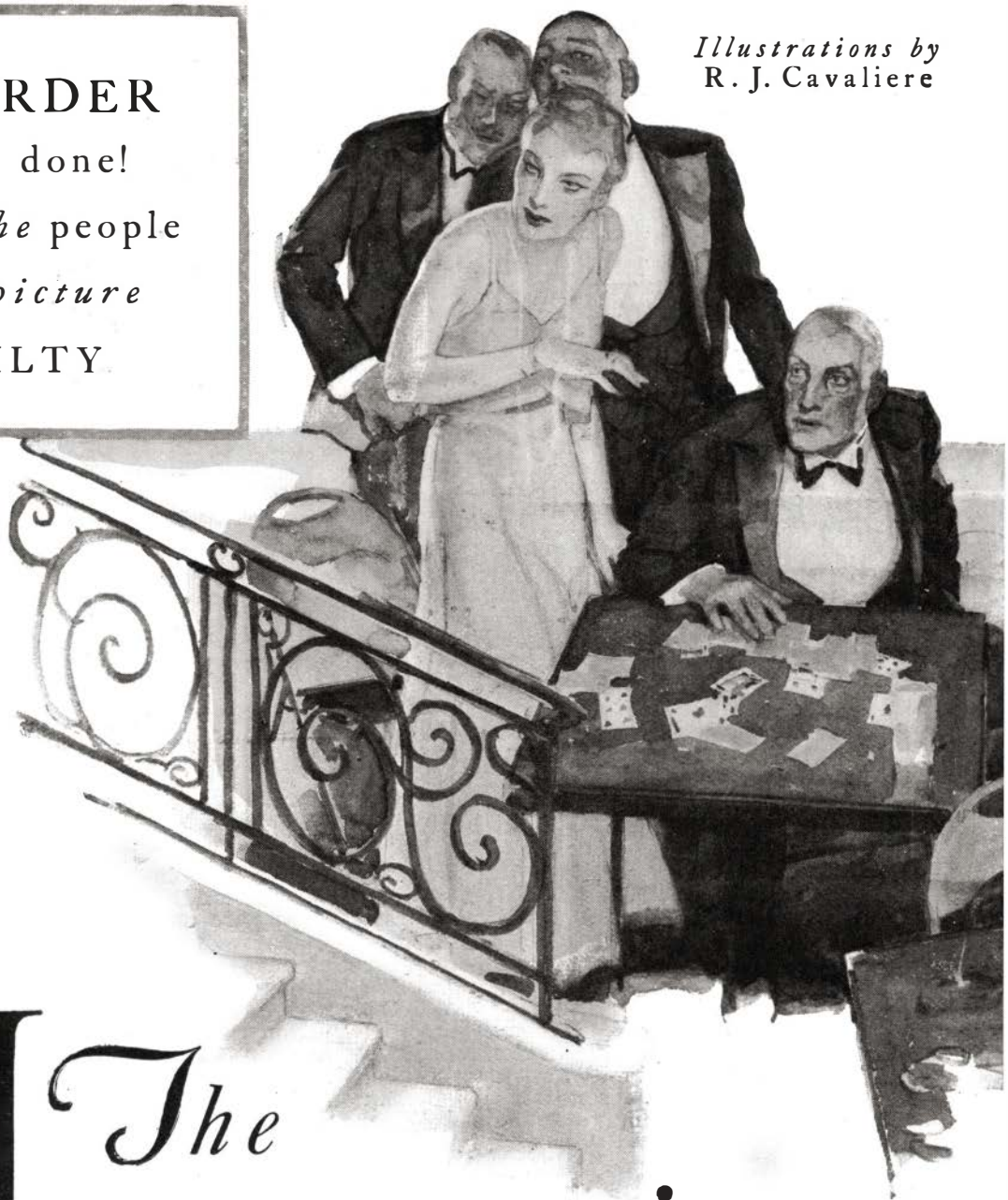
Cradle Valley Farm is situated in the little township of New Hope, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. New Hope is an artist colony on the Delaware River where such gifted men as William Lathrop, the dean of landscape painters, Daniel Garber, E. W. Redfield and many other artists of note live. But for the purpose of giving the general locality, I would say that New Hope is near the place where Rupert Hughes' George Washington crossed the Delaware to sneak up on the snoozing British at Trenton. I have a lot of respect for George since looking over that river in midwinter, for it took a real man to get across that pond of raging water and packed ice.

Most of the houses in and around the village of New Hope were built by Quakers at the time of the Revolution. In the town proper is the famous Logan Inn where Washington visited. Naturally, just being in New Hope fired my zeal for knowledge of colonial history and I hastened to the library to read up on the (*Continued on page 204*)

Making over a stone ruin has its glories. Decorators come to scoff and remain to marvel.

A MURDER
has been done!
ONE *of the* people
in this picture
is GUILTY

Illustrations by
R. J. Cavaliere



The Masterpiece

Looking back on it all, Staggner could see no flaws and no blowholes in the murder he had committed. The best proof of that was that the police never once singled him out from the others who were in the house at the time, for direct suspicion or even for special scrutiny. In fact, the police never really suspected anybody in particular.

So Staggner could look over his shoulder without real apprehension and certainly without remorse. Regret that his original object had failed? Yes, naturally he had that. But remorse?—no, none whatsoever. His chief feeling was rather one of satisfaction for his own smartness.

This feeling prevailed with him during those first few weeks when public interest was febrile and brisk, and before the case began to be listed among the "unsolved mysteries" of the year. Along there his main sensation might have been likened to that of a player who, single-handed and for high stakes, plays a difficult and unfamiliar and exciting game against a whole troupe of skilled adversaries and at each turn of the cards wins, and wins, and keeps on winning.

All through his life Staggner had been hearing of the fool-proof murder, or in other words, the perfect crime, in which the criminal leaves behind no loose ends for the detectives to pick up, no trails for the bloodhounds to smell out. Often enough he had heard it said or had read that this perfect crime likewise is the impossible crime because, being a thing of human contriving, the equation of human error inevitably must enter into it. Murder Will Out! That was an old saying.

Now, lo and behold, the perfect crime had been committed and he, of all men alive, was the man who had committed it. Why, he was one in a million. Indeed, if the United States census figures didn't lie about it, he was one in about a hundred and ten millions.

He wasn't a professional killer, either. Far from it. This Olivia Thames was the only person he had ever

by Irvin S. Cobb

killed. He never expected to have to kill anyone else. He wasn't the sort to go around killing people.

To make it all the stranger, he was without prior experience along lines of criminal endeavor. Finally, there was this to be said: it was not an act which in advance had been planned or contemplated even. It had grown out of an unforeseen contingency, so that all the covering-up of tracks, all the destroying of dangerous evidence, had to be done after the event, and done within a space of minutes, and some part of it done before the eyes of witnesses.

Nevertheless, he, Wally Staggner, and he a rank amateur, had killed this fat beldame of a woman deftly, quietly, quickly, and as you might almost say, cleanly, and had come out of the subsequent emergency and general messiness as smooth as a whistle and as free as a bird. He told himself he couldn't blame himself for being a bit toploftical over the outcome.

Nobody had known how desperately he had wanted a lot of money. That had helped. The fact that nobody was aware he wanted money stood him in good stead during all those prolonged inquiries when the police were prying about, trying to find a possible motive, a plausible reason. any peg upon which to hang an accusation.

He wanted this money so he might marry that alleged Polish countess he had met in Italy. She wouldn't marry any man who hadn't plenty of money. She told him so, practically in so many words. But nobody over here knew of his infatuation for this woman with her chinchilla-colored eyes and her honey-colored hair, and nobody at all, with the possible exception of the lady adventurer herself, knew how, with so desperate a craving, he craved for money.

He had come home panting after her as the hart is said to pant after the water-brooks and with a brain whirling to a desire for money and plenty of it. Oh, she'd spend it for him once he got it and she got him. He appreciated that all right enough, but for what might follow in their future together he took no thought nor gave any heed. Possession of her—that was what his

¶ The murder had grown out of an unforeseen contingency.

whole being demanded, and since a heap of good hard Yankee dollars was the price he must pay for his season in a lover's paradise, why, so be it.

The big notion which led to everything else came to him the Friday night in October when he drove up to Westchester for the week-end party that was being given by Solly Lennix, the moving-picture man, and Solly Lennix's newest wife. Two factors entered into the sudden forming of his purpose. The first of these was the presence of this Mrs. Olivia Thames. Besides being a woman who still kept, embedded in unwholesome bloat, some few traces of a beauty which once had made her notorious, this Thames woman was at least four other things: namely, a former actress, a frequent divorcée, a habitual souse and a reputed hophead.

Staggner, having been shown to his room on arrival and having dressed, came down to the overdone library, to find her there in evening make-up with the Lennixes and most of their guests. She blazed with jewels and already was incandescent with brandy or whatever it was she drank.

Giving her a nod and a quick glance of appraisal, Staggner merely remarked inwardly that for half an hour before dinner she was pretty thoroughly illuminated, even for her. That, for the moment, was all the thought he gave her.

A minute later when the butler came to him with a laden tray, Staggner, with a little interior throb, recognized the man.

Less than three months before, getting local color for an underworld scenario he was working on, he had gone to Police Headquarters one morning for the crooks' line-up and there, unless he was mistaken now—and he wasn't mistaken now; of that much he was sure—this selfsame smug-faced, light-stepping individual who now offered him cocktails had been paraded out as one of the catch of the preceding twenty-four hours. Something about this particular person's manner or appearance had impressed itself upon him at the time and the memory had stuck.

Staggner's first impulse was to draw Solly aside and warn him that he had a rogue, probably with forged credentials, in his household staff. But just then, snap! —like that—an idea clicked in his brain, an idea in which, thus quickly and thus soon, he was coupling the pussy-footed butler with Olivia Thames. Over his tilted glass, he studied her by piecemeal and, with suddenly covetous eyes, summed up what two minutes before he had casually been cognizant of, and that was that on fingers and arms and breast she was burdened with jewels—diamonds, emeralds, rubies and, looped about her throat and dangling below her problematical waistline, a famous rope of matched pearls, reputed formerly to have been the possession of a refugee Russian princess, and bestowed on the present possessor by the most recent of her string of affluent husbands. It would be like her to go about with all the precious junk she owned on display. She was the type.

And a good thing, too, that she was the type, because all in one swift instant he was saying to himself that assuming, just for instance, some of her jewels or, for that matter, all of them, should disappear and on top of that, assuming further, it developed that a notorious thief, a rascal with a long police record, was masquerading as a servant under the same roof with her at the moment of their disappearance, why, then, in such case what more natural, yes, what more inevitable a conclusion could anyone conceive of than that official suspicion would center upon the exposed scoundrel for long enough to enable the real culprit to make a clean get-away with the swag? He didn't take into account that purloined gems of great value and of reputation among the gem-dealers might be hard to dispose of.

Swiftly, over and over again, he was telling himself that the pearls alone were said to be worth, by expert valuation, two hundred thousand dollars and to be insured for some such sum. All that concerned him—and this should help to show what a novice at larcenous games was Staggner—was the certainty that with the worth of half of what that overfleshed caricature wore, he could buy the favor of his Polish countess.

Give him a chance, give him but an opening to make a chance and he'd have a brisk try for it. All in this flash of time his resolution took shape.

It was a typical Solly Lennix dinner—persons who were smartly polished and persons who merely were shiny with the thin shellac of a sudden affluence; boisterous ones and sinister-looking ones and simple-looking ones sitting down together, twenty-odd strong, at an overburdened table: and plenty to eat and drink there, and plenty to laugh at and be noisy over. As an established but not a notable free-lancing scenario writer and subtitler, Staggner, in a way, fitted the setting and, in another way, did not.

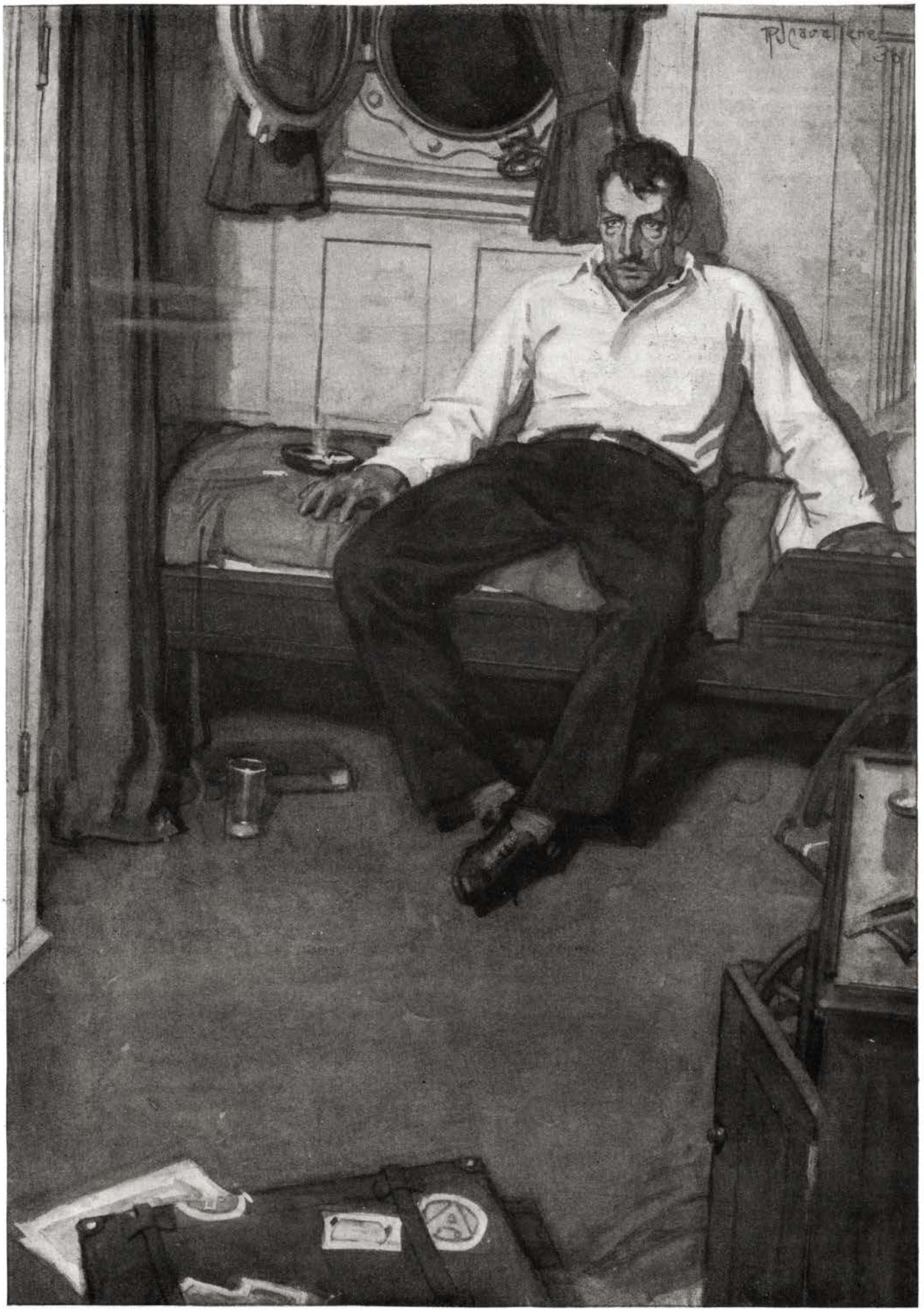
From where he sat among the lesser fry down toward the foot of the table, sandwiched in between the flashy wife of a flashy Wall Street man named Glosscup and a somewhat stringy and faded woman playwright named Baylor, he could watch Olivia Thames, whose place was almost opposite him. He did watch her and marked how steadily she punished Solly's sweet champagne.

Solly, up yonder at the head, was in his best form or his worst; it depended on how you took Solly. Whatever else you might say about Solly you had to give him credit for being a game guy. About him there was nothing to indicate that he was in deep waters financially and about to be in still deeper.

Within three months' time Solly would be out of the moving-picture game and out of this house, and the house and its contents would be for sale to pay off some of the judgments against him. The wolves would be on him then, picking his bones clean. But tonight he was the life of the party.

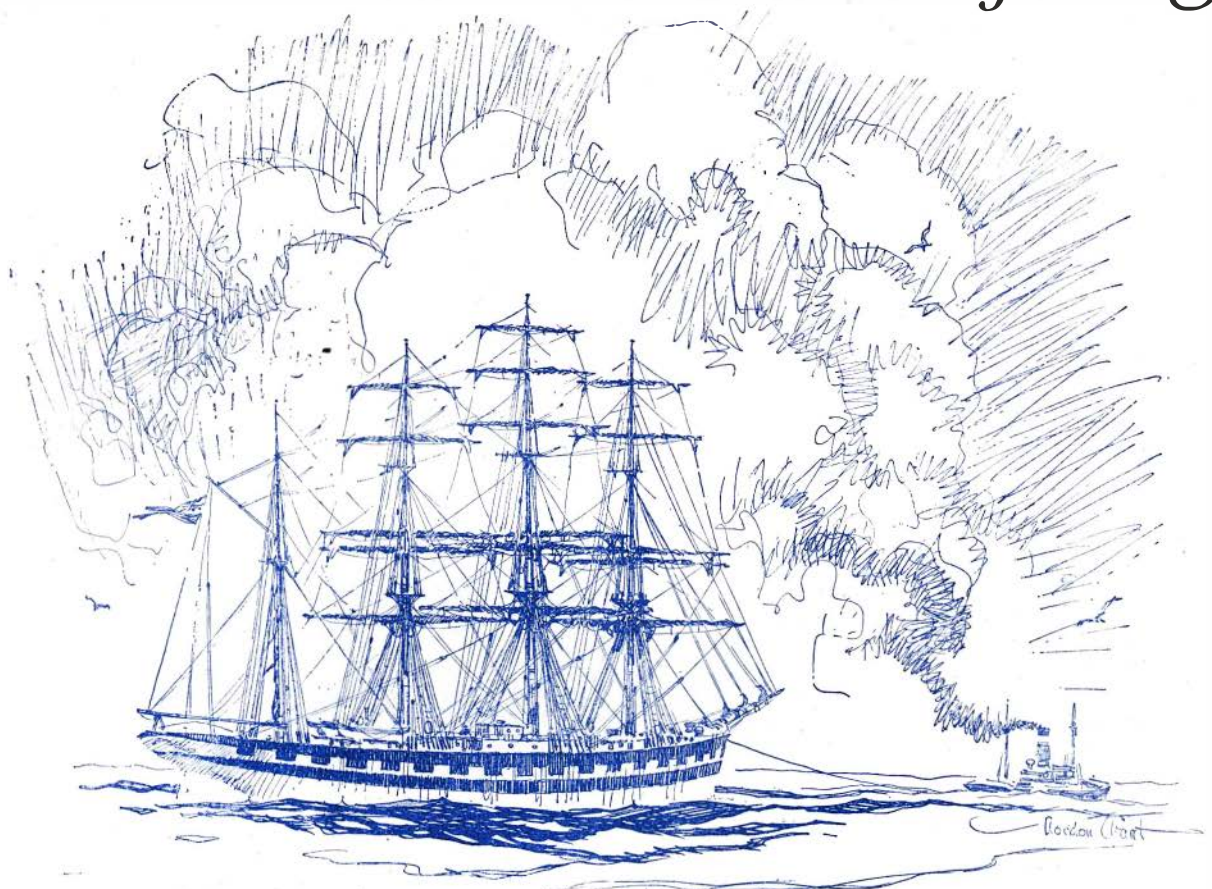
The guzzling Thames woman proved her capacity. Not until the dinner ended did the liquid ballast begin to shift on her so that she lurched and listed heavily as she rose to her feet. Her waddle had changed to a stagger. She reached the doorway, though, before she went down on her knees, her gross face becoming suddenly blank of all expression.

There was a guffaw from some of the men, a giggle from some of the women, and two men who hadn't laughed heaved her up on her feet. They had to prop her upright. She was dead (*Continued on page 180*)



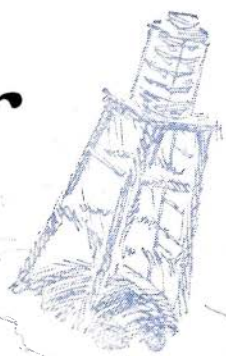
Staggner's countess had been married to an Argentine. He wasn't as broken-hearted as he had figured he was going to be. It came to him that he was beginning to think more about the dead woman than about the live woman he had lost.

The new Poet Laureate *records the* Fate *of a* Gallant Ship



The Wanderer

by John Masefield



Its Ending

ONCE, long before, at her second outgoing down Channel
Rerigged and re-captained, the tug Sarah Jolliffe had towed,
Now at her last putting forth from the port of her building
The tug Sarah Jolliffe again took her forth over bar.

Adown the gray river to seaward in ballast she towed
All high and uncomely, but gay as before with her flags,
And gay, in the April, past all the loud toil of the town,
The Riveter's hammers, the hooting of sirens, the clang
Of the bells of the ferries, the threshing of screws in the stream,
The rattle of winches, the trample and clatter of drays,
She followed her tug to the gate she would never repass.

So down the gray highway of England she stood to the south
Past beacons that pointed the pathway or warned of the shoal,
The mountains of Wales on the left, underneath her the wreck
Shed from her masts at her first setting forth under Currie.

The April was bright on the water that bore her away
By Brachy she towed, by the Mumbles, away to the south
Past Bristol, where once she had loaded, past Lundy's north
cliff
And away past Bull Point for Tintagel and Pentire Head.
And as she advanct, towing southward, those watchers of ships
Sang from their places a song of the outgoing spirit
A cry to all farers on ways upon water or earth.

Adventure on, companion, for this
Is God's most greatest gift, the thing that is.
Take it, although it lead to the abyss.

Ceaselessly, like the sunlight, life is spilled
Into these channels till the purpose willed
Meet with the End that is to be fulfilled.

A LITTLE hour is given to apprehend
Divine companions from the mortal friend
From mortal hearts a life that cannot end.

Go forth to seek: the quarry never found
Is still a fever to the questing hound,
The skyline is a promise, not a bound.

Therefore, go forth, companion: when you find

No highway more, no track, all being blind
The way to go shall glimmer in the mind.

Though you have conquered Earth and charted Sea
And planned the courses of all stars that be
Adventure on, more wonders are in thee,

Adventure on, for from the little clue
Has come whatever worth man ever knew;
The next to lighten all men may be you.

Adventure on, and if you suffer, swear
That the next venturer shall have less to bear
Your way will be retrodden, make it fair.

Think, though you thunder on in might, in pride,
Others may follow fainting, without guide,
Burn out a trackway for them; blaze it wide.

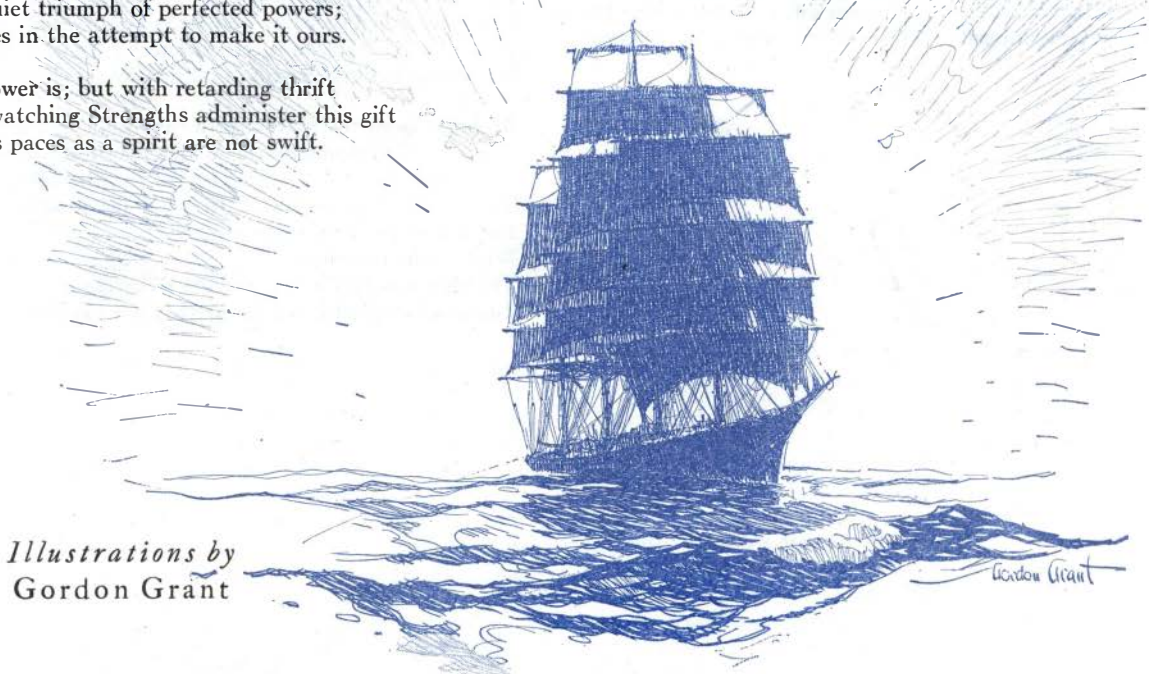
Only one banner, Hope: only one star
To steer by, Hope, a dim one seen afar
Yet naught will vanquish Hope and nothing bar.

Your Hope is what you venture for, your Hope
Is but the shadowed semblance of your scope
The chink of gleaming towards which you grope.

WHAT though the gleam be but a feeble one
Go on, the man behind you may have none;
Even the dimmest gleam is from the sun.

All beauty is. No paradise of flowers;
No quiet triumph of perfected powers;
It lives in the attempt to make it ours.

All power is; but with retarding thrift
The watching Strengths administer this gift
Man's paces as a spirit are not swift.



Illustrations by
Gordon Grant

All that has been imagined from of old
Is, but more glorious a thousandfold;
The pebble lightens, and the clay is gold.

And you, the gray thing dragging on the sea;
Go as a man goes in eternity
Under a crown of stars to destiny.

Therefore adventure forth with valiant heart
Knowing that in the utmost stretch of art
Life communes with its heavenly counterpart.

* * * * * *

So singing, the Watchers beheld her go on in the dusk
The evening star brightened the dimness; Pentire dimmed down,
The lights of the Land's End were beacons to show her her way.

Now Eastwards she turns by the Land's End, the eater of ships,
The Khyber cried to her from seld-litten greenness of gloom
"I once was a swiftness that trampled the billow-tops white
But now I lie broken in darkness with congers and crabs."
The Peregrine cried "I was queen: but my crown has been reft;
In darkness destruction came on me, my beauty has faln.
Men called me the beautiful ship in the seaports of home."

AND now to the Wanderer towing, the Lizard appeared,
The Lizard, the landfall beloved of the homecoming men
The first light of home they behold after long months away
An outpost of England, sea-fronted, uplifting her lamp.

And now from the darkness of water the Cromdale outcried
"O beautiful passer, I once was the Cromdale, a queen
Most lofty, most lovely, most delicate stag of the sea,
Now nothing but jaggings of iron encrusted with shells,
Deep down among swayings of sea weed and whipping of fish.
Yet sweet is the sound of the water about a ship's bows,
And lovely the shadow of ships going by overhead."

And another voice rose from the water, the voice of the Queen,
Queen Margaret, saying, "O Wanderer, star of the sea,
I once was the glory of all of the seas of the world
In sailing I set forty sails, I exulted, I strode,
I rusht like the sea-streaming dolphin, the frigate-bird white
Skimming over the measureless miles leaping wave on blue wave
And crushing their blueness to greenness, the greenness to white
In a track a mile broad rolling outward all glittering gay.
And seamen remember my running the seas of the Horn
Pursued by the toppling gray combers uplifted astern

Forth thundering eastward all dim with the smoke of my spray
Now scoured or heapt by the under-sea currents I lie
All crusht out of glory, unseen, save perhaps from the sky
By high-cruising gannets intent upon shadowlike fish."

Then anon from the crags to the northward another voice spoke
"I, too, hoped for home, I, the Panama Bay, whom the storm
Set suddenly onto the rocks whence no ship has escapt.
All rusty and ragged with ruin I cumber the swirls,
The sea grants a truce, not a pardon: ships may not live long
Ships tread on an uncovered grave and their last port is Death."

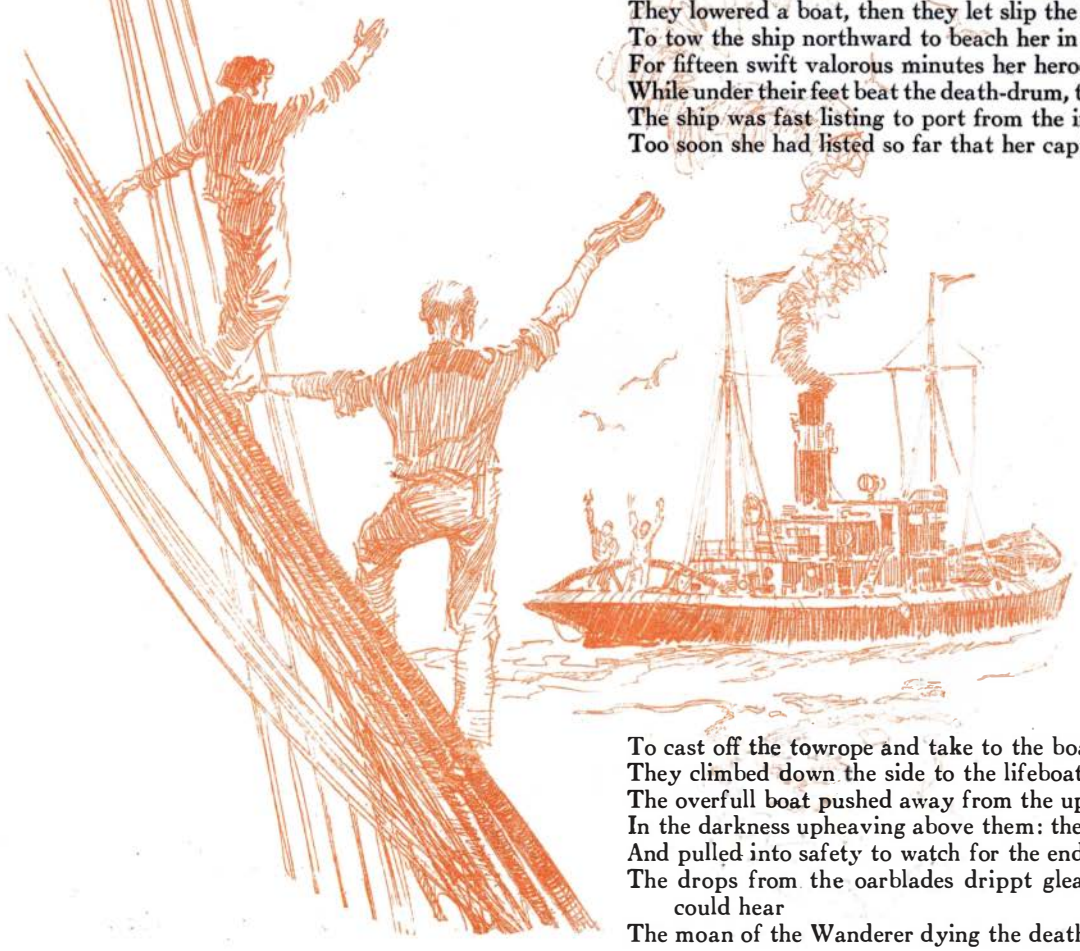
In bright April weather, the Wanderer towed past the coast,
To leeward lay Falmouth where once she had sheltered from
storm
Beyond lay Bolt Tail and the sea-jutting headland of Start,

All the headlands of lights stretching out, all the signalling heads
Which had guided her seawards, or welcomed her home from the sea.

Off Portland another voice spoke from the depths of the sea:—
"I once was the Siren, in Queenstown beside you of old.
Of all the world's beautiful ships we were surely the queens.
O would we were racing down Channel again as of old
With skysail poles bending, the leescuppers flashing with spray,
The leaning high canvas complaining and straining and dark
Dark with wings dipping, or spindrift: the lean shaving shearing
Of the cutwaters heaving white water as high as the rail,
And the men at the tackles high-crying to board down the tacks
But Fate smote my going asunder: I gallop no more
On the fenceless green foam-blossomed fields of the horses of storm,
The speechless fish pasture within me; the lobsters' eyes peer
The darkness within me dim-gleaming with shine of the sea.
I once was the Siren: we two were the queens, you and I."

SO ONWARDS the Wanderer towed till the bright April day
Dimmed and the sunset was crimson and darkness drew on
And England lay dimly to leeward and light after light
Cast out her message, and town after town glittered bright,
And the French lights showed faintly as onwards the Wanderer towed,
Around the South Foreland and on for the mouth of the Elbe.

And there, in the Altenbruck Road, on a bright afternoon
She came to an anchor: the tug, Sarah Jolliffe, cast loose
For she who had taken her seawards had brought her to rest
And nothing remained but to steam away westward for home.
The Wanderers watched her steam slowly away down the stream.



They coiled up the hawsers and cleared up the decks for the night.
The east wind blew briskly, the sun set ere seven, the moon
Then new, set directly; they hoisted the riding-lights up
Men lingered to look at the lights of the city ashore
Then all went below save the anchor-watch seaman on deck.
The midnight passt slowly with lagging steps marked by the bells.

IT CHANCT, that a big German steamer was going upstream
Full speed, on the flood, in the middle-watch blackness that night;
Her helmsman and mate saw the Wanderer's lights dead ahead
And thought them far distant, then suddenly saw they were near,
Right under their bows, then they hove the wheel over and rang
The engine-room signal to back: seven seconds dragged by.

* * * * * *

The Wanderer's watchman beheld the three lights of a ship
Rise suddenly up in the darkness; he saw the ship come,
A white surge of water below her, her fo'c'sle reared high,
And men on her bridge crying anguish and biting their hands.

* * * * * *

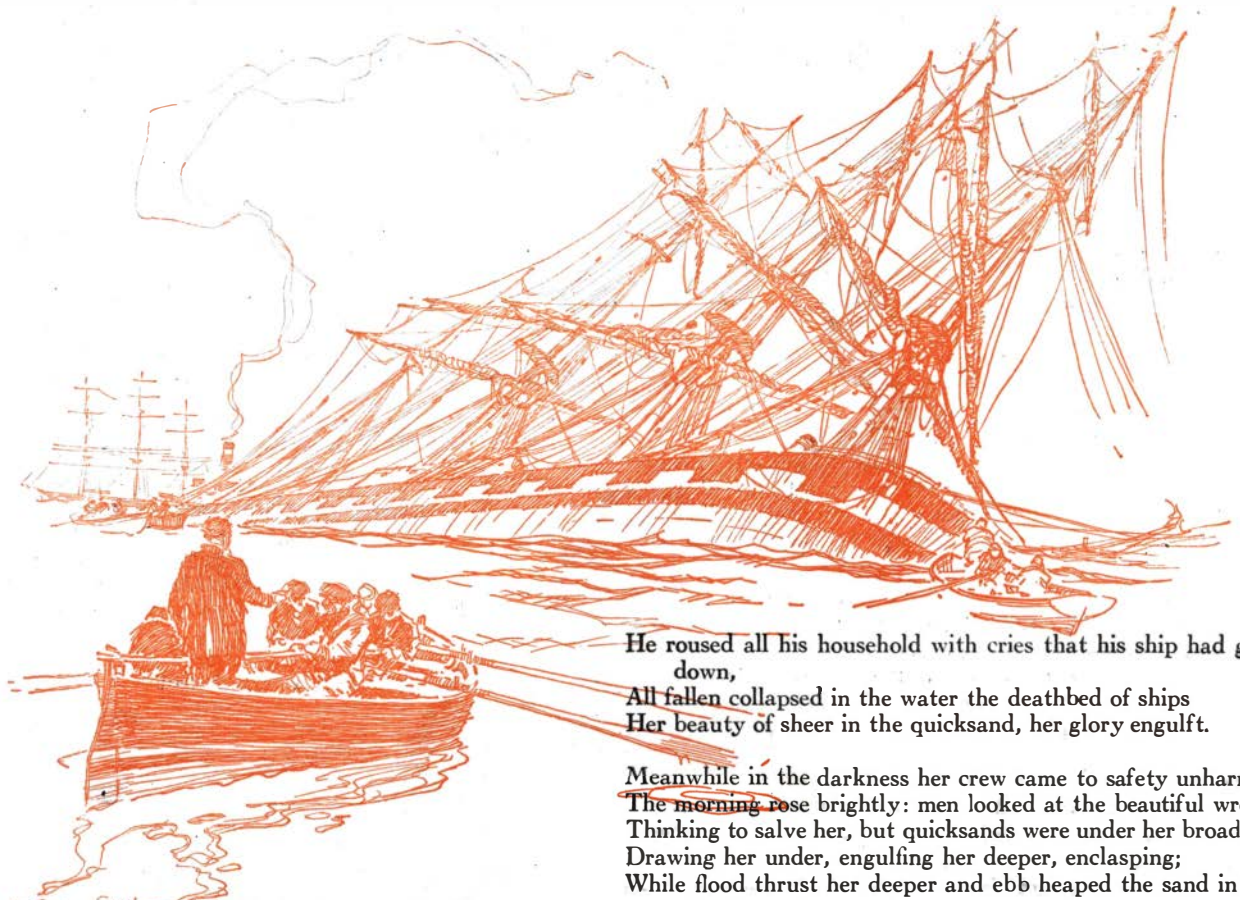
The seconds of living suspense slowly dropped out their sands.

* * * * * *

Then crash on the fenceless port broadside the Gertrud's steel bows
Struck, cutting deep, reeling back, grinding in again deeper,
And over the Wanderer reeled at the force of the blow
Jangling in all of her gear, while with cryings and cursings
Her crew leapt from sleep into action and rusht upon deck.
They saw all the lights of the Gertrud draw slowly away
The men in her shouting and signalling, rushing about,
They saw her back into the darkness to look to herself.
To anchor in darkness and find her bows bent but unburst.

All knew from the roaring of water below in the hold
That in a few moments the Wanderer surely would sink
They lowered a boat, then they let slip the cable, and strove
To tow the ship northward to beach her in safety on sand.
For fifteen swift valorous minutes her heroes wrought hard
While under their feet beat the death-drum, the boom of the leak,
The ship was fast listing to port from the in-pouring sea.
Too soon she had listed so far that her captain gave word

To cast off the towrope and take to the boat alongside
They climbed down the side to the lifeboat and cut her adrift.
The overfull boat pushed away from the upheaving bilge
In the darkness upheaving above them: they hove out the oars
And pulled into safety to watch for the ending to come.
The drops from the oarblades drippt gleaming, the oarsmen could hear
The moan of the Wanderer dying the death of a ship.



For now the most beautiful ship having wandered her ways
Was come to her ending, to thrust through the billows no more,
No more to go thundering on under whining wet sheets
In the long leaps from roller to roller, the sea-smiting leaps,
Heaving her bows out, and swaying, and streaming a wake.
No more to creep ghostlike at dawnings with dew dripping gear
Her seamen like ghosts in the dimness, removing the lamps,
Or moving all drowsy to pause at the lit galley door.
No more would her beauty come tranquilly in from the sea.
Past the far sunburnt Heads, or the pine solemn Point, or the Flats,
Gleaming with rice pools, or up the gray Channel for England,
Her sails in their gear, being furled, as the tug took her in:
No more would her capstan clink pawls and the anchorage ring
To the song of her seamen aloft on her beautiful bow
Heaving her anchor for Falmouth, her mate at the railing
Watching the growth of the cable; now never, forever
Would tempest receive her, the tempest all flying with spume
The rain squall, the line squall, the howl of the never checkt wind
Snatching the sails from their gaskets; her moment had come.

Most gently she slowly leaned over and lay on her side
Her riding lights burning until they were quencht in the flood.
Then, rapidly down, with a gurgling of air and a rush
Of flood beating on her she flung herself over and sank.

And then, in her moment of passing, her Power went forth
West, in the dark, over sea, as a bird going chartless
Speeds in the impulse of April unerringly homewards.
So, as a swallow or pigeon, the Wanderer's Power
Sped to her Captain in England, the Captain who took her
First, sweeping southwards in splendour, who first set her courses,
And hoisted her topsails, topgallants and royals and then
Shouted to Tinsley to loose the main skysail, and held her
Under all sail, running free, in all beauty, all swiftness.
There at his bedside, he sleeping, the Wanderer's Power
Spoke without word by that impress of spirit on spirit,
So that he saw in his soul what disaster had fallen
And started from sleep crying out that his ship had gone down.
He roused all his household with cries that his ship had gone down,
All fallen collapsed in the water the deathbed of ships
Her beauty of sheer in the quicksand, her glory engulft.

Meanwhile in the darkness her crew came to safety unharmed
The morning rose brightly: men looked at the beautiful wreck,
Thinking to salve her, but quicksands were under her broadside
Drawing her under, engulfing her deeper, enclasping;
While flood thrust her deeper and ebb heaped the sand in her wound.

* * * * * *

Since nothing could save her, men blasted the wreck from the stream,
And left her dead bones in the quicksand full fathom five down,
She lies there deep sunken, unminded, sea-creatures encrust her,
White shells, such as cover the Siren, red frond-waving weeds.

Herself is not there, being Beauty Eternal, alive,
She wanders the waters of thought, past disasters, past hates,
Past the world's disapproval, across the black seas of despair,
And on, beyond anguish to havens of peace whence she brings
Hope, Mercy and Courage, all gentle and beautiful things.

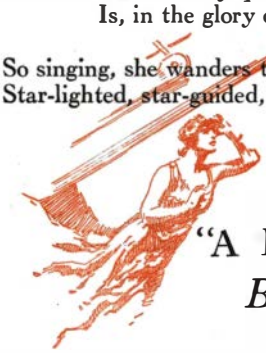
She shines on the waters, in summer's mid-daylight she shines
For the hand-shielded brow of her gazer is crowned with a star
And gently and surely she sweeps through the waters of thought
Up, over the curve of the planet, uplifting a song:—

"Adventure on, companions, the attempt
At high adventure brings reward undreamt.

The raging sea is grim with reefs unconn'd
There is a way, a haven is beyond.

Way for yourself, a harbourage for you,
Where every quarry spirit can pursue
Is, in the glory of the dream come true."

So singing, she wanders the waters with white wing on wing
Star-lighted, star-guided, the sea-gleaming beautiful thing.



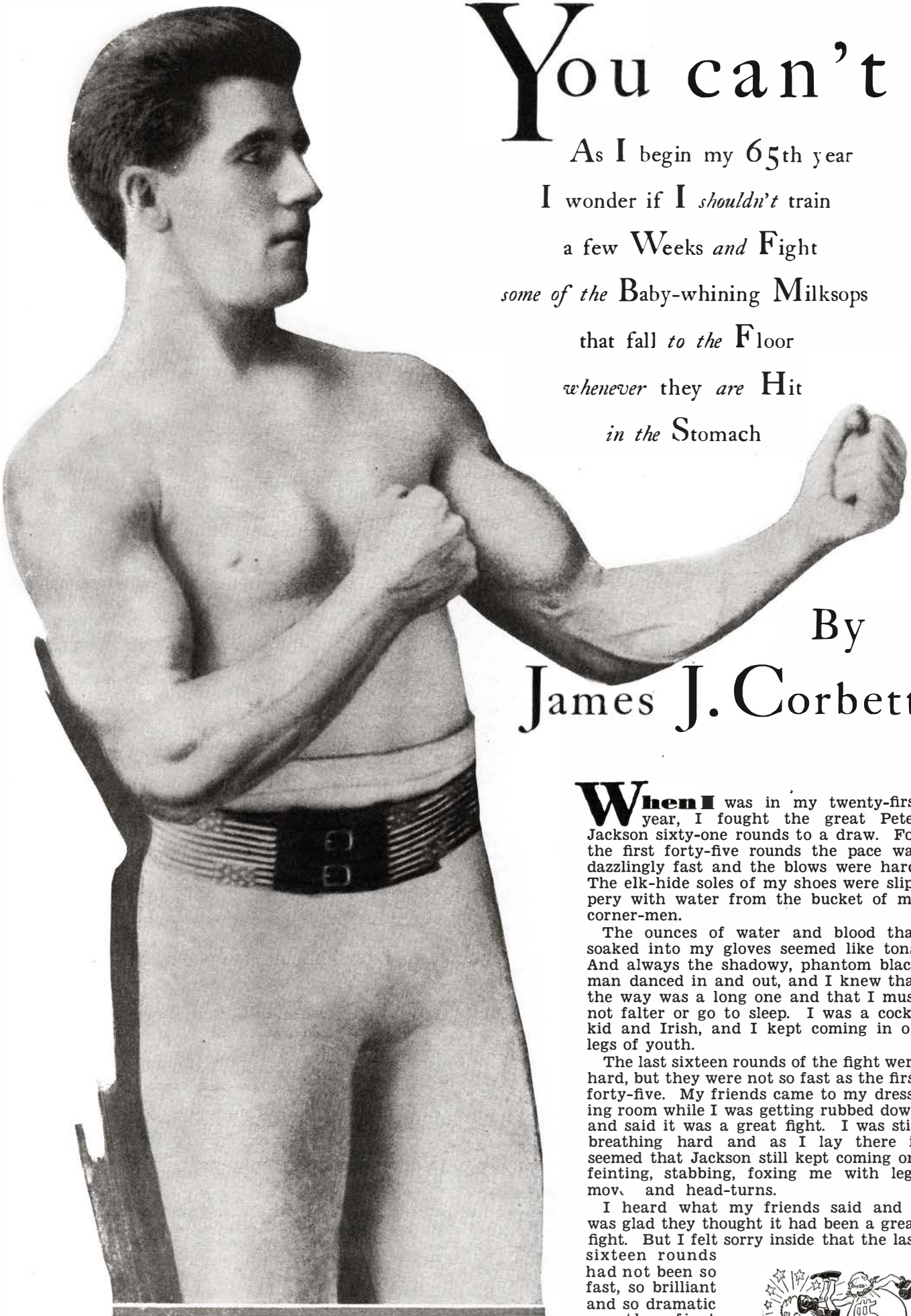
Next Month

"A Masque *of* Liverpool"

By John Masefield

You can't

As I begin my 65th year
I wonder if I *shouldn't* train
a few Weeks *and* Fight
some of the Baby-whining Milksops
that fall *to the* Floor
whenever they *are* Hit
in the Stomach



¶ *Jim Corbett, perhaps the cleverest heavyweight that ever lived, as he looked when he defeated the mighty John L. Sullivan.*

By James J. Corbett

When I was in my twenty-first year, I fought the great Peter Jackson sixty-one rounds to a draw. For the first forty-five rounds the pace was dazzlingly fast and the blows were hard. The elk-hide soles of my shoes were slippery with water from the bucket of my corner-men.

The ounces of water and blood that soaked into my gloves seemed like tons. And always the shadowy, phantom black man danced in and out, and I knew that the way was a long one and that I must not falter or go to sleep. I was a cocky kid and Irish, and I kept coming in on legs of youth.

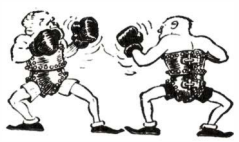
The last sixteen rounds of the fight were hard, but they were not so fast as the first forty-five. My friends came to my dressing room while I was getting rubbed down and said it was a great fight. I was still breathing hard and as I lay there it seemed that Jackson still kept coming on, feinting, stabbing, foxing me with leg-mov. and head-turns.

I heard what my friends said and I was glad they thought it had been a great fight. But I felt sorry inside that the last sixteen rounds had not been so fast, so brilliant and so dramatic as the first forty-five.

My friends

make FIGHTERS of Cry-babies

said to forget it, but I couldn't forget, because I was bred in a school of sportsmen and I felt that my backers and well-wishers were entitled to sixty-one rounds of top-speed fighting. That was a long time ago and I was young and fighters were not business men. Fighters did not claim fouls then, and managers did not auction off the souls or trade the bodies of their athletes at the expense of the greatest of all sports.



As I begin my sixty-fifth year, I seriously wonder if I shouldn't train for a few weeks and fight some of the baby-whining milksops that fall to the floor whenever they are hit in the stomach. In my day I have been hit low many times.

I was the first boxer to wear an abdominal protector. I can honestly say that while I have been stung somewhat by low punches, I never once thought of claiming a foul.

The claiming of fouls—and it is now a thing confidently to be expected by fans who pay enormous prices to see ten-cent contests—is a most pernicious practice. It is not, however, the greatest of the evils attendant on the modern prize ring. It is only one evidence of the mediocrity of present-day champions.

Later in this article I shall submit a scheme for the prevention of fouls. Now, however, I should like to put the fist on one or two menaces that threaten to injure a fine, manly sport beyond repair.

It was in 1890 that I turned professional. John L. Sullivan, the champion of the world, was great in his class, but he was of the slugger type, on the order of the present-day Jack Dempsey. At that time, there must have been about fifteen wonderful heavyweights, and you could not have picked out a man from the list who would have been easy for the champion.

All the contenders were willing to endure tremendous self-sacrifice in preparing for battle. They were not money-mad and their managers, while not always paragons of honesty or fair dealing. in the main had to be regular. For the most part, these pilots really wanted the sport to progress from sheer love of the game . . . Where are such managers now, my masters?

I don't think the world ever has seen such a group of star heavyweights, before or since.

In those days fighting for the heavyweight championship was done with bare knuckles. London prize-ring rules governed contests. If a man was thrown or knocked down, it comprised a round and the men were given a rest of a half-minute between rounds. The fights were to a finish.

When I hear of present-day fighters being annoyed by legal matters, such as attachment proceedings or other litigation, and when I am told that such interference bothers them in their work, I have to laugh. Let me recall that, in the early days, there was a legal situation that was a real menace.

It was against the law in those days to fight at all. Managers, fighters and officials always were worried right up to the beginning of the battle, facing jail and fines. Some of the battles were held in out-of-the-way places, on barges or in obscure localities that precluded the gathering of huge purses. Surely those men loved the game or they would not have gone to such lengths.

When I was matched to fight John L. Sullivan, we decided to fight with gloves to avoid police interference. We also proposed to fight in three-minute periods, regardless of knockdowns, and to have a minute rest between each period. The gloves were to weigh five ounces, just as they are today in every detail. And when I won that bout, I became the first world champion of the modern school of boxing.

After I had gained the championship, the greatest heavyweights of my day were such men as Peter Jackson, Charlie Mitchell, Frank Slavin and Jake Kilrain. Later on came Jim Jeffries, Bob Fitzsimmons, Tom Sharkey, Tommy Burns, Joe Choynski, Sam Langford, Joe Jeanette, Sam McVey and Jack Johnson—the latter four a group of the greatest Negro fighters that ever lived.

Jack Johnson, in my opinion, was really the last of the great heavyweights. I don't want to be misunderstood, so I must state here that Jack Dempsey was a great fighter, but not a clever one. He was a slugger. Jack Dempsey would have been a dangerous man at any time, but there always have been men of his type since the beginning of boxing; men who knew little or nothing about the scientific part of the game, but depended principally—as did Dempsey—on a wonderful fighting spirit, a punch with either hand, and aggressiveness.

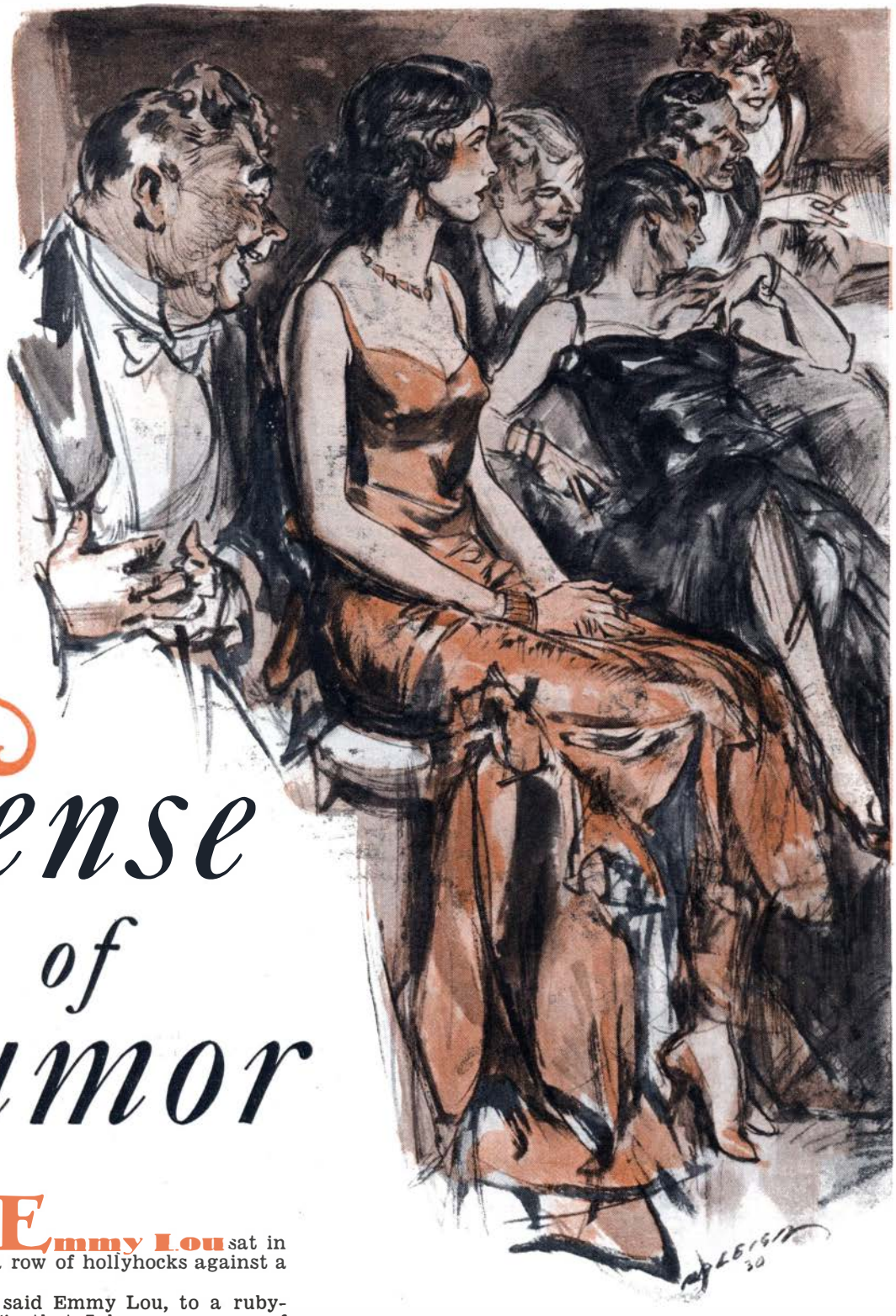
Men like Dempsey, Sharkey, Sullivan and Slavin had wonderful physiques, could take barrels of punishment and could strike in prodigious fashion with either hand, but they were short on science. Dangerous, yes. Likely to whip a clever fellow, yes. But uncertain and roughly schooled.

There are several reasons, no doubt, why the present crop of heavyweights is so mediocre. In the days of my youth the fighters, professional or otherwise, seemed to have a flair for the game and grew up with a natural rhythm. Possibly the fact that America was then at the boiling point of the "melting pot" era, when all nationalities contributed their best fighting spirit to the game of life in a new and wonderful country, had something to do with the production of champions in all lines.

But then came politics and huge purses, wherein boxing gradually fell into the hands of schemers, outcast business men and gold-thirsty managers. Young and healthy boys came along, were prospected by the schemers, who did not take the trouble to teach these boys the art of boxing. They taught them, instead, the *business* of boxing. And a business it became. Too often a sorry business.

Boys who should have been coached for two or three years and gradually brought (*Continued on page 210*)

Illustrations by
Henry Raleigh



Sense of Humor

Emmy Lou sat in the garden and regarded a row of hollyhocks against a white stucco wall.

"The trouble with me," said Emmy Lou, to a ruby-throated humming bird, "is that I have no sense of humor."

When she had packed her one trunk in Gallopolis, Indiana, preparatory to leaving for Hollywood, Emmy Lou had recognized numerous flaws in her equipment to meet the glamorous and fascinating cinema capital of which she had read so much. She wasn't considered pretty even in Gallopolis, though she did have nice skin and eyes unusually wide and blue. She wasn't particularly clever.

Aunt Em had often commented upon the fact that two girls in one family could be so different as she and Isabella. And her worldly goods, all that weren't in the trunk, consisted of a half interest in the Gallopolis feed-and-fuel store, left by Uncle Bill to Aunt Em, and by Aunt Em in turn to Emmy Lou.

But apparently none of these things mattered.

Upon her arrival, Isabella had looked her over with the hard eye of something over thirty for less than twenty, and had generously admitted the skin and the eyes. "You're no knock-out," Isabella had said, "but you may get by. And it doesn't matter whether you're smart or not. I've about decided that smart women invariably make a mess of their lives."

So that had been all right.

Then, last night, upon their return from a large and hilarious party where Emmy Lou had failed to make any marked impression upon the masculine contingent present, Isabella had said in a cold and weary voice, "The trouble with you is that you have no sense of humor. Women without a sense of humor usually end by getting their hearts broken, besides having no fun."

Emmy Lou, in the peace of the garden—no one else, including the servants, was out of bed at ten o'clock—thought that over in her own slow way.

Isabella should know about these things. She was successful in Hollywood. The public didn't know her

by Adela Rogers St. Johns

¶ Many people at the party had laughed when Emmy Lou didn't see anything to laugh at. The whole thing, so far as Emmy Lou could figure it, was that she didn't think the things were funny that Isabella's friends did.

name as it did the names of dozens of pretty actresses, but in Hollywood itself she was more important.

Things went wrong, it appeared, in picture production, and then there were frantic phone calls for Isabella, who doctored bad stories, bought at fabulous prices, or rewrote dialogue, or patched up a bad job of cutting. For this she made panicky producers pay through the nose.

Therefore, if Isabella said Emmy Lou had no sense of humor, it was probably true.

Emmy Lou rehearsed the party of the previous evening.

Certainly many people had laughed when she didn't see anything to laugh at. For instance, when two well-known comedians got out in the middle of the dance floor and did what they called a "blackout." Everyone had roared at that.

Emmy Lou had to admit that she hadn't seen anything funny. She had wanted to ask the exquisite Mrs. O'Brien, ex-wife of a champion prize fighter, who sat beside her, what it was all about. But she hadn't dared. Another girl—a pretty girl who was a leading lady in pictures—had asked Barney Wheaton. And Barney had made a silly face at her and said, "O-oh, Papa, what is beer?" Everyone had laughed and the girl had grown crimson.

Emmy Lou wasn't so dumb that she didn't know what he meant by that. He meant that the girl was pretending she didn't understand, when all the time she did—pretending so that he'd think she was innocent. Then the joke must have been dirty.

Isabella had a marvelous sense of humor. Everyone was always saying how witty she was. Emmy Lou decided it was just as well, for Isabella had certainly lost her looks.

When she left Gallopolis, she had been a lovely blonde. Now she did her hair in stiff, flat curls like a statue, and used too much make-up on her eyes and far too much lip rouge. To Emmy Lou it looked dirty, though people were always commenting upon how smart Isabella's appearance was.

The whole thing, so far as Emmy Lou could figure it, was that she didn't think the same things were funny that Isabella's friends did.

Bills, for example. In Gallopolis, bills were a disgrace. But here they were one of Isabella's chief sources of comedy. Here was this great house, and servants all over it, and breakfast in bed, and clothes like the illustrations in fashion magazines, and yet Isabella never seemed to pay for any of it.

She never had any money and she was always telling about the bills she owed. Emmy Lou had found out during her month in Hollywood that it was quite the thing to make a great deal of money and never have

any idea what became of it. Nevertheless, Emmy Lou had worried over the cost of the clothes Isabella bought for her.

"You have to have some decent clothes if you expect to get married," said Isabella. "And I don't see what else you can do."

Isabella expected Emmy Lou to get married.

That was almost the first thing she said on the night of Emmy Lou's arrival in Hollywood. Emmy Lou's frightened, homesick arrival. She was frightened because she hadn't seen Isabella in ten years—and even a sister becomes strange and unknown in ten years. But Isabella had never had time to stop in Gallopolis on her hurried trips East; and Aunt Em, while she lived, would never allow Emmy Lou to go to Hollywood.

"One in the family's enough to go out to that awful place and get their heart broken and lose their reputation," Aunt Em had said flatly. "I don't think you would, Emmy Lou, but I didn't think Bella would, either, and I guess you got as much chance to meet the wrong man as she had." So Emmy Lou had been frightened of Isabella and homesick in facing a new, strange world so far from the things she had always known.

Nor had there been anything in Isabella's welcome to overcome the loneliness and the fear. She had looked Emmy Lou over carefully, with those cool, narrow eyes, and then she had sighed.

"You'll never do anything in pictures," she said. "I thought perhaps you might be able to support me in my old age. And believe me, this is an awful place to get a girl married. All the men with marrying tendencies have been snapped up ages ago. The single ones have strictly dishonorable intentions. The young ones are just beginning to enjoy life and it takes an old head to land one in the well-known noose."

"I could go to work," said Emmy Lou sturdily.

"At what?" said Isabella.

"I can cook," said Emmy Lou.

Isabella rippled with laughter. "No woman should go to work until all else has failed," she said. "No; we'll try to find you a husband. Keep cool and don't fall in love and all may yet be well."

Right then, Emmy Lou knew that Isabella had no permanent place in her life for a younger sister.

Isabella herself had been married four times.

"Not that it's done her much good," said Emmy Lou to the humming bird, who still fluttered in the honeysuckle arbor above her head. "Here she is alone, without any children, and she says herself that she hasn't a dime.

"For that matter, I could have stayed in Gallopolis and married Herman. Only I'd rather marry somebody who looks nicer. Herman is so fat."

Not even to the humming bird did Emmy Lou mention love. There were reserves in Emmy Lou. Yet somewhere within her beat a strong and vivid sense that she might love as well as any other woman.

"Just because I don't look sexy," thought Emmy Lou, "doesn't mean I'm not."

Only, in the month she had been in Hollywood, she had grown afraid of love. If she fell in love in this mad place, what with not having any sense of humor, almost anything might happen to her. And Emmy Lou knew that she couldn't go on living with herself if anything happened to her.

A maid came down into the garden. "Miss Evers wants you, miss," she said.

Emmy Lou jumped with surprise. It was certainly early for Isabella to be up, especially after a party. A gang had come home with them when the party broke up, and Emmy Lou had heard them laughing long after she'd gone to bed at two o'clock. They didn't seem to care what time it was unless they were working. Then they left right after dinner. "I'm working," they said, and no further explanation was needed. But if they weren't working they stayed until dawn.

She went in through the bright sun porch, a small figure in a straight blue frock. No one had ever told Emmy Lou, but the nicest thing about her, nicer really than her skin or her wide blue eyes, was the way she held her brown head and the firm set of her square jaw. It wasn't pretty, but it meant other things, such as courage and loyalty and self-respect; things it would be tragic to see destroyed.

Isabella was sitting up in bed, a wrap of chiffon and marabou thrown upside down across her shoulders, the telephone in one hand and a cigaret in the other. She certainly didn't look pretty.

"Maybe that's why she hasn't got any of those four husbands left," said Emmy Lou to herself. "Maybe I haven't a sense of humor, but I do take my make-up

off before I go to sleep." And then she felt ashamed of herself. After all, she was eating Isabella's cake.

The receiver slammed back on the hook and her sister turned harassed eyes upon the girl.

"I've just had a call from T.M.," she said. Even Emmy Lou knew the great director to whom those sacred initials belonged. "I've got to go to the studio right now. And do I feel awful! Jeanne, get me a large, cold glass of tomato juice. If I haven't got a headache, what I have got will do until one comes along. I'd have to feel like this when T.M. sent for me—and I need the money so bad the sheriff knows about it. The trouble with me is I don't live right."

Emmy Lou knew this was supposed to be a joke, but she didn't smile. Isabella knew she didn't have any sense of humor, so what was the use of pretending?

"And I've got nineteen people coming to lunch," Isabella groaned.

"Nineteen!" said Emmy Lou.

Isabella gave her a twisted smile. "More or less, baby. At least I seem to remember asking practically everyone who was at that party last night to have lunch with me today in my beautiful garden. Every time I get tight, I give parties for weeks afterwards that I didn't know about. If they feel the way I do, none of them will come. Was that funny about Hank Remick?"

"What?" said Emmy Lou.

Isabella swallowed her tomato juice and closed her eyes. "The pain of it!" she said. "Oh, Hank. Well, he went downstairs to the main dining room and saw his divorced wife with some bird he didn't like, so he brought her upstairs to our party.

"Then they forgot they were divorced and went home together. If that isn't funny, it'll do until something funny comes along.

"Jeanne, prepare me some fine raiment and see what can be done about this face. It looks as though I'd had it lifted and somebody just ripped out the stitches."

"What shall I do about lunch?" said Emmy Lou.

"Anything except ask me to eat it," said Isabella, sitting on the edge of the bed with her head between her hands while Jeanne put on her stockings. "I can't remember who I asked so there's no way to call it off. Tell Barker to set a buffet in the garden and do your best to dispense true Gallopolis hospitality. I suggest silver fizzes. They'll need 'em.

"Jeanne, get a stretcher to take me to my car. Oh, yes, my little white dove, I asked Ben Avery. He's a bachelor—a little dull, but he's a first-class cameraman drawing a large salary and you might do something about him."

"I don't want to do anything about him," said Emmy Lou, managing to hold her lips steady.

"He hasn't any sense of humor," said Isabella wearily.

She went out and came back hurriedly frowning.

"Darn," she said. "I asked Tony Durango. He was sober. He'll come."

Emmy Lou said nothing, but her cheeks had grown softly pink. Isabella looked at her with eyes that slowly focused.

"Is he your pet movie idol or something?" she asked harshly.

"No," said Emmy Lou, "not exactly. I liked him in pictures. I guess everyone does. We used to have all his pictures in Gallopolis. I didn't see him at the party."

"He wasn't there," said Isabella. "I—he telephoned me last night after I got home. Tell him I'm sorry. And for heaven's sake, don't do a dive off the deep end about that fellow. He wouldn't marry the most beautiful woman in the world if she had fifty million and heart disease.

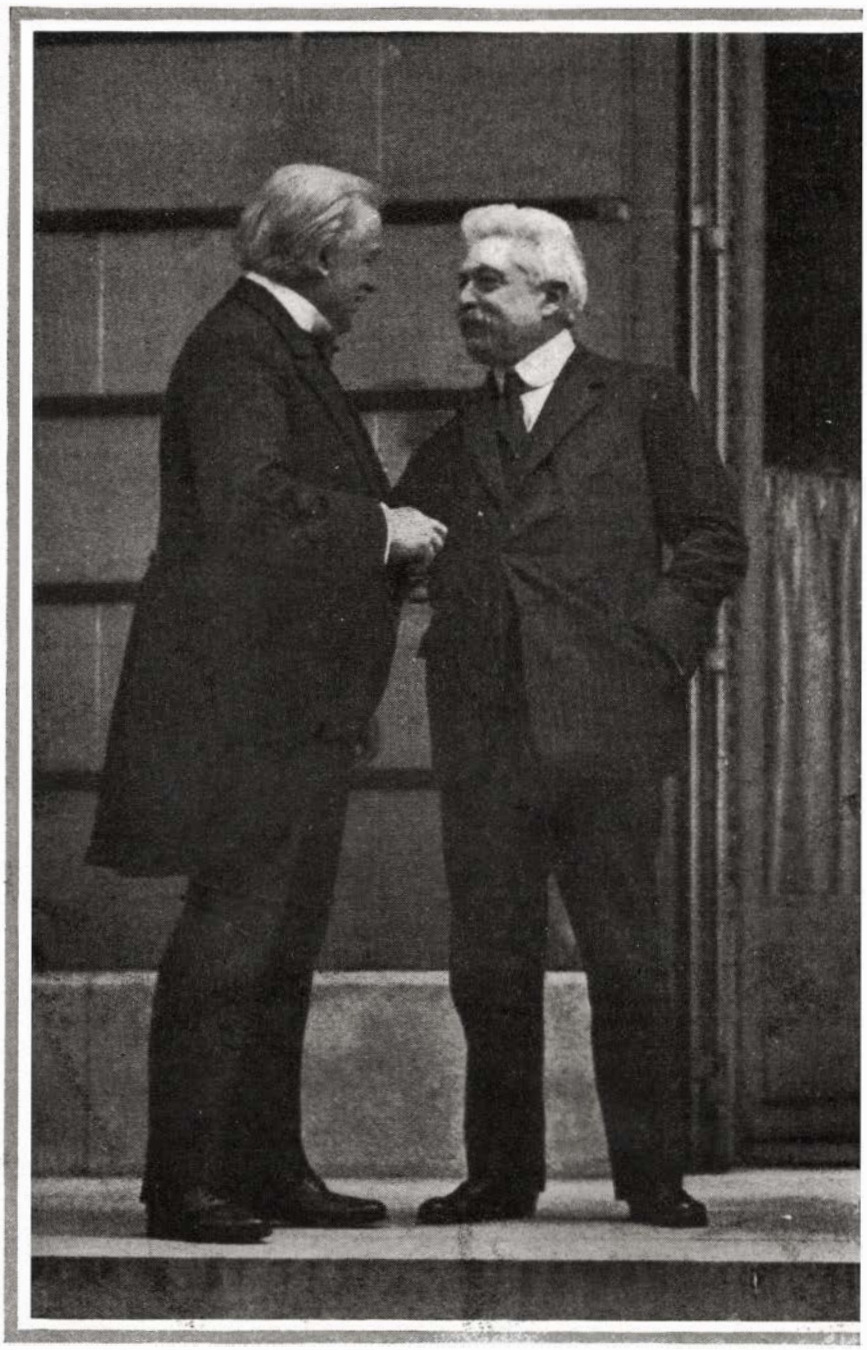
"Every woman in Hollywood, married and single, has been trying to land him ever since he arrived and the place is littered with the remains. The woman doesn't live who can resist Tony."

"Don't worry," said Emmy Lou steadily. "I (*Cont. on page 207*)

The moment of decision had come for Emmy Lou. She knew what she should say and she could not say it.

When Woodrow Wilson

by the
White House
Social Secretary
EDITH BENHAM HELM



Council of the "Big Four" at the Peace Conference: M. Clemenceau and President Wilson before the

Paris—11 Place des Etats-Unis,
April 28, 1919.

Today I went with Mrs. Wilson to a plenary session of the Peace Conference. As a spectacle it was interesting to see the delegates and how they are seated and the room in which they sit, but the session itself was singularly dull. Everyone had expected it to be full of sensation, for the President said in going over he had almost forgotten the Italian question in the trouble the Japanese are giving, and he feared the session might be stormy.

The Japanese delegate was very mild, only serving notice that the race question would come up again. The delegate from Uruguay made an excellent and very short speech.

The President in commenting on it tonight said that Uruguay in its legislation and laws is the most advanced country in the world, and he said he wrote a little note to the delegate complimenting him on what he said, which bore out the reputation his country enjoyed. Léon Bourgeois spoke. The President said he had heard the same matter discussed at all the meetings of the committee to draft the League of Nations, and Colonel House, who came over to speak to us, said he had calculated that Bourgeois had consumed ten hours of the time of the Conference in repeating the same thing. The President said that Clemenceau said of him, when questioned how Bourgeois had ever happened to be Prime Minister—he, Clemenceau, was making ministries fall so fast that the supply of men had run out!

When Mr. Bourgeois was speaking no one paid any attention to him. He droned on and on; delegates went around and visited friends, and some went out and visited the tea table banked up at the end of another room. Everything is adjourned for tea. Mrs. Wilson tells the President she knows people will think him stingy because he never gives any teas when people meet here at the house, whereas it is the rule elsewhere, but he says they lose too much time.

Paris, May 1, 1919.

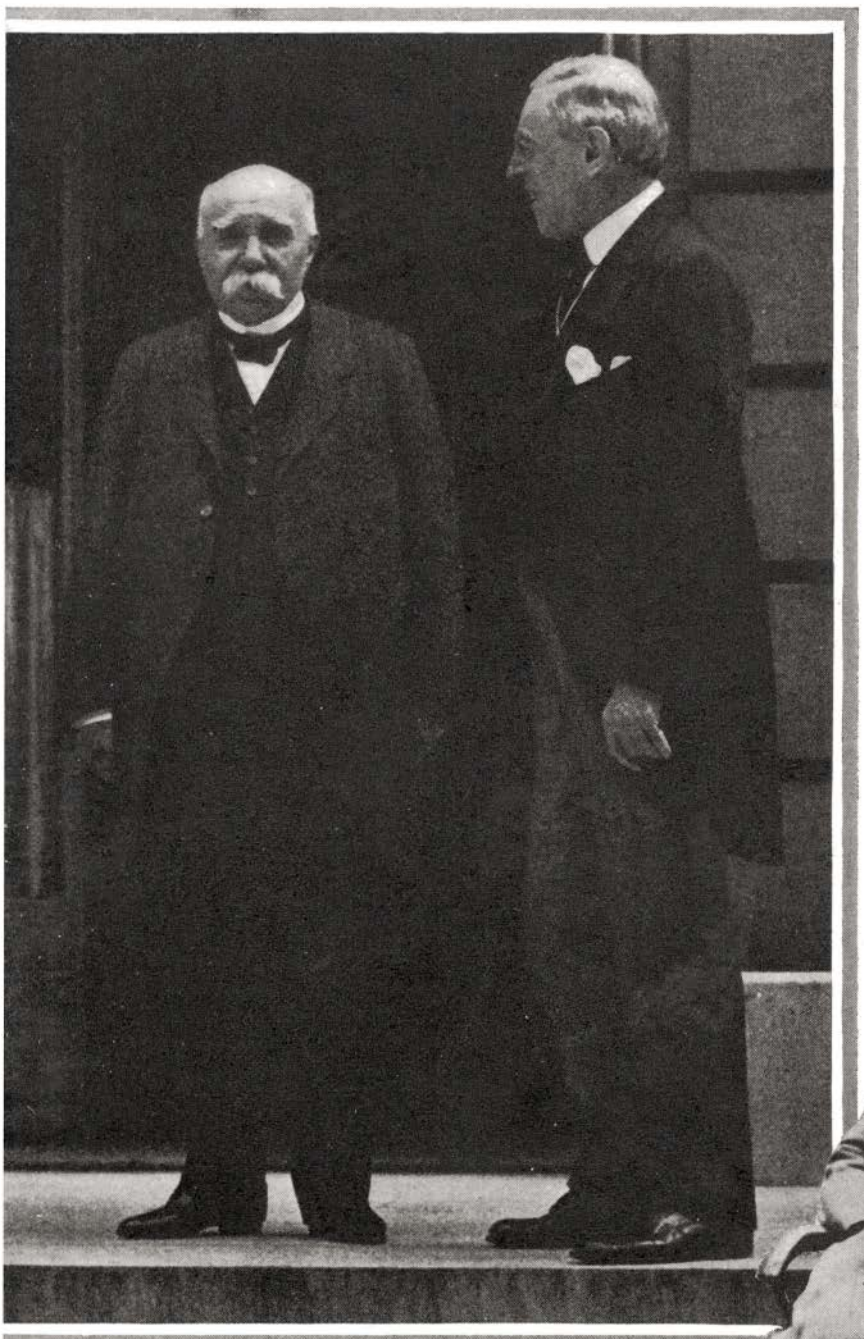
The President is being wearied by Poincaré. Constitutionally he has no right to interfere in any affairs of the government, and yet he is always meddling, to the great disgust of Clemenceau. At the Conference today the President said Lloyd George spoke of a message which he had sent to the Italian people via one of the newspapers.

At this time it was most unfortunate, for it stated that the Latin races should hold together now, and alluded to the close racial ties binding the French and Italians. Pichon, Minister of Foreign Affairs, was at the Conference, and Clemenceau, who heard this, evidently for the first time, fairly stiffened in his chair and turned and glared at Pichon, and asked if it was true, and then said it was odd that he had to hear it for the first time from the English!

The President feels that it is a grave discourtesy to

began to Break

The Ordeal which tried the Soul of a Peacemaker revealed in Letters from the President's Paris Home



Signal Corps, U. S. A.

Mr. Lloyd George, Signor Orlando, Wilson home in Paris, May, 1919.

him and to America. It would have been a perfectly proper message at any other time but this, but now it is a direct challenge to America. I do not hear quite so much now of what is going on because conversation has to be guarded at the table.

I know what will probably appear in a few days—that the Japanese question had to be compromised. I feel sure the President feels very uneasy and fears the situation will be misunderstood and badly viewed. I imagine he has gone contrary to the views of the American delegates on this point.

Today has been very stupid, for we stayed indoors all day. The government was afraid of Socialist demonstrations and stopped all the street railways and underground. We did drive down with the President when he went to the Quai d'Orsay to a conference, and it looked quite warlike to see the bridge leading to the Place de la Concorde guarded by soldiers.

Paris, May 4, 1919.

Nothing much to record yesterday. The place, of course, is seething over the Chinese question. Mrs. Wilson said the President has not been able

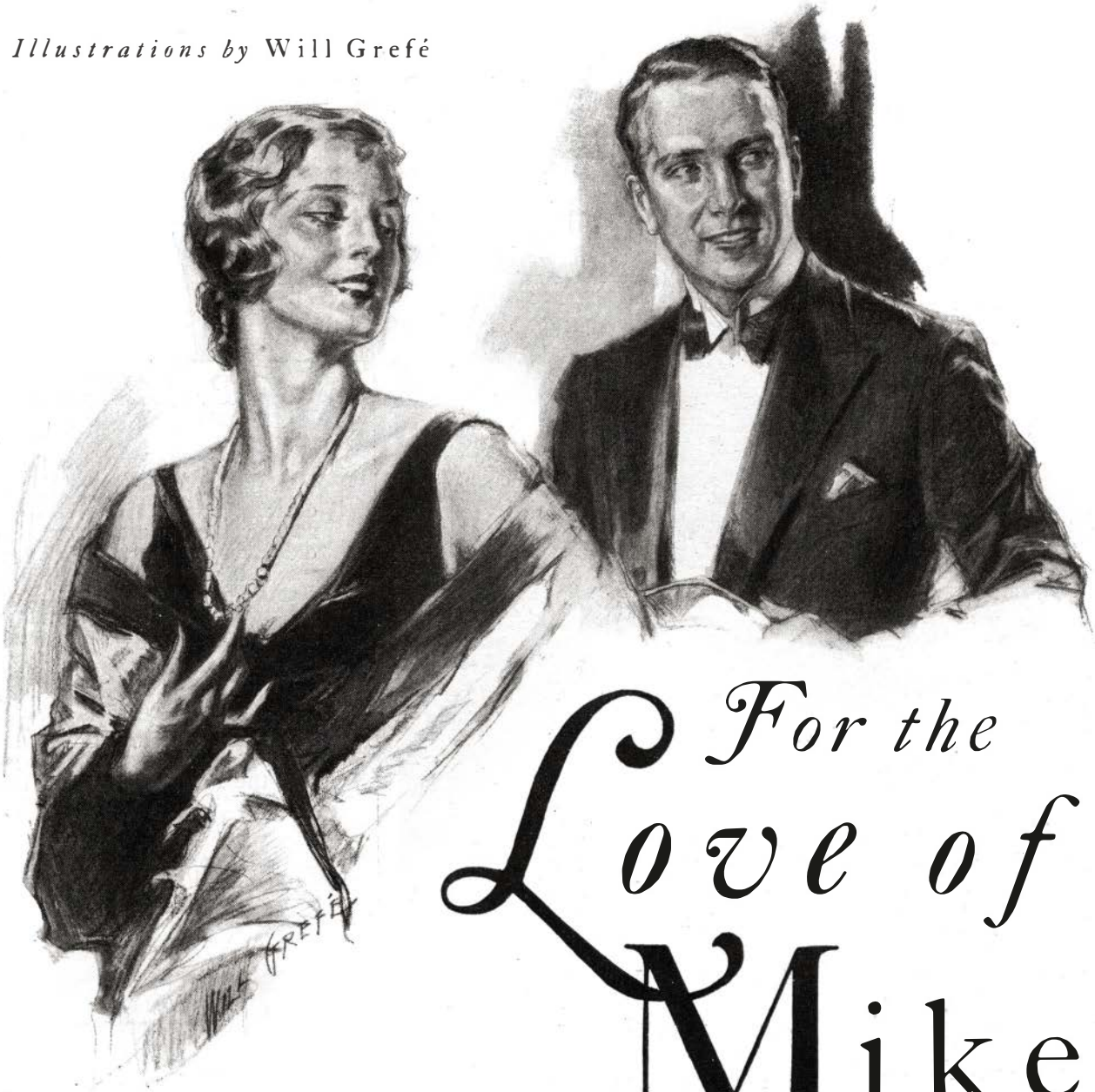
Signal Corps, U. S. A.

Miss Benham and Mrs. Lansing in Paris.

to sleep from worry over it. He feels the question is not precisely the same as Fiume, since the Japanese had taken Shantung, which he thought they would administer better than the Chinese.

He feared the Italians, Japanese, Russians and Germans would make an alliance. Then where would we be? He felt he would rather (*Continued on page 212*)

Illustrations by Will Grefé



For the Love of Mike

On that memorable November night when Mike disclosed the fact that he was one of those gentlemen who prefer blondes, Joan Sawyer was precisely twenty-eight. At that advanced age, Joan had been twice a bridesmaid but, in her own words, had yet to take the parachute jump herself.

Incidentally, she was not a blonde, which presumably let her out with Mike. But she was not referring to him, but to matrimony in general when:

"I know it's terrible," she admitted to her mother. "Here I am with one foot practically in the Home for Aged and Decrepit Gentlewomen and not a man in sight. But what would you have me do about it—advertise?"

This was earlier that same memorable November night. It being her birthday, her mother had given her two pairs of silk stockings—and a third degree.

Joan accepted the former and tried to escape the latter.

"They're going to be ever so useful," she assured her mother, admiring the stockings, "and I'll do my best to make them ornamental."

But her mother was not to be sidetracked. "It seems only yesterday that you were just a baby," she announced wistfully.

Joan knew what was coming next. "And now it's time I had babies of my own?" she suggested helpfully.

"Joan!" protested her mother—and Joan got the idea. Nice girls did not mention such things to their mothers.

"Sorry," apologized Joan, though she wasn't. "I thought that was what you meant."

It was, of course, and they both knew it.

"*I* was only twenty-two when *you* were born," her mother always reminded her. Hopefully, when Joan was only twenty-two; anxiously, when Joan was twenty-five; reproachfully ever since.

Tonight Joan hoped to cut the preliminaries short. She wanted to bathe and change before dinner. After dinner she must rush off to a boxing match. At least that's the way Joan referred to it. But:

"You—you mean a p-prize fight?" her mother had stuttered incredulously, the first time Joan had gone.

That should not have surprised her. Joan had always been incalculable.

To begin with, her mother had never wanted Joan to work, even though there were obvious reasons why Joan should, the chief being Joan's father. He was over fifty; he had had to scrimp to send Joan to college and it was evident that he could not support Joan in the manner to which she was determined to become accustomed.

Even Joan's mother realized that. But it *had* seemed to her that Joan might take the library course. "There's

By Royal Brown

Joan's contact with Mike's blonde had been brief, but the episode rankled. The way Gloria had looked her over. A deliberate, insulting appraisal.

such a *nice* atmosphere to a library," she had pointed out.

Joan had agreed and taken the secretarial course.

Her mother had been disappointed. Her ideas of how a private secretary spent her days had been garnered from the movies and—well, *that* wasn't the sort of thing she'd care to have Joan do.

But the worst was yet to come.

Joan, bursting out of college with a diploma, had a job within a week. With Mike, whose preference for blondes was then an unknown factor.

Even Joan had been a bit overwhelmed at the prospect of breaking the news about Mike's business to her mother.

"What does Mr. Wayne do?" her mother had asked, at once.

Mike had been born Wayne and christened Myrick. But everybody called him "Mike."

"Well, he's a promoter," Joan had begun.

It was not an auspicious start. To her mother, "promoter" had but vague connotations and these suggested something akin to second-story work. Robbing widows of their savings and all that.

"**You mean** he—sells stocks?" asked her mother, thinking of oil stocks.

"Not exactly. He—well, he promotes boxing matches."

"Boxing matches?" echoed her mother. "Of course you don't mean p-prize fights?"

Joan didn't, exactly. Yet there was no question but that Mike's talents were devoted to the staging of spectacles in which gladiators endeavored to knock their adversaries cold for a cash honorarium. This, however, was but one side of it. The other was that boxing was becoming big business. But try to make Joan's mother see *that!*

"You simply can't dream of doing such a thing," she assured Joan.

Nor could anyone blame her. Imagine telling members of the Ladies' Aid what Joan was doing now!

But Joan could and did do just that. She considered herself darned lucky to get a job so quickly. Her mother might think Joan could pick and choose, but Joan knew better.

Aside from that, the job appealed to her. Or perhaps it was Mike.

To begin with, Mike wasn't much older than Joan, and so far as manner went, there was more than a touch of D'Artagnan to him, mentally as well as physically.

Earlier, he had been a newspaperman. He had become a fistic impresario mainly because he saw money in that, and because he had a healthy human appetite for money.

Mike could and sometimes did wear a Tux with éclat. He could also talk like a Harvard man, which was not surprising—he was.

"**Not that** anybody would believe that at times. Mike was temperamental. Now and then, he would clamor for Joan.

"Take a letter!" he would command.

"Say, you lineal descendant of Jesse James," he would begin, while Joan busied herself with pothooks, "where do you think you are headed, asking forty percent for that lap dog of yours? The only trick he knows is how to lie down and play dead. The only thing he's got in his gloves are hangnails. I try to do *you* a favor and you try to gyp me."

And so on, sulphurously. Ending up with something like:

"I'll give you thirty-seven and one-quarter percent for that flop-house candidate of yours and not one red, pink or cerise cent more."

Mike would glower savagely. "Shoot it through," he would bark.

Ten minutes later the letter would be on his desk. As follows:

> I am sorry to say that I consider your figure of forty percent exorbitant. Especially as the last time your man showed here he made a poor impression. To be frank, I thought I was doing you a favor in giving him another chance.
>
> If he is in good condition, ready to put up a first-class performance, I might give you thirty-seven and one-quarter percent. That, however, is absolutely my best offer.

And Mike, having let off steam, would grin and sign it.

In brief, Joan was God's gift to Mike. He was a human dynamo, she the lubricant that prevented burnt-out bearings. She was the guardian of his memorandums, his appointments and his telephone numbers. She sent his telegrams, engaged railroad accommodations and did his shopping.

And she loved it. She had a darned good job, and an exciting one.

When Mike staged an exhibition it ran to big money. And it was all a gamble. An outdoor show depended on the weather, for instance. Yet Mike always came through, somehow. He had cleaned up $26,000 in fourteen weeks of ball-park matches this last summer. His net yearly income never dropped under $30,000.

The mental attitude of such a man does not run to niggardliness. He paid Joan fifty dollars a week. And he was prodigal in other ways. Especially at Christmas.

The very first year he had given her a platinum wrist watch. And he had selected it himself—she had done all the rest of his Christmas shopping.

"Why, it's simply lovely!" she had managed to assure him.

Yet, "Good Lord, what will Mother say?" had been in her mind even as she thanked him.

Joan's mother believed that no nice young man would

give a girl a platinum wrist watch unless his attentions were serious—or dishonorable. No use trying to make *her* believe that Mike was just incredibly boyish.

"You may say it means absolutely nothing," her mother had maintained stubbornly, "but just the same *I* think——"

"Oh, perhaps it doesn't mean absolutely nothing," Joan had inserted frivolously. "Perhaps it's a hint for me to be on time mornings."

"On time mornings—after the way you work nights!" her mother had snorted, outraged.

Nights such as this one in November when Joan was twenty-eight. Joan simply had to be on the job, poised and calm and efficient in the midst of the last-minute activities.

She wouldn't even have come home tonight had it not been her birthday.

And now her mother was delaying her. To her mother birthdays were milestones.

"Don't you intend ever to marry?" she finally demanded, direct for once.

"Maybe—but it takes two to make a marriage," Joan reminded her. "And though I hate to admit it, I do not spend my days dodging the relentless male. In fact, eligible young men are scarce and apt to run if anybody or anything suggests marriage to them nowadays. Believe it or not, you have to pursue them."

"I'm sure I never pursued your father," her mother assured her with dignity.

"Of course not. But then you were irresistible."

"I wasn't! But I didn't spend all my time with my nose buried in business."

"Such a nice nose," remarked Joan, kissing it. "It was sweet of you to give me one like it for my very first birthday present."

But her mother was not to be cajoled. "The trouble with you is that you are content to be practically a slave to that Mr. Wayne of yours."

"He's not at all *my* Mr. Wayne," Joan cut in deftly. "And Mike's no slave driver. If he were I'd have quit him long ago. He's lovely to me."

Her mother wavered for a second. Then, "I've sometimes wondered, Joan, if—if you——"

"Don't wonder!" Joan advised her. "If you had ever seen Mike you'd know that he has no more time for romance than a whirling dervish. He's all business."

And she believed it—at six o'clock this November evening. Mike in love with anybody? Not Mike! He was too busy. At least that was Joan's idea of it—until she met Mike's blonde.

Escaping at last from her mother, she had turned her admirable nose back toward the city. The night was soft, balmy for November. The stars were veiled and the sky, luminous with the reflected light of the city, forecast rain. But the show was indoors, of course. The advance sale had been reasonably good but the last-minute sales would tell the story.

"The ring-side seats help pay the expenses but it's the galleries that turn red ink into black," was the way Mike phrased it.

Tonight, the galleries would be full. Joan realized that as she joined the jostling crowd outside and felt relieved—and glad. In one way, it made no difference

"Well?" asked Billie. Gloria knew what she meant. "Oh, Mike all but got down on his knees. I had to promise to marry him to put him out of his misery." "Kind of you! But isn't it nice that he can support you in a style to which you are quite willing to become accustomed?" gibed Billie.

to her. One flop or even several would not extinguish Mike. She'd still have her job. But she was close enough to Mike to know his business and—she thought—his emotions at that moment.

"He'll be ready to kiss me," was the way she summed her thought up, happily.

This was purely metaphorical, of course. He would certainly be riding on the crest of what promised to be a big success, but at the same time he would be engulfed by a thousand last-minute details, wondering where she was and probably fuming a bit. She had not seen fit to mention the fact that this was her birthday. Mike was spectacular enough at Christmas—his way of repaying her for many things, such as his occasional bursts of irritation.

This morning, for instance, his birthday greeting to her had been, "You might occasionally put something where I can find it when you're late."

For that Joan had forgiven him. He had been edgy for days. Strain, she supposed.

Tonight, the first thing he'd say probably would be, "Well, I told you all the people in the world didn't lose their money in the stock market, didn't I?"

He had told her no such thing. He had worried. But she wouldn't so remind him—not being married to him.

But she was wrong. What Mike said was:

"Oh—er—were you looking for me?"

Naturally she had been. But she hadn't intended to intrude. She had glimpsed Mike's head and sped toward him. She had seen that he was speaking to somebody but she never dreamed it was somebody special.

It was his expression that made her realize what she had interrupted. Mike was plainly bemused, bewitched, beglamoured. Obviously, by the tall, cool—*very* cool—blonde he was engaged with. Or engaged to, for all Joan knew. He wanted to be, anyway, she could see.

"Er—this is my private secretary, Gloria," Mike explained.

"Oh, of course!" drawled Gloria.

She had a lovely voice. Joan granted her that, even as she was willing to grant that Gloria was stunning as she stood there with her lovely head bared, a velvet evening wrap pulled around her shoulders.

Well, Joan could see how Mike might fall for her. "A man would!" Joan assured herself, almost viciously.

But not at the moment. Somebody had to be on the job and Mike was not tonight. Gloria filled his thoughts.

It was not until midnight, in fact, that Joan, abed but not asleep, had a chance to consider Gloria as she felt Gloria should be considered.

Gloria? "I'll bet she wasn't born with that name," Joan assured herself.

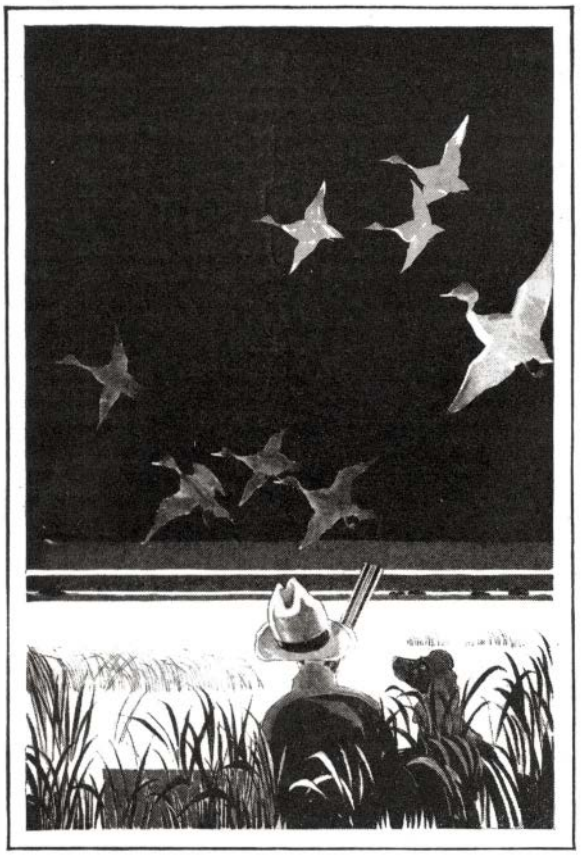
Her contact with Mike's blonde had been brief, but the episode rankled. The way Gloria had looked her over. A deliberate, subtly insulting appraisal.

"As if she were some young Roman aristocrat and I something imported from Carthage," fumed Joan. "And how does she get that way?"

All Joan knew about Gloria was what her eyes had told her. They assured her that Gloria was trying to put something over. Atmosphere—society stuff probably.

"And of course, that being so you're simply not her social equal," Joan reminded Joan. And added, "But just the same I was more suitably dressed than you were, Gloria, everything considered."

Behind that was the memory of the way Gloria had appraised her attire. Joan had done some surveying (*Cont. on page 108*)



The Wearin' O' the

The old man and me think the same way about life. We both have the same likes and dislikes. Life wouldn't be worth living for either of us if it wasn't for duck shooting. That's the only thing that interests us.

After all, it is the only thing that's worth doing. Something or other is always happening to keep our life from being ideal.

Life is full of disappointments. Bright sunshiny days are terrible for us. We always hope and pray that opening day will be gray and cloudy and cold, with snow flurries and ice; it often happens that it's warm and bright and clear. If that isn't heartbreaking, I don't know what is.

I don't know what is more complete than to have it come off freezing the night before the season opens.

There is a hard white frost that crunches under the old man's boots when we start out at three o'clock.

The night is pitch-black and our breath shows white in the light of the match when the old man lights his pipe. How sweet it smells! Ma and the girls don't think the old man's pipe smells sweet: they won't let him smoke in the house. I think it's the nicest smell that there is, on a cold morning.

We go down and stow the bags of blocks and the old shotgun in the boat, and the old man pats my head and says, "Looks like a perfect morning, eh, boy?"

Then I wag my tail and give him a whine of happiness.

The thin skim-ice cracks as we push the boat out, and he rows through the channel to the open water, where we get out to the island. The ice cracks and chuckles again as the bow of the boat pushes into the grass.

Then we go up and fix the blind where summer has made repairs necessary.

It's remarkable the way the old man can see in the dark. Most humans are helpless unless they have light, but the old man is a genuine duck hunter and he can see as well as I can, or perhaps as well as a cat.

Then we row out again to set the decoys. Now, when it comes to setting decoys, the old man is a past master. He can place them so you would think they were flocks of happy, contented ducks feeding in the lea, and not just a lot of anchored wooden blocks.

The old man makes all his decoys: he cuts and carves and paints them so they look more natural than real ducks. That's what he does all summer: works in the little tool shop, whittling and gluing and painting and varnishing.

Ma and the girls are always complaining about him not being ambitious and not wanting to work and amount to something.

Making decoys is as good a way as I know of to spend the time between open seasons.

After the blocks are set, we pull the boat up in the grass and then we settle down in the blind to wait for sunup and the first flight. By this time, the drizzle has turned to a fine snow, and ice has formed on the open water, leaving a channel where the decoys are anchored.

It starts to get light in the east when the snow begins. Then, with a whirl of wings, a sheldrake piles into the blocks.

We don't shoot fish ducks, so the old man lets me bark and the sheldrake leaves.

Then a pale light starts up, but the low-hanging gray clouds won't let it through.

Down we lie as a flock of black ducks come over low. They see the decoys and circle, and in they sail with wings banked and feet out. The old man stands up before they settle.

A Story of a Dog *that* went and got 'Em

Green

By

John Held, Jr.

Illustrations by The Author

The flock sees him, and with a squawk they start to climb to make it difficult. "Bang!" goes the gun, and feathers fly, and a duck comes down headfirst. Then he gives them the other barrel, and down comes number two, both clean hits.

The old man won't take easy shots, and he seldom cripples them.

"Fetch 'em," says he, and out I go. The water is ice-cold but that's what I like. I swim out and retrieve the ducks.

Then I shake the water from my coat, and down we go in the blind again to wait for the next flock.

What I have just described is a perfect sunrise, but they are not all like that. Sometimes it's mild with no wind or rain or snow, and then we sit all day and never once fire the gun. At that, those days are nice because it's duck hunting and we are out doing it.

I suppose everybody has to have a great tragedy in his life. The old man and I have had ours, and it was mighty painful. I thought for a while that the old man would break under it, but he stood it and came through like a duck hunter.

Our tragedy had to do with the place we used to own. It was a grand place; the house wasn't much but it would do. Ma and the girls hated the place and were always yapping about how terrible it was. But the old man and I loved it.

The land took in a big shallow bay and a few acres of swamp. The wild rice grew all around for the ducks to feed on, and there were rushes and high water weeds where the ducks nested.

Out in the middle of the bay was an island where we had our blind. It was perfect duck country and it made life sweet for us. There had often been men coming around and wanting to buy the place.

Ma and the girls were always after the old man to sell and move up into town, where it would be more comfortable for them and they could go to the pictures and see life. But the old man wouldn't sell, because where on earth could we find such good hunting so close to home?

Ma and the girls made it pretty miserable for us every time the old man turned down any offers. They didn't like duck hunting. They said it was a waste of time, and that if the old man wouldn't be so shiftless they could have fine clothes and an automobile. You see, they had never been duck hunting, and they didn't know.

It looked as if it was going to be a good season that fall. The bay had been full of ducks. There was a fine crop of wild rice and the cold came early.

We looked forward to rare sport, when, to our disappointment, they discovered oil on the place next to ours, and a big oil company came over and offered the old man so much money for our place that he was speechless, and Ma and the girls spoke up and said, "Yes."

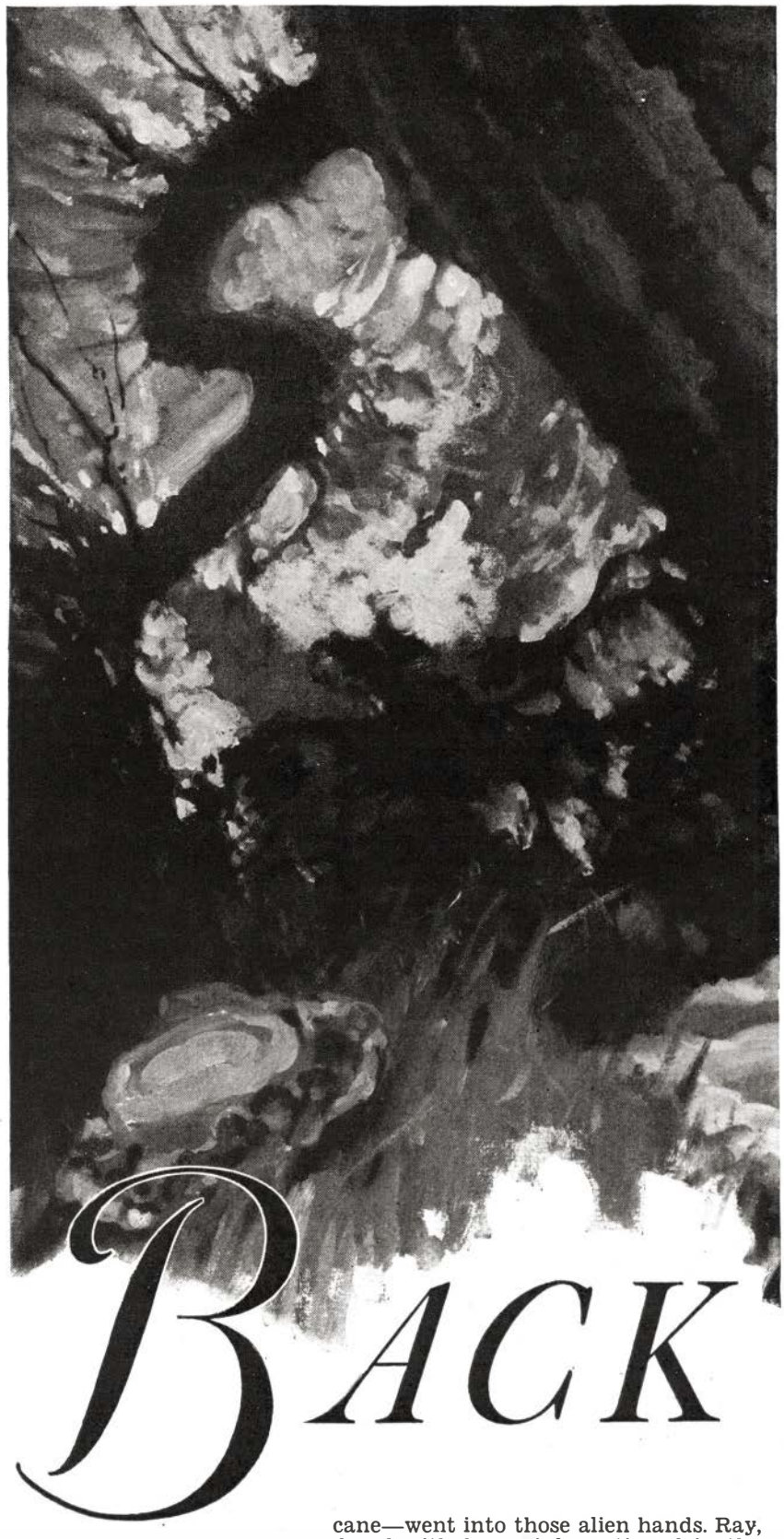
Then the old man decided that he couldn't be selfish. All that money would give Ma and the girls fine clothes and automobiles, so he signed. Then the company came with machinery and put up a derrick and got an oil gusher and the oil on the water drove all the ducks away.

Now the old man and me have to travel all over the country to find good duck shooting.

That's how the great tragedy came into our lives.

"Fetch 'em," the old man says, and I swim out and retrieve the ducks.

by Fannie Hurst



BACK

The Story So Far:

Ray Schmidt, of Baymiller Street, Cincinnati, was branded during the various stages of her girlhood as boy crazy; fly; swift; fresh; gay; even fast. "Ray lets the boys get fresh with her," was the indictment of her neighbors, even before she had put up her hair and dropped her skirts. It was well known along Baymiller that old Adolphus Schmidt did not even try to keep his daughter off the streets; that he let her "run wild," as the saying went.

It was not strange, therefore, that in the Cincinnati of the Gay '90's, when she was eighteen, Ray should be going unchaperoned into Over-the-Rhine cafés with the traveling salesmen who constantly came into her father's small shop where trimmings and dressmaking findings were sold to the frugal housewives of the neighborhood. Nor was it strange that these men, who found the "stylish" Ray Schmidt a dashing companion for late evenings over mugs of foaming beer, should inevitably ask for favors more intimate than the kisses she so willingly bestowed.

Not that the kisses of any man had ever really mattered to Ray, but the impulse to please was part of her very texture. She had, indeed, confessed this fact to Kurt Kesseler when he asked her to marry him. Kurt was the only man who had ever spoken of marriage to Ray. He owned a small bicycle repair shop and had many times proposed to her, but it was only after her father's sudden death during the early morning hours of a cold November dawn that Ray seriously considered marrying Kurt.

His desire to care for her touched the girl, but she was afraid to marry.

"You haven't been waked up yet," he told her, when she confessed her fear.

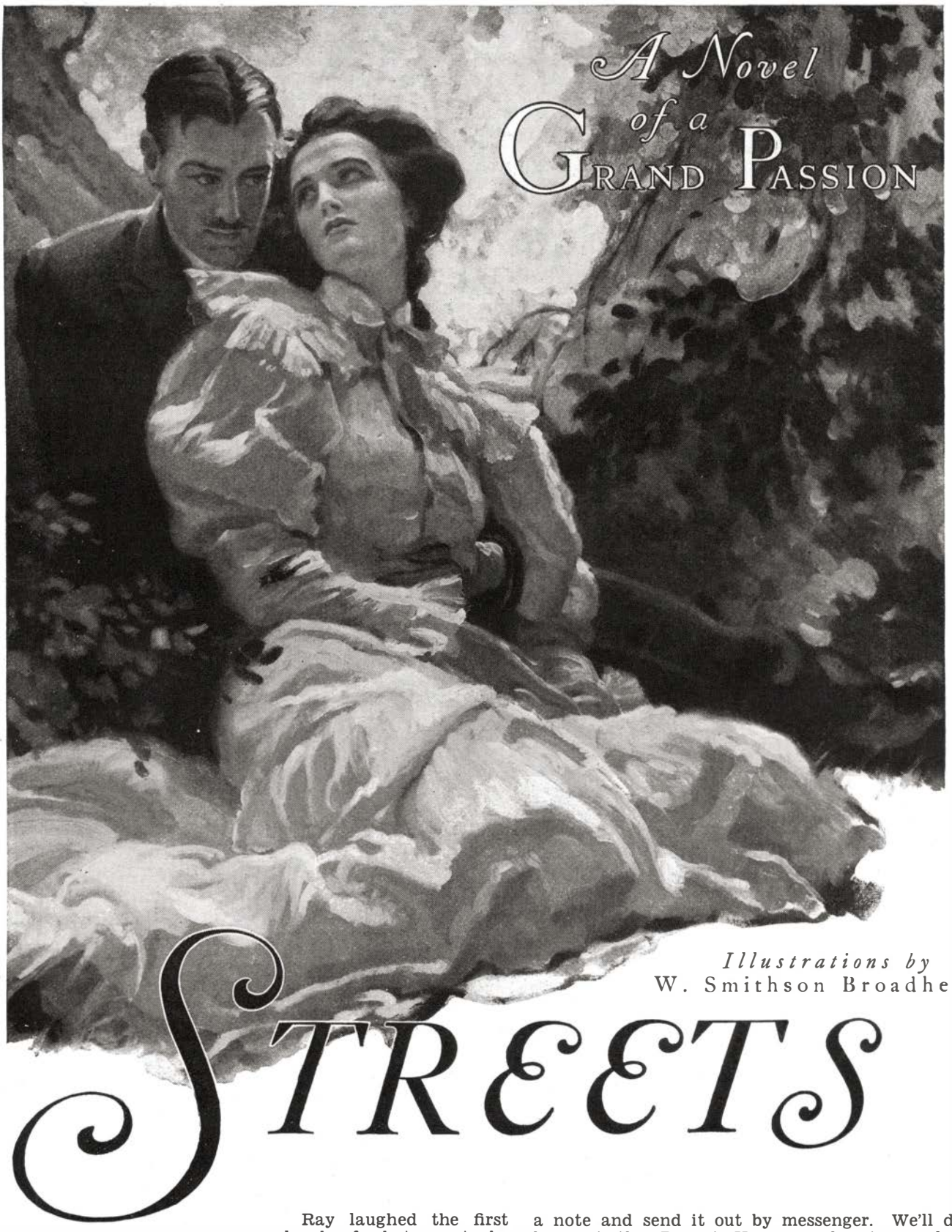
"That's what I'm afraid of," she answered. "What if it should come after I'd married you?"

But Kurt was willing to take the chance and content to wait until Ray should make up her mind. So Ray continued to live in the old house on Baymiller, with her stepmother, once the widow Tagenhorst, and Freda, her blond, childish stepsister, who was, in reality, three months older than Ray and infinitely more evil-minded; and Marshall, a married stepbrother who had come from Youngstown at the first hint of his mother's inheritance of old Adolph's effects.

The Tagenhorsts had taken all that Adolph left, since he had made no will, and Ray, broken-hearted at his death, had refused to quarrel over his meager estate. The old house on Baymiller, where she had been born, went to the Tagenhorsts, and all the familiar furniture and even Adolph's personal trinkets—his watch and his cane—went into those alien hands. Ray, dazed with her grief, continued in the little shop—now taken over by one Heyman Heymann.

It was not until the May following her father's death that Ray again thrilled to life and living. In May, on a night when Kurt was awaiting her at home, Ray drove to the C H and D Station with Bakeless, a salesman from New York. In front of the station, on that warm May night, Ray met for the first time Walter Saxel, a young man whose heavy black eyebrows were the shape of Mercury's wings.

"**Why do** you want to go home?" Saxel asked, after an introductory argument as to destination. "You can always go there."



A Novel of a GRAND PASSION

Illustrations by
W. Smithson Broadhead

STREETS

Ray laughed the first laugh of what was to be her perpetual delight in his smallest saying. Kurt lay on her mind, but remotely now.

"I'll have to telephone the grocery store at our corner. One of the boys there will take a message for me to somebody waiting on our porch—tell him I can't be home."

"That is precisely what corner grocers are for."

"Do you always get what you want this easily?"

"I have never wanted anything this badly, so I don't know."

There was a sticky, pleasant quality about his voice, as if it wanted to cling.

"Tell you how we are going to do it. I'm going to break my supper engagement too, only I'll have to write a note and send it out by messenger. We'll drop off here at the Burnet House, and get ourselves fed. Hungry?"

Time and time again, in later years, she was to recall to him this evening, when she followed up within the hour a meal at Mengelberg's, which had satiated her, with double sirloin steak, accordion potatoes and tutti-frutti ice cream at the Burnet House.

"Funny that I've never seen you around town," she said to him across a table in a dining room of heavy drapes and crystal chandelier. A candle burned under a pink shade and women in dolmans, with bare shoulders rising broadly from their eighteen-inch waists and aigrettes waving in their Psyche knots, arrived and departed across the heavily carpeted floors. The men were a miscellaneous lot, a few of them in black broadcloth

with white planks of shirt front, but most of them, like Saxel, in sack suits.

"Fact of the matter is, Ray—you don't mind if I call you 'Ray,' do you?—I live in Hamilton. Ever been to Hamilton?"

Had she ever been to Hamilton? How's Strobel's? And the St. Charles and Howland's and Mosler Safe Works? Ever been to Lindenwood Grove? Did she know Hamilton!

"Well, that's fine. I live there with my mother in the house where I was born."

She was right. The thought had struck her from the first that he might be Jewish. Yessir, he was one of those high-class Jewish boys. The mother determined it. They lived at home, those Jewish fellows did. His gray eyes and nice shiny black hair and little mustache were what gave the hint, although he might have been Italian.

"So you live in Hamilton?"

"Guess that's the way you'd put it, but I work down in the city. Clerk in the First National."

The thought trailed through her mind: First bank clerk I've ever known. Nice. Clean.

"Takes me a full hour coming and going. My next move, I guess, will be to try to pry my mother out of the old house and move her down to the city. Girl like you makes a man realize what he's missing in a small town."

"Oh, yes, I know all about you fellows and what you miss!"

Those high-class Jewish boys were all of a stripe. Ray had known one —Arthur Metzger. Father owned Metzger Jewelry Store.

Arthur was one of the best fellows in the world. Not a suave, good-looking type like this one. But a good spender. Kind of boy gave a girl the best of everything.

But one night, in a burst of confidence, he told her what she had suspected. With the Jewish fellows of his class, girls were divided into two classes: *"shikksas"* and the girls they would marry. Ray was a *"shikksa."* Out of his class, and out of his faith, and out of his reckoning, except as the kind of girl with whom he could have a good time. He taught her a few phrases like *"shikksa," "goy," "Battsimer."* It was his great joke to make her repeat these words that sat so oddly on her lips.

"What are you, Ray? Go on; say it again. It sounds cute."

"I'm a *goy.*"

But something leaden dropped heavily into her conscience as she sat there in the Burnet House opposite Walter Saxel.

"I ran down to the city this evening after spending Sunday up in Hamilton with my mother, in order to visit a friend of mine on Richmond Street."

"A girl?"

"A young lady."

Of course. One of those well-to-do Jews in the stone fronts on Richmond Street. If a fellow like Saxel called on one of those girls, you just bet it was a "young lady." Ray classified as *"goy."*

"Don't let me detain you."

"Now, Ray, was that nice?"

It wasn't. "I'm sorry. Funny, now. Known you about forty minutes and feel jealous because you're not spending the evening with me."

"Well, sir, you'll think I'm talking through my hat, but I'm going to do something I've never in my life done before. Call up a girl like Corinne Trauer at the last minute and tell her I can't come along until later."

"Corinne Trauer! I know her! She's been in our store. Blonde. Pretty. Kind of fat."

"That's Corinne. Her uncle is Felix Friedlander of Friedlander-Kunz, the New York bankers. Her mother was a Friedlander."

There was that solid thing again.

"What if she were to find out that you were wasting your time with a *shikksa?"*

He threw back his head and laughed. "Where did you get that!"

"I may be a *goy,* but I know what *'shikksa'* means."

"You're a darling. But I didn't know the map of Jerusalem was on my face."

"It isn't. You might be Eyetalian." She knew better than that! Italian, of course, but everyone around her said "Eyetalian."

"Then how did you know?"

"The way you talk about living up in Hamilton with your mother."

"Do you have to belong to the Plum Street temple in order to live at home with your mother?"

"No; but you boys are almost all that way. I like it."

"Ray, I want to see a lot of you."

"You've a funny way of showing it."

"Why? You mean because I have to show up at the Trauers' later in the evening? You're a sensible girl. You ought to understand a thing like that."

"I do. It's just--I don't know what's come over me."

"It's because you like me, Ray. I like you. If you don't want me to go to the Trauers', I am not going to the Trauers'."

"But I do."

"But I thought you just said——"

"Never mind what I just said. I live two blocks from Richmond Street, where the Trauers live. You can take a Colerain car with me."

"But I am all ready to send another note out that I can't make it at all tonight."

"You don't do things that way."

"Why do you say that?" he said half querulously.

"Because you don't. You're solid. I like it."

"Too deep for me," he said and ran his hand over the thatch of his smooth black hair and took up the waiter's check. High-class Jewish fellows did things well. A good substantial dinner, for which, unfortunately, she had no appetite. The offer of sauterne, which she declined, and then light Moerlein's beer for him. Not a foolish spender. Those boys weren't.

He added up the dinner check and picked up a five-cent piece off the plate when the change came, leaving a twenty-five cent tip. Plenty, but not too much. Just right. A boy couldn't afford many Burnet House dinners on a bank clerk's salary. Poor fellow, and she had forced her dinner, too.

Well, it wouldn't happen again. Plenty of excellent eating places Over the Rhine, less than half the price. She had seen the check with the worried tip of an eye. Côtelette of lobster, forty cents; double sirloin steak, sixty cents; tutti-frutti ice cream, twenty cents. One dollar and forty-five cents for dinner for two, with the tip. Ruinous!

He suggested a cab. She would not hear of it. "Colerain car goes by my door and right by your corner."

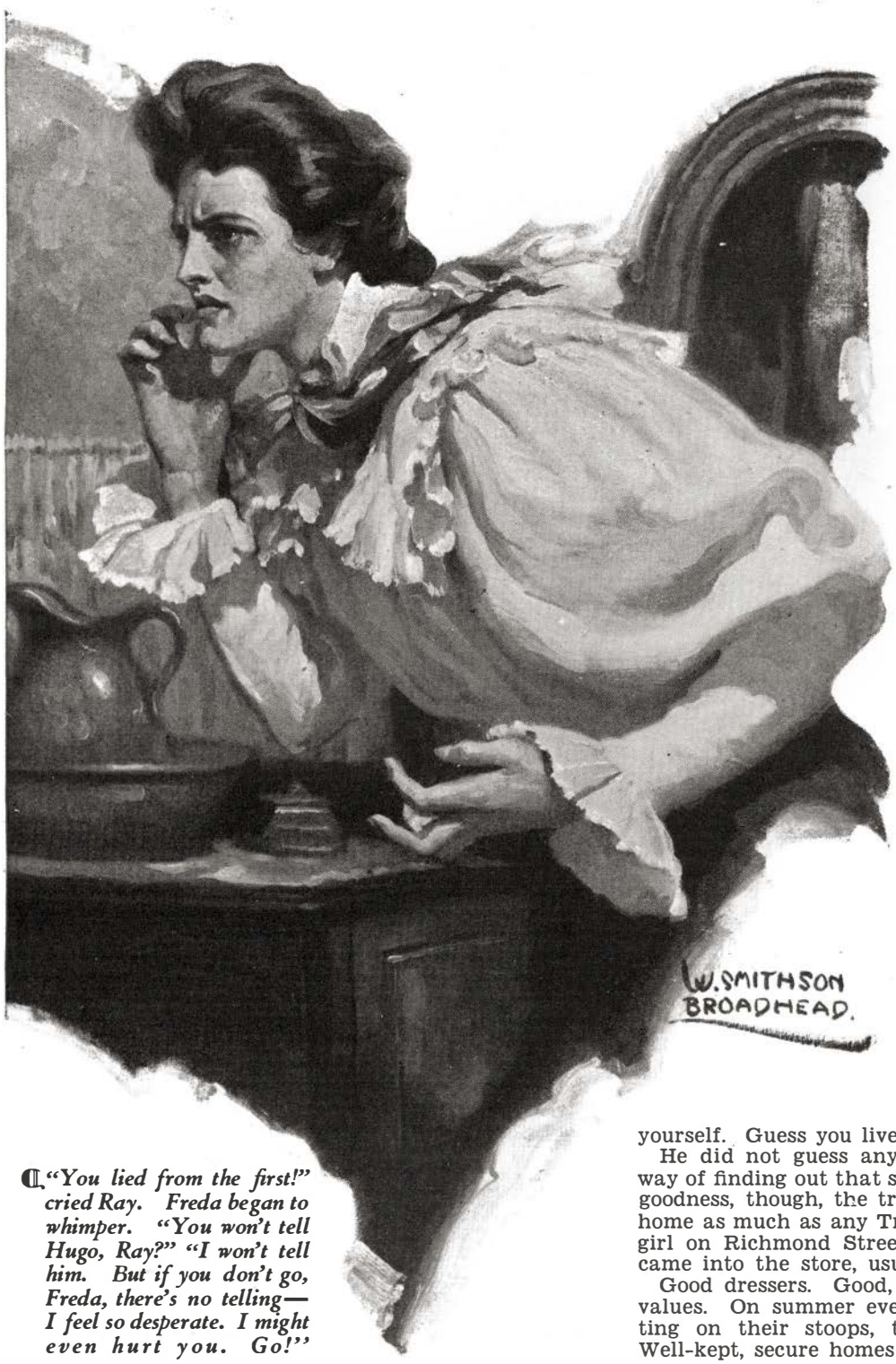
"All right, then, if it makes you feel any better."

"It does. I don't believe in throwing money away."

"If you aren't the mightiest nicest girl! I'm going to see a lot of you. Only you haven't told me about yourself. Guess you live at home and all that?"

He did not guess anything of the sort. It was his way of finding out that she did not live at home. Thank goodness, though, the truth of it was that she lived at home as much as any Trauer, Moss, Strauss or Littauer girl on Richmond Street. She knew them all. They came into the store, usually with their mothers.

Good dressers. Good, but cautious, spenders. Knew values. On summer evenings you could see them sitting on their stoops, talking from house to house. Well-kept, secure homes with (*Continued on page 135*)



"You lied from the first!" cried Ray. Freda began to whimper. "You won't tell Hugo, Ray?" "I won't tell him. But if you don't go, Freda, there's no telling— I feel so desperate. I might even hurt you. Go!"

By Norman Anthony

The Mind-the-Taint Girl

The Peter Crosby home was one of the show places in Riverdale. Motorists, driving up from Manhattan, always pointed it out to their guests, and drove by slowly in the hope of getting a peek at the notorious young owner.

Mr. Peter Crosby, Sr., had left the house and grounds and some odd millions to Mr. Peter Crosby, Jr., some few years before, and rumor had it that the Crosby fortune was melting away as fast as the sugar the old man had made would have melted in water. The only difference was that young Crosby was using alcohol instead of water.

He evidently believed in a short life and a gay one, and being well equipped to carry out his whim, naturally had a host of friends who were only too willing to help him. Gay laughter floated out through the massive hedge that surrounded the estate, and the neighbors were shocked at the noisy parties that lasted far into the mornings. Orgies, they called them. After a few months, however, they noticed that the revelry had suddenly ceased and the Peter Crosby home seemed unusually still of nights.

The truth of the matter was that Peter Crosby, Jr., like many rich young men, found that said orgies and friends grew very boring, and after a spell he yearned for a different sensation. So, for no reason at all, he decided to try working to see if there was any kick in that.

Without much trouble he acquired a job in a broker's office on Fifty-seventh Street, and promptly at nine o'clock each morning his chauffeur drove him down to work in one of his cars. But after a week this arduous labor palled, and young Mr. Crosby began to look around for new sensations to conquer. In fact, as he sailed merrily along Riverside Drive one sunny summer morning on his way to work, he made up his mind that this was to be his last day as a wage earner. And then he saw a girl.

She was waiting for a bus, and if all the best descriptions of beauty were gathered together and only the best features of each retained, they wouldn't have done justice to this young lady's charms.

Peter looked at her in open admiration as he passed, but she never even gave him a tumble, which was surprising, as the fair sex usually stared with envious eyes at his impressive equipage. Peter looked back and saw her hop lightly on a bus.

Peter decided that he wouldn't quit work just yet. He rather liked that trip downtown!

The next morning he watched anxiously for the girl as they whirled down the Drive toward the spot where she had stood, but there was no sign of her. A few blocks farther, Peter ordered his driver to turn around and go back.

They made the round trip exactly seven times before Peter finally saw her, but a weather-beaten old car slowed up ahead of them, and to Peter's surprise and disgust, the girl stepped into it.

So that was the kind of girl she was! Peter felt bitterly disappointed all the rest of the way downtown but tried manfully to remember that lots of nice girls accepted lifts without utterly ruining their morals or reputations.

The next morning Peter informed his chauffeur that he would drive himself to work. And Peter did, and to his delight saw the young lady standing in her accustomed place, but his joy was short-lived because, before he could reach her, she had hailed a bus. The following morning, however, he had better luck. He slowed up in front of the girl with a flourish and, doffing his hat gallantly, said, "Going downtown?"

The girl smiled stiffly, said, "No, thank you," in a soft voice and then looked up the Drive as if searching for a long-lost brother. There was nothing for young Mr. Crosby to do but continue his journey, feeling like a little boy who has been sent away from the table. Reaching Seventy-second Street, he was held up in a traffic jam, and his astonishment knew no bounds when he glanced

Illustrations by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

at the car beside him and saw her sitting alongside a nice-looking old man!

Now Peter wasn't gifted with a massive brain but, in addition to the odd millions, he had inherited a few of his father's good qualities, and one of them was a keen perception, and he realized at once why the young lady had refused to ride with him.

Instead of going to work, Peter turned around and went home. Seeking out his chauffeur, he said, "John, I want you to buy me the oldest-looking car you can find! I want it in good running order, but it must be old!" Peter then returned to the house in search of some old clothes.

After looking in vain through a long closet in which were hung rows of immaculate garments for the young man about town, he grabbed a suit of dark material and looked at it. It was practically new and in perfect press so he threw it on the floor and jumped upon it vigorously.

The next morning a strange-looking vehicle emerged from the driveway of the Crosby estate. It couldn't have been a minute newer than a 1912 model, and it rattled and shook prodigiously. In it sat a nice-looking young workingman in soiled clothes and a battered felt hat. It turned south on two wabbling wheels and churned away in a cloud of dust.

Again the girl was waiting and when the car chattered to a rickety halt and a battered door opened invitingly, she jumped lightly in.

"How far down are you going?" said the young man.

"Oh, drop me any place that is convenient," murmured the young lady. "I work on Fifty-seventh Street."

"Why, that's where I work, too!" Peter smiled happily.

On the trip downtown little was said. Peter didn't want to break the melody that was singing in his heart.

He dropped her at the corner of Fifth Avenue without saying a word, and at her "Thank you so much," tipped his hat deferentially.

He was simply dying to ask if he might take her home but he didn't dare. He just sat there, watching the door through which she had disappeared.

The next morning Peter left a half-hour earlier and, with fluttering heart, parked himself a block above the heavenly spot. Then he saw her flitting across the Drive and timed his arrival to the second.

"Well, this *is* a coincidence!" he cried, with a grin, as she got in.

"Yes, isn't it!" she murmured stiffly. Then she looked at him. "You're not fooling me at all, you know!"

Peter almost ran over the curb. "Wh-wh-what?"

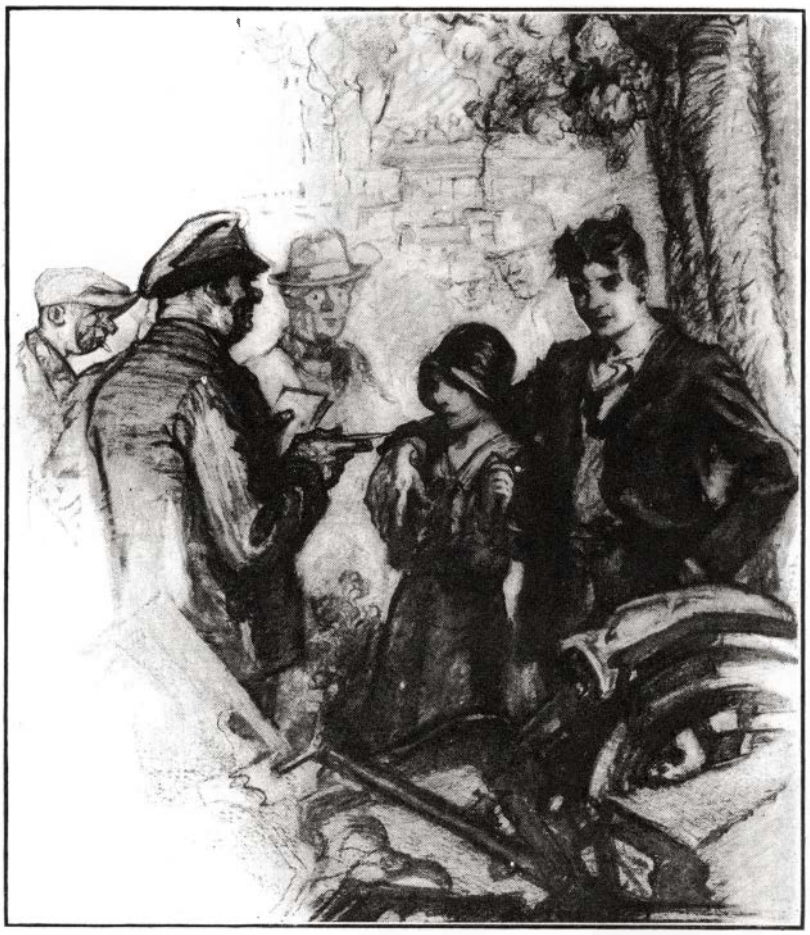
"I know your name, and all about you!" the girl continued, and her voice was very cold. "You may not realize it, but you are a famous young man! I've read of your wild escapades and parties and the way you squander money that you didn't even earn! Why, only yesterday you were held up by an editorial writer as the horrible example of the taint that riches leave!"

"Ah! The Mind-the-Taint Girl!" Peter grinned.

"You may laugh," the girl went on in a low monotone, "but I work for a living! Saving ten cents car fare means a lot to me, but I'm not a professional hitch hiker and I don't ride with wastrels!"

A deep red appeared upon Peter's cheeks. He brought the car to a jerky stop and, reaching over, opened the door without a word. The girl stepped out and Peter rode on.

Peter spent a sleepless night but a profitable one. He thought a great deal, and he realized that the little lady had not only said a mouthful but a truthful.



The officer turned from the wreck to Peter. "You the owner?" "Yes, sir!" grinned Peter. "I think so!"

One other attribute that Crosby, Sr., had given to his only child was a sense of humor, and the next morning the dilapidated car chattered down the Drive as usual, and slowed up opposite a surprised young woman.

Peter doffed his hat politely. "Going downtown?"

The girl looked at him coolly. "No, thank you!"

Peter smiled and drove on. The following morning he repeated the performance, and the next and the next. Unconsciously the girl looked each morning for the rickety car.

And then, one morning, it didn't appear and the young lady discovered to her dismay and disgust that she was wondering if anything could have happened to him! In fact, she nearly smiled the next morning when she saw him, but when he stopped with his usual polite salutation, she replied frigidly with her accustomed "No, thank you!"

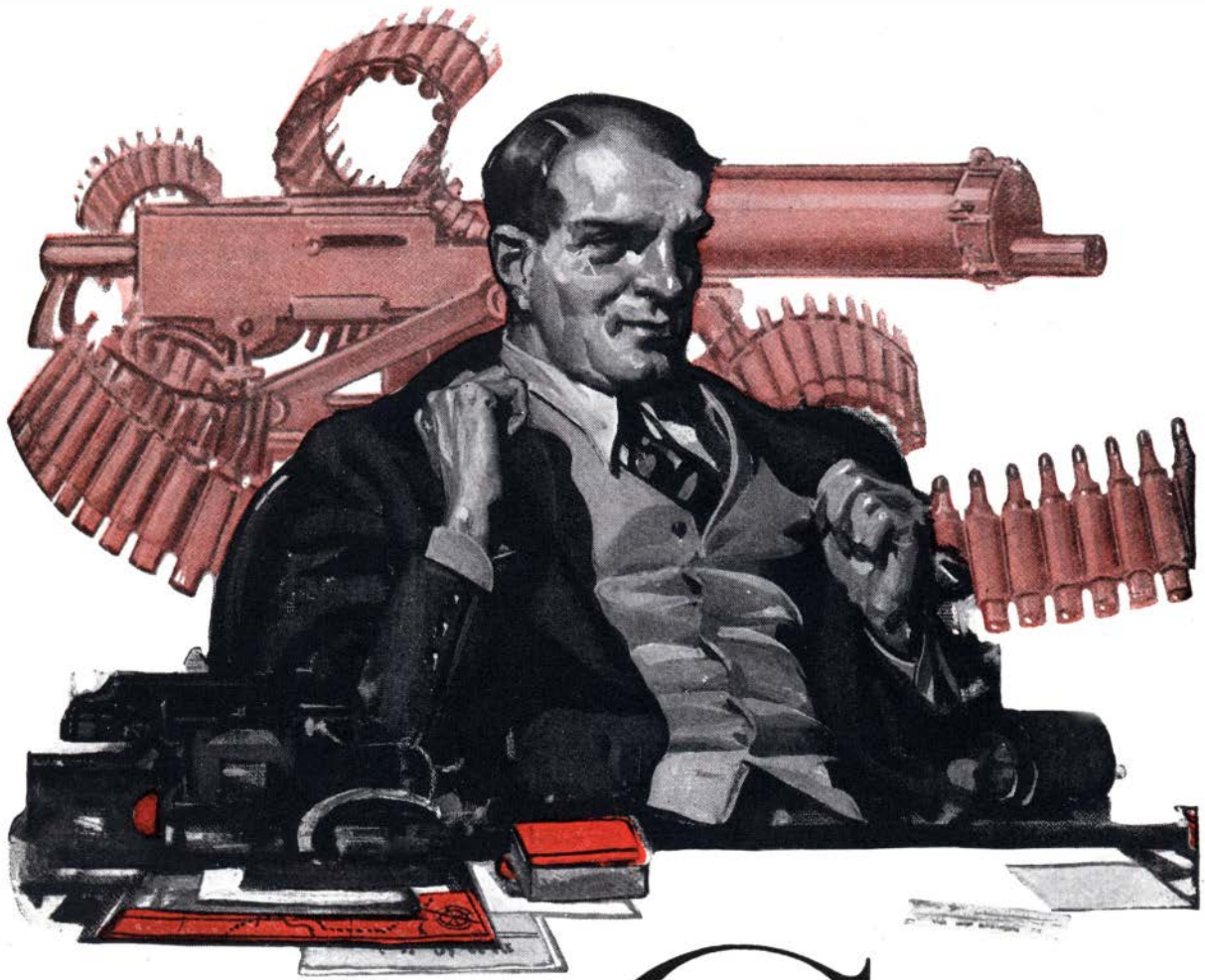
Sitting very erect, Peter returned his hat to his head and started off down the Drive, with a flourish, but for the first time, and for some unaccountable reason, he looked back. The Mind-the-Taint Girl was looking after him and upon her face there was a broad grin! Peter's heart leaped, as did the car, and there was a loud tinny crash as it plunged headlong into a tree.

With a cry of terror, the girl raced madly down the Drive. She arrived in time to see a bedraggled head emerge from the wreck. The girl found herself on her knees dabbing at his face with a postage-stamp handkerchief.

A burly policeman shouldered his way through the crowd and, taking out his pad, looked down at Peter with a bored expression. "You the owner?"

Peter grinned and put a torn sleeve around the girl's shoulder. "Yes, sir! I think so!"

By Peter B. Kyne



Come

Polly Cahill (so called because of his abnormally long, hooked nose) approached the door upon the ground-glass panel of which appeared in gold lettering the legend:

James E. Teller
Investments

He rapped twice, paused, rapped once, paused; then rapped three times in quick succession. Watch in hand, he waited one minute and rapped once.

Instantly the latch clicked and Polly pushed the door open, albeit the person who had unlocked it was invisible as he stepped into the room, pistol in hand. He stood there a moment, uncertain, frightened, realizing that the lock had been operated by pressure upon an electric button in another room.

Mysteries always distressed Polly; he had a human instinct to run from them. As he turned to run from this one the door swung back and the latch clicked again, nor could his violent twisting and jerking at the knob reopen the door.

He was trapped. He had come to kill James E. Teller, and now all he could do was sit down weakly in the visitors' chair beside Teller's vacant desk and wait to die.

He sat there half an hour. The telephone, he had discovered in the interim, was dead, nor could he reach the fire escape from the window. So he laid his pistol, with its Maxim silencer, on Teller's desk and sat there rubbing his clammy hands and suffering; for alas, Polly was not a brave man, despite the fact that he was a professional killer. He had known apprehension any number of times, but this was his first experience of abject fear and he could not control his trembling. And the longer he sat there, the more violently he trembled.

His heart gave a violent leap. Somebody was rapping out on the door the same code Polly had employed to gain entrance. Polly thrust his pistol in his coat pocket and stepped softly to the door; when the latch clicked he seized the knob and gave a tug; it was his plan, when the door opened, to lower his head, dash out, butt the man outside violently in the abdomen, upset him and flee down the adjacent stairs.

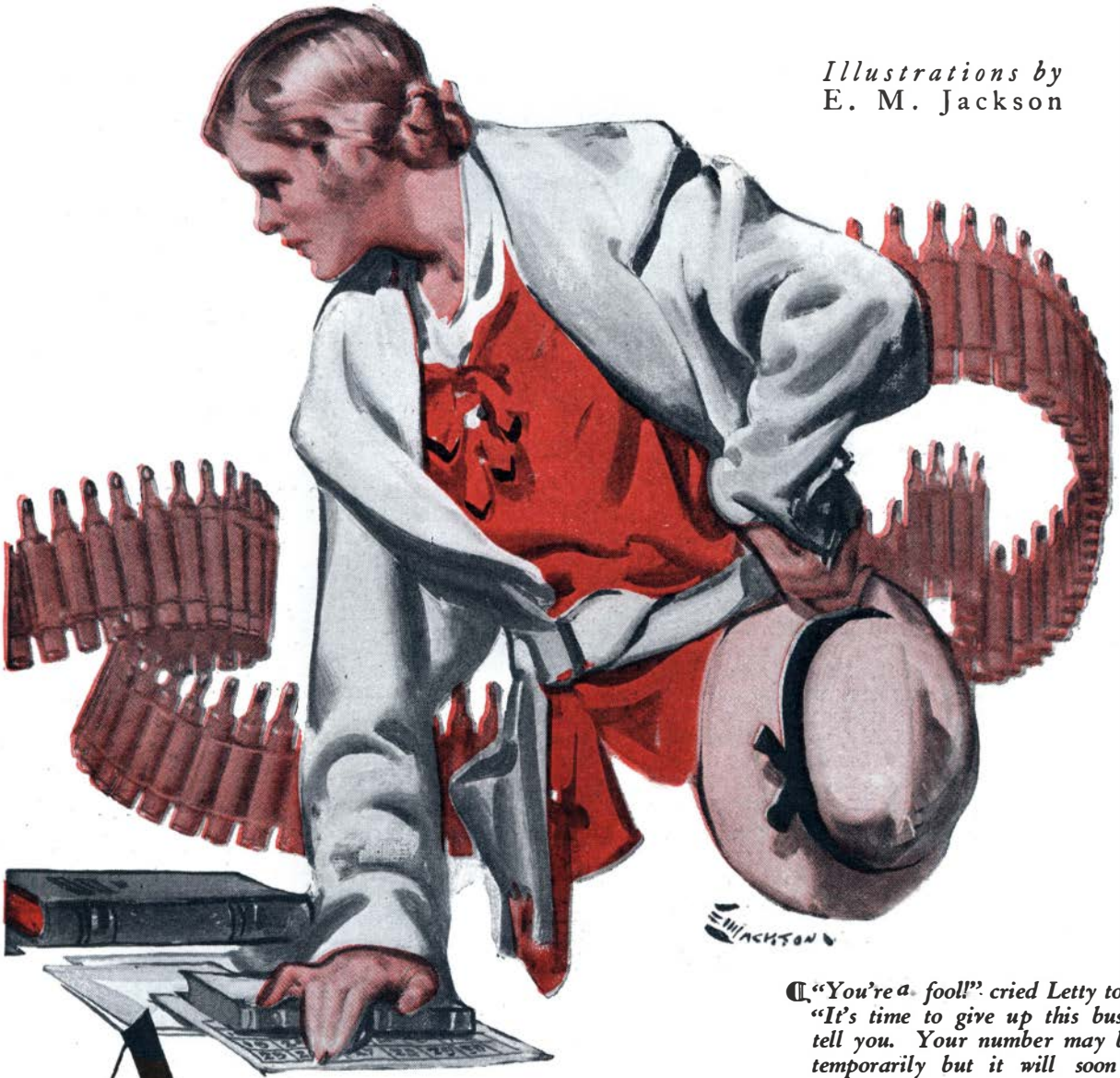
The door did not open. Polly waited. Evidently something had gone wrong with the electric mechanism that controlled the lock—perhaps the person pressing the control button would press it again—successfully.

A voice in back of him said: "Put 'em up!"

Polly put them up, for he knew he was without adequate argument; that he would be dead before he could get his own gun out again. In the door leading to his general office James E. Teller was standing with a short, double-barreled, twelve-gauge shotgun in his right hand. Polly supposed each barrel contained eleven buckshot, and at twelve feet he knew a miss was impossible.

Teller came closer; from behind, he ran his hands

Illustrations by
E. M. Jackson



¶ *"You're a fool!" cried Letty to Teller. "It's time to give up this business, I tell you. Your number may be down temporarily but it will soon be up again. Why must you take the risk?"*

Across

over Polly's person, removed the latter's pistol and pointed to a chair. "Sit down," he said pleasantly.

Polly sat down.

"So my number's up, eh?" Teller resumed easily. "You shouldn't attempt a killing job on Friday, because Friday is an unlucky day. Sailors do not like to put to sea on Friday. But then," he added, "I suppose you've never been a sailor. So dear, sweet, kind, noble Lou Pelicano sent you, eh?"

"I'm not talkin'," Polly managed to mumble.

"You may live to comb a few gray hairs if you condescend to do a little talking, my friend. Really, there is nothing to prevent me from shooting you with your own gun, with its cute little silencer, and, later tonight, dumping your body out the window into the light well."

"You go to the devil," Polly muttered. He wanted to be brave and was trying hard, but succeeding only in being foolish.

"I will be patient with you because I see you are a fool," James E. Teller replied. "If you tell me who gave you the secret code of knocks for entering my private office from the hall I will let you go and never mention your indiscretion to a soul. I'm not worried regarding you. You'll get out of town by the first train and stay out, Mr. Polly Cahill. You see, I even know your name."

"I ain't no snitch," Polly protested virtuously.

"Prove it," said James E. Teller, and got out Polly's gun with the Maxim silencer. "When I count ten your light goes out, unless you answer my question before I get that deep in elementary mathematics. One—two—three—four—five——"

"Larsen did," Polly barely whispered.

Teller pocketed the pistol. "I knew all along you were a snitch. You'd cheat if you were playing solitaire. And I knew all along it was Larsen. Larsen used to be a sailor and he should have warned you against starting work on Friday. Poor Larsen! He's such a dull Swede." He filled and lighted a pipe. "The day before Larsen went to Canada to bring down a convoy of liquor trucks for me I changed the code of knocks and gave the new code to Larsen.

"I don't really know why I did that, either. Just a hunch. I'm psychic that way. Consequently, when I heard you rapping off the new code so confidently, I said to myself: 'Larsen must be back, although I did not expect him until late tonight. Guess I'll play safe.'

"So I retreated to my general office, worked the push button from there and watched you through my own private peephole. I've enjoyed watching you disintegrate with fear and uncertainty." Teller shook his head sadly. "How terrible to be born without animal courage!"

"Well, I've snitched!" Polly cried, and there was a sob of shame in his voice. "What happens?"

"You run along about your lawless occasions and try

to be a good boy. I think I've been very kind to you and that you should leave me alone hereafter. At least I hope so. Now, Cahill, I loathe people who are too free with good advice, but nevertheless I'm going to give you some. When Larsen discovers who has betrayed him to his boss it's just going to be too bad for you. So I think you would do well to fold your tent like the Arab and silently fade away. Do you mind if I keep this gun as a souvenir of your delightful visit? No? Thank you so much."

He went to the door and opened it, and Polly went through it like a bush rabbit.

When the killer was gone Teller pressed a button and his secretary entered. "Letty," he said, "you've been with me nine years. You've been faithful and brave and fine; and now I'm going to give you the customary notice. Draw a check for ten thousand to your order and I'll sign it. Just a token of my appreciation of your loyal service, Letty."

The girl stared at him.

"I don't understand, Mr. Teller."

"Perhaps I should explain. Being secretary to a boss bootlegger is no nice job for a nice girl like you, even if you never come in contact with the dirt. And part of your work is not connected with booze, although booze money is at the bottom of it. Now, if you should leave my employ you could never say you had been my secretary, because that would be a knock, not a boost.

"You've really been damaged, Letty, so you should be recompensed, and no thanks to me for doing the decent thing either. On second thought, Letty, make the check fifteen thousand—ten for social damages and five because you're a peach and I like you."

"There's more back of this than you are willing to tell me," she protested. "Why do you insist on giving me the money now?"

"My number's up," he grinned, "so I thought I'd be a good Boy Scout and do my one kindly deed for the day before I'm bumped off."

"Are you worried?" Fright showed in Letty's eyes.

"No; I never worry. I knew that was one of the risks I had to take when I began dealing in liquor. Lie down with dogs and you'll get up with fleas. I'm an old soldier. In France I learned not to worry. Nevertheless, I shall be careful. Run along now and draw your check and deposit it before they get me. If you hold the check until I'm dead the bank will refuse payment and you'll have to wait until my estate is probated."

"I'm deeply grateful for all your kindness, Mr. Teller, and your check certainly will stabilize life for me. I haven't any friends and no family—indeed, you're the only friend I have." And Letty's eyes filled.

Embarrassed, Teller turned from her, drew a sheet of letter paper toward him and commenced to write—his will.

When Polly Cahill reported back to Lou Pelicano, he was profuse with details.

"I think," said Pelicano, "that you had better go to California for a while. I'll have to put somebody else on this job now that you've failed, so you ought to be ready with an alibi. There ain't room for me an' Teller in this city; he's been encroachin' on my territory. He got nine big customers away from me last month, by sellin' cheaper an' givin' better goods. So he's got to go.

"I played him fair. I offered to take him in as a partner to save trouble, but he sent word to me to jump into Lake Michigan. That means war, so war he gets."

"Well," said the philosophical Polly, "if you're goin' to get him you better get him quick, or he'll get you. He knows you're after him, an' it'll be a case of who gets there first with the most guns. He's a smooth article, chief. I'm sorry I had to snitch on Larsen, but I didn't have no out. It was me or Larsen."

"Another reason why I got to bump him off before Larsen gets back. Larsen has to have an out, too, Polly. With Teller out of the way I can do business with Larsen. No trouble at all." He tossed Polly a roll of bills. "Well, better luck next time, Polly. On your way."

Within the hour Lou Pelicano had sent three killers after Teller. He gave his orders with the calm assurance of a commanding general who knows there is no possible chance that he will not be obeyed. He told them what to do but, being a good executive, he refrained from telling them how to do it. He demanded results only. Having demanded them, he dismissed the matter from his mind.

Now, Pelicano was crafty and intelligent, but arrogant. He was accustomed to warfare and never evaded it, once he had made up his mind it was inevitable, but of the principles of warfare he knew little. For instance, it

¶ *"Who gave you the secret code of knocks for entering my private office?" Teller asked Polly. "When I count ten your light goes out, unless you answer my question. One—two—three—four—five——"*

never occurred to him that the enemy must always be presumed to act with discretion. Even the dull-witted Larsen would have told him that Teller could always be depended upon to act with discretion, but unfortunately Larsen was not there to advise Pelicano.

When Teller stepped out of the elevator that night into the lobby of the building where he had his offices, even Letty would have failed to recognize him. He was wearing a white wig and dark glasses; his clothing was old and shabby and he was bent as with age. Also, he walked with a limp and leaned heavily upon a blackthorn stick.

At the curb he paused and glanced anxiously up and down the street, after the fashion of the aged when about to essay a crossing in traffic. He had seen, standing in front of the office building, a young man who had once called upon him to seek employment as a bodyguard, and he noticed that this young man was scanning critically the stream of people debouching from the entrance. Obviously, he was looking for somebody.

"Looking for me," Teller decided. "He's there to point me out to the gorillas engaged to do the job. They can't be far away."

He decided they were just across the street, for a touring car, with all the curtains down in the tonneau, was parked, with the motor idling. Slowly and painfully Teller crossed the street to the parked car, opened the door and whined to the two men inside:

"Could you gentlemen give a poor old man a dime for a cup of coffee?"

"Sure Mike," one of the men replied, and handed him the coin. "Beat it now, daddy."

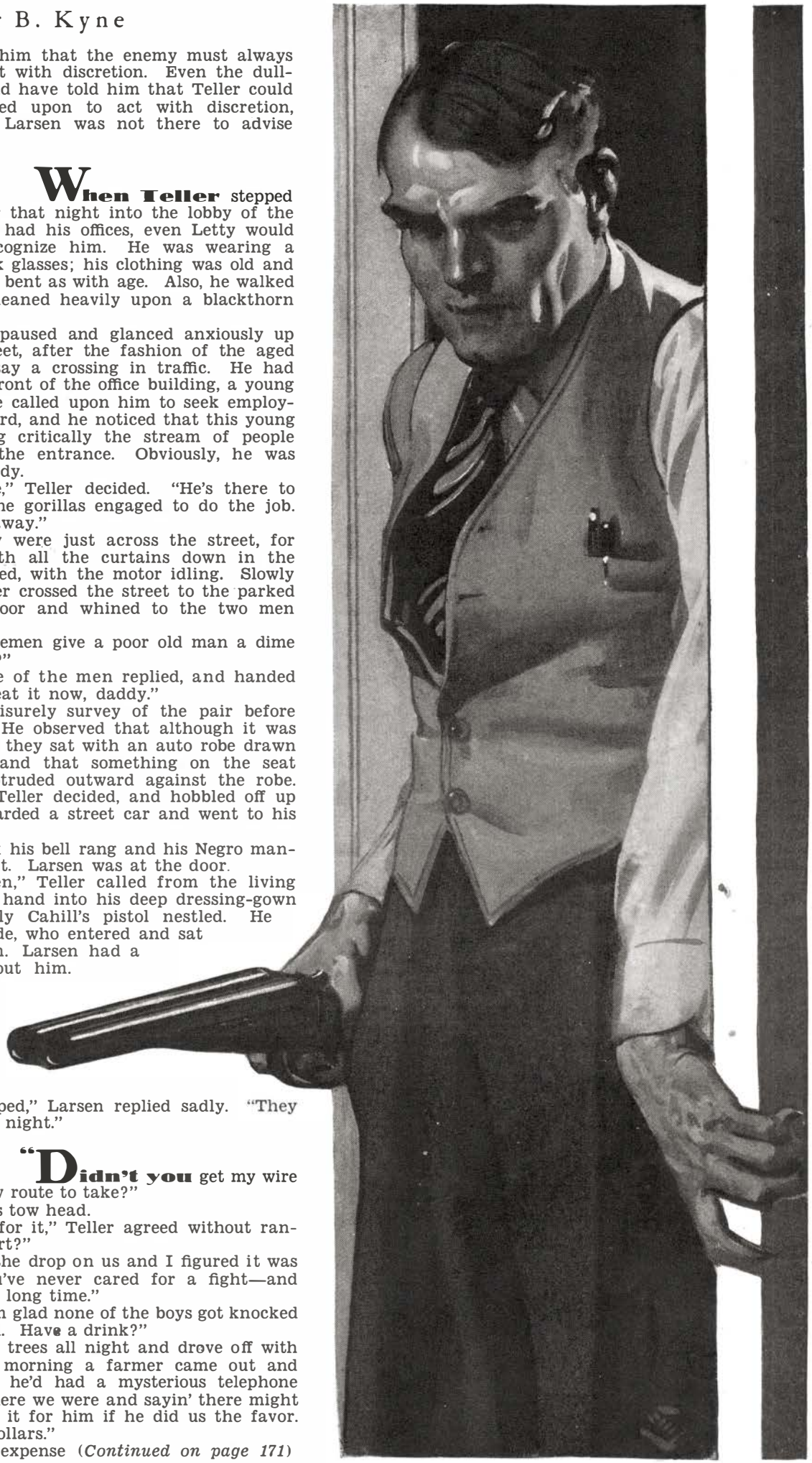
Teller took a leisurely survey of the pair before closing the door. He observed that although it was a hot July evening they sat with an auto robe drawn over their knees and that something on the seat between them protruded outward against the robe. "A Tommy gun," Teller decided, and hobbled off up the street. He boarded a street car and went to his apartment.

About ten o'clock his bell rang and his Negro manservant answered it. Larsen was at the door.

"Come in, Larsen," Teller called from the living room and ran his hand into his deep dressing-gown pocket where Polly Cahill's pistol nestled. He smiled at the Swede, who entered and sat down opposite him. Larsen had a lugubrious air about him.

"Well?" Teller queried. "Did you get through with the convoy all right? You look the picture of hard luck!"

"Something slipped," Larsen replied sadly. "They highjacked us last night."



"Didn't you get my wire telling you the new route to take?"

Larsen shook his tow head.

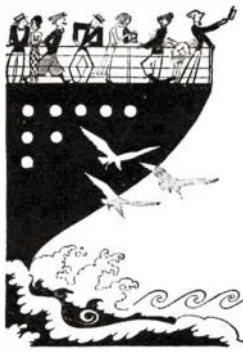
"That accounts for it," Teller agreed without rancor. "Anybody hurt?"

"No. They got the drop on us and I figured it was best to quit. You've never cared for a fight—and we've been lucky a long time."

"That's true. I'm glad none of the boys got knocked off. You look tired. Have a drink?"

"They tied us to trees all night and drove off with the trucks. This morning a farmer came out and released us. Said he'd had a mysterious telephone call, tellin' him where we were and sayin' there might be some money in it for him if he did us the favor. I give him fifty dollars."

"Put it in your expense (*Continued on page 171*)



Be *Yourself!*

There was a time when I was a trifle sensitive about being a yap. On strange hotel registers in other years I would inscribe myself with a worldly flourish from Cincinnati, when as a matter of fact I was a native of Gallipolis, Ohio, some three hundred miles away.

People from big cities awed me completely. In Pullman smokers I would indulge a few whoppers about personal experiences in New York when I had never, at the time, been east of Pittsburgh. Like so many others, I was caught up by the absurd conceit that one who did not know his Broadway was an apple-knocking clown.

I'm still far from the polished man of the world. If there is an awkward social blunder to be made, I may be counted upon to make it expertly. Twenty years of coaxing, pleading and threats have not firmly grounded the simple table etiquette of removing the spoon from the coffee cup. I still forget.

I lack that utter blaséosity that flowers in an immediate flow of delightful small talk with unfamiliar dinner companions. Other people at parties are forever saying those brilliant things I go home wishing I might have said.

My admiration for the airy persiflage of such conversational wits as Charles Hanson Towne and Michael Arlen is profound, and my friendship for them has extended over many years. But when I run into them at social gatherings I want to flush the janitor out of the cellar or sneak off to the kitchen and play rummy with the help.

Alone, each is a joy, but in mixed company they give me the fidgets. When Ethel Barrymore sweeps imperiously into a café I want to die, and I'm still hoping Dorothy Parker is only an imaginary person. All this, the psychological extremists would say, indicates a hopeless inferiority complex. They are mistaken.

¶I have seen countless Americans trying to ape their British cousins.

The truth is that when I think of myself, and that is quite often, I am certain in my own mind that I am quite a boy.

But I know also that I am still a yap, and out of the welter of many years of foolish mental anguish I have further learned we yaps are in the overwhelming majority.

The big mistake we have made is in letting our yappishness get our collective goat instead of capitalizing it into what it is—somewhat of an asset. Where will you find a bigger yap than Charles G. Dawes with his possum-bellied pipe and Hell-and-Maria talk, who was suddenly catapulted into the aristocratic Court of St. James'? Yet he made the grade with no effort whatever.

If there is a more popular American than Will Rogers, with his unruly forelock, cud of chewing gum and chatter of the corral, I have failed to find him. The most popular President in my time is the homespun, tight-lipped Calvin Coolidge. One of the best-loved writing men I know is "Spike" Hunt, and there is not a more popular actor than "Chic" Sale. Each is a square-toed country boy.

A yap, as I interpret him, is a person who carries with him the aura of his own nativity and cannot shake it off if he tries. Looking back, I have reached the stage of being heartily ashamed of ever having been ashamed that I was born in Plattsburg, Missouri, and reared in Gallipolis, Ohio.

Everybody is more or less a yap in a foreign land, but the most conspicuous and self-conscious yap of all is the Yankee abroad. I have been watching him this past summer.

This is largely due to the brand of education that incites every boy in America to believe firmly he is destined to rule at the White House. Right or wrong, it has developed a ridiculous self-consciousness.

I had to cross the ocean many times before learning the way to be happy abroad. The formula, had I the gumption to accept it years ago, is quite simple. It is: Be a yap! And that is merely another way of advising you to be yourself.

There are too many of us who journey to Europe with a ready apology on our lips. We try to camouflage our naturalness.

I have seen countless American men and women trying to ape their British cousins in London hotel lobbies and they are as conspicuous as a Jersey in a Holstein herd.

It is a clichéd observation that no person needs to stifle a mounting blush over being pure American or feel that Americanism is a badge of gawkery. I used to feel all ears and Adam's apple abroad.

The truth is, I was never noticed. Neither are my countrymen.

The Englishman is the most natural and comfortable of all travelers. If he is a cockney, a lord or a jockey at home he does not try to be anything else when he leaves old Albion.

The Britisher in New York continues to call his hotel elevator a "lift" and steps into it with his

By O. O. McIntyre

Cartoons by Herb Roth

spats, monocle, "cheerio" and perfect complacence.

The American, on the other hand, steps into a London hotel lift fearful someone will recognize he was born in some out-of-the-way brier patch, that his forbears slopped hogs and that he continues to sound his *r's*.

Wherever you go the people you will remember are those who indulge the simplicity of being themselves. Once at a winter resort in Switzerland, the leading hotel, in the seasonal flush of popularity, was filled with British, French and American aristocracy and a sprinkling of dukes, duchesses and dowagers.

There arrived one day a typical one-gallused American—a puddle jumper, it developed, from the Ozarks. With him were his dowdy wife and corn-fed daughter. Their entrance into the hotel was a signal for studied lorgnette lifting and behind-the-hand smiles.

He was a glorified prototype of Sinclair Lewis' Babbitt, wearing a Rotarian emblem in his coat lapel, white socks sans supporters and a dinner suit that fitted him entirely too soon.

He and the other members of his family were totally oblivious of the social barriers. He fretted because he could not be served pork chops and hot biscuits. Not one of them tried to make social contacts. They were blissfully happy—*en famille*.

Climbers who had brought trunks of clothes from Paris *couturières* and pocket-bulging letters of credit made no dent whatever. Yet when I left, a week later, members of this yokel family were as much a part of social activities as though born to the purple. They had accomplished with utter naturalness, whereas elegant four-flushing had failed.

There is a specious theory that extensive travel will iron out the rough places. One of the most seasoned travelers I know is an American who has bargained with savages in wild African jungles, slushed through Alaskan snows, slept in camphor trees in Formosa, lived with head-hunters in Borneo and cruised to all the outer rims of the globe.

He is equally at home in Constantinople, Shanghai, Berlin, Paris, London and New York, but he still wears an overhead nightshirt and carries a huge hunting-case watch, and he has crossed continents to return to his native forks of the creek for a mess of pig jowls and turnip greens. Like most yaps he is incurable.

The editor of New York's ultrasophisticated weekly, The New Yorker, is Harold Ross, of Aspen, Colorado. The most accomplished *boulevardier* of New York, Paris and other world capitals is the urbane Ben Ali Haggin, born on a farm near Lexington, Kentucky.

The so-called Gold Coast of fashionable Park Avenue is, records show, ninety percent outlanders from the whistle stops.

When I yanked myself away from the south end of a northbound plow in Missouri to become a migratory newspaperman my goal was always the magic metropolis, New York. Yet the very sound of the name brought goose pimples.

Such stars as Arthur Brisbane, Richard Harding Davis, Irvin Cobb, Frank Ward O'Malley, Albert Payson Terhune and a dozen others studded the journalistic heavens. Park Row was my goal, but for years I was unable to tighten up my courage for the plunge.

Fortuitous circumstances finally landed me there, and save for taller buildings and more people I found it little different from Gallipolis, Ohio. I have been able to appease the rent collector by writing just as informally and ungrammatically about the people of New York as I wrote about the local folks when I was "the" reporter in my jerkwater burg.

The physical aspects of the yap, of course, have vanished. Owing to the civilizing influence of the movie, radio and auto, we no longer see Reuben perched atop the rail fence with a wisp of chin whiskers and a strand of straw in his mouth.

People on Main Street in Iowa are about as stylishly dressed as those on Broadway, New York.

Nor is New York any longer architecturally the hub of America. The first completely built modernistic church is not on Fifth Avenue but in the so-called "New York of the West"—Tulsa, Oklahoma. The most beautiful show girls employed to dazzle the sophisticates by Ziegfeld, Earl Carroll and George White are plucked from the milk stools at the crossroads.

The yap happily is not concealed by the smother of outward sophistication. To the practiced eye, he is always recognized despite his spats, monocle or Bond Street clothes.

And that is as it should be. For he has won the right to strut and gloat a little after being the target for hoots so many years.

Another thing you may have noticed, the yap is usually yapping about nothing that matters. For instance!

¶ In a week this yokel family's utter naturalness had overcome the social barriers.

The Beauty-Shore

by Viola Brothers

Sidonie's confession was almost convincing: "I asked Maxine if she had seen Barry and she lied," she said, "but I pretended to believe her."

The Story So Far:

The small city of Hanaford made its first appearance in the headlines of newspapers all over the country with the famous "Beauty-mask Murder." The newspapers had so christened it because the face of the murdered woman, Maxine Ainslee, was covered with a clay "beauty mask" that gave a touch of the grotesque to the ghastly murder.

Maxine Ainslee had been killed in three ways: by a dose of morphine, by the injection of poison, and by the cutting of her throat with a sharp instrument. Her body was clothed in a soiled kimono, a blood-caked pair of shears lay on the floor near her, and over her were strewn blood-soaked bits of paper.

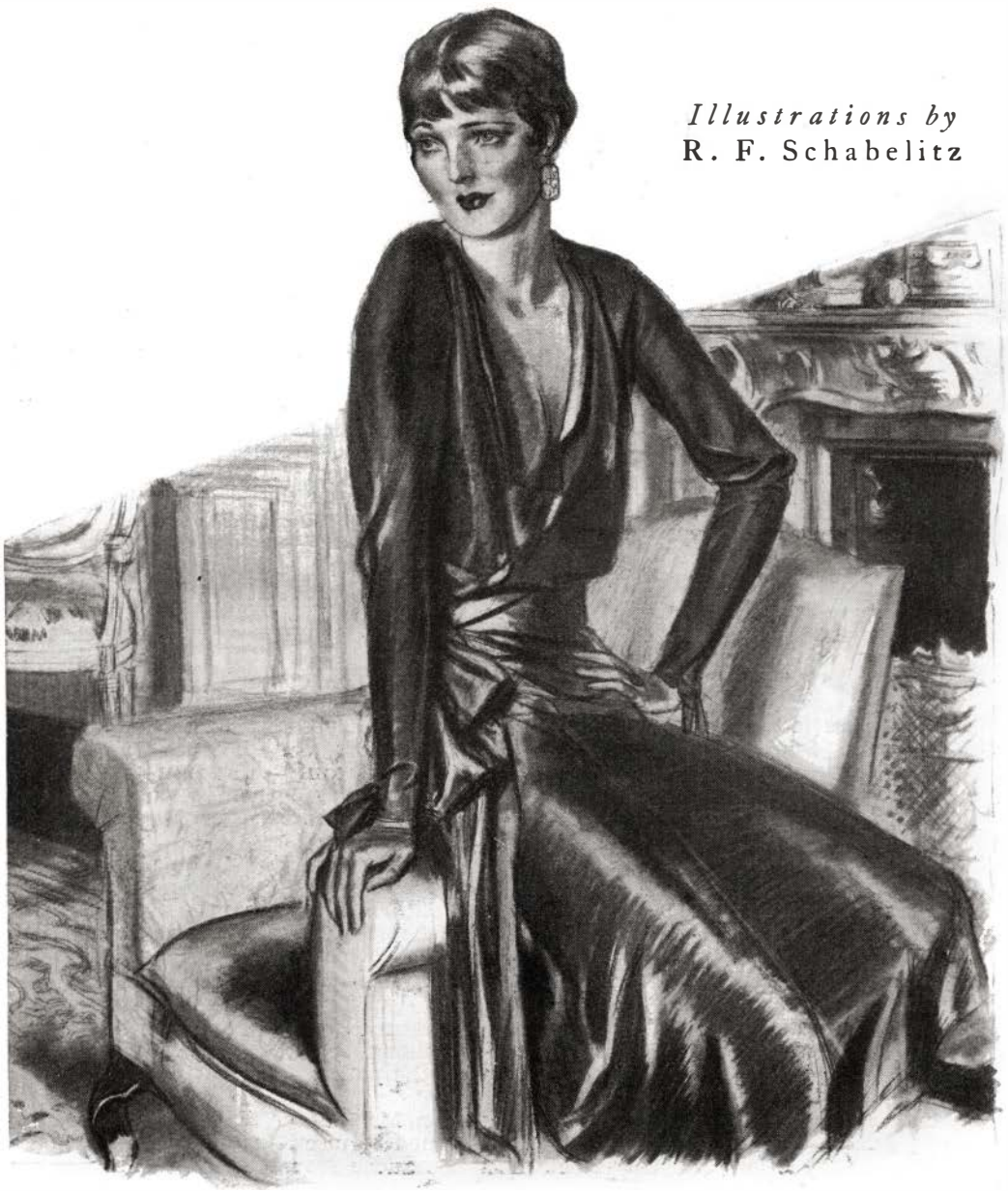
Gwynn Leith, widowed sister of Hanaford's mayor, had arrived in Hanaford on a surprise visit to her brother on the eve of the murder and her interest in the case was due to Andrew's friendship with Muriel Prescott, niece of the murdered woman. From Andrew Gwynn learned of Muriel's coming to Hanaford as the bride of Andrew's late law partner, Alan Prescott. Muriel had at once been accepted by Hanaford's narrowest social set, by reason of her own charm and her husband's position. But when her aunt came to visit her, the circle that had so eagerly welcomed Muriel were unwilling to accept Maxine. Finally the aunt had moved to an apartment of her own, and after Alan's death, when a small mail-order business in Baltimore, inherited by the two women, began to prosper, she had moved to a bungalow and Muriel had built a house.

Maxine's body had been discovered in the bungalow by her servant, Marzi Barna, and, terrified, he had immediately summoned the police. He had told them a seemingly straightforward story, including an important bit of evidence concerning a candy box containing typewritten letters, all in blue envelopes with the monogram "S.C.S." on the back, which had been on the living-room table on the day of the crime but had later disappeared.

It was discovered, however, that he had withheld the information that Maxine's seamstress, Karen Svensen, had been at the bungalow on the day of the murder. It was Gwynn who sensed that Marzi was in love with

mask MURDER

Illustrations by
R. F. Schabelitz



Maxine and feared that Karen, his fiancée, had discovered his new infatuation.

Karen's testimony was interesting, bringing to light the fact that Peggy Ann Fraser had quarreled with Maxine about some letters and had come to the bungalow when Maxine was out to search for an envelope which Maxine had concealed in a bureau drawer. Karen, afraid that Peggy Ann might find that envelope, had carried it away. In company with Muriel, she had come to Andrew's office with the envelope, which contained pawn tickets belonging to Mrs. Fraser.

Peggy Ann admitted that she had pawned some of her jewels to pay back Maxine the money which the latter had put up on the races for her and which had been lost. But Gwynn couldn't help feeling that something more than a desire to repay a debt had animated the gushing Peggy Ann. And when it was discovered that Mrs. Fraser telephoned regularly to someone at the Standard Stationery Company, Gwynn felt she had a clue worth following.

Moreover, she was eager to follow any clue that would keep Andrew from arresting Barry Weston, who had taken Maxine to dinner on the night of the murder; Doctor Edna Weston, Barry's mother, who had been seen near Maxine's bungalow on that ill-fated night; and Sidonie Saunders, Barry's fiancée, who might well have been jealous of Maxine. There were, of course, good reasons for Andrew's suspicions about these three. First of all, Barry's watch and woolen scarf had been found in the bungalow; then, Barry and his mother had tried to dispose of a hypodermic syringe; and last, Sidonie Saunders' father owned the Saunders Nurseries, where Barry, or Sidonie herself, might have obtained the sharp instrument used to cut Maxine's throat.

Gwynn, following her hunch, had gone to the Standard Stationery Company with Colin Keats, her latest conquest, to see Basil Emery, the president, since investigations had revealed that Peggy Ann Fraser's telephone calls were from him. Under Gwynn's shrewd questioning, Emery disclosed the club that Maxine had held over Peggy Ann's head—the letters on blue stationery which had disappeared from the bungalow.

"Of course, the letters put Mrs. Fraser completely at Maxine Ainslee's mercy," Gwynn had said.

"Mrs. Fraser had a right to those letters."

The minute Emery said it he realized his error and bit his lip. And for the first time Colin Keats noticed that the letters on his desk were on a strange shade of paper, a sort of robin's-egg blue.

Gwynn must have noticed these letters the moment she came into the room. She leaned towards Mr. Emery reassuringly.

"Of course she did," she said. "It was a pity she let Maxine Ainslee get hold of them in the first place, but of course you both thought it perfectly safe to send them in care of Mrs. Fraser's best friend."

"What makes you think that?" he asked.

Gwynn turned to him with her inscrutable smile. "We all recognize that when a man is in love with a beautiful woman and circumstances render it impossible for him to see her at all times, it is natural for him to pour out his emotions on paper. And since it might not be safe to send such letters to her home, it is quite understandable that he should find some friend who would receive and transmit them."

Emery's attitude expressed more plainly than words that Gwynn had won out and that he realized the futility of further evasions.

"It was Miss Ainslee who suggested that the letters be sent to her. I was under the impression that Mrs. Fraser was destroying them. It was a great shock to me to find they were still in existence—and in such hands!

"Mrs. Fraser finally went over there during Miss Ainslee's absence and recovered the letters and destroyed them. An unpleasant expedient, but I think you will agree that under the circumstances she was justified."

"Pardon me for asking you a rather personal question—but did Maxine Ainslee want Mrs. Fraser to get the money from you to pay her off?"

Emery did not seem to resent Gwynn's question.

"When Mrs. Fraser told me of her folly in pawning her jewels to help Maxine Ainslee, and of Miss Ainslee's shameless demand, I refused to be drawn into the affair. If Maxine Ainslee ever knew she could get money out of me, she would find a hundred ways of doing so. And I felt that if Peggy Ann worried a little about her jewels, it would be a good lesson to her in the future."

"You knew, of course, that she and Miss Ainslee had a quarrel over the letters last Tuesday?"

He nodded. "On Tuesday morning Mrs. Fraser called me on the telephone in a state of great agitation and for the first time informed me that the letters, instead of being destroyed, had been left at Miss Ainslee's. Poor girl, she is inclined to be romantic and sentimental and had readily fallen in with the plan of leaving the letters there, where she could read them from time to time.

"I was angry and upset, naturally, but I refused to pay blackmail to Maxine Ainslee. I told Peggy Ann it would be better for us to face the consequences of exposure. Peggy Ann came into Hanaford and took possession of the letters the same day."

"Did you see her here in Hanaford on Tuesday?"

"No; she had to hurry back to East Benton. It was on her way back that her car was disabled and left in a garage."

"When did you learn that she had recovered the letters?"

He looked at Gwynn sharply and seemed to weigh his reply. "On Thursday. When I met her she said that she had destroyed the letters Tuesday. And a lucky thing it was, because the police would undoubtedly have found them when they took possession of Miss Ainslee's effects."

"Why did you phone Maxine Ainslee on Tuesday?" asked Gwynn.

Once more he looked at her, wondering how she knew that. "I phoned her after my talk with Mrs. Fraser and demanded that she return the letters, and we had some words over the telephone. I finally threatened to take the matter up with the police. I was ready to face the consequences."

"One more question, Mr. Emery. Have you a salesman in your employ named Johnson—a young man with a tiny black mustache and a scar across his left cheek?"

"Johnson?" Emery shook his head. "We haven't any Johnson in the sales department. You don't mean Jack Hudkins, by any chance? He has a small black mustache and a scar."

"Hudkins," murmured Gwynn; "what sort of chap is he?"

"Just an average sort of fellow. I'd send for him, only he left for the road Saturday night."

"It doesn't matter. It isn't important. And besides, Hudkins isn't the name. I'm sure it was Johnson."

Gwynn rose to go and I rose too. She held out her hand. "Thank you, Mr. Emery. You have been very helpful. I happen to be His Honor's sister and I will do my utmost to see that your name is not brought into the case."

"Thank you very much," he said gravely. "You are very kind. This whole affair has been a nightmare to me."

"Poor fellow," said Gwynn as we were going out. "He hasn't the faintest idea what a nightmare it really is.

I wonder what he'd do if he found out about the salesman. Peggy Ann is deceiving Emery about him, the same way she is deceiving her husband about Emery."

"What makes you think that?" I asked.

"Because she didn't let Emery know she was in Hanaford Wednesday—and because Emery never flickered an eyelash when he spoke of Hudkins. I'm sorry the young man is on the road. I'd like to ask him a few questions."

We met Andrew at the Grill for luncheon. "Well," he asked indulgently, "has the wild-goose season opened yet?"

I spoke up indignantly. "Gwynn managed to dig out what was in the tin box on Maxine Ainslee's table the night she was murdered!"

Andrew raised his eyebrows. "Indeed! I thought we knew it was letters."

"It was," I said. "Love letters from Basil Emery to Peggy Ann Fraser." I went on to tell him of our morning's interview.

There was no doubt that Andrew was impressed.

"But how in the world did you guess that those letters, which Marzi said were addressed to Maxine Ainslee, had been written by Basil Emery to Peggy Ann Fraser?" he asked Gwynn.

"I blush to tell you how simple it was. Marzi said the letters were all in blue envelopes. As soon as we got into the outside office I noticed that all the stenographers had blue paper in their typewriters and I had an illuminating flash. Marzi had said the monogram on the back was 'S.C.S.'—and of course that might be the Standard Stationery Company—'S.S.C.'—with the *C* in the center. When we went into Emery's office, there was a stack of mail ready to be signed on his desk—and on the flap of one of the blue envelopes was the monogram 'S.C.S.'

"You know I told you I didn't believe Maxine Ainslee, who was notoriously 'queer about money,' put up the stakes for her girl friend's *(Continued on page 117)*

Barry Weston said Maxine had compelled him to dine with her the night she was murdered. She had called him up and threatened a disclosure that would ruin his happiness unless he agreed to come.

LOVE

Drawings by

We have made some progress in our ideas of social fitness, but not so much as we have in ideas of transportation or of long-distance communication. The very word "sex" is still taboo to many. To be honest is to be immodest, immoral, or disgusting; to be frank is even more heinous. But truth is mighty and will prevail.

The big question is, what is the truth about sex? I have been asked to discuss the question in its general social bearings, and especially as to whether there is a substitute for sex or a way out of the social chaos we seem to be in, and I propose to discuss it as sanely and frankly as I can.

Further, I shall try to resist the temptation to moralize or to be biased by my early cultural environment, which held that certain things are *inherently* wrong and certain unsocial practices *inherently* evil. I shall try, rather, to view the subject against the background of light recently shed by investigations into fundamental human nature and the nature of our animal nearest-of-kin.

Before I have really stated the problem, I find I have used a few words which, though in general use, are commonly misunderstood. If we are to understand one another, they must be more sharply defined.

"Fundamental" means dyed-in-the-wool, won't-wash-out: *inherent, innate, inborn.* Thus: food-hunger is a fundamental trait of human and animate nature, of all organic life. No hunger, no eat; no eat, die.

The outstanding phenomenon of life is growth. When we stop growing we begin dying. Food-hunger is inherent in human nature. We cannot change our fundamental nature.

Again: mate-hunger is a fundamental trait of human nature and of all animals with bisexual reproduction. No mating, no offspring; no offspring, no immortality.

But note this profound distinction between the two hungers: without food, my days are numbered, but my death does not ring down the curtain for the whole human race—only for myself. Without mate, my days are also numbered—but by years, of which I may live to count fifty, seventy, ninety; but my death would close *my* race. *My* strain is immortal only as a result of obeying that fundamental impulse to mate which is born in us and will be heard.

One word more: "evil." Here, again, is a difference, a fundamental difference. Clarity on this point is helpful, and I know no clearer definition than Hobbes': "Every man calleth that which pleaseth and is delightful to himself, good; and that *evil* which displeaseth him."

Hans Flato

by George A. Dorsey

who told us Why We Behave like Human Beings

Locke's: "What is apt to produce pain in us we call evil," gets there quicker, but doesn't bring out the contrast between good and evil.

In other words, whenever we begin to characterize one form of sex life as "good" or another as "evil," we begin to act as judges of moral conduct. And that is our privilege. But it is a privilege I wish here to renounce.

I make no pretense of being *vox populi*, censor, guardian, law- or taboo-maker. Nowhere shall I say, "Don't do this," or "Do that." Nowhere shall I say more than, "Do this and the result will be thus and so."

Why? For the same reason that you see stars when you get a blow on the head; and don't forget that you can crack a skull more easily than you can break a habit. Don't do this because it is "evil" but because the law says it is; don't do that because it is unnatural but because society says it is; to do "this" or "that" is to bring the law or society down on you.

Thus: Law says, "Don't be a bigamist"; Society, "Don't be a pervert." What does Nature say? In short, just how much and what part of our sex behavior is natural or animal; how much and what part is cultural or human? Is monogamy, for example, the natural condition of Man, or merely the form of mateship our particular civilization accepts and the only form it legalizes?

I grew up in a community, as probably you did, which preached monogamy both as a *natural* and a divine institution. I believed it—at any rate, the natural part; and until recently preached it myself. I argued that a father-ape was just naturally altruistic toward his spouse and offspring, and that that behavior was the natural corner stone of human society—husband, wife, children.

I even pointed with pride to the fact that our first cousin, the big ugly gorilla, regularly supplies museums with more male than female skulls because when he hears the footsteps of a man he sends mother and children into the bush and steps bravely up to investigate. There was monogamy for you—the kind of animal father none of us need be ashamed of!

Well, it is a fact that male gorilla skulls in museums far outnumber the female. What is wrong, then, with the picture of that natural corner stone of human society? Too brutish?

But I must digress a moment. Who are these brutish cousins who were our prehuman ancestors? I can't talk intelligently about *human* (*Continued on page 176*)

Concluding—

Shattered

Illustrations by McClelland Barclay

Tony

captured by the police, broke down and confessed that he had killed "Lucky Sam." And then, driven by remorse, he told them of the killing of Rosa Dugan. He kept crying over and over again, "I killed her and I wanta die too!"

As soon as Melbourn saw the note he knew what it was. He recognized the steel-gray envelope, large and square in shape, and a moment later he recognized the sprawling emotional handwriting of Fanny and he thought angrily, "She's run me down even here," and saw that this might be the beginning of a long series of annoyances and scenes.

He was angry and aware that in his brain there seemed to be a hard knot as if his nerves were all tangled, and he felt a violent wave of cold hatred for her and determined to stamp her out of his life by violence if necessary. "We've finished," he thought. "There's nothing to go on with."

The man explained that he hadn't known Mr. Melbourn was lunching upstairs and that he had been waiting for him in the lobby. Melbourn tipped him and laid the envelope beside his plate, aware at the same time that Lady Elsmore was reading the address written in the wabbly emotional handwriting and the word "urgent" underscored so hysterically that the line of the pen had exploded into a blot.

He had meant not to open it until he was alone but the word "urgent" made him suspect that perhaps she was not writing to him to get him back, but because she had discovered what had happened to Jim and did not know what to do.

Abruptly he said, "Do you mind if I open it?"

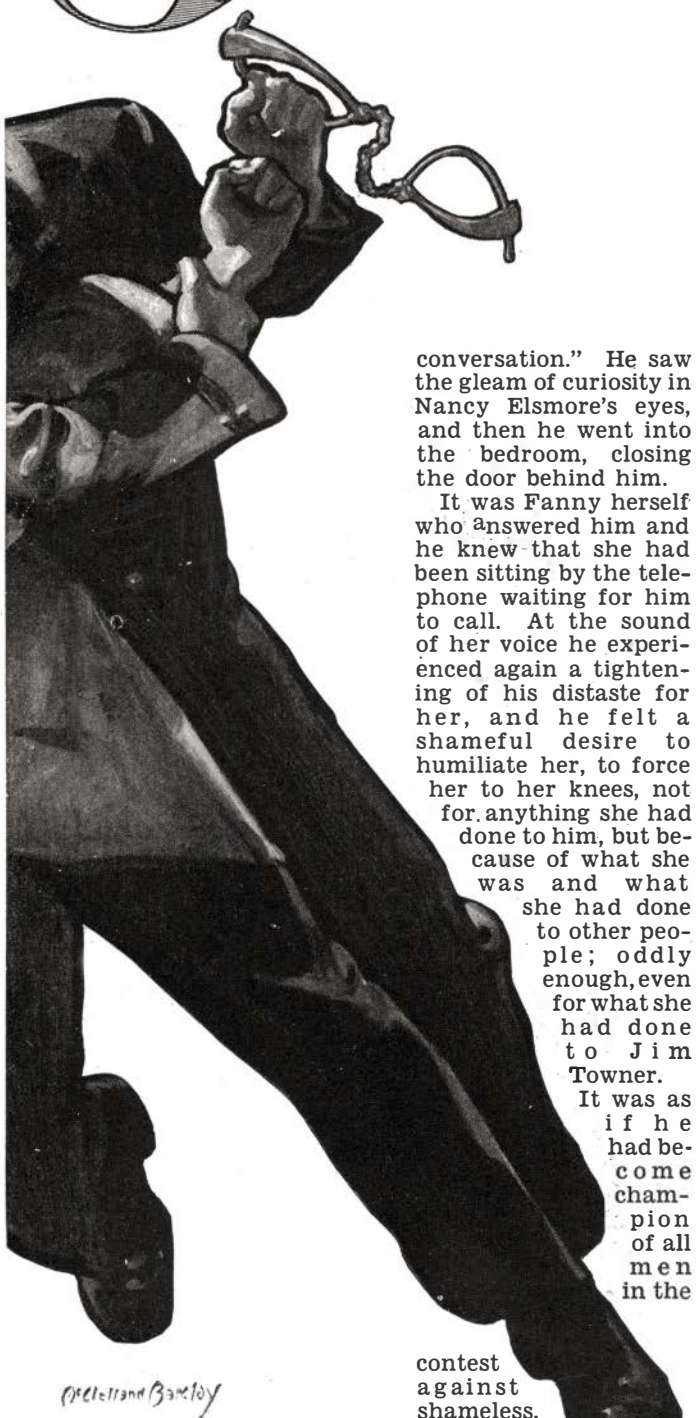
They did not mind, but to his annoyance they sat quite still, and he felt violently self-conscious, as if they were able to divine by telepathy what was written on the steel-gray paper.

He read it through and knew at once that his guess had been right. And he saw that there was no escape now from seeing her; but he understood that the woman who had written this note was a new Fanny, a Fanny chastened and willing to sacrifice her pride. Only once, really, did the old Fanny betray herself. It was when she wrote, "If you fail me, I don't know what I'll do. I might do anything." That was the old Fanny, trying vainly to awe him by threats of scenes.

He thrust the note into his pocket and said, "May I use your telephone?" and then flushed and added, "The one in the bedroom. It's not for an ordinary

Glass

By Louis Bromfield



conversation." He saw the gleam of curiosity in Nancy Elsmore's eyes, and then he went into the bedroom, closing the door behind him.

It was Fanny herself who answered him and he knew that she had been sitting by the telephone waiting for him to call. At the sound of her voice he experienced again a tightening of his distaste for her, and he felt a shameful desire to humiliate her, to force her to her knees, not for anything she had done to him, but because of what she was and what she had done to other people; oddly enough, even for what she had done to Jim Towner.

It was as if he had become champion of all men in the contest against shameless, shallow women, like her. It seemed to him that not only Fanny but Verna Hostetter had spoken to him from the other end of the wire. He said quietly, "This is David."

"You got my note, then. When can I see you?"

"That depends. Is it important?"

"I should think my note made that clear."

"I'm sorry, Fanny, but I've had notes like that before from you."

"Well, it hasn't anything to do with me or you. It hasn't anything to do with anything between us."

"You're sure?"

"I'm sure. If you think I'd humiliate myself like this just for the sake of beginning over again you must be insane."

"What is it, then?"

"I can't tell you over the telephone."

"I'm sorry, Fanny, but I can't come unless I know there's a good reason. I'm a busy man."

There was a silence as if she were thinking, and then she asked, "Have you read the afternoon papers?"

"Of course."

"Did you read about Rosa Dugan?"

"Yes."

Again there was a silence, and presently in a voice that was almost a whisper she said, "Jim is 'Mr. Wilson.' "

He had forced her to say it and he found himself grinning at the telephone. He said, "I'll come over at once. In twenty minutes. I haven't much time."

He heard the receiver click at the other end of the wire and felt ashamed of himself, not because he was sorry for Fanny, but because he had permitted himself to become so childish and small.

It seemed to him that he had yielded despite himself to some perverse and spinsterish instinct. But at the same time he saw that everything concerned with love came back in the end to the same thing. It made fools of men, whether it was the merest passion or love in the noblest sense.

Nobody could escape that terrible compulsion which had just caused him to behave like a child. He saw again that he had never *wanted* to take up with Fanny.

He ground down the end of his cigaret into the glass ash tray, and rising, went back to the sitting room, where Nancy Elsmore received him with her large dark eyes still bright with curiosity. He apologized and said that he must leave them and that he would return for Sir John in an hour. Nancy Elsmore made fluttering protests as if she were still young and inviting, and he felt disgust at this new manifestation of the thing which at the moment he detested so much that he could not even think of Ruby as a woman to be desired.

At sight of Fanny he found himself compelled to grin. She came into the library where he was waiting, dressed all in black with touches of white lace at the wrists and throat. He saw that she had left off all make-up and therefore appeared pale and saddened. Clearly, she meant to enjoy the drama no matter how dismal the consequences of the subject which engaged them.

He stood up and as she came toward him he saw that all the protective veneer of her plan for the encounter had cracked and that, not knowing exactly how to greet him, she had become confused and awkward. He helped her by holding out his hand. She took it and said, "Hello," as casually as possible.

There was an awkward pause, and to make it easier for her, he sat down and said, "Do you mind if I have a cigar? I was interrupted in the midst of lunch."

She murmured, "No," in a funny strangled voice and sat on the sofa, near the edge.

He took out the cigar and said, as he lighted it, "I guessed what was the matter. It's a rotten business." But he did not tell her that he had guessed because he had seen Jim, dead-drunk, being helped across

Ruby Wintringham, Melbourn's bride-to-be

the pavement by Rosa Dugan at two o'clock the morning before. His instinct told him to hold that piece of information until the end, and then to use it only if it were necessary to save Jim. If it wasn't necessary, nobody ever need know.

She began to cry softly, so softly that he guessed her tears were genuine. "I'm at the end of things," she said. "I don't know what to do. I wouldn't have sent for you if I hadn't been at the end."

"Where's Jim?" he asked, aware immediately that it was the first time he had ever called her husband "Jim" and that it was because he felt sorry for her and wanted to make her feel that he would do his best to help.

"He's no good. He's asleep, completely done in. He was dead-drunk last night. He couldn't have—he couldn't have done it. And he fell down the stairs when he was leaving and broke his arm. He's no good. He's a hindrance more than anything else. He hasn't any head." The tears came faster and faster, and she said, "What are we going to do? What are we going to do?"

For a second time he became aware of a new Fanny. If she had come into the room meaning to be dramatic, she had forgotten it now. He said, "Did Jim tell you everything?"

"Yes."

"Tell me what he said. Tell me what really happened. We'd better go at it at the right end."

So she told him everything Jim had told her, and as she talked Melbourn became slowly more interested in the spectacle of Fanny herself, tortured and humiliated, with all her vanity crushed, than in the story she was telling. He kept thinking cruelly, "All this will do her good. In the end she will emerge passably decent. She's never had anything happen to her before."

But as he listened he saw, too, that everything between them was certainly not finished, at least on her side, and he became uncomfortably aware of something in the air which made him uneasy. He felt that deep down inside her she was wanting him back on any terms and that her mind was more occupied with that than with Jim's sordid story. It was as if her body betrayed her and her mind became transparent.

When she had finished he said quietly, "I thought it was all rather like that."

"What are we to do?"

For a moment he was silent and then he said, "There's only one thing—to clear out, all of you, as soon as possible; tonight, if there's a boat."

"There is a boat. I'd thought of that. We're packed. Even the passports are in order. We had them visaed last year when we went to Scotland."

He saw her flush and knew at once that it was because the word "Scotland" brought up the return voyage during which they had met each other.

"But what are we to do when they find out who 'Mr. Wilson' is? If they begin cabling to Europe and Jim is run down by foreign police—extradition and all that, it would be dreadful."

"If worst came to worst, he'd come home quietly, wouldn't he?"

"Yes. What else could he do?"

"Then I think it could all be done quietly. I could put a word in the right place."

"That's why I wanted you to come. I couldn't think of anyone else."

"Of course, if only they can find the man who did it—the fellow who left the cap—it would be much easier. The worst that could happen would be the scandal. Even that might be avoided. But you must tell me where you are going and keep me informed where you are."

"I don't know where to go. Anywhere at all out of New York."

"Spain is a good country. I should choose Spain if I were you. I should get on the boat as soon as possible and I shouldn't tell anyone that I was leaving. If anyone asks, say you are going to California."

He stood up and she, too, rose from the sofa, looking up at him. For the first time she seemed real to him and not an affected woman who bored him.

"I have to run along, Fanny. There's nothing to be done but what I advised." He took her hand as if to reassure her. "I'll do everything that can be done. You can count on me. I think the chances are that everything will turn out better than might be expected."

He felt her hand clutching his hysterically and the sense of her overstrained emotion filled him with the old revulsion.

He freed himself gently and said, "I've only one promise to ask of you."

She said dully, "I shan't annoy you. I know it's all finished."

"It wasn't that."

"What was it?" she said in a low voice, and something in her tone made him understand that in her mind there was a flicker of hope which had flamed up out of the dying ashes of the thing, whatever it had been, that existed between them for a few months. If he said what he meant to say it would make her see that everything was finished with unmistakable finality. It would hurt her, but he did not much care whether he hurt her or not so long as he himself got free.

He said, "You must promise me that you'll never once bring up this whole thing when you quarrel with Jim."

"I don't mean to quarrel with him any more." She said it quietly and sadly, but he smiled and said:

"You don't mean to quarrel at the moment, Fanny. You're full of good intentions. But you will—as sure as the sun rises tomorrow. And (*Continued on page 192*)

Janie Fagan, Philip Dantry's actress wife

Just like *Dear old Dad*

by Jack Woodford

Illustration by Leslie Benson

There was something about Marie's attitude that first attracted Frank. Of course she was very pretty, young, charming—all the rest of it. But her attitude somehow intrigued him. Where other girls read cheap newspaper serials, she read good books; where other girls talked garrulously, Marie looked off into space with a strange sadness behind her eyes.

Everyone in the office thought that young Winters had the inside track so far as Marie was concerned; he had been going with her "steadily" for nearly a year before Frank had even entered the employ of Farnum and Walker, Counselors de Luxe in the Eighth Art—Advertising. Winters was just the opposite, in temperament, from Marie. An extreme extrovert, happy, jolly, bright-faced, confident—there were those who said he would make the sad and wistful Marie a perfect husband.

But Frank knew a thing or two. When he had studied advertising at college, psychology had first come to his attention. It fascinated him.

The defeated, defiant type, he yearned for something which, despite his physical inferiority, would give him an advantage over his fellow men. And in psychology he thought he saw this boon. An intensive study of the subject, year after year, had grounded him firmly in it: introspective, behavioristic, Gestalt, all the schools, not excepting the Freudian.

And so, when Frank set out to take Marie away from young Winters, whom he hated for no particular reason except perhaps the instinct with which a sick man hates a well one, he did so sedulously, designingly and psychologically.

One of the strongest factors, he knew, for a girl's acceptance of a husband, was a subjective, latent, tenuous matter of association. Every girl's first love was her mother; and, next, her father. Mother and Father set up things in the subconscious that served as subjective guideposts, operating subconsciously rather than consciously.

Talking to Marie guardedly whenever the opportunity offered, when she was not busy at the switchboard, little by little Frank learned details about her father. It was dreadfully hard, for the girl was reticent; but Frank was clever. Deliberately he set out to associate himself in her mind with the Father Image.

Her father had been a non-smoker, he discovered. Frank informed Marie, later, in an offhand way, that he had given up smoking; and from that time on he never let her see him smoke again. Most of the men at the agency carried flasks. Frank did; but Marie had let slip that her father did not drink. Frank left the flask at home and never took a drink except in the evenings, being careful to erase the smell with breath purifiers.

Her father, it developed, had gone to a church of a certain denomination. Not long after discovering this, Frank let drop one day that he was of the same denomination. Her father, it appeared, had never used rough language; Frank, from that day forward, expurgated his language.

It was after he had grown a mustache, because he had skillfully learned that her father had worn one, that Frank began to see that she was regarding him with intense seriousness.

He chuckled inwardly at Winters; if the poor fool had only studied more and not spent all his time on his sales batting average—which was the highest in the office. It would be a good lesson for Winters. Knock some of the infernal self-confidence out of him!

Her father had favored dark, conservative suits; Frank wore them. Her father had affected a derby hat; Frank donned one. Her father had worn tan gloves; Frank bought some. Her father had carried a cane. Frank carried one.

And then, one blue Monday, Frank came down to the office to find Marie gone from the switchboard and another girl in her place.

"Marie sick?" he questioned the chief clerk.

"Nope," said that individual laconically; "married Winters suddenly the other day. Something went wrong. She got so she could hardly stand the office any more, so they didn't wait until spring, as they had planned. Maybe it was that cane of yours gave her the blues. Wouldn't blame her."

"Married Winters!" Frank gasped helplessly.

"Yep. Darn fine thing, too. Winters is a jolly chap; just the kind for her. Sad life that poor kid led. She came, originally, from New York, you know—when she was fourteen her father killed her mother and was electrocuted for it."

The Gratitude

# of M. de Coulevain

Captain Blood *stands in the* Shadow *of the* Gallows

by Rafael Sabatini

All throngh the tepid night Captain Blood sat at the tiller of the pinnace as, gently driven by the southerly breeze, it plowed steadily through a calm sea, which after moonrise became of liquid silver. Beside him in the stern sheets crouched the woman, now whimpering, now silent, now vituperative, now apologetic.

Of the gratitude which he accounted due to him he perceived no sign. But he was a tolerant, understanding man, and he did not, therefore, account himself aggrieved. Her case, however regarded, was a hard one; and she had little, after all, for which to be thankful to Fate or to Man.

The wife of the military commandant of the island of Marie-Galante, she had yesterday been carried off from Basseterre by Don Juan de La Fuente, who, under pretext of the state of war existing between France and Spain, had surprised that French settlement. It happened that Captain Blood was aboard the Spanish ship at the time, passing himself off as a traveler named Vandermeer, of mixed Dutch and Spanish parentage.

His chivalry aroused, he had gone craftily to the abducted lady's assistance. With his own hands he had killed her abductor, only to discover that she was a willing party to the abduction, and that this abduction had been the real object of the dreadful raid which the Spaniards had made upon Basseterre.

It was an appalling discovery for a knight-errant. But he kept to the course to which his action had committed him. Under cover of the darkness he had conveyed her from the stern cabin of the galleon to the sailing pinnace that was in tow; he had cut the boat adrift and had headed it back for Marie-Galante, some ten leagues distant.

Captain Blood had made the lady realize the profligate nature of the man whom she had trustfully invited to carry her off; he was compelling her, for lack of endurable alternative, to return to the boorish and detested husband from whom she had thought to be delivered. Further, he had brought her to realize that she was to blame for the dreadful havoc the Spaniards had wrought in Basseterre.

Her mixed and alternating emotions are explained. Captain Blood perfectly understood the hatred that rang in her voice whenever in the darkness she upbraided him, and that glared in her pallid face when the dawn at last made it visible.

They were then within a couple of miles of land: a green flat coast with a single mountain towering in the background. To larboard a tall ship was sweeping past them, steering for the bay ahead, and in her lines and rig

Illustrations by Dean Cornwell

Captain Blood read her English nationality. From her furled topsails he assumed that her master, evidently strange to these waters, was cautiously groping his way in. And this was confirmed by the seaman visible on the starboard forechains, leaning far out to take soundings. His chanting voice told the fathoms.

Madame de Coulevain, who latterly had fallen into a drowsy stupor, roused herself to stare across at the frigate, aglow in the golden glory of the risen sun.

"No need for fear, Madame. She is not Spanish."

"Fear?" she echoed, and glared at him, blear-eyed from sleeplessness and weeping. She was a handsome woman, golden-headed and built on the generous lines of Hebe. Her full lips writhed into bitterness. "What have I to fear more than the fate you thrust upon me when you compel me to return to a drunken, wife-beating husband?"

Captain Blood sighed in weariness. "Are we to have the argument all over again? Must I remind you that yourself you refused the only alternative, which was to remain at the mercy of those Spanish gallants on that Spanish ship?"

"If it had not been for you, you assassin——"

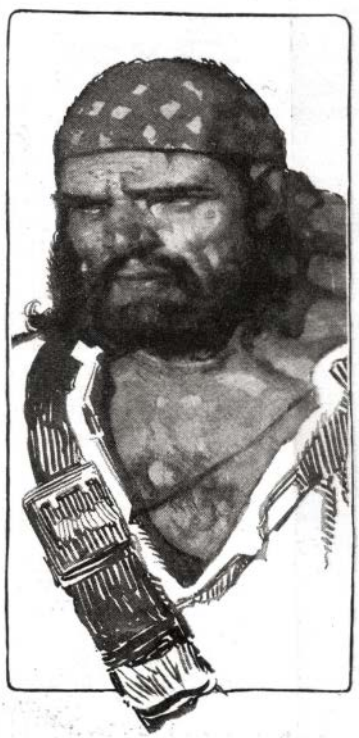
"If it had not been for me, Madame, your fate would have been even worse than you tell me it is going to be."

"Nothing could be worse. Nothing! This man who has brought me out to these savage lands because, discredited and debt-ridden as he is, there is no longer a place for him at home, is—— Oh! But why do I talk to you? Why do I try to explain to one who obstinately refuses to understand, to one who desires only to blame?"

"Madame, I do not desire to blame. I desire that you should blame yourself, for the horror you brought upon Basseterre. If you will accept whatever comes as an expiation, you may find some peace of mind."

"Peace of mind! Peace of mind!" She ranted on. Blood ceased to listen. He gave his attention to the sail; hauled it a little closer, so that the craft heeled over and headed straight for the bay.

It was an hour later when they brought up at the mole. A longboat was alongside, manned by English sailors from the frigate now at anchor in the roadstead.



Odd groups of men and women, white and black, idling, cowed, at the waterside, with the horror of yesterday's events still heavy upon them, stared round-eyed at Madame de Coulevain as she was handed from the boat by her stalwart, grim-faced companion in a crumpled coat of silver-laced gray camlet and a black periwig that was rather out of curl.

The people moved forward in wonder, slowly at first, then with quickening steps, to crowd about her with questions of welcome and thanksgivings for this miracle of her return—of her deliverance, as they accounted it.

Behind them the sparse town still showed yesterday's ugly wounds. Houses displayed shattered doors and broken windows, whilst here and there a heap of ashes smoldered where a house had stood. Pieces of broken furniture lay about in the open. From the belfry of the little church standing amid the acacias in the open square came the mournful note of a passing bell. Within the walled enclosure about it there was an ominous activity, and Negroes could be seen at work there with pick and shovel.

Captain Blood's cold blue eyes played swiftly over all this and more. Then, almost roughly, he extricated the lady from that little mob of stricken, questioning sympathizers who little guessed to what extent she was the author of their woes.

At once conducted and conducting, he made his way up the gently rising ground. They passed a party of British sailors filling water casks at a fountain which had been contrived by the damming of a brook. They passed the church with its busy graveyard. They passed a company of militia at drill: men in blue coats with red facings who had been brought over hurriedly by Colonel de Coulevain from Les Carmes after the harm was done.

Delayed on the way by others whom they met and who must stop to cry out in wonder at sight of Madame de Coulevain accompanied by this tall stern stranger, they came at last by a wide gateway into a luxuriant garden, and by an avenue of palms to a long low house of stone and timber.

There were no signs of damage here. The Spaniards who had yesterday invaded the place, if indeed they had invaded it, had wrought no other mischief than to carry off its mistress. The elderly Negro who admitted them broke into shrill cries upon beholding his disheveled mistress in her crumpled gown of flowered silk. He laughed and wept at once. He capered like a dog. He caught her hand and kissed it.

"You appear to be loved, Madame," said Captain Blood when at last they stood alone in the long dining room.

"Of course that must surprise you," she sneered, with that twist of her full lips which he had come to know.

The door of a connecting room was flung open abruptly, and a tall, heavily built man with prominent features and sallow, deeply lined cheeks stood at gaze. His militia coat, of blue with red facings, was stiff with tarnished gold lace.

His dark bloodshot eyes opened wide at sight of her. He turned pale under his tan.

"Antoinette!" he ejaculated. He came forward unsteadily and took her by the shoulders. "Is it really you? They told me—— But where have you been since yesterday?"

"Where they told you I was, no doubt." There was little in her tone besides weariness. "Fortunately, or unfortunately, this gentleman delivered me, and he has brought me safely back."

"Fortunately or unfortunately?" he echoed, and scowled. His lip curled. The dislike of her in his eyes was not to be mistaken. He took his hands from her shoulders and half turned to consider her companion. "This gentleman?" Then his glance darkened further. "A Spaniard?"

Captain Blood met the frown with a smile. "A Dutchman, sir," he lied. But the rest of his tale was true. "By great good fortune I was aboard that Spanish ship, the Estremadura. I had been picked up at sea by her a few days before. I had access to the great cabin in which the Spanish commander had locked himself with Madame your wife. I interrupted his amorous intentions. In fact, I killed him with my hands." And he added a brief account of how, thereafter, he had conveyed her from the galleon.

Monsieur de Coulevain expressed his wonder in a bunch of oaths. But if he felt any tenderness toward his wife or thankfulness for her delivery, he kept the emotions to himself. He showed himself obsessed by the memory of yesterday's catastrophe. This Blood accounted reasonable, until he came to see that the man's real concern was less with the sufferings of the people of Basseterre than with the possible consequences to himself when an account of his stewardship should come to be asked of him by the French Government.

Madame, her beauty sadly impaired by her pallor, weariness and disheveled (*Continued on page 153*)

Elmer Bliss Scotches a Scandal

who leads you to
The Better Things of Life

BY ANITA LOOS

author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"

As Hollywood's favorite philosopher (you may have heard of Elmer Bliss) I felt it was my duty to tell the world how really idyllic life was in that fair city. Even when Cal Barco murdered seven women I did my best to gloss over the sordid affair, but in this I was thwarted by Lansing Marshall, a newspaper man who had no feeling for the Better Things of Life.

Marshall and I came to grips when I determined to protect little Viola Lake, the movie queen, who was in danger of being dragged into the Barco case through her former housekeeper, Mrs. Geiger, one of the women Barco had murdered. Mrs. Geiger had kept a diary in which she recounted all Miss Lake's girlish indiscretions, and since this diary was in the hands of the district attorney I knew it was only a matter of time before Lansing Marshall would make it infamously public.

I had to act at once, and I did. I invited Viola Lake to take dinner with Mother and me. And that night I learned from Viola that the diary might reveal to the world the fact that the little star had been in the habit of taking an artificial aid to vivacity—in other words—a drug!

A terrible ordeal lay ahead of me the following morning. Not even the southern California sunshine could gild the fact that I must go to her employer, Eddie Goldmark, President of Super Pictures, and break the news to him that one of his most important stars, little Viola Lake, America's Favorite Film Flapper, in whom he had invested millions for publicity, had slipped into the use of some habit-forming drug, and that it all might come out during the Barco murder trial.

All the night before I had lain awake thinking—thinking. And finally at long last I had evolved a plan. But before acting on it, I would first have to convince Goldmark that my plan was *right*. And Goldmark has a touch of pessimism in his nature which is often difficult to overcome.

I arrived at the studio of Super Pictures Incorporated and sent in my card. Presently the pleasant-faced office boy who had taken it reappeared and politely showed me through the gate.

However, I was not shown at once into the private office of Goldmark, but into a crowded waiting room. A neat secretary greeted me (by name), motioned me to a seat, and soon I realized that I was expected to await my turn.

This would never do! If the

¶ I suggested photographs of Viola in the home—perhaps baking herself a cake.

Viola Lake scandal were to be smothered, every moment counted and not one of them was to be lost. I stepped up to the secretary and told her that I must see Mr. Goldmark *at once* on a matter of life and death to the motion-picture industry.

To my surprise, she greeted my announcement with an attitude which seemed to suggest that matters-of-life-and-death-to-the-motion-picture-industry were rather more the rule around that studio than the exception. However, she arose from her desk and entered the inner sanctum.

Presently she emerged, stepped up to me and said, "Mr. Goldmark says to tell you that there are seventeen vital motion-picture crises ahead of yours, and he's got to take them as they come."

This was bad! In what mood would I find him when it came to making my reverberating revelation?

I started to wait. Of course Goldmark had not the faintest idea of how important my errand was.

I couldn't sit. I started to pace the office floor. Those others who were waiting looked at me askance, as well they might.

Then presently another idea! Up I stepped to the secretary and asked if she could get me someone on the telephone. She could. She got me C. C. Cahoon at the Chamber of Commerce.

"C. C.," I said, "this is Bliss. I'm at Goldmark's office—Super Pictures. A crisis has arisen in the Barco affair. Get some of the boys from the Hollywood Boulevard Association and come over here *at once*. I'm going to need your moral support."

C. C. stated that I could count on him, as usual. I hung up, and again I started in to pace the floor.

Presently an office "buzzer" signaled the secretary to Goldmark's private sanctum. She returned and motioned to the next-in-line, whom I recognized as one of the Goldmark directors. He went in.

And then loud words began to emerge from the private office. Finally they ceased, and the director came out, flushed but crestfallen.

He had gotten halfway to the outer door, when Goldmark himself loomed up, framed in the doorway of his private sanctum, and called out:

"Hey, Harry! Are you taking that big ballroom scene this morning?"

The director said that he was.

"Then," said Goldmark, "tell those extra people you got that no woman over thirty-five is to appear in evening gowns."

"Yes?" said the director. "And what would they wear at a Court ball in that case?"

"Something modest and respectable," answered Goldmark. "No indecent exposure, except on the young."

The director turned on his heel and started to go without further words.

"Wait a minute!" called Goldmark. Again the director stopped. "Tell the guy you got playing the King to take that manicle out of his eye. What we're striving for in motion pictures is simplicity."

The director flared up. "Do you want this picture to be historically correct, Mr. Goldmark," he inquired—"or do you not?"

"Not if it's bad for the box office," said Goldmark. "It might be historically correct, for instance, to tell the public that George Washington used cuss words, with sound. But that's no reason why Super Pictures is going to do it!"

The director strode the few remaining steps to the outer door, then once again he turned and said, "You'll have to get somebody else to finish this picture. I quit!"

Goldmark looked harassed. "Oh, now!" he remarked, going up to the director and smoothing his coat lapel. "Come on back, Harry, and we'll talk it over further."

"It's no good talking to you," said the director. "We don't speak the same language!" And he went out, slamming the door in the face of his superior.

Goldmark appeared dazed. I myself was taken a bit aback, it all boded so badly for my interview. Goldmark stood a moment, mutely furious. Then he turned to his secretary and said:

"Go tell Sidney he should quick shove another director on that scene before the overhead eats us up!"

Then, sighing, he started towards his office door. It was at that moment that he first noted myself.

"Well!" he said. "And what are you here for?"

"Mr. Goldmark!" I exclaimed. "I am here on a dreadful errand!"

"What's up?" he asked.

"Something unthinkable—for your private ear alone!" I answered.

"So!" he exclaimed. "You think you can show me, Eddie Goldmark, head of Super Pictures Incorporated, something in the way of troubles that ain't been thought up yet? For a young fellow, you got confidence!"

"Mr. Goldmark——" I started. But he cut in on me.

"Wait a minute!" he exclaimed. "If you think you're an expert on troubles, just step in my private office and listen awhile. And if you can top what you've heard by the time it comes your turn, you're a guy with a future in the motion-picture business!"

"But Mr. Goldmark!" I exclaimed.

"Go on in!" he said, and he motioned me toward the inner sanctum with an air of authoritative finality which could but be obeyed. I went. He turned to the others who were waiting,

¶ I told the secretary I must see Mr. Goldmark at once on a matter of life and death to the motion-picture industry.

Illustrations by Walter Van Arsdale

and then with a deep, long-drawn-out sigh, I heard him ask, "Well, who's next?"

A worried-looking man followed him into the inner sanctum.

Goldmark motioned me to a seat in a farther corner, and the worried man was given a chair facing the large mahogany desk. Then Goldmark sat and directed his gaze toward the unfortunate fellow.

"Charlie," he said with an outward show of calm, which I felt to be backed by a whole world of inner menace, "the reason I sent for you is because I got to know what's going on in the scenario department."

"Everything is going on very well, Mr. Goldmark," answered Charlie, "especially since we got Owens on from New York."

"So that's what *you* think, is it?"

Charlie appeared frightened, and said nothing.

"Well, then," continued Goldmark, "let *me* tell *you* what's going on in *your own* department!"

Charlie looked worried in the extreme. Goldmark went on:

"Ever since you brought this famous dramatical expert on technique from New York to pick out the holes in scenario plots and stuff them up with what he calls 'reasonable motivation,' do you know what's happened?"

"I don't know what you're trying to get at, Mr. Goldmark."

"Well, then," said Goldmark, "I'll tell you! This here guy Owens goes through the scenario department and, one by one, he straightens out every plot we got on file in a couple of weeks. The result is, there ain't nothing left for anyone else in the whole department to do. *And what's the result?"*

¶ Goldmark literally blew up. Tremblingly we four awaited the surcease of that storm which we hoped was too intense to last forever.

Goldmark paused a moment for effect, and then he continued:

"I'll tell you what's the result!" he thundered. "With nothing for her to do now in the scenario office, my sister Reba goes out joy-riding and smashes up her brand-new car before she's got insurance on it! Her two daughters, my nieces, with no plot problems to puzzle out, get into even worse mischief hanging around motion-picture sets! My brother's boy, just because he's got no scenario structures to construct, goes yachting and gets arrested at Redondo Harbor, with a keg of Mexican beer on board! *And all because you import from New York a guy that does their work for them!*

"If I wasn't such a fond-hearted brother and uncle that I keep them on Super Pictures' pay roll, even while they're loafing, this guy Owens would be taking the bread-and-butter out of the mouths of four innocent people."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Goldmark," said Charlie, with, I felt, a tone of resignation. "What do you want me to do?"

"Send that guy Owens back to Broadway, where he can construct indestructible motivation to his heart's content, without breaking up the morale of a whole motion-picture organization."

"But," spoke up Charlie, "he's signed on a year's contract at three thousand dollars a week."

"With what that loafing family is going to cost me, it's cheaper for Super Pictures that we pay him his salary and let him go."

Charlie rose. For a moment he stood hesitant, seemingly to accumulate courage, I thought. And then he said:

"Mr. Goldmark, I'd like to keep Owens on. I think that the lack of expert dramatic structure in plots is what is chiefly wrong with the motion-picture industry."

The secretary entered at this point, saving Charlie a very bad moment, I am sure, for Goldmark's face was livid with rage at being crossed.

"What's wrong with the motion-picture industry," he cried, *"is a dearth of bad pictures!"*

Charlie bowed acquiescence and humbly made his exit.

Goldmark turned to his secretary and said, "Yes? Well? What is it?"

"Mr. Sidney says there isn't a free director on the lot to do that ballroom scene," she replied.

"Then tell him for the love of Mike to send out and borrow one!" exclaimed Goldmark. "Have I got to do *all* the thinking in this place?"

"Yes, sir," said the secretary, starting to leave.

"And get me Mannheimer," he added, in tones of deepest desperation. She left.

Goldmark, wiping brow and head-top, turned to me and cried out, "On that ballroom set we're paying fifteen hundred extras for the day, and look at the clock! Look at it."

I looked. It was indeed (*Continued on page 189*)

COMEDIAN

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

The staccato click of instruments had ceased in the operating room. Clouded by ether, the swathed figure of a man had been wheeled swiftly to the big elevator, thence soundlessly down a hall to a room where hurrying nurses were arranging the bed. A throng on tiptoe followed to the door of the hospital room, at last to stand aside that one of them, a woman, might enter.

Once in the room, Florence Benton sank into the soft chair at the foot of the bed, hardly more alive than her injured, unconscious husband. The shock of it all was still upon her; the smother of ether oppressed her brain into strange, whirling vignettes of retrospect.

There were the glare of footlights and the blur of faces beyond the proscenium arch. There was the beloved form of a man dancing and cavorting about the stage in ludicrous acrobatics; this agility had made Joe Benton the greatest of stage comics. After that, there were the ascent to a swaying rope and laughable gyrations as he swung farther, farther out over the audience, while that blur of faces raised and the house roared with laughter before it should suddenly scream horribly as he fell and crashed . . . Florence Benton's nerve broke.

"I begged him so not to try it," she moaned.

"Mrs. Benton," said the nurse professionally.

The stricken woman straightened, dully under control.

An interne tiptoed in and leaned beside her, whispering: "The newspaper people are waiting to see you in the reception room, Mrs. Benton."

She faced him piteously. "Must I talk to them?"

"I suppose that's for you to decide. They insist on a statement for Mr. Benton's public."

Momentary rebellion seared the brain of the distraught woman. His public! His slave driver! It had always been so, even back in the days when he had worked the three-a-day, hurrying away from their poor hotels for mornings at rehearsal, back again for hasty meals, then away anew to the show-shop. It had been so during the long, hard climb, with never a moment, never a thought for anything except the desires of the Public.

It had been so with stardom, and worse, for now that Public had clamored with increasing voraciousness for Joe Benton in greater and funnier fooleries; Joe Benton at the head of benefits, of drives, of charities, at dinners, receptions; Joe Benton taking on the responsibilities of this association, that association and the other because his name meant so much to the Public. Mr. Benton's public!

The woman laughed, that she might not sob. Then she rose and went to the reception room.

"Now, Mrs. Benton," said the photographers, "you've just received the news that Joe will be all right again soon. Give us the old smile. That's it!"

Illustration by Everett Shinn

The flash lights boomed, clouding the ceiling with acrid smoke. Reporters crowded about her, interlocking their questions. At last, the cruelty over, she weaved, alone, back to the room and to Joe.

"He awoke for a moment and called for you," said the nurse.

Florence Benton sank into her chair with a queer sense of having been robbed. It was the first time she had ever thought of it in that way. She closed her eyes and Joe Benton came before her; the old Joe, not this strange, gray-green, broken shadow on the bed. Joe Benton, gaunt, haggard from overwork, pausing a moment on the way to the show-shop and musing wistfully:

"Gee, if I could stay home for just one night. Still, I owe 'em an awful lot. They've given us everything a person could want." Then adding ruefully: "Except being able to do what we'd like to."

A month passed. The gray-green wreck became almost a man again, fretfully awaiting the time when he could return to the show-shop. Each day, his producer came by, bringing word of the thousands of letters inquiring when Joe Benton would resume his job of making a public laugh. Newspapers telephoned for the exclusive statement of the date when he would return to the stage. It worried Joe, like a man hounded for money, and unable to pay it.

But there were moments of an opposite emotion—those times when Florence Benton sat beside him, and, his hand in hers, they looked out the window, to the flowers and the birds and trees and the far-away vistas of the horizon. Then, one day, when the doctors deemed him strong enough, Florence Benton told him the truth.

"Not crippled in the ordinary sense, Joe," she whispered, holding him tight to her. "Just for the stage, dearest: your dancing and acrobatics. We've been afraid ever since the first X-rays. The pictures yesterday confirmed it. Doctor Jorgenson has notified the newspapers."

Joe Benton moaned. Never to dance again; never to whip about the stage in his whirlwind gyrations! But at last his agony lessened. He was quiet; his hand in hers, they looked out the window to the far, broad horizon.

"And you must be quiet, Joe," she said. "Not the slightest excitement."

An interne entered. Florence Benton sent him away. He returned.

"They insist on coming in," he argued.

"I'll see them," said the woman, and rose. Out in the reception room were cameramen and assistants, reporters and special writers. Florence Benton paused in the doorway, her hand on the knob.

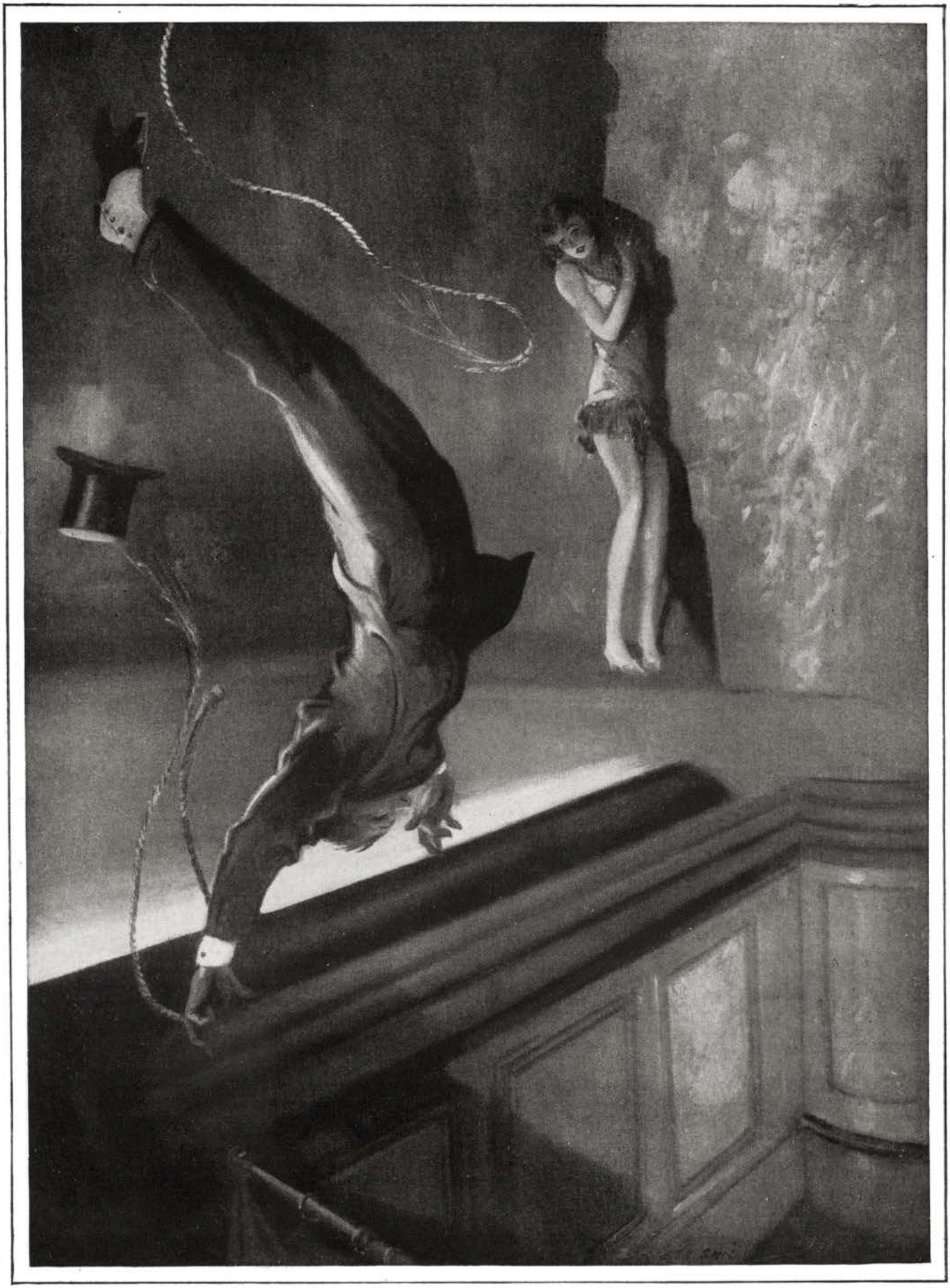
"What we want," said the spokesman, "is a picture of Joe sitting up in bed and making one of those funny faces of his. You know, mouth all screwed up. Then the news talkies want to set up in the room and have him make a funny speech to the public, kidding over the fact that he'll never be able to dance again. You know, smooth it over; a lot of funny cracks and all that."

Florence Benton shook her head.

"Why not?" It was an old theatrical reporter. "Joe's not done yet. Say, the radio'll grab him in a minute. The public wants him—tell him that."

"Yeah, and remind him of his debt to the public," growled a photographer.

"His debt?" asked the woman quietly. "Didn't he pay that, the night he fell?"



Farther, farther out over the audience, while the house roared with laughter before it should suddenly scream horribly as the beloved form fell and crashed. Joe Benton's public! His slave driver!

"Of course, of course." This time, it was a diplomat. "Still, with a man like Joe, who has belonged to the public all these years——"

The closing door silenced him. Blocking the aperture stood Florence Benton, defiant, supreme.

"But now he belongs to me!" she said.

Early *and* Nanny
on their Honeymoon
Discover Paris

The Latin

It is said that all good Americans go to Paris when they die. But be that as it may, if they do happen to be alive when they arrive, they are almost dead before they leave.

Chasing history, art and architecture from Montmartre to Montparnasse, from the Bois to the Bastille. Getting up early to catch the flying buttresses against the golden morning light (the guidebook says to do it). Climbing Notre Dame to be photographed with a gargoyle. Creeping through catacombs. Galloping through museums. Standing reverently on spots where places used to be.

And the Latin Quarter! Who is not familiar with it through pictures, books and romances?

Quarter

A Romance in Pictures

by David Robinson

Rendezvous of Bohemians! Where artists and poets relax and invite their souls! So here the tourists flock, breathless, expecting at least to see an apache slaying his dancing partner.

Nancy, honeymooning in Paris, writes on a picture post card to her folks in Flatbush:

> We are in the Latin Quarter, where everybody goes to see the types (pronounced "teeps") but the only types we see are the types who have come looking for types. Early wants me to learn French while we're here if we can find someone who speaks the language.

The next picture illustrates the famous communication—"Am Having Gorgeous Time Wish You Were Here."

Concluding—

The Bracelet

Immediately after the luncheon hour on the following day "that damned old judge" began summing up. Wingate Snaithe and H. B. Lane had made long speeches on behalf of their respective clients. Both were clever speakers.

When the two speeches were over, Olivia, who had been trying to listen to them impartially, as a juryman should have listened, could not tell which had made the deeper impression. In the two speeches, of course, the real issue had stood out clearly enough. Either she or Anne Marie must be a thief.

As she listened Olivia saw herself as a thief, then Anne Marie as a thief.

Counsel dealt with Anne Marie's announced conviction that Miss Mansfeld could never have stolen the bracelet from the two points of view indicated to Olivia on the previous night by Old Jo. Wingate Snaithe pointed to it as evidence of Anne Marie's essentially simple and straightforward character: H. B. Lane as further evidence of her subtle and farseeing cleverness.

And now the judge with the narrow slits of eyes was going to make the issues clear to the jury, if indeed they were not clear already.

He began slowly, in a tired voice and, Olivia thought, with an air of weary disdain, uttering the accustomed exhortation to the jury to dismiss all prejudice from their minds. He then went on to deal with the cause of the action.

"In the case we are considering, the root cause of the trouble which eventually brought two women friends into this court was a man, the man now dead, Brett Arden. In seeking for the truth of this matter it is necessary to bear in mind what sort of character this man had."

The judge then gave the jury an outline of Brett Arden's character as disclosed in the case.

"Evidently an unreliable man, given to intrigue, not too chivalrous, perhaps something of a Don Juan. It would seem that he took a pleasure in playing one woman against another, and had little scruple in deceiving or in endeavoring to deceive both. You have to consider his relations with the plaintiff in the light of the evidence which has been placed before you. In respect of that, there is the illuminating incident which took place in the plaintiff's studio in Clarence Lane.

"Here we have two persons, the plaintiff and this man, Brett Arden, deliberately deceiving a third, the defendant, who is a close friend of both.

"It is for you to decide on the worth of a friendship which manifests itself in such a manner.

"The maid, Anne Marie Rivoire, whose evidence you have listened to, was acquainted with the fact which the defendant knew nothing about: namely, that Brett Arden was intimately acquainted with the plaintiff and visited her at the studio. And, knowing this, the plaintiff was apparently uneasy in her mind, for we have it on evidence that after the defendant's visit to the studio with the man, Brett Arden, she inquired of Anne Marie Rivoire whether the latter had ever spoken to her mistress about the matter, and was told that the latter had kept silence.

¶"Olly!" cried Lady Bettine. She was in them. "What's that?"

"Whether knowledge of this silence relieved the plaintiff's mind it is for you to decide. It at any rate showed that Anne Marie Rivoire exercised discretion, though whether such discretion was an advantage or a disadvantage to her employer, the defendant, is open to doubt.

"In coming to a verdict in this case it is necessary to take into careful consideration the characters of these four people, three of whom you have seen in the box: the man, Brett Arden; the plaintiff; the defendant; and Anne Marie Rivoire. Until the evening when her bracelet disappeared it seems evident that the defendant's faith in the plaintiff was supreme. She never seems to have

By Robert hichens

Illustration by F. R. Gruger

held out her hands, and something asked Olivia. "Why are you here?"

entertained a doubt about her friend's *bona fides* and devotion to her.

"She, however, did not know what Anne Marie Rivoire knew: namely, that for a long time the plaintiff had been carefully keeping secret, not only from her but from Sir Leith and Lady Mansfeld, the plaintiff's parents, and from the rest of the world, an intimate friendship, to call it by that name, with Brett Arden, who was also a close friend of the defendant. You must, in considering the subsequent behavior of the defendant, bear in mind what would be the effect upon any high-spirited woman on finding out that over a period of many months she had been systematically deceived by one whom she regarded as her closest and dearest friend. Was it unnatural and culpable, or was it not, that, on making this discovery, on the top of the mysterious loss of her bracelet, Brett Arden's gift, the defendant should have displayed a certain animus against the plaintiff?"

The judge then dealt with all relevant matters preceding the loss of the bracelet and presently said:

"Brett Arden was evidently in the habit of giving valuable presents to his feminine friends. He gave to the defendant a golden owl which held matches and which stood on her dressing table. The defendant in return gave him a cigaret box of white jade which she had won in a lottery.

"This, later, Brett Arden passed on to the plaintiff, after adding inside the lid her initials in gold and the inscription, 'From Brett.' Later still, he gave the defendant the bracelet of emeralds and diamonds which the defendant accuses the plaintiff of having stolen when visiting her in her bedroom in Berkeley Square.

"The plaintiff claims that this bracelet has disappeared and has never been found. The defendant, on the other hand, claims that this bracelet is at this moment in the possession of the plaintiff. You will have to decide as to that, taking the characters of these two women and the circumstances attendant on the disappearance of the bracelet into consideration.

"**Now, coming** to the night of January the ——, when the plaintiff paid a second visit to the defendant in the latter's bedroom. The facts are plain enough. The defendant has stated that, having received a bracelet of emeralds and diamonds in a Russian design from Brett Arden and having shown it to no one, she, on that evening, took it out to look at, placed it on her dressing table round Brett Arden's other valuable present to her, the golden owl, and having been interrupted by the butler knocking at the door with the post and the evening paper, forgot it and left it there, so that it was still there when the plaintiff entered her room. So completely, according to her, did she forget it that not till the plaintiff had left her did she remember it."

He then described what happened in the bedroom, the slight quarrel between the two friends when the plaintiff said she couldn't stay long, the episode of the flowers, and the plaintiff's approach to the dressing table with the vase.

"The contention of the plaintiff is that on reaching the dressing table she saw upon it a bracelet similar to one which Brett Arden had recently given to her and which she had shown to no one. She has told you that the reasons why she stayed in front of the dressing table were her surprise and her desire to examine the bracelet closely.

"It is not disputed that she did pause before the dressing table for so long that the defendant, who was in the bed, was astonished and called out, 'What are you doing, Olly?' Thereupon, the defendant says, the plaintiff started, came away, and after a short interval hurried off. We have it in evidence, however, that before she ever saw the defendant's bracelet the plaintiff had said that she could not stay long as she was dining early to go to a theater.

"A point to be considered is this. Why, if the plaintiff

did not possess a bracelet similar to the defendant's bracelet, should she have been struck by seeing the latter round the owl? Could she have guessed, with the instinctive acuteness of a jealous woman, from whom the bracelet probably came, seeing it placed, as it was, round the golden owl which she knew to be his gift to the defendant?

"If so, that might account for her long pause before the dressing table. However, that is a matter for you to decide, using your knowledge of the world.

"The fact is that the plaintiff, after putting down the vase of flowers, made a sufficiently long pause before the dressing table to astonish the defendant, and that when the defendant called out to know what she was doing there she stated that she was putting the vase down, came away at once from the table, and as soon as possible hurried out of the defendant's room. You have heard her give her reasons for her conduct and must decide for yourselves whether you consider them cogent or not. We now come to the episode of Anne Marie Rivoire."

The judge outlined the evidence of what happened when Anne Marie entered Lady Bettine's room.

"There appears to be no doubt that either the plaintiff or Anne Marie Rivoire must have made away with the defendant's bracelet," he presently said. "There is no other possible solution to the mystery, so far as I can see. Now I will ask you carefully to consider all the facts in connection with these two women, so that you may come to a right conclusion as to which is more likely to have taken the bracelet."

He again alluded to Olivia's concealment of the fact of her friendship with Brett Arden, which showed that she was capable of deceit even with an old friend. After dwelling on that he turned to Anne Marie's record.

"**There seems** to be nothing against her. The defendant, who must have had the best opportunity of judging of her character, has the highest opinion of her after an experience covering over seventeen years. Not a word to say against her! Nothing but praise! You have to consider whether it is likely that such a woman would steal a valuable jewel belonging to her mistress under the very eyes of that mistress.

"Counsel for the plaintiff has suggested that Anne Marie Rivoire had already seen the bracelet. It is for you to say whether it is likely that, if counsel's contention is right, Anne Marie Rivoire in her evidence would have acknowledged that when making the bed she found the key, instead of pretending that she never saw it. Would a guilty woman have given away a point that might obviously be used against her?

"The reason given by Anne Marie Rivoire for leaving the key where she found it may appeal to you as sufficient or not. That is for you to judge. While I am on this point of character—and character necessarily plays an important part in such a case as this—I must ask you to bear in mind a circumstance which is unique in my experience. It is this. Here we have two persons, the plaintiff and Anne Marie Rivoire, one of whom, it would seem, must have taken the bracelet of the defendant. Yet Anne Marie Rivoire, knowing this as she must, not only in her evidence has stated that she told the defendant she was positive the plaintiff was incapable of theft, but even took the trouble of going to the plaintiff's studio to assure her of this belief in the plaintiff's innocence.

"You have heard the comments of counsel on this matter. It is for you to discriminate between them. In your judgment, does the evidence suggest that Anne Marie Rivoire is a diabolically clever criminal, or that she is a straightforward woman saying out plainly what she has in her mind?"

After dealing with other matters briefly the judge described what happened according to the evidence at Mrs. Solesby's party, and drew the attention of the jury to the conduct of the plaintiff on that occasion.

"What is the common procedure of a thief? Surely to hide the stolen property. The plaintiff, according to the evidence, deliberately wore, and not only wore, but drew special attention to the bracelet which the defendant alleges was stolen from her. The plaintiff has told you the reason for what she did on that occasion. She says, or implies, that jealousy drove her to do what she did; the desire to show another woman that she didn't play what is sometimes vulgarly called 'second fiddle' with the man they were both attached to.

"On the defendant's side, it is suggested that her action was prompted by the determination at all costs to brazen things out, to turn the defendant's attack by a lie; the lie that there were two bracelets, and that Brett Arden gave one to the defendant and one to the plaintiff. Whether that was a lie or not it is for you to judge, taking into consideration whether it is likely that a man who was evidently on intimate terms with two women friends, and who obviously wished to conceal his intimacy with the one from the other in each case, would be likely to give them similar bracelets.

"**On the other** hand, having seen the plaintiff and heard her evidence, do you consider her capable of such audacity as is suggested by counsel for the defendant? It seems evident that the defendant had no intention of parading the gift Brett Arden had made to her. The plaintiff has told you that she, too, if indeed she was ever given a bracelet as she declares, did not mean to acknowledge it publicly but was driven to do so by anger.

"The question may arise in your minds whether, if Brett Arden did give two bracelets to two women, he asked them not to display his gifts. On the other hand, what is the use of giving jewels to women if they are not to be worn?"

And thus, on and on, the judge proceeded, and Olivia tried to imagine herself a juryman, ignorant of the truth, trying conscientiously to gather it in the crowded court. What would the evidence given, the elaborate comments made on it, have conveyed to her, had her fate been to sit in that jury box and strive to arrive at the truth? And she couldn't tell; at best she couldn't tell.

Her visit to Cannes was touched upon and the jury were instructed to dismiss entirely from their minds the episode connected with "the alleged letter." It had no bearing at all on the case, not having been produced in court. Her conduct after her return to London from Cannes was analyzed, with special reference to her endeavor to see the defendant, which had met with a refusal. Finally the judge dealt with the defendant's plea of justification.

"The defendant has absolutely declined to withdraw the accusation of theft which she herself says she made against the plaintiff. She pleads justification. She might have said that she was wrongly reported as having made accusations against the plaintiff. Or she might have withdrawn them publicly, and given the plaintiff a certificate of honesty, to avoid scandal.

"She has preferred to take the bolder, the drastic, course. Believing her accusation to be true, she leaves it to you to say whether it is true or false. On your verdict hangs the reputation of the plaintiff.

"Do not allow sympathy for one side or the other to dominate you. Examine the whole matter as coldly as you can in the light of reason. That is your duty and should be your supreme desire in the interests of Justice."

The verdict of the jury, given after a delay of three hours, was in favor of the plaintiff in the action.

"Damages?"

"One farthing."

The judge, on this finding, refused to allow costs to the plaintiff.

"**Sir Leith** and Lady Mansfeld had gone abroad. The house in Great Cumberland Place was let, furnished. Credon was shut up. Olivia was staying with Old Jo at Credon Cottage.

The expense of her case had crippled her father. Her mother's slogan was, "We can never show our faces anywhere again!" At present, however, the Mansfelds were showing their faces to a select few at Vevey, where

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they had buried themselves in a small apartment at the Hôtel des Trois Couronnes.

Her parents had suggested to Olivia that she come with them. But she had refused.

"I can't leave England. It would look like running away." It was then that Old Jo made her a firm offer to stay at Credon Cottage for as long as she liked.

"If you feel awkward about it, though why you should I don't know, you can come as a paying guest," she said, with her habitual bluntness. "I should prefer you as an ordinary visitor."

Olivia came first to Credon Cottage as an ordinary visitor. But as the time of her stay with Old Jo lengthened out into months she said she would like to pay. Old Jo made no difficulty about accepting the money. Anything to give to Olivia more peace of mind.

OLD JO had a habit of looking things straight in the face. "You've got it in the neck," she said, after the case was over. "That farthing's damned you. The faithful Breton's romped home a winner and left you at the starting post. Your honesty has undone you. You were so honest in the box that you forgot to be clever. I shouldn't appeal. Fact is, you'll never get any English judge to believe that a man who was playing off one woman against another would give them similar presents."

"But you believe it?"

"If I didn't I shouldn't want you at the cottage. But only a man full of ugly quirks would have done it."

But even now, Olivia could not think that Brett had ever deliberately wished to do harm. "I'm certain he would be wretched if he could know what has happened to me because of him."

"Grown-up men should think in advance of their actions. But the mischievous brain is usually intent on the fun of the moment. And anyhow, a man who thinks seriously for others, especially if the others are women, is the rarest of beasts."

"There's Roger Chumley."

"Yes, there's Chumley. And perhaps because he's one of the rare beasts, he doesn't get there with you. Fact is, goodness in a man doesn't attract women as it ought to."

"Wouldn't it be cruel of me to marry Chumley after what has happened?"

"That's a problem I haven't resolved yet. And unfortunately I am biased."

"How are you biased?"

"By my friendship for you. I like to see ahead for my friends, and I can't for you unless you marry Chumley."

Olivia knew that Chumley still wished to marry her. His belief in her touched and delighted her, for it never occurred to her that Chumley could love her as he evidently did unless he shared Old Jo's conviction that she had been shamefully wronged by the decision of the jury. She believed implicitly that Chumley loved her because he knew her. She grew to care for him in a curious way because of his belief in her, his knowledge of her.

Sometimes he came down to spend a day at Credon Cottage. Usually he chose a Sunday for his visit. Old Jo, with Olivia's complete acquiescence, had given him a standing invitation.

Old Jo had told Olivia frankly before they began to dwell together that she must not look upon the cottage as a refuge from all the eyes of the world.

"I shall go on as usual," she said. "If you come to me, you'll have to face my visitors."

Olivia had answered: "Perhaps they won't care to meet me."

"Then they can keep off my mat," said Old Jo.

No curiosity was ever shown by any of Old Jo's guests who met Olivia at the cottage. Nevertheless, she was always aware that "underneath," as she expressed it to herself, the machinery of suspicion, of doubt, of surmise, was busy about her.

She knew that before catastrophe had overtaken her she must, without knowing it, have lived in anticipation; must always have been expecting good things of the future. Now, when she looked forward, she expected nothing good. The months went by and she lived with Old Jo. But she couldn't live forever with Old Jo. She must, somehow, make a life for herself. But how to do it?

She still had the studio in Clarence Lane, but she scarcely ever visited it. No one wanted portraits from her, it seemed.

Nobody absolutely "cut" her, but on the other hand none of her former acquaintances took any trouble about her. The general opinion obviously was that she had come such a cropper that it was best to let her alone. Tacitly Olivia was rejected. That being so, she couldn't see anything ahead of her that was worth having. Yet she was young.

One day in winter, less than three weeks before Christmas, Olivia struck a bad patch. Her spirits went down to zero.

Business affairs had called Old Jo to London. So Olivia was alone in the cottage. The weather was dreary; the year was closing down. Perhaps the nearness of Christmas, a time of traditional festivity, subtly affected her spirits. Old Jo's absence, unusually prolonged, induced in Olivia a painful feeling of loneliness that presently became almost morbid.

Old Jo had gone up to London on a Wednesday. Olivia managed somehow till Friday afternoon, when it began to snow; at first lightly, then heavily.

Olivia put on her walking things and went out into the snow. For hours she tramped through the Sussex lanes.

She thought of Old Jo. Suppose years ago such a thing had happened to Old Jo as had happened to her. How would Old Jo have met it? That hardy nature would surely have stood up to the attack with hardihood. Yet how was it possible to return such a blow of Fate? There was nothing to be done. And Old Jo, with her keen eyes and her ragged gray eyebrows, faded in the blur of the snow, and Bettine stood among the snowflakes, cadaverous, defiant, with cruel, unfriendly eyes. And Brett was there for a moment with his mischievous glance. And then Anne Marie came.

The banks were high in the lane through which Olivia was passing. They were topped by hedges of thorn. Anne Marie seemed to be walking in front of her like a guide. Olivia saw the primrose-colored hair covering the round head moving steadily through the snow.

"She is taking me to the bracelet!"

The words formed themselves in Olivia's mind. And at that moment for the first time she felt within her the knowledge that Anne Marie possessed the bracelet. Hitherto, strangely, she had never been able to feel certain that Anne Marie was the thief. Now conviction came to her, transcending reason. And she followed Anne Marie through the snow, on and on.

"She has wronged me and she is going to make restitution."

The afternoon was waning. Twilight was beginning to creep through the snow when Anne Marie disappeared. She faded into the snow like a specter, without having fulfilled her mission.

"Wherever she is, she has had a moment of remorse." Olivia thought. "She has felt, probably, for the first time, the wrong she has done me."

It was night when she got back to the cottage. Arthur, the serving boy, met her in the hall.

"We were beginning to wonder about you, miss. Shall I bring tea?"

"Yes, do."

"There's a telegram come for Miss Lite, miss, and another for you."

Olivia saw two thin envelopes lying on the chest of black oak near the sitting-room door. She picked up the one addressed to her as Arthur went away.

"If a wire comes for me open it—Jo."

Olivia took up the other telegram and carried it into the sitting room. While she was opening it Arthur came in with the tea.

"May I come down and spend next Sunday—Chumley." The answer was paid. On reading Chumley's telegram, Olivia's first feeling was one of surprise about Old Jo. How had she known that a telegram was coming for her?

While she had tea, Olivia debated the matter of her answer to Chumley.

If she wired "Yes," she would be alone with Chumley for many hours on Sunday. He would, almost certainly, ask her again to marry him.

That day for the first time she wanted to yield; to say yes to him. If she did that she would at least be able to look ahead. There would be a definite future for her.

But could she be so cruel to Chumley? In marrying him she would not be deceiving him. He knew all about her. She had already refused him more than once. If he persisted he did so with his eyes open. He was ready to take the risk. He knew what the risk was.

Chumley might be longing for a home with her; might not feel that in marrying her he was making any sacrifice. She was not a guilty woman. She was tempted to ask him to come. But she decided to sleep on her indecision.

Next morning it was still snowing hard, and she felt so abandoned and miserable that she wrote out the following telegram to Chumley:

> Miss Lite away but I should be glad to see you tomorrow
>
> Olivia Mansfeld

ON Sunday morning, just before twelve, Chumley drove up to the cottage gate in a shaky motor car which he had hired at the station. As he got out and paid off the car he saw Olivia looking out at one of the lattice windows of the book-room, and waved.

She glimpsed a smile in his bright blue eyes. The sight of him warmed her. She was even startled by the warmth that went through her, but she was ashamed of her lack of self-sufficiency. She met him in the hall.

"Miss Lite's in London, as I told you."

"Yes." He gripped her hand with a hand that was strong and cold.

"We lunch at one. It's Sunday dinner, really. I had ordered roast beef, potatoes in their jackets, and apple pie, before I opened your telegram, and thought I wouldn't change it."

"Thank heaven for that. Lucky for me you did open the telegram!"

They were sitting now beside the big fire in the book-room and she said:

"You didn't meet Miss Lite in London, then?"

"No; I thought she was here. My telegram proves it, doesn't it?" He looked at her searchingly: "What made you think I had?"

"I had a telegram from her. I found it with yours, when I came back from a

walk. It read, 'If a wire comes for me open it.' "

"That's odd."

"Yes. I thought so. I thought perhaps she had run across you and you had told her you'd telegraphed."

"No."

"Then I can't understand it."

"I think she had a brain wave. She's tremendously understanding and unusually sensitive. Anyhow, she did the right thing, for if I'd had no reply to my wire I shouldn't be here."

"And I should have had a solitary Sabbath."

"Would you have minded?"

"Perhaps I should."

"But you seem determined to live out your life alone."

"I doubt if any woman has ever had that determination! But sometimes circumstances seem to force loneliness on human beings. I may be predestined——"

"You are not!" he interrupted gruffly.

Arthur came in with cocktails on a tray. Then Chumley was shown upstairs to a bedroom to tidy himself for Sunday dinner, and at one, they went into the dining room.

All this time the snow was falling. Even when Olivia did not see the white flakes through the lattice panes she was aware of being enclosed with Chumley by the wavering veils of the snow, of an unusual intimacy created by it. Because of the snow she was able to realize with exceptional intensity some of the meaning of a life *à deux* with this man. If she married him, because of her reputation, they two would inevitably be driven in upon themselves.

How would such a life be for her with Chumley? And how would it be for Chumley with her? She was deeply preoccupied by that problem all the time she was playing hostess.

After coffee he proposed a walk in the snow. "I'm sure you're hardy," he said. "Let's go round the park at Credon."

They walked for two hours, meeting few people. Sometimes they talked, but often they went side by side in silence, Chumley smoking his pipe. To Olivia there seemed a great intimacy in their lonely walk. In their silence she felt that they had much in common. And she remembered how often, when silence fell between her and Brett, she had felt their remoteness from each other. When they had not been making love they had really been strangers. They had never been comrades. She was aware of comradeship with Chumley and she was conscious of having an immense trust in him. Wasn't that a firm basis on which to build up love?

But she wasn't fascinated by him. Perhaps the faculty for being fascinated by any man was dead in her. She thought that possible.

THEY got back to the cottage at tea time. The wood fire in the book-room was blazing and Arthur had drawn the curtains. The influence of the snow was banished.

"What a mercy we had a long walk!" said Olivia. "If we had stayed in all the afternoon this hour would have gone for very little."

"We have to prepare for joys, I suppose," said Chumley.

"Earn them, do you mean?"

"Perhaps."

"Do you think we have to earn our disasters, too?"

"Not always," he said seriously. "But very often, I suppose we do."

She was moved to look straight into his eyes as she said: "I earned my disaster. You mustn't think I don't know that."

"What do you mean by that? I don't understand."

"It's plain enough, surely," she said.

"How? I don't see."

"I consider I earned my disaster by doing something that was against my standards. You know, everyone knows, what I did. I should either not have done it at all or have done it openly."

"Openly?"

"Yes. My affection for Brett Arden led me into subterfuge and deceit." She flushed deeply. "If I had lived with him openly everyone would have been scandalized. But it would have been finer to do that than do what I did. I have been, I am being, terribly punished, but I did what was the wrong thing—for *me*. Do you understand now?"

"Yes! Yes!"

He spoke with a hearty eagerness, like a man suddenly relieved. She wondered what had been in his mind.

"THAT'S all over," he added. "Don't think of it any more. Which of us hasn't something like that to repent of—or not to repent of? You were never meant to be surreptitious in love. I am sure of that and—don't be angry, please—I don't think he was the right man for you." And then once more he asked her to marry him.

"But I don't think I am the right woman for you," she said.

"You are."

"But I have the reputation of being a thief, a treacherous friend and a liar."

"Will you marry me?"

"I am fond of you, but I don't love you in the way I loved him."

"*Are* you fond of me?"

"Yes—very. I always liked you and admired your character. And you have stuck to me in a splendid way. Your belief in me has drawn me very near to you."

"Very well! Then marry me."

"I feel I should be a brute to do it."

"Look here, do you at all want to do it? Do you think if you married me you would be happier than you are now?"

"I believe I should. But I'm terribly afraid of spoiling things for you. That's how it is."

"When a man really loves a woman, it's impossible that she could spoil things for him by giving herself to him. Of course I know what you are thinking about. It's no use our pretending. You've got into bad trouble. I suppose some people have dropped you or given you the cold shoulder. But I don't care about people in comparison with you.

"Perhaps, as you think, I shall lose something by marrying you. A few may look differently on me, and so forth. We know what the world is. I've got certain things now which I like well enough, but which don't satisfy me. You can satisfy me. So if I get you and even lose them, don't I come out a winner on the whole?

"I am speaking selfishly because you drive me to it. You may have more reason now to feel lonely than I have, but I'm really a lonely man. I've been wanting you for a long time."

She was silent for a moment that seemed to him long. At last she said: "Suppose I really had done what I am supposed to have done—what then?"

"D'you mean——"

"I mean would you have been ready to marry me then?"

"Yes."

"Even then?"

"Yes."

There was something in his answer which almost frightened her, something which perhaps repelled her, though she didn't know that. But there was also something in it which decided her. That day she consented to marry him.

When Old Jo came back from London three days later, Olivia told her the news. She expressed no surprise and said only:

"I'm glad for you. It's the best thing you could do. Chumley's not a clever man but he loves you as women aren't often loved."

"I know that—by something he told me. I believe it was that which decided me to marry him."

"Yes?"

"I asked him whether he would have wished to marry me even if I were what I suppose most people believe me to be. He said he would!"

"Ah!" said Old Jo. Her voice sounded gruff. "I can believe it. But I confess that if I were a straight man I shouldn't care to marry a thief. However, he won't."

"Why did you send that wire to me?"

"About opening any telegram that came for me? I had an intuition that Chumley was going to suggest coming for that Sunday. That's all."

"You wish for my marriage very much?"

"I do."

"For my sake. But what about his?"

"I don't think he could easily find a better wife."

"But shan't I mar his life?"

"Not if you can manage to love him," said Old Jo in her most abrupt manner. And then she went out of the room.

Olivia often thought of those words after she was married to Chumley. They went for a brief honeymoon to Provence. Then they came back to London and settled in a small house in Cheyne Walk, which Chumley had taken when Olivia accepted him. Later, they added to this house a country cottage not far from Rickmansworth. This was small and isolated. And it happened that neither Olivia nor Chumley knew anybody in the neighborhood.

Chumley's firm was doing well. Charles Hoare, the head of it, was a brilliant financier and also a sound man who inspired confidence. The firm's clients perpetually increased in number.

When Chumley had first joined the firm he had been the social partner and had represented the firm in athletic circles. Neither Hoare nor Redding, the second partner, cared to go about much. They were immersed in industrial and financial questions and had little time and less inclination for gayeties. Chumley was useful to them, for he was a popular man, and gathered in clients from circles with which they were seldom in touch.

They were aghast at his marriage. They realized at once that from the worldly point of view Chumley had made a false step.

"His name won't do us much good from now on," said Charles Hoare to Redding. "It's a pity, for I don't know any man I like better than old Chumley. She must be an infernally clever woman to have got him, all things considered."

"She's a handsome creature."

"Yes. But what a reputation!"

"We must try to make the best of it."

They did, but the time soon came when their partner's wife brought a notoriety to their firm which they found undesirable.

When men spoke of their firm it was often with some such addition as "Chumley's the fellow that married the woman who stole Lady Bettine Fayne's diamond bracelet. I shouldn't care to be mixed up with them." Chumley had become a dead weight to carry instead of an asset.

"We should do better as Hoare and Redding than we are ever likely to do

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now as Hoare. Redding and Chumley," said Charles Hoare one day. "I wonder whether Chumley would mind——?"

"Just what I've been wondering!" said Redding.

"It'd be awkward to put it to him."

Chumley presently saved them the trouble of "putting it" to him by telling them he wished to go out of active business. Evidently he had got wind of the situation. If they were agreeable to his leaving his money in the firm he would gladly do so, and become a sleeping partner. If they preferred it he would take his money out and sever his connection with the firm entirely. In any case he wished to draw out five thousand pounds.

It was agreed that he should take out that sum, and leave the rest of his money in the firm.

"I suppose she's an extravagant woman," said Hoare. "Looks like it if he has to draw upon capital."

But Chumley wanted the five thousand pounds to repay Sir Leith Mansfeld for the costs incurred in Olivia's action. He had found out that this obligation to her parents was weighing on her mind.

One day he told her simply that he'd settled the matter, and showed her a letter from her father acknowledging the money and thanking him warmly. Olivia was painfully moved.

"Oh, but Father shouldn't——" She stopped, looked for a moment at her husband, then said: "You're the best man I have ever come across. I am not worth all this. I can do nothing for you." Again she looked at him; then she said: "What is it? Have you got something more to tell me?"

"Yes. I want to be more with you; not to leave you so much alone. I've arranged to leave the rest of my money in my firm, but I shall not work so hard. In fact, I've arranged to be what's sometimes called a sleeping partner. Sounds dull, but of course I shall continue to draw a share of the profits. We shall have enough to get along on quietly. And I like living quietly with you."

She had gone white while he was speaking, but when he stopped she only said, "Since you married me you have been obliged to live quietly. People don't want me."

"I want you. That's all that matters."

"No, it isn't," she said.

She seemed on the point of saying something more, but checked herself, and went quickly out of the room.

Chumley was hurting Olivia by his goodness to her. He was wounding her by his sacrifices. He was making her hate herself by the unfailing faithfulness of his affection for her. "He's worth fifty of me!" she often said to herself.

She felt ashamed of her inability to be fascinated by him, for since her experience with Brett Arden she had come to suppose that fascination must be a part of any strong love between a man and a woman. Chumley was a far finer man, and even far better-looking than Brett. Why couldn't she manage to love him?

If she could only pay back to her husband the money he had spent for her she felt that would be some relief. But she had no money of her own and, now, no power apparently of earning any money. That was the material side of the question, the lesser side. She did not make any mistake about that.

Material things, she knew, are unimportant in comparison with the mysterious happenings that take place in the heart and soul of the human being. If only she could "manage" to love Roger Chumley as she felt he deserved to be loved the money question would at once sink into comparative unimportance.

Her curious impotence distressed her. She tried to hide it from her husband and believed she succeeded, but in her solitude she perpetually confronted it.

In October of the year when Chumley resigned his activities in the business world of London, Olivia went up to London alone. Chumley had gone to an old pal of his for a week's shooting.

Olivia had told Old Jo that she was to be in London alone, and had received the following note:

> Dear Olivia,
>
> Right! I'll be in Chancery Lane for that week. At your service whenever you feel inclined for my company.
>
> Yours,
> Josephine Lite

They dined together in Cheyne Walk on the evening of Olivia's arrival, and Olivia opened her heart on the subject of Chumley.

"Things not going well?" said Old Jo, as they sat together after dinner.

"No. I'm awfully miserable."

"The old story?"

"Oh, no. In a sort of dreadful way I've grown accustomed to being supposed to be a thief. I've managed to put them all, all the people who don't know *me* and never can, outside of my life. They can't help thinking as they do. I try to forget them. My trouble is at home. I want to tell you what Roger has done." Then she told Old Jo about the five thousand pounds. "He sent it to Father without telling me."

"First-rate of him! I'm not surprised."

"I feel it as my debt, a debt I can't see any hope of paying back. I'm unhappy about it."

"And does Chumley know that?"

"Perhaps; perhaps not. I can't tell how much he knows."

"Or feels without actually knowing. But you've just told me something important."

"I! About the money?"

"About yourself. I know why this money debt oppresses you so much. It's because you don't love your husband enough. If you did, the money matter would become insignificant to you. You'd be able to feel you had the power to repay it with interest, and in a far better way than by writing out a check."

"Yes; that's it."

"Well, Olivia, if there's one thing certain about human things it's this—that love can't be earned. If it could be, you'd love Chumley. Evidently you don't."

"But I want to. I must. In a way I do love him."

"What way's that?"

"As a splendid man and as a believer in me. That last especially! Jo, I'll tell you something. If Roger had not believed in me as you do and yet had loved me so much as to want to marry me in spite of his disbelief, I shouldn't have married him."

"I'm with you in your pride," said Old Jo. "Because I'm like that too. But are we fine in that? I am not sure."

"Anyhow, that's how it is with me. Roger's complete belief in me won me."

"But I remember you told me you accepted him after he'd told you he'd have wanted to marry you even if you were a thief! Isn't that inconsistent with what you've just said? Eh?"

Olivia seemed confused. "Did I? Yes, I remember! How was it?" She was silent for a moment, thinking. "I am inconsistent, I suppose. Yes, that did decide me. And yet—you see, when he said that, I *knew* he always had believed in me and so—but I can't explain."

"You needn't, girl. The woman who could fully explain herself would be a species hitherto unknown upon our earth. Anyhow, you married Chumley. That's the hard fact you've got to deal with. Are you playing at love with him?"

"I couldn't do that. I am just caring for him very much as a friend and wishing to care for him much more in a different way."

"What way exactly?"

"Brett fascinated me. Roger doesn't."

"Ah, that physical fascination!"

"But was it physical?"

"Did his nature fascinate you?"

"Oh, no!"

"Did his moral outlook enthrall you?"

"You are laughing at me!"

"Could you rely on him? Could you respect him? Could you trust his word?"

"No, no!"

"But when he handled you did you feel a physical thrill?"

Olivia blushed and said nothing.

"Don't be angry, Olivia! It's all natural. You were physically under the yoke. And all your troubles have come out of that. Perhaps you'll never feel like that again. But I still think that, if the big thing occurs, you may love Chumley as you wish to love him."

"The big thing? What? But what?"

"Who knows? We aren't diviners."

"Why did you say that about the big thing?"

"Simply because I have the feeling that two people with strong characters such as you and Chumley possess will have a chance to fuse now you have come together in this strange way; that somehow, and before long, things will come right for you and Chumley."

Although Olivia spoke more frankly to Old Jo than to others, she had not told her of the curious experience she had had in the snow, when Anne Marie had seemed to be leading her to the bracelet, and when the conviction had come to her that Anne Marie certainly was the thief and, wherever she was, had had a moment of remorse or repentance. But one evening they dined together in Soho, and afterwards went to the Great Stoll picture theater, once an opera house, in Kingsway. They sat upstairs in a box.

They had come to see a German film but had arrived too soon. A slapstick comedy was being shown on the screen. Olivia could see that Old Jo was not attending to it.

"Jo," she said, "there's something I want to tell you about Anne Marie."

"Go ahead."

Olivia described her walk in the snow; her evocation of figures in the snow; Anne Marie's coming and disappearance.

"When I lost her I felt that she perhaps had meant to do something——" she broke off.

"To do what?" said Old Jo.

"There seemed to me to be some intention not carried out. And then I had the conviction that Anne Marie had stolen the bracelet and had had a moment of remorse about it and me."

"Just then, when you were out in the snow?"

"Yes, just then."

After sitting in silence for a while Old Jo merely said: "Perhaps she did."

"Then you don't think the whole thing a mere absurdity?"

"It may easily have been."

Olivia felt disappointed.

"But it may as easily not have been. The difficulty is to disentangle the

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mysteries full of meaning from the imbecilities. It's possible that jade did have a black moment of remorse and that it reached you in the snow."

"How could it?"

"There you have me stumped."

"I thought probably you'd laugh at me if I told you."

"The older I grow the fewer things I laugh at. Do you know whether Anne Marie ever visits a cinema?"

"I never heard of her doing so. What makes you ask?"

"That's what I am wondering."

When the German film was over and they came out into the entrance Olivia felt her arm gripped with painful force.

"What is it?" she said.

"Can't you see? Look to the left."

Olivia looked to the left, and saw Anne Marie in front of them going towards the exit into Kingsway with a man. The man was short and of a dark foreign type. Italian? Roumanian? Greek with possibly a dash of Israel? She couldn't be sure. A boyish figure and an air of smart self-assurance. Anne Marie in neat black, her primrose-colored hair scarcely showing below her close-fitting hat, had a hand in the crook of one of this gentleman's arms.

They disappeared into Kingsway.

"Olive," said Old Jo, "unfortunately it's too late now, but I think we've found the motive!"

After that night Olivia became terribly restless. The sight of Anne Marie with the dark man had startled her into restlessness. From that moment she had an entirely new view of Anne Marie. She saw her definitely as a profound hypocrite, different from the woman she seemed to be. Bettine had always said that Anne Marie never bothered about men. Evidently Anne Marie was one of those rare people who manage to live two lives, a life led in the light of day and a profoundly secret life.

Old Jo's remark, "Unfortunately it's too late now, but I think we've found the motive," worried Olivia. Was it too late? Could nothing be done about the bracelet? Must she live permanently under the cloud of another's sin?

Before seeing Anne Marie in the theater she had been trying steadfastly to reconcile herself to the life fate had forced on her. Now, suddenly, she revolted. And in her revolt she was restless. Of course she discussed the whole thing with Old Jo, but Old Jo couldn't at first see that there was any way of getting at Anne Marie.

"The mere fact that you've seen her in a cinema house with a swarthy young man won't get us far on the road to justice. She's as much right to a lounge-lizard lover as any other woman in London. Consult Sir Ben about it if you like. He'll see a motive, of course, as I did. But I doubt whether there's anything to be done."

Olive did see Sir Benjamin Bascombe but Old Jo was proved right. "Your situation can never be bettered," he said, "unless some new fact comes to light tending to fasten the theft on someone, the maid, Anne Marie, or another. If she's a woman who has a penchant for men much younger than herself it's more than probable that she subsidizes them. But that doesn't help us.

"I agree with Miss Lite that suspicion of this woman, Anne Marie, is strengthened by what you've both seen. But we need much more than that to do any good." He paused, looked at Olivia keenly, then added: "I suppose you've told your husband about seeing that maid?"

"No, I haven't. I've told no one but you. And now I shall tell no one."

"I'm tremendously sorry for you," said Sir Benjamin. "Your star isn't a lucky one. That's certain."

"You've never told me something," said Olivia.

"What's that?"

"Sir Benjamin," Olivia said, getting up, "do you still think I stole Lady Bettine's bracelet?"

For once Sir Benjamin looked disconcerted. "My dear Mrs. Chumley——"

"No; tell me! Do you?"

"I certainly do not."

"But you did!"

"That's your assertion, not mine!" He had regained his usual complete self-possession. "Let us put it this way—that I was unusually puzzled. On the one hand, you, the very last woman—I speak as I feel—whom one could ever suspect of theft; on the other, the faithful Breton maid, whom one might nevertheless suspect of a theft, but not of a theft committed with her mistress looking on.

"There was Lady Bettine, too, of course! Could she out of jealousy, a desire for revenge, have hidden the jewel? Possible, but most unlikely! What was one to think? The similar bracelet in your possession! Does a man give similar bracelets to two women who are friends? A puzzle, you must allow."

"But you did think it was I!"

"There were moments when I have asked myself—who else *could* it be?"

"But—now?"

"Today I feel positive the bracelet in your possession is indeed your own."

"Why?"

"Otherwise how *could* you be so excited about the motive of Anne Marie Rivoire's lounge lizard? No! There have been moments, dear Mrs. Chumley, when I have done you mentally a grievous wrong. I apologize."

He held out his hand. She gave it a squeeze.

"Now there are three people in the world—apart from Anne Marie—who believe in my innocence. Miss Lite, my husband and you. Quite a nice little crowd, isn't it?"

She left him with a smile, but he felt there were tears behind it.

When she told Old Jo of her interview with Sir Benjamin, she added: "So now there are three, not counting Anne Marie, who *knows!*"

"Ah!" said Old Jo. "I wish you and I could meet that lady together."

"Would it, could it be any good?"

"Perhaps not. But there'd be no harm done. The lady happens to be in town," said Old Jo, "unless she's suddenly left."

"Do you mean—would she come if I asked her to?"

"To the studio?"

"Oh, the studio!"

"Why not? The other night you told me you felt that she had had a moment of remorse."

Olivia looked at Old Jo with surprise. "You took that seriously?"

"I did. There are many mysterious communications between human beings, and they are often not intentional."

"Jo, shall I ask Anne Marie to come to the studio—and see?"

"It would be interesting, wouldn't it?"

"I'll do it." She got up and went to the writing table.

On the following evening by the last post she received this letter:

Madam.

In reply to your respected letter I beg to say that her ladyship leaves me free tomorrow afternoon and I will come to see you in Clarence Lane as you request. I can be out from three to six, madam, and will call on you at four o'clock.

Believe me to be, madam,
Yours respectfully,
Anne Marie Rivoire

Olivia telephoned to Old Jo in Chancery Lane: "She's coming at four o'clock tomorrow to the studio. Do come at about ten minutes past four."

"I'll be there," came through the telephone. "But I'll give you a quarter of an hour alone with her."

"Suppose she shouldn't stay so long?"

"Tie her down till I come. Handcuff her."

On the following day at five minutes past four o'clock Olivia, who was in the studio, heard a knock at the door.

For a moment she hesitated before going to open it. The one who had knocked had surely ruined her life. Yet she did not feel hatred towards her, not hatred but wonder that such a being could be, that a mentality so incomprehensible existed.

"How can she be *that?*" she thought, as at last she went to open the door.

"Good afternoon, madam."

Again she heard the odd staccato voice and saw the wrinkles which she had so often thought about.

"Good afternoon. Please come in. Thank you for coming."

"I am always glad to do anything for you, madam."

What an irony! But the voice did not sound ironic. Anne Marie stepped in and Olivia shut the outer door.

"Come into the studio. Do sit down."

"Thank you, madam." Anne Marie sat down as soon as Olivia had done so. "You wanted to see me, madam?"

"Yes."

"It is a long time, madam."

"Yes, it is."

"May I wish you joy of your marriage, madam?" said Anne Marie. "This is the first opportunity I have had to do it."

"Thank you."

There was a difference in Anne Marie, and Olivia had instantly perceived it. The difference was this: the strange and fleeting irony, which in the past Olivia had so often felt conscious of, had disappeared from her voice, her face, her manner. Olivia no longer felt irrepressible irony in her. And that fact had bred in her a strange alteration.

Olivia connected it with that moment of remorse, of which she had seemed to be conscious in the snow, in which she now couldn't help believing. But if this woman had indeed felt remorse wasn't it possible somehow to get at it, to help it on, to develop it towards action?

"Just now you wished me joy of my marriage," she said.

"Yes, madam, and indeed I do."

"*You* wish me joy!"

"Yes, madam, I do. I have no reason not to," Anne Marie added. "You have always been very nice to me, madam."

"I've certainly never wished to do you harm," said Olivia, feeling constrained.

"No, indeed, madam. Things were always so pleasant in the old days. Why, I believe I was the first to come in here, madam, if you remember."

"To be sure! Tell me something. I wanted to draw a portrait of you."

"Not that I remember, madam," said Anne Marie quietly but stonily.

"Oh, yes, I did, and you said you would sit to me, and afterwards you said you understood that I was speaking about her ladyship. Why did you do that? Why didn't you wish me to draw you?"

"Madam, I remember nothing of that." There was no hint of irony in the voice,

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only an unrelenting obstinacy. "You had something to say to me, madam?"

What Olivia would have answered to this question she was never to know, for at this moment Old Jo knocked loudly.

"One moment!" said Olivia, getting up.

Anne Marie got up and stood by her chair. Olivia went out and opened the door. Directly it was open Old Jo said in a whisper:

"I shall take my own line. Don't get in my way."

Olivia said nothing, and shut the door. Old Jo promptly walked into the studio, and as Olivia followed she heard her say in her brusque manner:

"Oh, hullo! I've seen you before—in the witness box. You gave evidence in Mrs. Chumley's action against Lady Bettine Fayne. You're Lady Bettine's maid."

"Yes, madam," said Anne Marie, with stiff self-possession. She looked at Olivia. "I won't disturb you, madam, as you have company."

"Wait a bit!" said Old Jo. "I've been wanting to meet you. You gave your evidence very well, very well indeed. And I was glad to hear you stand up for my friend, Mrs. Chumley, in the box."

"I COULDN'T do otherwise, madam. I spoke as I felt."

"Although you took a risk!"

"Madam?"

"I say you took a risk. Didn't you realize that at the time? The question for the jury was simply this: Did my friend here, Mrs. Chumley, steal Lady Bettine Fayne's bracelet or did you? Surely that was made clear enough. You can't have missed it, surely."

"There was milady, too, madam."

"Milady!" Old Jo said sharply. "What do you mean by that?"

"I never saw the bracelet, madam, as I said. I am as certain as I stand here that Miss Mansfeld—that is, excuse me, Mrs. Chumley—could never do such a thing as take it."

"Then where the devil is it?"

"I couldn't say, madam. If I could I should have spoken long ago."

"Do you think your mistress made away with it?"

"Oh, no—never, madam! But you wouldn't believe the things that disappear in her ladyship's hands unless I look after them. Believe me, that bracelet will turn up some day."

"How should it?"

"I cannot say, madam, but I have always had the feeling it will." She stopped speaking. Then she added with an intonation which Olivia had never heard before in her voice: "Saint Anthony will bring it, believe me, madam." Having said this she turned resolutely towards the door. "Good afternoon, madam," she said to Olivia.

She looked again at Old Jo. "Good afternoon, madam. You may believe my words. Saint Anthony will bring the bracelet to light in his good time."

She went to the door, and was just going out when Old Jo followed her.

"Anne Marie Rivoire!" she said. "Before you go tell us something."

"Madam?"

"What do you think of Emil Jannings in his last picture?"

Then for the first time Olivia saw Anne Marie disconcerted. She started, put up a hand to her round chin, drew her red lips back from her teeth like an animal trodden on. For a moment she stared with what seemed fierce suspicion from Old Jo to Olivia. Then she dropped her hand, straightened herself and said:

"Madam, I will say that is the best film I have seen, though it does come out of Germany."

Then she went out. They did not try to stop her.

"That woman's too much for me," said Old Jo. "But I got one home on her at the last. It shook her up too. Did you notice her eyes?"

"Yes, of course."

"What did you see in them?"

"Suspicion."

"I saw more than that."

"What did you see?"

"Desperation!"

"But why should she be desperate? We did nothing to——"

"She's not desperate because of us. If I read her right she's no more fear of us than if we were a couple of ninepins. No! But in spite of her tremendous control I knew directly I laid eyes on her that she was in deep waters."

"I didn't notice anything extraordinary—till you spoke about the film. Then she realized——"

"Of course! That we'd spotted her with her man. As I said that shook her up, gave her a nasty jolt. But that was because she was startled. Give her a minute and she'd have recovered from that. How did what she said about Saint Anthony strike you?"

"I thought it strange."

"It was—very strange, because she meant it."

"It's all beyond me," said Olivia.

"There are going to be developments. Criminals are sometimes mystics."

"Good heavens, Jo! You don't think Anne Marie a mystic?"

"One thing I'll swear. That woman's a volcano."

"A volcano! She has always struck me as exceptionally cool."

"And that moment of remorse?"

"If she ever had it!"

"She did have it and her force was so great that it was conveyed to you. She did have it. More than that! There was remorse in her when she said that about Saint Anthony's bringing back the bracelet. That was meant for you and it was prophetic."

"But Jo, I thought you were a most marvelous specimen of common sense," said Olivia, amazed.

"My dear child!" said Old Jo, with obvious impatience. "My common sense doesn't prevent me from apprehending what is, and something's happened to that woman; one of the big things, one of the things that shake and change. You'll see I'm right. And—she's got religion in her. She's a bad lot with religion in her. There are many of them about—dangerous people. Dangerous people! But when they are punished they believe that the punishment's been dealt them by God. She looked at you once, when she said that about Saint Anthony, and her shining eyes were saying, 'I've deserved it.'"

"But—what?"

"We shall probably know that later. By the way, is it tomorrow you intended going back?"

"Yes; Roger comes home."

"Stay up here for a day or two longer. It may be worth while," said Old Jo.

That evening Olivia telegraphed to her husband not to come up but that she was staying in London for two or three days more.

The next day passed uneventfully. In the evening Olivia received a telegram from her husband saying he was at home and would wait for her in the cottage. On the following day nothing special happened. Olivia began to feel restive and said so to Old Jo.

"Tell your husband to go and kill some more birds and you stay here for another few days," was Old Jo's reply.

Wondering, Olivia wrote asking for a few more days alone. "I'll explain later," she put in her letter. "Old Jo's in Chancery Lane and I see her every day."

Chumley sent a reply agreeing. But at the end of his letter were the words: "I'm beginning to miss you badly. Didn't know that a cottage as small as this one could feel so empty."

The letter reached Olivia by the last post at night. She made up her mind that if nothing happened she would return to the cottage on the next day.

If nothing happened! But what was she expecting to happen?

That night she was terribly restless and could not get to sleep. She was awake until three, and probably because of that slept until unusually late on the following morning. She was awakened by the telephone near her bedside ringing. She took up the receiver.

Old Jo was at the other end of the line; Olivia heard her gruff voice saying: "Good morning, Olivia! Have you looked at the Morning Post?"

"No. But what is it?"

"Anne Marie's dead."

Olivia said nothing. She was so surprised that she was unable to speak.

"You heard?"

Making an effort, Olivia said: "Yes."

"She was killed by a motor omnibus yesterday while crossing Regent Street. There was fog at the time. You'll see it all in the paper. Of course your case is mentioned. I knew something was going to happen, but I wasn't anticipating this. I'll be round presently. This may seem bad for you, but try to keep cheery. The darkest cloud hasn't always a silver lining. That's optimistic rot. But—who knows?"

The death of a woman's personal maid doesn't usually obtain much publicity, but the death of Anne Marie received quite a lot of notice, owing to the fact that she had been an important witness in the bracelet case. Her demeanor in the box was once more described. Her faithfulness to her mistress was dwelt upon. Of course in all the notices there was careful allusion to the fact that Olivia had got a verdict. But the farthing received as damages was also mentioned.

And once more Olivia, though subtly, was presented to the world as one who must have stolen a jewel from a friend. This was never said, but the implication was there in every allusion to the dead woman. As if from her grave, Anne Marie let loose a flood of insidious detraction of the woman whom, when alive, she had been at such pains to defend.

"Her infernal cleverness is still doing you harm!" exclaimed Old Jo. "And now she can never be brought to book. She's escaped us."

"The development you anticipated has come about. But it hasn't done me much service," said Olivia, with an acidity that touched Old Jo on the raw. "I'm twice damned. That's all."

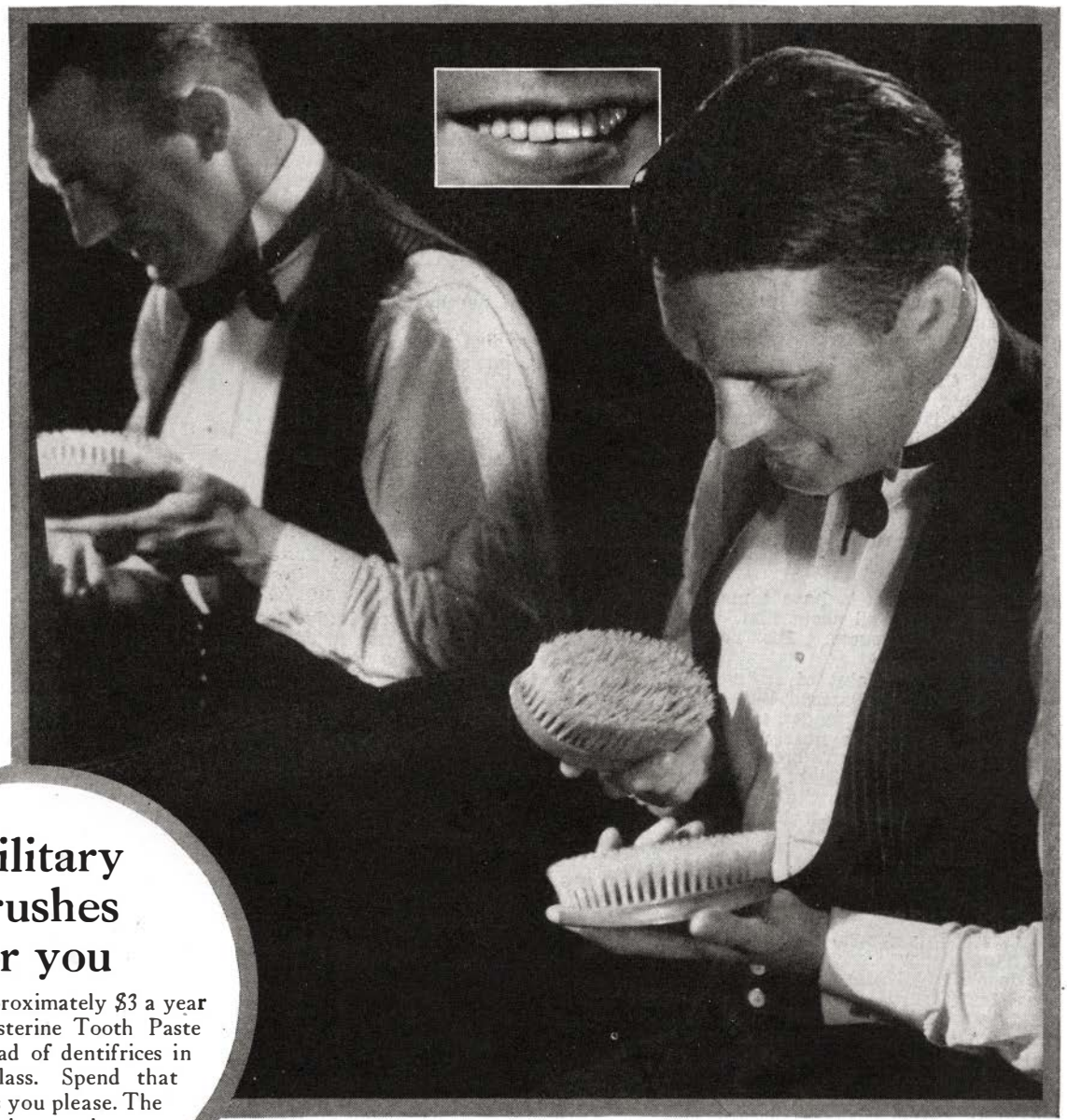
CHUMLEY had come up to London to stand by her. But this she found she couldn't endure, and she begged him to go back to the cottage and leave her alone for a short time.

"I must be alone," she said desperately. "That's my only chance. I had—I had——" She broke off; she couldn't tell Chumley that she had been hoping for some favorable turn of events.

"Yes?" he said anxiously.

But she wouldn't explain. "I only wish to be alone!" she said again and again.

Old Jo got hold of Chumley and begged him to leave his wife. "She can't stand



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The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend **Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes**

much more. She almost hates me, and she has some reason for it."

"Then she shall go to the cottage and I'll stay up in town."

"That might be best," said Old Jo.

But Olivia rejected this suggestion, too. "No; I shall stay in London, or they may say I'm running away from them all," she said. "And I don't want to see anyone for a few days. I hope you are going to Credon Cottage, Josephine," she added. "I don't want to upset your plans. Please go home."

"Very well!" said Old Jo gruffly, and went back to sit tight in Chancery Lane, while Chumley traveled miserably back to the cottage near Rickmansworth.

Olivia had her desire. She was left alone. But Chumley did one unexpected thing for her before he left town; an absurd thing it was, yet it touched her oddly, because it gave evidence of his intense desire to do something for her. Just before going away he said:

"I hope you won't mind, Olive, but I've engaged a young footman to be with you while I'm down at the cottage."

"A footman!" she said, astounded. "Why? What for?"

"I feel I'd like you to have a man in the house. I know all about him. He's got splendid references. His name's Henry Barfield."

She was on the point of saying she wouldn't have Henry Barfield, but something in her husband's tender, miserable eyes stopped her. She nearly laughed at the idea of a footman's being of any help to her. But if she had laughed she must have cried too. So she only said:

"Thank you for taking all that trouble, Roger. Of course I'll have him in the house if you wish it."

And so it happened that when two days later, just as the winter day was dying and a faint gleam of cold lemon-colored light showed in a rent in the gray above the Thames, there came a ring at the front door of the house in Cheyne Walk, it was Henry Barfield who answered it.

Olivia was upstairs in the drawing-room, staring at the lemon-colored streak in the sky, which looked so delicately hopeless, so cold, when Henry Barfield came in.

He was tall, young and usually, it seemed, rather pink. But now he was more than pink. His face was actually red and he was breathless.

"What is it?" asked Olivia, startled.

She now saw that his young eyes held a conscious, almost a guilty look.

"If you please, ma'am, a lady has called and wants very much to see you."

"A lady? Who is it?" She thought of Old Jo. Had the old rascal defied her unkindness and stayed on in London? It would be just like her to do that. "Is she old?"

"Oh, no, ma'am, not to say *old*. It's Lady—but here's her card, if you please, ma'am." He held out a card.

Olivia took it and read: "Lady Bettine Fayne."

There was a moment of silence. During it Olivia looked at Henry Barfield. Yes, he knew all about it.

Olivia looked down. "I can't see this lady."

"Ma'am? Excuse me, ma'am, her ladyship begged me to say it was *most* important. She said she *couldn't* go away without seeing you, ma'am."

"Do you know what she wants?"

"No, ma'am, indeed! But she has brought something with her."

"Something with her?"

"She has something in her hands, ma'am. I don't know what it is. What shall I say, ma'am?"

"She can come up."

"Thank you, ma'am."

Henry Barfield hastened out. Olivia remained by the window. And she had turned her eyes again towards that lemon-colored streak in the sky. She was remembering something, a laburnum tree seen moving in a soft breeze of spring through her studio window long ago, when Anne Marie came into her life to trouble it.

"Lady Bettine Fayne, if you please, ma'am."

Olivia turned round and saw Lady Bettine—once "Betty"—coming in at the door holding, as Henry Barfield had said, "something" in her hand.

"Olly!"

Olivia knew just where Lady Bettine was standing, but she didn't look at her. She dared not look, for she felt as if hatred would show in her eyes. Till this moment she had surely not hated her former friend, but now that she was alone with her she felt that she did hate her. All she had endured because of Lady Bettine seemed suddenly to bear her down into hatred.

"Olly!"

"What is it? Why have you come?"

She heard Lady Bettine make a movement, and lifted her eyes. Lady Bettine was as usual "made up." Nevertheless, she looked ghastly, and, Olivia thought, strangely old and horribly thin; like a skeleton. But this was a skeleton moved by some emotion so strong that to observe it even for a moment seemed wrong. She was a naked creature in pain at that moment.

"Olly!" She held out her hands, and something was in them.

"What's that? Why are you here? What are you bringing?"

Lady Bettine pressed something. The case she was holding opened. Olivia saw a gleam of jewels. So it was that!

"So you've found your bracelet at last."

"Yes. It was among Anne Marie's things. Olly, please—please forgive me!"

Olivia didn't speak. She was staring at the bracelet.

"Forgive me, Olly! We were such friends."

"Yes, that's just it! We were friends." Tears rushed into her eyes, but she kept them from falling. "Yes—*friends!* That's why I can't forgive you."

"But was it my fault?"

"Yes, it was."

"But how could I think anything but what I did think?"

"Think! You should have *known* that I—you should have *known!*"

"But how can one *know* a thing like that?"

"There is someone who can—there are two people."

"Who?"

"My friend, Josephine Lite, and my husband. They *knew* I could not be a thief. They love me enough to *know* me. You didn't. I'm sorry, but it's no use."

Lady Bettine didn't speak for a moment. She snapped to the lid of the case containing the bracelet and stood with it in her hand. Then she said:

"I'll do all I can. I'm sending an explanation to the press. It will be in all the chief papers tomorrow morning."

"Thank you."

"Anything else I can do——"

"I shall be exonerated. That's enough. That's all that can be done now."

"I am terribly, terribly sorry."

"I know you are."

"If you could realize——"

"I do realize"—she looked at Lady Bettine—"fully."

"Then surely——"

"Don't say any more about it, please."

"Anne Marie was not at all what I thought her. She must have had a life I knew nothing of. In her box there were letters—from a man. Evidently she did it for him. But then for some reason she was afraid, and wouldn't part with the bracelet. The man evidently threw her over at last. There was an abominable letter, telling her why he had ever been anything to her."

Lady Bettine stopped, then added:

"I don't think her death was natural, though it seemed so. And I shall do nothing now to—— Let them think it was natural."

"Yes. Why not?"

There was a pause that seemed long.

"Well, there's nothing more to——" faltered Lady Bettine.

"No."

"And you won't——"

"I can't. I'm sorry but I can't—really."

"Olly, just think! How *could* I——"

"I could never have believed that of you unless I had actually seen you do it. And even then—no, no, no! There are some things that would break through iron. You've broken through my power to forgive you. I don't say it's your fault. I don't know what things are our fault and what aren't. We can't help ourselves, perhaps. Please, please go!"

"Very well."

Lady Bettine went out and shut the door gently behind her. Even in that simple act there seemed to be profound humiliation.

When she had gone Olivia sat down by the window and looked out into the darkening evening. It was strange, but she didn't feel happy. On the contrary, melancholy lay on her like a weight. It was so terrible not to be able to forgive Betty. And Anne Marie's end—in fog! Poor, wretched woman! Had she known, was the dreadful plan in her brain when she had said that about Saint Anthony?

Darkness was falling over the river.

The drawing-room door opened. It was Henry Barfield with tea.

Olivia drank it mechanically without consciously tasting it. But it affected her, nevertheless. When she put down the cup her vague feeling had lifted. She had a lively consciousness of the event. In two or three minutes she rang the bell. Henry Barfield appeared with shining eyes.

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Please have this telegram sent. Ring up a messenger, or take it yourself."

"Yes, ma'am. I'll take it."

He went out with the telegram. Before going downstairs, he read it. It was addressed to Chumley at the cottage, and contained the following message:

> I want to see you but not till tomorrow stop please come up early by car and on no account read the morning papers till you see me
>
> Olivia

When Henry Barfield had gone, Olivia went to the telephone. Old Jo had the telephone at Credon Cottage. She ought to be there now. But was she? Olivia was sufficiently doubtful about that to telephone to Chancery Lane. A gruff voice answered, saying:

"Yes? What is it?"

"Olivia. So you are still in London?"

"Apparently you knew it! What is it?"

The old voice sounded unusually uncompromising. Olivia knew that she had hurt this true friend.

"I should like to see you if possible."

"All right. Am I to come to you?"

"No. Let me come to you; may I?"

"Come along!" She rang off without more ado.

"I've been a beast to her," Olivia said

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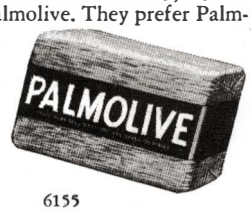

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Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

to herself, as she went to put on her things. "And she's stayed in London."

When she got to Old Jo's "chambers," as she called them, it was nearly seven o'clock and Old Jo appeared looking, like her voice, uncompromising.

"Hullo, Olivia! Come in!"

Olivia walked into the narrow passage, and on into the cozy sitting room.

"Jo, forgive me! I've been a beast."

"I bear no malice."

"You couldn't. But I feel I have hurt you."

"There are plenty of scars on this old carcass. One more or less won't bring down the dome of St. Paul's. Sit down."

"Jo, I came here because I've something to tell you. This afternoon I had a visitor."

"Ah!" Old Jo looked hard at Olivia. "Anyone interesting?"

"It was Bettine."

Old Jo said nothing.

"She came with the bracelet. It was found after Anne Marie's death among her things. She brought it to show me. I thought I should like to tell you at once, as you have always stood by me."

Old Jo was tall, lean and by no means beautiful, but at this moment it might be said that physically she looked her worst. For as Olivia was speaking her rough features, weather-beaten always, contorted themselves in a grimace that resembled the grimace of a gargoyle, and when Olivia stopped speaking her features continued to work.

"So you see," Olivia said, as no word came from her hostess, "after all——"

She stopped, for Old Jo turned abruptly away, strode down the room and disappeared into her bedroom. Olivia heard a prolonged trumpeting. Old Jo was using a handkerchief in the accepted manner. The sound died away and there was a profound pause.

At last the bedroom door was pulled wide open and Old Jo reappeared.

"I caught cold in this beastly fog," she said. She caught hold of Olivia and gave her a staggering kiss. "Great news!" she said. "But don't think it's news to me. I always *knew* what you were!"

And then the cold manifested itself again—triumphantly.

Olivia was up early next morning, though she had dined with Old Jo, and had stayed talking with her till late.

She sent Henry Barfield out to bring to the house newspapers to reinforce the Morning Post. In all of them she found a statement from Lady Bettine, setting forth the facts about the loss of the bracelet, exonerating Olivia, withdrawing her original accusation of theft, and expressing her deep sorrow at having so cruelly misunderstood the true character of her friend. In two of the papers there was a leading article on the case. Other papers printed short and pungent comments.

The world that was awake already knew that Olivia wasn't a thief. Henry Barfield also knew, and when he brought Olivia's breakfast could not restrain himself from saying:

"If you please, ma'am, may I say how glad I am the bracelet has been found?"

"Thank you very much, Henry."

He went out glowing.

But Olivia wasn't concerned about Henry Barfield. She was waiting for Roger. She was certain that he would obey the injunction in her telegram although he would wonder at it. He wouldn't look at a paper. But wouldn't someone speak to him, tell him?

She wanted to tell him herself; to see how he would take the great news which would change their lives.

Would she be permitted to tell him?

She sat reading and rereading the newspapers, wondering, hoping, but becoming every moment more restless.

Presently the telephone rang. It was Old Jo. "Have you seen your husband yet? What does he say?"

"He's not here yet. But I know he'll be here soon. If only he hasn't been told!"

"Good news is good news, whatever pair of lips tells it. Ring me up when he knows. Have you telegraphed to your people?"

"No. I haven't. I will, of course, but not till I've told Roger. They weren't like you and him."

"I know what you mean. But—Olivia, no one can see beyond the range of his vision—no one! We mustn't be down upon those whom God has created a wee bit shortsighted. Now I'm going to have some broiled ham."

A warning? It had sounded like that, like a serious warning, turned off, as it were, lightly with the broiled-ham allusion. Olivia didn't understand it. She was conscious of a purpose behind Old Jo's words. Surely it extended beyond her father and mother. But——

She heard the sound of a motor horn and went quickly to the window. It was Roger in his two-seater.

Olivia opened the hall door. "Roger! You must have started early!"

"I should say so! Such a telegram! What did it mean? What's happened?"

"I'll explain in a moment. Take off your coat. Was the drive awfully cold?"

"I'm bound to say it was. But never mind. I was so glad of the summons."

He had got his coat off and kissed her. She began to feel oddly nervous.

"Well, darling, what is it? Explain the mystery." His bright blue eyes were searching hers. "Not bad news, is it? It's surely—it can't be anything more connected with Anne Marie and that bracelet? Lady Bettine hasn't——"

"Come upstairs!"

"Right!"

He followed her upstairs and into the drawing-room. She shut the door.

"What is it, Olive? Don't say it's about the bracelet!"

"But it is about the bracelet!"

She saw in his eyes a look of distaste almost amounting to desperation.

He thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets. Those hidden hands were clenched into fists, she was sure.

"More of that! Is it never—— Well, darling, what is it? Out with it! After all, I've got to know, haven't I?"

"Yes. Yesterday afternoon someone called to see me here." She stopped.

"Well, dear, who was it?"

"It was Bettine."

A look of stupefaction came into his face. "Lady Bettine called here! Did you see her?"

"Yes."

"After all that's—you and Lady Bettine! What did she come for?"

"She came with"—in spite of herself Olivia's voice shook—"with *her* bracelet. She had found it hidden away in one of Anne Marie's boxes."

"What!" he called out in a startling voice. "The bracelet's been found? You don't—Lady Bettine's found her bracelet! Anne Marie had it all the time! Anne Marie *was* the thief! Oh, Olive!" He seized her suddenly in a pair of violent arms. "Olive—oh, Olive!"

He had taken her behind the shoulders, but now he let her go and then took her head in his two hands.

"Olive, Olive! My poor, poor Olive!"

Wasn't it a cry, a horrible cry for forgiveness? Her body stiffened as her eyes looked into his.

"Roger!" She put up her hands and grasped his wrists. The look in his blue eyes startled her, frightened her. "Roger! What do you mean?"

"I'm so thankful, so thankful!" He bent as if to kiss her, but she forced his two hands away from her head.

"Why are you thankful? Because now the world will know, or because of something else?"

"What else?" he asked, startled.

"Or is it because now *you* know?"

"Of course I know!"

"But Roger, you knew before!"

"Of course I did!"

"But did you?"

"Olive, what's the matter?"

"That's what I want you to tell me; what you must tell me. Just now you sounded as if you wanted me to forgive *you* for something. Did you want to be forgiven for something?"

"I was thinking of all you'd been through, all you'd suffered."

"But there was nothing I had to forgive you for in all that."

"No. But now you're cleared at last, I seem to realize how awful it has been for you as I've never realized it before."

"That was all? Then you were begging pardon of me for all the—others? Was that it, Roger?"

"Not begging pardon but—well, sending along a curse to every fool who ever doubted you. Oh, Olive!"

Again he stretched out his arms to her, but at this moment the door opened and Henry Barfield announced:

"If you please, sir, breakfast is on the table."

"Good! Olive, I'm frightfully hungry. Joy's made me hungry. Coming?"

"In one moment! Go down! I must just speak to Old Jo. I promised I would when you came."

"Dear Jo! One of the best! No, *the* best. I could kiss her boots today."

"And wouldn't she hate it? Now go and begin!"

"You'll come?" There was keen anxiety in his eyes.

"Yes. But I must get through to Jo."

Directly he had gone she hurried to her bedroom and rang up Old Jo.

"Yes? Who is it?"

"Olivia."

"Ah! Has he come?"

"Yes."

"Have you told him?"

"Yes."

"Well? What does he say?"

"Jo, I am desperately unhappy!"

"Unhappy today! Nonsense!"

"No—no! I am! I didn't think—I—I can't say it through the telephone."

"D'you mean—you don't mean you've got wrong with him? Not today?"

"Not openly, but—yes, yes, it's all wrong; dreadfully wrong."

"Does he know it?"

"I've said nothing plainly. He may guess. I don't know. I'm going now. I must tell him. I have to tell him."

"Olivia, don't!"

"I must. It can't be like this."

"Olivia, do you value my friendship?"

"Yes, above everything on earth—except one thing."

"Then do this for me. Don't move another step—you know what I mean—not one step till I've seen you. Perhaps all your happiness in the future depends on that. Will you promise?"

"I can't act a part with him."

"Yes, you can, and you must till I've seen you. Come to me directly he's finished his breakfast. Till then be splendid with him. Olivia, that man loves you.

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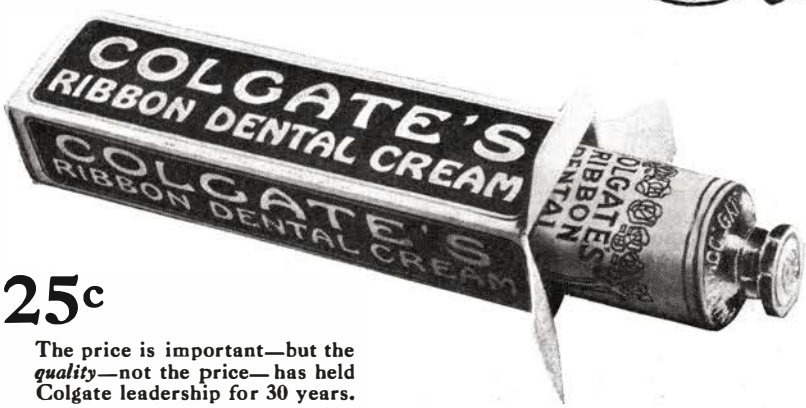
****"I have examined the reports of laboratory tests made by eminent chemists who have compared Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices and I find that Colgate's rates the lowest surface tension. This means that Colgate's is the most efficient cleanser of those examined because it gets into the crevices between the teeth, thus removing and flooding away decaying foods."***



25c

The price is important—but the *quality*—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

SHIRLEY W. WYNNE, M. D., Dr. P. H.

Commissioner of Health, New York City; M. D., Columbia University; Member American Medical Association; Prof. Preventive Medicine, N. Y. Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital; Prof. Public Health, Fordham School of Sociology and Social Service; Recognized internationally as an authority on matters of Public Health.

Make this small sacrifice of what you call truth, perhaps, for him and for me. Now, I rely on you."

She rang off without waiting for further words. Five minutes later Olivia went to the dining room. She found her husband with a newspaper propped up in front of him against the coffee pot. As she came in he got up quickly and put a chair for her close to his.

"I thought you were never coming," he said. She saw his blue eyes anxiously examining her. "I was reading the leading article here." He touched the newspaper. "It's wonderful—about you. But I suppose all the papers——"

"Go on eating, Roger." She sat down. "Yes, *now* they are all very nice to me."

"Because now they understand."

"Yes, they understand *now* that I am not a thief and a foul friend." Suddenly her face changed and she began to smile. "But why should I blame them? It's ridiculous. I suppose the fact is that deep down one cherishes an unreasonable expectation that one's decent part shall be recognized, acknowledged and trusted. Perhaps that's it."

"I believe you're right; we do. But don't we cherish something else too?"

"Yes. What d'you mean?"

"The expectation that the part of us that isn't decent shall be overlooked, ignored, not criticized, perhaps never even suspected. Once I overheard someone making a drastic comment on a little weakness of mine and I was awfully hurt. But the point wasn't that. The point was that I was awfully surprised."

"It's dreadful sometimes to be surprised, isn't it?" Again she saw the questioning look in his eyes. She smiled resolutely. "Have some marmalade, and now I want you to let me go for a while. Old Jo wants to see me."

"So early? Shall I come with you?"

"No. Have a rest and a smoke. I shan't be long. And perhaps I'll bring her back with me."

"All right," he said disconsolately; "if it was anyone else—but she's a trump."

"No. Don't get up. I'll be down in a moment."

When she came down and Henry Barfield had called a taxicab, Chumley took her hands in his.

"Olive, I don't know how to tell you what I feel today."

"Don't try!" she said quickly. "You've stuck to me splendidly. For your sake as much as for my own, I'm thankful."

And then she let him kiss her. She felt on his lips a terrible plea for pardon.

"He must surely know what I feel," she thought, as she got into the cab.

When she reached Chancery Lane, she pressed Old Jo's doorbell with an eagerness that was violent.

"Give me time, Olivia! Give me time!"

The opening of the door by Old Jo had stopped Olivia from pressing the bell.

"Oh, was I still—do forgive me."

"Come along. Sit down. And now for it. It seems that your life is fated to be full of crises. What is it? But perhaps I know."

"I'm sure you can't." She sat down. Old Jo towered above her. "Or can you?"

She remembered the warning—it had seemed like that—through the telephone that very morning: "No one can see beyond the range of his vision . . . We mustn't be down upon those whom God has created a wee bit shortsighted."

"Do you?" she added.

"If you'll explain perhaps I'll tell you. Has Chumley disappointed you?"

Tears started into Olivia's eyes. "Yes. I feel as if he'd caused the foundation on which I'd built to crumble."

"You'll get over *that* feeling. What has he done, said?"

"Hardly anything. It isn't that. There's been nothing explicit. But—do I need that? When I told him, Jo, he gave a cry. I shall never forget it. There was thankfulness in it, but there was something else."

"Not astonishment? I mean not the wrong sort of astonishment."

"I can't describe—Jo, it's this! I know now that Roger wasn't like you. He wasn't absolutely *sure.*" Now there was desperation in her voice. "He didn't say so, not explicitly—but I know it. He caught hold of me and then—then I felt that he was begging me to forgive him."

"Ah! And you are going to forgive him."

"Have you known it all the time?"

"Known it—no. But I have suspected it sometimes."

"I never did, never, not for a moment. That *he* should ever have thought——" The tears overflowed.

"Probably he never did actually think."

"What alternative is there? Either you believe or you don't believe. Either you trust or you don't trust."

"But there are such infinite shades of feeling in the human soul, of thought in the human mind. Why be so drastic?"

"You are drastic. That's partly why I care for you. And once you said to me that you were with me in my pride. Don't you remember?"

"Yes. And then I added, 'Are we fine in that? I'm not sure.' Do you suppose I'm such an old fool as to think I am faultless? Can't you go one better than I could? Must you wallow with me?"

"Wallow?"

"In pitiless egotism? Olivia, you say you care for me."

"I do."

"Do you care for me enough to do a difficult thing? Do you care for me enough to obey me? You trust my heart, I know. Will you trust my brain?"

After a pause Olivia said: "I'll try to. I can't say more than that."

"Chumley loves you. You agree to that?"

"Yes. He does."

"And you love him."

Olivia started.

"You didn't know it till now. But this morning you know it."

"How—how can I?"

"Why ask? Aren't we two women? Could anyone you didn't love give you a shock such as the shock that has brought you to me? That being so, this is the time to be generous. Hasn't Chumley been gloriously generous with you?"

"Yes, he has."

"He's done his bit for you with a vengeance. Are you going to punish him now in this hour of reparation, this hour that ought to be the great hour of your lives? Chumley is an immensely chivalrous fellow; a strong-hearted, loving fellow. But he's not intuitive. I know he thinks your character splendid, but I believe the case of the bracelet was too much for him, as it has been too much for practically everyone. He didn't know what to make of it.

"Even Sir Ben and Lane were in the same boat with him. It was a case of, 'She simply can't have done it. She's incapable of such a thing. And yet who the devil else could have done it?' I'll bet you Chumley has had endless mental debates over the bracelet, always ready and eager to stand up for you, and then pierced through by the hideous voice, sometimes called the voice of common sense, the voice that tries to drown the other voice—I call it God's voice of instinct.

"In me that God's voice prevailed from the start. But Chumley's lived in a hopeless mental muddle about you. And I'm sure he's suffered—without saying a word. And now such instinct as he has is proved right, and he's ashamed of the common-sense voice that said, 'But who else *could* have done it?'

"Anne Marie did the incredible. That's been at the bottom of the whole tragedy. The world's full of trouble. Olivia, if you add to it by attacking Chumley, or by not being generous and forgiving, I shall feel I've been mistaken in you. And the hurt to me will be great. Olivia, my friend, make the large gesture; make it, Olivia!" There was a tremble in the old voice, despite the fiery sound in it. "Give my belief in you the only gift it wants!"

Olivia rose. "I'll try to, Jo. But can I? Am I capable of it? Can I act a part?"

"That's not in question. If you are true to *my* Olivia, no need for any acting. I don't ask you to pretend to be, I ask you to *be.*"

Half laughing through tears Olivia said: "And you dare to accuse me of being drastic, you old sinner!"

"Aren't we always down on our own faults in others? Now go back to Chumley!"

"I said perhaps I'd bring you back with me. Will you come?"

"Why not? I should like to see you two setting your faces towards the sun: I should like to see you beginning to be *my* Olivia with Chumley."

And she went into the bedroom to put on her old black hat.

THE END

The Mermaid's Husband *by Lord Dunsany* *(Continued from page 29)*

of the darkness. Well, I went when men were asleep, but a greater terror than darkness kept them at home. I went at noon, when the sun was baking the cinders. You could commit suicide there in five minutes, by standing out in the street with your hat off. I went at noon to take the invalid lady in white to have a look at the mermaid.

"When the Arab had drawn the Bath chair up to the door I sent him away, and glad he was to get to the shade of a wall and lie down and sleep like the rest. Then the lady of Aden and I walked inside, and I purchased two tickets. I had a red shawl that suited her very well; and her job was to put that over her white dress and vanish. There was a back door leading to another street, and she managed that very well. Five rupees got rid of the attendant.

"And then I gave Gladys Stepney her new white dress. She put it on where she was, and of course it got wet, but that doesn't matter much at noon in Aden. It was dry in half an hour. Then I helped her out of the tank. It was amazing to see the pace at which she got over the floor; and I could see that without the dress she'd have been three times faster.

"We got to the door and I lifted her into the chair. Dresses came low in those days, so that you couldn't tell at a glance whether they hid ankles or fins. At any rate, no one was watching so far as I could see.

"Then I dragged the Bath chair away, and up to our little house; at noon, mind

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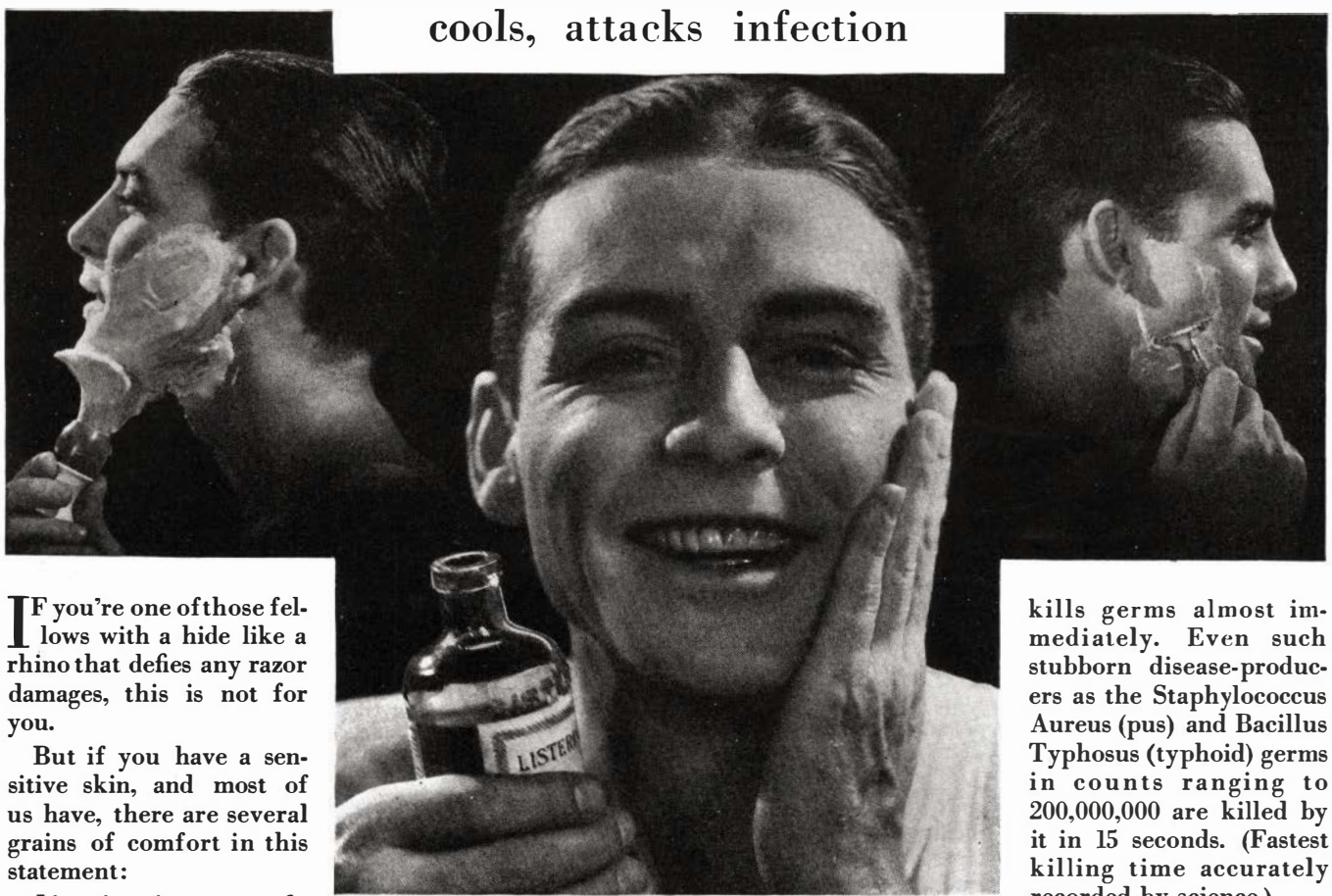

IF you're one of those fellows with a hide like a rhino that defies any razor damages, this is not for you.

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Listerine is great after shaving—your best friend in fact.

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you, in Aden in May, and all uphill; love is a powerful incentive. And I loved Gladys in those days. It was her eyes that made me love her. She had an amazingly beautiful figure; not the starved, flattened bust that poor silly fashion likes nowadays, but a form nourished well on her natural food, which was fish; for they fed her well at the hotel.

"And yet it was her eyes that I loved. 'Your eyes are strange today,' I used to say to her. And she would answer, 'Are they really?' or 'Do you really think so?' But the next moment, and it was for that moment I loved her, there seemed about to fall from her lips, seemed trembling upon them already, words telling in ancient Greek of the deeps of the sea.

"She might have spoken to Homer. He might have sat beside her and heard, in golden hexameters, talk of the deep and mysteries of the tides, which even his tremendous imagination had never fathomed. That's how it seemed to me she might have spoken.

"'Is it really nice?' she would say. And then a thought would darken the blue of her eyes, till you dreamed of the eyes of Athene, and she seemed about to say something more, something to which we could only listen in awe, though we should not understand it. And though that something more never came, I seemed to be living always on the brink of it.

"I spoke little to other men in those days, though I sometimes went down to the town for a drink; I spoke little to them because I felt like a priest of the mystery that she would one day utter, something too far beyond their comprehension for it to be worth while to have any speech with them.

"But all she ever said when once I told her there was a mystery in her eyes was, 'Oh, is there really?' And it wasn't only her phrases that she seemed to have picked up at the hotel, but even her thoughts. Even her thoughts; and I never got from her any of those stories that would have been raw gold to Homer.

"Well, we got to our little house. And the first thing I did was to bring the clergyman, and introduce him to her and arrange for our wedding. The very first thing. So that he needn't have talked so much about sin as he did. I don't mean that he was actually rude; but sin was the topic he chose to talk of whenever left to himself; and sin was the end of any subject that I might choose to discuss with him, if there was any way to twist it in that direction.

"As I pointed out to him, I was ready to marry Miss Gladys Stepney there and then. If delays were made until he was ready to marry us, it looked to me as if he was making whatever sin there might be about our little house, not Gladys and I. And at that he went away aggrieved and angry.

"Of course we never let him, or anyone, see that Gladys was only a mermaid. And suspicious as he was of the invalid chair and the shawls, he was looking only for sin, so that the more suspicious he got, the further he strayed from the truth.

"Well, he went angry away from us. But he married us in the end; in the little church in Aden; the invalid lady in her Bath chair, spinster of Stepney, and the wedding veil that came in handy to hide any last trace by which she might have been recognized. Her eyes lighted up at the music as though she knew it. 'Mendelssohn,' I whispered to her. 'Who's he?' she asked. 'A musician,' I answered. 'Is he really?' she said.

"Oh, these gray days! I have that memory to lighten them. A long way off, but still shining a little, as long as memory lasts. Seas as green as pale emeralds, and she and I with the Bath chair on the beach.

"I got rid of the Arab for good, and dragged the Bath chair myself. And when nobody was about we would go bathing, I always coming out first, and ready with a long bathing dress in case anybody was there. With a towel or two to wrap round her I was always able to carry her to the Bath chair without exciting any suspicion.

"Wild, wayward and strange as she was, I could always render her docile if she were risking suspicion, by mentioning the hotel. In a way she was fond of the hotel, because it was the hub of the only social life she knew; and she was always asking me who had gone to stay there and who had looked in for a drink; but she was clearly made for the sea; and, however little she knew of her own destiny, when she got to the long rollers breaking lazily into surf, it was the sea that claimed her.

"In such a mood, which was strongest in her after bathing, the thought of the wretched tank in the stuffy room was repulsive to her, and in cases of necessity I had only to mention the hotel to stop any frolic of hers that might have betrayed us. What kind of frolic? Oh, anything. You never could tell what she would do. One of the things that gave me most anxiety was her habit of leaping out of the sea to bite at sea gulls.

"If she were a long way out, and I nowhere near, she would do it again and again whenever a sea gull passed. And there would I be standing, perhaps on the beach, shouting out to her, 'The Grand! The Grand!' and hoping that no one but she would catch the allusion. How the sea gulls could be so silly as to go backwards and forwards above her again and again I could not understand; but they did.

"In the house I found things no easier. There was no one there but the cook; but I saw that we must have one or two people up there sooner or later. Otherwise suspicions would grow, and sooner or later would come the right one, and after that I should be found out in five minutes. And even if we invited nobody, someone was bound to drop in.

"As things were just then, I assure you that was impossible. We couldn't have had anyone to dinner; I couldn't even have asked them to tea. She wasn't ready for it. There were thousands of things I had to teach her. And some of them she wouldn't even learn. You've no idea how many rules there are connected with what we do naturally, like sitting down to table and eating a meal.

"It was a race with time. At any moment somebody might drop in; and there seemed more to teach her every day, as I remembered more and more trifles that I had supposed she knew, until I found she knew nothing. And it was no use conceding a point to her, because she would only go on then and ask for something more. For instance, she didn't like fish cooked, so for peace and quiet, and to please her, I said she should have them raw.

"But it didn't end there; when they came in raw she said she liked them alive. And all the time I was trying to build a hasty appearance of comfortable respectability, things seemed sliding away from under me to the sea. I had thought for days of every detail, such as getting her into her chair at the end of the table, with her fins away under the tablecloth, and I had never thought to tell her not to snap at her food; not to—oh, thousands of things!

"It was sometimes a relief to get away from the house and down to the beach, where she seemed in less danger of being found out than amongst her own tea things. It was not her fault, but entirely mine. I'd stolen her, and I was learning something of the anxieties that haunt men who steal.

"I hadn't even a hardened conscience; so that, in addition to constant fear of being found out, I was continually thinking of the hotel, and reproaching myself with the memory of what the attendant had told me; that on a good day, when a liner was in, they would make from twenty to thirty rupees. Say, two pound in a day. And one realizes then that it was no figure of speech when the manager said he wouldn't sell her for a thousand pounds. She was worth double that to them.

"Yes, that was what was eating into my conscience. Love at first, and little thought for anything but her eyes; and then, as thoughts began to come back to me from beyond the remote wild tides that seemed roaming behind the flash of her glances, gradually came the thought of the Grand Hotel and the rupees they would make on a good day.

"I went down there one day and saw them trying to show some fish that looked like a cod, that they had put in the tank instead. It went to my heart to see it. And not a word of reproach to me, for they never suspected me. And somehow that hurt me as much as if they had. No, I shall never steal again.

"And this was the point I had got to when you came in," said Jorkens, turning to me. "I saw what it was impossible to be blind to, that my wife belonged to the hotel. I had stolen her; and I had thought that my anxiety would be merely to escape detection. Now I was finding that night and day I had other anxieties; night and day I was wondering how it went with the hotel I had robbed; how many rupees they got for that wretched show of the fish, what else they were doing to try to make up their losses: the Grand was on my conscience and there was no shaking it off.

"That was how it was with me when we'd been married a few weeks, and the more I thought of it the more clearly I saw the only thing there was to see. No, there's no thinking round theft: I've heard men trying to talk round it, but you can't think it away.

"We were down by the sea one day. I'd brought her there chiefly to get away from the house, for every day we were lucky about callers brought the time nearer when our luck must run out and somebody would walk into the house. And we weren't nearly ready for callers. I told you I was racing against time, trying to teach her this and that; well, I was losing the race. I'd made scarce any progress at all.

"For instance, when we were first married I used to throw fish to her across the table, because she liked it, and she used to catch them in her mouth. Silly of me, of course, but I was very much in love; and it was not an untidy habit, for I never knew her to miss.

"The trouble was that she still insisted on it. And I had to do it; there was no question of that. So would you; so would any man. I'll tell you why, though it is unpleasant. Unpleasant is hardly the word for it. But once she cried. Just one howl, and I stopped her. But it was the most awful sound that ever chilled your blood.

"She was so frightfully human, too, to look at, so awfully like the girl I knew at Brighton, that I hadn't the least idea

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This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930 Engine		1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 115-66A, 6-80, 76	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	....	....	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon, Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	....	....	BB	Arc.	B B	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon 6-72	....	....	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" 8-80	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" other models	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv. 6, Sp. 6, Twin Ig. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (other models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	....	....	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" 60, 69, 80	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo (all models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" President 8	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Windsor 6-69, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....

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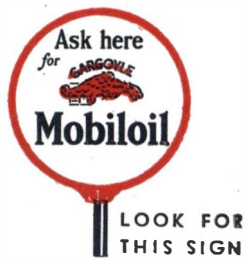

she could cry like that. and it set my hair on end. I dared not risk anything like that happening again; so you see I was in her power.

"Well, I'd got away from the house and we were down by the sea; and I was thinking over things. She was gazing at the deep green horizon. and we were going to have a swim; and first of all I warned her against sharks, because I somehow saw by her mood and the look in her eyes that she would go a long way out that day. But she laughed at my mention of sharks; they only seemed to amuse her.

"And for a while before going in we sat on the sand. And then I thought the time had come, and the sooner it was over the better, and I told her what had been on my mind for weeks, which was that of course she belonged to the Grand Hotel. The moment I said that I felt an honest man, and better in every way for it. But a look came over her eyes like the shadow of a ship on the water. I saw then that a simple matter of honesty about which there could be no two opinions was not so simple to her.

"I might take a room at the Grand, I said: it was a small hotel and I shouldn't be far from the tank. And then, for the first time, I found that her old interest as to who stayed at the Grand was gone. Rapidly I was losing her interest altogether; her eyes were glooming and changing, till it was as when a storm darkens the deep; and with all these changing colors darkening the iris, she was gazing out to sea.

"What had I said to annoy her? I asked her then. I had not made the standards of honesty, I had merely offended against them, and now I wanted my conscience to be at rest again. I had not made my conscience.

"But she could not see that her place was in the tank; she could understand nothing, and only gazed out to sea with her eyes glooming. Then I got the rug that she always wore when I carried her back to the chair, and asked her to come home, for I wanted to talk it all over quietly. And she never said a word and did not move; but when I touched her to wrap her round with the rug, she leaped forward, at the same time throwing away a light scarf that she wore.

"I said that she moved very fast on the floor of the room at the Grand and that without clothing she could have gone three times the speed: her pace through the shallow water was as fast as a man running. And in an instant she was out where she could swim. A flick of her tail then and she was out of my sight, and then for a while I saw no more of her than a curious ripple which went with amazing speed straight out from the land.

"Once more I saw her, where the fin of a shark erected itself from the water. She came up out of the sea as far as her waist and flung something at the fin. then dashed away under that ripple; and a splash near the fin showed where her derisive missile had struck the sea.

"That was the last I saw of her; and I was left all alone on the beach, bitterly wondering, as I have wondered ever since, what it was she had thrown at the shark. In those depths and swimming, as she was, near the surface, as the ripple showed, she could not have found a stone. Her clothing she had cast off before she started. What, then, could she have thrown but my wedding ring? No, no, it could have been nothing else."

For the Love of Mike *by Royal Brown* *(Continued from page 51)*

herself; enough to discover that nature's hand had grown careless when it fashioned Gloria's extremities. "We certainly were like a pair of cats," realized Joan.

It was foolish of her to lie awake and fume so, she informed herself. Or was it? Joan had her job to consider. And if Mike should marry Gloria—well, figure it out. Joan did.

"She's just the sort that would see to it that her husband's secretary was cross-eyed or something like that," she decided. "Two to one she puts the skids under me."

Nor was Joan just being feminine or borrowing trouble. As a matter of fact, Mike had already made his first mistake that same evening as he was taxiing Gloria home after the bouts.

"Your secretary is quite attractive," Gloria had drawled, ever so casually.

Joan would have pricked up her pretty ears at that, perhaps even laid them back a bit. But Mike, with masculine denseness, had suspected no pitfall. What he construed as a compliment to Joan simply suggested a tribute he was willing to pay her any time.

"She's a darned sight more than that," he had assured Gloria.

Then he made the mistake of trying to explain to Gloria how good Joan was.

"Good Lord!" Joan would have mourned, could she have heard him. "Doesn't he realize that he's practically writing my epitaph?"

But Gloria was too wise to suggest anything like that at this stage. She merely sat and listened. She had made up her mind about Mike. He was really attractive, and although he was in a queer business, he obviously made money. She had recognized an enemy in Joan—but to Joan she could attend later.

"I don't know what I'd do without her," Mike finished feelingly.

Gloria smiled. "You sound as if you were in love with her," she suggested demurely—too demurely. She knew better. In fact, she even suspected what might come next.

"In love with *her?*" echoed Mike, wide-eyed. "Me? Why——"

He took a deep breath and then, forgetting the taxi driver, told with whom he was in love. He was almost breathless at his own temerity. She was so miraculous. She had her career. Of course, he didn't really believe that she——

But Gloria did.

The taxi driver told his wife all about it when she set his six-o'clock-in-the-morning supper before him.

"He sure had a bad case of it," he assured her between mouthfuls.

"And she accepted him?"

"The guy never had a chance. And he makes the thirteenth fish that's been hooked in the old bus this year."

"How much did he tip you?" interposed his wife.

The driver saw red lights ahead and stalled. "Just a quarter."

"Listen here, Christmas is coming. You can't kid me. Come across!"

They arbitrated on the basis of five dollars, which left the driver four dollars and some cents to the good, anyway, because Mike had slipped him a tenner. A tribute to the miracle that had been vouchsafed him—and to Gloria.

Not that Gloria appreciated it. She said nothing then, but it occurred to her that Mike needed somebody to manage his money. Gloria was good that way—especially about tips. "People like that despise you when you overtip," was a bit of her philosophy Mike had not heard—*yet.*

On the other hand, Mike had saved taxi fare to his own quarters. He had walked there on air, and though there was now a fine rain, he was not conscious of it.

The girl with whom Gloria roomed was, however. But that was because it was her wrap Gloria had worn. They often exchanged articles of attire but each was carefully examined on its return.

"Put it on a hanger—perhaps it won't wrinkle," she commanded. And when this was done, added, "Well?"

Gloria knew what she meant. "Oh, he all but got down on his knees. I had to promise to marry him to put him out of his misery," she yawned.

"Kind of you, but isn't it nice that he can support you in a style to which you are quite willing to become accustomed?" gibed the other.

Gloria, however, considered that too crass. "It's no use trying to hint that I'm to be an old man's darling, because, Billie darling, he's young, you know. He just happens to make a lot of money."

"Just happens? He'd be out in the garden eating worms right now if you didn't know that he makes thirty thousand a year."

"Well, I wouldn't be fool enough to marry anybody who couldn't support me."

"Don't tell me!" suggested Billie darling. "But how about that nice philanthropic and altruistic old boy you've already got three thousand from? What's he going to say when you tell him that grand opera is off and you're——"

"It was just a loan," announced Gloria virtuously. "I'll pay him back."

"You? Or Mike?" Billie grinned wickedly. "'The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a check for several thousand to repay——'"

Gloria let that pass. Her thoughts had taken another twist. "I met his private secretary tonight," she told Billie abruptly.

Billie gave her a swift glance. "Pretty?"

"Oh, rather. But terribly assertive. You can see that she thinks she practically owns him."

Billie said nothing for a second. Then: "And may the Lord have mercy on her soul," she murmured.

But Mike, being a mere man, never dreamed of that angle. He was just dumb enough to believe that Joan would give three cheers when he broke the great news to her.

Joan guessed what had happened before he told her. "It's his idea that he's the happiest man alive—and for two cents he'd tell you all about it," she assured herself, the minute she saw him. But she wasn't interested. Not even two cents' worth.

"Good morning," she said crisply. "Wasn't it wonderful how they turned out for the bouts last night? Almost a sell-out, wasn't it?"

"The bouts? Oh, yes," replied Mike. "I haven't seen the figures yet."

"I'll get them for you," promised Joan —and fled.

But that was like postponing a trip to the dentist. Once she had the figures she had to return. To discover Mike standing by the window mooning at the traffic below.

"Here they are," announced Joan, hoping to snap him back to business.

He turned, his eyes beglamoured. He

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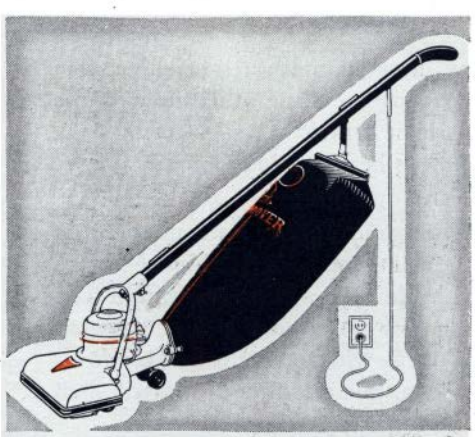

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hesitated. Then: "I can't think of a darned thing this morning," he confessed. "Except——"

And then the dam burst.

"You're the first person I've told," he assured Joan.

"You mean the first person you've had a chance to tell it to," amended Joan—but to herself.

To him she said, "Of course I wish you all happiness."

"And try and get it!" she added privately.

She hated being that way. But how could she help it? She did not, could not deny that Gloria was beautiful. But just the same——

"It seems incredible to me," Mike was raving on. "She has a wonderful voice and has been studying for grand opera. She comes from a fine old Virginia family too, you know."

Joan didn't and she wasn't going to take his word for it, either, even though she continued to smile brightly while her mouth ached.

"They've had to skimp and save to send her here," Mike went on. "You know what the Civil War did to those old southern aristocrats."

"Sure; I've been to the movies myself," said Joan—to Joan.

The strain was telling on her. She dropped her eyes to the notebook in her lap and began making little marks.

"The poor kid hasn't been having such an easy time," confided Mike. "Of course she's not the one to complain much."

"Oh, no—*she* wouldn't," retorted Joan —in shorthand.

"Just little things she's let drop give me an idea of what she's up against. She lives with a roommate who is sort of hard-boiled and unsympathetic, I think."

"But of course she couldn't be expected to appreciate Gloria the way you do," commented Joan's pencil.

"I've only known her for a week," added Mike.

Joan made more pothooks. "You'll know her better as time goes on."

"But she's knocked me for a complete loop," finished Mike. "Don't you think she is wonderful?"

"She simply took my breath away," Joan assured him—and escaped.

The page of comments, torn to small bits, went into her wastebasket. She was ashamed of it, of herself.

She hoped Mike had no such idea. And actually he hadn't. He proved it that night, to Gloria herself.

"You — you haven't changed your mind!" he began breathlessly, as he greeted her in the hotel lobby where they had arranged to meet.

"Silly!" she said. "Of course I haven't."

They dined together. Lights and color, silver, napery and music. But, so far as Mike was concerned, only Gloria.

"When are you going to marry me?" he asked.

"June?" she suggested demurely.

"June!" he exploded. "Oh, Gloria, be nice!"

She was quite willing to be. "When, then?" she asked.

"Tonight; right off."

"Don't look at me that way," she commanded. "Everybody will guess our secret."

"Secret?" he echoed. "Why should it be secret? I'm willing to stand up here and now and announce that——"

"I *want* it to be a secret," she told him.

She was thinking of the philanthropic and altruistic underwriter of her expenses. She had never given him any real reason to think it was anything but a business loan, but just the same, men being men——

"Just *our* secret," she went on. And

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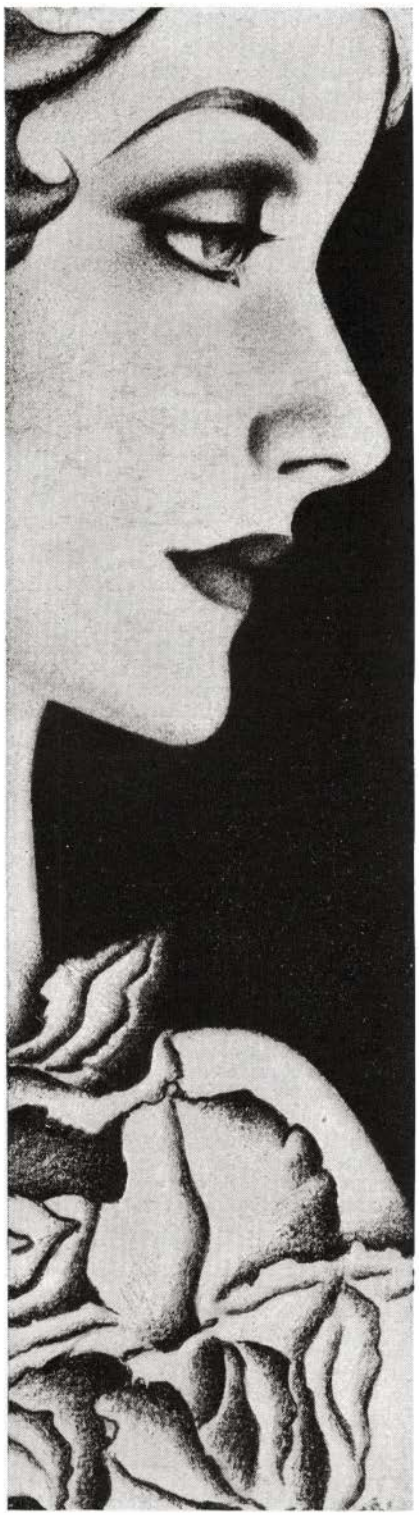

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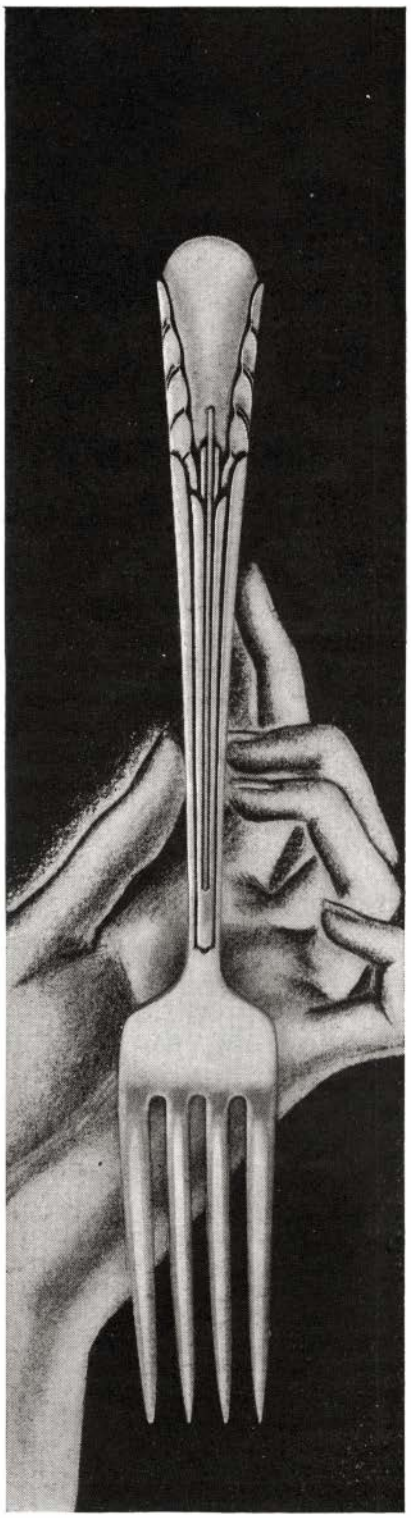

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added quickly, "You haven't mentioned it to anybody, surely?"

"Only to my private secretary," Mike confessed. "I had to tell somebody."

A man less in love might have been startled by the way her eyes hardened.

"*Only* your private secretary!" she commented scathingly. "Do you have to tell her everything?"

"Why, of course not. But I thought she'd be interested."

"I don't doubt it. She——" Gloria bit her lip. She had started to say, "She's probably in love with you herself," but she knew the danger of putting such a thought in any man's head. So instead she said, "I don't trust her."

"What? You don't trust Joan?"

"I distrusted her the moment I saw her," Gloria persisted. "You can say what you want but I *feel* people that way. I'm psychic."

Mike was literally dumfounded. He couldn't understand it—though Joan could have given him a clue.

The best he could do was to try to make Gloria see she was wrong.

"I prefer not to discuss her," Gloria informed him distantly. She was not willing to risk a quarrel at this stage.

Of course she was 'way off about Joan, Mike knew. But if she didn't want him to mention her name to Joan, of course he wouldn't.

Joan had been prepared for the worst, but not that. "I suppose I'm paid to listen to whatever he has on his mind," she had assured herself. "But if it's to be a steady diet of Gloria I balk."

Instead, Mike was just—well, funny. As she took his dictation her pencil flew swiftly but her thoughts outraced it.

"She's been at him—about me," she realized. "It *will* be the help-wanted columns for me before she gets through." She felt sick when she went back to her desk. In fact, "I suppose I *was* fool enough to think I could get Mike myself if I wanted to," she admitted.

Well, that was out now. Mike would marry Gloria. He might live to regret it but he would stick to his contract to the end. Mike was a square shooter. He'd always be loyal to his wife.

It was not until later—days later—that she realized that Mike might also be doing his best to be loyal to her, even while being subtly poisoned against her.

"Even she couldn't make him give me notice," ran her thoughts. "He'd feel——" She had no need to put his feelings into words. No wonder Mike acted funny these days. She had a full vision of his predicament. What she suspected brought her swiftly to her feet. She went directly to Mike's office.

Mike was at his desk. On his desk now was a picture of Gloria in the most expensive frame Mike could buy. Even though Joan wouldn't look at it she felt as if the picture were smirking at her triumphantly. Briefly she wavered. Let *her* have Mike without a struggle? Let her strip him of that sweet impetuosity and eager generosity? Then she remembered that Mike was not hers to surrender. So:

"I—I just wanted to tell you, Mr. Wayne, that I'm leaving the first of the month," she said as casually as possible.

It was out. She couldn't renig now. That was her first thought. And then she realized that Mike was staring at her, starkly incredulous.

"Leaving?" he repeated, finding his voice.

It was as if Gloria had momentarily ceased to exist, as if that silver-framed portrait on the desk was not. He was looking at Joan just as he would have looked had she announced such an intention before he had met Gloria.

Joan nodded. She could not speak.

"But I don't understand," he protested.

She had tried to make it easy for him—and now he was making it hard for her. She hadn't even considered a reason. So far as she was concerned it was all Gloria. But she could hardly tell him that.

"It's just——" she began—and bogged.

Just what? That she had another job? He'd want to know about that, and she could hardly invent a job on the spur of the moment. That she was not satisfied? She wasn't, but she couldn't tell him why. And he was waiting—expectantly, still puzzled.

"It's just—just that I intend to marry," she informed him desperately.

It sounded to her too crazy to be swallowed by anybody. But Mike was on his feet instantly, all boy.

"Good Lord, I might have guessed it," he was saying. "I don't know how I'm ever going to get along without you but some man's picked a prize for himself. I only hope he deserves you. When do you plan to be married?"

At that, Joan realized that she might as well prepare to do some tall lying. "December sixth," she said, at random.

He glanced at his desk calendar. "Why, that's a Friday," he protested. "Aren't you reckless?"

Joan was, by now. She had not expected so many pitfalls. "The better the deed, the better the day," she managed inanely.

"Are you going to housekeeping?"

"We—we haven't decided," said Joan. And as Mike looked perplexed, added, 'My fiancé's business is uncertain."

Mike grinned. "You sound as if he promoted boxing exhibitions," he remarked. "What does he do?"

What did he do? A nice question to fling at her that way! And it had to be something uncertain.

"Well, he's a—a bootlegger," announced Joan, who was fast reaching the point where she didn't care what she said.

"A b-bootlegger!" stuttered Mike.

"He's promised to reform. And he's really awfully nice."

"Of course," Mike said doubtfully—and worriedly, too.

Joan didn't miss that. In fact, she began to feel that this wasn't going too badly. She was almost enjoying it.

"You see, he gets out of prison on the morning of the sixth," she went on, inventing *ad lib* and admiring her own facility. "And we are going to be married quietly at noon and—and go off somewhere to start life anew."

Mike was plainly beyond words now.

"So *that's* the reason we can't say much about plans," Joan added.

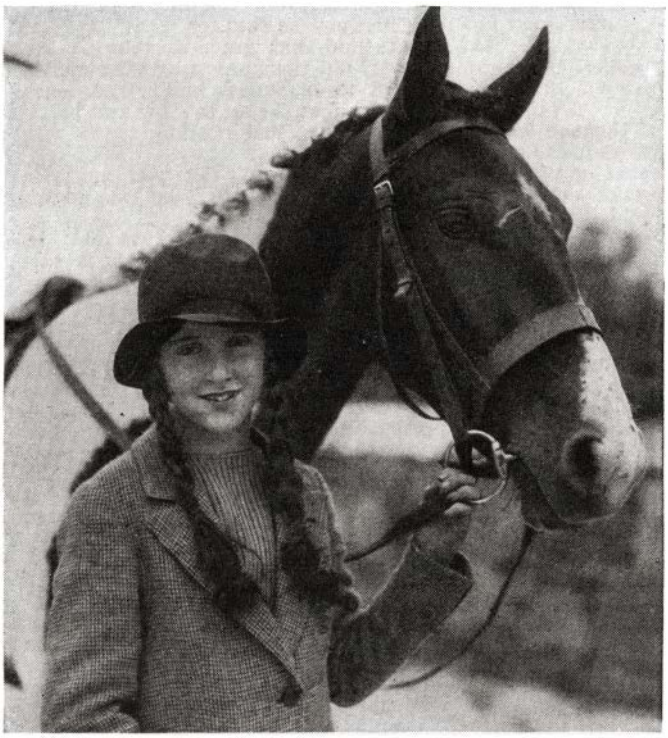
Her eyes were as clear and candid as a child's as they met his. The truth was not in them but no man would ever have guessed it, for when a woman starts lying she does a good job. Anyway, Mike swallowed it all. Joan was leaving—not because *he* preferred blondes but because *she* preferred bootleggers.

"And it might be worse," Joan assured herself, surveying the situation afterwards. Of course, she was somewhat appalled then. It seemed to her as if she must really produce a bootlegger for Mike's inspection. "I might advertise for one," she mused, seeing the humor of it but a bit scared as well.

Then she realized that her selection of a bootlegger had been a positive inspiration. He might, for instance, be murdered by his gang at the prison gates—these gates being remote, of course—or she might change her mind at the last minute.

"Mike would approve of that," she assured herself.

That was true. A life of deceit, as



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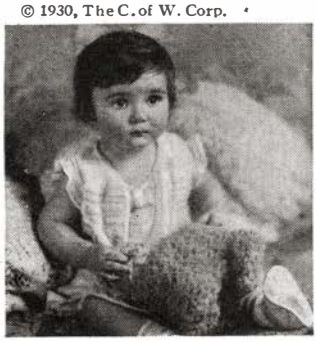

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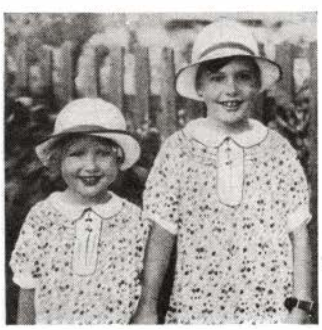


ANTOINETTE AND MARY PINCHOT

ELIZABETH STUYVESANT FISH

Joan was discovering, is not without certain compensations sometimes. The way Mike looked at her these last few days! It was as if, after all their years together, he was really seeing her for the first time. And he was plainly bothered. He couldn't say anything but it was clear he did not approve.

"All my friends think I'm taking a terrible chance—the few I've told, that is," Joan said one day. "He's been married once and is divorced, but it wasn't his fault at all—his wife was simply horrid to him."

Mike swallowed. "How—how did you happen to meet him?" he asked.

"He was East on—on business last summer," explained Joan.

"But you said he was in prison!"

"Oh, he had been arrested and was just out on bail then," she extemporized. "He needn't have gone to prison but I felt he should. To—to start clean, you see. We talked it out and he was willing to—for me."

She should have been ashamed of herself. But she wasn't, if only because Mike looked as if he could see how the bootlegger-bridegroom would be willing to do anything for her. "And that does him good; at least his every thought isn't for Gloria these days," she informed herself—and her conscience.

In the meantime November drew toward its customary close. Warm days and cold, sunshine, rain, snow and sleet. Joan ignored her mother's pleas that she wear overshoes and went her customary way. She was breaking her successor in. The latter was competent—but homely. Joan had felt that for her peace of mind—the successor's, not Joan's—she should be.

Then the last week. Thanksgiving and after that only two more days.

"What—what does your mother think of your marriage?" asked Mike abruptly, on the next to the last day.

Joan knew what was in his mind—something he could not say himself. "I haven't told her," she confessed. "She thinks I'm leaving to better myself."

This was at least part truth. Joan had merely told her mother that office conditions made her want a change.

Mike, accordingly, got nowhere with that question. And then came Joan's very last day. Morning and afternoon, and then five o'clock. Joan was through.

The day was bitter cold and she had a nasty cold in her head. Her nose was red. It would be at a time when—being feminine—she wanted to look her best.

"As if it mattered," she reminded herself drearily.

The farce she had staged was played out. She'd say good-by to Mike and——

Mike was in his office. He came to his feet as she entered, ready for the street. "I—I just can't believe you're leaving," he told her boyishly, and yet as if he minded terribly.

Joan took a firm hold of herself. If he played that record she'd weep. "I think you'll find Miss Bacon is going to be very good," she assured him practically—Miss Bacon being her successor.

"I suppose so," he admitted, with no enthusiasm. "But when I think of all the years you've been with me. Why, we've practically built this up together."

Joan choked a little. She couldn't help it.

"I feel as if I were losing my right arm," he went on.

It was going to be darned hard, being practical. But Joan did her best. She reached out an ungloved hand.

"I'll—I'll always remember," she said, although that wasn't at all what she meant to say. "You've always been sweet and—and I wish you everything good in the world."

"And I wish you the same," he said. "If you ever need anything I have or can get for you——"

He meant it, too. But the one thing she wanted from him was not his to give. The girl in the silver frame had it.

"I—I may need a reference some day, you never can tell," she said. She could tell—but not him just now.

"If you ever need a position you come straight to me. Your job will——"

"No; that wouldn't be fair to Miss Bacon," said Joan.

He was still holding her hand.

"Let me hear from you, anyway; perhaps I can be of assistance in other ways. If he—the man you're going to marry—wants to get placed, for instance. He—I suppose he's not here in——"

"Oh, no; he's in Chicago," said Joan. She wriggled her hand a little. She could not stand much more of this. "I—good-by and good luck."

He said nothing for a second. Instead, he looked as if for two cents he'd kiss her good-by. But Joan did not offer the two cents. Instead, she sneezed. "I would!" she wailed inwardly. She retrieved her hand, reached for her handkerchief.

"This darned cold," she managed, her eyes watery.

"I'm not going to say good-by—just good luck," Mike was saying. He turned, took an envelope from his desk and thrust it at her. "It's just a little acknowledgment," he explained. "Please don't open it until you get home—and please remember that it's no more than is due you."

Of course Joan didn't wait until she got home. She was in the subway train when she opened it. In it was a check.

"One thousand dollars!" she gasped.

Her eyes filled. It was so like Mike. He'd do things that way all his life. Or would he, when Gloria had finished with him?

The subway train was crowded and her knees ached. So did her head. By the time she had dragged herself into the house she didn't care what happened and she let her mother put her to bed.

How much she slept she didn't know. But in the morning she was much better and refused to let her mother stay home from church.

"You can say a prayer for me," she suggested. She felt the need of it.

So her father and mother departed, leaving Joan in the living room in her lounging pajamas, with a comforter over her as she lay tucked in on the couch.

The Sunday newspaper had been left to provide mental diversion. Joan promptly turned to the want-ad section, found the Help Wanted—Female columns, and began to run through them.

Suddenly she lifted her eyes. A car had stopped outside. The comforter flopped to the floor as she sprang up. Why, it was Mike's car! It was Mike coming toward the front door. It was——

The doorbell rang. Joan might have remembered that she was in pajamas and that she had a cold in her head, but she didn't. She sped to let him in.

"I'm—I'm all alone," she babbled idiotically. "The family's at church but I've a bad cold."

He came in swiftly, shut the door. "You ought to be in bed."

"I was lying on the couch in the living room."

"You go right back there," he commanded.

As it was evident he was coming, too, Joan obeyed. He picked up the comforter and tucked her in.

"I—I was afraid you might have left for Chicago," he said.

Joan had the grace to blush. He, however, did not guess why. He merely dropped to his knees beside the couch and—and Joan began to glow and palpitate, and that had nothing to do with her cold.

"I—I simply can't let you marry a bootlegger—or anybody," he was saying desperately. "I can't!"

Joan said nothing for a second; an exquisite second. Then: "This is so—so sudden," she murmured, being inextinguishably Joan, even at such a moment. "Especially when—when you're engaged to somebody else yourself."

"I'm not," he said violently. "That's all off. That was only a crazy infatuation. I didn't even know her."

He paused, but Joan said nothing. So: "I suppose I sound crazy," he said, "but I can't help it. I can't help feeling that you are spoiling your life. It's not just selfishness. I felt that way even when I thought I was in love with Gloria. Why, Gloria herself said——" He paused.

"Gloria herself said?" suggested Joan helpfully.

"That the way I fussed about your getting married sounded as if I were in love with you and not with her," he blurted out. "And—and last night she said that my giving you a check for a thousand dollars simply proved it. I—I never dreamed she could be that way. You can't imagine the things she said."

Joan could—perfectly.

"I never slept a wink last night," Mike went on. "I had to come. I know I sound like a raving maniac. But——"

He rose and Joan felt panic. Suppose he should rush off as impetuously as he had come, before he knew there wasn't any bootlegger?

"I—there isn't any bootlegger," she confessed hectically. "I made him up. I couldn't stay around and hear you rave about her. And I——"

Their eyes met.

"You—you couldn't stand hearing me rave about her," repeated Mike. "Why, that—does that mean that——?"

He took a swift step toward her, gathered her in.

"You certainly jump at conclusions, but they're good ones," babbled Joan.

He tilted her face upward masterfully, with obvious intent.

"You'll catch my cold," warned Joan.

As if anything could stop him!

Or Joan either, once he got started. Else she would have caught the sound of the back door opening and suspected her mother had returned from church.

Her mother had. She was moving toward the living room. When she got there she intended to say: "I worried so about you that I *had* to come back."

Her mouth was open to say it when she arrived at the threshold. But she did not say it, although her mouth opened wider still. For there was Joan wrapped up—silk pajamas and all—in the arms of a man. She had no idea who he was, never having seen Mike.

"She'll probably sue me for breach of promise," Mike was saying.

"She would," Joan retorted. "But what of it?"

"Joan!" exploded her mother.

Joan, without making the slightest effort to free herself, turned a flushed face toward her mother.

"It's perfectly all right," she announced. "Come in and meet Mike. We intend to get married, don't we, Mike?"

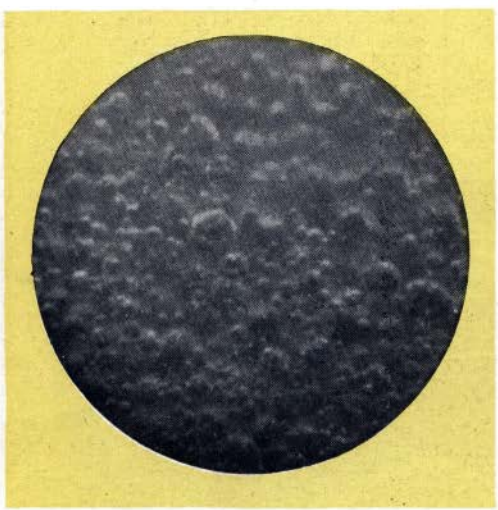
Mike glowed down at her. "Sure Mike!" said he.

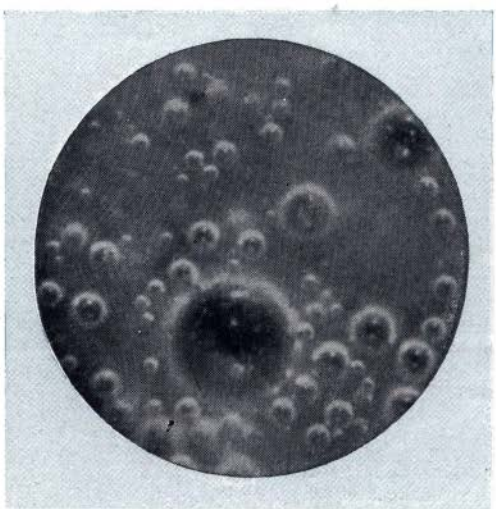
Peek inside Your Cake...

WHILE IT'S BAKING

Photos through microscope show superior action of Cream of Tartar baking powder

ROYAL cake batter through microscope after 10 minutes in oven. See the small, uniform bubbles, due to Cream of Tartar. These give you fine-grained cake that retains moisture and stays fresh for days.





Cake batter made with another brand of baking powder. See large irregular gas bubbles produced by cheap, inferior leavening ingredients. These bubbles leave "air boles" that dry out your cake.

Scientists discover why Royal-baked cakes are finer textured and keep their flavor longer

NOW you can actually watch cake baking. See just why some cakes fail. Why others are light . . . fine textured —and retain their freshness for days.

For with microscope and movie camera—and scientifically controlled oven—a group of scientists and dietitians have taken pictures which show exactly what happens from the moment you put the batter in the oven until you take out the finished cake.

These scientists baked two cakes. Both were made exactly the same way . . . with exactly the same ingredients. But Royal was used in one . . . and a cheaper, ordinary type of baking powder in the other.

The Royal cake rose evenly, regularly. The grain was fine and smooth. The cake itself came out fluffy and light, tender . . . delicious. Three days later it was still fresh and moist—as rich in flavor as the day it was baked.

But the cake made with the cheaper baking powder rose irregularly. Large gas bubbles broke through among the small and medium-sized cells, producing a coarse grain. Fewer cell walls were built up, allowing moisture to escape easily and quickly.

When the second cake was tested three days later, it had dried out . . . crumbled . . . lost its flavor.

This experiment merely proved what housewives have known for 60 years—that cakes and biscuits baked with Royal are invariably finer textured, better flavored . . . That Royal cakes *stay* fresh . . . for days.

Yet this superior baking powder is not expensive. Enough Royal for a large layer cake costs only 2 cents!

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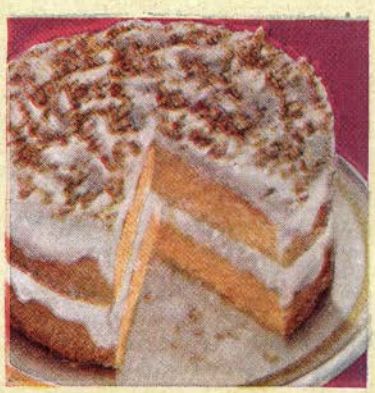
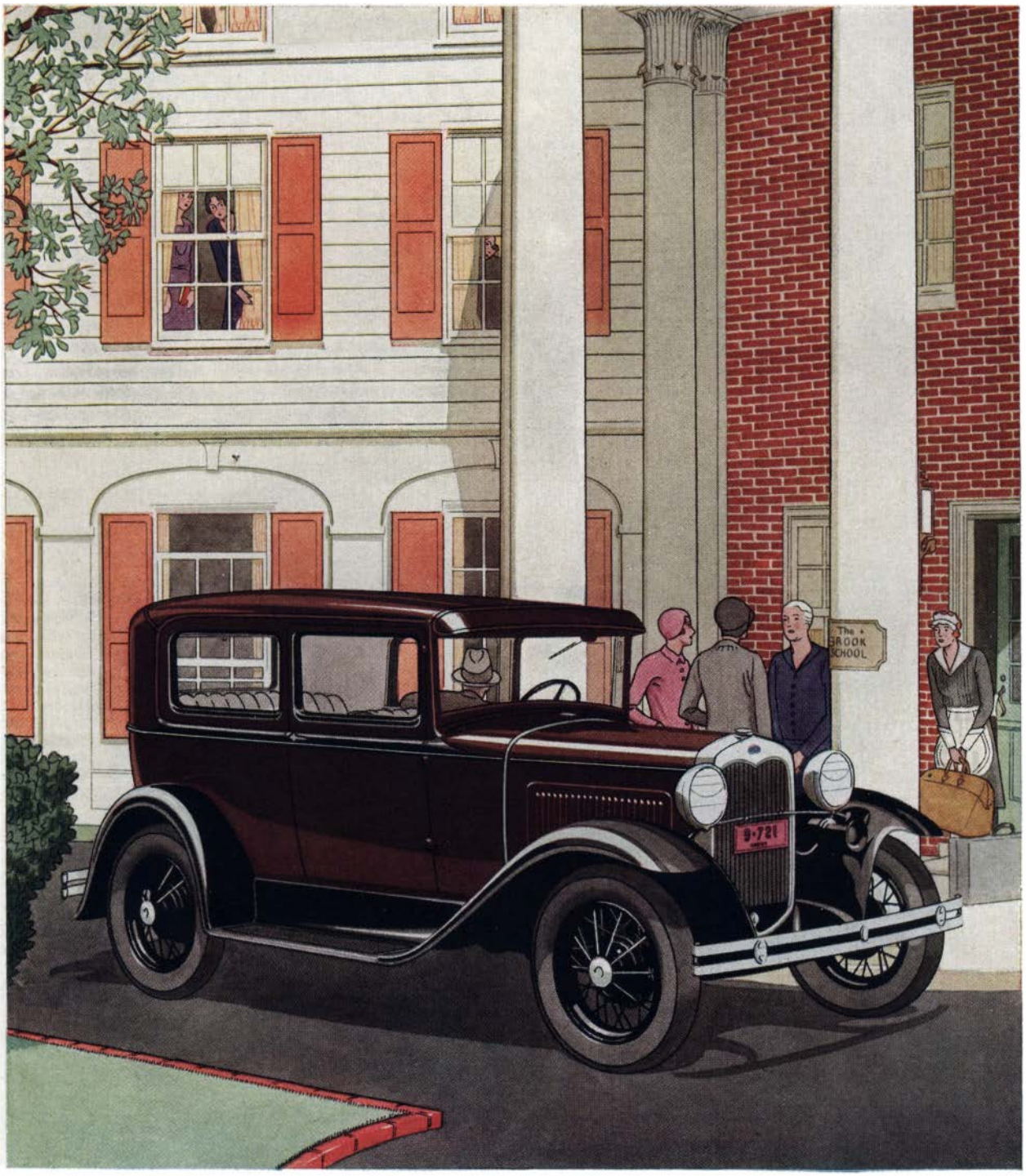


Warning to Housewives Who Bake from Recipes

If you bake at home, it is important to realize that the baking recipes in practically all modern authoritative cook books are planned for Royal.

When you substitute a cheap, ordinary type of baking powder, you risk having a coarse-textured cake that will dry out and become stale quickly. Don't take chances! Always use Royal, the standard of food experts for 60 years.



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Ford

The Beauty-mask Murder (*Continued from page 69*)

gambling without some assurance that she would be protected if they lost. Also, I never believed that Peggy Ann would have risked getting in bad with her husband unless Maxine had some means of forcing her to pawn her jewels and give her the money.

"Now, what will make a woman come across more quickly than anything else? Answer, letters. And where there are daily telephone calls, there may also be letters. The rest of the thought came to me later, wondering why those letters in the blue envelopes were addressed to Maxine Ainslee. If telephone calls can't be received in the home, neither can letters. And a man might send them to his lady's best friend.

"I KNEW Peggy Ann must be playing around with somebody. When she explained she didn't want her husband to know she had stayed in Hanaford, it didn't take much guessing to figure out why. Moreover, Peggy Ann was shielding somebody—and she isn't noble enough to shield anybody except Peggy Ann Fraser, so it had to be somebody who was tied up with Peggy Ann Fraser—and that meant a man.

"Crocus told us about the young salesman and I was surprised when Appel reported that the swain who phoned her daily was the president, Basil Emery, and not the elusive salesman. But it didn't seem incredible that Peggy Ann might have two beaux to her string.

"After I saw the blue stationery on Mr. Emery's desk, it was merely a question of getting him to come across. I figured he was the kind you could manage if you handled him right. But if you tried to force his hand—well, that kind of man can be pushed just so far, and then he balks and can't be budged—as Maxine Ainslee was beginning to find out, and as Peggy Ann Fraser will find out some day."

When we rose from the table, Gwynn asked Andrew, "Going right back to the office?"

"No, I think I'll stop at Muriel's for a moment. I'd like to get her reason for asking Karen Svensen not to tell about the packet of letters. I doubt whether she even knows Basil Emery and I can't believe she'd be trying to shield Peggy Ann Fraser."

"No," remarked Gwynn judicially. "I should hope you wouldn't believe that. Possibly she had some other reason for not wanting you to know about those letters. I think you'll find that Muriel didn't know what was in them. Don't you think there's a possibility that there's some scandal in connection with Maxine which hasn't been brought out yet, and which is so vile that Muriel doesn't *want* it to come to light?"

Andrew was impressed but not convinced, and we waited for him in the car while he stopped at Muriel's and had a chat with her.

"You were right," he said to Gwynn when he came out and took his place in the car. "She asked if I was sure that the letters in the tin box were from Basil Emery to Peggy Ann Fraser, and from her manner I gathered that she had expected something worse.

"There's no doubt she knows something about Maxine that she won't let on about, but she's convinced it hasn't anything to do with this case; and whoever is mixed up in it she's trying to shield. So I guess you hit another bull's-eye with your darned old intuition."

As we stepped out of the car we ran into Shelby, on his way up to the mayor's office. And from his face I gathered that something untoward had happened.

"Well," he blurted out as the door of Andrew's office closed behind us, "Doctor Weston has given us the air! She slipped away from the poor goof that was watchin' her. This morning she left her house in her car with him trailin' her. She stopped in front of the dry cleaner's on B Street and jumped out with a parcel, leavin' her motor runnin'. The poor sap thought she would come right out again."

"And she didn't?"

"I hope to tell you she didn't! Went right through the back door and into the alley, then through the Gale Hotel back entrance and out the front. By the time he come to and inquired, she'd gone off in a taxi. When the taxi come back, the driver said he left her out at the station in South Glen. She give us the slip, all right."

Andrew, his face white, was leaning forward. "Couldn't you trace her on any of the trains out of South Glen?"

"Not a sign of her! But it's a sure thing she wouldn't try to escape if she wasn't guilty. It's as good as a confession. I knew it was her all along," he added, "but this clinches it."

Gwynn glanced over at him, her eyebrows raised in questioning arcs. "Does it?" she inquired.

"I don't need no more," said Shelby. "I've got all I need, once I lay my hands on Doctor Weston! I'm satisfied!"

"Lucky mortal! You're the first person I ever met who had all he needed and was *really* satisfied. So Doctor Weston's flight absolutely satisfies you of her guilt?"

Shelby frowned. "Of course."

"And you too, Andy?"

"Certainly."

"Isn't that fortunate?" she murmured.

"What do you mean?" inquired Shelby.

"Oh, it's just not very convincing to *me*," said Gwynn; "but then, women are notoriously hard to satisfy. Still"—she turned to Andrew—"her flight is not without value if you use it properly."

"What do you mean—use it properly?"

"I think," she said, "it may serve to make certain people tell us certain things they haven't been frank about."

"Good Lord, Gwynn, don't tell me you've got another hunch!"

Gwynn smiled at him caressingly. "I *have* been exasperating, Andy dear. But bear with my hunches a little longer."

He shrugged resignedly. "Well, what is it now?"

"Do you mind phoning Barry Weston to meet us at your club in an hour?"

"But what more do we need, Gwynn, now that the doctor has as good as admitted she's guilty?"

"Well," said Gwynn, "wouldn't you like to use her flight as a sort of club to get the whole truth out of Weston? Why, it might clinch your case."

"By George, I think you may be right."

And though she skillfully dodged the question of what it was she hoped the interview would bring forth, Andrew rang for March and asked him to make the appointment with Barry Weston.

A moment later Muriel was announced.

"I wouldn't say nothin' about Doctor Weston," suggested Shelby. "No use in takin' the whole world in our confidence."

"But I don't see any reason for keeping Mrs. Prescott in the dark," protested Gwynn. "She has a right to know."

Muriel stopped when she saw all of us. "Am I interrupting a conference?"

"Not at all, Muriel; come right in."

"Andrew, what's happened to Edna Weston?"

"Do you know anything?" demanded Shelby with such a Grand Inquisitorial air that Muriel drew back, frightened.

"As a matter of fact," spoke up Gwynn, coming to her rescue, "Mr. Shelby has just told us that the doctor has taken French leave of Hanaford."

"I know; I just stopped at her house. There was a policeman there. Where has she gone? And why?"

As Andrew told her what had happened, her eyes opened in incredulous amazement, and she shook her head.

"It's just too—well——" She stopped helplessly. "I can't believe it, that's all. Do you?"

"It looks pretty bad," replied Andrew.

"We've got the goods on her, all right" interposed Shelby. "I've been waitin' to put my hands on her right along. Ask His Honor."

Andrew nodded. "We have plenty of evidence against her—even without this flight. But why would she run away if she weren't guilty?"

He looked at all of us as though waiting for corroboration. He got it from Shelby—but Muriel shook her head.

"Don't people ever want to look guilty to save somebody else?"

I had had the same thought.

"You mean she did it to cover up Barry Weston? I might think so, only Barry Weston didn't do it."

"Don't you think," inquired Gwynn, "that the doctor might have thought he did it, and gone away with the deliberate intention of inviting suspicion?"

Andrew considered. "If she was innocent, why did she try to get rid of her hypo? And why did she go out late that night and ask her friend to keep still about it?"

"She's concealing something," admitted Gwynn—"but what?"

"Perhaps she went over to Maxine's but didn't get in the house," I suggested. "And maybe she saw something that made her think Barry did it."

"Colin," cried Gwynn, "you're an angel! That would explain how Peggy Ann Fraser happened to see her there—and some of her actions since. I think you've hit on something."

It was the first time I had made a constructive suggestion and I felt childishly elated.

Muriel agreed with us. "If you only knew Edna's character you'd know she couldn't be capable of murder."

THE whole thing was too much for Shelby.

"If a person's guilty, they're guilty, and all the arguin' about character won't change it. She spoke her opinion pretty freely about Maxine Ainslee; she even said how she'd put her out of the way if she ever got under her feet. And that's how she done it—with an overdose of morphine and a hypodermic needle.

"Miss Ainslee had a terrible hold on Weston some time before. Then he starts hangin' around her again and his mother is afraid she'll bust up his life, so she goes out to get her. Maybe the poison didn't work as quick as she'd like and she finished her off with the scissors.

"The next day she gives Weston her hypo to hide, but when she sees he's under fire too, she takes it away and tries to lose it—gets scared—carries it around, and then has him mail it to a fake address. We know she was at Miss Ainslee's house that night and she gets her friend to alibi her in case she's seen.

When she's asked to explain anything she shuts up like a clam. You got to admit it's a case, Mrs. Prescott, even if she is your friend."

But Muriel shook her head. "I don't believe Edna Weston is guilty, although I admit that what you say sounds like a case."

"It's as plain as the nose on your face. Saunders comes to see the doctor and tells her Weston's out with Ainslee and Doctor Weston decides she's gonna save her son, so after the girl leaves she goes over to Ainslee's and lays for her. Maybe she sees them go in and when she rings the bell he hides in the bedroom. Later he peeks out, sees what's happened and tries to cover up his mother. That's natural. If she ain't guilty, I'm a cockeyed fool!"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that!" said Gwynn. "I've always thought you had nice eyes. But just the same, there's one point I think you've overlooked. Marzi said the bell did not ring all evening. How did Doctor Weston get into that house without ringing the bell?"

"We'll get that out of her when we find her and I'm gonna get every newspaper and radio in the country busy with her description right away." Shelby started for the door.

"Andrew," said Gwynn soberly, "would there be any harm in not starting a public hunt for another day?"

Andrew frowned. "Every minute may be valuable."

"But could you possibly hold off for just one day?" she asked earnestly.

"Well, yes; but I don't see——"

"Andrew, I *know* that woman is innocent. So does Muriel. Suppose we're right? Can you afford to make yourselves ridiculous?"

In the end she won out. Andrew asked the disgusted Shelby to keep Doctor Weston's flight quiet for another day.

"I'm sick of stallin' the papers," grumbled Shelby.

"Tell them you're on the trail of the criminal and they may expect sensational developments in the next twenty-four hours," suggested Gwynn.

Shelby all but kicked a chair out of his way as he went out. Muriel rose, looking sober and worried.

"Much as I want to see Maxine's murderer brought to justice, I'd rather her death was never solved than see an innocent person suffer unjustly." She clung to Andrew's hand. "I'm sorry you're having so much trouble on my account. Thanks—for everything."

She turned to Gwynn. "I want to thank you too, Gwynn. You've been wonderful. When this is all cleared up, I hope to have a chance to show you all how grateful I am."

March called in to say that Mrs. Crocus wished to speak to His Honor on the phone.

"By all means, talk to her," pleaded Gwynn—and after he had done so, "Well, what did the yellow flower want?"

"She says she's got a piece of paper that will prove who murdered Maxine Ainslee. I don't believe there's anything in it," he concluded wearily, "but we'll see what she has to say."

Gwynn went over and put her arm around Andrew's shoulder. "Don't look so glum, darling."

He banged his palm on the desk. "This thing is getting on my nerves!"

"Why should it? Even if Crocus' paper doesn't solve the case, you've got a lot of suspects left—Karen Svensen, and Basil Emery, and Peggy Ann Fraser, and Sidonie Saunders—and Colin and Marzi and Crocus herself."

Andrew rang for March. "Tell Jackson I want to see him."

"Don't tell me *you've* got a hunch?" inquired Gwynn.

"Yes, I have; and I'm going to be just as cagy as you are about yours."

Gwynn giggled. "By the way, where do you figure our little Peggy Ann and her boy friend in the case?"

Andrew threw up his hands. "I've got a one-track mind. You figure it out on that double speedway of yours."

"Could I have the use of a detective until tomorrow evening? There's something I want to find out."

"Certainly," said Andrew. "Any special man you want?"

"Yes. Could I have that handsome young chap with the winning smile—Appel? I want him to quiz a young lady, and his type—well, you understand."

Jackson and Appel arrived at the same time. And while Andrew remained closeted with the former, Gwynn took the latter into one of the anterooms and had a long talk with him—so long that I finally knocked at the door. As she opened it, I heard her say to Appel:

"Now remember, you're to stay out all afternoon. And be sure to let me know the things I asked you—and anything else you can pick up."

"What on earth——" I began, but from her look I knew she wasn't going to tell me.

"Well," she said to Andrew, when we were back in his office, "I don't know how your hunch is going to work out, but I'm going to have something to tell you tomorrow on mine."

"Look here, Gwynn, do you really know anything or don't you?"

"I do and I don't," she replied exasperatingly, just as March phoned in to ask whether Andrew knew where Shelby had gone—one of his men had been told to meet the captain in the mayor's office if he had news—and he had news.

The man—an operative I had never seen before—came in dragging a pale young woman by the arm.

"Captain Shelby left a little while ago. Are you working on the Ainslee case?"

The man admitted he was the "poor sap" who had been trailing Doctor Weston earlier in the day. He had returned to the doctor's house to question Miss Winkle, when this girl came in and said she had to see the doctor at once—it was very important—about last Wednesday night. But when he demanded to know what about, the girl burst into tears and he couldn't get another word out of her.

Andrew asked her to be seated and questioned her quietly. But she would say nothing except that the doctor had been good to her and had told her to come and see her when she got out of the hospital. And now she was out, she wanted to see the doctor—that was all.

"I told her the doctor was out of town and that's when she went into hysterics. I thought I'd better take her down to Headquarters."

But at the mention of the word, the girl's teeth began to chatter. "No! No!" she cried. "I didn't do nothin'—it wasn't my fault. He killed her! I didn't do it!"

"Who killed who?" demanded Andrew.

Realizing that she had said too much, the girl clapped her hands to her mouth, her eyes closed and she slid to the floor.

"Let me look after her," pleaded Gwynn as the detective picked up the inert form of the girl, carried her into an anteroom and laid her on the couch. "You've got her frightened to death."

March came running in with smelling salts and Gwynn closed the door of the anteroom. But she asked me to remain.

The girl found herself looking up into Gwynn's kind brown eyes, and some of the terror left hers. After Gwynn had given her word that she was not associated with the police, the girl was willing to talk.

Her name was Jean Mervin. For about a year she had been the sweetheart of Butch Cassidy. Of late Butch had changed toward her and she suspected that there was some other woman. Wednesday night he told her he was through. She went a little crazy and followed him to the home of this other woman, intending to kill herself, but as she lifted the gun, Butch seized her arm and the gun went off.

As the woman shrieked and fell, Butch turned on her and was beating her into insensibility when a strange lady appeared, pointed the gun at Butch and kept him covered until the girl got into the street. Then both of them started to run. At Ninth Street the woman stopped an automobile and the girl fainted.

When she came to, she was in a hospital.

"She was so good to me. First she saved my life, and then, in the hospital, she told them I was in an automobile accident and gave them a wrong name for me so Butch couldn't track me. He'll kill me if he finds me—and her too! Doctor Weston told me when I got out of the hospital she'd send me away somewhere, where he can't find me."

Gwynn left me with the girl. When she came back she had a roll of bills in her hand and a note.

"You take the first train for New York and deliver this letter to a friend of mine, who will see that you don't lack for anything. I've fixed it up with the officer; you can leave at once. Don't thank me, my dear. I got the money from His Honor. You did him an important service."

"What's this service she's supposed to have done for Andrew?" I inquired when the girl had gone.

"Well, she settled his mind about Doctor Weston. We called up the hospital and found out that Doctor Weston had brought in a patient at eleven o'clock Wednesday night, and remained with her until nearly midnight. And if Doctor Weston was chasing around town with a girl and holding up gangsters, she couldn't have been at Maxine Ainslee's when Marzi heard the crash at eleven.

"Also, if Butch Cassidy threatened to kill her, it seems reasonable that she might have asked Miss Winkle not to mention that she had left the house Wednesday night. Oh, even Andy's convinced. But we'd better not waste any more time or we'll miss what Crocus has to say."

Crocus, all a-twitter, had laid before Andrew a piece of white paper, evidently torn from a small notebook and covered with fine handwriting.

As he read, Andrew's excitement mounted and when he had finished, "Where did you get this?" he demanded.

"At the Saunderses'," replied Crocus promptly. "I was there cleanin' and the book was open on the desk. I was afraid if I took the whole di'ry they might miss it, so I tore out this page and came right down here."

He handed the paper to Gwynn. "Read it out loud. There were a couple of words I couldn't make out."

Gwynn began in an even voice: "'I am terribly frightened. I'm afraid they will make an innocent person suffer. I wish I had the courage to tell somebody the truth, but I can't. I am too much of a coward. They don't even suspect

The pause that refreshes on the fastest liner afloat

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NINE MILLION A DAY

me——' You mean Miss Saunders wrote this?" she demanded.

"It was in her room. I told you she was the one!" concluded Crocus.

Andrew reached for the phone. "Get Captain Shelby over here again — at once!" he commanded, then turned to Crocus. "Is Miss Saunders at home now?"

"She was when I left."

Andrew gave March another order. "Well!" he said with relief. "To think we never suspected her. Of course, that accounts for a great many things about Weston and his mother—you see, it was *her* they were trying to shield!"

Gwynn turned to Crocus. "Where was Miss Saunders while you were reading this piece of paper?"

"I don't know."

"Did she know you were going into her room?"

"Well, it's my regular day for cleanin'."

"Are you in the habit of looking through people's desks when you clean their rooms?"

"I AM not!" replied Crocus indignantly. "And I didn't this time; the di'ry was layin' where I couldn't help but see it."

"And open at the page? Wasn't that convenient!" murmured Gwynn.

Andrew rose. "I'm much obliged to you, Mrs. Crocus, and I hope you won't mention this to anybody."

Crocus was loath to depart—in fact, she seemed hurt that she was not to be at the interview with Sidonie Saunders.

"Well, the old girl came through, after all! I owe her an apology."

When Shelby came in Andrew showed him the paper. He was considerably excited, but—"Nothing surprises me in *this* case," he insisted.

"And you really believe this piece of paper means that Sidonie Saunders murdered Maxine Ainslee?" inquired Gwynn.

"Well," said Shelby, "it ain't exactly a confession, but I'll bet you with this I'll get a real confession out of her."

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Gwynn.

"What I don't see," said Shelby, "is why Doctor Weston hopped off, unless she—— By Christopher!" he interrupted himself. "She's crazy about her son and this is his future wife! Maybe she wanted to look guilty because she knows the girl did it!"

The two men who brought in Sidonie Saunders waited in March's office while Andrew questioned her. She did not deny that the paper was hers, but refused to make any explanation as to its meaning.

"I don't care to discuss it," she replied to every question put to her.

"Miss Saunders," said Andrew earnestly. "I think perhaps you will not refuse to talk when I point out that somebody else is trying to shoulder the guilt for you."

She went white. "S-somebody else?"

Andrew nodded. "Doctor Weston is trying to take the blame on her own shoulders in order to protect you."

"Doctor Weston!" she exclaimed. "Oh, she didn't do it!"

"How do you know?" he demanded.

But again she refused to answer.

"Excuse me, Your Honor," said Shelby, "but I'd like to say a few words." He addressed them to Miss Saunders. "I think His Honor is all wrong. As a matter of fact, I don't think Doctor Weston done it—or you, neither—because I've got a different idea."

There was no doubt that Sidonie Saunders was interested.

"A man done it!" said the captain. "We've just about got a case against him and I'm going to order his arrest."

Her breath came quickly.

Shelby stepped to the door and called one of his men. "Bring Barry Weston over here," he ordered curtly.

"No—no!" she cried, jumping up from her chair. "Don't do that. He didn't do it, I swear. I did it!!"

Shelby closed the door, a satisfied smile on his lips. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I don't believe you."

All her poise was gone and she became hysterical in her reiteration that she and she alone had killed Maxine Ainslee.

"You'll have to tell us how you done it," said Shelby, "before I'll believe you."

"I'll tell you—I'll tell you all about it!" she cried. "It was——"

"Just a moment," said Shelby. "We better have a stenographer in here."

Andrew sent for one and Sidonie Saunders made her startling recital in a measured manner. Almost like something which did not concern her and which she had learned by rote.

"Barry told me Maxine Ainslee had been trying to get hold of him. Finally she made him promise to have dinner with her Wednesday night. He told me so at lunch Wednesday and I was upset.

"Doctor Weston had told me the kind of woman Maxine Ainslee was and I made Barry promise not to see her. But I was afraid that wasn't enough and I sent him over to his mother's with some flowers and while he was on the way I phoned Doctor Weston. She told me not to worry; she would make Barry spend the evening with her.

"Barry phoned me he was going to have dinner with his mother and I felt relieved. I went over to Doctor Weston's after dinner and found out that he hadn't been there. Barry never lied to me before and I felt that woman must have a terrible hold on him. I felt I couldn't go on living if she got Barry away from me and I made up my mind not to let her do it.

"Doctor Weston had some poison that she brought home to experiment with and she had told me a few drops of it would kill a person. I took the poison and a hypodermic needle. I was going to stick it into her right through her sleeve—I read somewhere that a woman was murdered that way.

"I left Doctor Weston's at ten-thirty and went over to Maxine Ainslee's. I saw her drive up with Barry. I began to see red. He left and she went in and I went in after her."

"Pardon me," said Gwynn, "but did you ring the bell?"

A startled look came into Sidonie Saunders' eyes at this unexpected question. "No," she replied; "I didn't. She was still fussing with her key at the door and I went up and spoke to her and went in with her."

"And where was Mr. Weston?"

"He had driven away."

"Go on, Miss Saunders," said Shelby. "If we have any questions we'll ask them when you're through." He sent Gwynn a meaning look.

"When we got inside I asked her if she had seen Barry, and she lied. I pretended to believe her and we got very chummy. She got undressed and put the clay on her face and sat down with her sewing.

"I went into the bathroom to fill the hypodermic when she called to me to bring her the peroxide as she had stuck her finger with the scissors. I spilled the peroxide in the sink and put the poison in the bottle. Then I poured it into the open place and tied my handkerchief around it.

"She began to feel bad and asked me to give her some spirits of ammonia. I couldn't find any, but there was something else in a white bottle and I gave her that. In a little while her head dropped back and I picked up the scissors and cut her throat. Then I found some letters and tore them up over her and went out."

The stenographer went outside to transcribe the confession. Shelby crossed over to Andrew and the two of them began to whisper.

"By the way, Miss Saunders," said Gwynn, "do you mind telling us why you took the big tin box out of the closet in the bedroom?"

Sidonie looked at her. "I was looking for letters to sprinkle over her, to throw the police off."

"And you tried to open the tin box with the poker?" Sidonie nodded. "Did you use the poker while it was still in the closet or after you had set it on the floor?"

Sidonie seemed to be thinking. "After I had set it on the floor."

"You didn't have any trouble lifting the box out of the closet?"

"Oh, yes; it was quite heavy. I dropped it. It made a crash."

"Of course," said Gwynn; "the crash that Marzi heard." The girl nodded eagerly. "But how could you reach the shelf? You're not tall enough to have lifted down that box without pulling over a chair."

"I pulled over a chair."

"But no chair was found in front of the closet."

"I put it back again."

"I see. Which chair was it—the little straight-backed cane chair before the desk?"

"Yes, that was it: a straight-backed cane chair."

"And one thing more: Did you notice a package of letters on Miss Ainslee's living-room table?"

"No, I didn't."

"Think hard, Miss Saunders: A package of love letters were on the table when Miss Ainslee went out to dinner and they disappeared during the night. Are you sure they weren't letters Barry Weston had written to Miss Ainslee and that you didn't take them along? Because if you didn't, somebody else who had a motive for making away with those letters entered that house that night and took them."

There was a pause, and then, "I took them," said Sidonie Saunders in a low voice.

"What did you do with them?"

"I destroyed them."

"Did you read them?"

"I don't care to answer. What difference does it make?"

"JUST answer this: they were ordinary letters, addressed by hand—in ordinary white envelopes?"

"Yes."

"And they were fastened together with a rubber band?"

"Yes."

"One thing more: When you went into the bathroom for the peroxide, you had to pass through the bedroom, didn't you?"

"What of it?"

"Well, did you or didn't you pass through the bedroom?"

"I did."

"And you also followed Miss Ainslee into the bedroom when she applied the beauty clay?"

"I did."

"And when you got the letters you strewed over her, you again entered the bedroom?"

"I did."

"That makes three times you entered the bedroom. Why didn't you take Mr. Weston's things from the dressing table?"

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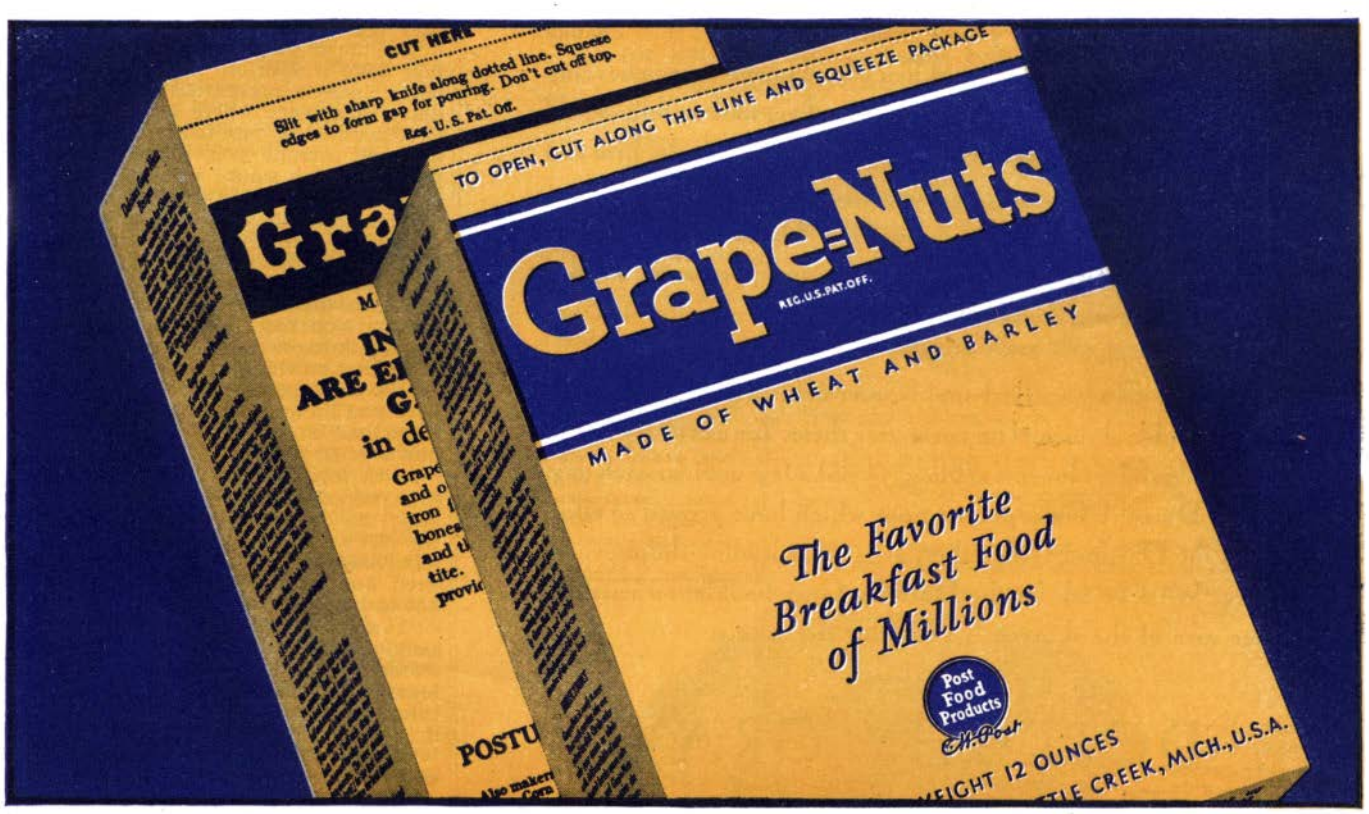

Buy it to-day for breakfast to-morrow

"I didn't notice them," replied Miss Saunders evenly.

"Thank you, Miss Saunders," said Gwynn, as the stenographer returned with the confession.

Sidonie Saunders rose. "Do you wish me to sign that?"

"No——" began Andrew, but Gwynn interrupted and whispered something to him, whereupon he motioned to Miss Saunders to attach her signature to the paper. Then he handed it to Gwynn.

"His Honor and the captain don't appreciate a really fine piece of imaginative work," said Gwynn.

Miss Saunders looked from Gwynn to the disgusted faces of the mayor and the police captain.

Gwynn shook her head. "You didn't really expect two such fine minds as His Honor and Captain Shelby to believe a word of what you told them?

"In the first place, the missing letters were typewritten, in blue envelopes, and were not in a rubber band but were tied and knotted with ribbon and contained in a tin box of odd shape. You do not have to pass through the bedroom to get to the bathroom, but vice versa. Miss Ainslee did not apply the beauty clay in the bedroom, but in the bathroom. There is no straight-backed chair in the bedroom, but whoever lifted down the box used the foot rest of the chaise longue, and left it in front of the closet.

"It's obvious why you did this. You were worried about Mr. Weston's connection with the case because you knew he had been with Miss Ainslee and his belongings were found on her dressing table. No doubt Mr. Weston and his mother did some things you didn't understand and you felt certain he had some connection with the murder which was being kept from you.

"You brooded over it and figured a way to divert suspicion from him by centering it on yourself. You figured out a tale, weaving in all the facts and incidents that appeared in the papers, whereby you might make the authorities believe you had done it yourself. Then you had a better idea—a mysterious entry in your diary in a place where a busybody like Crocus would be sure to see it, and which did not commit you to anything but would act as a smoke screen.

"When you entered this room, you had decided that silence would convince the authorities you were guilty—long enough for you to persuade Barry Weston to run off to Mexico. But when Captain Shelby threatened to lay hands on Barry Weston, you rose to the bait and confessed. A heroic gesture, Miss Saunders, but quite unnecessary. Captain Shelby has no case against your fiancé, and if I were you I'd go straight home, and after we've had a talk with him, we'll send him over to you."

As we left the office Gwynn picked up the confession. "I'm going to put this to some use so it won't be a total loss of the city's stationery."

Driving over to the club, Andrew looked tired and worn, and even Gwynn was not in her usual high spirits.

"I never would have believed," she said, "that I had such a tyrannical conscience. I don't care about finding Maxine Ainslee's murderer, really. I think Maxine would have lived too long if she had never been born."

"But justice must be done!" I suggested with the proper inflection.

"Piffle! My conscience takes very little stock of abstract justice, but I'm just one of those fools who—well, when I start a thing I have no peace until I wind it up."

"What are we doing in this talk with Barry Weston?" inquired Andrew.

"The reason we are here is to get word

to poor Doctor Weston that she needn't stay in hiding any longer," said Gwynn. "And besides, I want to know what Barry Weston's jewelry was doing on that dressing table; and why he went over to Maxine's for a high ball when he was engaged to Sidonie Saunders; and why he lied in order to dine with her, when he admitted he hoped she'd choke on her oysters; and what Basil Emery's letters were doing on the table during his visit; and whether they played any part in it.

"Why did Doctor Weston give him her hypo, and then take it away again and have him mail it out? What made her run off and try to look guilty unless she thinks her boy is guilty—and why does she think that? And why did his sweetheart think it, too? And does he know that his mother is missing? Oh, there are a lot of things we want to find out. But I'd like to handle this alone, Andy."

"So far as I'm concerned, I won't be here at all."

At that moment we saw Barry Weston. There was an anxious look about his eyes as we threaded our way to the table.

"One question is answered," murmured Gwynn; "he knows his mother is missing, and he's worried to death."

Barry Weston waited to hear what we had to say, plainly impatient at the opening civilities. Gwynn relieved his anxiety by coming at once to the point.

"Mr. Weston, I presume you know that your mother has disappeared. A man from Headquarters was trailing her and she gave him the slip."

He averted his eyes, but I caught a glimpse of a haunting terror in them.

"The authorities construed her act as a confession of murder. But men are so stupid, Mr. Weston. I know why Doctor Weston disappeared—and it was *not* because she had anything to do with the killing of Maxine Ainslee."

His eyes seemed to be trying to pierce Gwynn's face to read, if possible, what was inside her head.

"Doctor Weston ran away with the deliberate intention of inviting suspicion because she believed you were guilty."

He caught his breath sharply.

"There is something else I have brought along to show you. Will you read this, Mr. Weston?"

He read the confession through and my heart bled for him.

"But—but——" He looked up from the paper utterly bewildered, and Gwynn took pity on him.

"It's quite simple, Mr. Weston. Both your mother and your sweetheart think you killed Maxine Ainslee. You, on the other hand, thought somebody else did it. If I give you proof that your mother is innocent—and make you a present of this confession, will you do two things? Tell His Honor the whole truth about your own connection with Maxine Ainslee, and insert a personal in the Hanaford paper that will bring your mother back? There must be some word or phrase that she will recognize which will make her communicate with you."

Without waiting for him to answer, she went on: "This confession isn't worth the paper it's written on. Miss Saunders was so easily tripped up on the layout and details of Maxine Ainslee's home that even the police are convinced she never saw the inside of it."

She handed him the paper. "Your mother was at the Samaritan Hospital at the time Miss Ainslee met her end." And she told him in detail the story of Jean Mervin. "You may call up the Samaritan Hospital, if you like."

For a moment his eyes continued to bore into hers. Then he leaned across the table and bent his head over her

hand, and for an instant I thought he was going to kiss it.

"I believe you," he said simply and gratefully.

"If I've relieved your mind, Mr. Weston, I hope you'll relieve His Honor's about a few points. The truth cannot injure anybody who is innocent."

"I'll do anything in my power," said Barry Weston.

"Then will you begin by telling us how you happened to be taking Miss Ainslee to dinner—in view of your own remarks about her character?"

He flushed. "It wasn't from choice. She had been calling me up for some time demanding to see me. You see"—he paused as though seeking for words—"some time ago I had a love affair which I have been anxious to forget. Maxine had the bad taste to remind me of it and to hint that it was in that connection she wanted to see me. Tuesday, Maxine was so threatening that I agreed to have dinner with her Wednesday night to talk things over.

"At luncheon on Wednesday I told Miss Saunders that Maxine wanted to see me. Miss Saunders wouldn't hear of it. And after luncheon my mother made me promise to break the engagement and spend the evening with her. Neither of them understood the situation; they believed Maxine had a personal interest in me. I called Maxine and told her I had to see my mother. She offered to let me leave early, but insisted that the engagement stand."

"And would you mind telling us how your watch and cigaret case came to be on Maxine Ainslee's dressing table? It will be a load off His Honor's mind."

Barry Weston for the first time addressed Andrew.

"During dinner she asked me for a cigaret and I offered her the case and she kept it, laughingly saying she would use it as a pledge to make sure I would come to see her again. After I had left her, I found my valuables were missing. At first I thought I had been robbed—Maxine was hard up for money."

Gwynn seemed extraordinarily interested. "Really? I thought she had a good income."

"Perhaps she'd been gambling. She told me she was desperate . . . But then as I sat in the car it occurred to me that maybe she thought if I missed my watch I'd rush back. But I made up my mind I wouldn't."

"As you sat where in the car?" questioned Gwynn.

"Oh!" He smiled. "On Halloway Lane I ran out of gas. Only one car passed me and the driver stepped on the gas. But at last a kind-hearted tourist came along and towed me to the top of the C Street hill and I coasted down toward Denny's garage. Denny trusted me with some gas."

"And how long would you say you were sitting in Halloway Lane?"

"Not having a watch, I couldn't say. But it seemed about an hour."

"Of course." Gwynn turned reproachfully to Andrew. "How *could* he have got home before midnight?"

"Is there anything else?" asked Weston. "Anything that will help?"

"How did you happen to leave your scarf at Miss Ainslee's?"

He flushed. "After I had phoned her and she wouldn't let me off, I went over to her home to have it out with her. But she insisted on my going out to dinner just the same."

"She threatened to let your fiancée know of this old love affair?"

He shook his head. "I could have made Sidonie understand. But Maxine threatened to tell my father, and there

were things he would never have forgiven. Sidonie and I were counting on being married soon, and a quarrel with my father at this time would have meant asking Sidonie to wait indefinitely. I thought it might be wiser not to force Maxine's hand."

"I should like to know how much Mrs. Crocus knew about this appointment with Miss Ainslee."

He looked at her in surprise. "As I drove up I saw her coming down the street and I said to Maxine, for her benefit, 'I'll have to be leaving you by ten. My mother expects me.'"

"Why were you anxious to have Mrs. Crocus know that?"

"Well, Mrs. Crocus is a busybody, and in some way she had got wind of the fact that Maxine wanted to see me. She took the trouble to call me up and warn me not to have anything to do with Maxine. And I was afraid she might do a lot of talking, seeing me drive up to take Maxine out."

"You say Mrs. Crocus called you up and warned you not to have anything to do with Maxine Ainslee? Why did she take such an interest in you?"

He shook his head. "I imagined it was because she was such a busybody."

"Still, didn't you think it strange when she hardly knew you and she had known Maxine Ainslee for years?"

"That was just it—she knew too much about her, and she had no use for her. Last week they had a bitter quarrel and Crocus told her she was through—wouldn't work for her any more."

"Do you know what that quarrel was about?"

He shook his head. "Only what Crocus told me—that she was a bad woman. And she was; she wouldn't stop at anything."

"Not even blackmail?" suggested Gwynn.

His brow clouded. "Worse than blackmail," he said bitterly.

"Mr. Weston, what about those letters in the blue envelopes that were on the table the afternoon you called on Maxine Ainslee?"

He frowned, and for a moment I thought he was going to refuse to tell any more. But he went on:

"She wanted to use what she knew about me to get me to shake down a rich old man who had written the letters to a married woman. She told me this woman was her friend and she didn't want to show her hand. But I figured that probably the old man was balky and likely to let in the police—and she wanted me to pull her chestnuts out of the fire!"

"Did you see the letters?" asked Gwynn.

He shook his head. "I wouldn't even let her untie the string!"

"She didn't have them with her at dinner?"

"No! And I refused to go back to the house afterwards. If she'd only been trying to bleed me, I might have given her money to avoid trouble. But I wasn't going to be used to bleed someone else!"

"Thank you, Mr. Weston," smiled Gwynn. "You've been most frank. Would you be equally so about the hypo—or are you afraid to go into that?"

His shrug implied that it was too late to be afraid now.

"Thursday morning I went over to my mother's to explain why I hadn't been there the night before—that I had been out with Maxine in spite of my promise. She said she knew it because when I had phoned her saying I would be unable to get there for dinner, she heard music over the telephone and had checked up on the call and found it came from the Rose Garden.

"Sidonie had come in later and been

awfully upset, and by the time she left, Mother had made up her mind to go over and have it out with Maxine. But seeing me leave, she decided to go home and think things over. However, while she was hanging around she had seen Peggy Ann Fraser walk up and she was afraid Peggy Ann had seen her.

"Well, when I read about the murder, I got frightened and I didn't believe what my mother had told me. It sounded fishy. The papers had mentioned a hypodermic needle and I went back to my mother's and there was her hypodermic needle lying on the table. I was frightened and slipped the needle into my pocket when she wasn't looking. I didn't believe the yarn she told about rescuing a strange girl. I was sure she had killed Maxine Ainslee.

"The next day she discovered that her hypo was missing and came down to my office in a state of great agitation to ask whether I had taken it. I suppose my explanation of why I had done so sounded silly to her—because of course I didn't come out with the truth—and she insisted on taking it away with her.

"After you had questioned her, she sent for me and told me she would have no peace until we got rid of that hypo. I guess she thought I had had it all the time and had used it to kill Maxine Ainslee. It wasn't safe to throw it away because we were being followed, so I fell in with her scheme of mailing the thing out of Hanaford."

"And that's why you refused to answer His Honor's questions," said Gwynn. "You wanted him to think you had done it."

"I was a fool," said Barry. "Only it was all so upsetting. I couldn't think straight. And all this time my mother and Sidonie thought I had done it. What bricks they are!"

"You're a lucky boy," assented Gwynn, "to have inspired all that love." She turned to Andrew. "Now, are you satisfied?"

Andy is a good sport. As he turned to Barry Weston, his expression was all kindly sympathy and chagrin.

"I'm sorry, Weston. I did believe at first that you had killed Maxine Ainslee, then that Doctor Weston had, and for a little while I thought Miss Saunders was guilty. I apologize to you all. Isn't there any way of letting your mother know that she's safe in returning to Hanaford? I give you my word she won't be subjected to any annoyance."

Barry wrung his hand with gratitude. "Thanks, Your Honor. I'll try a personal in the Post. I am certain that, wherever she is, my mother will get the Hanaford papers."

"I believe Miss Saunders is waiting for you at her home," suggested Gwynn. "I promised we'd send you over as soon as we'd had a talk."

When he left us Andrew turned to Gwynn. "Well, I didn't open my mouth. Weston probably thinks that you run me around on an apron string!"

"A rich man like you grumbling at a little expense to your dignity—when look what it's netted you! Isn't it a load off your mind to know about that watch and bill fold? And why he took Maxine to dinner? And how it was he didn't reach his home until midnight? And why he went over there in the afternoon for a high ball, and why the letters were there, and the sort of schemes Maxine went in for and—why, my Lord!" She stopped, out of words to express her amazement at his ingratitude—and also out of breath.

"But aside from decluttering the landscape, we found out two or three nice little points. There were several people, for instance, who knew he was dining with Maxine Ainslee and also that he was going to leave early. Karen Svensen knew it and probably Marzi overheard it; Crocus knew it—and for all I know, Maxine confided it to Peggy Ann Fraser at luncheon."

"Well, what of it?" asked Andrew.

"Oh, nothing," said Gwynn.

"More mysteries?"

Gwynn shook her head. "The only mystery is how I'm going to keep on doing all this work if somebody doesn't buy me some real food."

"Let's not go home to dinner," I suggested. "Let's eat at the Shalimar Club. There's a dancing contest that I think Gwynn might enjoy."

"You don't get me into dinner clothes," growled Andrew. "You go without me."

"I wouldn't think of it," said Gwynn. "We'll go the way we are—and we needn't go right away. In fact, I'd like to pay a visit first."

"Visit?" Andrew looked at her. "But Gwynn, it's after six, and nearly everybody will be sitting down to dine!"

"Well, the gentleman we're going to call on won't be outraged if he's kept from his dinner."

"Gentleman? What gentleman?"

"Mr. Barna," replied Gwynn. "Will you have Togo drive up there? There are a few things we want to ask Marzi."

Andrew laughed. "Editorially speaking, of course!"

Marzi looked ill. His color was ashen, and his large eyes were startlingly prominent in his sunken face. When I went into the kitchen with Gwynn, I noticed that the place—and Marzi's room beyond—was filled with newspapers.

"Been reading about the case?" Gwynn inquired pleasantly of Kohner, the man who had been left in charge.

"Not me—him." He indicated Marzi. "I think this case has gone to his head. I wouldn't be surprised if he was a little touched. His father was a strolling preacher and his mother was a gypsy—and what can you expect from two nuts but another nut?"

"His mother was a gypsy and his father an evangelist," mused Gwynn. "Very interesting."

There was something at once defiant and frightened about the way Marzi took the chair Gwynn indicated. Her first question seemed to relieve him, however.

"Marzi, was Miss Ainslee what you would call a vain woman—careful about her appearance before other people?"

He nodded. "She was always afraid people will notice she is getting old, so she wouldn't even go to a beauty parlor. Betty, the hairdresser, used to come here to give her a clay pack and touch up her hair. But lately she does it herself, to save money."

"Was Miss Ainslee worried about money of late?"

"Yes, ma'am; but she was expecting a whole lot soon, she tells me."

"Would Miss Ainslee be likely to take her beauty treatment while receiving visitors?"

He smiled at the very thought. "Once, while she was having her hair dyed, the census man comes and Betty leaves him in and Miss Ainslee was so mad she takes the scissors and nearly stabs her."

"Was she just as particular about her women friends?"

"Miss Ainslee don't have many friends, but she used to get all fixed up even to see Mrs. Fraser."

"You mean to say nobody ever saw her when she wasn't all fixed up except you and Betty?"

He thought a moment. "Crocus used to go in her room and out."

"In other words, she didn't mind

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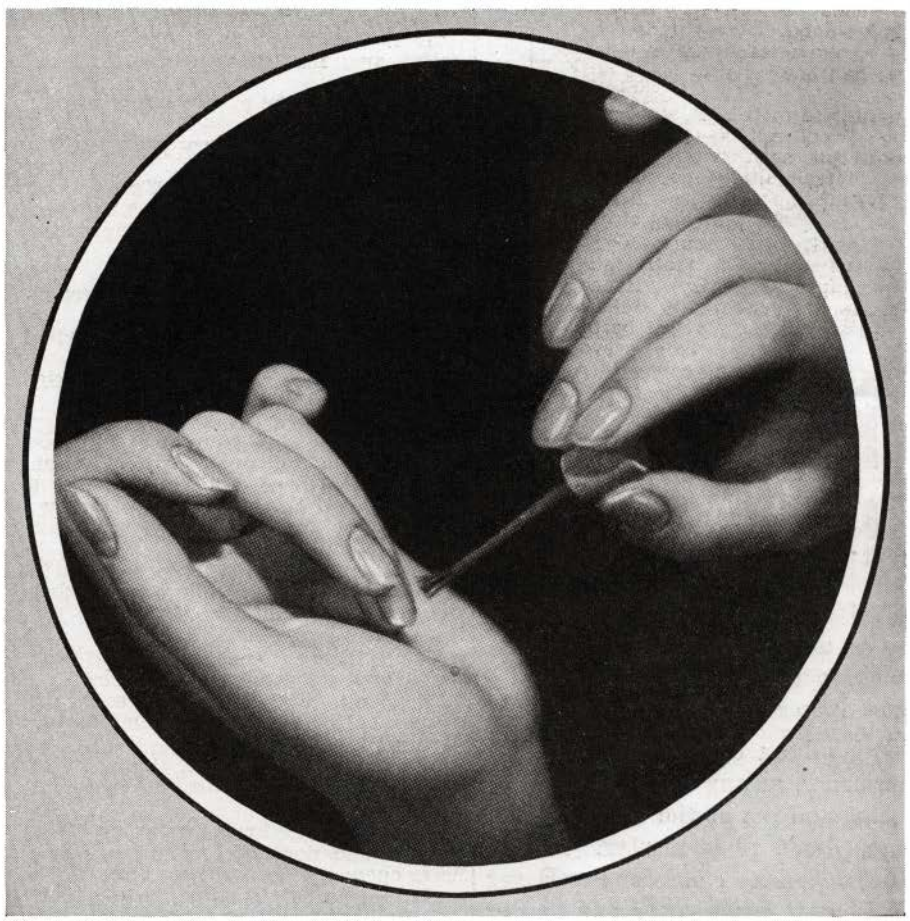

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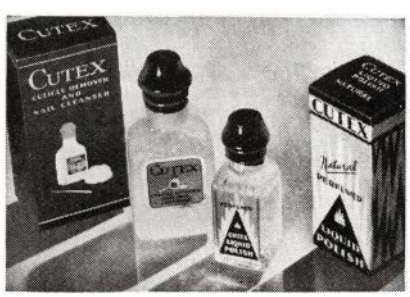

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being seen at her worst by the people who worked for her?"

He nodded.

"How about Miss Svensen?"

Marzi started. "I don't know—what you mean?"

"Oh, nothing; it's not important." Gwynn changed the subject. "I noticed on Thursday morning that the curtains in both the living room and the bedroom were drawn."

"Miss Ainslee always keeps all the curtains pulled at night."

"All except those little windows," corrected Gwynn. "But I don't suppose anyone could see through them."

Marzi shook his head. "Only if you stand on the railing of the porch."

"Is it easy to climb on the railing?"

"Oh, yes; it's low—and you hold on the pillar."

"It wouldn't take a very tall or strong person?"

"Oh, no; should I show you?"

"Yes," said Gwynn.

We remained inside while Kohner and Marzi went out to the porch. A moment later a pair of wide black eyes appeared over the sill of the tiny window.

"Thank you," nodded Gwynn, and beckoned him back in. He reentered, dusting off his hands.

"You're certain the bell did not ring on Wednesday night?"

"Positively. It rings outside my door and it would wake the dead."

"But if somebody came in with a key you would not have heard it?"

"Nobody had a key," insisted Marzi. "We just had a new lock put on, and I only had two keys made—and anyway, we always keep the chain on the front door."

"You took luminal Wednesday night?"

"Veronal," corrected Marzi. "I didn't think I will be able to sleep with my tooth."

"If you hadn't taken it, you would have heard anything unusual going on?"

"Yes, ma'am; I am not a heavy sleeper." His voice betrayed a growing unease.

"Miss Ainslee wasn't in the habit of admitting strangers into the house at night?"

"Oh, no!" Marzi was emphatic. "Miss Ainslee, she don't like strangers. She never opens the door without the chain—and she never lets in strangers at night."

Gwynn got up to straighten a picture. Suddenly she shot a question at him.

"At one time you were considerably in love with another girl, weren't you, Marzi?"

Marzi's face became a curious color. Before he could reply, Gwynn went on in a friendly voice, but without removing her eyes from his face.

"I met your sweetheart yesterday."

"S-sweetheart?" he breathed.

"Karen Svensen—the seamstress."

Marzi looked away. "She's nothing to me."

"That's not very gallant, Marzi," reproved Gwynn. "And it's certainly not true. You were worried when we wanted to know who was here with Miss Ainslee Wednesday afternoon. You even denied that Mr. Weston was here, because you were afraid we would find out that he had seen Miss Svensen going out. Why were you worried about Miss Svensen? She bore no malice towards Miss Ainslee, did she?"

His eyes darted from side to side as though afraid of being trapped by the shrewd ones bent on them.

"Were you afraid Karen suspected your infatuation for Miss Ainslee and might have been tempted to—let us say—dislike your employer?"

It was plain from the way he snapped his jaws together that he had no intention of answering the question.

"How did you come to be employed by Miss Ainslee? Unless you're afraid to tell us about that part of your life?"

"I am not afraid to tell anything," said Marzi with a sulky defiance. "I was not always what you call a good boy, but I was never bad—only wild. Sometimes I would live quiet for months. Then I would go crazy; bad company, drinking, cards—what difference? Nobody cared what becomes of me. My mother is dead; my father and me, we quarreled always, and I run away from him—to Chicago.

"Then I become tired of that; I wish to lead a different life, and I go with my father. We travel, conducting revivals. And one night in Brian I meet a young girl, beautiful, pure, good. I tell her I wish to settle down.

"I take a job in a factory, but the work is too heavy. I want to marry her. But she wishes to be sure I will really settle down, and not perhaps marry her and leave her with a baby. If I work for a year and still feel the same way, we would be married. Through her I get the job with Miss Ainslee."

"And the young lady is Karen Svensen, isn't she, Marzi?"

He thought a minute. "Yes; it is Miss Svensen."

"And that was why you were so worried when His Honor asked if there were any other shears in the house?"

"No, ma'am," he replied apprehensively. "I was not worried."

"Oh, yes, you were, Marzi; you were worried because, as a seamstress, Miss Svensen would undoubtedly own a pair of shears."

He leaped to his feet. "No—no; she have nothing to do with it, I swear."

"Just the same," responded Gwynn, "you weren't so positive of that; you were afraid she had begun to realize how things stood between you and Miss Ainslee—and that we might find that out. It's too bad, Marzi, that you couldn't play the game with a fine girl like that! The worry you have been going through should have taught you a lesson, Marzi."

"It does," he murmured brokenly.

"I hope I wasn't too hard on him," said Gwynn as we drove to the Shalimar, "but he's caused that girl enough worry; he deserved to learn a lesson."

"I'm not sorry for him," I said; "he had his chance and if he couldn't——"

"It's not his fault if he's a battle ground for warring inherited strains. He's got a gypsy disposition and a preacher's conscience. Interesting type; even the detective sensed there was something not normal about him. Did you notice his eyes, Andrew?"

Andrew nodded.

"Did you also notice the ring he wears on the fourth finger of his left hand?"

"Ring? Can't say I did."

"You really should notice those things," chided Gwynn. "It's an odd ring: a silver band formed like a snake, and where they go in pairs they usually denote a betrothal."

"Interesting, but what of it?"

"Nothing—only Karen had on the other one of the pair. That's how I guessed they were betrothed. I figured that would explain his reluctance to tell about Maxine's visitors. At any rate, I took a chance and now we know why Marzi was so worried when I asked about shears and why he lied about who was at Maxine's on Wednesday. That's a little deadwood cleared away.

"Let's see where it gets us. A little before ten-thirty on Wednesday night Maxine undressed, not expecting any

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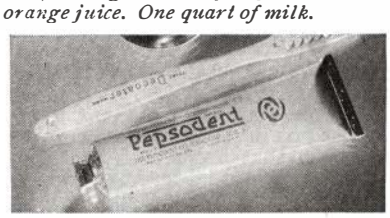

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visitors, and settled down waiting for her clay pack to harden. While she was in the living room somebody came up on the porch, climbed on the railing and looked in the window. Either Maxine saw her from the couch, or the visitor called in to her, and Maxine got up and let her in. That tells us something about the visitor, doesn't it?"

"Does it?"

"I think so. It tells us that the visitor was somebody Maxine knew pretty well. You don't think a woman who had a fit because she once bumped into the census taker without her war paint would have let any ordinary acquaintance in—when she was smeared behind a clay mask and wearing an old dirty kimono?

"That's how I knew immediately that a woman did it. Maxine had a closet full of lovely peignoirs. I saw them the first day. No woman would willingly let any man see her looking that way, not even a husband. I promise you, Colin, that if I marry you, you will never see me with clay on my face."

"I shouldn't mind."

"That's what a million loyal men have said, and why a million glamorous romances have hit the rocks."

"I WISH you and Colin would do your love-making when I'm not around," grumbled Andrew.

"For instance?" I inquired maliciously.

"For instance, tonight," said Andrew. "I've changed my mind about the club. I'll drop you there and go back to the house and read. You don't mind, do you?"

"I'm positively desolate!" I replied exuberantly.

"Well, if you're going to leave us," said Gwynn, "there are one or two things I feel I must point out to you. For one, the murderer must have been familiar with Maxine's ménage. I don't think there was any happenstance about the selection of Wednesday night, when Marzi was supposed to be out. And anybody who knew the household knew that when he went out he usually stayed out until the morning. And don't forget, the criminal was somebody familiar to Maxine, or else Maxine, who was so timid that she employed a manservant instead of a maid, wouldn't have taken the chain from the door."

"That sounds reasonable," said Andrew. "Go on."

"Well, we mustn't forget about the letters, Andy dear; those documents which are only worth reading if written by clever men—and clever men don't write them. They were on the table when Maxine left, and as Marzi didn't put them away, they were still there when she came home. But in the morning they were no longer there—indicating to my inferior intellect that the murderer took them. What do you say?"

Andrew smoked in silence, waiting for her to go on.

"Well, since your silence seems to indicate that you agree with me, doesn't it occur to you that the reason the murderer came there that evening was to get those letters? Who would you say was intimate enough with Maxine to obtain admittance when she wasn't dressed, to know those letters were there and to have a particular reason for wanting them?".

"Peggy Ann Fraser!" The words came from Andrew's lips like a triple explosion. "I'll tell you the truth. I've been watching that Fraser girl right along." He turned accusingly to Gwynn. "And we let her get out of Hanaford!"

Gwynn laid a reassuring hand on his knee. "Nice old Andy. Sharing the blame with me. But she's probably safe as in a vault with her old papa, throwing up smoke screens about her absence. And besides, you don't want her—because she didn't murder Maxine Ainslee."

"She didn't? Well, then, who the devil did?"

The car stopped before the entrance to the Shalimar and I stepped out and held out my hand to Gwynn.

"You wouldn't want me to tell you now—in public this way?" she asked reproachfully.

The car behind honked impatiently.

"So long, Andy dear. Colin is entitled to an evening of mirth and laughter. And there's really nothing more we could do tonight."

The door closed on the disgruntled mayor of Hanaford.

Gwynn poked her head in the window. "By the way," she said, "did you ever notice how short Marzi is? And he doesn't look very virile!"

There was a prolonged honking and the car started to move. I could still see Andrew's startled face through the back window as the car bore him away.

"Gwynn," I said, "this is the first evening I've had you all to myself!"

"Does it make a difference to you, Colin?"

"More than I can make you believe, darling."

She did not answer, but her eyes were like sunlight behind a mist. I had never been so happy in my life.

When I came into the dining room the next morning, Andrew was pacing up and down, his hands behind his back.

"Where's Gwynn?" he demanded impatiently.

"Well, really, now!" I protested.

"I mean, do you know whether she's up yet?"

"She is," announced Gwynn, entering from the pantry, and taking her place at the table. I did not see how she could so placidly begin to eat her grapefruit—after what had happened last night. In sorrow, food is a consolation. In happiness, it is an affront.

"Andy," she went on, "you should have been with us. You would have learned what put the 'sick' into Terpsichore. That's pretty bad, but so was the dancing."

"Did you ever stop to realize how much dancing couples resemble automobiles, Andy?" I asked.

"Can't say I did," growled Andrew. "What I want to know is——"

"What's coming after the grapefruit! And here's MacTavish with the answer. Colin dotes on hot biscuits. He told me so last night."

"I can't say," said Andrew, helping himself, "that I'm particularly interested in food at this moment."

"That's the trouble with you American men. You don't find a European so indifferent to his stomach."

"Whose fault is that?" demanded Andrew. "It's because you American women don't want to be bothered cooking. You think you can do men's work better than men. But if the truth were told, men can beat you even at your own game. Why didn't you let me know Yoshi could make biscuits like these?" he demanded of MacTavish.

I think it was the first time I ever saw MacTavish smile.

"Mrs. Leith made them," he said.

Andrew almost choked on a mouthful of coffee.

"Since last night all my thoughts are towards domesticity," said Gwynn imperturbably. "I told you once a woman never puts out her best foot unless a man is involved. I've just got to convince Colin that he isn't making a mistake in accepting me."

Andrew regarded us both, his jaw open. "Say, are you two——"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Gwynn, "it's not quite settled yet. I want Colin to have more time to think it over. It's a serious step for a young man."

"Don't, Gwynn!" I protested. "Whenever Andrew's around you make me feel absolutely superfluous!"

"It's a confession of weakness," she admitted. "My last gesture of defiance against my own impotence. But we won't bore Andrew with matters which can't possibly seem vital to him. I know he's hankering to talk shop. Let's drive downtown with him."

"What I want to know is——" began Andrew, as we settled in the car.

"Who killed Maxine Ainslee. Would you take a little time to find out?"

"*Would* I? I'd go to hellangone with you if you'd only stop this monkey business."

"It's not with me I want you to go—it's with another and very charming lady. As a matter of fact, I took the liberty of making the engagement for you. But I'll tell you about it later. I just wanted to make sure I could count on your cooperation."

We talked of other things, then, until we landed in Andrew's office. As soon as March had been dismissed Gwynn said abruptly:

"I know who killed Maxine Ainslee, but I haven't a bit of actual evidence against her." She put her hand on Andrew's arm. "I know I've been very trying, but will you be patient a little longer? I'm not doing it to be coy." There was a note of passionate seriousness in her voice. "I've got to have something concrete to show you. I promise you that before tonight, whether I secure that evidence or not, I will tell you what I know. Is it a go?"

He could not very well refuse her terms. And at that moment the telephone rang. Andrew looked at Gwynn.

"For you."

"Don't look so surprised because a young man calls me on the telephone."

IT WAS my turn to look surprised and I wondered to whom she was listening with such utter absorption.

"You're sure she's going to be at home all afternoon?" she asked once. And finally, "Good," she said. "You did very well. We'll be over right after lunch. Don't forget to unlatch the cellar window. Thanks; see you later."

"Who was it?" asked Andrew.

"That was the Appel of my eye; he's attending to a little business for me."

"But how can we go over there after lunch when you said you had made an engagement for me to take a lady out for the afternoon?"

"*We* can still go over there, because *we* means Colin and me. I don't think you'd stoop to entering cellar windows."

"And what do you hope to find in people's cellars?"

"Proof of who killed Maxine Ainslee," replied Gwynn. "Of course I may not find it, but if I haven't the evidence I need by nightfall, I'll tell you everything I know and let you decide for yourself whether it's worth working on."

In Viola Brothers Shore's Concluding Installment—Next Month—Gwynn Leith backs up her "hunches" by revealing to the police the murderer of Maxine Ainslee

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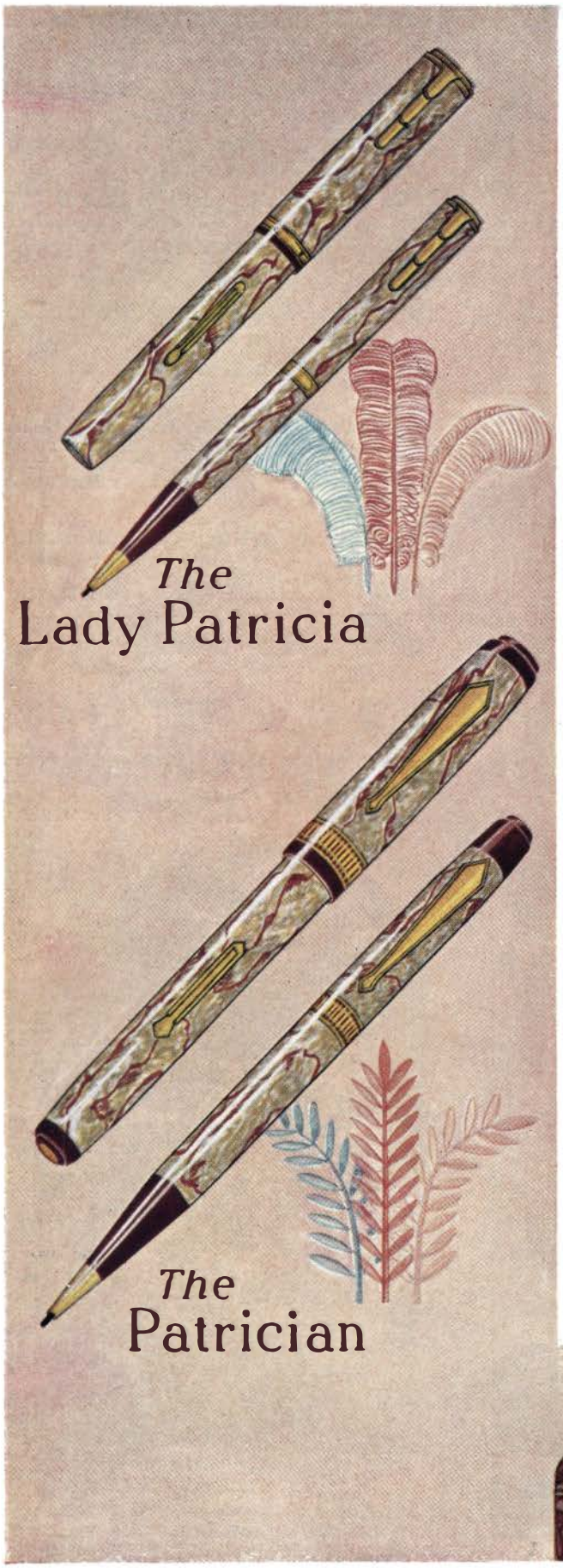

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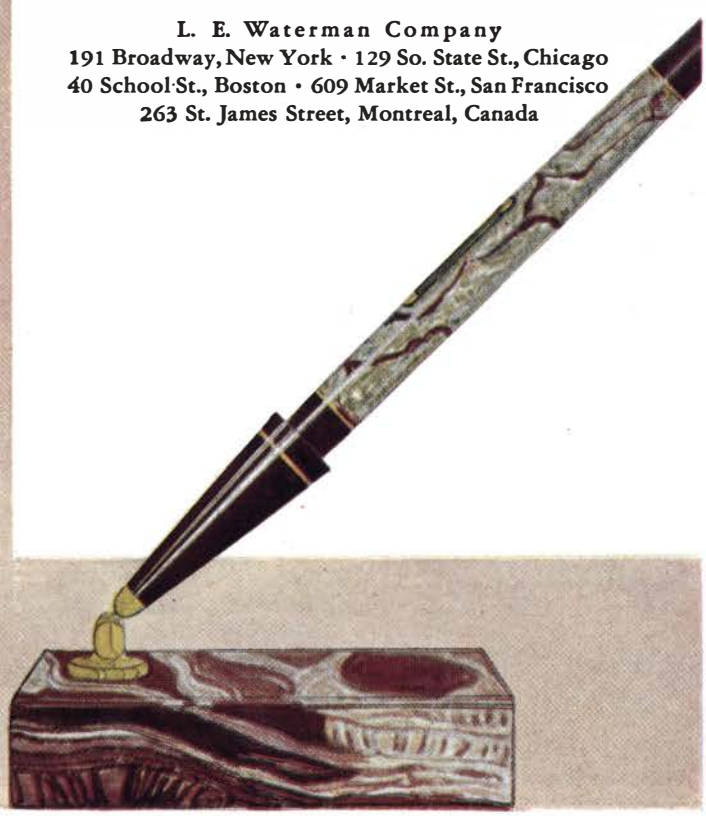

Back Streets *by Fannie Hurst* *(Continued from page 57)*

immaculate whitened copings and the shoulders of upholstered furniture in summer covers showing through the open windows. Well-kept, secure families, with surreys or smart traps at the curb.

"I live at home with my stepmother and my stepsister. Schmidt's Trimmings and Findings used to belong to my father. I am still in the store."

"Seems to me I've heard of you. Ray—Schmidt."

"Probably." But she hoped not.

"Well, anyway, now we've met!"

The conductor on the Colerain car grinned at her as they entered.

"The boys on the line all know me," she said by way of explanation as they seated themselves. "Lived on the line all my life."

"What is the procedure? Does one come to call on you, or would you like to go Over the Rhine one of these evenings? I stay in town one or two nights a week, when I know my mother has one of her friends spending the night with her."

There it came! He would not even ask, much less take, Corinne Trauer Over the Rhine, unchaperoned. Or for that matter, chances were he would not have asked Freda at all.

Well, no use crying over that. You were what you were. Besides, suppose he had asked to call. That would be nice, wouldn't it, with Tagenhorst having all sorts of people in and out, over the project of selling the house, and more likely than not, Freda monopolizing the parlor! Not what you would call a home to the queen's taste!

Anyway, these high-class Jewish boys were not given to calling at the homes of *shikksas*. Della Garfunkle, a girl friend in Covington, Kentucky, had married one without his ever having laid eyes on her folks.

"You can telephone me at the store some day. We haven't a telephone, but the cigar store next door, Fink's, will call me. We'll see."

"We won't do anything of the sort. Some day! We'll see now. Look here, Ray, wasn't it agreed I am going to see a lot of you?"

They sat in the rumbling street car, washed in dirty lamplight, their bodies touching softly to the jerkings and the short stops, and now, more than ever, there was no such thing as her ability to say "no."

"Suppose we meet at your store on Thursday about six, and we'll decide then where to go."

Monday - Tuesday - Wednesday-Thursday. The waiting had already begun.

"I guess that will be all right."

"Not disappointed about anything, are you? Would Friday be better?"

"Thursday is all right. I don't like the boys to call for me at the store. Meet you at the St. Nicholas."

Why had she said that? Catch Corinne Trauer meeting him at the St. Nicholas!

"That will be fine," he said, with what seemed to her a new ease.

Rumble, rumble along, their bodies giving slightly to the motion, the sultry breeze causing him to lift off his derby hat. An elation laid hold of her that was absurdly out of proportion to the act of riding home with a nice young fellow who might have been one of a half-dozen she was apt to meet in the course of the month.

The elation continued until she was home and in bed, when presto, it turned into depression.

Later, when Ray, who was clumsy at evasion, explained to Kurt that a "certain party" turning up unexpectedly from out of town had made it necessary for her to send the telephone message of Sunday evening, he interrupted her in a matter-of-fact voice that was surprising to himself, considering the pounding against his temples.

"Ray," he said, "it was exactly as if somebody had tapped me on the shoulder when I was sitting there waiting for you to show up, and said to me, 'Kurt, watch out.'"

"Why, Kurt Kesseler, what are you talking about?"

"I don't know, beyond what I'm saying, but I'm watching out for all I'm worth."

What did he suspect? What was there to suspect? What did she herself suspect? Acting guilty when there was no cause to be guilty!

"Oh, I'm not saying you owe me an explanation," he said, as if in answer to her thoughts. "What satisfies you, Ray, has to satisfy me. I'm just saying I had the feeling, sitting there Sunday night waiting, as if someone was looting my life just as surely as someone might loot my repair shop of the contract I signed up at College Corner on the gasoline-driven bike."

"You're talking nonsense."

They were walking along Richmond Street in the twilight of the following Tuesday, Ray having suggested a neighborhood walk.

Burning, the desire to pass the Trauer residence lay against her consciousness. She knew the house, had known it for years by sight, but now she felt the need to refurbish the slipshod impressions that lay palely in her mind.

Suddenly that house on Richmond had become of peculiar, almost hypnotic interest. The blond Corinne Trauer dwelt in this shrine, to which came Walter Saxel on the twenty-five-mile train ride from Hamilton the one day in the week, Sunday, when he might have been free of the journey.

What was the relationship of these two? Ray wanted to pass and repass the house, constructing what picture she could. But she did not, until Tuesday evening, when it seemed natural to stroll by with Kurt.

There it was, third from the corner, set back nicely on a little terrace with a white stone coping. It was a smallish snug house, which a young man of this tight solid race would dare visit with regularity only on the basis of intentions, or promise of them.

It was still precocious May, stuffy and of unseasonable heat, and Richmond Street, fed, was disporting itself along the rows of well-scrubbed front stoops.

There was no one before the Trauer home, but the front door stood open, and there was a small gaslight burning in red glass in the hallway and the dining room was lighted. Trauers at supper.

A light runabout on wire wheels stood at the curb, its overfat little tan-and-white mare hitched to a black iron boy. There was something about the small horse, with its pretty cream-colored mane and braided tail, that suggested Corinne Trauer. Its plump sides breathed evenly; its eyes in blinkers knew no fear. It was a cared-about horse. Perhaps Walter had driven it, or would drive it.

"Wait until I give you a ride on our gasoline bicycle, Ray; then you'll know what real motion is," said Kurt, his eyes all for the picture she made stroking the plump horse. "Come, it will be cool in Lincoln Park; let's go there."

Before this evening was over, he wanted to cast out the unease in his heart. The thought even smote him of trying to get Ray to elope with him to Covington. Right off. Two could live as cheaply as one. Always a way.

There was money ahead in this new partnership with the inventor of a device to attach a motor to an ordinary bicycle. Ray was not the girl to risk getting into lean times, dear darling, and yet, on the other hand, she was the one girl with the stamina to buck them. Any way you looked at it, there was going to be disapproval over a marriage with Ray on the part of the aunt with whom he made his home. Dang it all, just fool woman stuff! Never willing to let one another live.

"Ray, if you only would!"

"Would what?"

"Your mind is a thousand miles away."

The Trauers kept tony hours. Seven-o'clock supper and still at table, with the rest of Richmond Street already out on stoops. After all, the New York Friedlanders were among the world's largest banking firms. She knew. She had looked them up.

Sol Trauer might be only in the life insurance business, but he had these enormously wealthy connections of his wife to lend prestige. Catch a rich Jew like Felix Friedlander seeing his sister or his sister's children want for anything.

Chances were, the eastern connections would take a bright young fellow like Walter into the New York banking house. For all she knew, that might be the secret of his position in the Cincinnati bank. Who knew! The sense of misery began to crawl around her heart again.

"Come, let's go into the park, Ray. I can talk better there."

At Freeman Avenue, the little park loomed softly in the dusk.

They sat down on a bench and Ray unpinned her hat and placed it carefully on her lap and then Kurt, by way of preamble, took up one of her hands in its black lace glove and began to bend back the fingers softly, one by one.

"This is the way I have figured it all out, Ray. The longer you wait to make up your mind, the more reasons you are going to find for not making it up. To my way of thinking, the way to reach an important decision, in business or out of it, is not to think about a thing so long that you lose your point of view.

"Ever keep saying a word over and over to yourself until it lost its meaning? Well, that's my experience on a decision. In business, I think for all I'm worth while I'm thinking, and then I act!

"That's the way I bought that patent up in College Corner the other day. If I had stopped to turn the matter over in my mind as long as I wanted to, I'd be turning it over yet and somebody else would have the patent."

"And if I don't make up my mind, somebody else will have Kurt?"

"Now, Ray, I'd sooner cut off my tongue than have you think I meant it that way."

"I know you didn't, goose!" She wished he had meant it that way.

She wished she was anybody except herself, sitting there in Lincoln Park with the heart-breaking task of letting Kurt know she had already reached her decision.

Fool that she was! She knew, sitting there perking the wired bow on her leghorn hat and trying to find a way to tell him what had decided her. A chance

meeting with a man to whom, nine chances out of ten, she would never be more than *"shikksa,"* had decided her.

And even supposing things were different, a bank clerk in Cincinnati, unless he had a Friedlander for a relative, could live and die a bank clerk! Now Kurt here, crude as he might seem, had a future. A girl would be crazy to hesitate between them. Kurt already had a dandy business head on him. Kurt was her own kind. Why, for all she knew, Walter Saxel was engaged this very minute to Corinne Trauer.

For a girl like herself, Kurt was a godsend, that's what he was. And yet, as surely as she was sitting there, her decision persisted. Pity smote her for Kurt, who must now hear this decision; and for herself, because she was making it.

"Kurt, there is a great deal in what you say about the way to make up your mind to a thing. I'm a chicken-hearted old coward or I would have made up my mind long ago about us, for your sake."

"Ray, you're not going to——"

"Honey, are you going to be terribly upset if I tell you something? I'm the biggest fool ever walked in shoe leather, but I can't marry you, Kurt. Feel like—well, I feel terrible, putting it to you that way, but I know that's the way you would want me to do it."

He sat quite still, with his hands hanging loosely between his knees.

"It's you who ought to be turning me down, not me you," she said, closing her eyes on the spectacle of Kurt sitting there in the fallen-forward attitude.

"I knew it," he said, without moving. "Something decided you Sunday night when you never showed up."

"Why, Kurt!"

"Something decided you that night, Ray. I don't say it would ever have been different in the long run, but the next time I heard your voice, something had dropped out of it. For me. Tell me, Ray."

"I can't, Kurt!" she gasped. "I can't."

"Why?"

"Because there's just nothing—to tell."

It was happening, and the marvel of it, to Ray, was that the part of her life which had not contained it seemed never to have existed. Terrible, in a way, because even that part of her life which had held the darling figure of Adolph was part of the unreality of those yesterdays which did not contain Walter.

The years that did not contain him were so many dead segments of time. Curiously unrelated yesterdays, through which she must have moved simulating eagerness, when she had never known eagerness before it began that May evening in front of the C H and D.

It was happening with more completeness every day. The waiting for the telephone message. The waiting on the corner of Sixth and Race to meet him to go to luncheon. The waiting with him at the C H and D for the hurried goodbys, as he caught the five-forty-five.

Nothing else mattered. The days were punctuated by how much they could be together; how these meetings could be arranged; where to meet; when to meet; and how not to be too conspicuous about it. Curious, but from the first this need to be furtive established itself on an undiscussed basis.

"It won't be easy for me to stay in tonight, babe. That would make three Wednesdays in succession, and the first thing I know Mother will begin bothering her head about why I stay down in the city so often."

That sent the bottom scuttling out of Wednesday evening, leaving it simply something to be endured until Thursday luncheon, assuming that luncheon could be arranged.

Luncheons were simpler but not always possible.

On Tuesdays the Dutch Treat Club met, an organization of some fifteen of the town's young Jewish men, who met for luncheon at the Stag. The town's best, Ray noted with pride, as realization of young Saxel's connections began to impress her.

It was a matter of pride to relinquish Walter to these upstanding occasions, even when secretly it seemed to her he should at least have made the offer to relinquish them in favor of lunching with her at a place called Messerick's, famous for potato pancakes.

Had the situation been reversed, she often told herself, nothing could have taken precedence over the possibility of an hour with Walter. Indeed, always on the supposition that such an hour might unexpectedly present itself, it soon became her technique to accept invitations tentatively.

SATURDAY was the evening to be lived through with the heart in her feeling pinched to the hardness of a pebble. Saturday was now Walter's evening at the Trauers'. There was never any discussion about it. There it stood, isolated by silence into strange portentousness, the sense of the impending beginning when Walter cut short his noon hour at Messerick's, to hurry to the barber's.

From then on, the shadow of the evening began to reach a long finger across her day. Any drummer in town could have her Saturday night for the asking.

To be sitting in Kissel's, listening to Emma Kissel play the fiddle in her father's garden Over the Rhine, or dining on the veranda of the Lookout House, at the top of the funicular, with the basin of the city spread dramatically below, or playing hazard in the rear of Weilert's, while Corinne and Walter were tucked away in the well-nigh unbearable propinquity of that parlor in Richmond Street, was just about the cruelest refinement of punishment.

What were they saying and doing; and more important still, what were they feeling? Walter and Corinne, alone together, and exposed to the lure of their young bodies and their young hearts and their young lips, while she, helpless, sat in the midst of scenes and people that seemed separated from her consciousness by a film, as if they moved in submarine gardens.

What was Walter saying to Corinne?

It was as if she were asleep and dreaming of Walter, seated in that brightly lighted parlor on Richmond Street making highly proper overtures to a personable and marriageable young girl whose innocence he reverenced.

Sometimes the pressure of the picture against her brain was almost more than she could bear. Headache began to be almost a regular Saturday-night plea, to terminate an evening that, along around eleven o'clock, was beyond endurance.

"What's the matter with Ray Schmidt these days? Look here, sister, is it my company gives you the headache? This is the second time you've left me high and dry with an evening just beginning. Tell you what! I know a nice quiet little place that won't give you a headache. If I felt sure how you would take it, I'd say, come along with me . . . "

Here came the proposition again. How soon before Walter would make it? How soon before he dared? She had already, in the dubious privacy of a lovely dell in Burnet Woods, lain in his arms. Where so often before her sole pleasure had been the giving of pleasure, why not this supreme moment of her compensation? She had lain in his arms, a *"shikksa"* whose lips were desirable.

He had told her as much. Not then, but later, when her body was no longer touching his and they were walking toward the car.

"You're a wonderful girl, Ray. I haven't the right to be telling you such things, but you're a wonderful girl."

What had he meant by that? Hadn't the right! She could not bear the thought of parting from him that evening without knowing what he meant.

"I'm not wonderful, Walter, except in a way I have always known I could like a person, once I—like him. I think I could be wonderful to someone I liked terribly. I know I could!"

"It must be wonderful to be loved by a girl who has it in her to love like you, Ray."

What had he meant by that? *"Must be."* Must be wonderful for a man who wasn't already engaged, or about to be? • Was this thing that was happening to her, had been happening to her ever since that day at the curb of the C H and D depot, going to mean birth of pain that was entirely unrelated to any previous suffering she had ever known?

Even with all the implications that went with it, there were advantages to marrying a good Jewish boy. These boys had, by instinct, the qualities that could make life sweet for a woman. Fidelity. Stability. Generosity. Reverence for the unit of the family.

Walter would be a man with whom to keep young; with whom to love the good things of life. His manner of ordering a dinner, with the proper wine, which he drank so conservatively; his epicureanism and love of sophisticated foods; his way of buying violets from a vender's tray and giving her carte blanche to buy his mother a silk shirtwaist for her birthday, were worldly aspects of him to strike delight to the heart.

Not that you could judge a man by these externals, but the worldly stripe in a man, as Ray used to designate it to amused New York salesmen, made life so much gayer than life in the sauerkraut belt where money was something to be earned solemnly and spent reverently—if at all.

Funny thing, but Walter, the bank clerk, came to epitomize for Ray a diversified worldly world of which he was not really a part. There was about him something suggestive of the hotel lobby and the race track.

THEN, too, Walter had been to Europe. He had taken the trip during his second-year vacation at Woodward High. He had been to Hamburg, Carlsbad, Frankfurt, Berlin and London.

Was it any wonder, Ray used to ask herself, as she sat in public places with the picture of Walter and Corinne branded against her brain, or moving through her days at the store, or entering a house so preempted by Tagenhorst that the last vestige of Adolph was already fading out, that the new and twisting unease she was experiencing on all sides was causing her constantly to feel like crying?

Sometimes in the weeks and then the months that followed her meeting with Walter Saxel, the wish that she had never laid eyes on him would mingle with her torment.

Many the year after it happened, Ray was to repeat over and over again to herself: What is to be, will be. It was

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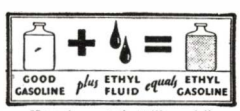

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in the cards that it should turn out this way.

The incident which, justifiably or not, she was always to feel had such vital bearing upon the trend of her entire life was brought about by a remark from Walter which caused her legs to feel as if they had turned to water.

It was the day of the week which she had come to dread. Saturday, which meant Walter's evening at the Trauers'. They had lunched together at Messerick's, and there still remained time for them to make a few rounds of the oval esplanade of Fountain Square.

Presently, at Fifth Street, they would separate and go their ways. Would the day ever come when they were not perpetually in the act of separating? How short those noonday periods!

He had been quiet at luncheon. Unusually so. What was on his mind? Something concerning her? He regarded her at times as if he would cleave with his glance the curtain of the unspoken between them. What did he suspect? What did he know? What did he want?

.

He wanted his cake, no doubt, like the others, and he wanted to eat it, too. The rigid rightness and conventionality of the procedure with Corinne Trauer was one thing; the freedom of passing the time with her another.

If that were true, she should despise him for it. Once a fellow named Willie Stamm had said to her, "If you're so darned nice to all us boys, without caring a whoop about us, heaven help the one you do fall in love with!" And here, living between Hamilton and Cincinnati all these years, had been that one.

Why, he had actually attended Woodward High just three years before her cursory course there. There must have been times—think of that!—when they had sat at the Zoo listening to the same band concerts on the same evenings.

And all the time, all the time, everything latent in her had been waiting. For this. For just the half-furtive act of walking with him around the esplanade of Fountain Square; of sharing him with the stoutish, blond, secure Corinne Trauer, who on Saturday mornings was taking her piano lesson at Clara Baur's Conservatory of Music. She would play to Walter evenings in a bright parlor of lamps, bric-a-brac and Honiton lace, and a sofa where the young husband of the young Corinne could relax with his head in her lap . . . Thoughts like these spotted the bright day with anguish.

And then suddenly, walking beside her, Walter said this:

"I'm staying in town tonight, Ray, and my mother is coming to the city on the eight-forty-five tomorrow. We're having Sunday dinner at the Trauers'."

Here it came!

He had never been out-and-out frank with her. What right, he might have flared in retort to such a statement, had she to expect it? But in his way he had tried, constantly and consistently, to make her understand how things stood. There was the feeling that conscientiously he was placing himself in a position where one day he could say to her, "I never concealed anything from you."

"I see," she said finally in response to this statement about his mother.

Well, after all, it was high time. Strange that the Trauers had permitted it to drag on so long without demanding from him a declaration of intentions. Unless one had been made long ago.

Well, what of it! One lived through such things as this. One did. One must.

"Ray, I've been thinking. Funny thing, but I've got my heart set on it. Before my mother and I go to the Trauers' tomorrow for dinner, I'd like mighty much for my mother to meet you, Ray."

That was when it seemed to her the capacity to stand on her legs was flowing away from her. What was going on in this boy's head that he was daring to confront his mother with her? Was he contemplating, as the shades of what might be a formal engagement began to close him in, the rash act of coming out in the open with his declaration of preference for Ray Schmidt?

Could it mean that happiness, actually beyond computing, lay in store?

"Walter, do you mean that?"

"Certainly. My mother likes to meet my friends. She's nice that way, and interested. I thought I'd take her to spend tomorrow morning at Zoo Eden Park. Do you suppose you could manage, Ray, to meet us around the lion cages, about eleven? Mother likes to watch the cubs. Suppose you just happen into us. Know what I mean? No use making it seem a set engagement."

If, where he was concerned, she could have found it within herself to have pride, this would have been terrible.

He couldn't confront his mother all at once with a *"shikksa."* And yet it showed what forces must be at work in his brain. Walter was trying to maneuver the most delicate situation of his life. She had won in her tactics with Walter!

"I'll be there at eleven, Walter, strolling around looking at the cubs."

"You understand about the pretending, don't you, Ray? Some ways my mother is more like a baby than she is like my mother. I want her to know all my friends, but there are some things—there are always certain things with a mother that have to be handled with kid gloves, or they can be spoiled from the start."

Walter was being cautious with her and trying not to let her know how desperate was his dilemma. It was his last desperate move before the machinery of the Trauer-Saxel marriage began to stitch the pattern.

In the midst of her agitation it struck her that she must show this old woman. This old lady, darling because she was Walter's mother, had a surprise coming to her.

Old lady, don't you worry. I don't know anything about this girl you've got your heart set on. She may be good as gold. So'm I, old lady, where your son is concerned. I'll love him and honor him in his own religion and if you'll give me half a chance, old woman, I'll do the same for you . . .

It was October and there were leaves flying and along the esplanade women's skirts were blowing sharply forward, and so were the waters of the fountain, but the face Ray turned toward Walter, because of the hot flashes across it, was spangled with tiny beads of moisture.

"I'll be at the lion cubs' cage tomorrow morning, Walter, at eleven on the dot."

"Make it seem accidental."

How constrained he was.

"Walter."

"Yes?"

She wanted to say to him something like this: "I'm your happiness, Walter. I wouldn't harm that girl up there, or your mother, but I'm your happiness and don't you ever forget it." Of course she said nothing of the kind. "Good-by, dear; the lion cubs at eleven."

That Ray did not turn up at the lion cubs' cage on Sunday morning at eleven, was to mean a lifetime of reiteration of a phrase that was to grind down a groove into her heart. What is to be, will be.

Would it have made any difference? Had her failure to appear at the lion cubs' cage that Sunday morning changed in some mysterious way the ebb and flow of her life? What if she had appeared at the cage of the lion cubs—would it have made any ultimate difference?

What had been in Walter's heart that noonday, as, dark and troubled, he paced her around the esplanade? What?

And strangely, although she was to ask, she was never to know. Chiefly, she concluded, because he himself did not know. Well, be that as it may:

At five o'clock of the Sunday morning that Ray was to meet Walter and his mother at the lion cubs' cage, she was awakened by a noise that sounded like a small dog scratching. At first leap of her mind into wakefulness she thought it must be Freda's pug puppy, who sometimes slept at the foot of her bed, but he was snoring away.

It was Freda herself, though, crouched across the pale streak of dawn that slanted into the room, who had made the sounds. What in the world? At this hour! And what a Freda!

Something terrible was wrong with that specter sitting on its knees at the foot of Ray's bed.

"Freda, how you frightened me! Come in under the covers. What's wrong?"

She just sat shivering in the shaft of the dawn.

"Freda, come here."

She drew herself with a sort of bleat from the touch of Ray, who was on her feet by now.

"What is it, child?"

Without more than the second's preparation for it, she knew.

"Sister, come here!"

This bleating, shuddering, chattering creature smeared with pallor, grimacing with terror, had fallen out of the cradle of her flaccid girlhood into this horrible dawn. Freda was in terrible trouble.

"Sister, come to bed. Don't be afraid."

"What'll I do Ray? What will I do?"

"You'll come to bed and get warm. Put this blanket over you. Let me hold you."

"What'll I do, Ray?"

Why, this was like a play at Heuck's. Life was a ten-twenty-thirty!

"Go to him fast, Ray. You can't wait a minute."

"Oh, Freda, how could you!"

"I told him last night, Ray. I had to."

"Hugo?"

"I had to tell him, didn't I, Ray? I waited so and prayed—that it wasn't true. But then, when I saw that it was—I had to tell him that when she found out, if he didn't make it all right quick, Mama would kill him. You know Mama. You know, Ray. I had to tell him."

"What did he say, Freda? Tell me quickly, darling, everything he said."

"He looked at me, Ray; he looked at me kind of funny. I couldn't ever tell you what it was—that look—that——"

"Shh-h-h-h, honey; crying won't help. You must tell Ray everything."

"You know how we've been going together."

"Yes."

"He got to hate to come here. Our parlor windows open so plainly onto the porch and everybody that passes can gape; and then—Mother, sitting and sitting out there rocking all the time."

"Yes, I know."

"He wanted me to go around places with him—the way you do."

"No, no, no."

"He began to get mad. Said I thought more of everybody else than I did of him. Kept saying that, every time I had

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. . . FIRST FURNISH YOUR HOME

IT TELLS WHAT YOU ARE

to say no to something he asked me to do. Kept saying and saying it, until I got scared."

"You should have explained to him right from the start, Freda, that you are not the sort to go gadding."

"I did. I did. But he said if—if *you* were the sort, why was I any better?"

"If *I* was?"

"Yes. If you were fly, how could I expect him to think I wasn't!"

Was this flaxen girl, huddling there in her arms, challenging her aid? Was there something of steel beneath this hysteria? . . . It did not matter.

"And so?"

"And so, what was I to do, Ray? He kept thinking I was the kind would do it if I wanted to, just as—*you* would. He got to acting so mad with me, Ray."

"Oh, Freda, what did it matter? Hugo is a fellow you wouldn't look at twice if it wasn't for his uncle. For all you know, the old gentleman may not even leave him a penny. Then where would you be?"

"Herman Hanck has made his will. Hugo told me. Hugo will be rich some day. Ray, what'll I do?"

"You haven't told me, Freda, just how it happened. He got to acting angry with you, and then?"

"And then—you remember that Sunday evening you wore your new suit and went out about six to meet some fellow at Mengelberg's, and you passed by the parlor and looked in and said to Hugo and me, 'Ta ta, be good.' "

"Well?"

"Well, that sent him off. Said there wasn't any more reason why I had to spend my time sitting him around in a dark parlor on a slippery sofa, than there was for you. Said he hated our parlor; hated sitting around in it. Didn't intend to. That evening—we didn't go over to the Young People's Forum . . .

"I can't tell you any more. Isn't that enough? Ray, hurry. If Mama knows, I'll kill myself, because she'll kill me first, if I don't. Hurry, Ray, and tell him he's got to make it right."

Ten-twenty-thirty. Ten-twenty-thirty. It was impossible to feel any reality about it. Freda, in her nightdress, her flaxen braids hanging down her shoulders, crying her bitter salt tears into the dawn; the clock on the mantel ticking loudly against her sobs.

"Why, darling, it's dark yet. I can't go to him now."

"If you don't, he may get away somewhere. He said it would be terrible to spoil things for us by letting this happen now. He—he—if you don't hurry, Ray, he may get away somewheres.

"Get him. Tell him something terrible will happen to him if he doesn't see me through. You may have to hunt for him, Ray. He's scared.

"Maybe he didn't sleep at home last night. Then you must try his uncle on Burnet Avenue. You know the big red house? Take a Zoo Eden car and change. Don't let him slip away, Ray.

"Tell him if—well, just tell him what I'll do. Tell him it will be the most scandalous thing ever happened in Cincinnati. And it will. If Mama finds out, she'll kill me if I don't kill myself first. So will Marshall kill him. Get him, quick!"

"But Freda, these things can't be done in a day. Give me until tomorrow. This is Sunday. I've got an en——"

"If you don't get him now—this morning," said Freda—"I'll shoot myself. I've got Marshall's gun, and I won't tell you where! I can't live——"

"Oh, my little girl!"

"Oh, no. No, no, no. Don't my-little-girl me! That won't help. You've got

to get him. I wouldn't ever be in this fix, if he hadn't seen you gallivanting off night after night."

"Freda!" Ray reached out and grasped the shoulders of Freda with her two hands and shook her until she lay breathless and sobbed:

"I'm done now. I'm finished. This is the end. Go away. I—wonder—what—to—do. I'm done now."

"Oh, poor Freda. Dear Freda. I must have gone crazy. I'll do anything you want. My poor sweet. Ray won't let anything happen to you."

"Then hurry, Ray. Go to him. Find him."

And so it came about that while Walter, puzzled, dallied with his mother in front of the lion cubs, Ray, on fire with her predicament, was racing from Hugo's rooming house in Race Street, where he was not, to his uncle's address on Burnet Avenue, where he might be.

The meeting with Hugo was one which was to bite in permanent and ugly etching against her memory. As luck would have it, he was seated on the steps of the side porch of his uncle's red-brick house, wallowing a fox terrier. He was a pale-eyed, pasty fellow, with an Adam's apple straining against the wall of his long thin throat and wrists that shot out like turtle necks.

At sight of Ray, suddenly there in the side yard, a wave of red poured along the plane of his forehead. She stood on the grassplot, watching him make self-conscious feints at the terrier.

"You know why I'm here, Hugo."

"Not asking, am I?"

"But you do."

"Maybe I do, and maybe I don't."

"No maybes."

"If you've come to start anything, you're up the wrong tree. My uncle keeps big dogs. You're trespassing."

Well, anyway, here was mere silliness to combat, not viciousness, as she had feared.

"Hugo, all I ask is that you come for a walk with me, where we can talk without interruption."

"And suppose I say naw!"

"Hugo, there is nothing to keep me from walking up these steps and into that dining room, where I can see the top of your uncle's head, and have with him the talk I need to have with you."

"If you think you can come around here trying to scare up a rumpus——"

"Very well, then, I——"

"Take your foot off that step!"

"Hugo, hadn't you better agree to talk this terrible thing out quietly with me?"

"I don't know what thing you mean."

"Come along, then. I'll tell you as we walk."

"Well, not because you're scaring me into it."

"I don't want to scare you into anything, Hugo."

Halfway down the block in front of a vacant lot, she faced him.

"What you have to do is plain as the nose on your face."

He thrust his lean features angrily toward her. "She's lying!"

"How dare you say that of my sister!"

"She is, and you know it. I've got her ticket. She's molasses that only pours the way it wants to pour.

"I know that baby. She's trying to trap me. She's molasses that pours the way it wants to pour and she's pouring toward me because she thinks she sees money ahead. Well, she don't need to. His nibs is after a gal himself, and the money she thinks she sees may go into that gal's pocket for all I know."

"Hugo!"

"Tell her, for me, she's pretty slick,

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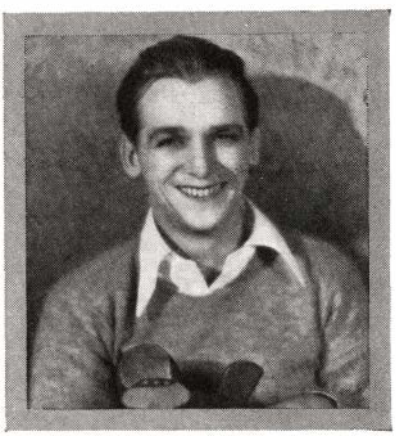

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., First National star, pronounces Joan Crawford a marvelous housekeeper. *"We serve Chase & Sanborn's Coffee,"* he says. *"It's the one coffee that's dependably fresh."*

ALFRED LUNT and LYNN FONTANNE, co-stars of the New *percent theatrical household like ours, but one thing* is *right: the*

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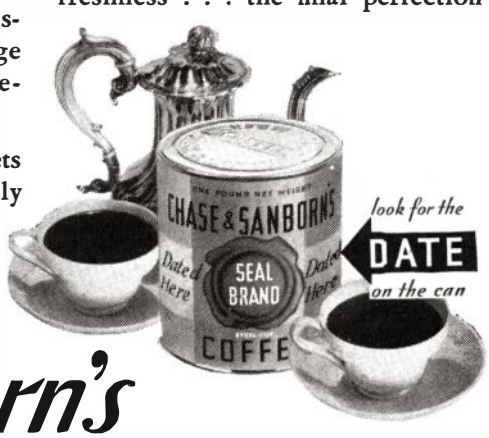

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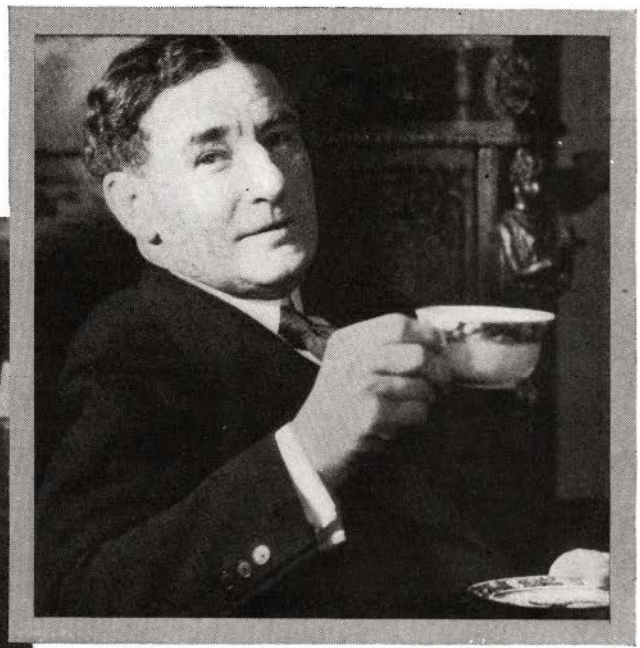

This year in "Ripples," FRED STONE, supported by two talented young daughters, again delighted doting audiences. *"As you probably know, we have never let theatrical careers interfere with our home life,"* he laughs. *"We fixed that by bringing all the family to the stage!*

"Mrs. Stone and I usually agree off stage as well as on. We both think good coffee plays an important part in home happiness, and that Chase & Sanborn's has a satisfying flavor."

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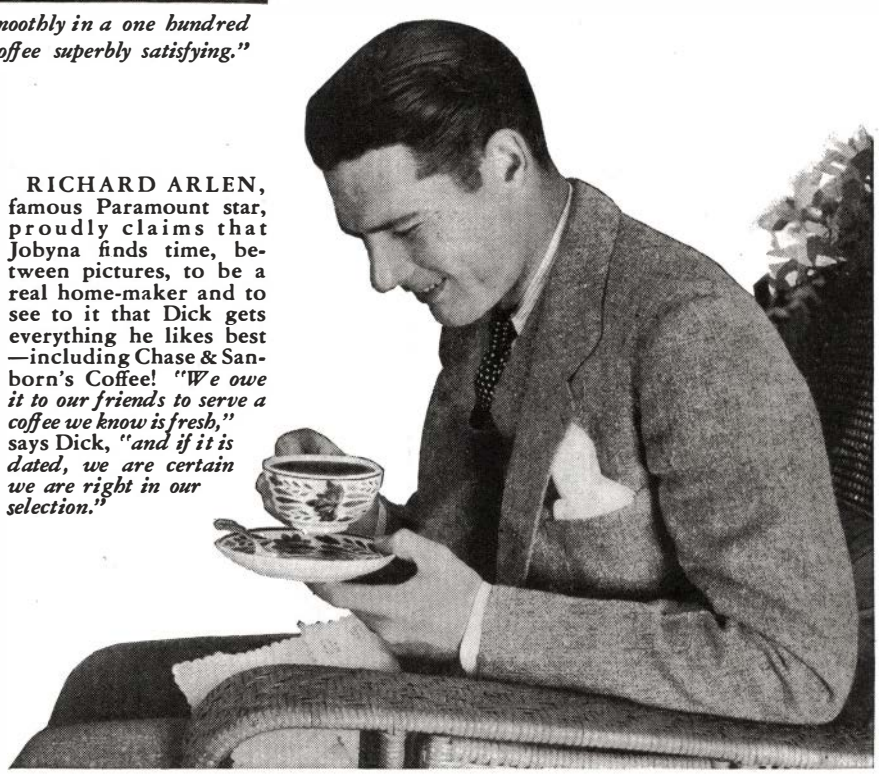

DATED Coffee

but she doesn't quite slide. Tell her little Willie is wiser than he looks. Tell her I pretended I didn't know what was going on in her and her mama's head, but a blind man could have seen it."

"If it was me, Hugo, there wouldn't be enough money in the world to make me marry you. But it's Freda, who hasn't got the nerve to face it out, and nothing in the world can save you from marrying her. Let me say that to you over again, Hugo, slowly: Nothing-in-the-world-can-save-you-from-marrying-her."

"Find me."

"Running away won't help. If anything terrible happens to Freda Tagenhorst because of you, this town will find you. I'll find you. Your uncle will find you. Oh, Hugo, be a man."

"That talk don't scare me." But he was frightened, no doubt of that.

"You're even lower, Hugo, than I thought. My sister's going to be a respectable married woman in this town!"

"Yeah—that's what she's after! Smells money, somewhere. Using me. Well, I won't be used. That ten-twenty-thirt' talk don't scare me."

Ten-twenty-thirty. The phrase spun around like a mill wheel. Even he, horrid boy, saw the snideness of this predicament. But that did not change matters. Life and death and all the ingredients mixed up here, passion and vice and childbirth and sin, were melodrama . . .

"Trying to make small of things won't get you anywhere, Hugo. They are not small. They are the very stuff life's made of. You're going to marry my sister today. If you try to dodge doing the honorable and upright thing now, your life is going to end before it's begun, in scandal, notoriety and disgrace. And worse!"

"You can't scare me!"

"Maybe not. I wish I didn't need to try, and that Freda had the stuff in her to tell you to go straight where you belong; but she hasn't, and so you're coming right down to Baymiller Street with me now and tell her you're going to marry her today. It's costing me the most expensive engagement I ever had in my life to see to it that you go through with it, but there is not five minutes between now and the time you are married that you can expect to be free of my company. See?"

Somehow he did. The gray mask of pallor, which faced Ray in the sunsplashed eleven o'clock of that bright Sunday morning, did see.

The same edition of the Enquirer that carried the small item of Freda's marriage to Hugo Hanck, also carried, more prominently, a paragraph announcing the betrothal of Corinne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Trauer of Richmond Street, to Walter Aaron Saxel, son of Mrs. Aaron Saxel of Hamilton, Ohio.

Clad for the store in her modish shirt waist and five-gored skirt, Ray read both announcements over her breakfast.

It was a wet day, filled with the dripping sounds of water running off tin gutters into rain barrels and beating against windowpanes. A soaked November morning, filled with the pulp of sodden leaves and blackening lawns.

Tagenhorst, exhausted by a Monday which had swept her off her feet with the quick sequence of desirable events, was oversleeping. Spiciness of dead carnations lay on the air. The young couple, on a six-day trip, with seventy-five dollars from Tagenhorst, were just about arriving at French Lick Springs.

Curiously, sitting there at the breakfast table while rain tapped, sipping her coffee and gazing over the cup rim at the newspaper which bore the two tidings in such ironic propinquity, a smile also dragged itself along Ray's dark red lips.

Well, what was there to knock her skywise about that! She had known it all along. On the evening she had first met Walter, he had been on his way to this. It was as it should be. Now was the time to be grand about it all. It had happened. It would happen again. Worse things had been lived through.

It was for the best, all her trumped-up evidence to the contrary notwithstanding. Intermarriages were a risk. Just as easy for a man to make up his mind to fall in love with the right girl as with the wrong.

All for the best. Probably the best thing that could have happened. All for the best. Certainly for Walter's best. But why—why always Walter? What about herself?

Well, as good fish in the ocean as ever came out of it! Perhaps some day—but to get back to Walter. Best, no doubt, for him. There was about Walter the aura of a man who would some day be rich. There would be perfectly matched pearls in the creases of Corinne's fair neck. There would be well-dressed children and a home in Avondale, or perhaps New York. The banking Friedlanders would establish him there.

Solidly right; as it should be. Madness of her even to have attempted to tinker at the gate of this mammoth tower of race. Fool! Just as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. Buckle down now to good old common sense. Life would go on. Rather! Today would be a crowded day at the store, owing to having missed yesterday while over in Covington getting Freda and Hugo married. Oh, there was plenty to do. Plenty to fill life. What is to be, will be. Pouf!

And "pouf" it remained for a period long enough to sustain her over such subsequent excitements as a marriage in the house, and Marshall's determination to transplant his mother's interests, such as they were, to Youngstown.

Life to be lived, and just as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. Better! Why make life more difficult than need be? Why break your heart because you had lost—had failed—oh, pouf!

There was plenty to do. She volunteered to give up her room to the young couple and move into the sewing room. Then, too, Heyman Heymann, hard-pressed, had taken it into his head to clear out the jets and passementeries to make room for a larger line of dressmaking findings. That meant clearance sales and a general readjustment.

Oh, there was plenty to do, to keep the mind occupied! But beneath the doings there persisted the lurking, hurting hope—surely he would come. He must come. It was not possible that there remained not a word to be said between them. Just some decent obituary over days that were gone; some decent good-bys to be said between them.

He did not come. Perhaps it was for the best. That was doubtless how he was putting it to himself. A man would make it simple for himself that way! Of course he wouldn't come. Of course he shouldn't come. There was already something legalized about his allegiance to the plump girl on Richmond Street who would some day wear his pearls.

Life wasn't like that, in neat closed chapters. The thing to do, loose ends to the contrary notwithstanding, was to begin another chapter. Plenty to do. What was there to the whole business, after all, except living and loving and helping? If you couldn't love again, ever, the next thing was to help. Help Freda. Help Tagenhorst. Yes, help

"BEAUTY LIKE THAT, AFTER YEARS OF THE TROPICAL SUN"

"The second curtain was down before I found her, but sure enough, it was Martie. She's flown from Cairo to the Cape since then, and hunted on the veldt (you must have read about it). You wouldn't believe it, Phil . . . beauty like that, after years of the tropical sun."—From the letters of an English traveler at home.

That Famous English Complexion is Guarded by one simple Beauty Treatment

SHE rides to hounds; she flies her own plane; she golfs in the cold, raw wind; she does all the things that are supposed to *ruin* feminine skins, and yet the Englishwoman is famed in two hemispheres for her glorious complexion. She hasn't the time to spend hours at her dressing-table, either, and so to preserve her radiant beauty she has settled upon one simple, effective treatment.

It consists of just three preparations: soap and cream and powder. To produce such results they are necessarily the finest obtainable — Yardley's English Lavender Soap, Yardley's English Complexion Cream, Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder. And lately, all three have been made available to American women.

You will use the soap to begin the cleansing which English Complexion Cream will complete. The cream will dislodge all the imbedded dust and lift it gently to the surface. Then you will wipe away the accumulation with cotton moistened in Yardley's Cleansing Lotion. Allow a second layer to remain on all night, to refresh the skin. In the morning, use English Complexion Cream as a powder foundation. Smooth on a liberal coat, and wipe away the unabsorbed surplus with water and an ordinary face cloth. Then apply Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder to give your skin the final caressing touch of loveliness. Would you like a complimentary copy of our booklet, "Complexions with an English Accent"?

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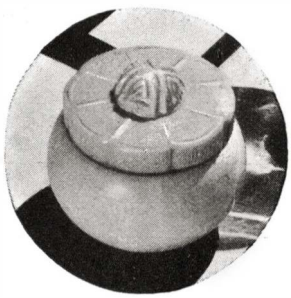

Yardley's English Complexion Cream, to cleanse, refresh and protect your skin. It is also used as a powder foundation, and can be washed away with water. In an exquisitely designed pot, $1.50.

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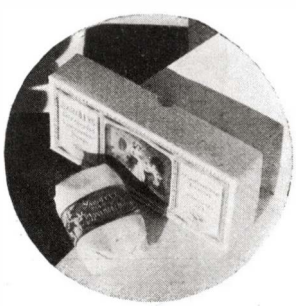

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Yardley's THE LOVABLE FRAGRANCE English Lavender

—Smart women consider the informal charm of Yardley's English Lavender, "the lovable fragrance," in perfect taste for all occasions. $15 to $1 in various-sized bottles.

Marshall. Help in that absurd struggle of the people to whom things blessedly mattered . . .

It was strange that Kurt, who neither knew nor suspected anything of all this, should call for her that evening at closing. And it was stranger still that, as he walked home with her through the rain-washed air and along the drying sidewalks, she should find herself again telling him, gently, and in all the merciful words she could muster, that her decision not to marry him was final.

The trip to New York buying dressmaking findings, on the strength of Heymann's determination to attempt a last resort, brought about the renewal of the old offer from the Greene Street firm of Longmans-Black, Ribbons, Veilings, Linings and Dressmaking Findings.

"Ever think about that offer we made you three years ago, Miss Schmidt? Still holds good."

The salary, especially considering the more complicated living procedure the move to New York would immediately entail, was none too interesting. Fifteen dollars a week in Cincinnati, even with the weekly stipend of eight which she was now paying Tagenhorst, was one matter. Twenty-five dollars a week in New York, another. Nevertheless, even while she contemplated nothing so drastic as moving to a city which baffled and even terrified, reiteration of the offer gave her a gratifying sense of security in the face of the unmistakable conditions in her late father's business.

Heyman Heymann, in spite of this outward gesture of trying to resuscitate the neglected department of dressmaking findings, was contemplating, Ray had good reason to know, the dissolution of the old firm into the name and prestige of one of the largest concerns of the kind in the Middle West, the Acme Dress Findings Company of St. Louis.

Should materialization of this incipient plan take place, what then? Would Acme take her over? Not likely, because with an old conservative firm like Acme, women employees were an innovation yet to be made.

The house on Baymiller was being "swapped" for a two-family house in Youngstown, one-half of which heretofore had been occupied by Marshall and his wife.

Plans for dissolution all about, just as with every ounce of resolution at her command, Ray was struggling to fit into a world which no longer interested her.

Where was her old vitality for the small fry of activities? Where the eagerness with which she met the issues of business, the next new form of entertainment; the vivacity that had always been hers to expend upon the delights of modish regalia? Where were those old days, old only in the sense that they lay moldering in her memory, now that her vitality for them had dimmed?

It was difficult to drag the lids awake upon the new régime of a life devitalized of practically every former desire. It penetrated, this vast inertia, to such literal appetites as desire for food. It was mysterious, the manner in which the flavor had been whisked out of a life that she had accepted unquestioningly.

Oh, it was right that Walter did not come. Right and loyal and part of the solidity that to her was always to seem fearful and wonderful in its immensity. The solidity which had practically destroyed her, and yet was something to admire. Oh, it was right that Walter did not come. In fact, after the first few weeks, it seemed to Ray that to encounter him would be more than she could bear.

The trip to New York, which had consumed only eight days, made the time which had elapsed since the morning she had read the news in the Enquirer seem somehow longer than it actually was. That, and the cataclysmic changes in the household, brought about by Freda's precipitate marriage, had packed a brief period with a dazzling allotment of events that seemed to throw sense of time out of plumb.

The young couple had returned from French Lick Springs, and were installed in what had been Ray's bedroom. There had been a fierce joy in decking out that room for the return of the bridal pair.

It was extraordinary, the quality of submission Hugo had brought to his marriage. Once the words of sacrament were spoken, there had descended upon him the demeanor of bridegroom triumphant. The flaxen Freda returned from her brief honeymoon the lovely, surrendering bride of an absurdly pretentious husband.

Herman Hanck had resisted at first, coming out with a statement to a reporter that he washed his hands of his nephew's elopement; but after overtures from the young couple, there had come along a wedding check for five hundred dollars, and a supper at the house on Burnet Avenue from which Freda and Tagenhorst had returned in a delirium of enthusiasm for the elderly brewer.

Now, however, was not the time to press matters. Herman Hanck was a conservative, if ever there was one, but he had plans.

He as much as told his nephew after pinching Freda's cheek, that whether or not he decided to bring them into his home depended on certain developments. That, of course, was his way of refusing to make matters too easy for the youngsters. Obviously, the clever strategy was for Hugo to keep his position, while Tagenhorst acted as hostess to the young couple. Hugo knew the wisdom of biding his time with his uncle.

It was vicariously reassuring, somehow, to be around the enormous complacency of the mother-hen, Tagenhorst, and also to behold the phenomenon of Hugo, doltish fellow, seeming to fall in love with his wife. Freda's whiteness made her seem flesh of the pearl, and the way in which she wrapped her head in flaxen braids kept her childish-looking in a manner that seemed just to have dawned, in delight, upon Hugo.

And how she fitted into marriage! As if it were an old dressing sack which she donned comfortably. Scarcely two weeks after the return from the honeymoon, she began to appear at the breakfast table in a dressing sack, her feet sloughing about in slippers she would have scorned as a girl. A newly economical, purring Freda, who followed her husband mornings to the porch, waving him good-by as he swung aboard a car, and then sloughing back into the house on the shoes that shuffled, and likely as not, spending her morning at making their bed and sewing buttons on Hugo's cheaply flashy shirts.

To think that Freda was going to have a baby! Sometimes it seemed to Ray nothing short of incredible.

It was fine to plan for the baby. Lying wakeful night after night, when misery threatened to come down like scythes slashing through and through her, it helped to concentrate on that baby. How Tagenhorst would begin to crochet and knit, when she knew.

When she knew! Freda would not hear to that, yet. Meanwhile, it was lovely to have for a little while longer the secret of that life in the making.

How lucky, after all, was Freda! Life

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was going to be bright and normal for her after its terrifying beginning, based on a silly mistake. From now on, particularly after Hanck took them into the fold of his wealth, it would be safe. Secure. She would have more babies. Hugo would mature and fill out and become less the silly.

Corinne would have babies, too. His. Well, she was not the only girl in the history of the world to have a baby by a man loved by some other woman. The kibosh on such thoughts! But what if you could not help thinking them? What if they kept the night a feverish horror?

A few blocks away, asleep, no doubt, careless of her blessedness, lay the girl who would be wife to him, and mother to his children, recipient of his caresses and the security of his home. That was as it should be. It would be a firm, tight, protected home, where Walter would prosper and his children would be born and thrive and study and learn music and science and the arts and become accomplished after the fashion of Jewish children.

Walter's children—it was as it should be. Like to like. Walter to his kind. Ray to hers. What was her kind? The married drummers? Kurt? Ah, why not Kurt?

The thought rolled over Ray, troubled night after troubled night, that if only she had never clapped eyes on Walter Saxel, life would still be something to be lived up to its hilt, instead of something to lie broken and huddled over in bed, whole nights through.

I've had a crash. I must get over it. Thousands of girls do. But I won't ever. Because I can't. I am like that.

One snow-decked day, about two weeks before Christmas, this happened: There walked into Schmidt's Corinne Trauer and her mother.

There she was, the fair, plump Corinne, in a short sealskin jacket, its peplum spreading from her slim waist as it tilted off her bustle, hat that rose with that same gesture of a boost from the rear and hands thrust into a round sealskin ball of a muff upon which were pinned fresh violets. A fashionable little person; lovely smell of cold violets all about her.

Mrs. Trauer, in a sealskin cape with fitted shoulders, and a bonnet with sprays of swinging jet, looking animated and well fed. Their good mornings were polite, toneless. Vaguely, to their shopping memories, Ray was that stylish-looking girl who had been for years at Schmidt's. One went so seldom to Schmidt's these days—but their veilings were still the best in town.

"White net, please. Finest mesh." And then with the air of, "Oh, if you must know"—"Wedding veiling."

Here it came, crash at her. Wedding veiling. And there she was, tilting the bolts of net off the shelves and ballooning before them the tulles that rose in soufflés.

What a canny pair they were, these Trauers, rubbing the sheerness of bridal veiling between fingers, holding it against a sample of ivory-colored satin, ordering Ray again and again to experiment with draping Corinne in different varieties of the raiments of the bride.

"You see, miss, her dress is to be out of my own wedding gown. A little more ivory in the veiling—oh, daughter, stop fidgeting. How can the young lady manage?"

"Oh, Mama, wouldn't it be heavenly if I could have orange blossoms on the hem? . . . Walter says he's sure to trip over it, hurrying."

Underneath Ray's shoulders, another and hidden pair kept shaking and shaking with submerged, silent laughter.

"Four yards. Let veil cover face just enough to make it a simple matter to lift it after the ceremony."

Walter would lift the veil after the ceremony to kiss those pale roses of lips. Those lips were there now, close enough for her to touch. To twist!

"Don't you think some of that pretty valenciennes edging will be nice for corset covers and dressing sacks, daughter, to wear around the house?"

"But Walter's mother is crocheting so much lace for me!"

"So she is! Then come, daughter, we'll be late at Madame Simonson's for your fitting. You'll send the things promptly, won't you, miss? You see, they're for a wedding."

"Indeed I will. Oh, Miss Trauer, you are forgetting your muff! The pretty violets!"

The pretty violets-the-pretty-violets-the-pretty-violets! His to her. The pretty violets that were on the grave of the day.

What happened subsequently, after the two had passed out into a world lighted with swirling snowflakes, was what kept her stiffly on her feet instead of permitting her to obey an impulse to huddle down behind a counter and just crouch there until somehow this day wore on. Heyman Heymann, as if he had only been waiting for the lull between customers, was at her side, cracking his knuckles and trying to be kind.

Schmidt's was sold. Even the name was to be absorbed into that of the St. Louis firm. Day of little business was gone. Fortunate to break even. Of course, had already put in an excellent word for Ray, but ways of big business stereotyped. General reorganization. No women had ever been employed by the St. Louis firm.

"Y'know! Conservative town. Of course, always glad to put in good word for you. Might-y glad. But ways of big business stereotyped. Never tell how the big fellows might jump."

In this instance Ray could.

She knew that her days at Schmidt's, where she had spent so many years of her life, beginning January first when the new firm took over the old, were over. So much was over!

On Baymiller Street, the Tagenhorsts and Hugo were already at table that night when she arrived. There was a small blue print spread beside Hugo's plate which he perused through near-sighted eyes as he bolted his food.

"Marshall has swapped this house for what looks to me like a pair of twin packing cases in Youngstown," he said, and shoved the blue print toward her.

She had been prepared for this. The negotiation was one of long duration and endless discussion, and now here it was, and suddenly this house on Baymiller became unbearably precious.

This square frame house was crammed with the memories of her lifetime. She had lain in her cradle here, toddled through its halls, felt the first pangs and joys of adolescence moving up against her body like grass tips against spring soil. And now, suddenly, the last vestiges of those days were to end.

Tagenhorst, smitten evidently with that same sense of eruption, snatched at the blue print. "Nothing is settled yet."

"Good as."

"Nothing is signed yet."

"But you've got to sign, Mama," piped Freda. "Marshall put the cross right there, where you must write your name on the dotted line."

"It's hard to know what to do in this

They meet their CLOSE-UP TEST *Triumphantly —*

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NOW . . . the close-up! Eager eyes admiring . . . pulses quickening . . . hearts irresistibly *won* . . . The acid test of beauty, 45 Hollywood directors declare, is the close-up—taken under a cruel, revealing blaze of light. A test, they have found, which only the girl with flawless skin can pass!

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tormenting world," said Tagenhorst, defensive, nervous.

"It's all right with me," said Ray, and drank her coffee in quick nervous gulps.

"Where will you go, Ray?" queried Freda.

"I'll board."

"We will, too—won't we, Hugo, until——?"

"I'll go right on to Youngstown," contributed Tagenhorst, "and help Marshall rent the other half of the house. No use my hanging around Cincinnati, now that the children will be going to live at the Hanck house."

"Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea," was Hugo's retort to that.

"Why, Hugo, we will be at Uncle Hanck's soon. Mama's right."

"Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea. We will, but why not now? What's he waiting for?"

"I wish I knew," sighed Freda. "It's hard, living from day to day on hopes."

Whenever she discussed life in the big brick house on Burnet Avenue, and the brick stable with its carriages, her eyes began to burn as if someone had set a match to two laid grates. How they leaped with the flames of desire!

Well, it was right to desire. It was necessary to desire. Tagenhorst, popping forkfuls of food into her mouth, was desiring. She desired profit. She desired well-being and improvement for her children. She desired much for herself. It was not inconceivable that she would marry again.

Only Ray lacked desire. It was borne in upon her, crumbling her bread into pellets, that among those sitting there, filled with intent and purpose over the pattern of their lives, only she found herself in the predicament of not even desiring to desire.

Let the eruption that was about to happen all around her take place. Why feel so seriously about anything? Life would flow on. Freda would have her baby . . .

There was a present for baby that moment in her muff out on the hatrack. A tiny knitted jacket and cap with a pair of pink bootees to match. She had purchased it that morning, and there it reposed, waiting to be given, in secret, to the flaccid mother-to-be.

Almost immediately after the meal was cleared, Ray snatched Freda into her bedroom, closing the door, locking it and springing the knitted set full upon her by spreading it across the bed.

"If it's a girl, Freda, you can exchange it for blue!"

"If what's a girl?' cried Freda, and then stood with her telltale eyes stretched in realization of her blunder.

Strange, but in that instant each knew her separate truth. Ray, with a sense of being taken in and a sense of sickening impotency, the like of which she had never known before; Freda, with the realization that it was futile to try to postpone any longer the hour of her inevitable reckoning with Ray.

"I thought I was going to have a kid at first, Ray. Honestly I did."

"You lied from the first."

"I didn't. I thought——"

"You lied from the first!"

"I didn't."

"If you say that again I—I'll hurt you!" cried Ray and caught and shook Freda until her teeth chattered.

Freda began to whimper. "You won't tell Hugo, Ray?"

"I won't tell him anything," said Ray in the lusterless monotone of a voice too tired for inflection. "I won't tell anything to anybody—ever—because I don't ever want to see anybody again; least of all, you!"

"Ray, it was this way——"

"Leave me alone. I want terribly to be—left alone. I promise anything—but if you don't go, Freda, there's no telling—— I feel so kind of desperate. If you don't get out of my sight, I—I might even hurt you. Go!"

Left alone, Ray began to laugh and sob at the first of a series of pictures that were to stalk through her mind that night: Eleven o'clock of a chiming Sunday morning. Walter and his mother dallying before the lion-cub cage at Zoo Eden Park. Herself and Hugo Hanck standing face to face in front of a vacant lot on Burnet Avenue . . .

By the time the Christmas wreaths in the windows had begun to accumulate the dust of the last days of the year, Ray had received her notification that the absorption of Schmidt's into Acme Findings Company, of St. Louis, did not include her.

Freda, by the simple device of remaining in bed for a day, looking waxen and flaxen, had succeeded in conveying to Hugo whatever it was necessary to convey, because now, beatitude unpunctured, his husbandlike concern seemed switched to his wife's return to health.

Christmas in the house on Baymiller Street had been spent among packing cases, trunks and dismantled rooms. The Youngstown deal had gone through, and Tagenhorst was about to embark to Youngstown for a visit pending certain decisions of Freda's and Hugo's, which of course had to do with Herman Hanck.

Freda and Hugo had rented a furnished room over a grocery store. The hoped-for invitation to share the red-brick house had not yet come from Herman Hanck, but he had eaten his Christmas dinner in the house on Baymiller Street, was apparently enormously taken of the *Mädchen* Freda, and had sent around, on the eve of Christmas, by carriage and two, a bushel of walnuts and forty-eight bottles of beer.

This had thrown Tagenhorst and the young people into a state of excitement, because at first disappointment had been keen that the invitation for Christmas dinner had not come from Hanck. In fact, the laboriously composed note from Freda and Hugo, asking him to holiday meal, had only been sent as a reminder where lay his duty.

But the old man had accepted with alacrity. For three days, in the midst of a move that was as difficult as it was complicated, Tagenhorst had been obliged to lay aside everything and concentrate on this feast. And feast it was! For four hours and a half, on Christmas day, the groaning board of Tagenhorst offered up its viands: its noodle soup, its roast pig, its boiled-beef-in-kraut, its drop dumplings, its hot biscuit, its seasoned gravies, its suet pudding, lemon pie, Edam cheese, its nuts and raisins, popcorn, sweets, and fruits to Hanck, who partook with a sustained vigor worthy of his great girth.

It was after the dinner, warmed, it is true, with Rhine wine, that Hanck, apprehending Ray alone in the hall under the stairs, grasped her with both his pudgy arms about the waist.

"You're a fine girl," he whispered. "Would you like to have a good time some night at my house? Say quick!"

Here it was again. Damnably. Mysteriously. Sickeningly. This piece of old rubber ballooning daring such a procedure, and in her own home!

That he should have dared, made Ray's lips tighten for days.

If Tagenhorst noticed, she was noncommittal.

"I cannot make up my mind if what I am doing is for the best," she kept saying. "For a penny I'd back out. I half wish Marshall had kept out of my affairs, the way he did before I had any to attract him. Then those children boarding out thataway! I only hope what I am doing is for the best."

For Ray it was, of that much she felt sure. Her heart might twist and hurt at what was about to befall her, as she lived in the center of the disintegration of the house in which she had been born, but somehow, with consistency, the hand of change was upon her.

She had taken a room at the Oberdayers', a house two blocks away, on Baymiller. The Oberdayers were an elderly pair who had four daughters, all married and out of the nest.

The Oberdayer girls, rigidly reared, had played through the years of childhood in the Schmidt back yard, but as they grew into maturity had not been allowed to "go" with the fly Schmidt girl.

It was easy for Bertha Oberdayer, however, who found her third floor difficult to heat and therefore difficult to rent, to forget. It was easier for Ray.

What did it all matter? Perhaps Bertha had been right about her daughters. At least they were all married. By now practically every girl with whom Ray had grown up was married.

What future was there in clerking at Pogue's and rooming at the Oberdayers'? Idiot. Idiot. Idiot. The way to security lay in Kurt. He would go far and in a line of business that had to do with transportation, and that meant his interests would be close to the sporting world. That meant much to Ray.

Well, what of it? No harm in loving the excitement of the races and baseball, or the thrill of playing hazard. Kurt could be trained to do the gay thing.

Some day, with Kurt, she might even be driving around town in her own tandem! Idiot. Idiot. A Jewish boy with gray eyes and black lashes and a black mustache over square white teeth and a gentleness of manner and an easy spending way, and an inherent regard for the things that make for respectability and stability, had taken the heart out of every other desire.

The position at Pogue's did not come off. After the first douse, it struck her that this was neither so important nor so significant as it had seemed at initial shock. With nine hundred dollars in the bank, and the knowledge that there were several good contacts still in the offing, she could afford to take her time. As a matter of fact, Alms and Doepke had made an advance to her during the period she had considered her negotiation with Pogue's practically closed.

She never entered into the matter of employment, however, with them or with any other Cincinnati firm, because one morning, sitting at breakfast and reading the announcement of the wedding date of Corinne Trauer and Walter Saxel, the thought flowed over her calmly: Why should I stay around here? I think I'll wire Eddie Longmans and ask him if the job he offered me in New York is still open. Funny I never thought of that before. Why should I stay here?

Next Month Fannie Hurst tells what befalls Ray Schmidt, of Baymiller Street, Cincinnati—a woman alone in New York in the '90's '

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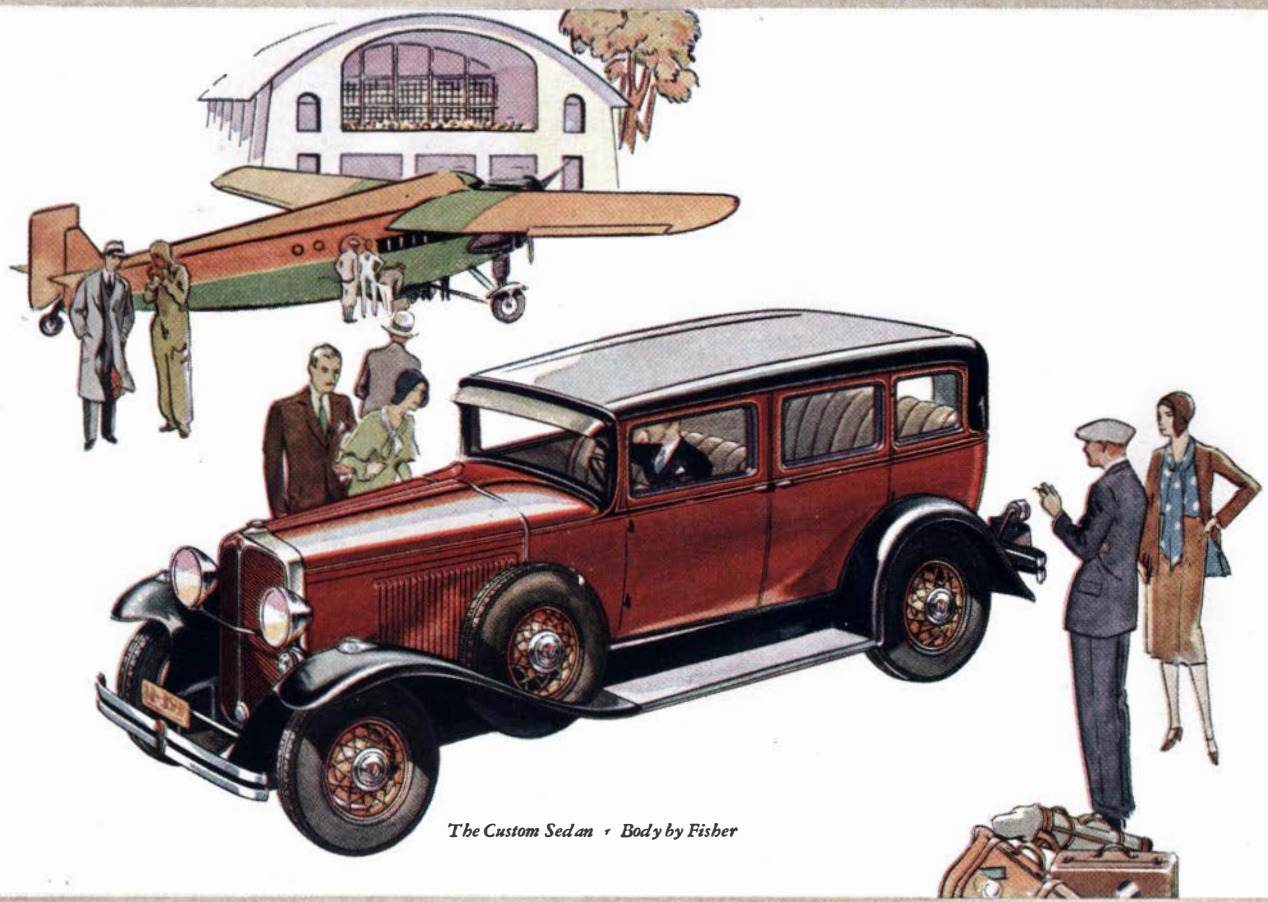

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The Gratitude of M. de Coulevain (*Continued from page 78*)

condition. interrupted his lament to recall him to the demands of common courtesy. "You have not yet thanked this gentleman for the heroic service he has rendered us."

Blood caught the sneer and perceived its double edge. At last he found it in his heart to pity her.

Belatedly and clumsily, Monsieur de Coulevain expressed his thanks, and then Madame took her leave of them. She confessed herself exhausted.

Coulevain, heavy-eyed, watched her depart, and remained staring until Captain Blood's brisk voice aroused him.

"If you were to offer me some breakfast, sir, that would be a practical measure of repayment."

Coulevain swore. "Death of my life! How negligent I am! These troubles, sir. You'll understand. You forgive me, Monsieur—I have not the honor to know your name."

"Vandermeer. Peter Vandermeer, at your service."

And then another voice cut in, a voice that spoke French with a rasping English accent. "Are you quite sure that that is your name?"

Blood span round. On the threshold of the adjacent room from which Colonel de Coulevain had earlier issued stood now the stocky figure of a youngish man in a red coat that was laced with silver. In the plump florid countenance Captain Blood recognized at a glance his old acquaintance, Captain Macartney, who had been second in command at Antigua when some months before Captain Blood had slipped through the fingers of the British there. His momentary surprise was dispelled by remembrance of the English frigate which had passed him as they were approaching Basseterre.

The gentleman was smiling hatefully. "Good morning, Captain Blood. This time you have no buccaneers at your heels, no ships, no demicannons with which to intimidate us."

So ominous was the speaker's tone that Blood's hand flew instinctively to his left side. The Englishman's smile became a laugh.

"Not even a sword, Captain Blood."

"Its absence will no doubt encourage your impertinences."

But now the colonel was intervening. "Captain Blood, did you say? Captain Blood? Not the filibuster? Not——"

"The filibuster indeed, the buccaneer, the escaped convict on whose head the British Government has placed the price of a thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds!" Coulevain's dark, blood-injected eyes returned to the contemplation of his wife's preserver. "Sir, sir! Is this true, sir?"

"Bah!" Blood shrugged. "Of course it's true. Who else do you suppose could have done what I have told you that I did last night?"

COULEVAIN continued to stare at him with increasing wonder. "And you contrived to pass yourself off as a Dutchman on a Spanish ship?"

"Who else but Captain Blood could have done that? I hope, none the less, you'll give me breakfast, my colonel."

"Aboard the Royal Duchess," said Macartney, evilly facetious, "you shall have all the breakfast you require."

"Much obliged. But I have a prior claim on the hospitality of Colonel de Coulevain, for services rendered to his wife."

Major Macartney—he had been promoted since Blood's last meeting with him—smiled. "My claim can wait, then, until your fast is broken."

"What claim is that?" quoth Coulevain.

"To do my duty by arresting this cursed pirate and delivering him to the hangman."

Monsieur de Coulevain seemed shocked. "Arrest him? You want to laugh, I think. This, sir, is France. Your warrant does not run on French soil."

"Perhaps not. But there is an agreement between France and England for the prompt exchange of any prisoners who may have escaped from a penal settlement. Under that agreement, sir, you dare not refuse to surrender Captain Blood to me."

"Surrender him to you? My guest? The man who has served me so nobly? Sir, it—it is unthinkable."

Macartney was gravely calm. "I perceive your scruples. I respect them. But duty is duty."

"I care nothing for your duty, sir."

The major's manner became more stern. "Colonel de Coulevain, I have the means at hand to enforce my demand, and my duty will compel me to employ it."

"What! You would land your men under arms on French soil?"

"If you are obstinate in your misplaced chivalry you will leave me no choice."

"But—Lord of my life! That would be an act of war. War between the nations would be the probable result."

Macartney shook his round head. "The certain result would be the cashiering of Colonel de Coulevain for having made the act necessary in defiance of the existing agreement." He smiled maliciously. "I think you will be sufficiently under a cloud already, my colonel, for yesterday's events here."

Coulevain sat down heavily. He appealed in his distress to Captain Blood. "Death of my life! What am I to do?"

"I am afraid," said Captain Blood, "that his reasoning is faultless." He stifled a yawn. "You'll forgive me. I was out in the open all night." And he, too, sat down. "Do not permit yourself to be distressed, my colonel. This business of playing Providence is seldom properly requited by Fortune."

"But what am I to do, sir?"

Under his sleepy exterior, Captain Blood's wits were wide-awake and busy. It was within his experience of these officers sent overseas that they belonged almost without exception to one of two classes: they were either men who, like Coulevain, had dissipated their fortunes, or else younger sons with no fortunes to dissipate. Now, as he afterwards expressed it, he heaved the lead so as to sound the depth of Macartney's disinterestedness and honesty of purpose.

"You will give me up, of course, my colonel. And the British Government will pay you the reward of a thousand pounds—five thousand pieces of eight."

Each officer made a sharp movement at that, and from each came an almost inarticulate ejaculation of inquiry. Captain Blood explained himself.

"It is so provided by the agreement under which Major Macartney claims my surrender. Any reward for the apprehension of an escaped prisoner is payable to the person surrendering him to the authorities. Here on French soil it will be you, my colonel, who will surrender me. Major Macartney is merely the representative of the authorities, the British Government, to whom I am surrendered."

The Englishman's face lost some of its high color; his breathing quickened. Blood had heaved the lead to some purpose. It had given him the exact depth of Macartney, who stood now tongue-tied and crestfallen, forbidden by decency from making the least protest against the suddenly vanished prospect of a thousand pounds.

But this was not the only phenomenon induced by Blood's disclosure of the exact situation. Colonel de Coulevain, too, was oddly stricken. The sudden prospect of easily acquiring this magnificent sum seemed to have affected him as oddly as the contrary had affected Macartney.

This was an unexpected complication to the observant Captain Blood. But it led him at once to remember that Madame de Coulevain had described her husband as a broken gamester harassed by creditors. He wondered what would be the ultimate clash of the evil forces he was releasing.

"There is no more to be said, my colonel," he drawled. "Circumstances have been too much for me. I know when I've lost, and I must pay." He yawned again. "Meanwhile, if I might have a little food and rest, I should be grateful. Perhaps Major Macartney will give me leave until this evening, when he can come to fetch me with an escort."

MACARTNEY'S elation had completely left him. His shoulders drooped. "Very well," he said sourly, and turned towards the door. "I'll return for you at six o'clock." But on the threshold he paused. "You'll play me no tricks. Captain Blood?"

"Tricks? What tricks can I play?" The captain smiled wistfully. "I have no buccaneers, no ship, no demicannons. Not even a sword. as ye remarked, major. For the only trick I might yet play you——" He broke off, and changed his tone to add: "Major Macartney, since there's no thousand pounds to be earned by taking me, should you not be a fool to refuse a thousand pounds for leaving me? For forgetting that ye've seen me?"

Macartney flushed. "What the devil do you mean?"

"Now don't be getting hot, major. Think it over until this evening. A thousand pounds is a deal of money."

Macartney bit his lip, looking searchingly meanwhile at the colonel. "It—it's unthinkable!" he exploded. "I am not to be bribed. Unthinkable! If it were known——"

Blood chuckled. "Is that what's troubling you? But who's to tell? Colonel de Coulevain owes me silence at least."

The brooding colonel roused himself. "Oh, at least, at least! Have no doubt of that, sir."

Macartney looked from one to the other of them, a man plainly in the grip of temptation. He swore in his throat. "I'll return at six," he announced shortly.

"With an escort, major, or alone?" was Blood's sly question.

"That's—that's as may be." He strode out, and they heard his angrily planted feet go clattering across the hall.

Captain Blood winked at the colonel, and rose. "I'll wager you a thousand pounds that there will be no escort."

"I cannot take the wager since I am of the same opinion."

"Now that's a pity, for I shall require the money, and I don't know how else to obtain it. It is possible he may consent to accept my note of hand.'

"No need to distress yourself on that score."

Captain Blood searched the colonel's heavy countenance. It wore a smile; a

smile intended to be friendly. But somehow Captain Blood did not like the face any better on that account.

"You may break your fast and take your rest with an easy mind, sir. I will deal with Major Macartney when he returns."

"You will deal with him? Do you mean that you will advance the money?"

"I owe you no less, my dear captain."

Again Captain Blood gave him a long searching stare before he bowed and spoke his eloquent thanks. The proposal was amazing. So amazing, coming from a broken gamester harassed by creditors, that it was not to be believed.

When, having broken his fast, Captain Blood repaired to the bed which Abraham had prepared for him in a room abovestairs, despite his weariness he lay for some time considering it all. He recalled the change in Coulevain's manner when it was disclosed that the reward would go to him; he saw again the oily smile on the colonel's face. If he knew men at all, Coulevain was the last whom he would trust.

OF HIMSELF he was aware that he was an extremely negotiable security. The British Government had set a definite price upon his head. But it was widely known that the Spaniards whom he had harassed and pillaged without mercy would pay three or four times that price for him alive, so that they might have the pleasure of roasting him.

Had this scoundrel Coulevain suddenly perceived that the advent in Marie-Galante of this savior of his wife's honor was a windfall with which to repair his battered fortunes? If the half of what Madame de Coulevain had said of her husband was true, there was no reason to suppose that any nice scruples would restrain him.

The more he considered, the more the captain's uneasiness increased. He began to perceive that he was in an extremely tight corner. He even went so far as to ask himself if the most prudent course might not be to rise, weary as he was, slip down to the mole, get aboard the pinnace which already had served him so well, and trust himself in her to the mercies of the ocean. But whither steer a course in that frail cockleshell? Only the neighboring islands were possible, all either French or British.

On British soil he was certain of arrest with the gallows to follow; whilst on French soil he could hardly expect to fare better. If only he had money with which to purchase a passage on some ship that might pick him up at sea, money enough to induce a shipmaster to ask no questions whilst landing him off Tortuga. But the only thing of value in his possession was the pearl in his left ear, worth perhaps five hundred pieces.

He was disposed to curse that raid in canoes upon the pearl fisheries of Cariaco which had resulted in disaster, had separated him from his ship, and had left him since adrift. But since cursing past events is the least profitable method of averting future ones, he decided to take the sleep of which he stood in need.

He timed himself to awaken at six o'clock, the hour at which Major Macartney was to return; and, his well-trained senses responding to that command, he awakened punctually. The angle of the sun was his sufficient clock.

He had scarcely donned his shoes, his coat and his periwig when through the open window floated up to him the sound of Macartney's voice. It was answered instantly by the colonel's with a hearty: "Come you in, sir; come in."

In the nick of time, thought Blood; and he accepted the circumstance as a good omen. Cautiously he made his way below, meeting no one on the stairs or in the hall. Outside the door of the dining room he stood listening. A hum of voices reached him, but they came from the room beyond. Noiselessly he opened the door and slid across the threshold. The place was empty. The door of the adjacent room stood ajar. Through this came now the colonel's voice.

"Depend upon it. He is under my hand. Spain, as you've said, will pay three times this sum, or even more, for him. Therefore, he should be glad to ransom himself for, say, five times the amount of this advance."

The colonel chuckled, adding: "I have the advantage of you, major, in that I can hold him to ransom, which your position as a British officer makes impossible to you. All things considered, you are fortunate; yes, and wise to earn a thousand pounds for yourself."

"Lord of my life!" said Macartney, rendered suddenly virtuous by jealousy. "And that's how you pay your debts and reward the man for preserving your wife's life and honor!"

"Shall we abstain from comments?" the colonel suggested sourly.

"Oh, by all means. Give me the money and I'll go my ways."

"It is in rolls of twenty double moidores. Will you count them?"

There followed a mumbling pause, and at the end of it came the colonel's voice again. "If you will sign this quittance, the matter is at an end."

"Quittance?"

"I'll read it to you." And the colonel read: "I acknowledge, and give Colonel Jerome de Coulevain this quittance for, the sum of five thousand pieces of eight, received from him in consideration of my forbearing from any action against Captain Blood, and of my undertaking no action whatever hereafter for as long as he may remain the guest of Colonel de Coulevain on the island of Marie-Galante or elsewhere. Given under my hand and seal this tenth day of July of 1688 . . ."

As the colonel's voice trailed off there came an explosion from Macartney.

"'Sdeath, colonel! Are you mad or do you think that I am?"

"What do you find amiss? Is it not a correct statement?"

Macartney banged the table. "It puts a rope round my neck."

"Only if you play me false. What other guarantee have I that when you've taken these five thousand pieces you will keep faith with me?"

"You have my word," said Macartney. "And my word must content you."

"Your word! Your word!" The Frenchman's sneer was unmistakable. "Ah, that, no. Your word is not enough."

"You want to insult me!"

"Pish! Let us be practical, major. Ask yourself: would you accept the word of a man in a transaction in which his own part is dishonest?"

"Dishonest, sir? What do you mean?"

"Are you not accepting a bribe to be false to your duty?"

"By heaven! This comes well from you, considering your intentions."

"You make it necessary. Besides, have I played the hypocrite as to my part? I have been unnecessarily frank, even to appearing a rogue. But as in your case, major, necessity knows no law with me."

A pause followed upon those conciliatory words. Then: "Nevertheless," said Macartney, "I do not sign that paper."

"You'll sign and seal it, or I do not pay the money. What do you fear, major? I give you my word."

"Your word! In what is your word better than mine?"

"The circumstances make a difference between us. And on my side there can be no temptation to break faith, as on yours. It cannot profit me."

It was clear to Blood by now that since Macartney had not struck the Frenchman for his insults, he would end by signing. He therefore heard without surprise Macartney's angry outburst: "Give me the pen! Let us have done."

Another pause followed, then the colonel's voice: "And now seal it here, where I have set the wax. The signet on your finger will serve."

Captain Blood waited for no more. The long windows stood open to the garden, over which the dusk was rapidly descending. He stepped noiselessly out, and vanished amid the shrubs. About the stem of a silk-cotton tree he found a tough slender liana swarming like a snake. He brought out his knife, slashed it near the root and drew it down.

As Captain Macartney, softly humming to himself, a heavy leather bag in the crook of each arm, came presently down the avenue between the palms, he tripped over what he conceived to be a rope stretched taut across the path, and spread-eagled forward with a crash.

As he lay momentarily half stunned by the heavy fall, a weight descended on his back, and in his ear a voice was murmuring in English with a strong Irish accent: "I have no buccaneers, major, no ship, no demicannons, and as ye remarked, not even a sword. But I still have my hands and my wits, and they should more than suffice to deal with a paltry rogue like you."

"By heaven!" swore Macartney, though half choked. "You shall hang for this, Captain Blood. By heaven, you shall!" Frenziedly he struggled to elude the grip of his assailant. His sword being useless in his present position, he sought to reach the pocket in which he carried a pistol, but by the movement merely betrayed its presence.

Captain Blood possessed himself of it and tapped Macartney twice over the head with the butt. The major sank forward gently, like a man asleep.

Captain Blood rose and peered about him through the dusk. All was still. He went to pick up the leather bags which Macartney had dropped as he fell. He made a sling for them with his scarf, and so hung them from his neck. Then he raised the unconscious major, swung him skillfully to his shoulder and staggered down the avenue.

He went steadily ahead until he reached the low wall of the churchyard, just as the moon was beginning to rise. He eased his burden to the summit of this wall, toppled it over into the churchyard and then climbed after it.

WHAT he had to do there was quickly done by the light of the moon, under the shelter of that wall. With the man's own sash he trussed him up at wrists and ankles. Then he stuffed some of the major's periwig into his mouth, using the fellow's neckcloth to hold this unpleasant gag in position.

As he was concluding the operation, Macartney opened his eyes and glared.

"Sure now, it's only me: your old friend, Captain Blood. I'm just after making you comfortable for the night. When they find you here in the morning, ye can tell them any convenient lie that will save you the trouble of explaining what can't be explained at all. It's a very good night I'll be wishing you, major darling."

He went over the wall and briskly

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down the road that led to the sea. On the mole lounged the British sailors who manned the longboat from the Royal Duchess, awaiting the major's return. Farther on some men of Marie-Galante were landing their haul from a fishing boat. None gave heed to Blood as he stepped along to the mole's end where that morning he had moored the pinnace.

In the locker, where he stowed the heavy bags of gold, there was still some of the food that he had brought away the day before from the Estremadura. He could not take the risk of adding to it. But he filled the two small water casks at the fountain.

Then he stepped aboard, cast off and got out the sweeps. Another night on the open sea lay ahead of him. The wind, however, would favor the run to Guadeloupe upon which he had determined.

Once out of the bay, he hoisted sail and ran northward through a sea of rippling quicksilver until he reached the island's end; then he headed across the ten miles of intervening water.

Off Grande Terre, the eastern of the two main islands of Guadeloupe, he lay awaiting sunrise. When it came, bringing a freshening of the wind, he ran close past Sainte-Anne and sailed on in a northeasterly direction until he came, some two hours later, to Port du Moule.

There were half a dozen ships in the harbor, and Blood scanned them with anxiety until his glance alighted on a black brigantine whose lines were a sufficient advertisement of her Dutch origin. Sweeping alongside, he hailed her with confidence and climbed to her deck.

"I am in haste," he informed her sturdy captain, "to reach the northern coast of French Hispaniola, and I will pay you well for a passage thither."

The Dutchman eyed him without favor. "If you're in haste you had better seek elsewhere. I am for Curaçao."

"Five thousand pieces of eight should compensate you for delays."

"Five thousand pieces!" The Dutchman stared. "Who are you, sir?"

"What's that to the matter? I am one who will pay five thousand pieces."

"Will you pay in advance?"

"The half of it. The other half I shall obtain when my destination is reached. But you may hold me aboard until you have the money." Thus he insured that the Dutchman should keep faith.

"I could sail tonight," said the other.

Blood at once produced one of the two bags. The other he had stowed in one of the water casks in the locker of the pinnace, and there it remained unsuspected until four days later, when they were in the narrow seas between Hispaniola and Tortuga.

When Captain Blood, sailing away in his pinnace, steered a northerly course for that stronghold of the buccaneers, the Dutchman's growing suspicions may have been fully confirmed. But he remained untroubled, the only man who, in addition to Blood himself, had really profited by Blood's transaction on the island of Marie-Galante.

Thus Captain Blood came back at last to Tortuga and to the fleet that was by now mourning him as dead. With that fleet of five tall ships he sailed into the harbor of Basseterre a month later with intent to settle a debt which he conceived to lie between Colonel de Coulevain and himself. But he came too late. Colonel de Coulevain was gone. He had been sent back to France under arrest. Captain Blood was informed of this by Colonel Sancerre, who had succeeded to the military command of Marie-Galante, and who received him with the courtesy due to a filibuster backed by the powerful fleet.

Captain Blood fetched a sigh when he heard the news. "A pity! I had a word to say to him; a little debt to settle."

"A little debt of five thousand pieces of eight, I think," said the Frenchman.

"On my faith, you are well informed."

The colonel explained. "When the General of the Armies of France in America came here to inquire into the matter of the Spanish raid on Marie-Galante, he discovered that Colonel de Coulevain had robbed the French Colonial Treasury of that sum. There was proof of it in a quittance that was found among Monsieur de Coulevain's papers."

"So that's where he got the money!"

"I see you understand." The commandant looked grave. "Robbery is a serious, shameful matter, Captain Blood. And I've little doubt that they will hang Monsieur de Coulevain, poor devil."

Captain Blood nodded. "No doubt of that. But we'll save our tears to water some nobler grave, my colonel."

White Face (*Continued from page 25*)

agent—half of 'em are robbers, the other half an incompetent lot.

"One thing is certain: the property at Paarl—that is where my farm is—will double itself in value in a couple of years. They are running a new railway through—it passes at the end of my land—and that will make an immense difference. If I had a lot of money to invest I should put every cent of it into land."

He explained, however, that the Cape Dutch, who were the largest landowners in the country, were a suspicious folk who never did business with an Englishman except to the latter's disadvantage.

He took out the two hundred-pound notes and looked at them again, rustling them affectionately.

"Why don't you put it back in the bank?" she asked.

"Because I like the feel of it," he said gayly. "These English notes are so clean-looking."

He returned the case to his pocket, and suddenly caught her by both arms. She saw a light in his eyes which she had never seen before. She was breathless and a little frightened.

"How long are we going to wait?" he asked in a low voice. "I can get a special license; we can be married and on the Continent in two days."

She disengaged herself; discovered, to her amazement, that she was trembling, and that the prospect of an immediate marriage filled her with consternation.

"That is impossible," she said breathlessly. "I have a lot to do, and I've got to finish up my work at the clinic. And Donald, you said you didn't want to be married for months."

He smiled down at her. "I can wait for months or years," he said lightly, "but I can't wait for my lunch. Come along!"

She had only half an hour to give him, but he promised to meet her and take her to dinner that night. The prospect did not arouse in her any sense of pleasurable anticipation. She told herself she loved him. He was everything that she would have him be. But marriage—immediate marriage? She shook her head.

"What are you shaking your head about?" he asked.

They were at Bussini's, and, as it was

before one o'clock, the restaurant was empty save for themselves.

"I was just thinking," she said.

"About my farm?" He was looking at her searchingly. "No? About me?"

Suddenly she asked: "What is your bank, Donald?"

He was completely surprised at the question. "My bank? Well, the Standard Bank—not exactly the Standard Bank but a bank that is affiliated with it. Why do you ask?"

She had a benevolent reason for putting the question, but this she was not prepared to reveal.

"I will tell you later," she said. "It's really nothing, Donald."

He drove with her to Tidal Basin, but refused the offer of her car to take him back, his excuse being that he felt nervous in London traffic. She was secretly glad that there was some feature of London life of which he stood in awe.

Mr. Donald Bateman came back to town in a taxi and spent the afternoon at a tourist agency, examining Continental routes. He would have liked to stay in London; but then, he would have liked to stay in so many places from which expediency had dragged him.

There was Inez. She had grown into a beautiful woman. He had seen her, though she was not aware of the fact. It was curious how women developed. He remembered her—sharp-featured, a gawk of a girl who had bored him.

In what way would Janice grow? For the moment she was delectable, though she had qualities which exasperated him.

When he had caught her by the shoulders that morning and looked down into her eyes, he had expected some other response than that fit of shivering. She had shown her alarm too clearly for him to carry the matter further. It must be marriage, of course. But marriage was dangerous in a country like this.

That reporter friend of hers? He hated reporters; they were a prying lot. And crime reporters were the worst.

He began to feel uncomfortable, and turned with relief to a contemplation of the physical perfection of Inez. From Inez his mind strayed to other women. What had become of Lorna, for example? Tommy had found her, probably, and forgiven everything. Tommy was always a weak-willed sap. But Inez . . .

He and Janice dined together that night, and resolutely he chose the Howdah Club. Already the outrage had had its effect upon the attendance: the dining room was half empty and Gasso stalked up and down, a picture of gloom.

"This has ruined me, young miss," he said brokenly. "You were here last night with the newspaperman. People will not come unless they have no jewels. And I particularly desire jeweled people here, but not so jeweled as Miss Dolly!"

"I hope he comes tonight," said Donald.

"You 'ope so, eh?" asked the agitated Gasso. "You desire me to be thrown into the street with only my shirt on my back? That is good for business!"

Janice was laughing, but she succeeded in pacifying the outraged maître d'hôtel.

"It certainly is empty, but I don't suppose we shall see our white-faced gentleman," said Donald. "It's rather like old times. I remember when I was in Australia there was a gang that held up a bank—they wore white masks too. They got away with some money, by Jove! Ever heard of the Furses? They were brothers—the cleverest holdup men in Australia."

"Perhaps this is one of them," she said thoughtlessly.

"Eh?"

She could have sworn he was frightened at that moment. Something she

saw in his eyes. It was absurd, of course, for Donald was afraid of nothing.

"I shouldn't think so," he said.

Halfway through dinner, when they were discussing some amiable nothing, he dropped his knife and fork on the plate. Again she saw that frightened look. He was staring at somebody and she followed the direction of his eyes.

A man had come in. He must have been nearly sixty; was slim, dandified. rather fussy. He had a small party with him, and they were surrounded by waiters. Curiously enough, she knew him; curious, because she had made his acquaintance in a slum.

"Who—who is that" Donald's voice was strained. "That man there, with the girls. Do you—do you know him?"

"That is Doctor Rudd," she said.

"Rudd!"

"He's the police surgeon of our division; I've often seen him. In fact, he once came to the clinic. Quite an unpleasant man; he had nothing nice to say about our work."

"Doctor Rudd!"

The color was coming back to his face. He had gone pale! She was astounded.

"Do you know him?" she asked, in surprise.

He smiled with difficulty. "No; he reminds me of somebody—an old friend of mine in—er—Rhodesia."

She noticed that when they passed the doctor's group on their way out Donald was patting his face with a handkerchief as though he were healing a scratch.

"Are you hurt?" she asked.

"A little neuralgia." He laughed cheerily. "That is the penalty one pays for sleeping out night after night in the rain." He told her a story of a rainfall in northern Rhodesia that had lasted four weeks on end. "And all that time," he said, "I had not so much as a tent."

She left him at the door of the apartment in Bury Street, and he was frankly disappointed, for he had expected to be asked up to her apartment. There was consolation on the way back to the hotel; certain anticipations of an interview he had arranged for the morrow. It was not with Janice.

In his rare moments of leisure Doctor Marford was wont to stand in his surgery, behind the red calico curtains which were stretched across the window level with the bridge of his thin, aristocratic nose, and muse, a little sourly, upon Tidal Basin, its people and its future. He had material for speculation on those summer evenings, when every dive and tenement spilt the things that were so decently hidden in the cold days and nights of winter.

The red calico curtain was strung across the window of the large room which was his surgery. It had been a boot store and a confectioner's parlor. Loucilensky, of infamous memory, had housed his "club" in it and found the side door which led to the yard a convenient exit for his squalid patrons.

It was a derelict property when Doctor Marford came to found his practice here. All Tidal Basin knew the doctor was so poor he had painted, distempered and scrubbed the place from top to bottom with his own hands. He had probably sewn his own curtains; had certainly collected from the Caledonian Market, where you may furnish a house for a few pounds, such domestic equipment as was necessary for his well-being.

Tidal Basin, which favored those moving pictures that featured scenes of high life, had despised him for his poverty. A consumptive plumber had fixed the huge sink, which was an unsightly feature of one corner of the surgery, and had received, in return, free treatment and medicine until he went the way of all consumptive plumbers.

Tidal Basin had known and still knew Doctor Marford as "the penny doctor." They knew him better as "the baby doctor," for by some miracle he succeeded in founding a free clinic where he gave ray treatment to children. He must have had influential friends, for on top of his other activities he founded a small convalescent home at the seaside.

His work was his obsession, and not a penny of the money which came to him went to his own advantage. The drab surgery remained as shabby as it had always been—a dreary place compared with the spick-and-span palace of white enamel and glass where the children of Tidal Basin were made acquainted with artificial sunlight and the beneficent quality of strange rays.

He saw Janice Harman pass the window and went to open the door for her. It was not true that this preoccupied man was hardly aware of her loveliness. He used to think about her for hours on end. What strange dreams came to disorder the tidiness of his methodical mind were known only to Doctor Marford; and now, when she told him awkwardly, disjointedly, of her future plans, he showed no evidence of the desolation and despair that crushed him.

"Oh!" he said, and bit his thin lip thoughtfully. "That is unfortunate—for the clinic. What does Mr. Quigley say to all this?"

Hitherto he had felt an unreasonable antipathy to the young reporter who had been a too-frequent visitor to the clinic. and had written too much and too enthusiastically about Doctor Marford's ventures to please a man who shrank instinctively from publicity.

"Mr. Quigley has no right to raise any objections whatever." There was a note of defiance in her voice. "He is a good friend—or was."

There was an embarrassing pause.

"But isn't any longer?" said Doctor Marford gently.

He experienced an inexplicable sense of kinship with Michael Quigley.

Her native loyalty made her modify her attitude. "I like Michael—he is nice, but very domineering. He was awfully good to me the other night, and I was a beast to him. I was in the Howdah Club when that dreadful man came."

He turned an inquiring face to her. "Which dreadful man?"

"The robber—White Face."

He nodded. "Yes, I know. I read the newspapers. I was talking to Sergeant Elk about him. There is a theory that he lives in this neighborhood, a theory for which I am afraid your young friend is responsible. Are you wise?"

He asked the question suddenly.

"About—my marriage? Is any girl wise, Doctor Marford? Suppose I'd met this man every day of my life for years, should I know him—I mean, as one knows one's husband?"

There was a long silence, which Marford broke.

"I shall be sorry to lose you; you have been a most enthusiastic helper."

Now she came to a delicate stage of the interview—delicate because she knew how sensitive he was on the point. "I'd like to give the Institute a little present," she said jerkily. "A thousand pounds."

He raised his hand; his expression was genuinely pained. "No, no, no; I couldn't hear of it. You asked me once before if I would—— No, I am satisfied that I have not paid you for the help you have given us. That is your splendid contribution to the clinic."

She knew he would be adamant on this

point and had already decided that if he refused her gift it should take the form of an anonymous donation on her wedding day.

Unexpectedly the doctor put out his thin hand and took hers. "I hope you will be happy," he said, and this was at once a benediction and a dismissal.

She crossed the road of Endley Street. At the corner stood a tall, good-looking man, with graying hair at his temples. To her surprise he was talking to a woman; talking confidentially, it seemed. Presently the woman walked away and he came smiling to meet the girl.

"What a ghastly place, darling! I am so happy you're leaving it."

"Who was that woman you were speaking to?" she asked curiously.

He laughed—she loved that laugh of his. "Woman? Oh, yes." He looked round and nodded towards a slim figure walking ahead of them on the opposite side of the road. "It was odd—she thought I was her brother, and when she saw she'd made a mistake she was embarrassed. Rather a pretty girl."

Her car was in a near-by garage—in the early days she had driven up to the clinic, which was at the far end of Endley Street, but the doctor had advised her against the practice—advice well justified, for in a week everything movable in the car had been stolen by the parents of the children she cared for.

She seated herself at the wheel, a radiant figure of youth, he thought, more beautiful than he had dreamed in his wildest imaginings. The car came down the slope to the road; she saw the doctor watching them, and waved her hand to him.

"Who was that?" he asked carelessly.

"That was Doctor Marford."

"Your boss, eh? I'd like to have had a look at him. He's a big noise around here, isn't he?"

She laughed at this. "There isn't a tinier murmur in Tidal Basin," she said. "But he's marvelous! I sometimes think he starves himself to keep his clinic going."

She rhapsodized all the way through the City. In Cranbourn Street they were held up by a traffic block. By this time he had gained command of the conversation and the excellencies of Doctor Marford were relegated to a second place. He was talking of South Africa and his two farms, one in the wilds of Rhodesia, the other amidst the beauties of Paarl. He liked talking of the Paarl property.

"It's going to be terribly slow for you, though there is some social life at the Cape. I'm pretty well known——"

"There's somebody who knows you," she laughed.

He turned his head quickly but could distinguish no familiar face among the hurrying throng on the sidewalk.

"Where?" he asked.

"There; that dark man." She looked back. "He is standing by the hosier's."

He looked round and frowned. "Oh, yes, I know him—not very well, though; I got the better of him in a business deal, and he hasn't forgiven me." He uttered an exclamation. "Darling, I can't take you to the theater tonight; I've just remembered. Will you forgive me?"

She was too happy, too completely under the fascination of this exalted adventurer, to resent the missed engagement. This good-looking stranger who had come from the blue was Romance—the fulfillment of vague and delightful dreams. He was still outside the realms of reality.

She had known him for ten days; it seemed a lifetime. Once or twice during the journey she was on the point of telling him of the surprise she had for him. He was a great home-lover; his self-confessed sin was that he coveted his neighbor's land. There was a farm adjoining his at Paarl that had come into the market; could be had for a mere £8,000. He waxed enthusiastic on the advantage of having this additional property—vineyards and orange groves, new pastures for his cattle.

He returned to the subject as the car was crossing Piccadilly Circus.

"You've made me ambitious, you angel," he said. "I'm a poor farmer and can't lay my hands on a fortune, so the farm will have to go."

Again she almost told him. She had a friend in Cape Town, a young lawyer, a Rhodes scholar, whom she had met at Oxford. That very morning she had wired, asking him to buy the property.

Donald parted from her at the door of her apartment, and her chauffeur drove him to his hotel. At parting:

"I hate the thought of losing that farm; if I could cable four thousand pounds tomorrow morning I could clinch the bargain."

She smiled demurely and went up to her room, to daydream of green slopes and high sun-baked mountains where the little baboons chatter all day and night.

At ten o'clock that night, when she was undressing for bed, came a cablegram which left her white and shaking. It was in one sense remarkable that the first person she thought of to help her in her necessity was Michael Quigley; but when she reached for the telephone with a trembling hand it was to learn that Michael had left the office on a hurry call. She looked at the clock; it was half past ten. She began to dress quickly.

After Janice had left, Doctor Marford walked slowly to that corner of the surgery where his drugs were stocked and began to dispense the medicines he had prescribed during the day. This was generally his afternoon task, but he had spent most of the day at the clinic.

He soon wearied of the task and went to his desk. There was a heap of papers to go through—the accounts from the clinic showed a heavy deficit. The place ate money.

The daily report from the convalescent home in Eastbourne, which maintained the progress of a dozen small hooligans of Tidal Basin, was as cheerless; but it brought no sense of depression to Doctor Marford. He grudged nothing to these ventures of his—neither time nor exertion.

He was expecting a remittance almost any day. There was a man in Antwerp who sent him money regularly and another in Birmingham—he pushed the papers aside, looked at his watch and went out by the side door into the yard.

It was a fairly large yard. At one end was the big shed in which old Gregory Wicks kept his taxicab, paying a small weekly rent.

Old Gregory Wicks had been a famous driver even in the days of the festive hansom. And always he had housed his horses and his resplendent cab in Tidal Basin, where he was born and where he hoped to end his days.

In his advanced middle age came the taxicab. Gregory refused to regard motor vehicles as newfangled crazes that would soon go out of fashion. He was one of the first to sit at a driving wheel at a motor school and solve the mysteries of clutches and gears. He found his lameness no obstacle in obtaining a cab driver's license—he limped from a thirty-year-old injury to his ankle.

Always he was a night bird; even in

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the horse-cab period he went clop-clopping along Piccadilly in the early hours of the morning, picking up swells from the clubs. And when the taxi came he continued his nocturnal wanderings.

A silent, taciturn man, who never invited the confidence of his brother drivers, he was known locally and abroad for his rigid honesty. Old Gregory had returned thousands of pounds' worth of goods left by absent-minded riders. In the police books he was marked "Reliable; honest; very excellent record."

You could see him and his cab on certain nights prowling along Regent Street, his long white hair hanging over the collar of his coat, his fierce white mustache bristling from his pink, emaciated face, choosing his fares with a nice discrimination. He had no respect for any man save one. In his more than seventy-year-old arms he packed a punch that was disconcerting to the punchee.

The doctor unfastened a door and passed through into Gallows Court. That narrow and unsavory passage was alive with children—bare-legged, unwashed and happy. Nobody offered the doctor a friendly greeting. The frowzy men and women lounging in the doorways or at the upstairs windows favored him with incurious glances. He was part of the bricks and mortar and mud of the place, one with the brick wall which separated his yard from this human sty. He belonged there, had a right in Gallows Court, and, that being so, might pass without notice or comment.

The last house in the court was No. 9; smaller than the others; the windows were clean, and even the lower one, which was heavily shuttered, had a strip of curtain. He knocked at the door—Three short raps, a pause and a fourth.

This signal had been agreed between him and old man Wicks; for Gregory had been annoyed by runaway knocks and by the appearance of unwelcome visitors on his doorstep. He knew the regular hour at which the milkman called, and the baker, and could cope with them. Whosoever else knocked at the door received no answer. Marford heard the shuffle of feet on uncarpeted stairs and the door was opened.

"Come in, doctor!" Gregory's voice was loud and hearty. "Don't make a row; I expect the lodger's asleep," he said as he closed the door with a slam.

"He must be a good sleeper if you don't wake him, you noisy old man!" said Marford with his quiet smile.

Gregory guffawed all the way up the stairs and opened the door of his room; the doctor passed in.

"How are you?"

"Fit as a flea, except this other little trouble, and I'm not going to mention that. I'm doing fine, doctor. Sit down. Where's a chair? Here we are! What I owe you, doctor! If the people in Tidal Basin knew what you've done for me——"

"Yes, yes," said Marford good-humoredly. "Now let me have a look at you."

He turned the old man's face to the light and made a careful examination.

"You're no worse. If anything, you're a little better, I should think. I'll test your heart."

"My heart!" said the other scornfully. "I've got the heart of a lion! There was a family moved in here and the woman wanted to borrow a saucepan and when I told her what I thought of people who borrow saucepans, along came her husband—a new fellow, full of brag and bluster! I gave him one smack in the jaw and that was his finish!"

"You shouldn't do it, Gregory. It was a stupid thing to do. I heard about it from one of my other patients."

The old man was chuckling gleefully. "I needn't have done it at all," he said. "Any of the boys round here would have put him out if I'd said the word. I dare say the lodger would, but of course I wouldn't have wakened him."

"Is he here today?"

Gregory shook his head. "The Lord knows! I never hear him come in or go out, except sometimes. I've never known a quieter fellow. Reformed, eh, doctor? I'll bet you I know who reformed him! You'd never dream"—he lowered his voice—"that he was a man who'd spent half his life in stir."

"You're giving him a chance," said Marford.

He was going when the old man called him back.

"Doctor, I want to tell you something. I made my will today—not exactly a will, but I wrote down what I wanted done with my money."

"Have you a lot, Gregory?" asked the other good-humoredly.

"More than you think." There was a significance in the old man's voice. "A lot more! It's not money that makes me do what I'm doing; it's pride—swank!"

To most men who had known him for years, Gregory Wicks was an uncommunicative man. Marford was one of the few who knew him. He often thought that this loquacity which Gregory displayed at home was his natural reaction from the hours of silence on the box.

Night after night for nearly half a century this old cabman had placed himself under a vow of silence. Once he explained why, and the reason was so inadequate that Marford, who was not easily amused, laughed in spite of himself. Gregory had in a talkative moment allowed a client—he always called his fares "clients"—to wish a counterfeit half crown upon him. It was a lesson never to be forgotten.

The doctor often came in to chat with the old man, to hear stories of dead and forgotten celebrities. As he was leaving, Gregory referred again to his lodger.

"It was a good idea putting up that shutter to keep out the noise, though personally there's nothing that would stop me sleeping. I sometimes wish he'd be a bit more lively."

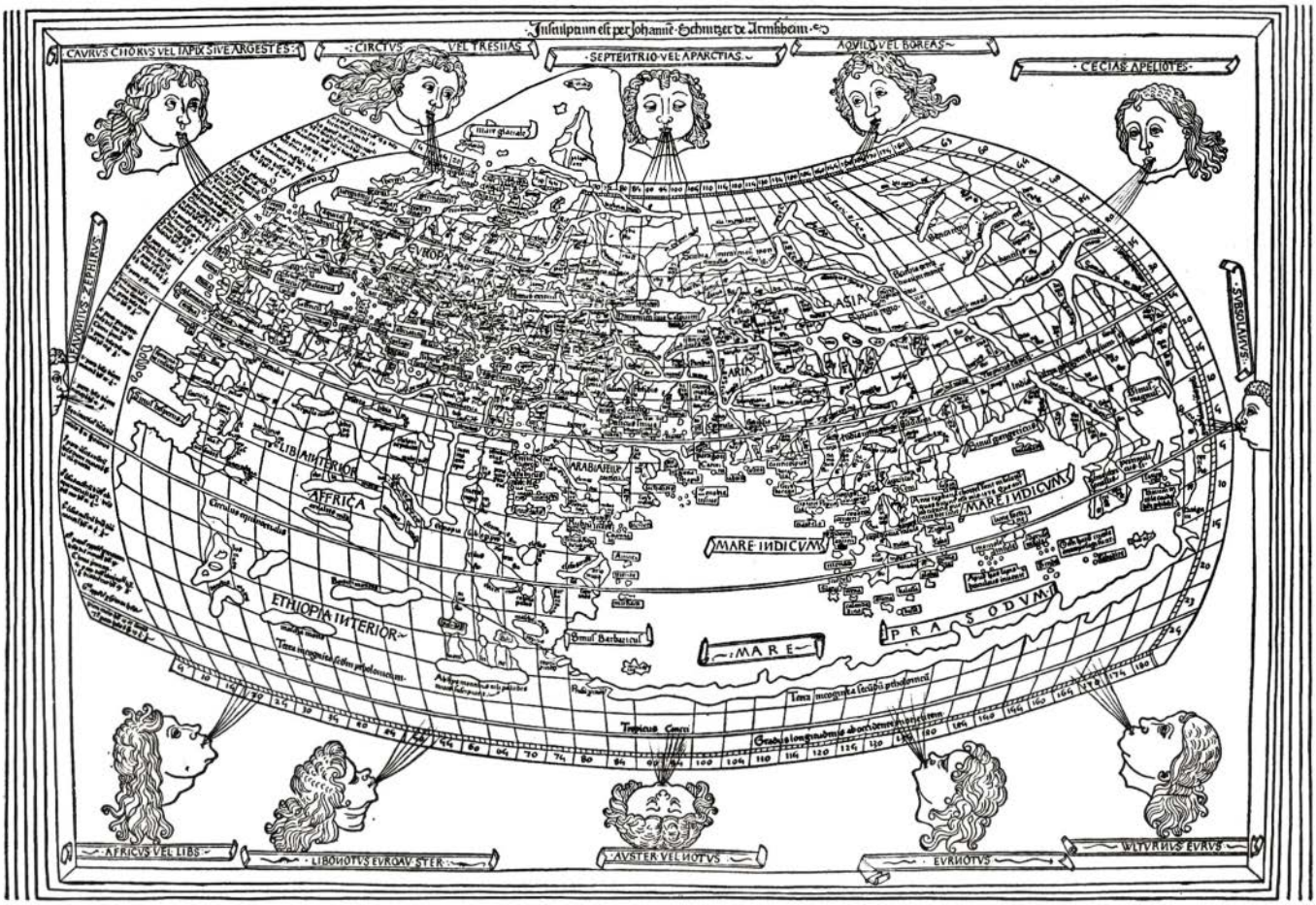
"And come up and have a chat with you at times?" suggested Marford.

Gregory almost shuddered. "Not that! I don't want to chat with anybody, especially strangers. I chat with you because you've been God's-brother-Bill to me, to use a vulgar expression. I don't say I'd have starved, because I shouldn't have. But I'd have lost something that I'd rather die than lose."

He came down to the door and stood looking out after the doctor, even when Marford was out of sight. The noisy children did not gibe at him, and none of these frowzy ones hurled their inevitable and unprintable jests in his direction. A wandering policeman they would have covered with derision.

Only the doctor and Gregory Wicks escaped their grimy humor; the latter because of that ready fist of his; the doctor—well, you never know when the doctor will be called in, and if he's got a grudge against you, who knows what he'll slip into your medicine? Or suppose he had to use the knife, eh? Nice so-and-so fool you'd look, with your in'ards at his mercy! Fear was a governing factor of life in Gallows Court.

That he had no other friends was sufficient reason why Mr. Elk should drop in at odd minutes to discuss with Doctor Marford the criminal tendencies and depravities of that section of the British Empire which lies between the northern end of Victoria Dock Road



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and the smelly drabness of Silvertown.

Elk called on the evening Janice Harman took her farewell, and found Doctor Marford's melancholy eyes fixed upon the dreary pageant of Endley Street. They were working overtime in the shipyard, which was almost opposite his surgery, and the din of mechanical riveters would go on during the night. Doctor Marford was so accustomed to this noise that it was hardly noticeable. The sound of drunken songsters, the pandemonium which accompanied amateur pugilism, the shrill din of children playing in the streets, the rumbling of heavy lorries on the way to the Eastern Trading Company's yard, which went on day and night, never disturbed his sleep.

"If I was sure this was hell"—Mr. Elk nodded his gloomy face towards the thoroughfare—"I'd get religion."

The ghost of a smile illuminated the thin face of Doctor Marford. He was a man of thirty-five, who looked older. Spare of build, his graying hair was thin on the top. He wore absurd side-whiskers, and gold-rimmed spectacles, one lens of which was usually cracked.

For a long time they stood in silence behind the calico curtains.

"My idea of hell," said Elk again.

Doctor Marford laughed softly. "With its own particular devil, by all accounts."

Detective-Sergeant Elk permitted himself to guffaw. "*That* bunk! Listen, these people believe anything. Funny thing, they don't read, so they couldn't have got the idea out of books. It's one of the—what do you call the word?"

"Legends?"

"That's it; it's like the Russians passin' through England with the snow on their boots. Everybody's met the man who saw 'em, but *you* never meet him. Every time there's a murder nobody can explain, *you* see it in the newspaper bills: 'The Devil of Tidal Basin,' an' even after you've pinched the murderer an' all the earth knows that he never *heard* of Tidal Basin, or thinks it's a patent washbowl, they still hang on to the idea. These newspapers! Next summer you'll have joy-wagons full of American trippers comin' here."

A bright young newspaperman had invented the Devil of the Basin. It was the general opinion in Tidal Basin that he wasn't any too bright, either.

"There is a devil—hundreds of 'em! The waterside crowd wouldn't think twice of puttin' me out. They tried one night—Dan Salligan. The flowers I sent the man when he was in hospital is nobody's business."

Doctor Marford moved uncomfortably. "I'm afraid I helped that legend to grow. The reporter saw me and very—er—indiscreetly, I told him of the patient who used to come to me—he hasn't been in months, by the way—always came at midnight with his face covered with a mask. He wasn't good to see—the face, I mean. Explosion in a steel works."

Elk was interested. "Where does he live?"

The doctor shook his head. "I don't know. The reporter tried to find out but couldn't. He always paid me in gold—a pound a visit, which is forty times more than I get from my regulars."

Mr. Elk was not impressed. His eyes were fixed upon the squalling larrikins in the roadway. "Weeds!" he said, and the doctor laughed softly.

"Those ugly little boys are probably great political leaders of the future, or literary geniuses. Tidal Basin may be stiff with mute, inglorious Miltons."

Sergeant Elk of the Criminal Investigation Department made a noise that expressed his contempt.

"Nine-tenths of that crowd will pass

through the hands of me an' my successors," he said drearily, "an' all your electric rays won't stop 'em! An' such of 'em as don't finish in Dartmoor will end their days in the workhouse . . . You know Mrs. Weston?" he asked suddenly. "A pretty woman. She's got the only respectable apartment in the Basin. I went up there when some kids broke her windows. She's not much good."

"If she's not much good," said Marford, "I probably know her. If she's the kind who doesn't pay her doctor's bills, I certainly know her. Why do you ask?"

Elk took a cigar from his pocket, lighted it and puffed enjoyably. "She was sayin' that she knew you," he said. "Naturally, I said a good word for you."

"Say a few good words for the clinic," said the doctor.

"I'm always doin' it," said Sergeant Elk. "You're wastin' your time an' other people's money, but I do it. That's a pretty nurse you've got—Miss Harman. Quigley's all gooey about her."

"Yes," said Doctor Marford quietly.

He rose and pulled down the blind, went to a cupboard, took out a whisky bottle, a siphon and two glasses, and looked inquiringly at the detective.

"I'm off duty," said Elk, "if a detective is ever off duty."

He pulled up a chair to the writing table. The doctor was already in his worn leather chair.

"Ever read detective stories?" asked Elk.

Doctor Marford shook his head.

At that moment the telephone rang. The doctor listened for a while, asked a few questions and put down the receiver.

"That's why I don't read detective or any other stories," he said. "The population of Tidal Basin increases at a terrific rate, but not so rapidly as some people expect." He jotted a note down on a pad. "That's a come-at-once call, but I don't suppose they will require my attention till three o'clock tomorrow morning. Why detective stories?"

"Because," said Sergeant Elk, "I'd like some of these clever Mikes to take my patrol for a couple of months. I saw an American crook play up in the West End the other night. It was all about who-did-it. First of all, they introduced you to about twenty characters, told you where they were born an' who their fathers were, an' what money they wanted an' who they were in love with—you couldn't help knowin' that the feller who did the murder was the red-nosed waiter. But that's not police work, Doctor Marford. We're not introduced to the characters in the story; we don't know one. All we've got in a murder case is the dead man. What he is, who his relations are, where he came from, what was his private business—we've got to work all that out. We make inquiries here, there an' everywhere, diggin' into slums, askin' questions of people who've got something to hide."

"Something to hide?" repeated the doctor.

Elk nodded. "Everybody's got something to hide. Suppose you were a married man——"

"Which I am not," interrupted Marford.

"We've got to suppose that," insisted Elk. "Your wife is abroad. You take a girl into the country."

The doctor made a faint protest.

"We're supposin' all this," conceded Elk. "Such things have happened. An' in the mornin' you look out of your window an' see a feller cut another feller's throat. You are a doctor an' cannot afford to get your name into the papers. Are you goin' to the police an' tell 'em what you saw? An' are you goin' to stand up in court an' tell 'em what you

were doin' out of town an' the name of the lady you were with, an' take the chance of it gettin' into all the papers? Or are you goin' to say nothing?

"Of course you are! That happens every day. In a murder case everybody has got something to hide, an' that's why it's harder to get the truth about murder than any other kind of crime. Murder is a spotlight. You've got to take the stand an' face a defendin' counsel who's out to prove you're the sort of fellow no decent jurywoman could ask to meet her young daughter."

The detective sucked at his cigar for a time in silence. Then he said: "Bit of a mystery, this woman Lorna Weston."

The doctor's tired eyes surveyed him thoughtfully. "I suppose so. They're all mysteries to me. I can't remember their names. And some are without any names at all. I attended a young woman for three months—she was just 'the young woman upstairs' or 'Miss What's-her-name.' Her landlady didn't know it. She was a waitress working nobody knew where. I called her Miss Smith—had to put some name on the books. What does Mrs. Weston do for a living?"

Elk made a grimace. "Well, you know, she's—well, she goes west every night all dolled up." He got up, drained his glass and reached for his hat. "She wanted to know if you were an easy man to get on with. I don't know why, but I got an idea she's a dope-getter."

The doctor went out with him and they arrived at the street door at an opportune moment.

The earlier sound of the battle had come to them in a confused hubbub of noises as they passed through the disinfected passage. As Marford opened the door he saw two men fighting, surrounded by a crowd. It was a fair fight, both men being well matched in point of physique and equally drunk. But they were too close to the granite curb of the sidewalk. One of the combatants went down suddenly, and the gray, dusty curbstone went red.

"Here—you!"

Elk made a grab at the victor and swung him round. Two policemen came running and plunged through the crowd.

"Take this man."

Elk handed over his dazed prisoner and shouldered his way through the tightly packed knot of people that surrounded the man on the curb.

"Get him inside the doctor's shop. Lift him."

They carried the limp thing into the surgery and Doctor Marford made a brief examination while Mr. Elk bustled the bearers into the street.

"Well?" he asked when he came back. "Hospital case, isn't it?"

Marford was affixing an enormous pad of gauze and cotton wool to the head of the white-faced man.

"Yes. Do you mind ringing for the ambulance? Two shillings' worth of surgical dressings and I don't get a cent."

"Is he booked?" Elk asked, looking at the figure with the awed curiosity which the living have for the dead.

"I should think so: compound fracture of the occiput. Get him to the London and they may do something. It costs me ten shillings a week just for surgical dressings. I'll tell you something, and you can arrest me. If I get 'em alone, I go through their pockets and take the cost of the dressing."

The ambulance came noisily and the patient was taken away.

It was an incident not worth remembering—except for two shillings' worth of dressing that would never be liquidated.

The doctor closed the door upon Mr. Elk and went back to his books and his thoughts. Two inconvenient new lives were coming to Tidal Basin. The district nurses would call him in good time. As to this Lorna Weston . . .

He knew her, of course. She had come in to see him once or twice. A pretty woman, though her mouth was a trifle hard and straight. He never confessed to Elk that he knew anybody. Elk was a detective and respected no confidences.

There was a phone call from Elk. The fighter had died on admission to hospital. The doctor was not surprised. An inquest, of course.

"We shall want you as a witness," said Elk's voice. "He's a dock laborer from Poplar—a man named Stephens."

"How thrilling!" said the doctor, hung up the receiver and went back to his book—the intrigues of Louis' court, the scheming Polignacs and the profitable machinations of Madame de Lamballe.

He heard the shrill call of the doorbell, looked plaintively around, finally rose and went to the door. The night had come down blackly; the pavement outside was glistening—you do not hear the rain falling in the East End.

"Are you Doctor Marford?"

The woman who stood in the doorway exhaled the faint fragrance of some delicate perfume. Her voice, thin for the moment with anxiety, had the quality of culture. She was a stranger; he had never heard that voice before.

"Yes. Will you come in?"

The surgery had no other light than the reading lamp on the desk. He felt that she would have had it this way.

She wore a leather motoring coat and a tight-fitting hat. She unfastened the coat hurriedly as though she were hot or had some difficulty in breathing. Under the coat she wore a neat blue costume. From some vague clue he thought she was American. A lady, undoubtedly, having no association with Tidal Basin.

"Is he—is he dead?" she asked jerkily, and in her dark eyes he read an unconquerable fear.

"Is who dead?"

He was puzzled; searched his mind rapidly for patients *in extremis* and could find none but old Sully, the marine store dealer, who had been dying for eighteen months.

"The man—he was brought here—after the fight. A policeman told me. They were fighting in the street and he was brought here."

She stood, her hands clasped, her thin body bent forward, breathless.

"A man? . . . Oh, yes; he's dead, I'm afraid."

Doctor Marford was bewildered. How could she be interested in the fate of one Stephens, dock laborer, of Poplar?

"Oh, dear God!"

She whispered the words, drooped for a second. Doctor Marford's arm went round her and assisted her to a chair.

"Oh, dear God!" she said again and began to cry.

He looked at her helplessly, not knowing for whom he should frame a defense—for the dead or the living.

"It was a fair fight as far as one could see," he said awkwardly. "The man fell—hit his head on the sharp edge of the curb."

"I begged him not to go near him," she said wildly. "I begged him! When he telephoned to say that he was on his track and had traced him here—I came by cab. I implored him to come back."

All this and more came incoherently. Some of the words were drowned in sobs. Doctor Marford went to his medicine shelf and took down a bottle labeled "Ap. Am. Arm.," poured a little into a medicine glass and added water.

"You drink this and tell me all about it," he said authoritatively.

She told him more than she would

"Chic" Sale—

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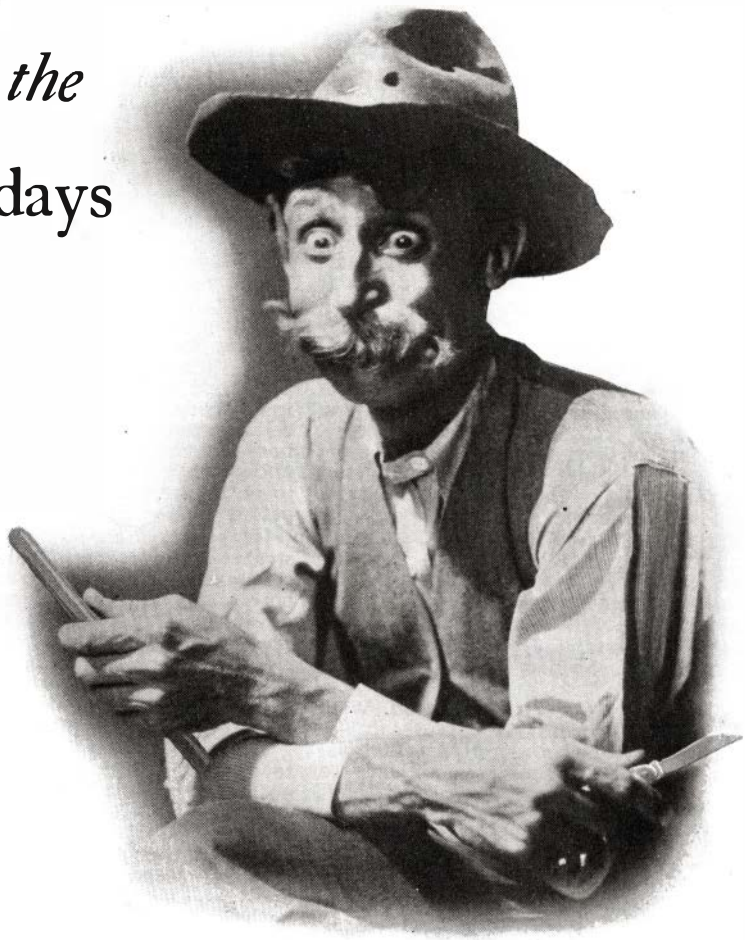

ELMER RIDGWAY come to me one day and sez: "Lem, here she is Monday and you sittin' around whittlin' and whistlin' and smilin'. I don't understand it," he sez. "It ain't nature fer a man to be happy on Monday."

"Elmer," I sez, and I looked him in the eye, "there's a lot of fine points about Monday that the average man don't think about. Fer instance, you take Sunday, the day that holds the weeks apart. Out you go. You snap up a hot dog here and grab off an ice cream cone there; you are stuffin' down peanuts and soda water and suckin' on candy, not to mention breakfast, dinner and supper. Elmer, it's your gallopin' around on Sunday that makes Monday what she is. You git yourself a little box of these chocolate tablets"—and I showed him the box—"and next Monday you'll be whistlin' and whittlin' and smilin' same as I am."

"Chic" Sale

IT just "ain't nature" for people to be unhappy And so many times, over-eating and under-exercising—and failing to take a laxative when you're not "regular"—have a lot to do with it. And being "regular" means having at least one thorough bowel movement every day.

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have told her confessor. Sorrow, remorse, the crushing tragedy of fear removed all inhibitions. The doctor listened, twiddling the stem of the medicine glass in his fingers.

Presently he spoke.

"This man Stephens was a dock laborer—a heavy fellow, six feet tall, at least. A fair-haired man. The other man was a young fellow of twenty-something. I only saw him for a second. He had a light mustache."

She stared up at him. "Fair? A young man?"

Doctor Marford held the glass out to her. "Drink this; you're hysterical."

But she pushed the glass aside. "Stephens—are you sure? Two—well, two ordinary men?"

"Two laborers—both drunk. It's not unusual in this neighborhood. We have an average of two fights a night. On Saturday nights—six. It's a dull place and they have to do something."

THE color was coming back to her face. She hesitated, reached for the glass, swallowed its contents and made a wry face. Then she rose unsteadily.

"I'm sorry, doctor. I've been a nuisance. I suppose if I offered to pay you for your time you'd be offended."

"I charge ten cents for a consultation," he said gravely, and she smiled.

"How accommodating you are! You think I am American? I am, of course, though I've lived in England since—oh, for a long time. Thank you, doctor. Have I talked nonsense? And, if I have, will you forget it?"

"I won't promise that, but I will not repeat it," he said.

She did not give him her name: he was wholly incurious. He stood in the rain and watched her out of sight.

Police Constable Hartford came from the direction she had taken and stopped to speak.

"They say that Stephens is dead. Well, if they will drink they must expect trouble. I've never regretted takin' the pledge myself. I sent a young lady to you: she was makin' inquiries about Stephens. I didn't know he was gone or I'd have told her."

"Thank you for not telling her," said Marford. He was shy of P. C. Hartford, who was notoriously loquacious.

He locked the door and went back to his book, but the corruptions and permutations of Madame de Lamballe interested him no more. Pulling up the surgery blind, he looked out into the deserted street.

Under the shadow of the wall which encircles the premises of the Eastern Trading Company, he saw a man and a woman talking. The man was in evening dress, which was curious. The white splash of his shirt front was plainly visible. Even waiters do not wear their uniforms in Tidal Basin.

Doctor Marford went out and opened the street door as the man and the woman walked in opposite directions. Then he saw the third of the trio. He was moving towards the man in evening dress, following him quickly. The doctor saw the first man stop and turn. There was an exchange of words and a scuffle. The man in dress clothes went down like a log; the second bent over him and went on quickly and disappeared under the railway arch opposite the Eastern Company's main gateway.

Doctor Marford was on the point of crossing to see what had happened to the inanimate heap on the pavement when the man got up and lighted a cigaret.

The clock struck ten.

Louis Landor looked down at the hateful thing he had struck to the earth. He lay still and the hate in Landor's heart was replaced by a sudden horror. He glanced across the road. Immediately opposite was a doctor's surgery—a red light burned dimly from a bracket lamp before the house to advertise the profession of its occupant. The door was open and somebody was standing there.

Should he go for help? The idea came and went. His own safety was in question. He hurried along in the shadow of the high wall and had reached the railway arch, when right ahead of him appeared the shadowy figure of a policeman coming his way.

He looked around for some way of escape. There were two great gates on his right and, in one, a small wicket door. In his panic he pushed the door and it yielded. By some miracle it had been left unfastened. In a second he was inside, felt for the bolt and pushed it home. The policeman passed without being conscious of his presence.

A certain Harry Lamborn, who was by trade a general larcenist, and who at that moment was standing in the shelter of a deeply recessed door on the opposite side of the road, had his eye on the approaching copper and had little interest in ordinary civilians. That night he had certain plans connected with No. 7 warehouse of the Eastern Trading Company, and he was waiting for P. C. Hartford to reach the end of his beat and return before he put them into operation.

He watched the constable's leisurely stride, drew back still farther into the recess which afforded him freedom from observation, and transferred a collapsible jimmy from one pocket to another for greater comfort.

Hartford could not help seeing the man in evening dress. He stood wiping the mud from his black overcoat.

"Had a fall, sir?" Hartford asked.

The man turned a good-looking face to the officer and smiled. Yet he was not wholly amused, for his hands were trembling violently and the whiteness of his lips was in odd contrast to his sunburnt face. And when he spoke he was so breathless that the words came in gasps. He looked backward the way he had come, and seemed relieved when he saw nobody.

"Have I had a fall?" he repeated. "Well, I think I have." He looked past the constable. "Did you see the man?"

Police Constable Hartford looked back along the deserted stretch of pavement.

"Which man?" he asked, and the other seemed surprised.

"He went your way; he must have passed you."

Hartford shook his head. "No, sir; nobody's passed me."

The white-lipped man was skeptical.

"Did he do anything?" asked Hartford.

"Did he do anything? He punched me in the jaw, if that's anything. I played possum." His face twisted in a smile. "Scared him, I hope."

He gave a certain emphasis to the last words. Police Constable Hartford surveyed him with greater interest.

"Would you like to charge the man?"

The other shook his head. "Do you think you could find him if I charged him?" he asked sarcastically. "No; let him go."

"A stranger to you, sir?"

P. C. Hartford had not handled a case for a month and was loath to let his fingers slide off the smooth edge of this.

"No; I know him."

"There's a bad crowd about here," began Hartford. "A drunken——"

"I know him, I tell you." The stranger was impatient.

He took out a silver case from an inside pocket and opened it. P. C. Hartford stood by while the man lighted his cigaret, and noticed that the hand which held the patent lighter was shaking.

"Here's a drink for you."

Hartford bridled, and waved aside the proffered coin. "I neither touch, taste nor 'andle," he said virtuously, and stood ready to pass on his majestic way.

The stranger unbuttoned his coat and felt in his waistcoat pocket.

"Lost anything?"

"Nothing," said the other, with satisfaction. He blew a cloud of smoke, nodded and they separated.

The man in evening dress came slowly to the granite-paved roadway which bisected the path before the gates of the Eastern Trading Company. The thief in the covered doorway saw him take his cigaret from his mouth, drop it on the pavement and put his foot upon it. And then, suddenly and without warning, he saw the man stagger; his knees gave under him and he went down with a crash to the sidewalk.

Lamborn saw an opportunity, looked left and right, and crossed the road with stealthy footsteps. He did not see Hartford moving towards him in the shadow of the wall. Lamborn flicked open the coat of the stricken man, dived in his hand and found a note case. His fingers hooked to a watch guard; he pulled both out with a simultaneous jerk, and then saw the running policeman.

To be arrested on suspicion is one thing; to be found in possession of stolen property is another. Lamborn's hand jerked up to the high wall which surrounded the company's yard, and he turned to fly. Half a dozen paces he took, and then the hand of the law fell on him, and the familiar "Here, you!" came hatefully to his ears.

He struggled impotently. Mr. Lamborn had never learned the first lesson of criminality, which is to go quietly.

Hartford thrust him against the wall, and then saw somebody crossing the road, and remembered the man lying under the lamp-post as he recognized the figure.

"Doctor, that gentleman's hurt. Will you have a look at him?"

DOCTOR MARFORD had seen the stranger fall and stooped gingerly by his side.

"Keep quiet, will yer?" said Hartford indignantly to his struggling prisoner. His whistle sounded shrilly in the night.

It was at that moment that the policeman heard an exclamation from the stooping, peering doctor.

"Constable, this man is dead—stabbed!"

He held up his hands for the policeman's inspection. In the light of the street lamp Hartford saw they were red with blood.

Elk, who was at the end of the street, heard the whistle and came flying towards the sound. Every kennel in Tidal Basin heard it and was drawn. Men and women forfeited their night's rest rather than lose the thrill of experience; when they heard it was no less than murder they purred gratefully that their enterprise was rewarded. They came trickling out like rats from their burrows. There was a crowd almost before the police arrived to control it.

Was the mysterious stranger a victim of the elusive White Face? Next Month Edgar Wallace tells you the identity of the murdered man and sets you on the trail of his murderer

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THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY

"Mar'lyn, chile, shake yo' feet!"

Grandmother's kinky-haired old furnaceman was the first to educate Marilyn Miller's feet. At those same feet, just a few years later, old New York laid its heart.

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From her grandmother's cellar... to Ziegfeld's Roof... in just the twinkle of a toe. She really was *the "Sally" ... of the alley called Broadway.*

How explain the miracle of Marilyn's success?...*Nature* simply blessed her with a charm all her own.

And that's the only answer to another young star's rise. OLD GOLD made its bow just four years ago. In a month it was popular. In a year, a headliner. Today it's America's fastest growing cigarette.

Nature again! Sun-drenched heart-leaves from *better* tobaccos. A new taste-thrill for jaded palates. A new throat-ease and freedom from coughs.

You can "manufacture" an ordinary cigarette ... or an ordinary actress. But only *Nature* produces the stars.

OLD GOLDS first hopped the Pacific Ocean in March, 1929. In just three weeks after they appeared on the beach at Waikiki they were one of the four "best sellers."

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

Hearst's International–Cosmopolitan for October 1930

Of course you didn't expect them—but that's all right . . . *Says the Uneeda Boy*

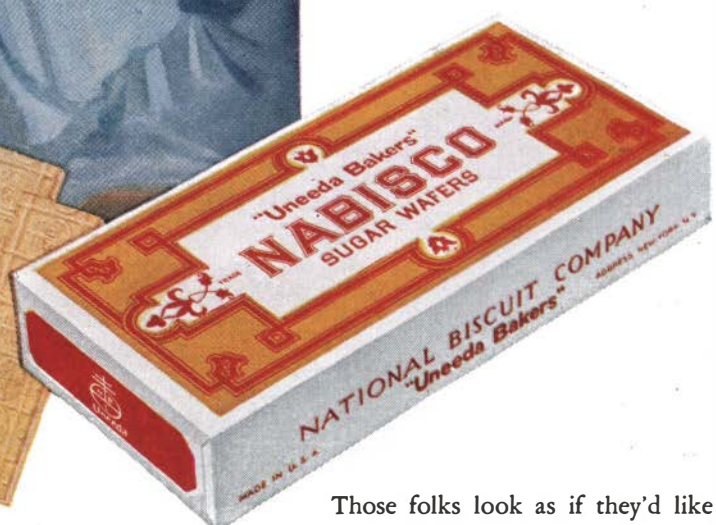
There's nothing to get fussed over . . . I'm the Uneeda Boy, and I've an idea or two for you.

The Uneeda Bakers make so many good things for parties that you can always get up a spread in no time at all.

Here's a package of Nabisco Sugar Wafers to start with—and besides Nabiscos there are just all sorts of other nice cookies and biscuit and crackers—ready for any kind of a treat.

And you couldn't give your guests anything *better*, because "Uneeda Bakers" use the very best of everything, and take so much *extra* care with their baking . . .

Yes, *ma'am!* Any time you open any package with the N. B. C. Uneeda Seal, you're sure of something that's as good as it *can* be baked.



Those folks look as if they'd like some Nabisco Sugar Wafers this minute . . . let's open a box or two!

The happiest combination of airy crispness . . . and melting creaminess . . . that was ever hit upon. Delicate enough for the most finicky appetite—substantial enough for those who like real food value in their dainty wafers. There's nothing quite like Nabisco.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

"Uneeda Bakers"

"Uneeda Bakers"

Hearst's International–Cosmopolitan for October 1930

Come Across *by Peter B. Kyne* (*Continued from page 63*)

account. Have you seen Pelicano lately?"

"Not since I delivered your message to him."

"He's a bad baby and we can't afford to have any business dealings with him, Larsen." Teller's servant poured a drink and the Swede downed it at a gulp.

"Pre-war stuff," he complimented his host.

"Take another and go home to bed," Teller suggested gently. "You look worn out. Don't worry and blame yourself. I sent my wire of instructions rather late and I was afraid you might have started before it reached you. Better luck next time, kid. Good night."

From Teller's apartment Larsen took a cab for Pelicano's home. The Sicilian greeted him with a leer of pleasure.

"I suppose you've come for your jack," he said immediately. "Here it is. Twenty thousand for the convoy an' cheap at that. Now beat it while the goin' is good. Teller knows you're double-crossin' him—an' you know the price o' the double-cross."

Larsen started. "Why, I just come from his apartment, Lou, and he was as nice as could be to me."

"When that bird's nice it's because it pays. I sent Polly over to his office this mornin'. Polly got in, all right—an' stayed in until Teller took his rod away an' let him out. Polly told him you'd give him the secret code so's he could get into the private office."

"The sneakin', double-crossin' swine! I'll kill Polly for that."

"If you do I'll have you took for a ride. Polly was in Dutch an' had to come through."

Larsen sat down weakly. "What you goin' to do about it?"

"He's in my way, ain't he? Well, he's goin' to get out o' my way, see? If he don't get out sudden he'll get you an' Polly, won't he? No sense in that, when *he's* got to go, is there? Polly's goin' to California an' you better go somewheres, too, so you'll both have an alibi. It'd be just like Teller to leave word that if he's bumped off the police are to look up you an' Polly—an' me. So I'm goin' away for a few days' vacation myself."

"I'll start now," Larsen gulped, and did.

Pelicano chuckled as the Swede went out. "Keep in touch with Pinatelli," he charged. "He'll tell you when it's safe to come back. You got the list o' Teller's customers an' when you come back we'll take over his business together. We'll make a deal, all right, all right."

When Larsen reached his hotel he found a letter in his key box. The address was typewritten on a plain white envelope and it contained a slip of paper on which was typed:

Well, Swede, your number is up.
Beat it for Sweden.

Larsen went to bed in an agony of fear, wondering if the liquor Teller had given him was poisoned! Before dawn he arose, packed a bag, went to the garage, got his car and fled from the city. From Elkhart, Indiana, he telephoned Pelicano to telephone him there when the coast should be clear.

James E. Teller did not leave the city. Instead, he remained in his apartment, and when the telephone rang his Negro manservant answered it and informed the caller his employer was out of the city.

Three days after his precipitate flight from Chicago, Larsen received a telephone message from Lou Pelicano. It was late at night when he received it.

"It's all over," Pelicano assured him, "only the news hasn't cracked in the papers yet. An' you can prove by a dozen witnesses you was in Elkhart when it happened. Get into that tin can o' yours an' come back to Chi tonight. I've got to see you on important business. Come right up to my house. I'll be waitin' up for you, no matter what time you get in."

Thirty miles out from Elkhart, on a lonely strip of road, Larsen's headlights picked out a sign in the middle of the road. It was about two feet high, on a pyramidal base, and he read:

Halt!
Federal Officers

Two men stood by the side of the road.

"Lookin' for booze runners," Larsen thought. "Well, they can search me." He stopped his car, and one of the men came up and put a pistol to his side.

"Get out," he commanded.

Larsen got out and the other man frisked him for weapons, but found none. Then, from out of the darkness, Lou Pelicano appeared.

"Hello, Larsen," he said, "glad to meet yuh. Gimme twenty thousand bucks!"

"You must be crazy. I don't travel around with that much money on me."

"I gave you twenty thousand four days ago. I want it back."

"Why?"

"Because that convoy o' liquor you played in with us to highjack from Teller wasn't liquor at all. It was water."

"I didn't know it," Larsen protested.

"I figgered you didn't. If you was guilty o' double-crossin' me you'd be runnin' yet. Instead, you telephoned me where you was. Still, you're a double-crosser an' I know it, because you double-crossed Teller. So you gimme back the twenty thousand dollars an' we'll call it square."

Larsen thought slowly, but, like most slow-thinking men, he thought craftily. He had made twenty thousand dollars by betraying Teller, yet, according to his peculiar code, he had made it honestly. He did not wish to give it up and he did not believe Pelicano's statement that the trucks had been loaded with water instead of Scotch. Plainly this was a trick of Pelicano's to highjack him, and unreasoning rage possessed Larsen at the realization that he was being double-crossed.

"I haven't got it," he protested. And then a brilliant lie popped into his slow brain. "You're right, Lou, I didn't double-cross you, but I been double-crossed from soup to nuts myself. I never knew there was water in them bottles. The cargo was ready, waitin' for me when I got to the line, and I loaded up without investigatin'." He drew from his pocket the message he had received at his Chicago hotel. "Read that," he demanded.

In the light of an electric torch Pelicano read it. "Teller sent you that," he decided. "I told you he was on to you."

"He must 'a' been," Larsen quavered. "He must 'a' suspected I was goin' to be highjacked and that I was playin' in with the highjackers. Teller always did have some secret information, so we always avoided an ambush before. Somebody in your mob tells him things. He must 'a' had a tip in advance, so he planted four truck loads o' Lake Michigan water on me, and I sold it to you without knowin'."

"We won't argue that," Pelicano insisted. "Haven't I told you I'll forget it if you give me back the jack?"

"That's the devil of it," Larsen almost whimpered. "I haven't got it. Teller must have had me shadowed from the time I left Chicago, because just outside Elkhart, three men jumped on my runnin' board and got the drop on me. I had the money with me and they frisked me and took it."

"I think," said Lou Pelicano coldly, "that you're a liar."

"Search me," Larsen pleaded.

"We can't do it on the highway with cars liable to pass us any second," Pelicano growled. He got into Larsen's car, tooled it off the highway and parked it. "Now, get into my car," he ordered, and Larsen and the two gorillas obeyed.

Pelicano ran down the road until he came to a dirt side road that apparently led to a farm, for a tall growth of corn lined it on each side. As soon as he entered this road Pelicano stopped the car and switched off the lights. Then, while one man held an electric torch on Larsen, Pelicano and the other man searched him.

"I told you I didn't have it," Larsen protested.

"I'll search your car," Pelicano decided. "Wait for me here." He disappeared into the darkness. Within half an hour he returned and thrust an envelope into Larsen's pale face. "Found this tucked away in that little space on top o' the windshield where the top buckles down on it." He struck Larsen furiously with his open palm. "You dirty, lyin', double-crossin' skunk!" he raged. "I don't believe you knew there was water in them bottles, but when I told you about it you tried to lie out o' makin' an honest refund. How I hate a liar an' a crook!"

He stepped back from Larsen and nodded to his gorillas, who acted instantly as if they had been rehearsed in the part. One struck Larsen a short-arm blow on the chin and dazed him. A second blow put him down, whereupon the other man gagged him. When Larsen came to they each got him by an arm.

"Come, sweetheart," Pelicano urged, and led the trio off into the cornfield about fifty yards. Here Pelicano struck Larsen and knocked him down and the gorillas emptied their rods into the prostrate form. Then they went back to the car.

Pelicano took the wheel, switched on the ignition and pressed the starter. The motor turned over under the impulse of the starter, but it refused to fire. After five minutes of futile trying, Pelicano decided there was something wrong with the ignition. He climbed out and lifted the bonnet over the motor.

"Point your flash light in here, Angelo," he ordered one of his gorillas, "till I see if the wirin's O. K.'

The two gorillas got out and joined him. All three peered at the motor—and then a voice spoke behind them.

"Hands up! *Up, damn you; up!*"

Four electric lights flashed in their faces, blinding them; the arms of the trio went skyward and three men wearing the badges of deputy sheriffs came up and handcuffed them together, removed their weapons and stood awaiting the orders of one who appeared to be their superior—the sheriff, doubtless.

"What have you men been up to?" this person demanded.

"Nothin'," they mumbled in chorus.

"A cornfield off the highway's a funny place to be doing nothing at midnight. There's an empty roadster parked down on the highway. Where's the man who owns that?"

"We don't know," came the answer in unison.

"I'll walk out in the field and try to

find out. You've left a trail in the corn," the sheriff said and disappeared behind the beam of his flash light.

"Well, they got him," he announced upon his return. "Hanley, frisk these gorillas."

Hanley did an expert job of frisking and produced from Lou Pelicano, in addition to a bunch of keys, a pocketknife and a cigar case, a heavy Manila envelope containing twenty thousand dollars in five-hundred-dollar bills.

"This clinches the case." The sheriff's voice was fat with satisfaction. "This is the envelope given Larsen by the clerk at the hotel at which he stayed in Elkhart. It has the name of the hotel on it and a serial number; it's the sort of envelope hotels furnish to guests to put their money in when they want to place it for safe-keeping in the hotel vault.

"When the clerk gave the money back to Larsen, Larsen thrust the envelope containing the bills in his pocket, after first counting them. I saw him do it. These men stopped him, escorted him into this cornfield, robbed him and murdered him. All right, boys. Attach the wires to the spark plugs again and let's get on into Gary. We'll have to leave Larsen for the local coroner to pick up."

The sheriff of Cook County, Illinois, came to the door of Teller's private office and rapped authoritatively; the latch clicked and he stepped into the room. James E. Teller held out his hand.

"Well, sheriff," he demanded cheerily, "am I or am I not an excellent prophet?"

"Take the head of the class," said the sheriff. "We picked Larsen up as he left the hotel in Elkhart. I was standing at the desk when he came to get his money from the safe, after paying his bill.

"We trailed him out of the city and once on the country road we followed with our lights out. We saw the men with the flash lights in the road, saw the sign they used to decoy him into stopping; so we pulled up by the side of the road a couple of hundred yards behind them and watched.

"Then they parked his car beside the road, put him into their car and made off with him. We were too late to save Larsen. They were around a sharp bend and into a side road, with their lights out, before we could catch up with them. So we passed them and had gone three miles before I decided we'd lost them and turned back.

"As we came by Larsen's parked car there was a man rummaging around in it, so we went on a couple of hundred yards until we turned a bend, then came about and advanced slowly. The man had left Larsen's car and was walking down the highway, seeing his way with an electric torch, for it was very dark.

"We slid along, not showing our lights, and suddenly the man left the highway and turned left. We found a side road there, so we parked and followed. Of course we came on slowly—we had to be mighty cautious, because I was afraid of a Tommy gun.

"Well, when we got up close to the car we saw there was nobody there, so I pulled the ignition wires clear of the spark plugs. Then we slipped into the corn on the right side of the road and waited.

"Pretty soon Pelicano and the two gorillas came out of the corn on the left side, got in and tried to back around. But the motor wouldn't turn over, so they all got out and started an investigation, which was just what I'd planned. While they were bent over the motor we sneaked up and nabbed them."

"And Larsen was absent?" Teller asked.

"Naturally. They'd taken him into the cornfield and given him the works. I had a suspicion they were about that job when we got to their car, but I didn't feel called upon to risk my men or myself searching that cornfield to save Larsen. After all, it was gang business and mine was official.

"Besides, you'd told me that Larsen could save himself at any time merely by giving up the money. Evidently the fool didn't, so they took it away from him and then killed him."

"I think I can reconstruct that wayside drama," said James E. Teller, and closed his eyes. "Larsen had the money on his person when he left the hotel. We know that. But he was too crafty to keep that amount of money on his person; he secreted it in his car. When they searched him up in the cornfield he did not have it on him and probably told Pelicano some tale about having been robbed.

"But Pelicano is too old and crafty a bird to be caught with chaff, so he went back to the car and searched until he found the money. Yes, Pelicano was the man you saw in the car. He'd make the search himself. He wouldn't trust one of the gorillas.

"Of course, when he discovered Larsen had lied to him there was nothing for it but to take him out in the corn and let him have it, which they did. In a sense, Larsen committed suicide."

"Nevertheless, Mr. Teller, it's a clean case of murder and robbery, and all three will swing for it. This is one case Lou Pelicano cannot beat, because it will be tried in Indiana, and the jury will be glad to make an example of this trio, to teach Chicago gangsters to pull off their rough stuff at home.

"Do you mind telling me how you knew just what was going to happen and when? If the telephone girl in the hotel at Elkhart hadn't plugged me in, from my room, when Pelicano called up Larsen to decoy him back to Chicago last night, I would have abandoned the case in the morning. I would have concluded I was on a wild-goose chase."

"It did take Pelicano a little longer than I had anticipated to discover he had immediate business with Larsen. And of course, I knew exactly where Larsen was. I'd had him trailed. In fact, I tried to chase him out of the city, so I sent him an anonymous note which was calculated to disturb him. I thought it would be a good idea for the boob to leave town before he got into some trouble he wasn't smart enough to handle."

"The sign on your door, Mr. Teller, says 'Investments.' Do you sometimes invest in liquor in wholesale quantities?"

"That has been my principal business, sheriff. I supply the best people in town with the best liquor obtainable. Of course I break the law, but I have always thought myself quite as respectable as those I sell to. I've tried to be a decent bootlegger, but of late I have been apprehensive of being forced into adherence to the code of Pelicano *et al.*"

"Self-defense is the first law of human nature, Mr. Teller. Who was Larsen?"

"My first lieutenant. I paid him well enough to retain his loyalty, but the other crowd outbid me, it seems. Some time ago Larsen informed me that Pelicano would be glad to meet me to discuss amalgamating his business with mine. I wasn't interested, but Larsen argued so earnestly in favor of it that I decided to test his loyalty. So I left my customers' ledger out of the safe one night.

"Larsen had access to the general office and found it, so he made a list of the names and addresses, together with the amount of sales to each in the past year. He pecked it out on my secretary's typewriter, and he made two carbon copies.

"For the copies he used fresh carbon

$5000. in Prizes

. . . . just for telling us which of these two cards we should send to two million women!

ALL women appreciate a bargain. But often one particular bargain will have more appeal than another. Here is a fascinating contest which will enable you to express *your* idea of a bargain. Merely tell us *which* of these two offers you think will be the more acceptable to 2,000,000 women—and you may win one of the 380 prizes offered by RIGAUD—*Parfumeur*—Paris.

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Rigaud—Paris (Parfumeur by Royal Decree to His Majesty, King Alfonso XIII of Spain) wishes to acquaint more American women with his exquisite Parfum Un Air Embaumé. To do this he intends to send approximately two million letters from Paris to discriminating women in America (the customers of 184 famous stores.)

The letter which these women will receive from Paris will enclose a card for presentation to these stores.

Which Card Shall Rigaud Send?

Only one of the two cards shown at the right can be enclosed with this letter. Which shall it be—A or B?

Note that the regular retail value of the assortment given in *Offer A* (as listed on the card) is $6.45. Yet this card will enable Madame to obtain it for $2.95.

Then consider *Offer B*, giving a total retail value of $3.00 which this card will enable Madame to obtain for $1.50.

Which of These 380 Prizes Will YOU Win?

1st Prize		$1200
2nd Prize		$ 800
3rd Prize		$ 500
4th Prize		$ 250
5th Prize		$ 100
6th Prize		$ 50
7th Prize		$ 25
13	Prizes of $15 each	$195
80	$10 Bottles Parfum Un Air Embaume	$800
120	$5 Bottles Parfum Un Air Embaume	$600
160	$3 Bottles Parfum Un Air Embaume	$480
		$5,000

Think which of the two offers would be most attractive to *you*—and hence in your opinion more likely to please 2,000,000 women. Would you prefer the half-price $1.50 offer, or would you rather spend $2.95 in order to get the "better than half-price" $6.45 value? Write your opinion in *50 words or less*, explaining which of the two offers appeals most to you, and why.

Remember that Riguad-Paris is one of the world's greatest Parfumeurs—that his exquisite Parfum Un Air Embaumé was selected by Mrs. Vanderbilt for use at the million dollar wedding of her daughter, Consuelo—its popularity is world wide, and, consequently, Un Air Embaumé Toiletries are chosen by women of taste and discrimination.

Simple as A B C

You don't need to be a user of Rigaud Toiletries to compete. You don't need to buy anything. Just write and send your opinion. Neatness, brevity, logic, and originality will be the factors that count in the awarding of prizes. Your chance of winning the capital prize is as good as any other woman's. And just think—with Christmas coming—what you could do with $1200! Or the 2nd prize of $800—or the 3rd of $500! Surely when a little effort may bring you one of these 380 valuable prizes, the thing to do is to *act!*

RULES of the CONTEST

1 Contest closes midnight November 1st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. The winners will be announced in the **February issue of TRUE ROMANCES Magazine.** Prizes will be awarded by committee consisting of Robt. E. Mulligan, Manager of the Toilet Goods Department of the famous store of Jordan Marsh Company, Boston; Robt. W. Beatty of Schwab and Beatty, Inc., Advertising Counsellors, New York City; and John L. Canova, of Canova & Pierce, Certified Public Accountants, New York City.

2 Contest open to any WOMAN with the exception of employees of the New York or Paris Salon of Rigaud-*Parfumeur*-Paris, or employees (or their relatives) of the organizations of any of the judges. You need not use the coupon unless you wish. Write your opinion—in 50 words or less—on any paper you like, but be sure to write plainly, to assist judges.

3 Only one entry permitted to each contestant.

4 If two or more women submit opinions which judges consider of equal merit, full amount of the prize tied for will be awarded to *each* contestant.

5 Address opinions to RIGAUD Box *16*, Station C New York, N Y It is understood and agreed by contestants that entries are to become the property of Rigaud-*Parfumeur*-Paris, and may be used by them for advertising purposes. No entries can be returned, nor can Rigaud-*Parfumeur*-Paris correspond with contestants about the results of the contest.

A

MADAME is invited to accept

the UN AIR EMBAUMÉ assortment (listed at the right), value $6.45. This card entitles bearer to receive the assortment for $2.95.

RIGAUD—*Paris*

Signature of Bearer.....

Address.....

Amount of Purchase.....

OFFER A

1 Parfum	$1.00
1 Double Compact	$1.50
1 Cold Cream	.60
1 Vanishing Cream	.60
1 Bottle of Talcum	.75
2 Boxes Powder	$2.00
Value	$6.45

PRICE—$2.95

B

MADAME is invited to accept

the UN AIR EMBAUMÉ assortment (listed at the right), value $3.00. This card entitles bearer to receive the assortment for $1.50.

RIGAUD—*Paris*

Signature of Bearer.....

Address.....

Amount of Purchase.....

OFFER B

1 Parfum	$1.00
1 Jar Cleansing Cream	$1.00
1 Box Face Powder	$1.00
Value	$3.00

PRICE—$1.50

SEND *Your* OPINION NOW!

Do you prefer Offer A or B? Turn it over in your mind. Talk to friends, get their advice. Offer B costs but $1.50—and saves $1.50. Offer A costs a *little* more, $2.95, but it saves *much* more—it saves $3.50. Both offers include Toiletries women use every day, exquisite Un Air Embaumé Parfum, Powder, Creams, etc., *already* favorites on the boudoir tables of lovely women.

For example, one woman whose opinion was asked wrote:

"Offer A, I should think would be preferred by every modern woman, not only because of its marvelous value, but because it will enable her to enjoy a large assortment of Toiletries which no woman can get along without."

And another who preferred Offer B wrote:

"Offer B is my choice for this reason: To get acquainted with perfume and powder which may be new to her the average woman will want to keep her initial outlay to a minimum—then, when pleased, she will indulge in the creams, compact, and talcum included in Offer A."

Make *your* choice. Write your reasons—the little buying motives you think would apply to you—to other women you know. Then send your opinion in 50 words or less. You have 380 chances to win! Write *today*.

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Here is my opinion. I think you should place Offer . . . (write A or B) on the card to be sent to the two million women. Please enter my name in the $5,000.00 prize contest.

Here is WHY I think so: .....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

sheets—and then threw the used carbon sheets into the wastebasket. You must understand he was never a man to ponder little details. In the morning I found the used carbon sheets and read them, because the type had made nice clear impressions on them."

The sheriff drew a sheaf of white paper from his pocket. "Here is the list. I found it in Larsen's pocket and there were so many of our best people on it that I held it out to save them from embarrassing publicity."

"Suppose we burn that document."

They burned it.

"To effect entrance to my private office from the hall one must knock in a certain way—a sort of code," Teller resumed. "Larsen knew that code and he betrayed it to Pelicano so the latter could send a man to kill me in my own office, using a gat with a silencer.

"I trapped him instead, because the moment he rapped I knew there was something doing. He snitched on Larsen to save himself and that night Larsen came in from Canada. He had been up there to bring down a convoy of motor trucks laden with Scotch, and after he had betrayed me he called to tell me about my hard luck.

"I knew he was lying, but I didn't care. Instead, I sympathized with him in his mock distress. I could afford to. I have one of Pelicano's lieutenants on my pay roll and he tipped me off to the fact that Larsen was to betray my next convoy to Pelicano. So the trucks weren't loaded with whisky that trip."

"Lake Michigan water?"

"No; Saint Lawrence River water, which is much dirtier. Larsen must have received from Pelicano for declining to dodge his highjackers—something we have done for years—not less than half the value of the shipment which, in round figures, was worth forty thousand.

"I knew Pelicano would buy the stuff in good faith and that Larsen would accept the money in good faith, but I also knew that when Pelicano discovered he had been bilked he would demand his money back. Knowing Larsen, I realized the Swede would demur and suspect Pelicano wasn't telling the truth.

"Now, mark you, I had no desire to harm Larsen. He was a fool. That's why I drove him out of town. I hoped he'd stay out; I hoped he'd go home to Sweden with his twenty thousand dollars and never know he had inadvertently swindled Pelicano. I wanted to see Pelicano done good and brown.

"When Larsen put up at the hotel in Elkhart, however, I knew the big boob was in for it; that he would phone Pelicano where he was and ask Pelicano to let him know the minute I was bumped off. For Larsen knew by that time that I knew exactly the sort of cheap crook he was and he feared I'd have him taken for a ride.

"To his way of thinking Chicago wasn't safe until I had been the central figure at a funeral. So I decided to let Nature take her course. The Fool-Killer has a way of garnering in the fools.

"Sheriff, I knew Pelicano would telephone Larsen as soon as his customers reported on the contents of those bottles. But I also knew Pelicano would never accuse Larsen over the telephone.

"What he wanted of Larsen was that twenty thousand dollars, and he was afraid, if he let Larsen get back into Chicago, the Swede might hear about the water and beat it with the twenty thousand. So he met the poor fool on the road, and then things happened.

"Therefore, in anticipation of a telephone message from Pelicano to Larsen, I sent you hurrying down to Elkhart, to pick up Larsen at the hotel and arrange with the hotel manager to listen in on whatever telephone conversations Larsen might have. When you reported to me the conversation you had listened to between Pelicano and Larsen, I was sure I knew what was going to happen and so stated to you, to your vast surprise.

"Well, it's happened. Larsen is now dead and the underworld of Chicago will know Lou Pelicano and his two gorillas no more. All of which makes life to me much more worth the living."

"I don't suppose you ever sent any man for a ride?" the sheriff said.

"Never," Teller replied earnestly.

The sheriff rose. "Well, I must be toddling along."

"Before you go, please accept this. You have done me a great favor and I am grateful ten thousand dollars' worth."

"No, thanks, Teller. I may have to land you out in the grass some day and if that day ever comes I shall not want sentiment to interfere with my duty. Teller, why don't you quit this racket?"

Teller smiled his cryptic, sardonic smile—the smile that always infuriated Letty. It infuriated the sheriff now.

"Teller," he charged, "you're as hard as lignum-vitæ. Sound advice is wasted on you, because your own knowledge of your ability to cope with fools feeds your ego and you'll keep at this game until some moron bumps you off. A little while ago you stated that the Fool-Killer has a little way of his own for garnering the fools. Teller, he has several little ways. When you're as old as I am and have handled fools as much as I have you will realize that the fool is the most dangerous enemy one can have."

"I'll take a chance," Teller declared.

"And I'll walk slowly behind you within the year," said the sheriff. "Good-by."

When he had gone Teller summoned Letty. "On second thought, Letty, I have decided not to quit; hence, you can continue to be my secretary."

"In view of the fact that Pelicano scared out of you a check for fifteen thousand dollars in my favor, I'll give it back to you."

"Don't be shirty, Letty. I do not like it. You know I'm not an Indian giver. Besides, I'll make that up in a month. I've bought the list of Pelicano's customers and I'll take over the best of them."

"James Teller, you're a fool! It's time to give up this business. Your number may be down temporarily but it will soon be up again. Why must you take the risk?"

"Possibly because I like risks and thrive on excitement."

"Well, I do not. I'm leaving you. I'll stay a month to clean up your affairs and break in my successor, but after that it's me for the up and up."

"Why, you've never been on the down and down. Don't be foolish, Letty. I'll raise your salary."

"No," she said, "I'm through. I like to sleep well o' nights. Here's your fifteen thousand," and she laid a check on his desk.

He was too intelligent not to know she meant it; he had sufficient sporting blood to realize she was doing the right thing. He merely bowed his head, tucked the check in his pocket and smiled his cryptic, sardonic smile, and a flush of anger mounted to Letty's cheeks.

"I hate you," she said slowly. "You have everything but a heart. Good-by. I'm going now."

"Good-by, Letty. Good luck."

In Peter B. Kyne's Next Story James E. Teller hits the trail for the West and again encounters Pelicano's henchman, Polly Cahill

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"Perfume should be as varied as your clothes. Be slim and sword-like in your sports things—glorious or fragilly lovely in the world of night—poetic or mysterious in twilight chiffons—but vary your perfumes harmoniously. My perfumes are mute but haunting expressions of every mood and mode. They set a complete scale of fragrances from which to select, on the theme of one's personality, the final perfecting note, the vibrant climax for the ensemble and the occasion."

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Love

(*Continued from page 71*)

nature unless I know where *animal* nature leaves off.

I take it for granted that you accept human evolution as a fact. Our nearest living kin are four anthropoid apes: gorilla and chimpanzee of Africa, gibbon and orang of southeastern Asia and adjacent islands.

What have these monkeys to do with sex? More than we like to admit. They *are* our cousins, the four anthropoids, our *first* cousins. Their behavior helps us to understand ours. Whatever behavior traits we have which they have not, are "human" traits; where they leave off and we begin marks the line between *human* and *animal* nature.

See, now, how I was led into temptation? I early got the habit of thinking monogamy the natural way of mating. I easily found enough in ape behavior to justify my habit of thought. Man marries because he is a marrying animal; monogamy comes to him naturally because his ancestor was a monogamist.

Man everywhere and always has seemed to feel that there must be specific "Thou shalt nots" to guard the welfare of the group, tribe or state. In other words, marriage as an institution is *human*. There is no marrying among nonhuman Primates; there *is* mating.

As the word "love" exists only in human speech, so love as a sentiment is a human emotion. The mother chimpanzee's action in carrying her dead baby in her arms for days, parting with it only under outside compulsion, may be comparable to love, but it is as far below love as the human mother is high above the ape-mother.

Man is not a monogamous animal by nature. All right. How many other features of our culture do we cherish because they are natural?

Were we *true* to our nature, no "women and children first" cry would ever have been heard on a sinking ship or in a fire. Were we true to our nature, we should not have that ideal of fidelity till death us do part. All that Man has done that distinguishes him from and lifts him above the organ-grinder's monkey, or the anthropoid of the African forest, has been in spite of his nature.

And yet followers of the God of War still have the temerity to tell us that there can be no peace on earth because peace is not in human nature and human nature can't change. If there is anything in this world that can be changed faster than anything else, it is human nature. Caught young, no other animal can be as effectively tamed, civilized, socialized, humanized, as the human.

To say that we are sexually promiscuous by nature, then, is to disparage our nature no more than to say that we are curious. By nature, we are insatiably curious, eternally destructive and shamelessly shameless; by training, our curiosity can become engrossed in socially useful activities and focused on lines and fields compatible with human welfare.

The monogamous home as modernly conceived, even if only approximating the modern ideal, is an enormous step in human social progress. From whatever point of view you look at civilization, make of it what you will, its existence without the home is, and will be for a long time to come, inconceivable. The break-up of the home, or, more specifically, a frank and open return to sexual promiscuity, would throw society into chaos.

Civilization has been built up on organization and understanding. Ours is far from complete and presumably never will be perfect, but it never will come to grief so long as it contends for socially sound ideals and does not allow itself to stagnate in mere complacency, or keep its ideals in water-tight compartments, alienated and isolated from actual conduct. Merely to think social amelioration, in sex or any other phase of life, is to think in a vacuum; nothing happens.

Is there, then, a substitute for sex? Certainly. It is Man's business to find substitutes for prehuman unrestrained behavior, or unbridled license, if you please. Man is human, I repeat, in proportion as he finds such substitutes.

What are our synthetic drugs, chemicals, dyes, foods, antitoxins, artificial heating, cooling and lighting plants, our trains, ships, automobiles and airplanes, our postal communications, telegraph, radio—what are all these but cultural substitutes for human needs? Name any implement, tool, weapon or device you will, and what is it but a man-made device for such control over his social and physical environment as was not his by nature? What are these but substitutes for sex?

Boys and girls naturally come of age—at thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen. They are now physiologically fit for mateship; they are mate-hungry; they are naturally impelled to mate. Society says: "Don't; wait for four, six, eight, ten years."

What happens meanwhile to the impulse? One of four things: He or she becomes auto-erotic—the mating impulse is expended upon or released by self; that is taboo. Or the sex impulse becomes diverted or is forced into a more insidious pathologic pit, to break out sooner or later in some other form of emotional disease; no taboo. Or the impulse is sublimated—diverted into work; into interests which absorb; into occupations which consume the energy which needs and will find an outlet. Or the taboo is disregarded and nature takes its course.

Note that while society says "Don't" and its law delimits the marrying age, our taboo against early or premature marriage is not primarily on moral but on economic grounds, plus a vague general belief that in the interests of offspring marriage should be postponed until growth, "mental," physical and sexual, is completed. Further, our habit of thought and our educational system assume that marriage will be postponed until the middle or late twenties. And so, while the taboo against early marriage is generally effective, early marriages involve no great loss of moral standing.

How about this new generation—is it brazenly violating the old taboos; is it openly returning to primitive sexual promiscuity? As to the facts, I am not so sure: I do know that the old sees the young generation through biased eyes—it has been on the road to ruin for thousands of years.

We who have turned life's corner easily become reconciled to automobiles, even to airplanes and the radio, but not to bobbed hair and the fact that women have knees. Knees were unthinkable to a mid-Victorian, and their possessors necessarily immodest if not immoral; short hair could belong only to a tomboy or to a hussy.

Speaking personally, I see no more reason for a woman to wear long hair than for a Chinaman to wear a pigtail; and as for knees, they may have become immoral again by the time these words

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get into type. Clothes, after all, are mere conventions, and if we wore none at all, we would find other pegs to hang immodesty on.

The evidence *seems* to indicate that this generation more frankly tends toward early promiscuous horde conditions than is comportable with the still generally accepted theory that we are a monogamous people. That condition is not a good preparation for monogamy.

To the extent that the present generation practices promiscuity, we may assume to that extent is monogamous marriage in peril. Possibly the increasing number of marriage failures, as the divorce court shows, proves this to be a fact.

Note, please, that it is one thing to say what is likely to or necessarily will happen under certain circumstances, or that this practice or that is bad, but if history points any moral at all, it is that sex laxity is incompatible with the business of fitting children to carry on the work of humanizing human beings. To this moral add the fact that human beings are creatures of habit, and that habits don't come with us fully formed, but are made, built, conditioned into us.

Thus we can do the countless things we do day by day, participate in this complex industrial and economic world of ours largely because in our early years we can form habits—of manipulating the objective world easily and of getting along comfortably with ourselves and our fellow men.

We can clothe our savage nature in the habits of civilization. With these habits we can go through the day's routine like wound-up robots, and thereby have time to keep up with these fast-changing times, even to lend a hand to make the wheels go faster.

That intolerance, injustice, superstition, voodooism, and every known form of sex aberration abound, is evidence to those who can read that our social, moral, ethical and humane evolution has not kept pace with our material and intellectual advance. The reason, of course, is not far to seek. We are not yet adjusted to the new idea of equal opportunity and responsibility for the two sexes.

Intelligence is at large as never before, but interests have become individualized as never before. Education has failed in its great primary duty; the home has failed. A new type of home, something just as good, something better, may come, but home is still the primary teacher and must be for a long time to come.

The home, society itself, is responsible for crime, insanity and promiscuous sex relations. All this, I think, we must conclude from what we know about human nature, about the history of human society.

Let us now look further into the question of sublimation as a substitute for delayed sex adjustment.

That is the theory we work on today. We assume that marriage will be postponed until beyond the twenties. The question is, can the mating impulse be sublimated meanwhile? And make no mistake about that impulse. It is the normal inheritance of every human being, and at the age of physiological maturity is reinforced by enough energy to move mountains.

Can that energy be diverted into work, play, or any form of nonsexual activity, without permanent detriment, and leave the individual unmarred, fit for normal monogamous marriage? Without doubt it can be, and the proof is that without doubt it has been done. But it can be done only as the individual is trained in

general habits of self-restraint and self-control.

These are no figures of speech. All that passes for human morality, decency, modesty, self-restraint, prudence, enlightenment, intelligence itself, in sex behavior, results from human upbringing. Without such upbringing we remain what we are by nature—brutish, immoral, indecent, immodest, shameless, insatiably, wantonly lustful; in short, as low as the monkeys with which we definitely parted company some millions of years ago.

This upbringing must be real, purposeful, conscious, intelligent. Chance will not do it; nor will maids, servants, or playmates. It should not be forced or premature, nor should it be made mysterious; it should be honest, frank and intelligent.

Any boy or girl with that background of upbringing, plus other early formed, sound motor and emotional habits, is a fit mate for the highest type of marriage yet devised by human society. Virtue can be translated into actual human conduct; it need not remain, as it has remained too much in the past, parental precept, schoolbook copy.

But isn't this generation of youngsters going to the "demnition bowwows" as fast as it can? I am not so certain. They certainly are putting more energy into games, sports and amusements, and even into education, I suspect, than my generation did. What is all this but a sublimation of sex?

Their frankness about these matters must shock their parents, but that very frankness is a better preparation for a healthy sex-life than the old furtive, sneaking attitude which inevitably made for hypocrisy—and as much promiscuity and probably more insanity. The girl who works all day to better her economic position and the girl who dances all night to dissipate her pent-up steam are fitter for monogamous marriage than the old-fashioned girl who was carefully wrapped up in cotton wool and insulated from the male world.

Sex-play, courtship, is a normal activity: it should be expected; it certainly should not be prevented. Complete segregation of the sexes inevitably leads to bad sex habits—not necessarily incurable, but unless cured, fatal to a happy marriage. Nor can I discover any sound psychologic ground for believing that trial marriage, so called, unfits either sex for a permanent and happy monogamous union. Mate-hunger *is* natural; its natural satisfaction is no disease.

Society rarely gets what it expects; it generally gets what it deserves. Marriage has become a long-postponed, enormously expensive and fairly hazardous undertaking. If that is what society wants, it must take the pains and time to train its members for that kind of undertaking.

If there is more crime rampant than usual, it is because more individuals have been allowed to grow up without discipline. If our boys and girls are prone to lapse back to promiscuous horde conditions, it is because they have not been taught enough self-restraint and self-control to meet the taboo against early marriage, or because they have formed vicious habits.

"But how can I quit; how can I break myself of the habit?" Such questions keep coming in, and are generally marked by an intense tone and a vague sense of doom or fatality. Here is the answer.

I am, let us say, addicted to a certain drug. I dread its consequences. I resort to every device I can think of to break myself of the habit. I also fear it, and have a horror of it. The mere fear and horror are bad: they make me

less fitted to cope with the habit; they make a fatal termination more inevitable.

Now, suppose someone with a voice of authority comes along and tells me: "That habit won't do you any good, but it won't kill you, it won't drive you insane; fear might, if you brood over it long enough—just as brooding over anything long enough and hard enough might." That lifts me at once out of my rut, as it were; sets me on a higher plane. I can now view myself and my habit more rationally.

Translate the above into any "bad" habit—abnormal sex behavior, what not; the psychology is the same. Abnormal sex behavior is not a drug; it does not destroy life. It does make normal sex behavior difficult; the longer persisted in, the more difficult. But it won't kill.

How can such a bad habit be stopped? By putting a good one in its place. No good one available? There is the rub for most of us. To get started in a good habit is often like trying to lift ourselves by our boot straps—physically impossible alone, but often quite easy with help from the outside; from someone in whom we have confidence.

Then there is that great problem, not of sentiment or primarily of morality, but of fact: In parts of our own country, and especially in many European countries, the women outnumber the men. Social taboos doom them to childlessness, or if they bear children, they are taboo also, thereby making it difficult for both mother and offspring to become intrinsic parts of the social fabric.

If society will spend its brains in making wars inevitable, it should spend an equal amount in finding a solution for the woman who wants to be a mother—and knowing what she wants, presumably has more intelligence than the woman who marries to escape life. State, society, is justified in asking that it be relieved of the burden of rearing children, but it certainly has no moral or human right to deny a woman the right to bear children because it has sacrificed so many men it can't support a monogamous state.

From what I know of human nature, human psychology and human history, I must infer that there is no safe, sane and sound *permanent* substitute for sex. We are bisexual animals. When Man refines sex out of his nature, he leaves no excuse for his existence and shuts his eyes to the world of beauty he was born to enjoy. Bisexual reproduction is almost as old as life itself; without it life could not have evolved beyond its lowest stage. Bisexual mating is the law of higher animals. That law cannot be violated with impunity.

Hence, not without reason does society, in its own interest, in the interest of the coming generation, and in the interest of order, decency, organization, workability and mutual understanding, demand bisexual mateship. Any other relationship is artificial and in the legitimate sense of the word unnatural, immoral, bad, vicious.

With equal reason does society demand that mateship be monogamous. Of all man-made institutions, monogamous marriage is the highest, noblest. No other institution offers so many possibilities for individual happiness, such great hope for human welfare and the continued existence of the race. Of all emotions, love alone is human; through love alone Man achieves immortality.

The Masterpiece (*Continued from page 34*)

to the world. Her legs flopped and waggled under her.

"Help her upstairs, will you, boys?" said little Mrs. Solly. "Get her into her room—it's the Blue Room on the second floor, first door on the right at the top of the steps. She didn't bring her maid with her; her maid's sick or something. I'll trail along and get her undressed."

She laughed over her shoulder as she started up the stairs behind the helpers with their sagging burden between them.

Coffee and brandy had been served by the time she reappeared in the doorway. Glosscup was just getting under way, telling one of his off-color stories. Mrs. Solly's prompt return interrupted him.

"All done," she announced. "Mama's off to Shut-eye Town. Trust little Fannix Fix-it, the Camp-fire Girl. Say, how long are you boys going to loll around here, being dirty? Don't you hear those dames sharpening their teeth on the other side of this hall? There'll be three tables of bridge and a free-for-all poker table, and everybody's set to go as soon as you big Camemberts get through. So make it snappy."

"Beat it," said Solly with affectionate violence. "Let them female sharks wait; these poor fish will be along soon enough. This gag that Glossy's pullin' is too good to miss."

Glosscup's story posthumously begot another like it, and then a third. Solly looked at his watch.

"By gosh, it's later than I thought!" he exclaimed. "Quarter to twelve already, if this kettle's right."

"Twelve minutes of, to be exact," said the man next him. "I set mine in town today by Western Union."

"Let's go," ordered Solly. "Gamblers to the center! Serious drinkers can stick here or else go to the bar in the library."

By intent, Staggner was at the tail end of the procession which at once was straggling across the entrance hall and on into one or the other of the twin drawing-rooms. Here at once there was a clamor of preferences being shrilly stated, of partners being drawn, of chips being counted and, on the part of a few, of declinations to play anything at all.

Nobody, whether servants or fellow guests, was paying any attention to Staggner. That suited his book admirably. He was sure that his leisurely withdrawal was unobserved. Once out of sight, his retreat up the stairs was swift.

The broad upper corridor was dimly lighted. He slipped into a still darker side hall, took a handkerchief from his pocket and, drawing it across the bridge of his nose, tied it behind his ears. It covered the lower part of his face; made a good-enough improvised mask. He meant to run no added risk of being recognized should the sleeper awake.

Emerging from the crossway, he crept to the first door on the right. A light shone through the keyhole, but through the keyhole came no sound that he could detect. So softly and very gently he turned the knob and pushed. As he had expected, the door was unlocked. He pushed it farther, slipped through and closed and bolted it behind him.

Now, being inside, he heard the woman's heavy breathing. Partly undressed, she lay on the bed, face upward, puffing through her painted lips. The bed light alongside her was on. It made plenty of illumination. One pudgy arm still carried its load of broad bracelets. But her throat had been stripped of its rich burden.

Had the pearls been locked away? No,

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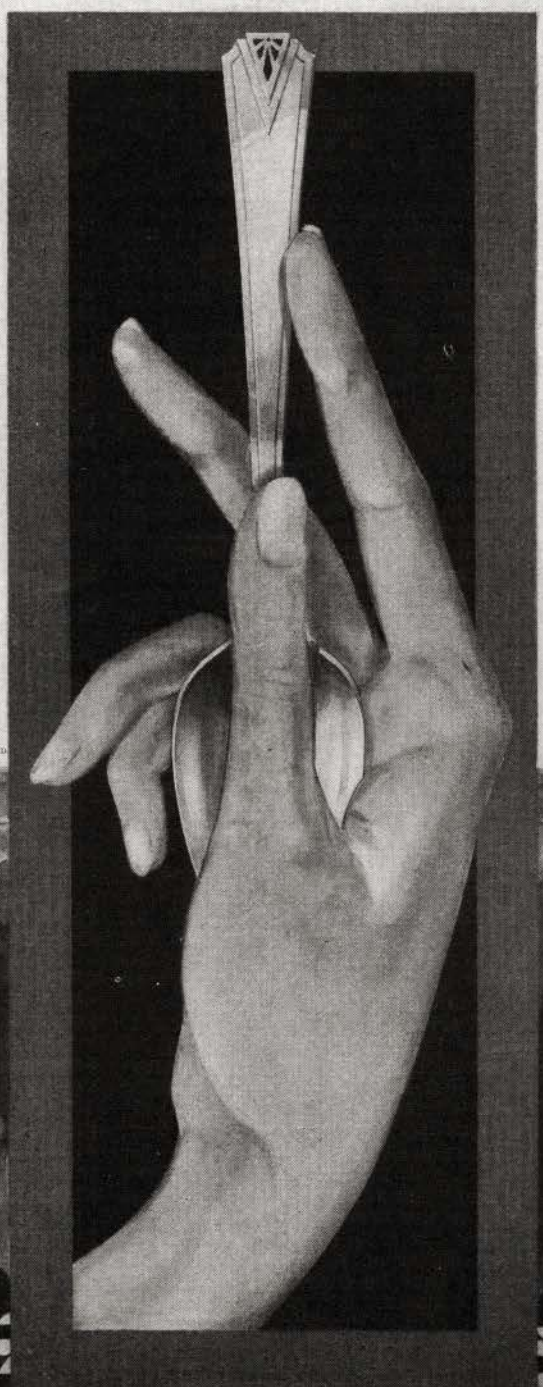

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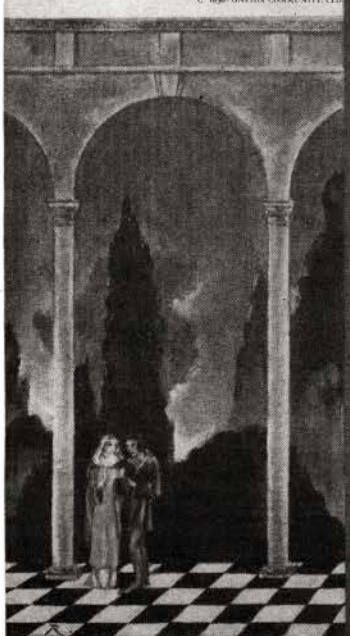

COMMUNITY PLATE

The Aristocrat of the Dining Table

there they were in a coil on the dresser. Silently he crossed the room. There were other things with them—a huge diamond sunburst, emerald earrings, a diamond hair ornament, various costly gauds.

The job, thus far, had been so easy that almost it was funny. He had only to scoop up the spoils and tiptoe out.

In the act of scooping them up a problem unforeseen until the present moment beset him. When discovery of the robbery came, there would be a house-wide search. In justice to the servants, in justice to one another, all hands would surely submit to an examination of their persons and their belongings and their rooms. Where, then, would be the safest place to hide this loot until that phase passed?

With the treasure clinking in his grasp, he gave consideration to this puzzle. In the midst of it he was aware, all of a sudden, that the breathing behind him had stopped. Startled, he swung about.

Her eyes wide open, her jaw agape, the Thames woman was sitting up in bed. She did not offer to scream, but a conscious understanding was replacing the blank stupor on those swollen features. Shock was sobering her.

Squinting hard at him, she flung the covers aside, thrust her legs out of bed, got on her feet and stood barring his path to the door. There was no fear in the scowl on that dissipated face, but only a great hostility.

Then he came to himself and took a step toward her and as he did this he felt the badly tied disguisement slipping off his nose. He threw up his free hand to hold it and his fumble at it completed the damage. The handkerchief fell down about his throat and in the virago's staring look, along with the rage, there was now recognition. She knew him, so that settled her hash for her.

"You dirty dog!" she said in a fierce undertone. "I've got you! You'll pay——"

In that same flash he struck her down. She took the first blow on an upturned forearm, but the second, delivered with all his might and main, landed squarely on her unprotected head and he could feel the sink of the weapon's iron butt right into the bone structure.

She was down now, face forward, on the thick bearskin before the hearth, which had muffled the soft thud of her dropping. And he was standing over her, ready to strike again, holding poised the heavy ornamental poker which had been caught up by him from the fireplace.

Afterwards he could not remember dropping the jewels and snatching for the poker. He must have acted instinctively. But he remembered everything else—how clearly he did remember it all, reconstructing each detail in his mind!

She was dead, all right—no cause for worry there. The very sprawl of her body told him she was dead. Besides, the top of her skull was bashed in.

He was perfectly calm. Even in that hurried phase of it, he subconsciously marveled that he should be so entirely calm. Of course, taking the jewels was now out of the question. Who would dare to risk being caught with a murdered woman's jewels in his possession? Who would dare try to market them?

There they were—scattered on the floor. So he gathered them up and put them on the dresser where he had found them. But before he did this, he slid the poker under the bed on the side nearer the body, leaving the brass handle exposed. There was method in this partial concealment of the poker.

He undid the handkerchief from his throat and wadded it into his pocket. Next he came and stood over the dead woman and thought hard. What else, if anything, was to be done? A crowning inspiration flashed across his brain.

His victim's pulpy left arm was outstretched. It had a crumpled, curiously foreshortened aspect to it. He bent and looked closer, and that was when he got his inspiration. Where his first blow had fallen, her wrist was shattered. The stroke had smashed the gemmed band which held her wrist watch in place. The watch, though, was not injured.

He slid the wrecked bracelet out from beneath the broken wrist and put the watch to his ear. It ticked steadily. So he turned the hands back from twelve-seven until they registered eleven-forty-six, and then tapped the face of the watch against his heel until the crystal smashed and the mechanism failed.

Again he applied the mistreated bauble to his ear. Its tick was silenced. With his handkerchief he wiped it well and, keeping it nested in the handkerchief to avoid touching it again, he deposited the watch on the rug a finger's length from its late owner's relaxed left hand.

He drew the bolt, passed out of the door, closing it softly behind him, and, meeting no one in his descent, was immediately back downstairs, making a leisurely reappearance in the front drawing-room. No person there so much as cocked an inquiring eyebrow at his entrance. Plainly his absence had not been remarked. Well, all told, he'd only been away some seven or eight minutes.

Casually, he stationed himself behind two others who were standing back of one of the players at one of the bridge tables. The player was a woman.

A deal was played out; the woman and her partner had gone down.

"My luck is terrible," she declared. "Not a decent hand since we started."

"That's right," said Staggner sympathetically. "I've been looking over your shoulder and you haven't had a really good hand since you began playing."

She glanced up at him, grimacing and nodding. Staggner meant that the alibi he had built should have no chinks in it. Big things counted in its construction, but trifles might help too. He was sure this woman would be willing, in perfect good faith, to testify that he had been in her vicinity all the while.

He idled off to another table and lingered, observing the play. He wasn't the least bit nervous.

He was still there near this second quartet of players when from upstairs came a shrill frightened outcry—Solly Lennix's wife's voice.

"Come quick, somebody!" she was screaming. "Something's happened to Olivia. Come quick!"

There was a stir of bodies suddenly galvanized into movement. A table went over with a crash, a glass smashed, chips were clattering in a cataract and Mrs. Lennix was repeating her call.

In the excited rush up the staircase, Staggner was one of the first; not the first—he saw to that—but one of the first.

Very pale, Mrs. Lennix met them at the head of the steps.

"I slipped up to see how Olivia was," she was screechily proclaiming, "and she's flat on the floor! And she's all over blood! I took one look and ran. Something terrible's happened!"

Staggner shoved forward. He was over the threshold hard on Lennix's heels, bumping into Solly as that pudgy person balked at the dread sight before him.

"Gott!" cried Solly, relapsing into the accents of his early youth. "Keep the women out of here," he barked over his shoulder. "Keep out of here—you women. Come on, some of you men."

He still hesitated himself. With others, Staggner shoved past Solly. At once

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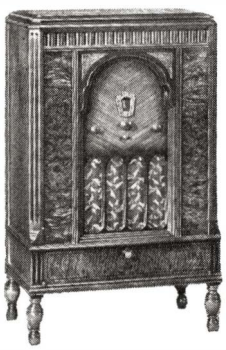

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there was a ringed huddle of men's bodies about the shape on the rug. A clamor of interlaced, overlapping voices arose.

"Get a doctor here quick," somebody was saying but himself making no move to do so. "Phone for a doctor."

"She's dead," somebody else was saying; "she certainly looks dead, boys."

"Maybe—maybe she fell out of bed and hurt herself," a third somebody was saying in a strangely flattened tone.

"And maybe she didn't," snapped Staggner, his voice dominating the small tumult so that a quick tense hush ensued. "Look at her head! And look at her arm! Never mind about getting any doctor. What we need here is the police!"

"*Mein Gott,* then it's moider!" yelled Solly hysterically.

"And look at this!" added Staggner. He stooped and from beneath the bed drew the heavy brass-handled poker. "Here's what it was done with, I'd guess."

He passed the poker into the hands of a neighbor. The neighbor happened to be Glosscup. And immediately another man took it away from Glosscup.

"See if that poker doesn't fit that dent in her head," Staggner bade him. "I'm no good at that—makes me sick!"

Glosscup—and for it Staggner was secretly grateful to him—said now what Staggner had meant to say in a moment or two.

"We've done it!" declared Glosscup. "Handling that poker was all wrong. There might have been fingerprints on it. And now we've messed 'em all up with our fingerprints."

"That's so," agreed Staggner contritely. "Lay it down and don't anybody touch it again."

Glosscup, it would seem, was by way of being an amateur detective. For he dropped down on his knees and was closely eying the ruined wrist watch; next was applying his ear close to it.

"Be still," he commanded. "I want to see if this watch is still going." He straightened up. "It's stopped," he stated. "It stopped when that lick hit it—no wonder. Her wrist's all smashed up. It stopped at exactly forty-six past eleven—that's when this killing was done! We've got that much to go on already."

"*Gott!*" cried Solly. "Chust almost the very minute when I was saying to you fellows downstairs that we'd better be joinin' the wimmin. You remember?"

Haply, he appealed to Staggner.

"I remember," said Staggner.

Glosscup was delivering an order now. "Lock the outside doors! Nobody leaves this house until the police get here—nobody! This looks like an inside job to me. By the way, where's her jewelry—those pearls and everything?"

"Here on this dressing table," stated an eager voice. "A whole pile of 'em."

"Oh!" grunted Glosscup as though disappointed. "So that's how it stands, eh?"

So it stood and so, until the end of the chapter, it continued to stand. The crime must have been committed by some person on the premises. The smart city detectives who came up from town to aid the Westchester County constabulary in its gruesome guessing contest agreed with the local cops on that point.

Likewise they agreed with them in the conclusion that the woman must have been stricken down at eleven-forty-six—her wrist watch proved that much, so they all decided. But at eleven-forty-six practically all the guests and practically all the servants could account, at least approximately, for their whereabouts.

And why had it been done at all? What reason other than an outburst of homicidal insanity—and that's a frenzied thing without any reason to it—was there for it? What cause? Nobody, so far as was known, hated Olivia Thames.

After the first few hours—after the false butler had been recognized and locked up, after each of the individuals on the place had been pumped, badgered and cross-questioned—the case just stood still. The butler spent a month or two in jail. The rest underwent a week or two of being interviewed and photographed for the press and being resummoned for more futile, footless examinations by harassed police chiefs and by a pestered district attorney.

Then some newer nine-day sensation bobbed up and the "House-party Mystery," as the headlines had dubbed it, was put upon the shelf.

Staggner, feeling altogether comfortable and assured, waited until January before he drew out of the bank what cash he had there and went abroad. He was going over to see if his Polish countess wouldn't take him just as he was, financially speaking. He landed at Genoa, and the very day he landed he read in a paper that his countess had been married to an Argentine nabob.

So he went on one spectacular lone-handed drunk and then he turned around and started back home again. He wasn't by any means as broken-hearted as he had figured he was going to be when he first heard the news.

Still, he was unhappy and most depressed. His conceit had taken an awful wallop. He drank hard on the steamer, keeping mostly to himself.

On the afternoon before they landed at New York he was sitting alone, mopy and morose, in a big chair in the smoking room when, with a sudden jolt, it came to him that he was beginning to think more about the dead woman, the worthless one he had killed, than about the live woman, the delectable one he had lost; that in his mind he was repetitiously calling up the repugnant image of that spraddled corpse on that bearskin robe. Why should he be doing that?

He shook his head, to clear it of the fumes and the memory. Probably he'd been brooding so much over his latest disappointment that by some twisted relationship of ideas, the unpleasant vision of what had happened last October kept recurring. That must be it.

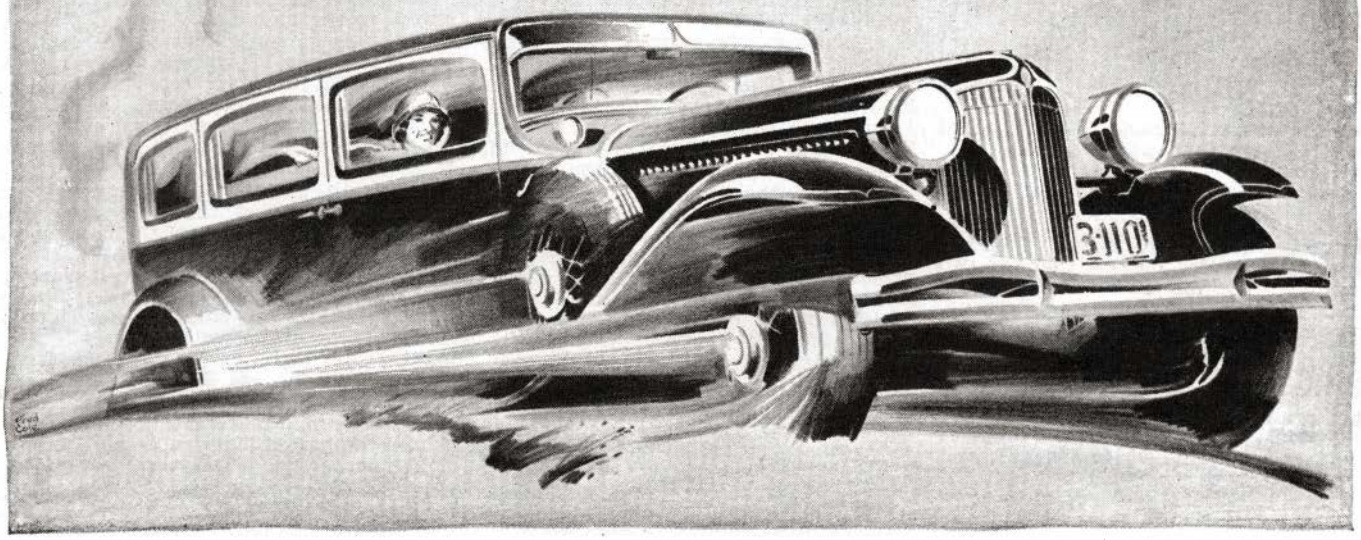
Anyway, he'd been hitting up the hard liquor pretty constantly. That was enough, by itself, to unsettle a fellow temperamentally.

Whatever the explanation was, the thing persisted all through that night. He drank in his berth, but somehow couldn't drug himself into sleep. He lay awake, foggily miserable, until nearly daylight and that wasn't like him. And when he did sleep he had the same lurid dream—Olivia Thames, with her skull caved in, spraddled at his feet.

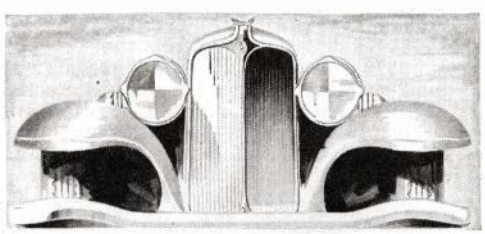
So when he got up he decided that if his head was going to play him these funny tricks, it was time to soft-pedal a bit on the drinking. Conscience didn't enter into the situation at all. Neither then nor thereafter did conscience enter into it. It was imagination, that's all—just a freak of the imagination.

Things went along in this fashion for two months or so. There was a harassed-looking, morose-acting literary man, a young man steadily losing in flesh and in spirits, a man seeking company today and tomorrow avoiding it; by spells working hard at his trade, and by spells engaged in restless idling; a man who tried cutting down on his consumption of liquor and once, for a week, cutting it out altogether—only that seemed to make the situation worse—and finally a man who reached the stage where he kept constantly in a sodden state; and

CHRYSLER
NEW STRAIGHT
EIGHTS



CHRYSLER EIGHT SEDAN, $1525 (*wire wheels extra*)



CHRYSLER EIGHT—Standard Models—Roadster $1495; Coupe $1495; Sedan $1525;—Special Coupe $1535; Special Sedan $1565; Special Convertible Coupe $1665; Sport Roadster (6 wire wheels and trunk rack) $1595. All prices f.o.b. factory. CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT—Seven-Passenger Sedan, Sedan-Limousine, Five-Passenger Sedan, Close-Coupled Five Passenger Sedan.

Two Straight Eights . . . Chrysler Eight and Chrysler Imperial Eight . . . Eights of dynamic modern beauty and smartness . . . Eights of spectacular power and speed . . . Eights that introduce brand-new degrees of flexibility and smoothness . . . Eights with Chrysler 4-speed transmission and Multi-Range gear shift, providing *two* high-gear speed ranges . . . Eights with the famous Chrysler weatherproof internal hydraulic brakes . . . Eights so low they fairly hug the ground, yet with no sacrifice of inside roominess . . . Eights engineered, built and appointed with the most exacting care and precision . . . Eights so moderate in price that we believe they set a new measure of eight-cylinder value . . . Eights every motoring enthusiast should lose no time seeing and driving.

Chrysler Eight and Imperial Eight closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Other models will be equipped on order.

this man all the while seeking desperately to rid himself of a retrospective mind-picture which refused to fade out.

Along in the early spring, another and an infinitely more disconcerting phase developed itself. One bright windy afternoon toward the end of March this man was walking up Madison Avenue on his way to keep an appointment with an independent producer who wanted him to redraft the dialogue of a "talkie" script. He was waiting at Fifty-seventh Street for the cop to stop the cross-traffic when in front of him appeared the scene of the murder, reproduced, with setting and physical accessories, against a shifting perspective of cars and pedestrians and buildings.

He felt himself going stiff and chilly, felt the little hairs on the back of his neck prickling and rising stiffly. For this was altogether different from what had gone before. Before, always he had seen the apparition with his brain only. But now he was seeing it in broad harsh daylight, seeing it with his eyes.

It seemed inconceivable that none of these persons about him likewise saw it. None of them did, though. They streamed past, oblivious and unconcerned.

To the frozen Staggner it was as though he stood facing a three-sided stage. Barring that the two ends and the top and bottom of the stage blurred off into the background, instead of making a sharp framing, he might have been the lone spectator of a thrillsome silent episode in a melodrama.

For here, directly ahead of him, was the sprawled body on the bearskin rug and, alongside it to the left, the fireplace and beyond it the door to the hall, and behind these the rumpled bed and the burning bed light on the stand, and farther on and slightly to the right, the dresser between the two draped windows, and, for a finishing touch, the far corners of Mrs. Solly Lennix's Blue Room shading off into gloominess—a perfect replica of every detail of the original occurrence, save only that his own figure was missing from down-stage, so that the dead woman's shape dominated the whole scene, her broken arm stiffly outthrust, her dyed and cropped yellow hair gleaming except where the matted red stain at the poll of the head showed, her bare bleached white feet revealed below the hem of a twisted undergarment.

Staggner's first impulse, while he stood enveloped in a rigor of cold clamminess, was to turn and run away. By an almost visible effort, he rid himself of that desire. Exerting his will power to the uttermost, he forced himself to advance across the sidewalk toward the curb and toward the embodied hallucination, or whatever it was. On that the mirage—if you could call it that?—became dim and dimmer, and then vanished.

Staggner didn't keep his engagement. Instead, he hailed a taxi and rode downtown to his apartment, having a hard chill on the way.

Reaching his quarters he locked himself in and sought comfort in a full quart of Scotch. Before he found comfort, the bottle was empty and Staggner was very full.

And next morning while he, still dazed and befuddled, was crossing through Times Square to the Paramount Building—of all unlikely places for daytime nightmares—the thing recurred. And that afternoon when, in an effort to get away from himself, he was riding up Riverside Drive on top of a bus, it duplicated itself for the second time within a space of six hours, springing up ten feet high on the horizon of the river shore and fading out as the bus lumbered closer to it.

Promptly, then, Staggner went to an eye specialist and the specialist subjected him to various tests and told him that for a person of his age and sedentary pursuits he had excellent vision. So then he visited a stomach specialist, saying to the latter that he was troubled with a sort of shifting spottiness before his gaze when he stared intently at outdoor objects. As he put it, he thought perhaps indigestion might be responsible for this optic derangement. The physician agreed with him and prescribed a simple diet, regular habits, outdoor exercise—the customary ritual.

Staggner nodded as though converted and paid the fee but had no intention of following the advice. He had knowledge which no one else would ever have unless—unless—and from this point a certain dire foreboding came to add to his burden of hidden distress. It was this: Suppose others should begin to see what he was seeing?

To himself he began saying: "If ever it turns solid, if ever it stays there until I can touch it and feel it with my own fingers, I'm gone. I'm gone then; I'll have to quit fighting then. I'm licked."

Although the thing presented itself oftener in the open, in public or semi-public places, than when he was alone, he now sought spots where there were masses of people and plenty of movement. Conceded that from nursing his delusion his mind was sick with a subtle disease, Staggner nevertheless had a purpose behind this preference for multitudes.

It was a sort of testing of his security. For so long as no one else saw what he was seeing he would be safe. So he punished himself with long walks on busy thoroughfares, frequented prize fights, ball games, even the cheaper amusement resorts.

One hot June evening when New York was frying in its own grease, the dipsomaniac that Staggner had become rode on a sight-seeing car down to Coney Island. Coney was packed and jammed—it was the first big night of the opening season there—and was brilliant with lights and blatant with discordant noises.

Staggner went shambling along a board walk in an alcoholic fog. All day he had been drinking hard. He had a flask on his hip. At intervals he entered into some convenient recess and took a swig.

It got to be very late. The crowds thinned out; the shows and the concession booths were closing. A good many of them already had closed, and Staggner, with no remembrance of how and when he had quitted the board walk or how he came to be where he was now, found himself at the farther end of a sort of blind alley opening back from Surf Avenue.

Gusts of freshened air were blowing in off the sea and there was comparative quiet about him. A misty, indefinite distaste for the long bumpy trip back to Manhattan took possession of him. Besides, he felt so fearfully tired.

He'd sleep awhile right here at Coney, lying on the sand where it was cool, and go home in the morning. As a matter of fact he was in a semi-coma already, and very near the end of his endurance.

He fumbled at his flank for his flask. A good long drink of the biting raw spirits was still in it. He emptied the bottle, tossed it aside and sat down in a doorway. He lurched back into an easier posture and behind him a poorly secured latch clicked and the door, under the pressure of his shoulders, slid slowly open, revealing near at hand a clutter of mechanical odds and ends, and on beyond an inviting, still darkness. Why wouldn't it be better to rest awhile in this secluded harborage rather than on the gritty beach? It would be better.

The new inclination hoisted him to his feet. He pulled his heavy, uncertain feet over the low shelf of the entryway and blindly invaded the building. He was sketchily conscious of passing down a sort of narrow, dimly lighted corridor, then of turning a corner, where he stumbled into projecting solid obstacles that felt like boxes or trunks, and then of moving along a wider passage, flanked on either side by open-faced booths.

The beginnings of the flimsy partitions between these spaces he could make out but their interiors were inky-black. Midway of this crossway weariness overcame him and he lay down on his back on the bare planking, with a bent arm for a pillow, and was immediately asleep.

He slept there until nearly three o'clock in the morning. A bright glare, flashing on suddenly and shining down from above into his upturned face, was what roused him. He sat up, staring about him in bewilderment. He was in some perfectly strange place and for the drowsy moment had no recollection of how he'd got there.

The truth was that a slovenly night watchman was just then operating a switchboard at the front of the building, turning on one set of overhead electrics after another, the better to see his way about as he started his belated first round of the place since closing time. The watchman, who had an uneasy feeling that he had forgotten to lock the alley exit, didn't see Staggner then or thereafter, and didn't hear his departure.

The watchman was still in a cuddy just behind the barred main entrance, out of sight and earshot of the intruder. Nor did Staggner see the watchman at all.

What Staggner did see—and it drew him up on his feet as though strong invisible wires pulled at him—was what he had seen so many times before since springtime, but never like this, never in just this hideous fashion. Solly Lennix's Blue Room was there right in front of him, not ten feet away and, as always, complete to the final familiar touch. It was the same thing as before and still not the same. It was the Real Thing.

Here it was at last, all solid, substantial, indubitable. One faltering foot dragging behind the other, Staggner forced himself forward, step by step, until he crossed the dividing line between the boards from which he had risen and the verge of that three-sided Blue Room. He sensed the yielding texture of the carpet through his soles, felt next through his shoe-soles the softer nap of the bearskin robe before the fireplace.

He was sure, but he must make very sure. He reached across to the mantel and touched a vase. It joggled to his touch—it had the genuine feel to it. He half straddled the dead woman's body and bent over and gripped the handle of the poker, where it lay half under the tousled bed. It was heavy and solid in his grasp and made a small muffled sound when he let it slide out of his fingers.

And the woman was real too—the waxy-looking naked feet, the stiff distorted figure, the distorted arm, the matted red stain on the yellow head. He didn't touch her. He didn't need to. When a man was licked, he was licked.

He backed away until he stood beyond The Thing. Being all at once sobered, he recalled now in a fragmentary way how he had come into this place. Besides, the path of his retreat was well

Out of the House of Magic has come

GENERAL ELECTRIC FULL RANGE RADIO

H-51 The Highboy—A dignified and distinctive piece. (Equipped with Tone Control.)

The placing of the General Electric Monogram on this modern radio, with its new standards of performance, marks the emergence of the radio industry from the old conditions into a new era—an era of stability and permanent service.

WITH General Electric Full Range Radio comes radio reception as General Electric Engineers in the House of Magic know it should be.

These new standards of radio quality, the new pleasure that you will get from this Full Range radio are the results of combining, for the first time, the ultra-selectivity of the super-heterodyne circuit with the extreme sensitivity of screen-grid tubes.

The Full Range Sensitivity of General Electric Radio brings in stations too distant or too low powered for the ordinary set.

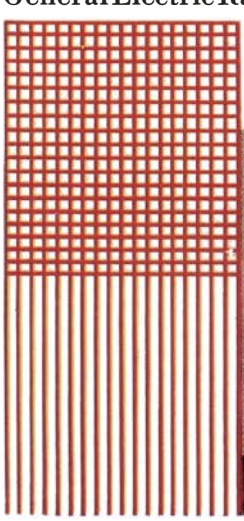
The Full Range Selectivity of General Electric Radio abolishes overlapping. Every line on the dial coincides with a definite wave length—each one a separate station clear and distinct.

H-31 The Lowboy—A simple and distinguished example of good furniture design.

The Full Range Tone of General Electric Radio brings in lower and higher notes than the average radio. Every note on the scale is tone-true. The rich beauty of General Electric Radio tone is free from distortion.

As in other products—now in Radio—the General Electric monogram assures the highest possible standards of performance. And—it is a definite guarantee of service behind the product.

Your General Electric Radio dealer has been selected because of his ability to serve you. Go to him and prove to your own satisfaction the superiority of General Electric Full Range Radio, or for further information write Section R-10810 Merchandise Dept., General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.



H-71 The Radio Phonograph Combination—A beautiful cabinet of satin finished walnut. (Equipped with Tone Control.)

So selective that every line on the dial marks a different station.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

FULL RANGE RADIO

Lemon drops with the HOLE

Lemon Life Savers...as if sliced from the delicious heart of the fruit itself into delicate rings of sparkling flavor...flavor that has captured the palate of America ...flavor that is released the instant these delectable drops touch the tongue!

Golden-clear...brittle-hard ...tangy...piquant to the taste...Life Savers Lemon Drops with the Hole have become another Amazing New Taste Sensation! Buy the foursome...Lemon, Lime, Orange and Grape... each in the famous package that keeps weather out and the delightful flavor in!

The distinctive shape of LIFE SAVERS means that the goods are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

THE AMAZING NEW TASTE SENSATION

illuminated now. Quietly but briskly, looking neither to the right nor the left, he issued forth by the alley door and hurried out of the alley and passed into Surf Avenue, looking for a policeman.

He came upon a policeman after he had traveled perhaps a quarter of a mile. Staggner went up to him.

"Officer," he said, "I'd like to give myself up."

"Oh, you would, would you?" said the policeman. "And what have you been doin' "—he caught a whiff of Staggner's breath—"besides drinkin' bum hooch?"

"Yes," admitted Staggner, "I've been drinking. And I was drunk, I guess. I'm not drunk now. I know what I'm doing and I know what I'm saying. I killed somebody."

"You killed somebody?" The policeman's tone was sharper but still edged with cynicism.

"Yes; a woman."

"When?"

"Last year—in October. So I want to give up—I've got to, that's all. I don't believe they'll do much to me. Either I'm going crazy, or else the whole world's gone crazy around me. They can't send a crazy man to the chair."

"They send a lot of 'em to the bughouse but others have luck. Last October, you say it was?"

"Yes."

"Well, what's delayed you so long about comin' clean? Why pick on me now?" He was still skeptical.

"Because she's here now—her body, I mean."

"Where?"

"I can show you; it's not far. It won't be gone when we get there, I know that."

"Oh, it won't?" He'd humor this poor fish along. "Well, did you kill her here and keep her hid all this time, or did you just fetch her here so as to give me a treat?"

"No, the place where I killed her is fifty miles from here. And I didn't bring her here. But she's here. Devils from hell must have brought her. I'll show you, and then you'll have to believe me."

"You'll show me a clean pair of heels, gettin' away from here to where you belong at, that's what you'll show me. You go and sleep off that load and you'll feel different about this murder stuff."

"I think you'll be sorry," said Staggner. "Well, there's only one other thing left for me to do." He turned his face toward where the surf just yonder was slapping against the beach.

"Just a minute. What's your name?"

Staggner told him.

"Spell it out!"

Staggner spelled it out. The name seemed to touch some faint shreddy recollection in the policeman's brain. Where had he heard that name before?

"Come along, then," agreed the cop. "You get your wish. I'll leave you recite your piece to the desk man over at the station."

Behold, how on such small hinges do the big gates of circumstance sometimes swing. Had that policeman obeyed his first inclination, Siggy Gottschalk's concession at Coney might have finished out the season as it had begun it—deep in the red ink. A wiser and a shockproof generation must have grown up since the Chamber of Horrors at the old Eden Musée made money and the Gallery of Famous Criminals at Huber's on Fourteenth Street was turning 'em away. Siggy had figured that his Grotto of Great Murder Mysteries, with a good ballyhoo outside, ought to suck the suckers in, but from the start-off he had been a heavy loser.

But not any more. Not with the newspapers giving him a billion dollars' worth of free advertising on their front pages; not with the dimes rattling down at the door and the boobs stampeding in and rushing on past the Elwell Case layout and the Dot King layout to jam, with goggling eyes and round mouths and greedy ears for the spiel of the official orator—and he getting fresh dope every day out of the headlines—in front of the section devoted to the Olivia Thames Case.

All along that Olivia Thames layout had been Siggy's pride and his masterpiece. The rest of the stuff, however true to the original models, was synthetic stuff. But this was absolutely, positively authentic. Hadn't Siggy bid in, at the sheriff's sale, the furnishings, hangings and the other contents of Solly Lennix's Blue Room and set it up just as it was, excepting, of course, that the figure on the rug in the foreground was a waxworks figure, although most lifelike, so Siggy claimed?

He had done that very little thing back in May, had smart Mr. Siggy. He didn't know then how smart he was. But in July he knew and everybody else knew. Siggy's masterpiece was Siggy's meal ticket now, and from now on.

Next Month Irvin S. Cobb brings you a story about that lovable Old Man of the South—Judge Priest

Elmer Bliss Scotches a Scandal (*Continued from page 81*)

already nearly noon! And I myself was nearing wild despair.

At this juncture Mannheimer entered.

A quiet, soft-spoken, rather "oily" individual, he greeted Goldmark with, I thought, something rather like an overelaborate politeness.

"Sit down, Bernie," said Goldmark. Mannheimer sat. Then Goldmark, looking at him keenly, continued, "What's this I hear about your getting personal backing and going to quit Super Pictures?"

Mannheimer smiled quietly. "I guess that's about right," he replied, rubbing his hands together gently.

Goldmark appeared dazed for a moment—then I noted that he was perilously approaching the brink of tears. Finally he turned to me and said:

"Bliss, here's a young fellow I give his first start in the motion pictures. I couldn't be fonder of him if he belonged among my own nephews, cousins, uncles and son-in-laws. And now he quits!"

Mannheimer smiled, but his smile was cold. "You could have offered me a partnership," he said briefly.

"It ain't too late to talk it over yet, is it?" said Goldmark, brightening up.

"I'm afraid it is," replied Mannheimer. "Levitski's backing me. I'm going to marry his daughter."

At this statement, Goldmark, dazed, seemed to crumple. Staring straight ahead into space, he said nothing.

Mannheimer rose, walked to the door, turned and said, "I'll see you tonight at the poker game"; then he went out.

It was only after Mannheimer's exit that Goldmark came to life, and he was frantic.

"Can you beat it?" he cried. "With all the marriable nieces, cousins, aunts and what nots I got right here on the lot, they let Levitski's girl walk off with the catch of the season!" There were tears in Goldmark's tones as he continued, "And what's going to happen to Super Pictures? When that guy was working *for* us he gypped us out of a cool million! And now he'll be working *against* us, in a rival organization!"

I fear that I was hardly interested. I felt the time had come to broach my bitter business.

I arose. "Mr. Goldmark," I said, "are you ready to go into this matter of mine? It concerns Viola Lake."

He frowned. "Viola Lake!" he exclaimed. He reached for the button and buzzed. "Viola Lake! There's another thorn in the side of Super Pictures! America's Favorite Film Flopper goes and gets indirectly messed up in a murder case. That diary they found will be read in open court—and the public is going to find out she's had *romances!*"

(Ah! If Romances were only all! thought I.)

The secretary entered.

"How about that ballroom scene?" he cried.

"They've got hold of Potenski," she answered.

"Potenski?" screamed Goldmark. *"That Russian?"*

The secretary, always strangely calm, nodded.

"Potenski!" he screamed again. "A *Bolsheviki* to direct a *Royal Ball* in a Court Room! A guy what ain't got no class at all! A guy what can't speak the King's English!"

Then, turning to me, he cried, "As an upshot, I'll probably have to go out there and do it myself!"

The secretary, with a strange air of ennui, now broke in and said, "What did you ring for, Mr. Goldmark?"

"Oh!" said Goldmark, dropping one trouble, only to pick up another. "Go get me my nephew."

"Which one?" asked the secretary.

"The one that calls himself Laurence St. Vincent."

The secretary left and once more Goldmark turned to me.

"Now!" he exclaimed. "If you think you've brought me bad news about Viola Lake, just listen to what I've got to tell!" He picked up a legal-looking document. "Do you know what *that* is?" he asked, shaking it at me, as if I were guilty of some crime.

I indicated a negative reply.

"It's Viola Lake's contract!" he cried, and then he paused to let the fact sink in. Finally he continued: "This morning I decided that in spite of the fact we've spent a million dollars on Viola Lake's publicity, it's cheaper to get rid of her if she's going to be smeared up in a scandal. So I sent to the legal department for her contract to read over the morality clause I can get rid of her by!"

Again he paused. Red fury diffused itself across his visage.

"Do you know what I find out?" he fairly screamed.

Increasingly uncomfortable, I shook my head.

"I find out that that nephew of mine who is head of the legal department was in love with Viola Lake at the time we signed her up, and in order that nothing don't interfere with his romance, HE SNEAKS the morality clause out

of her CONTRACT! And he gets me, his innocent uncle, to sign it!"

Goldmark leaped up from his chair and I fear my heart leaped with him.

"*As a result,*" he screamed—full into my face, "no matter what happens, I've got Viola Lake on my hands for the next five years, on a sliding scale, going upwards! If anybody was to ask me which way I got the most troubles—as president of Super Pictures, or as an uncle to nephews and nieces—I wouldn't know how to answer!"

He started to pace the floor in agony.

"In the old days in France," he cried, "they had the guillotone! In place of the movietone, I wish I had one now!

"Can you beat it?" he screamed. "If Viola Lake should murder orphans or *take dope,* I couldn't get rid of her!"

"*Take dope!*" My heart stood still.

At this point the secretary entered and said, "Mr. St. Vincent is not in his office. He's out playing polo."

This was the last straw.

"So!" exclaimed Goldmark. "Now it's polo! He gets too lazy for golf and has to chase balls on *horseback!* When he comes in, tell him for me he's fired!"

"Yes, Mr. Goldmark," said the secretary. Then she added, "Mr. Cahoon is outside with two gentlemen from the Hollywood Boulevard Association."

Goldmark seemed surprised and even further harassed. Then I spoke up.

"I took the liberty of sending for them," I said, and I added, "Mr. Goldmark, what I have to report to you is so far-reaching in its reverberation that the city itself has got to take cognizance of it!"

For the first time that morning Goldmark appeared to listen to me. "Well," he said, "do you want them to come in?"

"I think it wise," I replied, truly thanking Heaven in my relief at having friendly faces near when I should break the dreadful news.

Goldmark signaled to the secretary to show them in, and presently C. C. Cahoon entered, followed by Milton Purdy and Ray Beacom of the Hollywood Boulevard Association. Greetings soon were over, and, my morale backed up by the presence of the boys, I took a stand and faced them.

"Gentlemen," I said, "last evening I was with Viola Lake."

Goldmark groaned.

Paying scant notice to the interruption, I continued, "I got her confidence, gentlemen," said I, "and she acquainted me with the probable contents of the Geiger diary, which is likely to be read in public at the Barco murder trial."

I paused. They were all attention.

"Gentlemen," I said, "that diary undoubtedly contains records of Viola Lake's associations with various of her admirers. But *that is not all it may contain!* It may possibly reveal to the public of the English-speaking world the fact that Viola Lake has been in the habit of taking a certain—well, a certain chemical aid to vivacity."

A deep hush followed my statement.

Finally Goldmark turned to C. C. Cahoon and asked: "What's he trying to say?"

C. C. coughed uncomfortably. "If I understand right," he said, "it involves a question of drug addiction."

And then Goldmark's face took on an expression which I have only seen duplicated in photographs of the visage of Mussolini in action. He turned to me, unable to utter a sound, but his eyes shot me one stupefied question. I closed my own eyes and merely nodded.

Goldmark literally "blew up." He swore, he stormed, he screamed. Tremblingly we four awaited the surcease of that storm which we hoped was too intense to last forever.

"What a morning!" He almost wept. "A director walks out on a historical subject with fifteen hundred extra people made up, on the set and waiting; my scenario department comes to a complete deadlock and throws nieces and nephews into evil habits that cost me a fortune; Mannheimer, a guy I discovered myself and developed his ability, the only guy I can trust to take advantage of opportunities, becomes my own rival; I find out that I got Viola Lake under contract for the next five years, no matter what she does; and now I have to learn that she's gone and got herself addicted to *nose candy! Oi Gewalt!* If I had any hair, I'd tear it!"

A poignant silence followed. Purposely I allowed that silence to sink in. For I wished my next words to strike their awaiting ears with an introduction which would give them a proper importance. Finally, feeling that the moment for a climax had been attained, I spoke up:

"Mr. Goldmark and gentlemen," I said simply, "I have a plan."

The faces of C. C. Cahoon and the boys from the Hollywood Boulevard Association showed almost instant relief. But Goldmark, as usual, seemed skeptical. He gave me a long look that was rather darkly dyed with doubt and said:

"Yes? Well? For instance?"

Overlooking his attitude, I went on. "My plan, gentlemen," I stated, "is this: The opening of the Barco murder case is set for next week, and from its very beginning, the fair name of Hollywood is going to cry out for protection. Newspaper reporters like Lansing Marshall, whose pernicious love of scandal comes ahead of their loyalty to southern California, are going to give biased and one-sided accounts of the proceedings. The whole thing is going to be a scattered, misdirected mess—unless some *one* man is put into charge by those of us whose love of Hollywood is proven.

"In other words, gentlemen," I went on, "what the Barco murder case needs is a Czar! Someone who will have full direction over the revelations—someone whose account of the case will be official and bear the stamp of the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce and the Hollywood Boulevard Association and the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences. Someone who will be to the Barco murder case what Will Hays is to the motion-picture industry, Judge Landis to the national sport of baseball, and Al Smith to the theatrical interests in New York."

"Bravo, Bliss!" cried out C. C. Then, turning to the others, he exclaimed, "Boys, I believe he's struck a solution!"

"Oh, you do?" spoke up Goldmark. "In the old country *one* czar was too many. And in a democratical government like America, we already got three. And you want to add on another! And that's a solution!"

"Now, wait a minute, Goldmark," spoke up C. C. "I believe that Bliss' idea is entirely feasible—and more especially so if he will undertake the job himself."

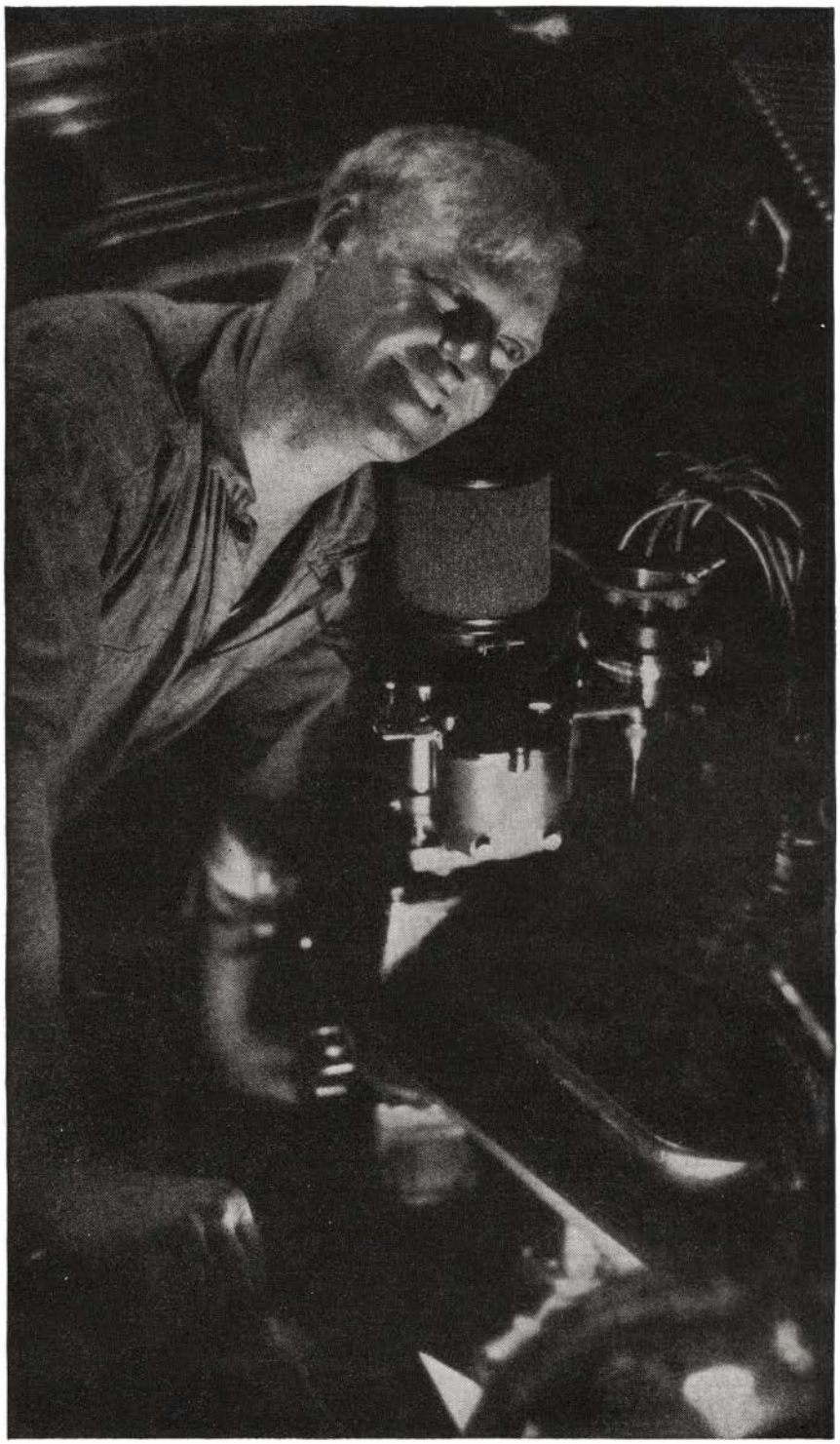
"Hear! Hear!" cried the boys from the H. B. A. But Goldmark gave me another one of his long, dark side glances.

"So!" he said. "A guy murders seven helpless women, and it comes out during the course of the trial that America's Favorite Film Flopper is a hop-head! And you're going to write it up from a optimistical viewpoint?"

"Mr. Goldmark!" I exclaimed, somewhat in exasperation. "I have not offered this solution without having first carefully thought over the whole matter

Keen,
Cool,
Hard-to-fool,
Knowing cars
Like mothers know
Their children—
Meet the mechanic
Of any good garage.
Ask him, quiz him,
Cross-examine him,
On the subject of
Hupmobiles.
For years his ears
Have listened to their motors'
Croon.
His eyes have seen
The mechanical excellence
Of Hupmobile
Deep-down beneath
Where a layman's eye
Can never travel.
His fingers probe,
Disrobe
All pretence, all claims,
And strip a car
To the stark truth
Of its merit.

So . . .
When you look at
The Hupmobiles
Of 1931,
The four great Straight-Eights,
The Century Six,
And your eye says "aye"
To their slim, trim beauty,
Their deep, rich luxury,
And your pulse jumps
At their Speed,
Power, Performance,
And you want another opinion
To check your own,
Page your friend
That keen, cool,
Hard-to-fool
Motor car
Mechanic!



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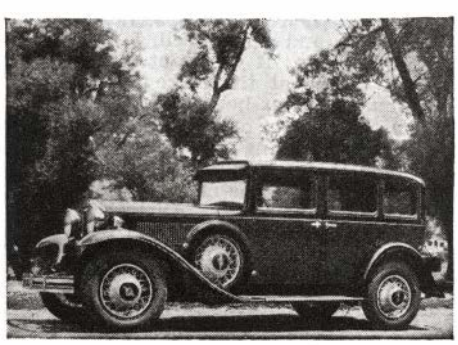

1931 SIXES AND EIGHTS

COMPLETE 1931 HUPMOBILE LINE

1931 CENTURY SIX, 70 H. P.	FROM $ 1145
1931 CENTURY EIGHT, 90 H. P.	FROM $ 1345
1931 100 H. P. EIGHT	FROM $ 1695
1931 133 H. P. EIGHT	FROM $ 2080
1931 CUSTOM EIGHT, 133 H. P.	FROM $ 2645

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and realized in full its many difficulties!

"All night long," I continued, "I lay awake evolving this plan. In my mind I went over the seven Barco murders, and horrible as they were, I found in many instances that cheering facts were interspersed."

"Oh, yes?" inquired Goldmark. "For instance?"

Again I did not like his tone. I faced him in defiance. *"For instance,"* I exclaimed, "four of Barco's victims he married bigamously! But the *other three* were *legally* married by Barco and went to their deaths unsullied!"

I felt that C. C. and the boys from the H. B. A. shared my feeling of triumph as I looked Goldmark full in the eye. Goldmark began to lose some of his overconfidence.

"Well," he said, "that *is* a box-office angle!"

"Of course it is!" I exclaimed. "And it is an angle which I, in writing up the trial, would emphasize, just as I would emphasize every other cheerful note in the whole distasteful business!"

"Well," said Goldmark, "I don't know. Maybe a guy like you is what the public wants."

I thanked him, a trace tartly, and went on. "The second part of my scheme," I said, "would be to start *right now, immediately,* on what I shall call a 'prophylactic' publicity campaign for Viola Lake, in order to ease the blow to the public in case the worst happens. A publicity campaign telling them of her more quiet activities, showing photographs of Viola Lake in the home—perhaps even in the kitchen, dressed in a quaint gingham apron, baking herself a cake."

I looked at Goldmark, anxiously awaiting his reaction to my plan.

For some few moments he sat in silence. Then he said, "Young fellow, there's one difficulty I bet you ain't thought about."

"And that is?" I queried—all attention.

"If we're going to exhibit Viola Lake in some quiet activities, you will have to take her in charge and see that she has them."

This, indeed, was an angle I had not thought of. However, I hesitated but a brief moment, and then I agreed.

"I *will* take her in charge," I declared. "And Mother will assist me."

"In that case," said Goldmark, "and seeing there ain't no other way out, I give in."

At this point C. C. Cahoon arose, put his hand on my shoulder and said:

"Mr. Goldmark, we of Hollywood are luckier in the possession of Elmer Bliss than I believe you know. Elmer, as Czar of the Barco Murder Case, will be utterly unassailable. His lofty character will elevate and purify the whole proceedings."

He then went into a eulogy of my poor self that dealt with certain facts of my personal life.

On hearing it, Goldmark looked incredulous and, in his blunt way, he put me a question, to which I was able to answer that Mother was and, to date, had been my only sweetheart.

Well, the upshot of the morning's conference was that I should be appointed Czar of the Barco Murder Case.

After heartfelt congratulations all around, C. C. and the boys from the H. B. A. left, and I myself started to say good-by to Goldmark. We shook hands, and as we did so, once more he looked me over keenly.

"So!!" he said. "Up to date the mama is the only sweetheart!"

Smilingly, I nodded.

"Well, young fellow," he said, "as Czar of the Barco Murder Case, you've got to go on keeping yourself pure, elevated and unassaultable. But with Viola Lake on your hands, I hope you ain't bitten off no more than you can chew."

"Oh, I think not, Mr. Goldmark," I replied with a mild touch of impatience.

"Well," he said, after a moment's speculation and a sigh, "time will tell!"

What Time had to tell will be further revealed in Next Month's Cosmopolitan

Shattered Glass (*Continued from page 74*)

I'm afraid that the easier you get out of this affair, the more likely you'll be to quarrel."

"That's a nasty thing to say."

"Nasty, but true. You must promise me never to refer to it unless he speaks of it first."

"I promise."

"Can I believe you?"

"I promise."

"I know how devilish you can be." And he thought, "There, now she knows it's finished."

After a silence she said, "You've been very cruel to me. You were cruel to me over the telephone."

"It's much better that way." He saw that if he did not escape at once he would find himself entangled in a long discussion of their relations, so he looked at his watch and said, "Well, I must be off. *Bon voyage.* If you want me before you sail I'll be at the office until five. After that I'll be at home."

It was on the tip of his tongue to say that he was stopping at Savina's on the way home to fetch Ruby Wintringham, and it was only by the narrowest chance that he had avoided it. Disturbed, he took her hand again, and again felt her hand clasp his hysterically.

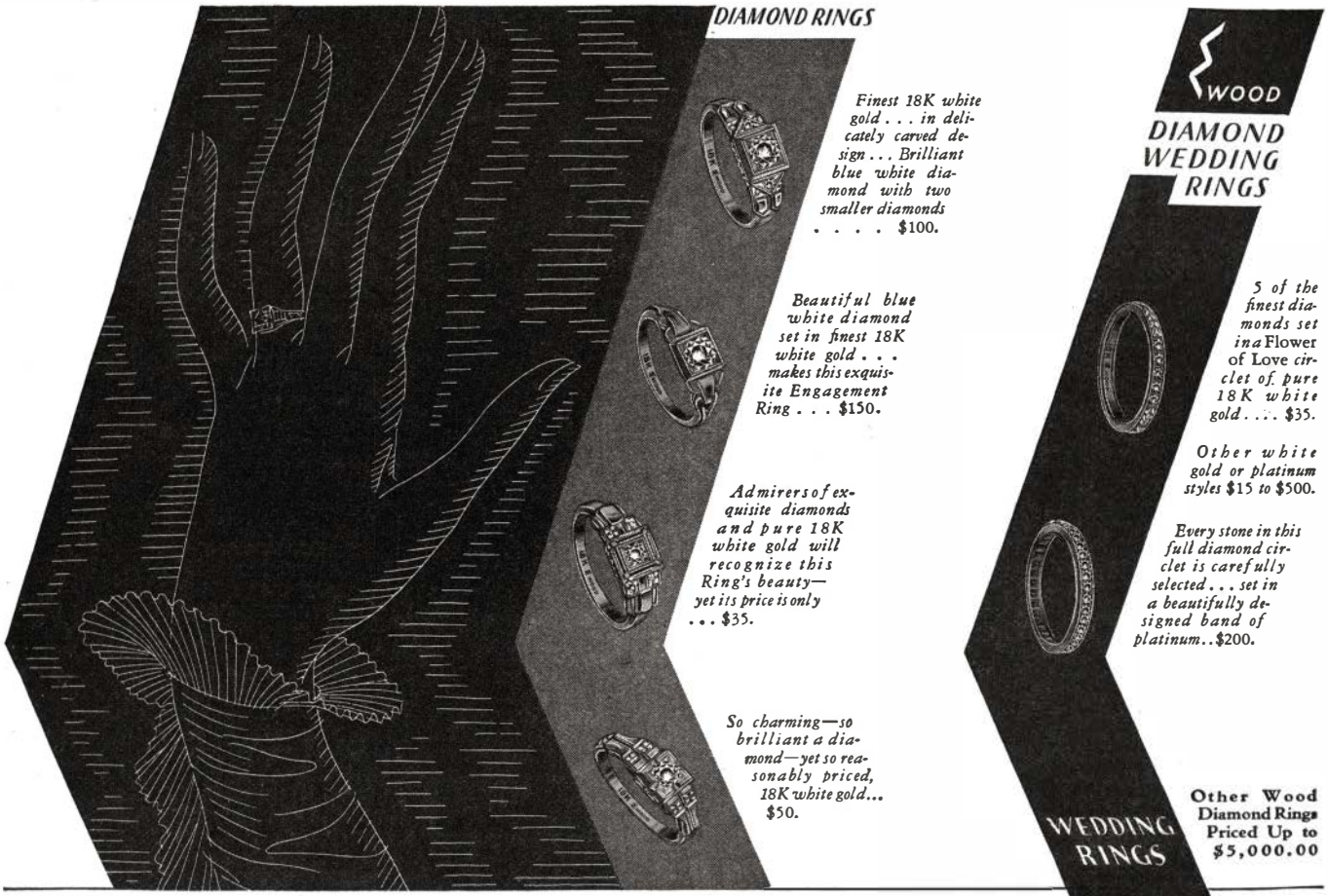
She looked up at him and he knew that she wanted him to kiss her good-by, but he did nothing. He turned quickly and walked out of the door and out of the house.

From three o'clock until five-thirty Melbourn sat with Lord Elsmore in a paneled room forty-two stories above the street overlooking the whole of New York harbor. They had several files of papers, to which they referred from time to time, and a number of maps, which they shuffled about a good deal.

Three mining experts came in and went out again, and secretaries and typists came and went. And at last, after weighing all the difficulties, it was decided to go ahead with the business which some day might be the cause of wars.

Before they left the office Melbourn went over to stand beside Lord Elsmore, who was lost in an un-British excess of enthusiasm over the splendor of the view. But Melbourn wasn't looking at the view. He was looking up the river at the stacks of a liner and was thinking that his luck had held again, because in an hour or two Fanny would be on board bound for Europe and out of his life forever. She wouldn't dare return until the whole scandal had died away.

He turned from the window thinking that after he left Lord Elsmore he would select an emerald for Ruby and then stop for her at Savina Jerrold's. Now that



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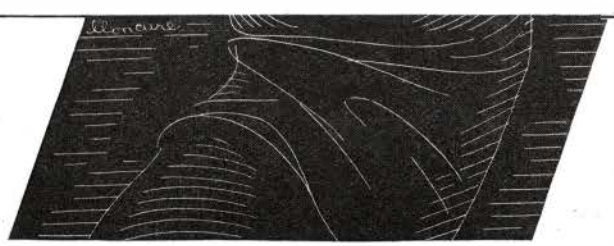

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WOOD

Fanny was gone, he and Ruby could do as they pleased.

The door opened and his secretary returned, bringing in the late papers. Glancing idly at the headlines, he saw that Rosa Dugan's murderer had been caught. He had given himself up to the police. And the murderer was not "Mr. Wilson." He was "the little black man" who had left behind the greasy cap.

The Valparaiso Hotel was a gaunt building which overlooked the railroad tracks and the piers of the North River. On the first floor there had once been a saloon which had become for a time a restaurant and then reverted to a speakeasy, but neither the frosted glass of its windows nor the depressing gray paint of its interior had ever been altered. Abovestairs there were twenty cubicles called bedrooms.

The proprietress was of a piece with her establishment, a tall and heavy woman built like a man, with a pock-marked face and a mustache of coarse gray hair. She spoke with a thick accent and drank a good deal of the bad gin which she sold in her "restaurant." She rose early and went late to bed, acting as proprietress, bartender and even scrub woman of her own establishment. She was wiry and vigorous, and afraid of nobody and nothing save prison.

It happened that she had risen early and was sweeping out the restaurant when Dago Tony appeared in the doorway out of the dying blizzard. Without herself being seen, she saw him look behind him in fright and close the door with a swift stealthy gesture, and as he passed beyond her on the other side of the frosted-glass screen she saw the look in his bloodshot eyes. Because she had spent all her life in a world where such things carried a significance, she knew that Tony was in trouble and that the trouble might involve herself.

She managed fairly well her relations with the police. She was friendly with the ones who frequented her own neighborhood, and gave them drinks. Her only anxiety was centered in the men from Headquarters who did not know her blandishments or the solid position which she occupied as a citizen who owned property. Those men who didn't know her might make trouble for her.

When she saw Tony bolting up the stairs with the cap pulled over his eyes she knew that he was crazy from want of drugs and that he had done something which had frightened him, but she did not bother to find out what it was.

At seven o'clock she finished cleaning the restaurant and went outside to sweep away the snow, and it was only when she saw a man lingering in the doorway of the house opposite that she became interested and began to put two and two together. Pretending that she did not see him, she continued to sweep.

She swept slowly and expended a minute care in clearing away every bit of snow and at last she went inside. There, protected by the frosted glass, she pressed her mustachioed face against the window and peered long and carefully.

She saw what she had suspected she would see. She was right. The man was short, with muscular shoulders and skinny legs. Mrs. Dacklehorst recognized him. He was Dave the Swatter.

He was looking at the front of the Valparaiso Hotel, staring up and down from one row of windows to another. While she peered through the frosted glass she saw another figure come up the street and slide into the deep doorway. It was a fat short man with a pink face and enormous hips. He stood with his hands thrust into his coat pockets, so that the hips stuck out grotesquely.

She saw them talking together and she saw Dave the Swatter nod with his head toward one of the windows on the fourth floor of the Valparaiso Hotel. She waited for a moment longer, watching, and then heard a voice behind her and turned.

It was Tony. He still wore his overcoat and his long black hair hung over his forehead. His face, she saw now, was scratched and torn. Somebody, a woman most likely, had gone for him.

In a hoarse voice he asked for some warm water. She went to fetch him a pitcher from the range in the kitchen and when she returned she found him peering through the frosted glass at the doorway opposite. She had to speak to him before he would turn away, and when he did turn she saw that his face was white and that he was shivering.

He took the water and, looking at her, said, "Got any stuff?"

"No. You know I ain't never got any."

Then he went quietly but quickly across the room and up the stairs.

She had seen enough, and she went back to the bar, where she could polish the glasses while she thought about what she had seen. It was all clear to her now like a picture puzzle when the pieces had been pasted together. Grimly she regarded the picture.

There must have been a killing somewhere last night and it must have been Tony that done it. Dave the Swatter and the fat man were after him. They were going to wait in that doorway until he came out, and then shoot him and run. Tony knew they were there. He'd seen them.

Mebbe more of their gang would turn up during the day, sort of loafing around the crates and barrels across the street and in the doorway opposite. Mebbe some of 'em would get inside the empty house across the street and shoot him through the window, and then there'd be the devil to pay and she'd find herself mixed up with the Headquarters outfit and she'd get sent to the Island.

Going to the Island didn't make much difference when you was young, but when you was fifty-three and had a business to look after, you had to think about yourself. What did it matter about Tony? If he got killed he was killed and he oughta been dead long ago. Only she didn't want him killed on her premises, getting her into a lotta trouble.

For an hour she polished glasses until they glittered with the transparency of diamonds, for her concentration upon the question at hand gave them a chance for such a cleaning as they had never had. A couple of longshoremen came in for a drink and talked about the storm. Then they went away and a newsboy brought her a paper.

She paid him and, spreading the paper out on the top of the bar so that she could continue her work, she saw at once the picture of Rosa Dugan and read the headline, "Night-Club Singer Strangled in Exclusive Murray Hill Love Nest." Putting down the glass she was wiping, she turned the page and began to read slowly. In the middle of it she read about the fight the murdered woman had made for her life and she paused suddenly, thinking about Tony's face all scratched and torn.

But she quickly put that theory aside. A poor bum like Tony couldn't have been mixed up with a swell like Rosa Dugan, unless he tried to rob her, and the guy that did the killing hadn't robbed her. so it couldn't be Tony. She resumed her leisurely reading and came upon the

story of "Lucky Sam" Lipschitz' end, and then she saw everything clearly.

It was Tony killed "Lucky Sam" and "Lucky Sam" belonged to Dave the Swatter's gang and the gang had found out where Tony was and they'd come to get him and they wouldn't go away until he was dead or some of his gang came to help him and then there'd be shooting in the street outside and mebbe inside the hotel, too, and there'd be the devil to pay with the police.

Tony's gang mebbe wouldn't know where he was unless he got word to them and he couldn't telephone because there wasn't any telephone in the hotel and he couldn't get out without being shot. She saw that she had to get rid of Tony without getting mixed up with the police and she had to do it so that she stood in with both gangs because, if she didn't, one side or the other would come around and shoot up the place.

As she polished the glasses she decided that no matter how it worked out Tony didn't have much longer to live. He might as well be dead already.

When at last all the glasses were shining she came out from behind the bar again and stood in the doorway for a minute, looking up and down, and on the opposite side of the street, among the crates and barrels, she saw a third man sitting. He was perched on a crate smoking a cigaret and she noticed that he was sitting with a barrel between him and the Valparaiso Hotel, so that anybody looking out of the windows couldn't shoot him. But he was able to watch the door just the same.

When she went inside again she noticed that it was almost noon, and as she turned to go into the kitchen to see if everything was ready, she saw Tony coming in from the hallway again and made up her mind. . He looked worse than before and the bloodshot eyes were insane.

He came up to her and said, "Lissen. You gotta do something for me."

She wasn't afraid of any man, but she saw that this thing with the bloodshot eyes wasn't a man but something that was insane and not human, so she said, "Lissen. I ain't got to do anything for anybody."

"You gotta send a note."

She saw that it wasn't altogether because he was hungry for coke that he acted like this. He'd seen Dave the Swatter and the others waiting outside. He was scared. He was white and shaking. She'd seen men scared before but never as bad as this. It made her feel sick. A man like that might do anything, so she said:

"Well, whatta yuh want me to do?"

He collapsed in a chair and sat there shaking and white, and she gave him a drink, and that seemed to loosen his tongue. He said he wanted her to telephone or send word to his gang to come to his aid, because the other gang was outside laying for him.

"Yes," she observed grimly. "I seen 'em." And then, "What's gonna happen to me when the other gang gets onto what I done?"

He began to promise her hysterically over and over that his gang would protect her for life and she listened coldly, and all the time she was thinking how she was going to work both ends against the middle and come out safe on top. He began to cry and she felt a sudden contempt for him.

And then the plot that had been forming in her head took form and was born complete. She could fix it so she'd escape and Tony's gang and Dave the Swatter's gang and even the police would all think she was on their side. The only

one who'd come off bad would be Tony and there wasn't any hope for him, anyway.

So she said, "All right. What d'ya want me to do?"

He asked her for a piece of paper and a pencil, and when she brought them he scribbled a note and wrote on the outside of it "Mr. Alassio" and an address in Brooklyn, and said, "Get somebody to take that. Right away, see?"

"Yeah, and what am I gonna get out of it?" He promised her everything, money, protection, trade, even jewelry, and when he'd finished she said, "All right. Go on upstairs and hide again."

He looked at her fearfully. "You're gonna do it right away, ain't yuh?"

She grinned at him and said, "Sure, right away," and when he disappeared through the door she still stood grinning and looking after him.

When he had gone she went over again and looked out through the frosted glass. There was only one man in the doorway, now—the little fat man—but over among the trucks and crates there were two or three, waiting.

THRUSTING the note addressed to Mr. Alassio into her belt she went into the kitchen and there told the Negro woman and the Swede who helped her that she was going out and they'd have to serve anybody who came in. And she went back into the restaurant again, through the hallway, where she took down a woolen sweater and a shawl, and down into the cellar of the hotel.

There she took up a short ladder and opening a door climbed the stairway into a small yard filled with ashes and rubbish. Here she planted the ladder firmly against the wall which separated the yard from the yard of the building next door and climbed up it to the top of the wall and then, drawing it up after her, let it down on the opposite side into the warehouse yard.

When she had done this she hid the ladder behind some barrels and entered the warehouse itself. It was nearly noon and there was no one about to see her, and when she had made certain that it was safe, she went through the darkness, finding her way among crates and boxes, and came out into the street on the next block.

The men watching the hotel couldn't see her now. They'd never know that she had left the hotel.

She went straight east for two blocks until she came to the cigar store on the corner. She entered and said, "Good morning," and the clerk said, "Good morning, Mrs. Dacklehorst. Vot kin I do for you?"

She bought two packages of cigarets and noticed that the shop was empty. Then she said, "I'm gonna telephone," and went to the far end of the shop and entered the phone booth.

She lifted the receiver and heard, "Number, please," and said quickly, "Police Headquarters."

There was a buzzing, and then a voice said, "Police Headquarters."

She took a deep breath and said, "I gotta tip for you."

"Who is it?"

"Never mind. I gotta tip for you. If you wanna get Dago Tony, he's in the Valparaiso Hotel on Death Avenue and he can't get out. Got that?"

"Yeah. But who izzit?"

"It's all right. It was him killed 'Lucky Sam.' If you wanna get him, come quick." She hung up, opened the door and grinned at the clerk. "That was some blizzard, Mr. Eckleberg."

"It sure was, Mrs. Dacklehorst."

She went out and turned west again toward the river and when she came to the warehouse stables she entered a hallway and went up the stairs to a green doorway, where she knocked and called out, "It's Mrs. Dacklehorst."

She opened the door and went into a small room that served as kitchen, sitting room and dining room, where a thin wrinkled woman was washing.

"Good morning, Mrs. Klempf. I got an errand for Jimmy." She took the folded bit of paper out of her belt. "Kin Jimmy take that for me? It's got the address on it."

"He ain't here jes' now. He'll be here in a minnit."

"There ain't any particular hurry," Mrs. Dacklehorst said. "Jes' so it gets there some time this afternoon." She took out a tiny purse and began counting out money. "It'll be a nickel one way and a nickel home, by subway, and here's a quarter for Jimmy."

"Thanks, Mrs. Dacklehorst."

"And don't speak about it unless somebody asts you."

She went out, closing the door behind her, and when she reached the warehouse she retraced her steps exactly, through the warehouse, over the wall, through the cellar and up into the hall, where she hung up the woolen sweater and the shawl.

In the restaurant trade had already begun to arrive and she took her place beside the cash register behind the bar, washing and polishing the glasses as the flat-footed Swede who served as waiter returned them to her. They had never been polished so bright and clear.

Once, when the Swede seemed to have a breathing spell, she summoned him and said, "Go up to Tony's room and tell him it's all right. I done what he ast me to."

Then she settled back to wait, thinking that business was good today and that she was a pretty smart woman. She'd settled Tony's hash and come out good on all sides, with the police and Tony's gang and Dave the Swatter's outfit.

Usually she sat grim and forbidding behind her bristling mustache, but today she exchanged jokes with her customers as she punched the cash register and listened to its cheerful ring. Presently it occurred to her that she might stand in well with the police and maybe make a little money on the side by pulling off tricks like the one this morning.

A little after one, she saw a plain-clothes man coming into the restaurant from the hall. She turned toward him all attention, willing to do whatever was asked of her.

She said, "Good day," and the man, one of the Headquarters outfit whom she'd never seen before, said, "I've come to get a guy that's here in the hotel."

She said she was willing to help him and he asked if there was any back way out of the building and she said yes and told him about the cellar.

"I've got men outside. Nobody can get out. It's a guy called Dago Tony. We got a tip about him."

"Yeah. He's there. Up on the third."

She called the Swede over to her and said, "Will you show this gen'man room number thirty-eight?" The Swede went to the doorway and stood waiting. He was out of hearing now. She leaned across the polished bar and said, "It was me sent the tip. I done the telephonin'."

The plain-clothes man's eyes widened. "Yeah?" he said.

"But don't tell nobody. I gotta look out for myself. Lucky Sam's gang was outside waitin' for him."

The man grinned. "Yeah. I get yuh, sister. Silent as the grave."

"Mebbe I might do it again."

"Yeah, sister. Silent as the grave."

He turned away from her and as he went into the hall she saw two other men join him, one of them a patrolman. They went up the stairs and she waited for the Swede. When he came down she told him to watch the cash register, and then went into the kitchen and waited, because she didn't want Tony to see her and because she didn't much want to see him being dragged out of her hotel because she tipped the police.

In the kitchen she stood by the open window listening for sounds of a fight and maybe some shots. But there weren't any. Everything was quiet. She waited and waited, and presently she heard steps on the stairs and because she couldn't bear not seeing what was going on she came into the restaurant again and hid herself behind the rack where her customers' coats were hanging.

The steps came nearer and nearer, down and down, and then she heard a voice, Tony's voice, crying and cursing and another voice telling him to shut up. There was the sound of a blow being struck and then more cursing from Tony.

Then she knew by the sound that they'd reached the ground floor and were going out into the street, and she crept out and went to the frosted glass, where she pressed her face against the pane and looked out.

They had him between two of the policemen, handcuffed to one of them. Across the street the waiting men had disappeared from among the crates and barrels and the fat man had gone from the doorway.

Then she couldn't resist any longer and went to the door to look after the procession that was bearing Tony away. As she stood looking after him, she thought, "That's the end of him. He's dead already," and she felt sick.

Still feeling sick, she went back to the bar and the cash register and fell to polishing glasses again and ringing up good hard money.

Once tea parties had been for Savina merely something which happened every day. But for a long time now people had come less and less frequently, so that there were even days when no one came. And Savina knew that something civilized and delightful and friendly had gone out of her life simply because there was no longer any time.

Life was altogether too complex and violent and mechanical, and so it had lost the qualities which she cherished because they were the qualities of her youth; such things as leisure and charm and good temper. In this new city people might be brilliant and even dazzling, but they could not be charming because charm required leisure for its development. And there was no more intimacy, for intimacy, too, required peace.

SO THE tea parties were no longer daily affairs but special events which required a good deal of effort in telephoning and writing notes. The impromptu tea for Nancy Elsmore wasn't properly a tea party but simply a gathering of people whom she could scrape together at the last minute, and it troubled her lest Nancy, who didn't know this new strange city, would expect to find it unchanged and to discover at tea old friends she had left behind twenty-five years ago. Because Savina had been proud of her tea parties it disturbed her to think that Nancy might find this one a strange mongrel failure.

After all, it was a strange assortment of people. Alida and herself and Philip Dantry and Mrs. Wintringham, and

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perhaps Melbourn. Nancy wouldn't understand about people like Mrs. Wintringham and Melbourn, and the fact that they were a part of what in Nancy's day was known as fashionable society.

It was after five and Savina was puttering about the room putting in order the books and pillows, rearranging the flowers which had been ordered because, without thinking why, she had felt that this was a singularly important occasion. She kept smiling to herself, feeling excited and happy, as if she were a child at her first party, and as she fussed and fidgeted, she became aware that Alida was also excited and nervous.

She wanted to laugh when, with the detachment and humor which frequently saved her, she saw herself and Alida as two starved old maids fidgeting about in excitement over the arrival of a woman who perhaps knew everything about love. They were like two villagers awaiting the return of the prodigal who had gone out into the world.

Alida said for the tenth time, "I wonder what she looks like now."

And again Savina was brought up against the certainty that Nancy wouldn't be the Nancy who had come to this same drawing-room to a rendezvous with Patrick Dantry. Perhaps they wouldn't even recognize her. Perhaps she would be, after such a life, a painted old hag. But people who had seen her lately reported that she was still beautiful.

"I don't know," she said. "It'll be amusing to see." But she knew it would be much more than amusing. It might be tragic or bitter or shocking.

And then the bell rang and they both turned in an expectant silence, waiting, and Henry opened the door and into the room came a small pretty woman dressed smartly with a fur thrown over her shoulder. She had taken off her hat and had beautiful shining red hair.

For a brief and awkward instant she looked at them and then, smiling, she said, "Savina dear," and crossed the room and kissed Savina, but even then Savina had an uneasy sensation of having kissed a strange and gushing woman she had never seen before. And she saw that, after all, it was easier for Nancy to recognize her and Alida, because they had gone the way of nature and turned old, than it was for them to recognize Nancy, who had apparently stood still all these years in an unnatural way.

And when you had always pictured a person with shining black hair it wasn't easy to adjust yourself to flaming red tresses. But this woman was certainly Nancy.

She shook hands with Alida but did not kiss her, and Savina was aware of a tightening of the atmosphere and understood that Alida was being superior because she was on the defensive. It was queer, as if Alida had been the sinner and not Nancy. It was as if Alida felt she was being reproached for her quiet, respectable life.

Nancy was as easy and charming as ever, just as pretty and inconsequent. Savina suddenly felt all her affection returning. Nobody could be really disagreeable to Nancy, not even Alida, because she was much too pleasant and disarming. Savina understood why it was that Nancy, even at the worst period of her career, had friends among the most respectable and upright people.

With Nancy it was different. Nothing could ever make you believe that Nancy and Sin had anything in common. When Nancy turned away from Alida, Savina saw that her eyes were shining with tears and that she could not say what was in her heart and her mind to say; but Savina knew what it was—that the sight of the shabby room and the tea table and even the view out of the bow window, which had not changed at all, made Nancy think again of things which had happened in that room twenty-five years before.

Savina wondered whether it could be true that things which happened in a room left behind them an aroma which clung there always. Perhaps, she thought, she herself had always been happy in this room and loved it because long ago Nancy and Patrick had been happy in it.

But she told herself, "All that is mystic nonsense," and aloud she said, "Tell me how you like your tea, my dear, and then we'll talk about New York and everything that's happened since you were here last."

But the talk didn't go easily, because it was hard to pick up the threads of an old association that had been broken so abruptly and so cleanly, and Savina still felt from time to time that she was talking to a stranger. And while they talked Alida relaxed a little and began to throw a word now and then into the conversation.

They spoke of Lord Elsmore and that led to Melbourn, and at the mention of his name Alida stiffened again, but Nancy was enthusiastic and said, "I think he's one of the most attractive men I've ever met, and John says that in some ways he's the cleverest money man in the world today."

And Savina, encouraged, said, "I've only seen him once, but I thought him attractive."

Alida stiffened a little more, as if to indicate that Melbourn was exactly the kind of man who would attract a woman like Nancy, and said, "I've never seen him. I hope I never shall."

"But you will probably see him," said Savina, "because he's coming this afternoon to fetch Mrs. Wintringham. She telephoned me to ask if she might bring him."

"You see," said Alida bitterly, addressing herself to Nancy, "how New York has changed!"

"I don't know," said Nancy. "I can remember people like that. There were plenty of them even in our day, and now their children and grandchildren are all that's fashionable."

Savina knew what she was thinking and had left unsaid. She was thinking, "Patrick Dantry was exactly like that, and what difference did it make? He could have had whatever he wanted." Savina guessed that all the time Nancy was sitting there drinking tea quietly, she was thinking of Patrick Dantry. How could she help it in this room?

And then it occurred to Savina for the first time that this Nancy with the red hair, sitting in the chair by the fire, wasn't the old Nancy and that, after all, she had been deceived. There was no fire in this Nancy, and none of the warmth that had made people adore her.

This Nancy had all the pretty tricks and manners of pleasing and she was still good-tempered and unmalicious and amusing in a shallow way, but she was a shell, and underneath there wasn't any fire. It had gone out and this woman sitting in the chair, looking pretty and young, was an old woman and tired with a kind of weariness that hadn't touched her (Savina), or even Alida. In a curious way Nancy was older than either of them and much more tired. And suddenly Savina didn't envy her but felt sorry for her.

The talk wandered about until at last Alida steered it to the murder of Rosa Dugan.

"It must have been near here—this—love nest," observed Nancy, stumbling over the strange expression, and Alida, brightening, rose and said:

"It was just back of our house. Come, I'll show you the window." Nancy rose, a little wearily, to follow her and Alida said, "You can see how New York has changed when such things happen on Murray Hill." She pushed aside the curtain and, pointing, said, "The apartment is on the third floor of that house opposite. They've taken away the body. They took it away early this afternoon."

Savina was aware of a horrid note of repressed excitement in Alida's voice. It made her dislike Alida in the way she sometimes disliked Hector when he crept all about a scandalous story with a morbid interest.

Then the door opened and Philip Dantry came in preceded by a pretty, dark girl who upset and frightened Savina because at first it seemed that the Nancy of twenty-five years ago had entered the room. But as the girl came nearer she saw that it was only an illusion due to her coloring and the way her head was set on her shoulders.

She wasn't in the least like Nancy. She hadn't any of the distinction which Nancy always had despite her frivolity, and she was crossing the room with a self-confident brassy smile which was foreign to Nancy. This girl pushed her way to the things which Nancy had always achieved by charm and insinuation. Savina knew at once that she must be the surprise Philip had spoken of over the telephone; and she thought, "He's done it. He's made the mistake."

She rose heavily and noticed that Philip was grinning and blushing. He looked singularly handsome and more than ever like his father.

He said, "This is my wife, Savina. We were married this afternoon." And then to the girl he said, "As a boy I used to call her 'Aunt Savina.' I don't any more."

Savina kissed the girl and congratulated them, but underneath she was frightened for the moment when Nancy should discover Philip. Nancy was nearsighted and she would walk into the center of the room, peering at the strangers who had arrived, and then she would raise her lorgnon and see that Patrick Dantry, alive and young and handsome, was standing there as if he had never run away with her and died in the bottom of a crevasse in Switzerland.

It would be awful, and they ought never to have been allowed to meet here in this room. They had to meet somewhere, but anywhere else, anywhere else.

"How do you like your tea?" Savina asked the new Mrs. Dantry, and when she handed her the cup, noticed that the girl took it gingerly and crooked her little finger in the most "refined" fashion.

Through her anxiety flashed the thought, "This girl is dreadful and pretentious," and then, "Where have I seen her before?" and "When did Philip find her?" and she saw that Nancy was still held at the window by Alida, who was telling her all about the murder. And she thought, "It has happened just as I thought. Philip has been caught by this chit because he is so generous and nice. It would never have happened to his father, because Patrick was a charming scamp."

And then Philip said, "Is Aunt Nancy coming?" and at the same moment Nancy and Alida turned and came down the three short steps from the bow window and Savina thought, "Of course,

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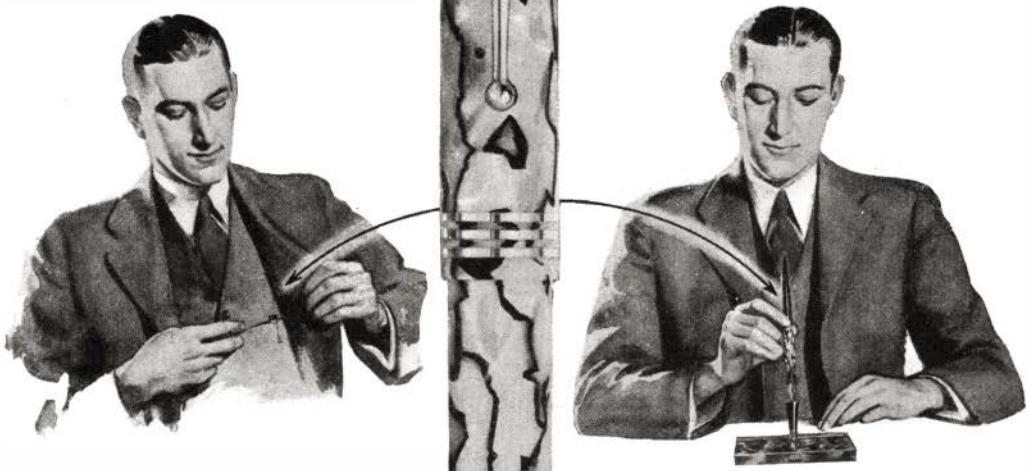

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he's never seen her," and aloud she said, "There she is now."

Philip turned and, staring at the two women, said, "Where?"

"The woman talking to Alida."

"But that's not Aunt Nancy."

And then Nancy was in the middle of the room, peering toward them, and Savina said quietly, "Here's Philip, Nancy. He's brought his brand-new wife to see you." And she thought, "It's dreadful. I've done a dreadful thing."

With an affected lightness, she said, "He's surprised us all. He got married today without saying a word to any of us."

Philip's new wife rose and went toward Nancy, but neither Philip nor Nancy was aware of anything but the other. It was awful.

It was awful for both of them. Philip, watching his aunt come toward him from the far end of the long room, had for the first time in his well-ordered life a swift feeling of uncertainty in which everything that was solid in his existence seemed to topple about him.

This woman coming toward him was all wrong. She wasn't a lovely figure in a romantic white dress carrying a hat covered with flowers and trimmed with a bow of blue ribbon. This woman with red hair couldn't possibly be Aunt Nancy. She wasn't hard like this, and trim and sprightly like a street sparrow.

They were close to each other now and he took her hand. She raised her face as if she expected him to kiss her and then drew away quickly, and Philip saw that she too was frightened although he did not know why. Neither of them said anything and Philip was aware that in the painful silence they were being watched by the others. And then Savina said just what she should not have said.

"Is he what you expected him to be. Nancy? It must be queer, seeing a nephew you've never seen before since he was a baby."

And Philip's new wife laughed and said, "Yes. Philip told me about his aunt. It must be funny." And she laughed again in a way that sounded all wrong and Savina was filled with rage at her.

And then Nancy said quietly, "But we have met before. You see, Philip came to see me with Bidda in Paris when Hector was there last. It must have been"—she hesitated—"ever so long ago."

"We kept it a secret. Uncle Hector never knew," said Philip.

Again, watching them, Savina had an insane feeling that time had stood still and that nothing had happened and that Patrick Dantry and Nancy were there in the drawing-room, but almost immediately she saw that it wasn't true because Nancy was old and if Philip had been Patrick he would have turned everything into a joke. But he wasn't his father. He hadn't the grace or the wit or the charm of that scamp.

So Savina said desperately, "We must have some port and all drink the health of the bride and groom." She was aware that she bustled too much and was too hearty as she rang the bell and said brightly, "And they must tell us all about the wedding and how it happened."

But she was thinking how odd it was that the surprise Philip had promised them didn't seem important or interesting and that the romance of Philip's father and Nancy which had ended a quarter of a century earlier had taken the edge from it and made it seem trivial and commonplace. Perhaps, she thought, it was because Philip's new wife didn't really love Philip, that their romance couldn't stand up beside the one that was dead.

The girl, she thought, was annoyed because they didn't make more of it and because Nancy instead of herself seemed to be the center of interest. And then she remembered where she had seen Philip's new wife and as Henry brought the port and the glasses, she said, "But aren't you Janie Fagan?"

The new Mrs. Dantry beamed. "Yes. I am."

"I've been trying to think where I'd seen you. It was stupid of me." She turned to Nancy, who seemed to have wilted and become old, and said brightly, "Do you hear that, Nancy? Philip's wife is Janie Fagan. She's one of the best-known actresses."

An odd mechanical smile fixed itself on Nancy's face and she said, "That's wonderful. I must see you act at once, my dear." But Savina saw that she was able to speak only by a painful effort and that she was not thinking of any of them.

Alida, the voracious newspaper reader, said, "Miss Fagan's appearing in a new play which opened last night. I've read the notices. They were wonderful."

"Not all of them, I'm afraid," said young Mrs. Dantry. "But then, nobody can have all good notices. The theater is so full of jealousies."

Savina gave Alida an understanding look of gratitude for taking a hand in the situation.

Again there was an awkward silence and Savina said desperately, "But it must be an interesting life. I've always envied actresses. I used to act charades myse'f when I was a girl," and at once she thought, "May heaven strike me dead if I utter another banality."

She was aware that the thing she must do was to keep the attention of all of them fixed upon Philip's new wife, because that was what she wanted and expected and because it served at the same time to throw Nancy into the shadow, which was obviously where she wanted to be now. She was sitting by the fire with a fixed smile on her face, but it was clear that she was hearing nothing they were saying.

She had the air of having collapsed suddenly. There wasn't even the shadow of youth about her any longer. Savina kept praying that the others would arrive, because the more people there were in the room the easier it would be for everyone. And this new wife of Philip's was being difficult. She was challenging them all.

It was silly of her, thought Savina, when they were all trying to be nice to her. She had begun by being too easy and familiar, and now she was being aloof and nasty with a chip balanced on her shoulder.

So Savina didn't follow the conversation closely because her sensitive mind was so full of absurd distractions. She was aware that she was suffering needlessly because she was too painfully aware of the shadowy things that were happening among the people about her.

But Alida was being noble and heroic and asking Philip and that awful brassy girl all about their romance, which was of course exactly the thing to do. Alida could afford to do it because she really didn't care about what was happening to Nancy now or whether Philip had made a dreadful mistake.

And then the door opened and Lord Elsmore bounced into the room, and she saw that Nancy looked brighter. "That," thought Savina, "is because he is a rock of security for her. Whatever else happens she has him. And she likes him."

She herself liked him and so did Alida and Philip as soon as they met him. Only Philip's new wife seemed to bristle

and resent him, because again she had been pushed from the center of attention. There was something pleasant and normal about him which would never permit him to become tangled in the web of complications that had caught them.

He shook hands with all of them, and then seated himself on the sofa beside Nancy as if they, instead of Philip and Janie Fagan, had been married only yesterday. And the effect on Nancy was magical. She became pretty and young once more, and Savina thought, "Personality is an extraordinary thing. His coming was like opening the window in a stuffy room."

She managed to draw Philip aside and asked anxiously, "Have you told Hector?"

"No. Not yet."

"You must tell him before it gets into the papers. It would be too cruel to let him discover it in a newspaper."

"I'm going right from here to tell him. I haven't had time yet."

"Did he suspect anything?"

"No. I don't think so. You see, it happened suddenly. We only decided to be married last night." He blushed unaccountably, and Savina said:

"He won't like it."

"No. I thought at first I might get you to break it to him, but then I decided I was the one."

"Oh, yes. You must do it. Are you going to take her with you?"

"No."

"That's right. It mightn't be pleasant."

And she thought, "Here we are again, all trying to make things easy for Hector." Everybody always did it.

The door was opening again and this time it was Melbourn and Mrs. Wintringham. When she saw them Savina thought, "It's all over. Fanny has lost and he belongs to Mrs. Wintringham."

It seemed to her that a kind of radiance came in with them, the same radiance which should have come in with Philip and Janie Fagan but did not. Mrs. Wintringham looked not pretty, but beautiful, and Melbourn appeared less gray and tired than he had been at Hector's dinner last night.

Savina left Philip quickly and went over to them, aware that the mere sight of them gave her pleasure, and she thought, "Perhaps it is because they alone have been strong enough to steer a straight course. Perhaps that is why they seem confident and untroubled."

And it seemed to her that they were the city itself, this strange, brilliant, barbaric city which had left her behind in her dowdy, comfortable drawing-room in spite of anything she could do.

With the arrival of Melbourn and Mrs. Wintringham, the party went into a third phase and became miraculously a success. Perhaps it was because there were too many people in the room to permit of its being dominated by any one person.

Philip's wife was lost now and unable to make her shrewishness felt by any of them. It began to go well and Savina relaxed and watched.

She saw many things—that Nancy brightened when Melbourn spoke to her and that Lord Elsmore was bedazzled by Ruby Wintringham and that Mrs. Wintringham was again, as she had been the night before, perfect, and that between her and Philip's new wife there was a strong dislike, and that they kept watching each other.

There was the necessary flutter over the news of Philip's marriage, and then Melbourn said quietly, "I've another piece of news. Mrs. Wintringham and I are being married next week." and this caused much more astonishment than

the news of Philip's marriage, and so again Janie grew sulky.

Port had to be drunk again and Savina thought, "He's evidently got rid of Fanny for good; but how did he do it?" because Fanny wasn't the kind one could shake off easily. She thought, too, that this was perhaps a perfect marriage in which the two people would understand each other completely, and then she felt depressed when she thought of Philip and his wife, and she wondered how long it would be before he discovered that Janie was vain and cheap and selfish.

He was, of course, like all men in love. They never saw the woman they loved at all, or rather they saw them through a kind of glass that gave a false image, and then when things began to cool off a bit the image began to take on its true form and they discovered whether they had made a mistake or not. Sometimes it took years and sometimes days. It all depended upon how long the first flush of love was preserved.

She thought again about Ronnie McClellan's obscene cinema entertainments and it occurred to her that love was a matter of glands and chemistry. Perhaps men and women had invented romance in order to save their own dignity and had disguised the terrible driving impulse of their own physical chemistry with all sorts of sentimental draperies in order to save their own pride, because it was neither pretty nor dignified to think of yourself merely as an insignificant instrument toward an end you had not even considered.

All the while men were simply insects of the most insignificant sort being driven by a tyrannical power along paths which had nothing to do with their own wills. Nature did not concern itself with their happiness nor with what became of them, once they had accomplished what she meant them to accomplish. It did not matter to Nature whether they were faithful or unfaithful because, of course, Nature was not concerned with moral peccadillos.

Romance and morality and sentiment and even laws were simply excrescences constructed through thousands of years about the main question in order to disguise it and save the ego and vanity of men. It was, thought Savina, disturbing to see the world in terms of Ronnie McClellan's movies, yet in a way it was refreshing and gave you a sense of absolute security. In Ronnie's cinema you dealt with bare truths, stripped clean of nonsense. Perhaps it was this vision of life which gave Ronnie's clear blue eyes that frank look of certainty and power.

And then she began to see everyone in the room in terms of stomachs. It was dreadful, but she experienced a curiosity to see movies of their insides as if in some way it would help her to see into the verity of their souls.

But in the midst of these disturbing thoughts she heard them talking about Rosa Dugan. She heard Melbourn saying, "There's no doubt that they've got the right man. They've got the whole story now."

And Alida, flushed with excitement, said, "It *is* the Italian, then? Where did you hear it?"

"I've seen the police commissioner. I had the whole story from him."

Savina, listening, wondered why he should have seen the police commissioner. And she heard Alida saying, "Tell us all about it. Have they found out who 'Mr. Wilson' is?"

"No; they haven't found out."

And then he told the story which had not yet come to Alida in the papers.

The man was an Italian, a gunman, called Dago Tony and they'd arrested him not for the murder of Rosa Dugan but for the shooting of another gunman on the same night. They found him in a hotel on the North River.

He was a drug addict and when they got him to Police Headquarters he was raving for drugs, and he was frightened, too, because the gang of the gunman he'd shot had been waiting outside the hotel to get him when he tried to get out. At Headquarters he had turned into a madman and they had had to tie him down to an iron cot.

His ravings went on for an hour or more and then he went limp and began by confessing that he'd shot a gunman called Lucky Sam Something-or-other and when he'd got through with that he said he was the man who had killed Rosa Dugan. At first they didn't believe him and thought he was crazy.

But the story he told was convincing. He seemed to know about the apartment and he even described the lights in the room and a mirror that had been freshly mended. He said Rosa Dugan was his wife and that he'd been living with her all the time she was being kept by the mysterious "Mr. Wilson."

So at last they became convinced and checked up on the story and found from the records that it was all true. And then the Negro maid identified him as "the little black man" and the doorman at the night club identified him as the man who had come to see Rosa Dugan two hours before she was murdered. He said he'd thrown Dago Tony out into the street for annoying her. And then her brother identified him as her husband.

Dago Tony said he'd killed her out of jealousy because she had the other man in the same apartment in a room that was locked and that she wouldn't give him the key. And then he said he hadn't meant to kill her. He'd gone there to kill the other man and only killed her by accident. He didn't know who the other man was. He kept crying over and over, "I killed her and I wanta die too! I killed her and I wanta die too!"

"There isn't any doubt," said Melbourn. "They've got the right man."

Savina listened with one part of her brain while another part was busy with the thought of how thrilling it would be for a woman to have a lover so passionate that he would kill her because of jealousy, and it occurred to her that maybe Rosa Dugan hadn't minded being killed by such a lover. It would be like the praying mantis, which decapitates its mate at the supreme moment of creation.

And then she thought that an X-ray cinema of the glands of the murderer at the time of the crime would be of extreme scientific interest. Surely it would show them working at an abnormal speed destined to destroy the machine itself, just as they had in the end destroyed both Rosa and the murderer. She decided that it was exciting but a little dangerous to let herself go this way, thinking all sorts of upsetting thoughts.

But the tea party was breaking up and Melbourn and Mrs. Wintringham were saying good-by and the others were standing about talking. One by one they left, but Savina did not have a clear impression of the order in which they left or of what they were saying, because the most fantastic thought had occurred to her. It was that at sixty-seven she had discovered her proper calling and that it was Ronnie's cinema which had put her on the right track.

For at least forty-seven years she should have been working in a laboratory, the way Ronnie had been working. If she had done that she might now have had the same look in her eyes that was

in Ronnie's eyes, instead of being a muddled old woman who had exhausted herself worrying about her tea party.

When she turned away from the door after the last good-by she saw that the latest evening papers had come and that Alida was reading the latest news, perhaps the same story Melbourn had told them, and something clicked in her brain and she saw everything—that "Mr. Wilson" *was* Jim Towner and that it was Fanny who had sent for Melbourn and asked him to help her, and so he had gone to see the police commissioner, and that Melbourn had probably bargained with Fanny for his complete freedom and so could now tell the world that he was marrying Mrs. Wintringham.

Savina stood for a time before the fire warming her clumsy body which had grown chilled from nervous exhaustion. Standing there, she thought, "Why should I go on like this? Why should I wear myself out in this absurd way? I shall go to Hector tonight and ask him to marry me and, whether he will or not, I'll take him away around the world. Nothing matters to us any more except that both of us should be happy and comfortable. There isn't much time left. Alida will have to do without me."

She looked at Alida, poring over the story of poor Rosa Dugan, and she wondered what Alida would be like now if she had ever known the love of a man like Dago Tony. Certainly she wouldn't be sitting there poring over the story of a passion she could not even imagine.

Savina saw that all her life had been given up to hospitals and charities and people like Hector and Alida, so that she herself had never had time to live. All her life had been like this dreadful tea party, worrying and fretting over other people because she was too aware of how they suffered.

It was time now that she had a fling on her own and Alida had no right to hold her back. She would propose to Hector tonight at dinner, and there was no better time to have it out with Alida than this very minute when Alida was distracted by Rosa Dugan's story and wouldn't mind so much as when there were no crimes of passion to read about.

She started toward Alida to speak, and then found she couldn't and fell instead to looking out of the window at the house across the churchyard. She heard again that single scream and thought, "I could perhaps have saved her. If we'd been in a little town, I'd have gone to find out where the scream came from." And she thought again of the praying mantis and it occurred to her that perhaps Rosa Dugan hadn't wanted to be saved.

She was aware that the window on the third floor was dark now, and it seemed to her that the darkness was more than a mere absence of light and that it pervaded all the churchyard. It was as if some great light had gone out. But she told herself that of course such an idea was mere nonsense and that this sudden access of mysticism must be a sign of old age and decay.

She must speak to Alida now, at once, and she began, "Alida, there's something I must discuss with you."

But Alida did not hear her. Looking up, she said in her soft, slightly affected voice, "They found the key to the parlor in her cold-cream jar. She'd hidden it there to keep Dago Tony from getting into the next room to kill 'Mr. Wilson.'"

THE END

Beginning Next Month a Novel of Rebellious Youth by that author who understands so well the young folk of today—Rupert Hughes

The House that Joan Built (Continued from page 31)

subject so I could join the local order of the Kiwanis and be an intelligent booster. I even bought an American flag to hang on my ruin, and gosh, I felt one hundred percent American!

Imagine my dismay at discovering that no part of my house had been built by Yankees. No, sir—some Swede who got a toe hold in this country before William Penn did had built of huge, uneven stones one room and no bath, moved in, had a lot of little Swedes, and then had to poke a hole in the ceiling, add more stones, chop down oak trees for supporting beams, and thus had made a two-story, two-room mansion. That was in 1679.

Along about the year 1704, old Human Nature got the Swedes busy with axes and stones again. Daughter got married; hence, another room had to be stuck on to the original house.

ALONG the east wall of the addition is a giant fireplace nine feet long; the walls are solid stone two feet deep and the ceiling is of rough-oak, hand-hewn beams. Four windows, not uniform in size, and two doors completed the bridal suite. It seems the bridegroom didn't like his mother-in-law, so he stoned up the connecting door into the original part of the house and the two families met only at the woodpile or at milking time.

By the time the newly-weds were blessed with two cradles full of husky, squalling children, a band of Indians attacked the wee homestead, routed the inhabitants and ransacked the place.

Now I learned at sea that you can only swat a Swede once and you'd better not miss the first time, and I find the same characteristic prevailed in his nature in primitive days. On his return to his robbed dwelling, husband promptly built a second story and left cracks in the stones just big enough to put the muzzle of a rifle through.

These cracks are called portholes—and I'm not getting nautical, either—and they made the house as secure as a fort. Instead of taking to the woods the next time the Indians snuck up on them, Papa shooed his brood into the cellar for safety.

I'm glad he dug that hide-out, because now I have a cool place to keep my jams and preserves. But horrible to relate, several generations ago that cellar was used for making applejack out of perfectly healthy apples! Even today there is an aroma of ambrosias brewed below, and I have to talk fast and put coffee on to boil when Prohibition officers drop in.

But somebody is always spoiling things, anyway, by getting high-hat. In the year 1734, the son of the couple spoken of above took unto himself a bride from Philadelphia. She was very grand, judging from the "bigger and better rooms" she demanded before she would migrate to the sticks.

It took son two days and nights by stage coach to get into Philadelphia from New Hope—a distance of only thirty-two miles—to woo his lady fair. I suppose he took her freshly made butter, a hamper of squash, spinach, raw onions and eggs for strength to withstand the hardships of pioneering.

Well, son nourished his lady love, married her, and then the trouble started. Her clothes were of fine silks, none of the common homespun stuffs for her, so she must have the proper setting for her loveliness. In her trunk were portraits of ancestors, lots of them, and heaven knows no crudely built walls were fitting for such impressive physiognomies; so, lo, an elegant parlor twenty-two feet long was added to the farmhouse.

It was constructed of white oak and pine. A curving staircase of hand-grooved oak swung gracefully from above. A beautiful paneled-pine fireplace and book cupboards finished the east end. Blacksmiths fashioned great iron bolts in intricate designs for the massive doors which still stand in that room today.

It seems in those days witches had a disconcerting way of entering all doors facing the south, and so the cautious bride had Witch Crosses made of wooden nails put on the two southerly doors, for 'twas said witches seduced nice young husbands away to the woods. But that lady went even further than most in her precautions against any such infidelities, for I found on the wooden rail of the staircase leading up to the bedroom a tiny Witches' Cross. I guess she thought if a witch ever got by the door it wouldn't have a ghost of a chance of getting upstairs.

With the addition of the "elegant" wing, the humble farmhouse took on the grotesque appearance of a rooster wearing silk socks.

This is 1930, two hundred and fifty-one years since the first stone was laid on Cradle Valley, and what time, the ravages of storms and poverty had done to it when I found it was pitiful. The place was never sold; it was simply handed down from generation to generation to the descendants of those Swedish pioneers.

Work in the fields scraping a livelihood from rocky farm soil kept the men busy, with no time for repairs inside. With failing crops, the womenfolk took boarders and the house was partitioned off into tiny cubby-holes of rooms. In spots where the wood became worm-eaten, wall paper was used to disguise the decay; rags and sawdust stuffed in the leaking roof served to keep out rain; fireplaces were filled with stone and boarded up to lessen the wind's fury in wintertime.

At the time I first saw it, the house was crumbling away—the only substantial part of it being the stone walls and the oak beams. When I stepped into the house and saw squalor, ugliness and mildew I was not discouraged, for my imagination became fired with restoring its original beauty and simplicity.

"I'll take it," I told the owner, and she looked at me with such gratitude and incredulity that I smiled.

The word went around like lightning—a sailor girl had turned landlubber and was going to reconstruct a house and actually do it herself. Architects rushed to me with plans, contractors submitted estimates and decorators purred suggestions. To all of them I turned a deaf ear.

"I'm going to do it all by myself," was my answer—whereupon they sat back awaiting my SOS, which never came.

You see, I'm not afraid of being called sentimental because I'm not of the intelligentsia and I am sentimental—about houses, anyway. I knew that house liked me. In fact, I could almost hear it creaking its appreciation because I would give it care and love.

And so, in the summer of 1929, when rumor and reporters had it that I was in Paris, Timbuktu or an insane asylum, I disappeared down here in New Hope and began the dirty work. With crowbar and ax I hacked down partitions, scraped off wall paper with broken bits of glass and removed about two tons of refuse and junk from my house's insides.

Hornets stung me for intruding on their privacy, and plaster fell on my head from caved-in walls. After several days of the above painful, though educating process, my dump heap was ready for rebuilding.

But where should I begin? I knew—a bathroom. But where in the heck did bathrooms come from? You see, in New York apartments those little necessities were always there—and I always thought they just grew in houses, and that hot and cold water was an act of God.

But then came a series of bitter disillusions. Bathrooms are bought, not *born;* plumbers—those aristocrats of pipes and monkey wrenches—charged fortunes to set them in after I had lured water from a running stream two hundred feet away by means of a gasoline pump!

After weeks of anguish and doubt, the plumbers said I could turn on the water and bathe to my body's content. Oh, yes, I turned the water on, and what came out of the faucet into the tub looked like a cross section of the Aquarium. Pollywogs, minnows, water cress and a fair amount of mud met my eye. I had failed to screen off the pipe at the base of the water supply, and so I had all manner of creek life for company while I took my ablution.

I can't tell you what a delightful inspiration to an author's bath pollywogs are! They stir up action, discourage languor and hold out promise of growing into something bigger and better.

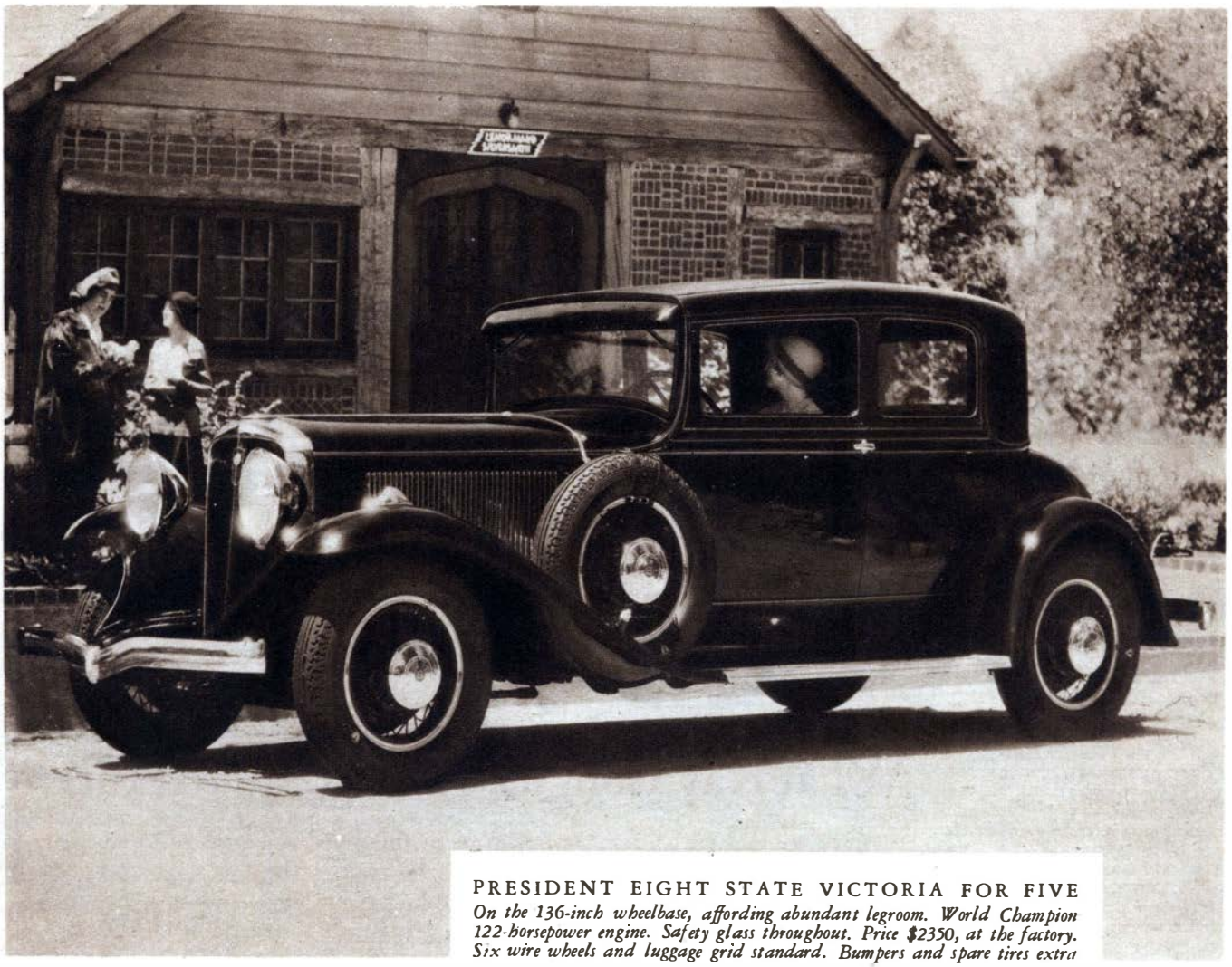
When I was worn out from my labor of scraping and holystoning floors and doors, weak from squabbling over the price of cement and plaster which looked like common sand, anyway, and verging on a nervous breakdown from my "knee-chest" posture while setting in stones for the hearth, I was dealt the cruelest blow of all—the roof leaked. Just like a woman, anyway, to begin on the wrong end of things! But I had a slate roof put on and dared the weather to get in.

However, I nearly lost my sense of humor as fall passed and the cold of winter overtook me with my house still unfinished. Doggedly I plugged on, doing one room at a time and furnishing it as I went along with antiques and ambition.

One morning I awoke to find the land deep in snow and I couldn't drive across the rutty land from my house to the highway in a car. I hitched Installment Plan—my horse—to a sleigh, hung a cowbell on her neck for "jingle bells" and shopped in the village against famine. It was while I was snowbound that my inexpert fingers hemmed curtains for the windows, covered chairs and cushions and slaughtered a pig for my winter's "ham-and."

I COULDN'T feel my home was complete until I had furnished my barnyard with live stock, so I bought a thoroughbred Guernsey cow, two suckling pigs, a pair of ducks, one thousand baby chicks, which have now grown into luscious broilers and prolific egg layers, one dog that is scared to bark at anything and three riding horses. These comprise my animal kingdom. I don't include the wild pheasants, fox, deer, muskrats, ground hogs and skunks which I board for nothing.

Trying to improve on a stone ruin has not been without its heartaches and its glories, for the skeptical architects now bring prospective clients around to view my handiwork, decorators marvel that I showed any taste at all in furnishing and my friends come to stay a day and stick around for months. I've forgiven caustic remarks whole-heartedly, for I've heard tell that a forgiving nature is an absolute sign of genius and soul.



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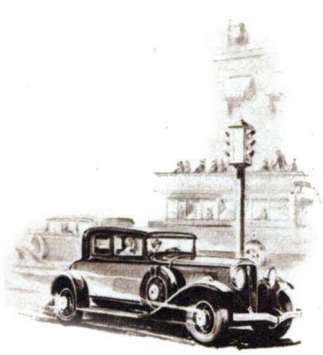

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Sense of Humor (*Continued from page 45*)

expect, anyhow, he'll be just as big a disappointment as all the others."

The trouble was that nobody came to luncheon but Tony Durango.

Not, at least, until it was too late.

He came into the cool garden, a tall young man with the broad-shouldered, slim-waisted figure of a guardsman, and the dark, smoldering eyes of a Venetian doge. Danger came with him. Tony Durango was one of those men who seem always to be accompanied by danger, bright and beautiful.

Emmy Lou, who had never seen him except in the shining regalia of his costume pictures, was surprised that he looked so young. His white flannels, shirt open at the neck, gay sweater, gave him an air of youth which she hadn't expected. But it added to his charm. Only the eyes were old—and, it seemed to Emmy Lou, very tired.

Under his direct, impudent stare, her heart began to beat hard, and when Emmy Lou's heart beat hard it meant something. There was nothing facile about Emmy Lou's heart.

"I am looking for Miss Evers," said Tony Durango, with that slight fascinating accent which he had never lost. "I think I was invited to lunch."

"Isabella had to go to the studio," said Emmy Lou. "T.M. sent for her. She was sorry but she asked me to give you lunch. There are some other people coming. I am Emmy Lou."

"Emmy Lou?" said Tony Durango, and smiled swiftly, devastatingly. "Emmy Lou. What a nice name! But——"

"I'm Isabella's sister," said Emmy Lou. She smiled back at him. There could be no harm in a smile. Emmy Lou had a nice smile, friendly and sincere. "Would you like a silver fizz?"

"A silver fizz at twelve o'clock in the morning?" said Tony. "What an immoral thought! No, little one, I shouldn't like a silver fizz. I should like instead some ham and eggs and coffee. More prosaic, but necessary. This morning I have been lazy and have not yet breakfasted. I am naturally lazy, Emmy Lou. Let us be lazy in this nice garden. You shall tell them to bring us some ham and eggs and we will sit in that big swing over there under the trees and eat them and be lazy together."

"What about the other people?" said Emmy Lou, in a small voice.

"Listen," said Tony Durango, and he came close and looked down at her. "Listen, little Emmy Lou. Other people never matter. Learn that while you are young. This is a lovely morning. The garden is fresh and fair. You are—funny and fresh and fair yourself. It but remains to pray that no other people will invade our moment, and if they do, to ignore them. Come and sit in the swing."

Emmy Lou sat upright in the swing. Her feet were planted firmly on the ground. But Tony Durango lounged back, his dark head against the orange canvas, and smiled at her.

"This is just his line," said Emmy Lou steadily to herself. "This is the way he makes women fall for him, as he does on the screen. He is wicked. He is what they call a Don Juan. I mustn't pay any attention. He doesn't know it's *me*. He just acts this way because I am a woman and he is used to it. I must remember. Otherwise—Aunt Em was right. Hearts do get broken. Mine feels strange now. It hurts."

When Jack Ratray and the gorgeous Mrs. O'Brien and Barney Wheaton and his wife dashed in, very late, they found Emmy Lou and Tony still in the swing.

"In Italy," Tony was saying, "there is a place I know. You should see it."

"The same old place, Tony?" said Mrs. O'Brien, and there was an edge to her voice.

Tony Durango sprang up. For a moment he looked hot and angry. Then he smiled. But Emmy Lou felt that it wasn't a nice smile now.

"No," said Tony; "quite a different place. A place to which I think you have not been. And now I must go."

"You'd better wait for Isabella," said Emmy Lou. "She'll be disappointed. It isn't nice to go away without seeing her."

Tony looked down at her dangerously. Emmy Lou didn't flinch, but she felt the hot color creep over her face. He thought she wanted him to stay!

"I will wait," he said, "and perhaps you will be kind enough to make me the silver fizz of which you spoke before."

Emmy Lou made the silver fizz as Isabella had taught her and brought it to him. He took it, with a dark look. Emmy Lou wanted to cry. But Aunt Em had never encouraged crying and tears did not come easily to Emmy Lou.

She sat and watched Jack Ratray being funny, and listened to Tony Durango laughing loudly. She wished passionately that she had never come to Hollywood.

It was almost a month later that Mrs. O'Brien met Isabella lunching at the Embassy Club.

"*Darling*," she said, "how lovely you look! I adore that hat. Are you going to the Engelharts' party tonight?"

"Yes," said Isabella.

"And do tell me," said Mrs. O'Brien, "is the little sister merely a smoke screen, or has Tony gone in for innocence?"

Isabella's eyes were narrow and cold. "Having a penchant for minding my own business," she said, "I don't know. Why don't you ask him? You used to know him well enough, didn't you?"

"I haven't seen Tony for a month," said Mrs. O'Brien. "And after all, I thought the little sister might be your business. You should know how dangerous Tony is. Of course, everybody is talking. But I suppose, after all, she might as well begin with Tony as end with him. Anyway, darling, I know you won't turn her out into the night, no matter what happens. It would hardly be fair to such an innocent youngster, considering how many older and wiser ladies have fallen for Tony in our time."

That night Isabella spoke brutally to Emmy Lou, not even sparing herself.

But Emmy Lou said nothing. Emmy Lou knew she was in love. Isabella could tell her nothing new about Tony. But neither could Isabella know the mad flame that burned within Emmy Lou.

"Just because I came from Gallopolis, Indiana, and still look like it," said Emmy Lou to her pillow, "doesn't mean I can't *feel*. Oh, Tony, Tony."

Her eyes, nowadays, were desperate. Their clear depths were clouded with a miserable question. For the first time, the path ahead was hidden from her. The past month stretched behind her, a tortured and inescapable memory.

Tony, gay and young and gentle, beside her in the garden. Days when she didn't hear from him at all. Nights when he was cold and unkind, when he looked at her with the look that had made him such a great Cesare Borgia. Nights when he made dates with her and neither came nor telephoned.

In that month, Emmy Lou had learned

what it meant to gasp aloud when the phone bell rang, and to sit in aching, waiting, hoping misery when it did not. She had learned the gorgeous thrill of great baskets of flowers, and the joy of a few scrawled words on a white card. She had learned the knife-like pain of jealousy and the ecstasy of a hand seeking hers secretly and holding it close.

Much as she wanted him, Emmy Lou did not understand why he came. "I am not beautiful," she thought, "and I am not clever and I have no sense of humor. Why should I expect him to come?"

After she had talked with Isabella that night, she felt that perhaps she understood better.

"You're young," Isabella had said, and the bitterness in her voice was the most poignant thing Emmy Lou had ever heard; "young and untouched—and different. A man like Tony has had everything else. He's had all the tricks tried on him. I've even tried 'em myself. You're a new sensation—like vanilla ice cream after years of hard drinking. It hits all men of that kind once in a while. But it doesn't mean a thing."

That, thought Emmy Lou, must be it. She seemed to stand hemmed in between that vivid past, and the menacing future, and her heart was heavy with dread.

Emmy Lou had read books and seen many pictures. Aunt Em, too, had told her about life. She wasn't ignorant. The moment, she knew, would come—the moment of decision.

It came.

They had come home from a picture show. She and the great Tony Durango. As they walked along Beverly Drive and Emmy Lou caught a glimpse of them in a show window, she felt again that bewildering hurt. The tall, dashing figure of the screen's most famous lover. And —Emmy Lou. Even the clothes Isabella had bought her couldn't make her look anything but a small-town girl.

That aching desire for beauty, which only a plain woman in love can know, swept her out of herself.

"I wonder," she said, "why you come to see me, and take me places, Tony. I'm not like—I'm not beautiful——"

"You're"—he hesitated—"oh, I think it is that you are young. You are a funny little Emmy Lou. I like to watch you."

Emmy Lou felt like a butterfly on a pin.

The drawing-room was empty, soft in shaded lights, fragrant with flowers. Emmy Lou took off her felt hat and her woolly coat and sat down. Tony wandered about, prowling, restless. Finally he came and stood in front of her.

"I'm fed up with this place," he said hotly. "I want to get out of here. I'm going away for a while on my boat. Do you want to come with me, Emmy Lou?"

His eyes seemed tormented now, commanding, demanding.

Emmy Lou would not look into them. The moment had come.

Emmy Lou knew what was right and what was wrong. All her life she had builded by that knowledge.

There was no question in her mind what she should say—and she found she could not say it.

For she wanted to go away with Tony Durango. Wanted it with all the force and passion of her strong young being. This was, Emmy Lou knew, her one chance for romance. Nothing like this would come her way again.

No need to look at Tony Durango. Every line and look of him was written on her heart. In this moment imagination, heritage of her pioneer ancestors, had come alive to sweep her.

To go away to strange and wonderful places, to be in his arms under distant

skies, to rest against him beneath moonrise and sunset and dawn light. At last to hold that dear, dark head against her breast and kiss the crest of his hair, where it flared back from his forehead.

It was too much to ask her now, at the very moment of the birth of all that was woman in her, to give that up.

"I love him," Emmy Lou said in her heart. "It will kill me to give him up."

It was to give up laughter.

Laughter that was so important, so big a thing in life.

And then it seemed to Emmy Lou that she heard laughter which was not beautiful. She did not want to laugh like that. These people around her, Isabella and Isabella's friends. They laughed. But the laughter wasn't happy.

To give up love!

Tony, the great lover, the ideal lover of all time. To think that he cared enough for Emmy Lou to ask her to go away with him! A year ago, sitting in the dark movie palace, watching him make love to the beautiful leading lady, it hadn't seemed any more possible than the arrival of a Prince Charming with a pumpkin coach and a glass slipper.

Yet here they were—Tony Durango, watching her with hot, hungry eyes that demanded something of her; demanded that she answer him as he wished.

Emmy Lou's heart began to pound again, steadily and strongly.

He had asked her to go because she was young—and different—and funny.

That wasn't love. That was a poor substitute for love. He was a great lover and many women, beautiful and brilliant and knowing life, like Isabella and Mrs. O'Brien, had snatched for his love.

Suddenly, to Emmy Lou, it wasn't good enough.

Emmy Lou had seen Aunt Em's eyes the morning Uncle Bill died. Aunt Em wasn't young and she had never been beautiful. But Emmy Lou saw now that Aunt Em had known far more of love than any of these glittering people.

With all her grief, there had been a light in her eyes that dazzled Emmy Lou. Aunt Em was sorry but she wasn't afraid. She knew that Uncle Bill would be waiting for her somewhere and that they would be together again for all eternity.

Emmy Lou felt strength rushing back into her. She looked up at Tony, dark and handsome in the soft light.

"You'll come?" said Tony.

"No," said Emmy Lou.

The most desolate word she had ever heard or dreamed of. It held farewell to youth, to beauty, to romance. That one small word held farewell to her lover, held renunciation of her dreams. But she had said it.

"No," said Emmy Lou.

Tony Durango pushed back a lock of dark hair as if to see her better. "What did you say?" he shouted.

"I said no."

"But why—why?"

"Because," said Emmy Lou, "it just isn't good enough, that sort of thing."

The man went on staring at her. She waited for his gay laugh at her provincial prudery.

"Emmy Lou," said Tony Durango, "will you marry me?"

When the room had righted itself before her startled eyes, and the bands about her throat had loosened, Emmy Lou answered.

"No," she said.

"But why?" shouted the screen's greatest lover.

Emmy Lou thought steadily.

"Because," she said, "I wouldn't trust you around the corner. You don't mean by marriage what I mean by it. I'd rather have my heart broken quietly and

be alone with it than have to stand up and let everybody see me. I'd rather go hungry, I guess, than eat husks.

"You're not in love with me. I know that. I can get along all right somehow without you. But I couldn't bear to be with you unless you cared, too. For that matter, what in the world do you want to marry me for?"

"Because," said Tony, and he came and knelt down beside her, "because I need you so, Emmy Lou."

That stopped her.

"You can't *need* me," said Emmy Lou.

"I do need you," said Tony. "I—oh, Emmy Lou! To think I found you! I hate being the screen's great lover. I hate love-making. I hate women—oh, how I hate 'em! It's all because I look as I do. I wish I didn't. It's made me a lot of money, but I'd rather work.

"I want a home, and a lot of kids—and a wife that won't mind getting fat—and we could be comfortable, and when I come home nights I could take my shoes off and not worry how I looked, or have to be romantic. I am not romantic, Emmy Lou. I am a peasant. I wish here in America to make a home and a family like we have in Italy where I come from—a home like my mother's."

Emmy Lou made a swift gesture. Her hand touched the crest of his dark hair. She could understand all that. People, it seemed, were not like their outsides. She wasn't. Now Tony wasn't. Her hand, hot and trembling, touched his cheek. The dark head slipped down upon her shoulder and Emmy Lou held it there, against her breast.

"Well," said Isabella from the doorway, "I seem to have arrived at what one terms the psychological moment. Just what is going on here?"

Tony Durango got to his feet. "For two years," he said, "I have been looking for a girl who would say *no* to me. Emmy Lou has said no—so beautifully. Isn't it wonderful?"

Isabella stared at him. There was a white line around her mouth. "One would scarcely have guessed it," she said dryly. "And what are you going to do about it?"

"Naturally," said Tony, "I am going to marry her."

Isabella began to laugh. "I should never have thought of that one," she said. "Congratulations, my little white dove." And she went out, still laughing.

Emmy Lou looked at Tony. "Isabella has such a sense of humor," she said.

You Can't Make Fighters of Cry-babies

(*Continued from page 41*)

out were hurled (for the sake of the dollar) into rings with sluggers. Many of them fell by the way, becoming unfit for other work or other activities. Some of them went to asylums, punch-drunk and gibbering. Still others succumbed to the evils of making money hurriedly and at an age when the fruits of the world look too inviting. These boys became spendthrifts and then bums. It is not a pleasant thing for one who loves the profession of boxing to look at this picture.

Too many of these boys, hurled into the ring in a raw state, put up their hands to their heads but didn't know one single fundamental of the craft. They bulled in, heads down, and if an opponent began to punch them, they covered up in shells while the crowd booed. They didn't know how to block, side-step, get back, duck, feint or maneuver with effective grace and apparent lack of effort.

Aiding and abetting this wave of clumsy, bogus fighting were the "experts" of the land. The sports writers, an honest lot by and large, nevertheless subscribed unwittingly to these human bull fights. I don't know where they got the idea, but the sports writers (with a few notable exceptions), as well as the referees and judges, began to give decisions to men who in their opinion were the aggressors in the ring.

No matter what any referee may think or any sports writer may state as his opinion, a man who uses the greater generalship, the more science, hitting more effectively and often and making an opponent miss, is entitled to a decision. Yet I have seen a bull-necked, shock-proof fighter wrestle through three-fourths of a round and come back, round after round, to do the same thing, and then get the decision.

One of the reasons, then, why I envisage our modern heavyweights as a race of dying gladiators, is that most of them never have learned the fundamentals.

Let us take a fellow like Jack Sharkey. He is a fairly capable boxer as modern boxing goes, but he is erratic, wild and really hasn't the boxing instinct. And why should he care, so long as he can get more as a loser than the great old champions could gather for winning over long, determinative routes?

When boxing began to be an industry instead of a sport, and when tens of thousands of fans began to pay fancy prices to see short contests between pampered financiers of the ring, it was only natural that racketeers should be attracted thereto. Year by year the game has become more lucrative and more complicated. And now it is difficult to know of a certainty who is managing the fighters you see in a contest. It might be some racketeer whose name is never mentioned.

Let us look for a moment at the better grade of modern heavyweights. In my opinion the foremost boxers of this slipping era (dating from Jack Johnson) are Gene Tunney, Jack Sharkey and Young Stribling. I would consider all of them fair boxers.

Tunney, perhaps, is the greatest heavyweight boxer since Jack Johnson, but I don't consider him in Johnson's class by a tremendous margin. Tunney is not a natural boxer. In fact, he is so devoid of instinctive boxing ability that I consider his case remarkable in that he managed to progress as far as he did by dint of studious and long-practiced effort.

He is one of the very few who have gone in for a sincere study of the art. He is persistent, unusually cool under fire and as game as anyone in the ring—as witness the first fight he lost to Harry Greb in the old Garden and his seventh round against Dempsey at Chicago.

The greatest single point in the list of reasons for mediocrity in modern heavyweight boxing is that the losers get too much money for being defeated. Imagine a man being guaranteed from $100,000 to half a million dollars whether he wins or loses! That is enough to kill any fight, because it kills the incentive to win.

In my day a winner took all the prize money. Up to the time when I lost to Jeffries, I didn't get any guarantees. We fought, the winner getting sixty-five percent and the loser thirty-five percent of the receipts. When I met Sullivan the winner got the whole purse and we also bet $10,000 on the side.

When I fought Charlie Mitchell, of

England, knocking him out in three rounds at Jacksonville in January of 1894, the purse was $20,000 with a $10,000 side bet. The winner took all the money. And the championship of the world was at stake. And nobody yelled "Foul," either.

When I fought Fitzsimmons, losing the championship, I bet him $10,000. That was the first time a motion picture was taken of a fight. Later, this came to be a big commercial angle of fights, crimped somewhat, of course, by the Federal law that forbids the transportation of fight films from one state to another.

That's a funny one, too. You can't send these pictures out of your state for the eye to see, but a broadcast with a hook-up accommodating millions of people can be had for the ear to hear!

Boxing really received its great chance for legitimate popularization during the war. Boxing was recognized by the army and navy. Society people began to turn out at contests. Women became interested and receipts hit the high mark of $2,000,000 or thereabouts. Such big money brought in the type of manager who was so interested in riches that the success of the game itself meant nothing to him. Such men and their lieutenants have done boxing a great deal of harm.

I want to talk a bit about these fouls and the "foul wave" that has struck our important fights. I don't recall a single championship bout in the old days that ended in a foul. I am speaking of heavyweights. Nowadays almost every big fight winds up with a foul. The fouled fighter rolls on the floor and goes through enough gestures of agony to make Lon Chaney look to his laurels as a face-twister. An uninitiated fan thinks that the poor chap is going to die that night or at least become crippled for life. But the next day—about time to collect his money at the Commission office—you see the fouled fighter walking about as chipper as ever and ready to meet another foul opponent.

Why didn't those things happen in my day? I don't know, unless the fighters were more sportsmanlike, hardier, cleverer in punching and in defense, or the sports public less gullible.

Speaking of being hit low and "crippled," did you ever stop to think of the football games where a man is butted in the stomach and hit with the knee below the belt? Sometimes a man is knocked unconscious from kicks or butts and is carried off the field. Yet you often have seen the same man return the next quarter and play as well as ever.

Of course our college boys are not being paid to win and they are in there for the love of the game. Possibly, if piloted by racketeers and used for commercial purposes, they might learn to simulate pain.

Hundreds of times I have seen baseball players hit with a ball and knocked cold or stung badly, only to get up, dust themselves off and go on with the game.

I know about low blows from experience and I know about pain from experience. I'll tell you of one fight that may show you whether the old boys or the modern dying gladiators had the staying qualities. I ask you to refrain from accusing me of undue egotism.

The fight in question was one I had with Joe Choynski on a barge at Benicia, California, June 5, 1889. Quite a famous fight it was. I had one eye closed, both my hands broken (they had to cut the glove from one hand) and the soles of my feet blistered. We fought for twenty-eight rounds in the broiling sun, and I never knew until I reached the Turkish bath that I even had blisters on my feet. But that was a long time ago and we

loved our sport and believed in winning for the game's sake.

There is a new, inflated protector now that is supposed to be safer and superior in every way to the protector (metal with padding inside) that I used. Well, even with my old-style protector, I want to say that no fighter when hit below the belt could be so injured that he couldn't continue if he had his mind concentrated on his fight and had the real stamina necessary for a man's game. Yes, it is possible to be hurt by a low blow, but the pain goes away with a bit of will power and plain, unadulterated courage.

Fighting is supposed to be the toughest and most brutal sport of all. But the polo, football and baseball players of today make the present crop of boxers look like a lot of sissies on a merry-go-round.

The new rule of the New York Boxing Commission, which requires the improved type of protector, will be a good thing for the present-day "brittle-middles" who can't take them. In all the fights I ever have seen, half of the blows aimed for the stomach land below the belt because it is impossible for a man to hit at a moving object and know of a certainty where the blow is going to land. I never yet have had a fight in which I escaped being hit below the belt, but I took it for granted that it was in the game.

I promised to propose a remedy to correct fouling—and I mean serious and deliberate hitting below the belt as well as deliberate and prearranged crumpling by a weakling or a conniver who wants to win his fights by that method.

Here it is:

On every ticket that is issued to a fan, let there be printed and attached by a perforated line a check similar to the baseball rain-check. This check is a guarantee that the fight will not end in a foul; or if it does so end, the check may be presented at a later date, entitling the fan to see the fight *over again.*

This would mean that the fighters would have to go through a second fight for *nothing* in the event that either commits a foul or claims one. The agreement between promoter and fan also would provide that in the event of a foul in the "repeat" fight, the entire gate receipts, minus fixed promotional expenses, should be turned over to a charity.

The surest way to hit fight promoters is through their pocketbooks. If the rain-check plan were to be adopted, you would see a marked falling-off in the number of fouls. I am sure of that.

Perhaps, if the weak-kneed foul-shouters were to have to go through two or three fights for nothing on account of their brittle-middles, we should develop a sturdier race of men who would go into the ring for something more than mere money. It would be a relief to get away from the groans of the dying gladiators.

When Wilson Began to Break *(Cont. from page 47)*

sacrifice himself than have that happen—and let people criticize him.

Paris, May 5, 1919.

Mrs. Wilson and I had an exciting day yesterday. The President, Mr. Clemenceau and Lloyd George had decided they would go out to examine personally the room in which the Germans are to present their credentials in order to see if the newspapermen could be accommodated. It was all very secret, for they were to go by different ways and meet out there so as not to have the reporters at their heels.

Mrs. Wilson and I were very eager to go. Also Doctor Grayson, and we all sat around and used our best endeavors to get the President to let us go. He even withstood Mrs. Wilson's pleadings, and when he can do that his mind has to be very fully made up.

He read a letter from Count Bonin to Mr. Pichon, Minister for Foreign Affairs, in which he said the Italian delegates Orlando and Sonnino were willing to return to the Conference to promote harmony, etc. He says he has never—and Clemenceau and Lloyd George assured him they had never—invited the Italians to return. The President's stand is unchanged on the question of Fiume.

Paris, May 6, 1919.

The Italians sent a telegram today asking that the treaty presentation to the Germans be put off for twenty-four hours to allow them time to arrive here. This has been refused and the President says that when he sees Orlando and Sonnino he intends to ask why are there seven Italian men-of-war at Smyrna? He says he wants no more credits extended to Italy.

Last night Clemenceau attempted a curious thing. The treaty was being printed and word came to the President he had had inserted a whole paragraph saying that the Americans and English bound themselves to come to the assistance of France if she was attacked.

This treaty had been prepared and drafted by the representatives of all the Powers—twenty-seven in all, I think—and no one had the right to change a word without the consent of the whole session. Clemenceau was changing, or rather inserting, a paragraph which did not belong there! That was early in the evening, and Doctor Grayson thought all was settled, and everyone went to bed . . .

At twelve Mrs. Wilson said Doctor Grayson called up to say Sir Maurice Hankey, of the British Delegation, called up to say the same paragraph was being put in again under a different wording in the Peace Treaty. He wanted to see the President, and he came right over and saw the President, who had been in bed for some time.

Then it appears the United States and Great Britain are preparing a treaty to be submitted to the League of Nations in which they engage to come to the assistance of France at once in the event of any aggressive act by Germany. The President read us his original draft which Tardieu was given to prepare. He added that any act—such as putting an extra siding on a track, and similar things—would be construed into an act of aggression. The whole French nation is fairly hypnotized by its fear of Germany.

The President said he asked Foch what he thought the Germans could do. Foch admitted that with the restrictions of armaments they could not make big guns but could make small. The President asked him if the French army was afraid of any army of rifles only!

He says Foch and Poincaré are making trouble for Clemenceau and are interfering with him at every turn.

Paris, May 7, 1919.

Great excitement downstairs this morning when the Italians returned. The President told us that Lloyd George and Clemenceau and he were sitting peacefully in his room downstairs where the

small conferences are held, when suddenly Orlando entered!

We all asked impatiently what he did and what they all did. "Why, nothing," answered the President. "I think we were all too stunned to say anything, and we acted as though he had never been away and went along peaceably about our business." Mrs. Wilson and I met Orlando as we were coming home from our morning walk and he looks very badly.

At luncheon the President said how much he hates to meet any of the Germans. Somebody asked him what he thought about the peace, if he felt it was all right, and he said: "Yes, as far as it was possible and the Germans would be the only ones to object," but he did not feel it was unduly severe for them.

In regard to General Leonard Wood, he says he turned against General Scott who had recommended his retention as Chief of Staff, and the President said General Pershing had told him he did not want Wood over here.

Paris, May 8, 1919.

The President said the Germans made a most unfortunate impression on everyone.

Of course, as you have seen by the papers, Von Brockdorff Rantzau (I hope I have spelled it correctly) sat when he made his speech. Mr. White had told us that when he went up to meet them when they came Von Brockdorff Rantzau looked like a ghost, and his knees shook, so *he may not have been able to* stand, but he certainly, as the President said, might have given some explanation. The President said that the sight of them, for they were arrogant still, aroused all the old animosities and hatreds which had been in part dormant in the desire to bring Germany to a realization of the part she would have to play to be admitted into the society of decent nations.

This afternoon we all went to the races, which were not very gay as there were not many people there. Lady Paget came over to talk to Mrs. Wilson and the President. The President had very little applause as he was leaving. He always becomes irritated when he speaks about the way the French forget how they implored our aid and he says the censors (foreign) never allowed the fact to go through how desperate the need was and how our men literally turned the day.

In conference the other day the French and British were saying what their men had done and how wonderful this thing or that had been. This kept up for some time with no reference to the Americans, and finally the President said, "Gentlemen, have you forgotten there was an American Army?"

Foch is supposed to be the leader in all this anti-American agitation.

Paris, May 10, 1919.

Things seem to be dark on the Italian front. Mrs. Wilson tells me the Italian fleet is mobilizing, and the French, English and Americans are doing likewise—secretly. Whenever there is a conference here of Clemenceau, Lloyd George and the President, Orlando always comes too, as he seems to get wind of it in some mysterious way, or he may telephone—anyway, he is always here! So yesterday as the President wished to arrange details with Lloyd George and Clemenceau for the mobilization of fleets, naturally they did not want Orlando. Therefore, the President went officially to Lloyd George's to call, but really stayed here. There certainly would seem no doubt that the Japanese had held a pistol at

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Advertisement

Thomas Nelson Page, after writing that the excitement about Fiume was mostly manufactured, has now come on here to see the President and plead with him to give Fiume to the Italians. I fear the gentleman had a bad quarter of an hour with the President. It would be so terrible if all this ghastly war business should begin again. The President seemed depressed.

Paris, May 14, 1919.

These are lazy days and a relief, with nothing much to do or going on. The President is busy writing his message to Congress, which he says is very hard to do, because he is out of touch with things at home. He has cabled to Tumulty for information, but does not seem to get very much thus far to go on.

Tonight the President spoke of Foch, who is now saying that but for the President he would have carried the war into Germany and he stopped him in his career, etc. The President said, "The French were beaten, *beaten;* it was the Americans who saved them! Foch is in deadly fear that the armistice terms are so severe that the Germans will not accept them."

Senator and Mrs. Gerry came to luncheon today, for the President wanted to see him and talk over affairs at home, and I imagine get some insight into the political situation to help him in his message.

Probably no one will ever realize how much Mrs. Wilson has done to make the President's work possible. She is the most wonderful wife in the world to a man who appreciates and needs constant love and care. Without her he could never bear all these heavy burdens, and his work would be greatly crippled. She scarcely leaves the house now, if there is a chance of inducing him to go for a walk or a drive.

Paris, May 15, 1919.

Nothing much to record today, for Mrs. Wilson was not well yesterday, and today the President has been with her a great deal of the time writing his message to Congress and I do not know of any official happenings in the Conference world to write to you.

Paris, May 17, 1919.

It is a nuisance not to be able to talk freely at the table, but the spies around make it quite impossible. Doctor Grayson gave the President a lot of dispatches—principally navy. These were confidential and said the Italians were occupying towns in Asia Minor, corroborating reports already received. They have absolutely no right to these places. There are few Italian citizens there and no one knows exactly what they mean by this game. They have occupied the Dodecanese Islands, which are inhabited by Greeks and should belong logically to them. The President says these were among the numerous secret pacts made to induce Italy to come into the war.

Now, however, Lloyd George and the English (they were promised by England) say they do not have to give them to Italy, because they promised them if Italy would attack Turkey, which she never did, which invalidates the contract.

The President says he has told Lloyd George and Clemenceau that he reserves to himself the right to make these secret pacts public if he feels it is necessary for the world to know why he has done certain things. He says it is particularly irritating to have the Italians act as though they saved the war, when he has dispatches from Mr. Page begging him to send just a regiment of our men there to steady the line—anything to keep them from breaking any more.

At that time they had more men than were necessary to support the line, which was a short one comparatively. They could not trust their own divisions. Some of the worst were brought to France. I asked the President how the towns in Asia Minor were occupied. He said he supposed with marines and sailors, but no one can tell.

One of us asked the President about Belgium, and if she was not showing more courage than the others in starting up life again, and asking less. The President says that she is getting more than any of the other countries. When one speaks of Serbia and Poland the Belgians say the Serbs and Poles have not suffered in comparison with themselves.

He says the Belgians always fall back on Lloyd George and quote an unfortunate speech of his in which he said her sufferings were so great that the world owed her everything. Lloyd George is always trying to find other palliatory sentences to minimize this statement, and when someone reminds him of a sentence in his support he uses his habitual expression, "That's it; that's right," much lightened in mind.

Paris, May 19, 1919.

General Pershing came to luncheon today. Conversation turned on Italy and he said he is getting advices from his Intelligence Bureau that the Italians consider the German peace terms too heavy and feel that the French are very heartless in welcoming the Austrians as they have, or not hating them as they want them to. Censoring the German mail in the section we are occupying brings rather strange information, the gist being that the Germans say the terms are hard. What they would have made the Allies pay—and more!

The President said it is very hard for the German people to realize now that they must suffer for the sins of their government, a difficult thing for people to realize. He went on to speak of the Italians and the unfair treatment they had had in every distribution of territory after a war and in a way they could hardly be blamed for being as they are.

Just before Italy went into war, Count Cellere told the President that his government had asked both Austria and Germany in 1914 what they intended to do about Serbia, Italy being then a member of the Triple Alliance, and they said nothing. This was not only once but several times, and then only twenty-four hours before Germany decided to strike did they notify Italy that they intended to go to war.

Apropos of the Italian question the President said he always reminded himself of a story his father told about a little pig he frightened one day as he walked along a road. The animal saw a tree trunk and decided if he could run into that he could get into the next field and escape. But the trunk was shaped like an elbow so he ran out on the road again. He did not seem to get any nearer the solution of his difficulty so he repeated the maneuver and arrived on the road again—looked bewildered and then ran down the road as hard as he could!

Paris, May 20, 1919.

Mrs. Wilson told me this morning of an exasperating experience with Baron Sonnino. The Big Three had asked Orlando to come and explain what the Italians are doing in Asia Minor. Orlando sent word that he was ill and the President, who has a genuine liking for

him, believes that Sonnino ordered all this without consulting him and without his knowledge and Orlando did not want to say so.

The Three did not want Sonnino so they sent back word that as Orlando was ill, they would wait. Word came back that Sonnino would come and after some hesitation they decided to let him.

Venizelos had also come to discuss certain subjects and arrived ahead of Sonnino. When Sonnino came in he looked around and said that he would only discuss the matter before the Three and not before Venizelos, who, of course, is also an Ally.

Mrs. Wilson said she had never seen the President more annoyed. He said his first impulse was to tell him he could go, but Venizelos, who is a charming person, said he would go out, and went and sat in the hallway while they talked . . .

Lloyd George and Clemenceau were furious, and Lloyd George remonstrated with Sonnino for this discourtesy. The President later, in speaking of the incident, said he had almost lost control of his temper and was on the point of ordering Sonnino out of the house, but fortunately controlled himself.

Paris, May 21, 1919.

Before going out to dinner last night I stopped in to see the President and Mrs. Wilson and say good night. As usual they were playing solitaire. He laughed at his panacea for mental rest and said: "I am afraid you will always think of me as an amiable old gentleman playing solitaire."

We are all interested about the acceptance or rejection by the Germans of the peace terms. Monday, as I wrote you, the President had General Pershing here to luncheon and discussed with him in another room what was to be done in case of certain happenings.

Before he left the room the General said that he understood that the peace terms gave the Military power over the German Courts and Civil Processes; the President considered this inadvisable, particularly as it would be the French who would be in command of the joint forces. The President said he thought that should not be, and the French and other Allies should be so informed.

After luncheon the President told us of an amusing quarrel between Clemenceau and Lloyd George. The question of mandatories for Asia Minor was being discussed, and as Italy had shown bad faith they did not want her to have any part therein. The French want northern Anatolia, the British southern, and they want the United States to take Armenia. Then there have been various differences because the French felt they were not being treated fairly; General Allenby asked for two French regiments which were off elsewhere to assist in Syria, making more amplifications.

Finally the President got Lloyd George and Clemenceau to agree to appoint a Commission to go there, and for weeks Mr. Charles Crane and a man from Oberlin College have been waiting for their French and British colleagues to be appointed. Today the President said he precipitated matters quite innocently by asking when the others would be ready, and adding that his two men would go Monday and wait in Syria for their colleagues.

Lloyd George, whose Cabinet, including Lord Curzon, had come over here to have an informal meeting with him, said his men would be ready to go Monday and he would direct the Cabinet to appoint them. Clemenceau made an attack on the United States and England, which

countries, he said, wanted to keep France out of northern Anatolia. While he looked and talked at the President, the whole thing was directed against Lloyd George and he made various accusations of bad faith.

Then Mr. Lloyd George got angry and, unlike Clemenceau, who got cooler as he talked, he got more and more infuriated. The President says in spats of this kind both bring up secret agreements which the two countries had made and which each accuse the other of breaking, and of which the President said he knew nothing previously and considered that disposing of territory not their own was bad business.

Matters got very sultry but the President said he was able to pour oil on the waters and Clemenceau when he left held out his hand. Lloyd George hesitated, then, despite himself, had to laugh and shake!

Sir Maurice Hankey, an ex-marine officer, who takes notes of the discussions of the Big Four and whom the President considers invaluable, came back and said he would try to patch things up. Sir Maurice, the President says, is a fine and honorable gentleman.

Paris, May 22, 1919.

Mrs. Wilson told me yesterday that Mr. Baruch telephoned the President that the French are alarmed for fear the Germans will not sign and will begin the war over again. The financial experts say now they are willing to reduce their claims for indemnities, but of course they want the President to present this, for the government here is afraid of its own people and has led them to believe the indemnities will be immense.

A large percentage of the population is not working, simply waiting for peace and the money to come from the Germans, and if they are disappointed, the government fears there will be a revolution. The French Government wants the President to draw this chestnut out of the fire. It is particularly amusing in view of the fact that the American financial advisers had tried to prevail on France to reduce her claims, not for any tenderness for Germany, but because there was not money enough to pay everyone.

Yesterday, the President had a sick headache, and he really does look very thin and badly.

Paris, May 23, 1919.

I think I rather wrote myself out yesterday or the day before, for nothing much went on yesterday. The President was very diverting about the Big Four, and the way they would look if photographed. They have had to use at times a huge map and as there is no table large enough in the room to hold it when spread out, it has to go on the floor and he says most of them spend their time on all fours poring over it!

Yesterday he sat on a chair while Lloyd George and Clemenceau renewed again, but more amicably, their fight of the day before. The President was constituted umpire—and he said it was fun to watch the two pointing out places on the map and to hear one saying to the other, "You promised us this or that in Asia Minor for this thing or the other," and he said he sat there quite out of sympathy or understanding of the bargaining away of peoples.

Paris, May 24, 1919.

It is curious the way the days vary. Some days I hear many interesting things and others it is just the same routine. Drafting and redrafting the

Austrian Treaty is not exciting work when one comes down to it. Admiral Knapp is over here again, this time to wind up his aviation report, for his committee has its final meeting.

Yesterday morning he and all the other naval and military men and the Allied military men met here. I peeked into the room and saw the President "with all his officers behind him," but I could not see without being seen, though it must have been an interesting session, for Foch and Pershing were there, too.

Today I saw a young Captain Smith here of the Guard Company, a Reserve man and very intelligent.

He was unlucky enough to be out of the fighting, but he said the only advantage it gave him was to teach him the order in which our divisions went into action. He has been to an advanced war college over here and could tell what he learned. He brought with him a man —a private—who had been at Saint-Quentin, Suippes, Saint-Mihiel and the Argonne and never had a scratch, but had come out of the fighting in that hell for an operation in October.

Do you remember the magazine article we read when the American Army landed in London? It was called "Solemn-lookin' Blokes," and that is how these young Americans look when their faces are in repose. Captain Smith told me he picked the man out because he was a Southerner and would be less tongue-tied.

He is a mountaineer—northern Alabama, I think—a steady, serious young face, with very brown, honest American eyes that look straight at one. He was nervous about coming, the captain said, but the "Office" gave him courage and he said, "Cap'n. I don't know as I can tell the lady much but I am always glad to do what I can for a lady."

Like all the privates he had no idea where he was going, and when the troops were taken over hurriedly from the Saint-Mihiel Salient to the Argonne he said, "Yes, ma'am, that wasn't so hard; we was tired, though, when we got there. Now if I could see that map maybe I'd know that village we was in. No, I don't see it; it was just little, and we never did have a chance to go to it much, for we was on a hill and opposite was a mounting, with a little sort of a plain like between, and the Germans they had fine dugouts—we seen 'em later—but then for a long time we just stayed there and held on."

There's the epitome of it all. They came from heaven knows where in America to go blindly from place to place in France.

Pershing had been given the Saint-Mihiel Salient to straighten out, then Foch told him he could not do it, for his men must be in the Argonne on September 26. Pershing asked if all that was necessary would be to have them there on that date, and he cleaned out Saint-Mihiel and got them to the Argonne, doing what the Allies had tried and failed to accomplish, pushing the Germans out of the Argonne—a hopeless task—and he did it, because these steady-eyed young American men went where they were told, and were shelled and killed off day and night, but hung on to their "mountings."

I don't mean they were all heroes, but they "just stayed on."

Paris, June 4, 1919.

My letters are not very long these days. The house is usually full of people, who come for conferences, at eleven and four o'clock. The German proposals are being considered and the terms of the Austrian Treaty being finished. This morning the President received our three great navy aviators in Mrs. Wilson's drawing-room: Towers, Read and Bellinger, who have just made the first transatlantic flight.

They came over from England just for the day, and Admiral Plunkett and Admiral Long, Naval Attaché to Paris, came to present them. The aviators had only a few minutes to stay, and as they stood by the door in their neat naval aviators' uniforms, it would have been hard to find three trimmer-looking men.

The President questioned Bellinger about his starvation experiences. In greeting them, he said he did not intend to make them a speech, but he was glad of the opportunity to which he had looked forward for some time of shaking them by the hand and telling them how proud he was of them, and how glad he was they had shown such sportsmanlike spirit.

Paris, June 7, 1919.

After luncheon today we adjourned to the President's little study downstairs, where he showed us how the "Big Four" always sit around the fire:

TABLE

The President	Mantoux (Interpreter)
	Sir Maurice Hankey
Clemenceau	Orlando
Lloyd George	Vacant Chair

OPEN FIRE

The conversation is always in English, and Mantoux whispers the translation in French to Orlando as it goes along.

This afternoon the President went out to Picpus Cemetery to replace the flower wreath which he had left on Lafayette's grave in December by a very beautiful bronze one. The artist had copied his handwriting perfectly: "To Lafayette from a Fellow Servant of Liberty. Woodrow Wilson."

Paris, June 10, 1919.

This grind is wearing on the President very much. He looked dead tired last night and, unlike his normal self, is very quiet now at his meals. But he is always kind, never impatient, and invariably lovely to all of us.

Rumors come floating in thick and fast about the signing of the Peace Treaty and our return home. Everyone in uniform connected with the house is thinking about presents to take home. Every few days a new figure in khaki comes to my door and says, "I hear you have been picking out presents for some of the fellows and I wondered if you would help me." So, many of my mornings have been given up, after my work, to doing this.

Nearly everyone has a "Best Girl." In my "office" there is one lonely misanthrope, but another of the force makes up for his sins of omission by having several. He is bidding a long-drawn-out farewell to a Red Cross girl here, and I am advising him about presents for a "Best Girl" at home, and today he brought me a picture of a Washington girl he had resurrected: "In case I get down there for a few days' leave."

Since the races began at Longchamp and other courses near by, the spirit of sport has seized on the whole establishment. Every Sunday there is a grand exodus to Longchamp. "Sure things" are worked out in the guardroom, and in the garage there are wild discussions over which horses to play.

Requests are coming in for all sorts of things. A stalwart six-footer of the A. E. F. has committed matrimony. It

is not a simple case, but a fearfully complicated thing. He saw and fell in love with a telephone girl of the Signal Corps who was on duty outside of Paris. Marriage would not seem to be such an awful thing to the ordinary folks. Not so, says the army.

He wanted me to find out if she can go home in the U. S. S. George Washington. If she goes first, the perils of the deep may swallow her up, or she may be tomahawked at home. I mildly point out that she crossed the ocean when the submarines were at their worst, and perhaps could be trusted in the uncivilized country from which she came. "Now, Miss Benham, you know a fellow feels differently about all that when he is married." Unanswerable!

On go my hat, my best veil and smile, and I go out to beard an awful somebody who is at the head of the telephone service. So awful is the reputation of this ogre that Corporal Allen leaves the car and takes me as far as the door. I tap timidly. Somebody snarls, "Come in." Behind a desk, intrenched by a breastwork of telephones and inkwells, is HE.

A saccharine voice comes from my throat. He tells me in stentorian tones that the girl has brought disrepute upon the Signal Corps (female branch) by marrying and should have been dismissed, and her boy friend of the A. E. F. has endangered her reputation by taking her to a hotel from which they were seen to emerge together *the next morning!*

"But they were married, weren't they?" Fiercely: "That makes no difference. Telephone girls aren't supposed to be married." Then I made an appeal to his better nature. "Of course, colonel, I am not married, but we all have a kindly feeling toward young people in love, and just married." "Madam, I have none. I have just secured a divorce from my wife, and am well rid of her."

I gathered up my belongings and tried to slip silently away, when a human gleam came into his eyes, and he suggested that I should sit down again and talk the matter over. But I didn't get that permit for her to go back on the George Washington.

Sunday, June 29, 1919.
Aboard the George Washington,
En Route to New York.

The days before leaving were so busy that I haven't written until today.

Yesterday was such a tremendous day, for I saw the Peace Treaty signed, and I am not sorry I had to wait more than twenty-four hours to get my ideas on paper. I had hoped there might be a chance to go if Miss Wilson were not home, but when she came back I gave up all hope as I knew the seating space was limited. However, I did not count on the thoughtfulness of these dear people, for the President told me Friday that he had arranged for a seat for me. I was so excited I hardly knew what was happening.

The President and Mrs. Wilson went to call on the Poincarés at two, and stopped to pick us up. We were all ready in cars outside the door, and with a rush the President's motor passed and our car fell in behind. The road to Versailles was spaced at intervals by policemen, and there seemed an endless procession of cars.

Arrived at Versailles we turned into the broad Avenue de Paris, a splendid wide avenue, imposing always, and doubly so then with two lines of cavalry. The effect was a lovely one of misty horizon-blue mingling with the colors on the banners. In the courtyard was a company of the Garde Républicaine, stunning figures in white trousers, cuirasses, and helmets with long horsetails. They stood at attention on the staircase as the President went up.

The demand for seats was so great that a number of people had to be put in a room adjoining the long Galérie des Glaces, and consequently saw none of the actual signing. The Galérie des Glaces is a long room running along the front of the palace. We entered at one end, where more of the Garde Républicaine were stationed to keep people from crowding in from the other room.

The chairs and benches were placed on either side of the aisle, and the French had given Viviani and another Frenchman armchairs across the aisle, while Mrs. Wilson sat on one of the tapestry-covered benches. She had the front seat, and beside her were Mrs. Lansing and Mrs. House; next came some foreigners, I do not know from what country. Behind came Margaret, Mrs. Wallace and I. Someone brought Mrs. Wilson an armchair.

The room was not well arranged. Instead of raising the seats and allowing the audience to look down on the delegates and see the signing, we were seated on the level and the delegates were on a raised platform covered with a carpet and rugs.

There was a lot of running around with autograph albums and programs to be signed, which robbed the ceremony of solemnity. There were secretaries flying around and the delegates' sector looked bustling and busy. This did not stop when we heard the bugles, heralding the Germans. An officer spoke to the two guards who stood at salute at the head of the line, and told them to sheathe their swords. Finally he came again and withdrew the guards against the wall. A ripple of suppressed interest passed over the place because we knew the Germans were near; and, attended by an officer from each of the Allied nations, they came in.

They were certainly a contrast to the men of blood and iron who had signed in '71 in that room, or stood around when the Empire of Germany was made there, and very different from the Hindenburgs and von Tirpitzes who succeeded them. These were two miserable-looking, shaking men. They did, however, carry themselves with dignity.

They were taken to their seats directly in front of us, with their backs to us, and their legs shook when they sat down, though when they came to sign they walked with perfect composure and seemed quite at ease later when they went out. Of the signing itself, I could see nothing. When the President went to sign we stood with the other Americans to see, but I could only see the top of his head.

The President said later he realized he was very excited, because after signing "Woodrow" with perfect ease, he had difficulty in signing "Wilson."

As the delegates walked around to their seats the President looked at Mrs. Wilson and smiled. Mr. White stopped and faced her and made a little bow, and passed on. After the Germans left there was some scrambling and confusion. The delegates started to walk out in no particular order. The cannon began to boom when the last signature was inscribed on the Peace Treaty—the great World War was over!

Mr. Clemenceau invited all the ladies to take tea in the Senate room in another part of the palace while he and the President went out to walk in another part of the grounds. The President said afterwards that the old gentleman was

so excited he really did not think he knew where he was going, because he walked out rather aimlessly and led the President into a thick crowd, which went mad around them.

Mrs. Wilson had decided not to go to the tea and we stayed in the same room, going to the window to watch the crowd below. We could see them fairly seethe around the President and Mr. Clemenceau.

It was a beautiful sight from the window; the fountains threw showers of water in a spray into the air and the day was wonderful. We left the President, who had a final meeting with Mr. Clemenceau.

I drove later on the Boulevards, and the crowds were beside themselves. After a quiet dinner Mr. Lloyd George came in to say good-by, and said to the President that he could not only congratulate himself on the Treaty, but on drawing England and America closer together than they had ever been before.

There was an enormous and very enthusiastic crowd around the station, and in leaving France I think the President has regained all the popularity he may have lost for a time. On the platform everybody in the world crowded to say good-by and I felt quite badly to see the last, in those surroundings, of all those people who had been so kind.

Shortly before we left the Poincarés came to bid farewell to the President and Mrs. Wilson. We had the usual French officials to go down with us, and the usual ones at Brest, and the same puffing little tug to get us aboard the George Washington.

Aboard U. S. S. George Washington,
July 2, 1919.

The trip has been just about as usual, with wonderful weather.

The President is writing his message to Congress, and trying to get some rest. Mrs. Wilson makes him walk every day, which he despises—but does meekly.

He spoke today with real regret of leaving Mr. Clemenceau, of whom he is very fond despite differences of opinion at times.

Two of the newspaper correspondents came to luncheon today—Mellett of the United Press and Thompson of the Associated Press. Mellett looks a mere lad, and one has to look at the gray hair on his temples to realize he is old enough to hold such a responsible position.

Conversation turned on the violent attacks made on the President by Americans living abroad during the war because he did not go into the war sooner. The President said he did not go into the war until he was sure he had the country behind him; that he felt he could not have gone one minute sooner because the American people were not ready. He added he used to ask the members of the Cabinet at the meetings every week what they had heard, and they said the Americans would follow him, and he said, "I couldn't have them just follow. They had to go into the war with a whoop."

Aboard U. S. S. George Washington,
July 3, 1919.

Yesterday at dinner the conversation turned on the French, and their apparent lack of idealism. The President said that he could not believe that they lacked ideals as a nation; if he felt that, he would feel that the world was doomed, when any such large collection of human beings rejected ideals.

I will be with you in Washington almost as soon as this letter reaches you.

THE END

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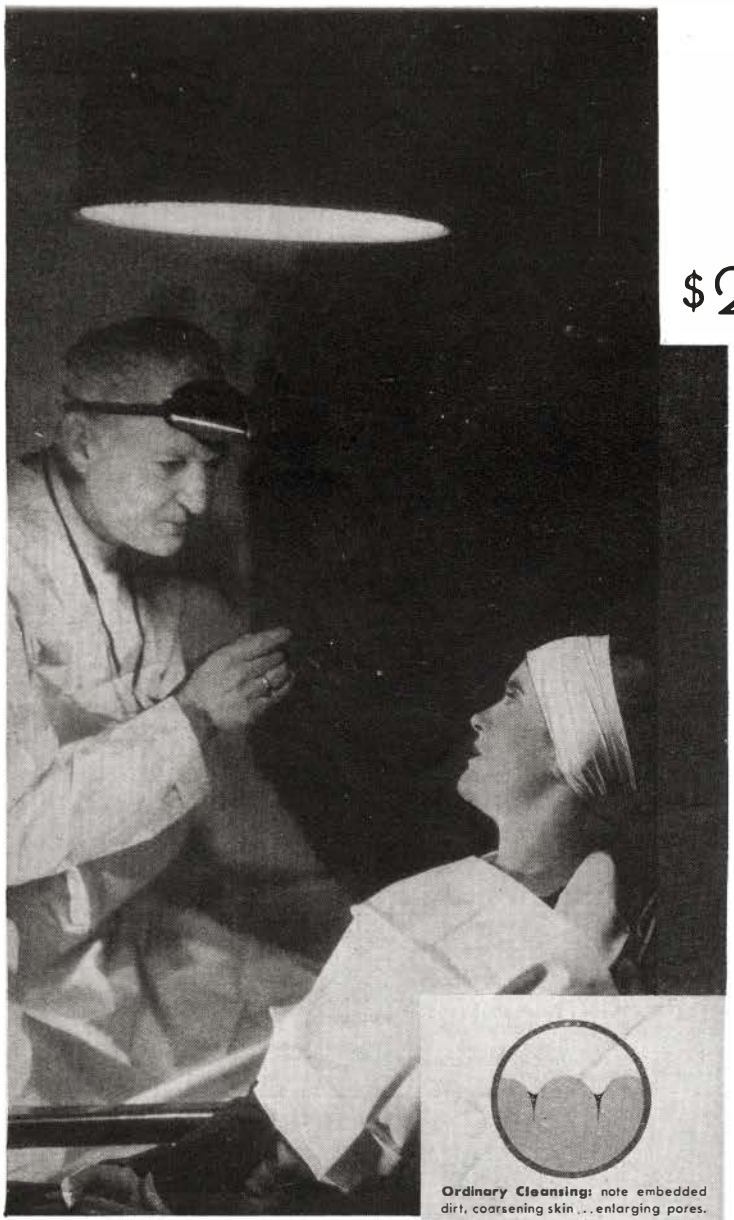


DOCTORS PREFER LIQUIDS FOR THOROUGH CLEANSING

$25 visit to a skin specialist

(Actual transcript of conversation between New York woman and leading skin specialist, July 15, 1930)

Mrs. A. . . . Doctor, what shall I do? My skin is getting terribly coarse, and same of the pares are sa clogged they look like tiny black dots on my face.

Doctor. . . Let me see. Yes, just as I thought. The excretions from the oil glands have became inspissated, that is to say, hardened, in the pares. The greasy kind of dirt that's in the air today sticks to these impurities. Thus you get blackheads.

Mrs. A. . . . You mean my face is *dirty*?

Doctor. . . Yes, that's just what I mean. You're only one of thousands of women today who rarely get their faces clean. You've probably used a superficial method of cleansing that doesn't remove modern dirt. The result is blackheads, open pares, and a dull, sluggish complexion.

Mrs. A. . . . But how shall I keep my face clean?

Doctor.. . . The best way to remove greasy dirt is with a liquid. Pour the liquid on cotton and wipe gently over your face and neck. Go over your face again with a fresh piece until no more dirt comes off on the cotton. Give your face this thorough cleansing with a liquid at least once a day.

Mrs. A. . . . Will that keep the pores small?

Doctor. . . Yes, unless there is a systemic condition. If blackheads recur, look after your diet Eat less sweets, get plenty of exercise; stay out in the open air.

KEEP FACE CLEAN THIS WAY

If you have blackheads at all, or if your face sometimes feels that it isn't quite clean, try Ambrosia at once. This new liquid instantly cleanses pore-deep, leaves the face feeling cool, clean, refreshed. Fine texture and clear, natural color are restored with the regular use of Ambrosia. Write now for generous free sample. Dept. 10-F, 114 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. Dept. 10-F, 69 York Street, Toronto, Can.

4 oz. $1.00 8 oz. $1.75 16 oz. $3.00

AMBRŌSIA

the pore-deep cleanser

Ordinary Cleansing: note embedded dirt, coarsening skin . . enlarging pores.

Pore-Deep Cleansing: no dirt left to make large pores. Skin gets fine again.

TO CLEANSE YOUR TYPE OF SKIN

normal skin:

Saturate absorbent cotton with Ambrosia. Wipe over face and neck, repeating until fresh cotton does not show soil. Then pour a little Ambrosia in the hand and pat over the face. Continue patting till dry to help skin absorb softening oils.

dry skin:

Cleanse as for normal skin. At night give dry skin added lubrication it needs by stroking on a softening cream. Soon skin becomes less dry. Then cleansing as for normal skin will keep it soft.

oily skin:

Cleanse oily skin frequently during the day with Ambrosia so clean pores can function normally. Rinse with cool water after each cleansing to stimulate circulation and remove surplus oil.

NOTABLE WOMEN WHO CLEANSE WITH AMBROSIA

MISS MARILYN MILLER, who buys Ambrosia in New York and Hollywood

MRS. ALFRED A. KNOPF, who buys Ambrosia in New York

MISS ADELE ASTAIRE, who buys Ambrosia in New York

MISS HELEN MORGAN, who buys Ambrosia in New York

MISS ANITA LOOS, who buys Ambrosia in New York

MRS. DAVID R. FORGAN, JR., who buys Ambrosia in Chicago

MRS. MARJORIE LETTS, who buys Ambrosia in Chicago

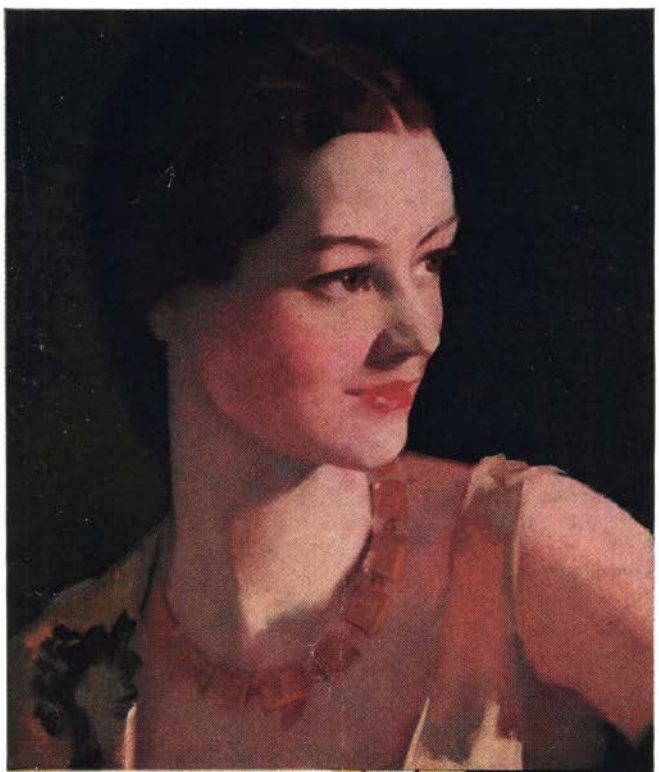
MISS RUTH KRESGE, who buys Ambrosia in Detroit

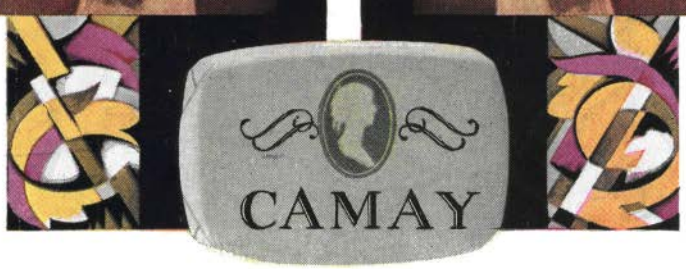
MRS. FRANK P. BOOK, who buys Ambrosia in Detroit

MISS CLARA BOLLING, who buys Ambrosia in Washington

She flew from New York to Boston and I told her

this complexion secret en route





Not long ago I flew to Boston in a Sikorsky Amphibian—my very first airplane ride. There were eight of us in the cabin—all strangers.

But flying is still so new that it wasn't long before we were all chatting like friends. And I talked quite a lot to the girl across the narrow aisle from me.

Just before we reached Boston we exchanged cards and I was terribly surprised and pleased to discover that she knew who I was. She said, "Oh, Miss Chase, please let me talk to you after we land. I need your advice so badly about my complexion."

After we were on our way in from the airport, she told me she'd had quite a persistent case of acne for over a year. I asked her what she had done for it and she said, "Oh, I've tried everything." I found her "everything" was all kinds of lotions and ointments and treatments—in fact, everything but the one thing she needed.

So I told her that the only care a normally healthy skin needs is thorough cleansing with such a gentle, mild soap as Camay. *And* that, for any chronic condition such as hers, the only person qualified to give her advice was a dermatologist—a registered physician who has specialized in the care of the skin.

This girl was so grateful for my advice that I arranged an appointment for her with one of the dermatologists whom I had consulted about Camay when I first started preparing these complexion articles.

A few days ago the girl wrote me her complexion had cleared up wonderfully from the medical treatment. And that, on her doctor's advice, the only care she was now giving her skin was the gentle, fragrant Camay care we've all come to feel so enthusiastic about.

And *isn't* it grand to know that the one care that great authorities prescribe for our complexions is the loveliest and most exquisitely fragrant that could possibly be devised?

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

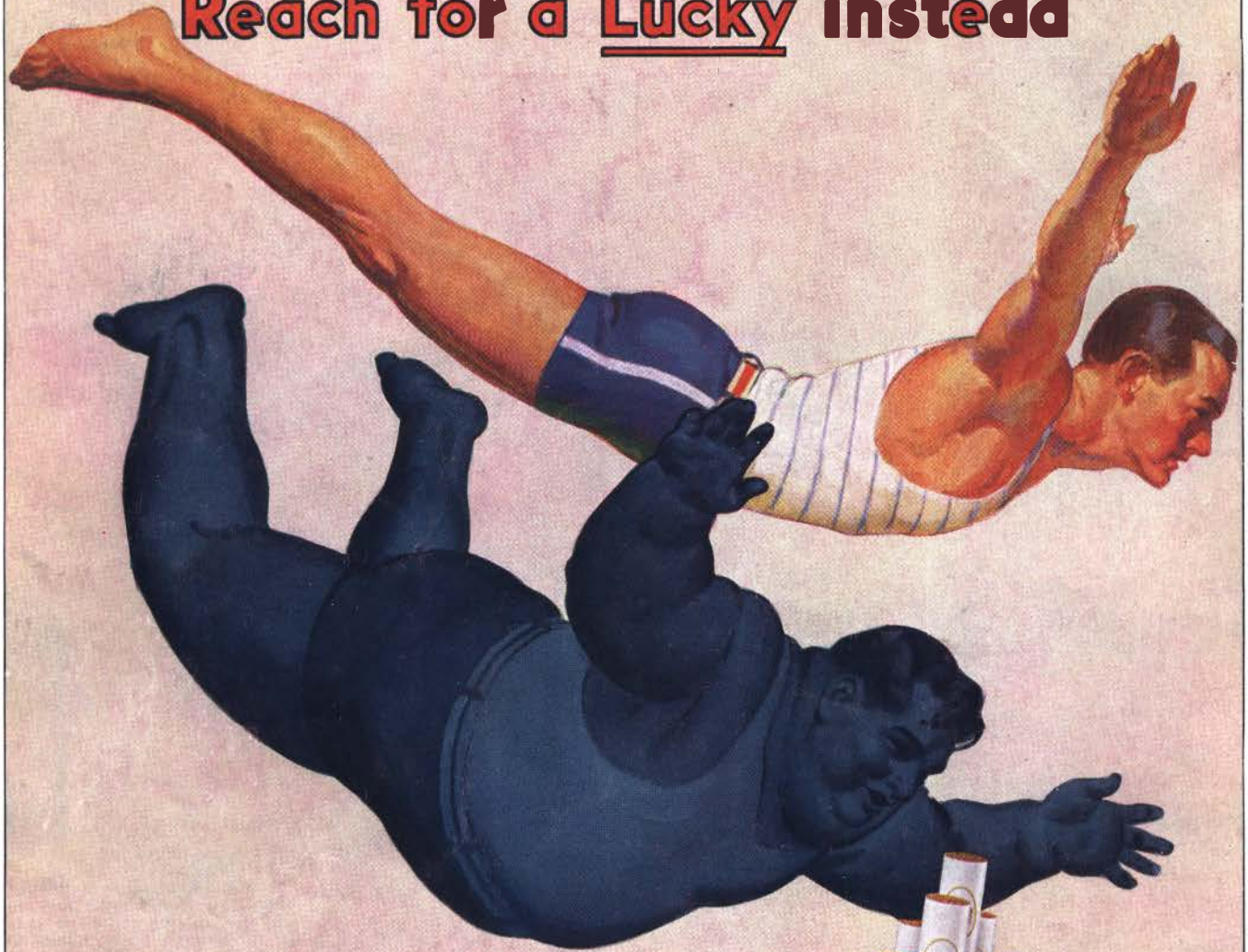
Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YAA-100, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Camay has been tested and approved by 73 of America's most eminent dermatologists—no other complexion soap ever had such medical approval. Camay is a Procter & Gamble Soap (Called Calay in Canada)—10¢ a Cake

SOUND ADVICE!

When tempted to over-indulge

"Reach for a Lucky instead"



Be moderate—be moderate in all things, even in smoking. Avoid that future shadow* by avoiding over-indulgence, if you would maintain that modern, ever-youthful figure. "Reach for a **Lucky** instead."

Lucky Strike, the finest Cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobacco—The Cream of the Crop—"IT'S TOASTED." **Lucky Strike** has an extra, secret heating process. Everyone knows that heat purifics and so 20,679 physicians say that **Luckies** are less irritating to your throat.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.

*We do not say smoking **Luckies** reduces flesh. We do say when tempted to over-indulge, "Reach for a **Lucky** instead."

THE CUNEO PRESS INC., CHICAGO