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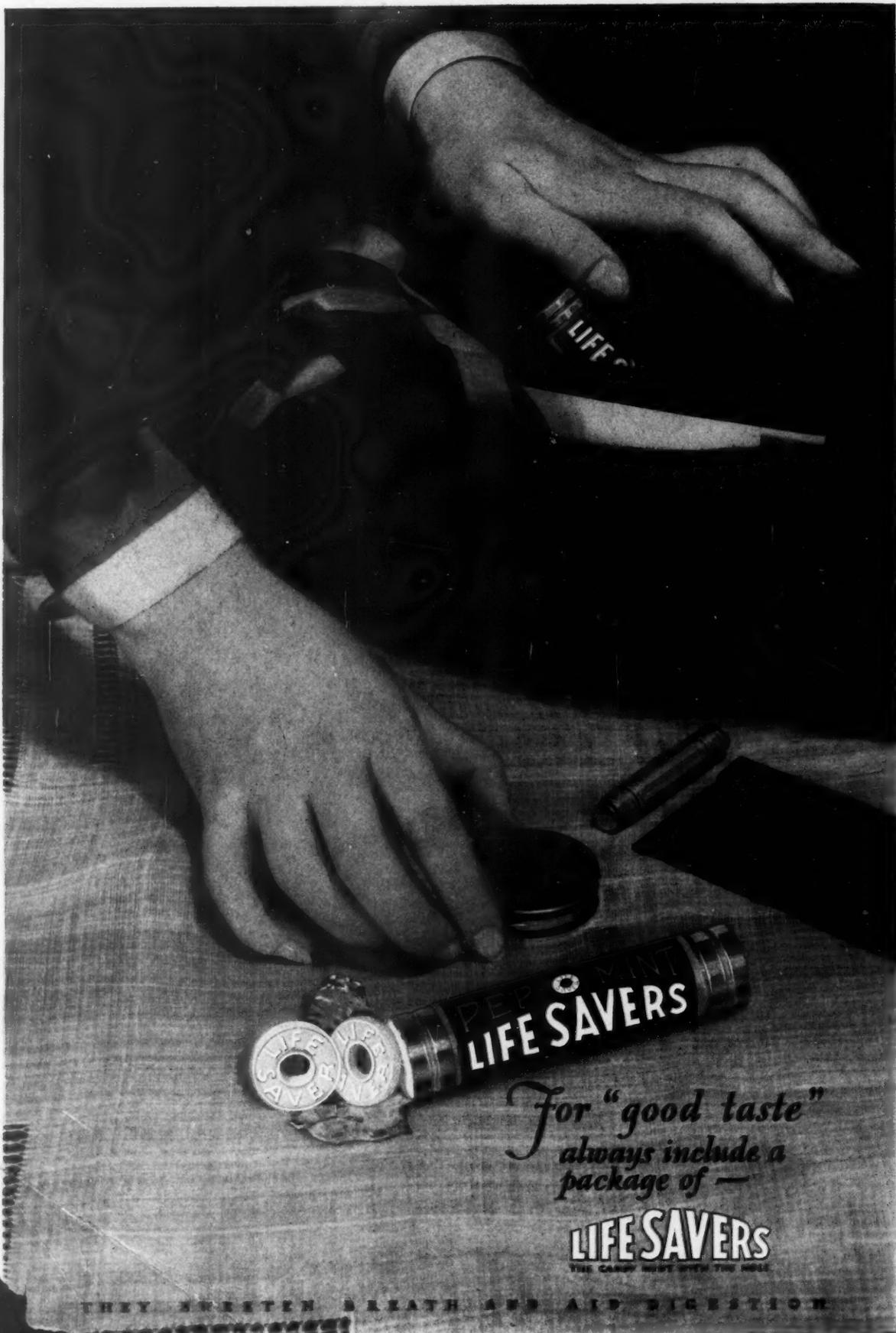
Cosmopolitan

February

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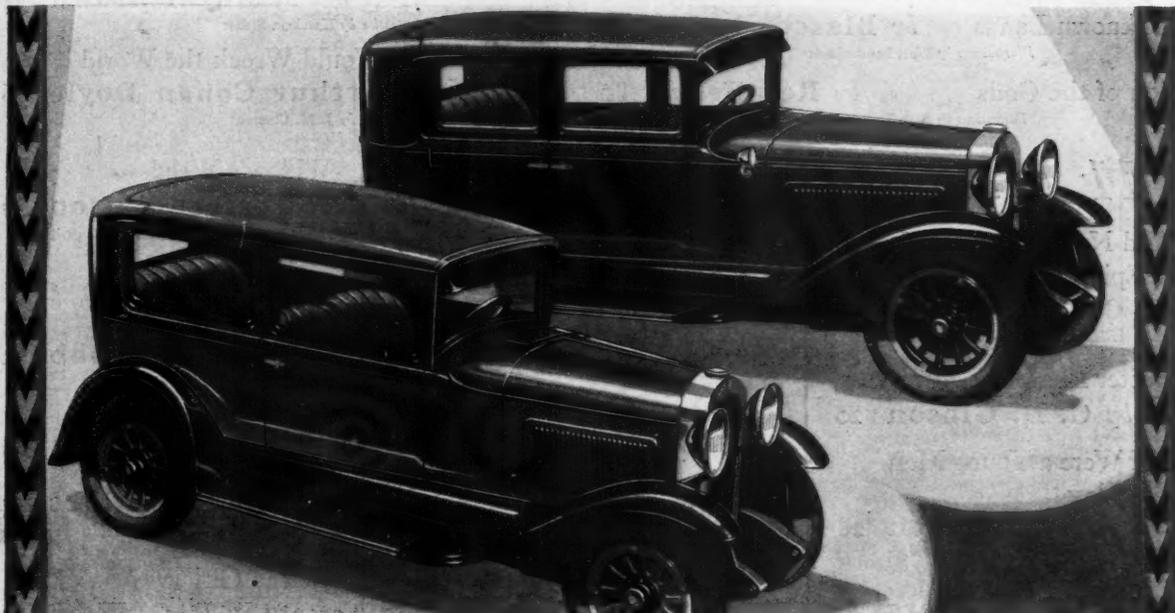
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Hearst's International
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combined with

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1929

Hearst's International
combined with
Cosmopolitan

RAY LONG,
Editor



And Now They Call It *Epithelial Débris*

AS you have likely observed this is no longer a man's world. Today we men are—oh, the pity of it!—merely tolerated in the manner of the hangnail. And about as popular.

Even those of us with slightly creaking knee-joints looking forward to those easy valetudinarian days when the children will cry: "Get out of the big armchair, here comes grandpa!" have learned not to be that way.

For man has become about as important in the Great Scheme as the toast under poached eggs and, borrowing a Broadway smart crack, just as wet. The old spirit—1776, I think—is gone.

There was a time when a man used to turn cute and imagine he was the head of the family. He made the important decisions and inspired a whispering awe among the children. If you think that is his status today, well, how have you been?

Those of us who had the absurd notion we were quite a card have found out we do not rate a two-spot. Enter Madam! Not satisfied with occupying our big executive posts, running for office and even flying the ocean, the ladies are driving us out of our favorite haunts.

There is no longer any place to go but home and even there we are not so hot. The kiddies must have the front parlor to make their quaint whoopee and the den for roulette and other childish *divertissements*.

Just the other morning I realized the ladies have invaded man's last citadel of privacy—the barber shop. On my right was a cigaret-smoking flapper undergoing the finishing clips of a shingle bob and on the left was a gray-haired matron in the sizzling throes of a permanent wave.

To those of us who have loved the barber shop as the Parisian loves his native Paris this is a real heart wrench. Its thorough masculinity was a dandy sop to our he-mannishness. In other days women got no further than to peek through a crack in the door, perhaps to yell not to forget meat for the cat.

Here we could relate with a gusto that swell one we heard at the Elks' convention about the drummer who arrived home unexpectedly. We could ask Doc Black, the shine boy, intimate questions about his *affaires du cœur*. We razed each other with good-natured ancestral doubts and exchanged ribald epithets. It was primitive but pleasant.

While waiting our turn at Tom Hill's in shirt-sleeved ease we

perused the pages of the Police Gazette, with its scandalous double-page spreads of Bessie Blondell's Beef Trust Blondes arrayed in tights and holding aloft bubbling glasses of champagne—the brazen hussies! And there was the back-page cover of the deep-chested plug-ugly wearing the Richard K. Fox belt for knocking Frisco Phil for a row of picket fences. Remember?

Too, the big base-burner stove that, on wintry evenings, was coaled up to a red-hot glow and around which clotted the hyena-like half-circle of gossipers, dishing the latest dirt of the town. Now and then one of the barbers at leisure would accommodate with "Over the Waves" on the mandolin and some local spend-thrift would rush the growler. And full-throated barber-shop chords would ring a mean welkin.

The supreme mark of distinction was an individual mug on the rack with the owner's name and lodge emblem in gold-leaf.

Those hallowed traditions of the barber shop have disappeared like a magician's evanishment. The barber shop has become a Tonsorial Salon—a modern laboratory with more apparatus than a dentist's office. Where once rested the pink Police Gazette is now the gloss of a fashion magazine. Or perhaps a volume called "Love" by Algernon Tweet.

The barber no longer tells you of his family or the achievements of Babe Ruth. He works in a tight-lipped silence, gripped by the fear of comic-weekly hoots or a dread he may be another victim of halitosis. He is sanitized down to his last germ.

A sprinkle of bay rum with a hot face-towel has gone out like the long skirt. Today there is a Maitre de Beauté who deftly spreads his subtle chemical creams and other highly odoriferous unguents to nourish the skin, and a patron departs with the velvety feel of a pansy, smelling just as sweet. Whoops!

The old-fashioned scalp knuckle rub which made dandruff—there is a fancy technical name for that now: epithelial débris—fly has been supplanted by something or other known as the violet-ray glow. Clap hands, here comes Ethelbert!

The barber who used to punctuate his ministrations at intervals by letting go of a thin amber spray in the general direction of a well-bedded sawdust box, and exuded the aroma of a fast one at Cooney Schreck's bar next door, now turns his head coyly to partake surreptitiously of a breath lozenge.

Goddlemitey!

By O. O.
McIntyre

By CHARLES



Better Late

DANA GIBSON



than Never!

An HONEST Novel

About
LOVE

by the Man
Who Wrote
"An American
Tragedy"

Introduction

CONSIDERING life from any angle—commercial, religious, political, social—is it not romance that is at the bottom of all the life of which we are a part?

In my own life—as I have frankly confessed these many years—sex has been understood and accepted by me for the controlling and directing force that it is.

More, at no time have I consciously either in myself or in another blinked any of the facts or facets in connection with it. Rather I have said: Here it is. It moves one thus and so. Let it be shameful or beautiful as one wills or believes, is it not none the less ever astounding, marvelous even—this great creative world-building impulse? Why deny or evade—why lie, social or religious notions or illusions in regard to it to the contrary notwithstanding!

True, at times it has looked to me as though it might retard or even destroy me socially. At other times it has been obvious that my attitude was not only beneficial but tonic and necessary, because, mentally, it was clarifying and in that sense strengthening. Most of all it called for either honesty or evasion and in refusing to evade I found an intellectual solace which no public opprobrium could possibly destroy. Hence the courage of that.

Chiefly, and in spite of all its storms and miseries as well as its delights, it has made for that solace amid struggle and depression which has permitted struggle amid depression. Out of heartaches, wailings, anger, resentment, as well as defeats and successes, have flowered beauty and even ecstasy—so much so that, for all its difficulties, compromises, shames, depressions, brutalities and destruction, life has seemed less a matter of dissatisfaction and misery than otherwise—a glorious, if at times a dark flower.

As factors in this result—part and parcel of my most strenuous, most depressed and most thrilling as well as determined days, I

THIS



Aglaia was dear to me in a warm, sympathetic sense, which included an acute understanding of her devotion and her capacity for suffering—



Illustrations by
Marshall Frantz

MADNESS

by
*Theodore
Dreiser*

—but I knew I should never love her as she would prefer to be loved . . . Marriage was not for me. I was unsuited for it temperamentally.



offer in this book, studies—or stories if you will—of *Aglaia*, *Elizabeth*, *Sidonie*. And they themselves with me—intellectually as well as emotionally, I am sure—will understand and subscribe.

Part One—*Aglaia*

ONE'S own mood in regard to life has so much to do with these things. And mine, at the time, was one of the darkest. Years had gone by, and I had not written any of a score of books that I had formulated. And love in a form that I most particularly craved had just failed me.

In a stern, resentful mood I had retreated within myself, belaboring life and defying it. Women! Pooh! To the devil with them! With life!

Yet the bright, fleecy clouds that only so recently, during a perfect spring and summer, had hung above me! The swift, sweet days that had slipped by like bird songs in new spring trees. Oh, the swooning, sensuous spring and summer nights that I had walked and talked with her who had so irresolutely taken wing! Would her image never fade? Memories of her dreamy eyes, her lithe, swaying gait, her smile, made me mentally incapable of concentrated effort.

But then fall, and eventually, if slowly and miserably, a novel begun. But often, for want of interest in life, work deserted for parties, drunkenness, or any durable orgy that would produce forgetfulness. Then one night late in November, a party at the studio of a Hungarian painter. And among others met there, one Savitch Martynov, a Russian—editor, singer, poet, *littérateur*, specializing in translating Russian and German drama for the English and American stage. And drunk. And, as I soon found, a little wild and strident, mentally and temperamentally, yet interesting and fascinating.

A dreamer out of Russia, wanting to write novels. Already fifty-five, and with





Theodore Dreiser —

They call him an uncompromising realist. He is. But in this—which the critics may hail as his finest work—there is a beauty of writing, a depth of understanding, a revealing humility that will at once surprise and delight his most enthusiastic admirers.

a wife and family. He had been in the army in the Caucasus, had once composed verse, sung in grand opera; was aware of all literature, and now, a little gloomy, was seeking to make the best of an elusive world.

But his looks! Fierce mustachios, upstanding; light-brown hair; flashing black-brown eyes. I was charmed, intrigued. We hit it off with palaver about books and art. He told me that as a young man of thirty, blazing with a reformative idealism, he

had left Russia to aid in directing a colony that was to make a new art and social world in western Canada. Like many such schemes, however, it had failed.

So this bristling stripling, after taking to himself a Russian wife in Saskatchewan and accepting of fate a daughter born there, had drifted to New York and had succeeded in the publishing and journalistic world. He was quite wealthy. He had many friends on the stage, in the musical profession, the arts.

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Now, by reason of the mysteries of affinity, we were soon fast friends. He knew many celebrities in whom I was interested. Wouldn't I come to his home—an apartment on the Drive? His wife and elder daughter were interested in music, pictures, the theater, and were inveterate readers. They would be delighted to know me—although neither he nor they had ever heard of me.

Because I liked him, I said, "Certainly, certainly!" and left him at dawn, scarcely remembering his name.

YET I was not done with him. Around Thanksgiving time there was an invitation to dinner. Lonely and brooding, I rejected it. Then, just before Christmas, another. He and his wife and daughter had since read "Sister Carrie." There were to be festivities on Christmas Eve at his apartment, then at midnight a visit to the Russian Cathedral.

The letter was written by his eldest daughter. Something about it—a gay and yet kindly, and perhaps picturesque, phraseology—decided me to accept. And at seven o'clock of the Christmas Eve in question, there I was, a part of a circle of Russian and American relatives and intimates such as I never even had touched before. The foreign accents! The grand voices and manners!

Solitary and long withdrawn from most home contacts, here I soon found myself most definitely and genially included. Madame Zenia Martynov, the wife—slim, graceful, gracious, with a tinted oval face and a high waxy forehead, from which was combed straight back a wealth of smooth blue-black hair. Eyebrows that were thin pencilings of black, below which glowed black, almond-shaped eyes. Long, slim, waxy hands.

Then her daughter, Aglaia, taller than her mother and possessing, in striking contrast to her mother's porcelain delicacy of form and arresting dignity, an American freshness and vital charm which spoke for themselves and needed no justification.

The eyes of her—large, brown and dreamy. Her low forehead, crowned with soft, wavy hair. Her mouth and nose and chin, pleasingly symmetrical. Her hands and feet, small and beautiful. I was definitely attracted by both mother and daughter.

But behind them what a world of people! Of all complexions and professions. Some twenty sat down to dinner. And afterwards, by ten o'clock, some twenty more, exactly such a crowd as would be drawn to Martynov, with his free, ebullient and very generous hospitality.

In a trice I was introduced to opera-singers, violinists, a pianist, several lawyers, a painter, an illustrator, two writers and perhaps a dozen or more aspirants in various walks of life—the army, the navy, the Russian and American diplomatic service—in short, an impromptu salon.

And at dinner Madame Zenia plying me with questions, and her daughter joining briskly in the chatter while favoring me betimes with quick, nervous glances. I wondered how much she really cared for the carefully groomed and most obviously attentive young officer at her right.

And Martynov now, in a grand, idealistic way, placing me to suit himself. In Russia now, with such a book to my name, where would I not be? These Americans! Ha! His deep-socketed eyes, shadowed by heavy reddish-brown eyebrows, gleamed, while he fingered his flamboyant red mustaches. As he talked I could think of nothing save galloping Cossacks and beribboned and bespangled Russian diplomatists and generals.

"See here, Aglaia, let us have some music before we go to church! Come, Brillow, not so much drinking before you sing! I know you! And Ferdeschenko, you are to play after Brillow and Aglaia!"

And Madame Martynov exclaiming: "Savitch! For shame! Not so much noise!" And to me: "You will have to know my hoosband for a while before you will understand heem." And Aglaia obediently taking her place at the piano and searching for a piece of music. And Brillow coming grandly forward and taking his place beside her and presently bursting into an aria from "André Chénier," with Aglaia gracefully and sensitively accompanying him.

Singers loved to have her play for them. She knew how to support them—yet not predominate. She herself sang and therefore understood their art perfectly. She always accompanied her father.

I describe all this so intimately because at the moment my mood was so antagonistic to it all. "Here am I," said I, "fresh from a barely furnished room, gazing upon a world, a scene, a company, the texture of which I enjoy, yet my presence here possible only because of the gracious interest of one man, my host, whose encomiums the men and women to whom he has introduced me are by no means prepared to accept. They know nothing about me and care less. Not very flattering, to say the least!"

"I'll go to no church tonight," I said to myself. "I will not lend myself, an unrecognized numeral, to such a group as this."

But my host, more observant than I imagined, would have none of my leaving. Nor Madame Zenia. The suggestion—more likely, the mood—was received with pained concern. Why? Truly, they would take it amiss, especially since they had looked forward to my accompanying them later to the cathedral and afterwards staying the night here, with Christmas-morning family breakfast to follow.

I relented; feeling now not quite so remote or alone, and soothed by the temperamental solidarity, the mental as well as emotional unity, of this family. For subsequent to the music and before the departure to the cathedral, another daughter and a son, both younger than Aglaia, arrived. Adair and Julia. And Julia clung to her mother's arm and gushed about all that had occurred during the evening.

On the way to the cathedral in the automobile, although Aglaia sat, tucked warmly in a dark fur coat and cap, between her mother and myself and chattered gaily of the procedure that would have to be followed in church, still I became aware of something personal, and even intimate, in her attitude toward me.

She was explaining to me the church procedure, about which I had casually inquired. The women stood on one side, the men on the other and the children in separate groups, near the altar. Julia and Adair would have to stand forward. And she laughed.

And then, her soft brown eyes twinkling beneath her fur cap—"I finished your book about a month ago."

"Yes?"

"I liked it very much. It's very sad."

"You know sadness when you see it, do you?"

"Oh, what a question! But, of course, I—" She paused. "But never mind."

I guessed what she was thinking. She was feeling my resentment toward her and hers. I could sense that. Protected, petted, sheltered, a watchful, loving mother and father, smart clothes,

money, already educated musically. Why shouldn't she look sleek and happy? Why pose as knowing anything of poverty or sorrow? At the same time, I could feel that her mental concern probably reached many things beyond her circle. Despite her youth and appearance I sensed a certain maturity not so foreign to my own.

Once inside the church—a thing of candles, incense, gilt-encrusted icons and tall, colored windows—I was intrigued by the picturesqueness of it all. Priests in vestments walking to and fro through a service I did not in the least understand. And intelligent-looking Russians, in the most modern clothes, intoning congregationally various responses, fascinating principally because of their tonal warmth and color. And especially reverent Slavs, who crossed and recrossed themselves, their foreheads touching the floor.

Ah, me, I thought, what intellectual aberration is here! This Russian editor, now, who admires my book, and Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky and the Greeks, yet coming here because of social reasons and joining in these chants and genuflections—he and his wife and children!

Then back to the Martynov apartment. And on the way a chance to exchange a few more words with Aglaia. Incidentally, now, I was deciding that she was more Russian or Slav than American, for all her Americanism. The child of her parents. She seemed not only wisely intellectual, without being in the least booky, but also socially and mentally free, after the European fashion.

Although I was still resentful toward all women, I was liking her. And rather resented it, for had I not decided against them all? All but one.

And the next morning, at breakfast, there she was, in a filmy blue morning gown, entering as I sat down at the table. And, if anything, more cheerful and gay—a hearty "Merry Christmas" for me. And all about us, in the hard morning light, the somewhat gaudy Slav furnishings—gilt hangings and draperies, a red and gold music-case, a red lacquer grand piano.

Through studio windows reaching to the ceiling, gorgeous moving views of the Hudson, incrusting with floating ice and gleaming like a long opal in the early morning sunlight. And finally, Savitch himself entering, rolling his grandiose mustaches, and with an inquiry for everybody. "Good morning! Good morning!" he sang joyously. And much ebullient talk about Christmas, family ties, who should be remembered.

And after breakfast, much talk of what was to be done during the remainder of the holiday season. First, there was scheduled an opera party for the following Monday. Would I like to come? Or to a chamber recital to be given on the morrow by some friends? I declined. But anyhow, the grand Christmas dinner here today—I would stay for that. I declined also.

For somehow the very warmth and intimacy of all this—the ease and happiness with which the business of living was carried on here—was a little too much for me. Did I really belong? It required money to be a part of all this. Did I have the time?

After a while I announced, and rather curtly, it may be, that I must be going—another engagement. I had had a delightful time. I would come again. And soon made my way out amid a storm of seemingly sincere protests. Interestingly, over her mother's shoulder, I saw Aglaia looking at me with curious, inquiring eyes.

I walked the snows that carpeted the Drive to 157th Street, then followed a lonely hill road, gazing at the deserted river and thinking not of Aglaia but of the one who had left me. Lenore, let us say. A clear recollection of the vague inquiry in her beautiful eyes—that mood that had dwelt so deeply there—came to me in the form of pain.

Why had she left me? Why would she not understand? I could feel her yearning, as I thought, to return, if only all could be as she would have it. And yet she never would return. Never! But this desire, this pain! The Martynovs, with their comforts

and their gaieties! How glad I was to be away from all that! None the less, in the course of the week another invitation, this time from Madame Martynov. And for New Year's festivities.



As Aglaia approached us I knew at once that she understood. Her face was very white. She looked first at me and then at Wilma, an angry and yet defeated look in her eyes, and passed without a word.

The vacant suite that I had previously occupied awaited me. Savitch had named it for me. Julia had suggested that a card bearing my name be tacked on the door, to be kept closed until I returned.

Aglaia, as I noticed, was not mentioned, but at one corner of the first page was written in pencil, "Yes." I wondered who wrote it and what it meant. I wrote, declining, yet thinking as

in order to be near Morningside Park, and here Savitch used occasionally to appear. The room was on the fourth floor, in the rear—no elevator—overlooking one of those disconsolate

courts or area ways which are a feature of New York blocks, giving a view of small fenced yards, clothes-lines, the day's wash and a few dispirited-looking trees struggling for life and light.

Then one day late in February, Savitch called and propounded something which surprised and troubled me. There was, he said, in his home that excellent suite of alcove, bedroom and bath which I had occupied Christmas Eve. It had been used by a sister, who had, however, recently returned to Russia. The family, himself, all, as I had seen, were very much drawn to me. He himself, while not rich, was amply provided for.

Now the proposition he was about to make, while odd, perhaps, as things went, must be understood to be based not only on mental affinity but on genuine affection.

Would I not, as a favor to him, take this opportunity of making him genuinely happy by coming and occupying that suite as a guest for as long as I chose? Everything that he possessed in the way of comfort was at my command.

As I had seen, the rooms had a charming river view. It would be a pleasure to work there. And I could, if I would, share the family table. Besides, the stream of interesting characters that was constantly flowing through his home might prove of some value to me. He had tried to write a novel once himself—he knew experience was the breath of art.

The reason for this flow of argument was that I had been saying no, no, no, impossible, under no circumstances would I accept what was plainly a phase of charity. I had always paid my way, and would.

At the same time, I was thinking most interestedly of the charm of this particular suite: its poetic view of the Hudson, its tasteful furnishings, the fact that it had

a private door giving into one of the halls, so that one could come and go as one would, and the fact that near at hand—a part of my daily life, if I chose it—would be Aglaia and Madame Martynov and that sparkling, (Continued on page 192)



I did so what a really charming world I was thus voluntarily excluding myself from.

At the time I occupied a most unsatisfactory room and bath in 114th Street, west of Eighth Avenue, which I had chosen

By Andrew W. Mellon

Secretary of the Treasury

If I Were a Young Man Today

THE question is often asked whether a young man's opportunities are as great today as they were a generation or two ago. My own view is that they are infinitely more varied, the rewards are greater and the enjoyment is more immediate than was the case fifty years ago. At that time this country and the rest of the world, also, were more or less on a one-man basis. Business was on a small scale and was carried on by partnerships or individuals.

It was easier perhaps for a man to become the proprietor of a small business, either mercantile or manufacturing, or to establish himself as a lawyer or a banker or a farmer. We had not come to the end of "free land," so that the restless man or the misfit could always fall back upon this as an outlet.

But, in proportion to the population and the existing wealth, competition then was just as keen as it is now—perhaps more so. The standard of living was low, as compared with today. The opportunities for free education, and especially for technical or professional training, were not so great as now; and business openings, of course, were fewer because business itself had not developed either in volume or in variety as we know it today.

Many of our great industries, such as steel, aluminum, glass, oil and the telephone, were still in their infancy. The automobile industry, with all the jobs which it created in connection with manufacture, distribution and upkeep, had not been thought of.

Most of the opportunities open to a young man today in the field of electricity did not exist. It is necessary only to name these industries for us to realize how greatly the world has changed and how vast are the opportunities for success now as compared with a time which many of us still can remember.

The fact that business has grown in volume and operates in larger units, and that chain stores and large distributing concerns have wiped out some of the one-man businesses, does not mean that a young man with no financial backing, but with character, ability, energy and education, is any less circumscribed in getting a start now than in the earlier days. Quite the contrary is the case.

It is true that, instead of starting out in business for himself as formerly, he frequently goes today into a large established business, engaged in making automobiles or steel rails or radio apparatus or electrical appliances or many other things. The criticism usually made is that in such a large concern he has less individual responsibility than in a small one-man business where his success depends entirely upon himself.

But it should be pointed out that, as part of a large organization, adequately financed and directed by men in touch with market conditions throughout the world, the average man's chance of failure is far less than would be the case outside. I remember the time when we lived in a world of small competing units and it seemed to me that the casualty list was very great.

Today there are still plenty of opportunities for a man to start his own business; and, of course, professional opportunities are greater than ever. In so far as labor is concerned, the average workman has profited greatly by the change in attitude on the part of both employer and employee and particularly on the part of the labor-unions.

There was a time when a member of the unions was held down to a standard of production that was usually below his own

capacity. Today it is generally recognized that increased efficiency pays, because greater production per capita means larger profits for the company and higher wages for the workman.

In addition to this, many companies that I know of have instituted profit-sharing arrangements, so that both officers and men participate in the increased profits to the extent that their own efforts have contributed. All of this directly stimulates individual initiative and is responsible for much of the progress which our country is making today.

It all goes to prove also that the same rule of success holds good now as it always did, and that is, that whether a man makes good or not depends almost entirely upon himself. The fact that the young man has a father or an uncle who is the head of the business or owns a large part of the stock does not mean that he enjoys an overwhelming advantage in the race for success. Business openings are not saved for sons or nephews or cousins, as in the Old World, where opportunities to get a start are fewer and harder to find.

HERE in America, we are still far from overcrowded. If we have not yet achieved that equality of opportunity which is the aim toward which we have been striving, at least we can say that there is no dearth of opportunity for the average man or woman.

Business here is democratic and is run on merit alone. Dead wood is soon eliminated, and the man who can contribute most to the success of the business is given his chance to run it.

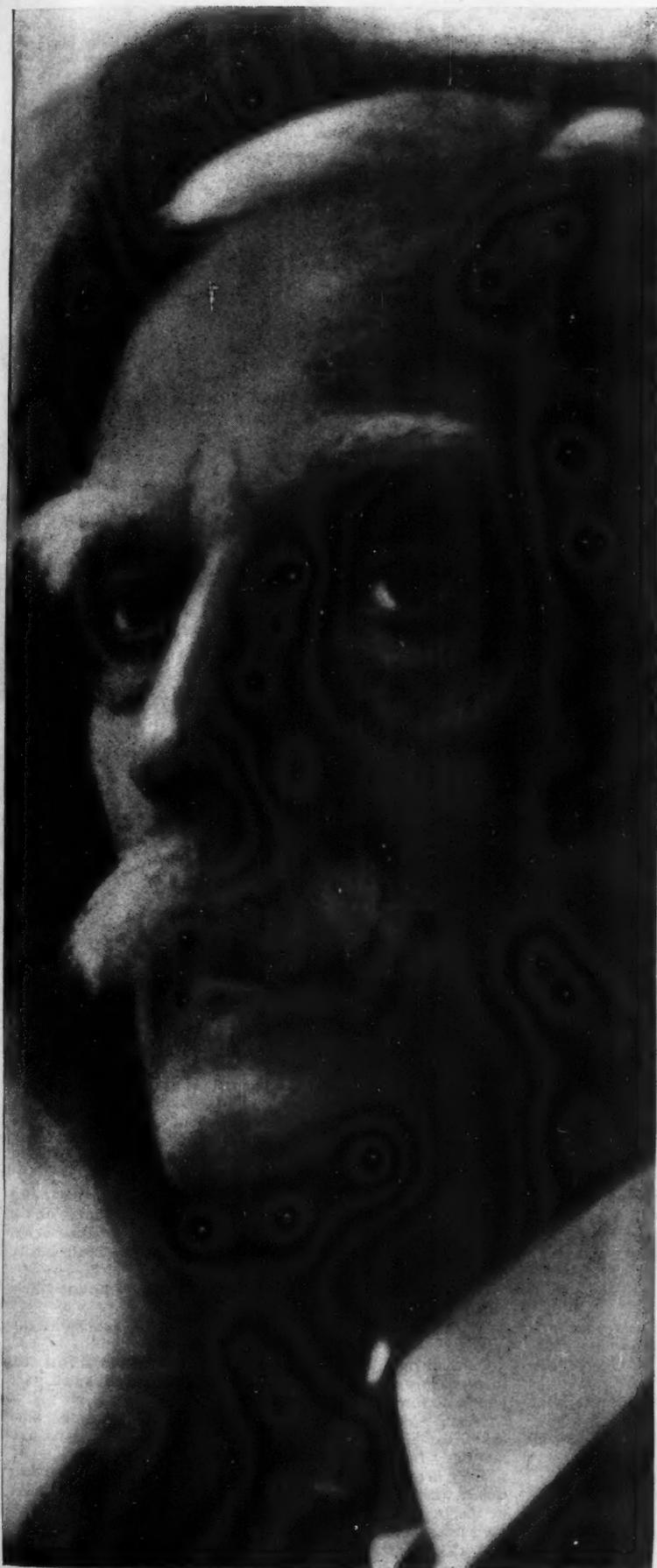
I know one case where a man who had built up a great bank ardently desired his only son to succeed him. But the son, although a man of character and intelligence, did not have the particular qualifications needed in the bank, and his father, recognizing that fact, made other arrangements for his son and pushed ahead a young man who had nothing but his own native ability and character to recommend him.

This is true of the heads of most of our great banks and of our business and industrial concerns. It is true also of our leaders in public life, of our professional men and of our successful writers. They are invariably men who have fitted themselves by study and hard work so that they might be ready for the opportunity when it came.

They are the best proofs that America is still the land of opportunity.

I would not exchange the period in which I have lived for any other in the world's history. I have seen come about most of those changes in our national life of which I have been speaking. But, if I were given the opportunity to exchange my own period of life during the last fifty years for any other time, I would choose, without hesitation, the next half-century and needless to say I would live it in America.

The opportunities which have so vastly increased in the last generation are only the forerunners of the far greater ones which are opening up before our eyes. When we witness in a few years the birth of industries, such as automobile, airplane, radio, rayon and many others, it is impossible to predict what the opportunities of our children and grandchildren may be. Certainly no boy or girl in America today need envy anyone in any age or any other country his chance of success.



What Wouldn't
YOU Give
for a
5-minute
heart-to-heart
talk with
Andrew Mellon
about
YOUR Chances
in Life?
Here you have
all he would
tell you *in*
that talk,
set down Plainly
and Clearly
for the
YOUNG MAN
of
1929

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

one of the

Trail's End



THE one business street of San Lucas was wide and sandy; treeless, beneath the glowing sun, for some reason unknown to man. The street was closed at both ends. A grist-mill made barricade across the north end of it, the convent across the south. By the convent, El Paso traffic turned leftward on a shaded road, cool and curving, along the mother ditch.

It was the day of hitching-racks, awnings and boardwalks. In that short street, crowded and content, business housed in one-story adobes, wide and long and low, their thick walls made creamy with *yeso*. The Bank of San Lucas was midway of the central block, neighbored by the Amador Hotel on one side and on the other by Phoebe Freudenthal, General Merchandise—Best Prices for Wool and Hides.

In the Palmilla Saloon, after some discussion, Eddie Early and Ambrosio decided to ride down to El Paso.

"All right," said Ambrosio. "Cooler tonight than in the morning. I'll cash a check and meet you at the feed corral. Got to hurry. 'Most closing time."

He sauntered across the street. Eddie turned west at the next corner to Pat Lane's feed corral, beyond the first alley. Saddled horses, with dangling reins, stood under a tree by the corral gate; in the shade beyond the gate, other saddled horses waited. A droop-hatted rider sat with his back against a tree and whittled. A Mexican freighter drove his four-mule rig into the corral; a prospector, afoot, drove a packed burro out as Eddie came to the gate. Eddie paid the bill and saddled up his horse.

In the bank, Ambrosio found a waiting queue, tradesmen making late deposit of the day's takings. The counting took time; Ambrosio wrote his check and glanced around. Beside him a coatless stranger, his face bristling with dusty red stubble, labored over a check, tore it up and began the struggle anew. A tall stranger, visibly fuming, fussed with this pocket and that, evidently in nervous search for pocketbook or check-book. Beyond the queue a man in blue serge, his hat brim low over his eyes, counted and recounted a sheaf of bills.

The queue melted fast. Check in hand, Ambrosio stepped into line, the red-stubbed stranger before him, the tall one behind. As Red Stubble presented a twenty-dollar bill for change, the cashier glanced at the clock. One minute to three.

"Arthur!" he called. "Time to close up." A boy rose from a desk and opened a metal door between "cage" and lobby. Blue Serge stopped him and motioned toward the side door of the lobby.

"Short cut this way to the court-house?" he asked.

"Yes," said Arthur. "Go down the passage to the alley and turn to the right." He started to close the cage door behind him.

A gun appeared from nowhere. "Leave it open," said Blue Serge, who held the gun. Arthur left it open.

Three things occurred simultaneously. Ambrosio caught a

The horseman waited as Edith drew near. "I beg your pardon, miss. Would you be so kind as to give this note to any one of the store-keepers in Tripoli?"

flash in Red Stubble's hand and saw the cashier's hands go up. He heard a faint click behind him; something hard was pushed against his back.

"Up with 'em!" said the tall man.

"Certainly," said Ambrosio.

The side door opened: two men brushed by Blue Serge into the office; men masked by red bandannas. Their guns covered the second cashier, who was carrying money from the counter to the vault, and Collins, the vice-president, who sat writing at his desk. So quietly was it done that the first Collins knew of the hold-up was the sharp "Hands up!" and a gun muzzle at his ear.

BLUE SERGE strolled toward the front door, escorting young Arthur. Under direction, Arthur lowered the shades on the windows, locked the big door and gave the key to Blue Serge. In the darkened lobby, Ambrosio did not turn his head, but he heard the curtains slide and the key turn in the lock.

"Everything going off smoothly," observed Ambrosio pleasantly. "You lads are well drilled."

"You shut up!" said his guard indignantly, and jabbed his gun into the captive's ribs. "Cheeky greaser!"

"Oh, all right," said Ambrosio. "But I wish you'd frisk me, to avoid mistakes. Left my gun over in the corral, and I want you to be sure of it."

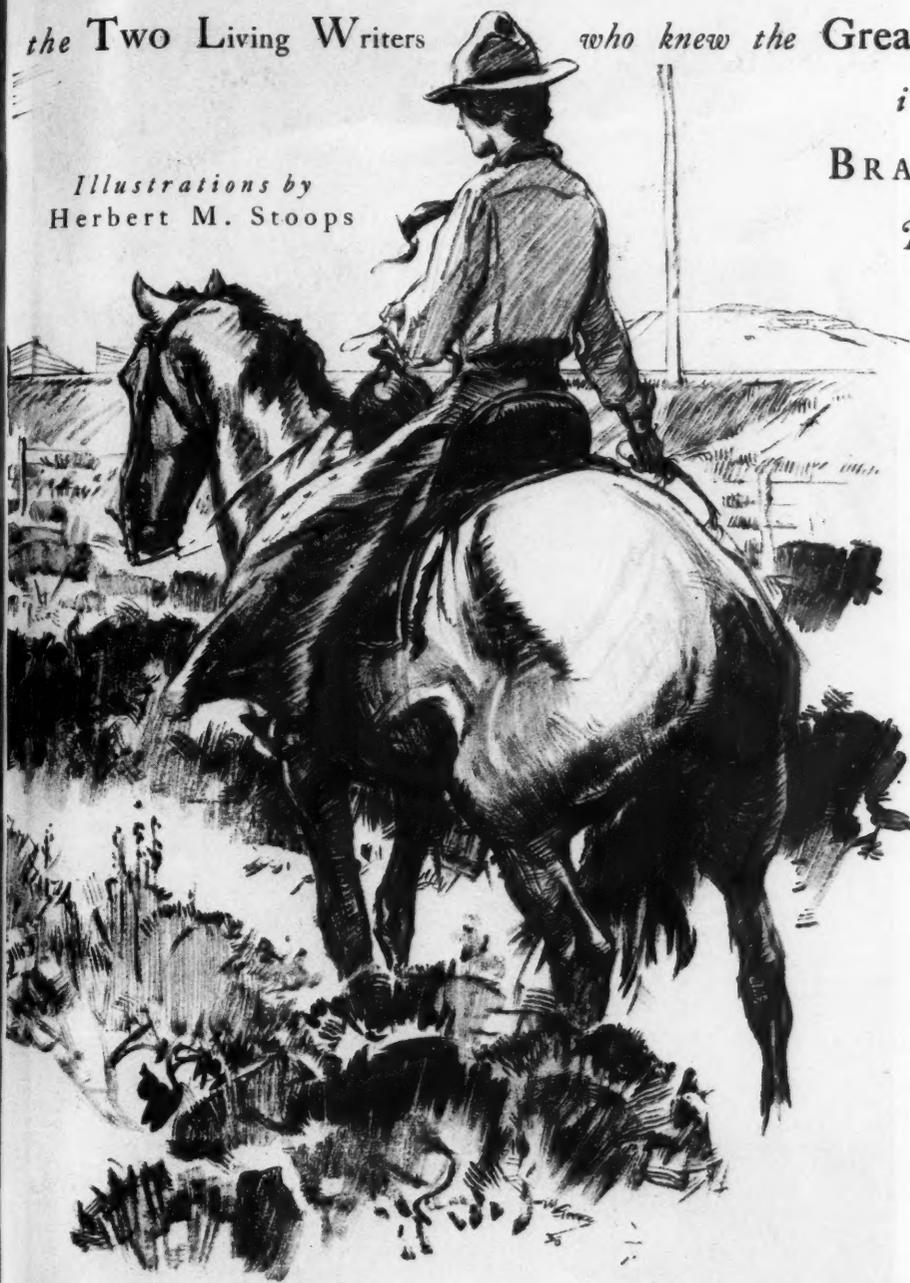
"Alec," said Blue Serge evenly, "if that Mex opens his head again, bat him one over the bean. Don't kill him; just knock him out. Inside, all of you."

They herded Arthur and Ambrosio into the office. The door closed with a spring-lock; Blue Serge picked up a heavy poker by the fireplace and broke off the projecting knob. They searched their prisoners for arms, finding none. But in the gun-box under each cashier's window they found a six-shooter, and another in the drawer of the vice-presidential desk. Red Stubble looked

of the Two Living Writers who knew the Great SOUTHWEST

Illustrations by
Herbert M. Stoops

in the
BRAVE Old
Days



counter; with the same motion he put his hands to the partition top and vaulted over. Dropping to the lobby floor, he snatched up the two bank guns.

A tall stool stood by the customers' desk. He whirled it up and broke the window with a prodigious crash. He jerked the curtain up, broke off lances and slivers of glass and clambered through. Startled by the crashing glass, men boiled out from saloon and store.

"Bank robbers!" Ambrosio shouted. "In the alley! Some of you go the other way!" He darted to the street corner and turned toward the feed corral.

Eddie Early rode whistling to the corral gate. Diagonally across the street, men ran from the mouth of the alley towards the waiting horses. He heard a shout up the street; the whistling man rose to his feet and drew his gun. Eddie whirled back into the corral, hanging along the side of his horse to shield himself. Behind him the quiet street broke into a roar of stuttering gunfire.

Eddie clambered into a wagon and peered over the high adobe wall. Three men mounted in frantic haste, three were already on their horses, firing up the street where San Lucas

sniped at them from behind every tree and from sheltering doorways. The whittling man was just below Eddie, twenty feet away.

Bullet-stung, the whittler's mount plunged so that he turned toward the wall and saw Eddie; their eyes met, they fired together. The whittler wilted over his horse's neck, clung there a step or two, fell and lay still. Eddie's gun dropped to the ground outside the wall, and Eddie ducked down behind the shelter of thick adobe and sat in the wagon, cursing earnestly. The whittler's bullet had crashed through his gun arm.

Bill Simpson and Joe Gandy fired together from a deep doorway, one standing and one kneeling. Simpson was the sheriff. Ambrosio, Bob Burch, Pancho Amador, Mel Hardy and Sticky Pierce had picked out each one a separate cottonwood, and they shot from the shelter of those friendly trees. Smithers, the butcher, had climbed to the flat roof of the Amador Hotel and crouched behind the adobe parapet. Bullets plunked into wood, snarled by or kicked up dust puffs in the street. Horses wove in and out, twisted, turned and plunged.

The bandits were turning for a swift getaway when Eddie Early's man fell. With a hoarse bellow of wrath, the tall

these guns over, balanced them, selected one and stuck it in his waistband. "You've all got two guns apiece except me. And now I've got two," he announced. Reaching through the window, he deposited the surplus artillery on the lobby floor. Meanwhile, the tall bandit produced from under his coat two canvas ore bags. From counter and vault, he freighted them with currency and gold; a light sack, a heavy sack. "A bushel of silver, Pete. How about it?"

"Leave it and come on," said Blue Serge. "Prisoners, right about! To the rear—march!"

They shepherded the five prisoners to the rear, left them there and hurried through the back door. Ambrosio smiled and waved his hand in farewell. Red Stubble scowled and paused uncertainly. He had a well-founded distrust of laughing men.

"Pete, hadn't we better keep this fresh guy with us till we make a getaway?"

"We're away," said Pete. "Drag it." Last to go, he backed out and locked the door from the outside.

As the key turned, Ambrosio flamed into action. Racing down the long room, he stepped on a chair and sprang to the



outlaw spurred for the gate. A bullet caught him; he toppled sideways, grasped the saddle horn, slid to his knees, then to his hands and knees. Blue Serge sprang down to help him. Red Stubble and the two masked men, well on their way to the next street corner and safety, whirled, raced back, shooting as they came. Blue Serge raised the wounded man.

San Lucas had grabbed six-shooters in haste. Joe Gandy was the only man with a rifle. Kneeling, he took deliberate aim at Blue Serge. But the sheriff pushed the barrel aside; the shot went wild.

"What the devil!" snarled Gandy.

"You wouldn't understand," said the sheriff mildly.

San Lucas was largely of the same mind, it seemed, for most of them held their fire. It chanced just then, they explained afterwards, that they had to reload their guns. Blue Serge struggled to lift his friend to his feet. But the tall man's legs buckled and blood gushed from his mouth; he fainted and fell limp in his comrade's arms. Blue Serge laid him down gently. He made two steps to where the whittler lay and snatched the loaded gun from the dead man's hand: his foot was in the stirrup—

Shot between the eyes, Red Stubble's horse crashed down, pinning his rider beneath him. Blue Serge ran to him and heaved mightily on the saddle horn. Yelling, shooting, the two masked men pressed on against San Lucas; between them and San Lucas. Red Stubble jerked out and hobbled to the tall man's horse; he climbed painfully into the saddle. On his blue shirt a spreading blotch of blood told of a body wound.

Blue Serge leaped on his own horse; the four bandits whirled together, ran breakneck in dust and smoke and turned southward at the next corner.

"Well!" said the sheriff. "Anybody killed?"

"I am," said Hardy. "Right through the calf of my leg."

Late arrivals made an angry crowd by now.

"Come on," said Simpson. "Let's take a look at these fellows.



The bandits were turning for a swift getaway when Serge sprang down to help him, and the two masked

H'm? Anybody know 'em? I don't. Say! Here's two sacks of their money! What do you think of that?"

"That was all they had. I was in the bank when they effected the loan," said Ambrosio. He knelt for examination. "One dead and the other one done for. Somebody'd better bring the doctor."

"That right, Collins?" asked the sheriff. "That all the money they took?" The prisoners had climbed out and joined the crowd.

"That's all," said Collins. "Gold in one bag; bills in the other."

"They'll be getting a long start," said the sheriff. "Bob, get a bunch saddled up and take after them. Burn the breeze. They'll ooze into the side roads through the farming country, likely, and they will be hard to follow. They may split up on



a bullet caught the tall outlaw. Blue men raced back, shooting as they came.

you; take plenty of men. Gandy, take three or four men up on the mesa and scatter out so they can't get by to the mountains. Rifles are what you want. Collins, you go and wire to El Paso, Deming and Rincon and all stations between. Sign my name. Have one of your men telephone to the mines. Tell them to plant a man or two in every pass in the mountains."

To Doctor Abbott, shaking his head above the dying bandit, came Eddie Early, white-lipped and shaky. "Me next, doc. Arm busted. Mighty sick."

Andrews, the prosecuting attorney, drew Smithers aside and spoke to him in a troubled voice. "It looks as though Simpson is not going with the posse. Isn't that queer?"

Smithers was unsympathetic. "You don't hear anybody else

makin' any kick, do you? The sheriff, he knows his business. I'll bet you money on that."

From the open window of Doctor Abbott's office floated the voice of Eddie Early, making comment. Outside, Ambrosio sat in the shade and rolled a cigaret; his horse stood at the hitching-rack. Riding north, pacing soberly, the sheriff drew rein and arched an eyebrow.

"The cabbages and kings depart," he observed, "while you squat here with your hat on the back of your head. How come?"

"Riding with you," said Ambrosio cheerfully, and slipped into the saddle. "Where, says you? Well you know. Tripoli. Why, says you? Easy. Four of them bandits was strangers. But the other two was masked. Local talent. Sure. Face up. This being thus, they're wise that they have a slim chance to get through to Old Mexico, or west across the Espee. Too many telegraph-poles. Everybody will be out looking for 'em, warned by wire.

"They'll know they can be seen five miles away if they turn east, on the bare flats. So they turn west into that maze of green lanes, green trees and houses way back, so they won't be seen. Anybody they meet, they take with 'em a spell, to leave no news. If any of their horses are shot up a little, they swap.

"They circle around to the north of Tripoli and ride northeast across the Jornada and the mountains, where nobody lives. They can ride northeast for four hundred weary miles before they see a telegraph-pole. Warriors here all gone, just a-rarin' and a-snuffin'. So you're picking you a posse at Tripoli. I'm a howling nucleus, I am."

"Let's ride," said the sheriff. "But you'd never guess what else. I'm taking along Mr. Prosecuting Attorney Edwin Arthur Andrews."

"No good. And he won't come. Immunity dodge. You can't make him come, can you?"

"Not legally. But then, he can't make me vote for him, so it's even Stephen. He'll come—or we'll have a new prosecutor. He's been giving up too much head around here."

"Oh, like that? Bill," said Ambrosio, "those bank robbers left their roll laying in the street, but they didn't quit their mates while there was a chance. Good leather!"

"Good leather!" said the sheriff. "Son, I've been umpiring ball games here some several years; and I calls 'em as I sees 'em. A bank robber is a thief and a

bank robber is a murderer. It's a dirty, black, shameful business. What these men need is a funeral and I sure hope to see it. All the same—men that stuck like that— If I go to that funeral, I'm going with my hat in my hand!"

"Why, daddy," said Pickett Boone, "you mustn't do this. You're not strong enough. What (Continued on page 124)



Paddle Your Own Canoe

By Royal Brown

EVEN though it may make her sound absurdly abnormal, the truth was that Penelope did not in the least crave masculine society this Saturday afternoon in August. On the contrary, she wanted to be alone, to loaf and invite her soul. That, in her opinion, was a very nice soul—Penelope was not troubled with any inferiority complex—but as secretary to the general manager of one of the factories operated by that more or less soulless corporation known as the Titan Tire Company, she got little chance to cultivate it or enjoy it save during weekends.

This was why, as the canoe she was paddling swung around a bend in the river, her pretty mouth set mutinously.

"Oh, darn!" she mourned inwardly, as she saw that the ancient spring-board which was to play its part in her afternoon's program was already occupied.

He who monopolized it had obviously been in the water, for his black racing-suit gleamed in the sunlight, as did the hard, brown muscularity of his shoulders. He had, in other words, already experienced the swift impact of the plunge and the swift uplift of spirit to which Penelope had looked forward.

"Without," said Penelope to Penelope, "looking so darned uplifted."

She recognized him at once. Don Sturgis, of course—and, of course, *he* wouldn't look happy. Penelope had never been introduced to him, never spoken two words to him. But she suspected just what ailed him.

"Spoiled baby," ran her thought.

At that moment the canoe's advance penetrated his preoccupation. He glanced up swiftly and, if that were possible, his grim young mouth became a bit grimmer. Evidently he considered *her* an intruder.

"And just for that," Penelope informed Penelope, "I've a good mind to shove him off that spring-board and swim anyway."

This, however, was not the real reason the canoe's bow wavered. The truth was that at that moment Don Sturgis did not loom in her eyes as the lithe and personable young six-footer who had come to the Titan plant direct from the college where his athletic ability had made him one of the campus gods.

To Penelope, absurdly enough, he looked like a small boy who is being punished for just what he does not know. Or, even more absurdly, like a puppy who has just received its first whipping.

That she should vision him so was, to Penelope, a danger-signal. "The trouble with me," Penelope had more than once informed Penelope, "is that I have a strong maternal complex—but who would believe it?"

Penelope's mirror was the answer to that. No one! She did not look maternal. Nevertheless, for all her customary cool insouciance of manner and the two malicious little devils—dimples, so called—that danced at either corner of her mouth, Penelope had her Achilles heel. She couldn't see a stray dog, a hungry cat or a discouraged human without feeling a perfectly absurd tug at her heart-strings. And that was why the canoe's bow wavered.

"You," she sternly admonished herself at that point, "keep right on paddling your own canoe."

This, she knew, was wiser. Experience—or perhaps the word should be experiments—had made her wary of the way a man will ever misinterpret a girl's motives. For instance, the Good Samaritan, being male himself, could go to the rescue of that other man who went from Jerusalem to Jericho and there fell among thieves, render first aid and take compassion upon him, all without running the slightest danger of being misunderstood.

But suppose the Good Samaritan had been feminine, with a tiptilted nose, a natural wave in her hair and a permanent wave in her disposition. What would have happened then?

Ask Penelope. She knew. From experience—or experiments.

"The gentleman from Jerusalem would have known that it

was his irresistible self that had attracted the lady's attention," Penelope would have retorted feelingly. "And when

it became necessary to assure him that it had all been pure altruism he would bitterly have accused the lady of having led him on."

This had happened to Penelope several times. And she had made up her mind it would never, never happen again.

Besides which she had other plans for this afternoon. A blazing afternoon that back in the ugly little factory town enveloped one in an atmosphere of desiccating heat, with dust underfoot and a burnished bowl of sky overhead. But here, on the river, there were golden dappled shadows and the subtle perfume of the earth, and from either bank came the intermittent madrigals of the birds and the cicadas' ceaseless midsummer serenade.

"No, I'm not going to the game this afternoon," Penelope had assured one of the girls in the office. "I work for the Titan Tire Company five and a half days a week as it is. If I've got to go out and root for its ball team on an afternoon like this I want time-and-a-half overtime."

"What are you going to do?" the girl in the office—baptized Mabel but known as Mabe—had persisted.

"Fill the tub with cold water and sit in it all afternoon," Penelope had replied at random.

But she had lied through her pretty teeth. Because Penelope, for all her altruism, could be selfish in small things. She preferred to enjoy certain pleasures alone—the canoe, the river, the volume of verse that lay among the cushions.

"Good grief!" Mabe would have gasped. "What did you want to bring a book for?"

MABE might have sensed the lure of the river, even invited herself to share it, ball game or no ball game. But she never would have savored the exquisite joy one can find in solitude. Or in silence and a book idly read or lazily dropped. Or realize that a sunset not only requires no comment but absolutely forbids it.

In brief, there were times when Penelope preferred to be alone and at such times the river was one of her particular joys.

The current here was a gentle, slumbrous thing; one paddled leisurely upstream to the ancient spring-board from which one could dive until, wearied yet renewed, one sat in the slanting August sunshine and let its golden touch caress.

After that another mile upstream and then, with the canoe's nose in the bank under an overhanging bow, one read or dreamed and, after a time, munched sandwiches.

Such was Penelope's program for this August afternoon. And she was not going to let Don Sturgis spoil it by a surrender to that infernal complex of hers. Or, for that matter, abridge it either.

This was an afterthought that turned the canoe shoreward.

"If," she announced crisply, "you're through with that spring-board, I'd like to use it."

His eyes met hers. "You mean—you want to swim?" he asked uncertainly.

The question was not unnatural. At the moment Penelope was not attired for swimming. She wore a coat sweater, silk stockings as sheer as gossamer and trim pumps. Under the sweater was her bathing-suit but that he could not know, so was not as stupid as he seemed—or as Penelope, who could be very feminine when not absurdly altruistic, chose to impute.

"What else would I want a spring-board for?" she retorted satirically.

And giving the canoe a final impulse that thrust its nose into the bank, she rose and nonchalantly removed her sweater, revealing slim shoulders sweetly molded and delicately tanned.

He eyed her uncertainly and then dived, as she bent to remove her slippers. He was trudging upstream, traveling like a torpedo, before she, a slim and boyish—but not *too* boyish—figure in her bathing-suit, pulled (Continued on page 183)

The Story of a Young Man
who **FINALLY** Saw Himself
as This Girl Saw Him



*The Famous Creator
of Sherlock Holmes
Turns to Science
for One of the
Most Thrilling Stories
You Have Ever Read*

PROFESSOR CHALLENGER was in the worst possible humor. As I stood at the door of his study, my hand upon the handle and my foot upon the mat, I heard a monolog which ran like this, the words booming through the house:

"Yes, I say it is the second wrong call. The *second* in one morning. Do you imagine that a man of science is to be distracted from essential work by the constant interference of some idiot at the end of a wire? I will not have it. Send this instant for the manager.

"Oh! you *are* the manager. Well, why don't you manage? Yes, you certainly manage to distract me from work the importance of which your mind is incapable of understanding. I want the superintendent.

"He is away? So I should imagine. I will carry you to the law-courts if this occurs again. Crowing cocks have been adjudicated upon. I myself have obtained a judgment. If crowing cocks, why not jangling bells? The case is clear. A written apology? Very good. I will consider it. *Good morning.*"

It was at this point that I ventured to make my entrance. It was certainly an unfortunate moment. I confronted him as he turned from the telephone—a lion in its wrath. His huge black beard was bristling, his great chest was heaving with indignation and his arrogant gray eyes swept me up and down as the backwash of his anger fell upon me.

"Infernal idle overpaid rascals!" he boomed. "I could hear them laughing while I was making my just complaint. There is a conspiracy to annoy me. And now, young Malone, you arrive to complete a disastrous morning. Are you here, may I ask, on your own account, or has your rag commissioned you to obtain an interview? As a friend you are privileged—as a journalist you are outside the pale."

I was hunting in my pocket for McArdle's letter when suddenly some new grievance came to his memory. His hands fumbled among the papers upon his desk and extracted a press cutting.

"You have been good enough to allude to me in one of your recent lucubrations," he said, shaking the paper at me. "It was in the course of your somewhat fatuous remarks concerning the recent Saurian remains discovered in the Solnhofen Slates. You began a paragraph with the words: 'Professor G. E. Challenger, who is among our greatest living scientists—'"

"Well, sir?" I asked.

"Why these invidious qualifications and limitations? Perhaps you can mention who these other scientific men may be to whom you impute equality or possibly superiority to myself."

"It was badly worded. I should certainly have said, 'Our greatest living scientist,'" I admitted. It was after all my own honest belief. My words turned winter into summer.

"My dear young friend, do not imagine that I am exacting, but surrounded as I am by pugnacious and unreasonable colleagues, I am forced to take my own part. Self-assertion is



The Man who

By Sir Arthur

Illustration by

foreign to my nature, but I have to hold my ground against opposition. Come now! Sit here! What is the reason for your visit?"

I had to tread warily, for I knew how easy it was to set the lion roaring once again. I opened McArdle's letter.

"May I read you this, sir? It is from McArdle, my editor."

"I remember the man—not an unfavorable specimen of his class."

"He has, at least, a very high admiration for you. He has turned to you again and again when he needed the highest qualities in some investigation. That is the case now."

"What does he desire?" Challenger plumed himself like some unwieldy bird under the influence of flattery. He sat down with his elbows upon the desk, his gorilla hands clasped together, his beard bristling forward and his big gray eyes, half covered by drooping lids, fixed benignly upon me.

"I'll read you his note to me. He says: 'Please call upon our esteemed friend, Professor Challenger, and ask for his cooperation under the following circumstances: There is a Latvian



Would Wreck the World

Conan Doyle

J. M. Clement

gentleman named Theodore Nemor living at White Friars Mansions, Hampstead, who claims to have invented a machine of a most extraordinary character, which is capable of disintegrating any object placed within its sphere of influence.

"Matter dissolves and returns to its molecular or atomic condition. By reversing the process, it can be reassembled. The claim seems to be an extravagant one, and yet there is solid evidence that there is some basis for it and that the man has stumbled upon some remarkable discovery.

"I need not enlarge upon the revolutionary character of such an invention, or of its extreme importance as a potential weapon of war. A force which could disintegrate a battle-ship, or turn a battalion, if it were only for a time, into a collection of atoms, would dominate the world. For social and for political reasons not an instant is to be lost in getting to the bottom of the affair.

"The man courts publicity as he is anxious to sell his invention, so that there is no difficulty in approaching him. The enclosed card will open his doors. What I desire is that you and

Professor Challenger call upon him, inspect his invention and write for the paper a considered report upon the value of the discovery. I expect to hear from you tonight. R. McArdle."

"There are my instructions, professor," I added, as I refolded the letter. "I sincerely hope that you will come with me, for how can I with my limited capacities act alone in such a matter?"

"True, Malone! True!" purred the great man. "Though you are by no means destitute of natural intelligence, I agree with you that you would be somewhat overweighted in such a matter as you lay before me. These unutterable people upon the telephone have already ruined my morning's work, so that a little more can hardly matter. I am engaged in answering that Italian buffoon, Mazotti, whose views upon the larval development of the tropical termites have excited my derision and contempt, but I can leave the complete exposure of the impostor until evening. Meanwhile I am at your service."

And thus it came about that on that October morning I found myself in the deep-level tube with the professor, speeding to the north of London in what proved to be one of the most singular experiences of my remarkable life.

Before leaving Ensmore Gardens I had ascertained by the much-abused telephone that our man was at home and had warned him of our coming. He lived in a comfortable flat in Hampstead, and he kept us waiting for quite half an hour in his

anteroom while he carried on an animated conversation with a group of visitors.

I caught a glimpse of them through the half-opened door and had a passing impression of prosperous and intelligent men, with astrakhan collars to their coats, glistening top-hats, and every appearance of that bourgeois well-being which the successful so readily assume. The hall door closed behind them, and the next instant Theodore Nemor entered our apartment. I can see him now as he stood with the sunlight full upon him, rubbing his long, thin hands together and surveying us with his broad smile and his cunning yellow eyes.

HE WAS a short, thick man, with some suggestion of deformity in his body, though it was difficult to say where that suggestion lay. One might say that he was a hunchback without the hump. His large, soft face was like an underdone dumpling, of the same color and moist consistency, while the pimples and blotches which adorned it stood out the more aggressively against the pallid background. His eyes were those of a cat, and catlike was the thin, long, bristling mustache above his loose mouth.

It was all low and repulsive until one came to the sandy eyebrows. From these upwards there was a splendid cranial arch such as I have seldom seen. Even Challenger's hat might have fitted that magnificent head. One might read Theodore Nemor as a vile, crawling conspirator below, but above he might take rank with the great thinkers and philosophers of the world.

"Well, gentlemen," said he in a velvety voice, with only the least trace of a foreign accent, "you have come, as I understand from our short chat over the wires, in order to learn more of the Nemor Disintegrator. Is it so?"

"Exactly."

"May I ask whether you represent the British government?"

"Not at all. I am a newspaper correspondent, and this is Professor Challenger."

"An honored name—a European name." His yellow fangs gleamed in obsequious amiability. "I was about to say that the British government has lost its chance. What else it has lost it may find out later. Possibly its empire as well. I was prepared to sell to the first government which gave me its price, and if it has now fallen into hands of which you may disapprove, you have only yourselves to blame."

"Then you have sold your secret?"

"At my own price."

"You think the purchaser will have a monopoly?"

"Undoubtedly he will."

"But others know the secret as well as you."

"No, sir." He touched his great forehead. "This is the safe in which the secret is securely locked—a better safe than any of steel and secured by something better than a Yale lock. Some may know one side of the matter. Others may know another. No one in the world knows the whole matter save only me."

"And these gentlemen to whom you have sold it."

"No, sir, I am not so foolish as to hand over the knowledge until the price is paid. After that it is I whom they buy, and they move this safe"—he again tapped his brow—"with all its contents to whatever point they desire. My part of the bargain

will then be done—faithfully, ruthlessly done. After that, history will be made."

He rubbed his hands together and the fixed smile upon his face twisted itself into something like a snarl.

"You will excuse me, sir," boomed Challenger, who had sat in silence up to now, but whose expressive face registered most complete disapproval of Theodore Nemor; "we should wish before we discuss the matter to convince ourselves that there is something to discuss. We have not forgotten a recent case where an Italian, who proposed to explode mines from a distance, proved upon investigation to be an arrant impostor. History may well repeat itself.

"You will understand, sir, that I have a reputation to sustain as a man of science—a reputation which you have been good enough to describe as European, though I have every reason to believe that it is not less conspicuous in America. Caution is a scientific attribute and you must show us your proofs before we can seriously consider your claims."

Nemor cast a particularly malignant glance from the yellow eyes at my companion, but the smile of affected geniality broadened upon his face.

"You live up to your reputation, professor. I had always heard that you were the last man in the world who could be deceived. I am prepared to give you an actual demonstration

which cannot fail to convince you, but before we proceed to that I must say a few words upon the general principle.

"You will realize that the experimental plant which I have erected here in my laboratory is a mere model, though within its limits it acts most admirably. There would be no possible difficulty, for example, in disintegrating you and reassembling you, but it is not for such a purpose as that that a great government is prepared to pay a price which runs into millions. My model is a mere scientific toy. It is only when the same force is invoked upon a large scale that enormous practical effects could be achieved."

"May we see this model?"

"You will not only see it, Professor Challenger, but you will have the most conclusive demonstration possible upon your own person if you have the courage to submit to it."

"If!" the lion began to roar. "Your 'if,' sir, is in the highest degree offensive."

"Well, well. I had no intention to dispute your courage. I will only say that I will give you an opportunity to demonstrate it. But I would first say a few words upon the underlying laws which govern the matter.

"When certain crystals, salt, for example, or sugar, are placed in water they dissolve and disappear. You would not know that they had ever been there. Then by evaporation or otherwise you lessen the amount of water, and lo! there are your crystals again, visible once more and the same as before. Can you conceive a process by which you, an organic being, are in the same way dissolved into the cosmos, and then by a subtle reversal of the conditions reassembled once more?"

"The analogy is a false one!" cried Challenger. "Even if I make so monstrous an admission as that our molecules could be dispersed by some disrupting power, why should they reassemble in exactly the same order as before?"

"The objection is an obvious one, and I can only answer that they do so reassemble down to the last atom of the structure. There is an invisible framework and every brick flies into its true place. You may smile, professor, but your incredulity and your smile may soon be replaced by quite another emotion."

Challenger shrugged his shoulders. "I am quite ready to submit it to the test."

"There is another case which I would impress upon you, gentlemen, and which may help you to (Continued on page 135)



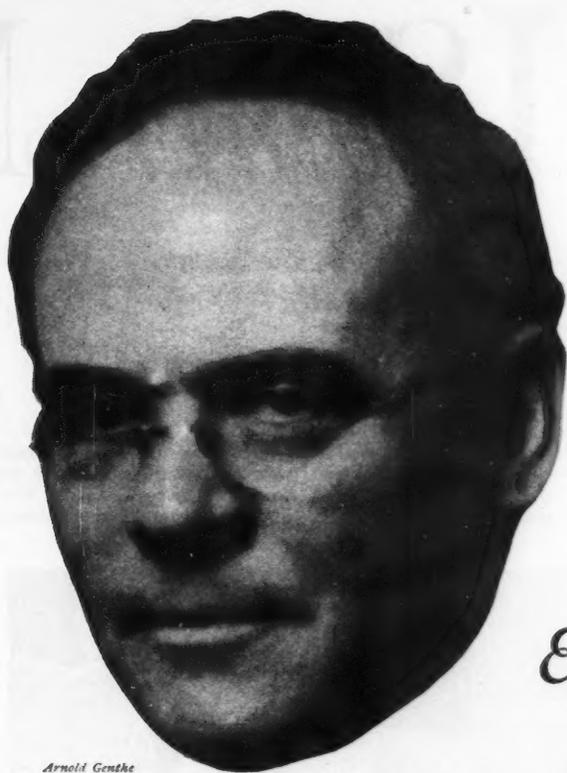
I'VE always wondered what Lady Godiva's husband said when she got home from that ride. Was there a family row? Did he sulk; or did he grin and bear it?

And now I've read the answer. It's in a short story by John Erskine, called "The Afterthoughts of Lady Godiva." Dr. Erskine has reconstructed those scenes as piquantly as he did the private life of Helen of Troy.

Also he has told, in this story, the truth about that one young man who looked at the lovely lady as she rode through the streets in even less than the average young woman wears on a bathing beach today.

It's a gem of a story. You'll find it one of the most enjoyable features in next month's *Cosmopolitan*.

R. L.



Arnold Genthe

By
Edgar Lee
Masters

who wrote

"Spoon River Anthology"

The Open Door

BEDFAST there, the door a bit ajar,
Then I glanced the hallway, faint of breath,
Where oblivious, as lovers are,
With unconscious life they slighted death:
She, my wife, who never failed my care,
Smoothed my pillow, bathed my fevered face,
Stood with him, my friend, beside the stair,
Kissed him in a long and rapt embrace.

This I saw. An instant's silence hung.
Then they laughed together as they went
To the kitchen, busy now of tongue:
Broth was better for such condiment!
Just as though a selfless happiness
For my courage, spirits, was displayed!
Just as though their sunshine would redress
Life for me whom Life had long betrayed.

Coming back she smiled and poured the broth;
Smiling, too, he bore for her the tray.
Weakly then I toyed the napkin's cloth,
Stared their eyes wherein their secret lay.
"Drink," he said. "We mean to have you up";
'He will soon be quite himself," she laughed.
With a shaking hand I sipped the cup—
All they brewed and brought me, that I quaffed!

Then I fell to thinking, feigned to sleep:
"Life goes on regardless, though I cling;
Nature ceases not to sow and reap;
Winter's ghost evanishes with spring.
I am what? A summer-wasted stalk,
In whose leaves a fever-frost has crept."
Thinking thus I still could hear them talk
In the farther room until I slept.

When I woke how ominous and still!
So I called and faithfully she ran.
"You have slept an hour." "Where is Will?"
"Oh, he went to sketch a building's plan."
Then I closed my eyes, began to brood
Doubts that drifted round me to and fro;
Thought on thought descended on my mood
Soft as fallen snow on fallen snow.

Was it heliotrope, or was it musk
Wafted from her hand upon my brow?
Ruth or pity was it that the dusk
Made her searching eyes so blurring now?
But I know she made the blankets smooth,
Brought me water, took the fever's mark;
Then she sat in tenderness and truth
Talking hope until the room was dark.

Why Smart Men

And WHY They Feel So
Notes Are Read To
By WILLIAM

A GREAT deal, as everybody knows, may be learned about a man from his correspondence. So, as an amateur Sherlock Holmes, you might try to discover something about the personality of the man who wrote the following:

When I found your letter felt as if I would love to have wings and fly right down there to be with you, old dear, for with all my heart that is where I long to be. So glad, dear, you are taking lessons on the ukulele, will mean so much this summer on the boat. Oh, I can almost see you now, dear, sitting up on the bridge with your sport suit on, queen that you are, with the ukulele in your lap, playing "Leave me with a Smile."

Anyone, I think, would deduce that the man was very young—inexperienced, infatuated, going through the joys and agonies of "calf-love." It is the kind of letter young women in girls' schools show to one another, giggling over the rhapsodies of the youthful admirers.

But that deduction does not suit the circumstances. The man was middle-aged, a widower, head of four great industrial companies, with a share in the management of nearly twenty others. He was allied, in friendship and industry, with many of the most important people in the country; he was a millionaire, and incidentally the boat which he mentioned was his—his yacht.

As that was the kind of man he was, one naturally would infer that the woman capable of making him long for wings to fly to her was a person of equal importance, who had surprised him out of the routine of his busy life by inspiring in him a "great passion."

As it happened, however, the lady—who was much younger than himself—was a member of a theatrical chorus.

He met her at a seaside hotel, felt a steadily increasing interest in her, paid her bills, arranged for instructors for her. When, as sometimes happens, these facts became public, he was rather uncertain as to what his feelings had been toward her.

"I was very fond of her," he said, "and—I suppose I loved her."

His letters read as though he had.

If you missed out in your deduction in this first instance, you might try your ability on another. What sort of man, while on a vacation in Bermuda, wrote this to a woman in New York:

You are all mine. I look upon you as the most beautiful—none can compare. Why is it that I can think of nothing but you on this little island? Forgive me, dear, for writing such long letters. I think of nothing else but you. Here is a chain of kisses to reach from my lips to your sweet lips and circle round your heart. For heaven's sake, destroy these letters.

That last sentence rather gives him away, doesn't it? He knew that he was being foolish—but he enjoyed doing it. He was an elderly man who had grown wealthy in managing a big business, a widower living with his grown daughters. The woman to whom he wrote was a school-teacher, who incidentally did dress designing. She was doing that for one of his daughters when he met her. Of course she did not destroy the letters; she kept them carefully. And she was largely rewarded for that bit of forethought.

40



For her wealthy admirer had put his—temporary, as later he found they were—feelings on paper. There they remained, imperishable witnesses against him after circumstances had caused him to have a quite different set of feelings toward the woman.

Why do they do it?

What indifference to consequences leads men of intelligence, education, ability and experience and knowledge of human nature—for mostly they are men of such experience—to put themselves on record in ways that their intelligence ought to, and does, tell them may cause them future trouble?

What possessed an engineer—married, though living apart from his wife—to write to an attendant in a dentist's office as follows:

Alone, but thinking of you, my dearest. Love girl—my wife and my bride. You are wonderful—so deeply affectionate, such bliss of warmth of love from your sweet lips, I never had before. Let me have some more of your wonder-enchanting kisses. You are a wonderful love girl and I prize and treasure every love touch you give me either by hands or lips. Though only in a dream I seem to hear your love breathing to me, and your sweet voice and the glowing warm touch of your wonderful soft velvety arms. My love, my life!

Crazy? His wife didn't think so. When the recipient of the letters made them public, the bewildered wife said: "All this is atrocious! My husband is a brilliant and intelligent man."

What lapse into unreason made a stock-broker—to be sure, he was a pretty gay stock-broker—during a vacation at Palm Beach write to a divorcée of his acquaintance in the following fashion:

Just received a very sweet letter from my baby-doll. Oo is my boo-ful baby. I only wish oo were here and I would tell oo how booful and sweet oo is. Don't worry about making love in the rolling-chairs, for the colored boy who pushes the chair always hangs right over the back and listens. I am waiting patiently for your letters and getting them all. Keep up these dear sweet letters and remember I love my dear most devotedly. What will my 'ittle girl do when her boo-ful baby tomes home? I know what her will do.

Every man knows—especially those who have attained success and prominence—that anything written on paper may, under some circumstance, become public. Why, then, do men of ability put in witness against themselves such revealing statements as these:

"I love you more and more earnestly and sincerely, darling, yes, every day I live. I am determined to marry you and devote myself to you" . . . "Of all the handiwork of God in all the world none is of more rare exquisite beauty than you. To you He has given every charm that artists' vision or poets' fancy could

Write Silly Letters

*Foolish When Their Love
Twelve Perfect Strangers*

Mac HARG

imagine of wonderful perfect womanhood" . . . "All my love and once more please watch your step and don't lean out windows and be a good little Bubbles" . . . "I mean well but the human side prevails over the spiritual" . . . "Oh, how I wish I were with you tonight; I would love you to death."

Above all, why, in addition to descending into occasional baby-talk, do they sign themselves with such ridiculous names as "Toots," "Little," "Pops," or "Baby"?

When letters such as these become public—or when some man with a long record of sane judgment, careful administration and knowledge of human nature writes and lets out of his hands something in politics, or business affairs, or family matters, which works him injury—there is a very clear reaction on the part of the public. The public is not only eagerly amused; it feels a quite obvious self-congratulatory satisfaction.

It is as though every newspaper reader and chuckling listener said inside himself: "Well, I've made a fool of myself sometimes, but I never was as big a fool as that!"

The "big" man has shown himself not so big as people thought him. The smart man has come down off the pedestal that luck and circumstance had built for him and has shown himself a dull man indeed—something rather below the average of wisdom and self-control than above it. That, at any rate, appears to be the general impression.

As for the man's friends, they may be amusedly or pityingly sympathetic, but they are also bewildered. They "never thought he would write anything like that"; he has, as the theatrical profession puts it, stepped out of character, and they have difficulty in recognizing him in this correspondence.

But they are not the only ones who show this puzzlement; for the man often has difficulty in recognizing himself. It is quite common, when such an exposure threatens, for the writer to say to his acquaintances:

"Certainly I wrote to her, but I never wrote anything that need cause me uneasiness."

Then he hears the letters read.

Anyone who has watched one of these letter-writers, during the reading of letters written long enough before so that he has in part, or wholly, forgotten their contents, has seen his efforts to recall the circumstances and feelings which made him put such things on paper—his effort to recognize the writer as himself.

"Did I write that?" he sometimes says incredulously.

He knows he wrote it, but he has moved so far away from the emotions which he then put into words that he has trouble in recalling that he ever expressed them in that fashion. During

the reading of the letters he is not only embarrassed, often he is quite as obviously bewildered, groping for an explanation of his own action, asking himself why he did it.

An attorney commenced his address to the jury in a suit concerning letters with this statement:

"We admit, gentlemen, that my client has elected himself a member of the Fools' Club."

He then proceeded to explain that, in his estimation, many men of marked ability in certain lines remain in other respects—frequently with regard to women—so childish that they could be classed as fools, speaking and writing to them words for which they have no real responsibility.

He contended that his client was of that sort.

Anyone who wants to adopt that explanation will have to admit that many men, highly successful in very different lines of work, have remained peculiarly childish in a great variety of fashions; for educators, professional men, artists and spiritual leaders have been caught writing letters which seem evidences of folly entirely foreign to their characters—and of course many more have written them than have ever got caught.

Are we to class as merely "childish" an incident such as this which happened a few years ago?

In this case the man was old, a banker of great experience, many times a millionaire through his own ability, universally respected for his character and especially for his charities. One of his charities, an echo of his own youth, was caring for immigrants from Europe until they were able to establish themselves successfully in their new country. A group of some twenty

girls arrived in America in charge of a nun. The old man in the course of his charitable work met the boat.

One of the girls was very beautiful—bronze-gold hair, soft white skin, eyes like the lakes he remembered from his boyhood. As was not unusual, this particular girl was given work in the old man's household and, later, in the home of one of his friends, while she adjusted herself to the ways of her new country. Meanwhile, she prepared herself for work as a secretary, presently obtained a position, drifted out of the old man's knowledge.

Several years later she and her brother, needing money, remembered the old man's kindness and called on him to see whether he would advance a loan to them. The reply of the old man was to ask her to marry him. She consented, in spite of the fact that she was considerably more than a half-century younger than he.

Probably foreseeing the objections of his family he wanted the marriage to take place immediately. But he wanted to be married by a cardinal. When he consulted the cardinal his purpose became public.

The determined struggle of the old man to carry out his purpose against the equal determination of his family that he should not, occupied for a number of days many columns in the newspapers. But was that struggle any more violent than the previous struggle within himself, which had made him disregard the knowledge of human nature that had enabled him to accumulate his millions, and his comprehension of (Continued on page 175)



The Flagrant

A NOVEL in a Setting
of the Beauty Shop of Today

The Story
So Far:

ON THE boardwalk at Coney Island whither Consuelo Barrett had gone to escape the suffocating heat of New York, a strange man addressed her. Consuelo succumbed to his banter and told him of her difficulties in finding employment.

He suggested that she become a beauty-shop operator and even wrote a letter to one Gerstel Corss, proprietor of a salon in New York, which, characteristically, he forgot to give her, and they parted after a casual good-night kiss. With the knowledge that her funds were running low, Consuelo decided to follow the advice of that idiotic young man whom she knew as James I. Smith. Corss' name, however, was not to be found in the telephone book.

At La Primavera, a beauty shop in the East Fifties, Connie received a treatment from one of the operators, a Miss Roberts, to whom she confided her desire to obtain training. The girl advised her to take a course at one of the free-model shops. Consuelo acted quickly on this suggestion. She signed up for a course, left a deposit and went home to study up on "erls and erntments," according to instruction. But in the morning her will-power proved unequal to the task of entering the squalid place.

Thereafter, with her slender fund of money steadily decreasing, Consuelo tried in vain to obtain work. At last she found Corss' establishment. But disappointment again awaited her, for the fat little man cut short her explanation about Smith's letter, kissed her and invited her to supper. Leaving her name and address, Consuelo bolted into the street and stumbled against a tall youth who appeared to be the victim of a stupefying shyness.

The next morning brought a letter from Gerstel Corss asking her to report for training at once. This time it was a cordial fat man who welcomed her. And all on account of Ipsydoodle Smith—this, incredibly, was the odd fellow's name—who, after all, had mailed his letter. At last Consuelo was started on her career . . .

After her first week of giving treatments Connie reluctantly consented to take on a man, and to her surprise the shy young giant of her street encounter entered her booth. He was being initiated into the Quiddles, the nuttiest club in New York, he told her. He had to take all the beauty treatments and indulge in sprightly conversation with the operator. That evening he was to give a dinner at their club-house, the Barn, and report to the committee.

On an impulse Consuelo suggested that he take her with him, and he called for her at the apartment of Bob Roberts and Varvara, an attractive but nerve-shattered young Russian woman whose husband had been killed before her eyes during the revolution. Bob told her more about the Quiddles and about her escort, Rowdy Pontefract, nephew of Waller Daniels and heir to fifty millions if he conquered his besetting sin—drinking.

At the Barn, Consuelo listened to amusing conversation until midnight when two guests of the club entered. One of them gasped, "Connie Barrett! Who brought you here?" and added tearfully, "I wouldn't believe that rotten story if every judge on the bench—" Just then the too-emotional gentleman was led away.

Later, Rowdy shyly kissed Consuelo good night, and as she pushed herself free, the thought came to her that she had had no such inclination when Ipsydoodle Smith had kissed her . . .

SLEEPLESS, with uncommunicative eyes, it perched upon her working cabinet and stared at her, the tiny owlet. It was of that variety of green soapstone which a trustful American public has been trained by Orientally inspired guile to accept as jade. Before luncheon it had not been: now it was. Consuelo, having a gift of silence of her own, decided that if it wasn't intended for her it would doubtless fly away again. If it was, she could wait for the explanation.

Mr. Gerstel Corss, beaming his way into her compartment, supplied it. "How you like the boidie, huh?"

"It's a very superior owl. Where did it come from?"

"It's a present."

"From you?"

"Huh? No. Not me. I ain't makigg Christmas presents this summer. Don't you know who it's from?"

"How should I? There was no word with it."

"Sure there was. To me. It said, 'To my proteej'" (which she interpreted as "protégée") "from Ipsydoodle Smith."

"But why? What does it mean?"

"The boidie? He's an owl. If you're askigg me I'd say he means that the more you keep your eyes open and your mouth shut in this business, the better you'll make out. It's a swell motter for the beauty trade."

"Mr. Smith doesn't seem to follow it, himself."

"Don't he! Ipsydoodle may make a lot of talk. But when he's through what more do you know about him than you knew before? Nothigg . . . How you gettigg along?"

Her second week as a full-fledged practitioner had shown an increase in earnings but a decrease in sales. She stated this.

"Don't worry. You got a lot of grease-pots and repeaters worked off on you because you're new. You're doigg good. You're fixed."

She thanked him. "Where am I to write to Mr. Smith about the owl?"

"Huh? How would I know? He's lost his job, so I hear. More likely he chucked it . . . Say, did you have a hair-tint a coupla days ago on a bony old ghost with washy gray hair?" he asked.

"No. That was Miss Lipovv, I think."

"Somethigg's gone wroigg with it. She's on the war-path."

A WOMAN entered and asked for that little Miss Barrett that she had last week. Consuelo returned mechanical but sufficient replies to the babble of her client while her mind was wandering to her own personal affairs. Funny that the eccentric Smith should have sent her such a gift out of a clear sky. Was it, as Mr. Corss suggested, a pattern for her professional conduct? When would she see him again? Was she really interested? she asked herself. No; only curious, she decided.

About Rowdy Pontefract, too, she was curious. Nothing had she heard from him though it was more than three weeks. Nor was there any sequel to that unique and eventful evening at the Barn.

Social diversions of other kinds had not been lacking. Several times she had been out dining and dancing at exorbitant night clubs with Bob Roberts, Bob's faithful Victor and their group. They were good-humored, commonplace, unsparing of self in their conscientious application to the life of enjoyment to which they had set their measure of existence. In their fashion several of the men had paid court to her, but the fashion was uninspiring.

It lacked the verve of Smith, the blundering sincerity of Pontefract, the confident finish of the Barn set. Not but what it served well enough to pass—

What was that? Connie came out of her absorption to a sense of something ominous. Quick voices in the anteroom. Demands. Expostulations. Then shriek upon shriek in a false, forced, high, savage monotone. It sounded like a short-winded steam-whistle.

Gerstel Corss scurried out of his office. She heard his attempts to soothe presently become excited pleas and then semi-hysterical protests.

"But Moddam! You must be calm. Don't yell so! We will

Years

By Samuel
Hopkins
Adams

who wrote
"REVELRY"



Illustrations by
R. F. Schabelitz

Consuelo Barrett

*Two men loved her, many tried
to flirt with her, but only one
succeeded in winning her heart.*

have the police in my place. Come inside. I will do anything. Anything! Will somebody quiet her. Get a bath towel, quick." This expedient was followed by a smothered struggle, ending in a repetition of the spaced, volleying hoots.

Excusing herself, Consuelo went out. Ringed around with a circle of dismayed operators, an elderly spinster with a mass of green hair waving about her bony neck was writhing in the grasp of Gerstel Corss who was gallantly attempting to check her vocality with his left hand, from which she had torn the bath towel. Suddenly he emitted a shriek which put her best to shame, and sprang back flapping his fingers. She had bitten him.

THIS minor success appeared to calm her, or at least to give coherence to her woes.

"Look!" she moaned. "Look! Green. Green! *Green!* I'm ruined. For life. It'll never come out. My hair. My hair!"

"For heaven's sake, lady——"

"Don't talk to me. Don't you dare! You—you poisoner. Look at my head. Oh! Oh! Oh-oh! Oh-oh! Oh-oh!" She was steam-whistling again.

Desperate but with due caution for his perishable flesh, the proprietor caught up a cushion with which he stifled the solo. Under this compression the complainant was escorted to the privacy of the office. Several alarmed clients, including Consuelo's, already had escaped in hastily donned garments. A summons came out for Miss Lipovv to report at once with her hair-sample card. She went in, rigid.

"Yes; I gave the treatment," she admitted in her subdued voice with its touch of accent.

The exacerbated maiden lady caught at the card, bearing its sixteen tufts of human hair, once gray, now variously hued. "There's the one I selected," she announced.

"That is correct. Number ten and a half; reddish-gold."

"Reddish-gold! Is *that* reddish-gold?" declaimed the victim, scrabbling at her head with twitching fingers. "Is my hair reddish-gold? Look at it! Green. Green! Gree-ee-ee-ee!"

Green it indubitably was, in several melting shades, a horrid spectacle. There was no basis for argument on the point.

"We will restore it," babbled the wretched proprietor. "We will make good. Free of charge. I guarantee. Come in tomorrow and we——"

"Try to touch my hair again! Murderers! My doctor says it will never come out."

"What doctor?" asked Consuelo quietly.

"Doctor Rambaud on Eighty-fifth Street."

"He's a skin specialist, isn't he?"

"Yes. None of your business." She tossed her discolored locks angrily. There emanated from her a faint but unmistakable pungency. It connected up with a case in one of Consuelo's text-books, wherewith she had been seeking industriously

to compensate for her lack of experience. There were certain drugs which, taken internally, produced a secretion causing that weird reaction to certain hair-tints. The boss, being informed of this, was impressed.

"Gee! You're a wise kid. But where does that get us, huh?"

"I don't know. It doesn't say anything about how to get the green out."

"Then I'm through. She'll sue me. I know that kind." He put his head down on his desk and sobbed, the injured client meantime having relapsed into semi-hysterics and tooted herself forth from that place. He looked up. "Anyway, I'll fire that bum of a baroness."

"You wouldn't do that!"

"Why wouldn't I?"

"It isn't her fault."

But the Armenian-Swiss-Roumanian blood was seething. "Whaddya mean, it ain't her fault, huh? She gave the treatment, didn't she? Hey, you; Lipovv!"

The Russian, who had followed her client out seeking to appease her, returned.

"Get your pay."

Despair and submission marked the still face. She made no protest but stood staring somewhere past the furious little fat man into a blind future.

"And get outa here."

Connie's hand went out in protesting appeal. "Mr. Corss——" she began.

"Shuttup!" he squaled.

"Let be," whispered the Russian dolorously. "No need you should lose the job, too."

Tingling with rage, Connie followed her out. "What will you do?"

"I don't know." Her skin was twitching in a nervous reaction. "I'll try somewhere else. But I tried everywhere before I got in here." She gathered her things and walked out of the place like an automaton.

GOING into her booth, Connie, to her concern, found it empty. Her client had dressed hastily and departed. Four other treatments had been similarly abandoned and left unpaid. Evil portent. Gerstel Corss put on hat and gloves and went to see his lawyer. Connie was of a mind to have it out with him before he left, not only about his monstrous unfairness to Miss Lipovv but also as to his insult to herself. Never before had anyone told her to shut up. But as she started marshaling terms which should be at once dignified and injurious, the owlet caught her eye.

Silence was the counsel of that calm regard. Consuelo abandoned the tempting project.

In the morning the boss was not there. Neither was the normal run of custom. The girls sat about and talked in discouraged



☛ "You have dropped some money," said Consuelo. "Well, don't you want it?"

undertones. Connie had but one client, a rest-facial who tried to pump her on the event of the previous day, but the advisory eye of Ipsydoodle Smith's gift was stern upon her. She returned evasive answers. The disappointed patron left without tipping her.

Early in the afternoon grim catastrophe appeared, blazoned in a tabloid: "Greenish Hairs Among the Gold," it was headed with allusive facetiousness. The announced intent of the elderly Miss Prayfoot to sue the establishment for ten thousand dollars was of secondary damage as compared to the sure effect of the publication. Late in the afternoon Gers-tel Corss telephoned hysterically but to no definite import. He did not again appear. The shop struggled along for three days. On the fourth morning Connie found it closed and nobody there to furnish explanation to the rueful girls.

So she lost her first job. Subsequently she rescued from the ruins her costumes, implements and the stone counselor of silence, and in so doing gathered a grisly bit of news from one of her companions in ill luck.

"Hear about Lipovv?"

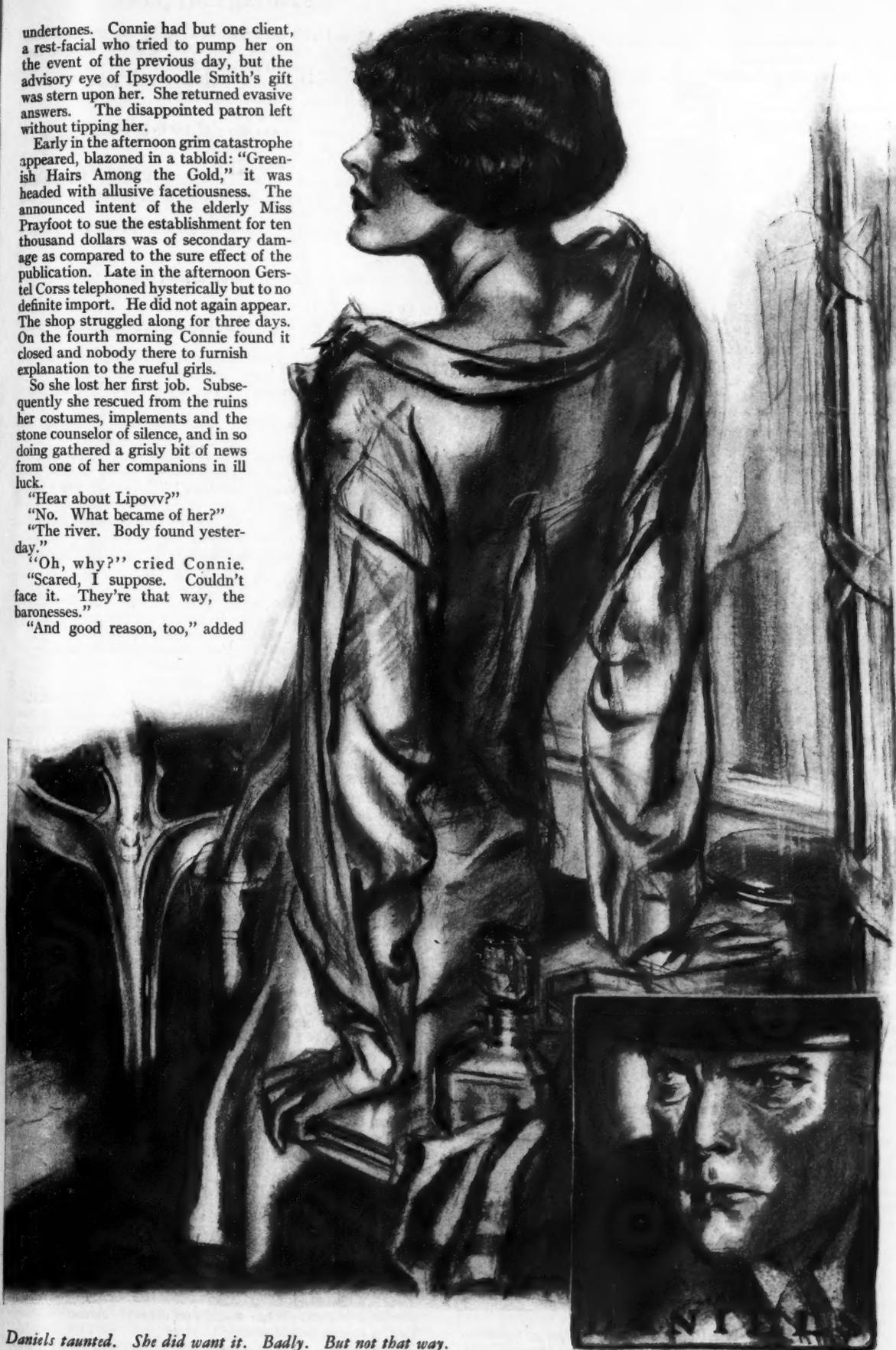
"No. What became of her?"

"The river. Body found yesterday."

"Oh, why?" cried Connie.

"Scared, I suppose. Couldn't face it. They're that way, the baronesses."

"And good reason, too," added



Daniels taunted. She did want it. Badly. But not that way.

another of the ex-employees. "It ain't so easy getting a place these days. Overcrowded."

A chill went through Consuelo's courage and shook it.

"Anyway, I'm no worse off than I was before," said Consuelo, lolling on Bob Roberts' front-room divan and trying to encourage herself.

Bob aided. "Better. You've had practical experience. There may be an opening at our shop. Bella's getting on the trail of big game; I can tell by her actions."

"Who's Bella?"

"Bella Poitiers, the shop beauty: You remember her. Oval-faced, dark girl. Creamy-dreamy type with an umptious figure."

Connie nodded. "Looks like a sleeping saint."

"Sleeping, yes; saint, not exactly," giggled Bob. "Her specialty is being handsomely looked after by some rich middle-aged gent to whom she is perfectly faithful while he lasts. Her last daddy ditched her something shameful when radio took its big flop."

"And she had to go back to work?"

"Don't know as she *had* to. Guess she wanted to. She says that loafing around, waiting for a man to come and carry you along, is no better than street-walking. It's a kind of self-respect, I guess."

"She must be a philosopher," smiled Connie.

"Try to tell her that and get a sock in the neck! She's got it all figured out that the kind of man she's after would be attracted to a girl that works more than to the ordinary kept-woman type. At that, she's probably right."

"She can't see many men at the Primavera, surely."

"That isn't the idea. Whether she sees 'em or not, she's kinda on display there. Almost like being a public character, like an actress, only not so much so. It's got its pull, that sorta thing. And every day of her life she lunches at Pierre's or the Park Lane or one of those very nifty places. Don't know where she dines. Automat, maybe. We thought at one time she was all set to land Waller Daniels."

"Does he take her out?"

"I should say not! Doesn't take anybody out, that China egg.

But he usually asks for her when he comes to the shop."

"Is he a hairy ape? He looks disagreeable enough."

"Not on your life! He's a rest-case. The treatments quiet his nerves and he likes Bella because she pulls the far-away and quiet bluff. She thought she was going to make him. Fat chance! He's very cagy about coming at all and generally oozes in the back way."

"That doesn't seem like what one hears about him."

"What do you know about him?" She answered herself.

"Oh, yes. He's your big sweetie's old man, isn't he?"

"Not my big sweetie," denied Connie. "I haven't had word or sign out of him since the night of the party at the Barn."

"I guess that puts you in mourning!"

"Cast aside like an outworn glove," sighed the girl elaborately. "Forgotten like—"

"Hold on, there! Somebody did call up a coupla days ago. Varvara got the message. Oh, Varv!"

The door opened. The Russian girl's controlled, calm face was turned to Connie in greeting. "Yes; there was a call. From Mr. Pontefract. He wished your address."

"Did you give it to him?"

"No; I did not."

"Why not?" From Bob.

"How could I know she would wish him to have it?"

That was the difference between those two. Bob would have given it.

Connie said, "Right! I don't."

"He had been to the Hotel Lavinia and could get no information there. He was quite sad about it. That young man," the

Russian commented with the wraith of a smile, "has got what you call a case. He said that you could leave word for him at the Barn." She glanced toward the telephone.

"Thank you. I don't think I'm calling up the Barn."

"No like?" said Bob. "More fool, you."

"I'm not in the fair Bella's line."

"Oh-oh? I thought he was too girl-shy to be rough."

"He wasn't rough. He was sweet."

"Then what's all the shootin' fer?"

"I was thinking more of the Barn than of Rowdy. Bob, what would you do if a man you'd just met made an open crack at you in the most natural manner in the world?"

"What kind of a crack? You mean, come-and-see-the-etchings-in-my-room?"

"Well, yes."

"I'd hand him a sock in the eye. Didn't you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. He was so perfectly matter-of-fact and—unfresh about it."

"They are like that, your American men. Sometimes. A type. And not the worst type," murmured the Russian.

Bob gave it a mental review. "You say it was one of the Barn outfit?"

"Yes. And rather a leading one. He was in charge of things."

"Oh, well; that's different. Those lads—you can't exactly blame them. They've got so much money, most of 'em, and things come their way so easy that they think they've got a right to anything they want and all they've got to do is ask for it. I suppose they figure it out about like this: here's a girl who attracts me; maybe I attract her; if not, no harm done. At that, they aren't so far wrong lots of times. Bella wouldn't have been jarred."

"Would she have gone?"

"That's something else again. Probably not, the first time. But she'd have had it in mind. In case of follow-up, you know. What did he do when, if and as you turned him down?"

"Nothing. Took it nicely. But why should he think that I—"

"Did he know that you work?"

"Of course. I was in uniform."

"Sure." Miss Roberts grinned. "He probably thought it was all wrong that a girl as pretty as you should have a job to cramp her style. He was giving you a chance to better yourself. But why should that make you pick on Rowdy?"

"I'm not. But he hasn't figured up to prospectus. He pretended he was just living to see me again when he got back. And he had a terrible time kissing me good night."

"All your fault, I'll bet. Don't you want to see him again?"

"Not specially."

"Better hang on to him, kid. Where'll you find as good a meal ticket?"

"That's what I don't like about it. What's he getting out of it?"

"Hey, girl! Let not thy conscience make a boob of thee. I'm going to call him up if you won't."

As Consuelo made no protest, her accomplice looked up the Barn and was presently beckoning her to the phone. Rowdy's eager voice said:

"Gee! I thought I'd lost you."

"Where have you been?"

He sounded embarrassed and evasive as he answered, "Oh, out of town. Can I come over and take you to dinner?"

"I'm not dressed."

"That's all right. We'll go to some quiet place."

The quiet place proved to be the retreat where he had taken her for cocktails before.

"Now, account for this neglect," ordered Consuelo. "It's been nearly a month."

"Exactly a month. Doesn't that give you a tip?"

"No."

"Do you really want to know where I've been?"

"Yes."

"In jail."

"You? Whatever for?"

"Reckless driving. What would you expect? Arson?"

"Isn't a month pretty severe?"

"Not in Jersey. It'd have been six (Continued on page 117)



The Romance
of a
Practical Man



Monsieur Grosjean took an impulsive step after Mademoiselle Lejeune. For once he had the envy to espouse a dowryless woman

Widow's Weeds

By Forrest Wilson

"**C**HUT!" cautioned the chief saleswoman of the Maison Grosjean in a sharp whisper. "There are some ones!" Monsieur Hippolyte Grosjean abruptly broke off the anecdote which he was at the moment relating to some of his staff, and turned. Although the hour was early, two clients had entered the shop. Instantly Monsieur Grosjean, by a feat of will and muscle, ironed from his little round good-humored face the unseemly creases of risibility which had temporarily unprofessionalized that visage, and thus put his countenance more in harmony with the black suit and respectful cravat—a black cravat with a shadow pattern of gray—by which he dramatized himself in his sad calling.

The clients, as Monsieur Grosjean could have discovered through the glass of the street door, had evidently descended from a taxicab drawn up to the curb behind a trim little motor delivery-van standing there—a van done entirely in lustrous black, except for the initial G, in chaste silver print, upon its side.

One standing on the sidewalk with his back to the van would, however, have seen something even blacker and more gleaming—the front of Monsieur Hippolyte Grosjean's shop itself. It was probably the most emphatically black-and-white store front in Paris. Except for door and windows, it was venerated completely in artificial onyx, glassily black as polished anthracite; while along the architrave above was graven in characters faced with startling silver-leaf the identification, "GROSJEAN—Mourning in 24 Hours."

In short, it was nothing else, this shop, than the business seat of the great Grosjean, that master of the design of widows' weeds, whose humanity to women—Parisian women—made countless thousands of them mourn, fetchingly.

The two who had entered the shop and interrupted Monsieur Grosjean's rather spicy narrative were ladies smartly but lilytingly gowned. The observation made Monsieur Grosjean unconsciously quicken his pace toward them. Ladies thus arrayed, if they proved to have need of Monsieur Grosjean's ministrations, demanded complete rehabilitation, from the skin out; whereas the customer in black would be seeking at most a change to demi-mourning, an affair that might involve only a dress and perhaps a hat or two

As Monsieur Grosjean approached he automatically put on his professional air of sympathy, an asset which had won him, perhaps, as much good-will as the merits of his merchandise. He was a plump little man with a smooth pink face and naturally arched eyebrows, which now, however, drew up into median points like circumflex accents, while the corners of his mouth turned down piously, giving him the look of one who was ready to burst into tears.

"Mesdames desire something?" he inquired in the hushed accents of elegant business.

The older of the two visitors suddenly dabbed her eyes with a handkerchief—one without the suspicion of a black edge. The younger spoke.

"One searches the trousseau of mourning, Monsieur."
"For some dear friend?" suggested Monsieur Grosjean delicately. "A mother, perhaps? A neighbor?"

"But no, Monsieur," replied the younger lady, mystified. "How could one imagine himself that?"

"The habitude," explained Monsieur Grosjean. "Habitually it is some friend or near parent who makes the effective commission for the mourning, while the immediately deprived rest at home. One can, you comprehend, send samples, fitters, *et cetera*."

"But no, but no, Monsieur," protested the younger woman. "You deceive yourself. My sister here, she is the deprived."

"My husband!" piped the elder thinly, under her handkerchief. "My poor François!"

Monsieur Grosjean had been regarding these new clients with increasing admiration. Blond they both were, pretty, and sufficiently young; and he could see the blood resemblance between them, especially in a certain enameled definiteness of line about their lips and chins.

Monsieur Grosjean sighed faintly. He had long yearned to have such a mouth and chin, framed in some such setting as were these, enthroned at his cash desk. One could rely upon such a mouth, when its loyalty was attached to one matrimonially, to guard well the big and little sous.

"Hélas!" came Monsieur Grosjean's comfort for the weeping relict of poor François. "But Madame, I pray you to remember

in this catastrophe that man, born of woman and living little of time, is surfeited of all sorts of miseries."

The lady stopped dabbing her eyes to give him a violet stare.

"Pardon, Monsieur. I do not understand."

"All simply, it is that I have cited from the Saint Bible, Madame," explained Monsieur Grosjean.

"But this is not a church, Monsieur."

"To furnish the costume of affliction, Madame, that is a commerce sufficiently solemn," maintained Monsieur Grosjean. "By consequence, to cite from the Saint Scripture is extremely in measure—extremely . . . and, of more, a consolation to the client."

"I do not find it so," said this particular client, with a slight shiver. "On the contrary, it makes me to have fear."

"But Mado," protested the younger sister, with a look of admiration for Monsieur Grosjean, "I esteem it well practical for Monsieur, who is without doubt a man of piety as well as of affairs, to impart his sageness to comfort the clientele. Me, I adore to hear from the Saint Bible."

Monsieur Grosjean noticed that her eyes were also violet.

"Eh, well," he broke into the debate, briskly businesslike, "one has not need at the moment to discuss that point. As mourning, now, Madame, what is it that you desire?"

"That is for you to say, Monsieur. Me, I have never mourned before."

"Is there," hinted Monsieur Grosjean, "to be very much of money?"

"For the trousseau, you wish to say, Monsieur?"

"Madame! Naturally, I refer only to the testament of the deceased."

"But Monsieur," the older client rebuked him, "is it that that regards you?"

"Only, Madame, to the extent that I must estimate the degree of the mourning," Monsieur Grosjean placated her.

"What does that wish to say?" demanded the lady.

"One does not pretend that it is a regulation," explained Monsieur Grosjean; "but by habitude one arranges the grandeur of the mourning to the sum named in the testament."

"Ah!" exclaimed the enlightened client. "My husband, Monsieur, has guarded well his economies."

"In that case," decided Monsieur Grosjean, "I suggest for the funeral itself a robe in black crêpe de Chine with floating panels from the shoulders in back. The bonnet ought to be made entirely from the veil, which, falling also, merges into an ensemble with the panels, forming an impression of dolor besides being excessively *chic*. As for Mademoiselle—it is Mademoiselle, is it not?"

The younger client dropped modest lashes over her eyes as she murmured assent.

"As for Mademoiselle," went on Monsieur Grosjean, "something—well, not more gay, but, let it be, less profound. For example, for the obsequies a neat effect in tailoring, with a hat carrying only a short veil in back—a hat from which later the veil can be lifted off, leaving all simply a smart creation for the street—a hat which, when one reaches the half-mourning, is even susceptible of being ornamented with white feathers. Very practical, you comprehend, Mademoiselle?"

"Ravishing!" trilled that lady.

"But the accessories," considered her sister—"the scarfs, the hand-bags, the handkerchiefs, the stockings, the artificial flowers—"

"I supply all," promised Monsieur Grosjean.

"Even shoes?"

"Except shoes," Monsieur Grosjean corrected himself.

"Underwear?" suggested the younger sister, with a faint blush.

"Ah, yes, Mademoiselle," decreed the master of doleful finery. "Very necessary to the complete mourning. One assumes, Mesdames, that you are now wearing lingerie in flesh or melon *nuances*, or even in green. Is it not? Mourning as it is necessary does not tolerate those shades. White, Mesdames; or at most, if one indulges the caprice, mauve . . ."

When the clients had made their selections and had been measured, Monsieur Grosjean made a calculation.

"Let us see," he reflected. "It is still the good hour—not yet ten. Well, one can promise a first fitting—at your house, Mesdames—at two this afternoon. The final fitting at seven this evening, and the trousseaux delivered at nine tomorrow morning. And there!"

"But Monsieur," came a dismayed protest from the elder client, whom Monsieur Grosjean now knew to be Madame Oudin, "one is not pressed."

"But yes, Madame," Monsieur Grosjean corrected her gently; "one is always pressed at such a crisis. The word of order in this house is to make expedition of trousseaux in twenty-four hours."

"One does not doubt it," commented Madame Oudin dryly.

"How?" asked Monsieur Grosjean suspiciously.

"At such funerals at which I have assisted, Monsieur," explained Madame Oudin, "the immediate mourning has appeared to be sufficiently badly fagoted."

"But naturally, Madame!" Monsieur Grosjean rose to the defense of his profession. "It is not the same thing as at a great dressmaker's, where one can take days and even weeks for the fabrication of a single robe."

"It is that!" cried the lady decisively. "I am not pressed, Monsieur."

"Madame wishes to say?"

"My husband is not yet dead."

"Not yet dead?" repeated Monsieur Grosjean, aghast.

Madame Oudin had again covered her violet eyes with her handkerchief. "*Hélas*, Monsieur, there is not of hope."

Monsieur Grosjean could not forbear patting her shoulder.

"Good courage, Madame. That destiny arrives to all. It is necessary that the chain of silver be ruptured, the string of gold retire itself, the pitcher shatter itself . . ."

The putative widow lifted the handkerchief and gazed at him reproachfully.

"Again from the Saint Bible, Monsieur?" she asked.

"Ah, yes, Madame. For the consolation."

"In this juncture, Monsieur, my nerves cannot support more of it."

"My pardon, Madame; one had forgotten your critical censure," apologized Monsieur Grosjean; then, hastily changing the subject: "There is available, therefore, one supposes, how much of time, Madame, to fabricate the trousseaux?"

"A question of days, Monsieur. Perhaps two weeks."

"So much as that?" exclaimed Monsieur Grosjean in some surprise.

"You mock yourself of me, Monsieur."

"But no, Madame," he protested. "It is not but that it is not ordinary—"

"Ah, yes, you mock yourself of me," insisted Madame Oudin. "Well, one does not expect the world to understand. But comprehend, Monsieur, my husband has always loved the world *chic*. Always he has regarded the *chic* woman. Always he has insisted that I have the *chic* robes, though not too expensive, you comprehend, Monsieur? Well, when he comes to be dead, Monsieur, what is it that I can do for him? Me, I love well my husband. Is it that I shall send him only the crown of flowers, like all the



Illustrations by
Oscar Frederick
Howard

world? But no, Monsieur. Me, I am his wife, well beloved. What else can I do but appear well habilitated when his funeral makes itself? And how can I do that if not I anticipate his obsequies by some days?"

Monsieur Grosjean listened to this speech, profoundly moved.

"Madame," he began in a choked voice, "accept my homages. Never in my experience have I encountered such sentiment, such devotion, such art. As a gesture of love, it is superb. Magnificent! Me, Madame, I am going to respond to such solicitude. I will make you the most *chic* of all Parisian widows."

"Monsieur!" protested the flattered client.

"I swear you," avowed the arbiter of mourning. "Madame, you have my promise. At last the world is going to see the full art of Hippolyte Grosjean. Two weeks of time? Madame, it is more than sufficient—it is too much. Your husband can die earlier, and it will be all by fact the same thing. Rest tranquil, Madame. When the obsequies hold themselves, all the world is going to regard you and say, 'O death! where is thy little needle? O grave! where is thy—'"

"Monsieur!" besought the prospective widow. "My nerves!"

Mademoiselle Claudine Lejeune, the younger of Monsieur Grosjean's new clients, was first to return for a fitting.

"How goes that poor Monsieur Oudin?" was Monsieur Grosjean's solicitous inquiry.

"Always badly," replied his client, giving him a clear look. "His state is without hope."

"So much the worse!" sighed Monsieur Grosjean, noticing how closely Mademoiselle Lejeune resembled her sister. There was that same mouth . . . and there could not have been more than two years' difference in their ages.

"The almond tree will flower, the grasshopper fatten himself, and the capers disperse themselves," continued Monsieur Grosjean sentimentally, and then stopped himself. "I demand pardon, Madame."

"But no, Monsieur," protested Mademoiselle Lejeune. "Useless. It is not me; it is my sister, at the moment distraught, you comprehend, who has misprized your citations. To me, Monsieur, it is always agreeable to hear from your erudition."

"Erudition, Madame? Ah, no. A question only of learning by heart several phrases of consolation."

"At least, Monsieur, it is not stupid in such a commerce as yours," was Mademoiselle Lejeune's admiring comment.

By adroit questioning Monsieur Grosjean managed to draw out from Mademoiselle Claudine something about the social and financial position of herself and her sister. The information was both encouraging and discouraging. The moribund Monsieur Oudin was, it seemed, the manager of a café. Most of the customers who entered the Maison Grosjean swam upon social orbits to which the little dressmaker would never have dared lift his eyes, but café people were well within his own sphere. On the other hand, there were many degrees of cafés in Paris . . .

"He has salaried himself well, your beautiful-brother, Monsieur Oudin?" inquired Monsieur Grosjean.



"Regard, my jewel," Monsieur Grosjean bade Claudine. "There is of the world. The day of man passes like the herb."

"Very," replied Mademoiselle Lejeune. "But it is a special thing, Monsieur. He is the delegated administrator for our demi-brother."

"The demi-brother of yourself and Madame Oudin?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"And that one is a man rich?"

"Monsieur! My demi-brother is proprietor of the Café Richelieu."

The Café Richelieu—that palatial resort on the Boulevards where at any time one might see a thousand clients drinking coffee and *apéritifs*! Even the delegated administrator of such a place would touch a salary that would explain the costliness of the dresses worn by Madame Oudin and her sister.

Eagerly Monsieur Grosjean pursued the trail. "He is married, your demi-brother?"

"He is widowed, Monsieur."

"But he has infants?"

"Not at all, Monsieur. In effect, we have a household for four—my beautiful-brother, my demi-brother, my sister and myself."

"Your demi-brother is more aged than you or your sister, Madame?"

"Very."

"Old, then?"

"Sufficiently. Not too much."

"Then he will live long-time yet?"

"One believes that, yes."

Monsieur Grosjean heaved a private sigh. There were points about this young woman which appealed to him. She was as blond and pretty as her sister and had every bit as good a financial mouth. Furthermore, she flattered him with her appreciation of his Scriptural quotations.

Monsieur Grosjean held a modest but (Continued on page 159)



Photograph by Hal Phylis

Helen Rowland (Mrs. Frederick Kinney Noyes) has made thousands of readers smile by her "Sayings of Mrs. Solomon" and "Meditations of a Wife." She is the author, also, of "This Married Life."

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I WISH I WERE a MAN

By Helen Rowland

THESE are times when I almost wish that I had been cradled in a blue bassinet instead of a pink one, and that Mother had not prayed so hard for a girl—times when I'm ashamed to look a good feminist in the eye, because I secretly wish that I'd been born a boy!

Father wanted a boy—but Mother always did have her way. She wanted something to tie hair-ribbons on—and I was "it."

Not that I have the slightest desire to hold down the average man's job; or to smoke a pipe, or to be President of the United States; or to be elected to carry the luggage, stoke the furnace, put on the new tire or run the lawn-mower. I wouldn't rob a man of his sacred "rights" for the world! I don't even yearn for his privileges—if he has any left except his seat in the smoking-car.

Least of all do I envy a man his clothes. Certainly, not since I tried wearing knickerbockers and pajamas! Next to an old-fashioned mustard plaster, there is nothing hotter, stickier or more annoying on a warm August day than a pair of knickerbockers. And, next to a bad conscience, there is nothing so conducive to insomnia as a pair of pajamas, which strangle your solar plexus and give you Welsh-rabbit dreams, even on a milk-toast-and-lettuce diet. Give me my wild, free sport skirts, my soothing, tender silk stockings and my crêpe de Chine lullaby gown. The much-ballyhooded comfort and utility of men's clothes is all a myth!

No! What I envy a man is his God-given masculine traits, his fortunate temperament and characteristics. The qualities of mind, spirit and ego which make him Nature's Pet! That's where man transcends and outstrips woman, today, yesterday and forever. That's where he always has managed and always will manage to get all the good breaks in life, from Genesis down to the last trumpet!

For instance, there is his unquenchable optimism. His boyish love of adventure! One reason why men stay young longer than women is because the average man's life is one long, sweet, fascinating adventure.

That light you see in his eyes as he steps out of the front door in the morning is the eager light of expectation, the hopeful look of the adventurer on the trail of new "game," facing a new struggle, anticipating a new thrill. To the average woman, life is apt to be just one busy day after another, one dull day after another, or one placidly pleasant day after another. But to a man, every day is Christmas Eve, every business deal a brand-new battle of wits and every woman a brand-new experiment.

When a woman feels seedy and run-down, she rushes to the doctor, takes up a new diet and goes in for a new beauty treatment.

But when a man feels saggy, he goes out and looks for a new adventure—and gets twice the effect with half the effort. A woman is always sighing for her beautiful, lost yesterdays—but the only day of which a man dreams is "tomorrow." No matter how hard it is raining, today, he can always see a bright sunrise ahead of him, tomorrow!

A man may die sooner than a woman—but he lives while he lives! He never stagnates, withers, or dries up. To him, life,

MAN is Nature's Pet, today, yesterday and forever! And every woman knows it!

ONE reason why men stay young longer than women is because the average man's life is one long, sweet, fascinating adventure.

TO A man, every day is Christmas Eve, every business deal a brand-new battle of wits and every woman a brand-new experiment.

NO MAN ever doubts that he can win a woman's love—any woman's if he cares to—or ever fears that he may lose it, no matter what he may do. The only thing that worries him is whether he wants her to love him or not.

A MAN has the most accommodating trick-action memory in the world. It never reminds him of life's little unpleasantnesses and duties—and never lets him forget its triumphs and promises.

A MAN may die sooner than a woman—but he lives while he lives!

love and the world are an unexplored country—and he is the great adventurer!

Then, there is his play-boy spirit. Every man is a play-boy, at heart. A man makes a game of his work. But a woman can't even enjoy a game unless she makes work of it. That's another secret of woman's premature gray hairs and worry wrinkles.

She can't be happy unless she's serious. She can't even enjoy a play unless it makes her cry, or a novel unless she knows how it's going to turn out, or a love-affair unless she knows just where it's leading. She can't be contented with the best man in the world unless he gives her something to worry about—even if it's only his digestion.

But to a man, all life is just a game! Whether he's playing at golf, politics, stocks or love-making, a man always plays just for the sheer joy of playing. If things go wrong, it merely increases his zest and excitement. But a woman always plays to

win; and if things go wrong, it wrings her heart and shatters her nerves.

That's why most men keep their looks and their spirit of youth so much longer than most women. Until a woman learns how to play, she never will learn the real secret of youth. For eternal youth is undying zest in the Great Gamble called Life.

And then, there is man's sweet, sublime self-confidence. His imperturbable self-complacency. Oh, for just a few drops of it! It is harder to find a man with a genuine inferiority complex than it is to find a débutante with a genuine complexion.

No man ever doubts that he can win a woman's love—any woman's if he cares to—or ever fears that he may lose it, no matter what he may do. The only thing that worries him is whether he wants her love or not. No matter what he may see when he looks in his mirror, he is always secretly convinced that there is something about him—*je ne sais quoi*—that is irresistible to women.

DO you ever hear of a man lying awake nights wondering whether or not he had made a hit with a woman; or whether or not she would call him up, next morning; or what he should wear, say or do, to attract her, if she did call him up? Not he! No matter how plain and commonp'ace a man may be, he is never surprised when a fascinating woman falls for him. Why should he be? Hasn't he that irresistible *je ne sais quoi*?

Oh, it's a gift straight from Heaven—this sublime masculine self-confidence! It is a charm that keeps him free from all inhibitions, jealousy, self-consciousness, anxiety and insomnia. That is why more men than women have what Elinor Glyn calls "It." They are less self-conscious!

Most men have somehow got the idea that just being a man is an irresistible charm in itself—like being a blonde or a prize Pekingese or a brand-new baby. And that thought alone sustains their *amour propre* and makes them totally unself-conscious.

A woman is always worrying about her figure, fussing with her hair and dabbing at her lips with a lip-stick. But it never occurs to a man to wonder if his new cravat is becoming, or if his nose is shiny, or if his line is entertaining. The only question in his mind is whether or not the girl (Continued on page 152)

Q *The Crime at* ueer Creek

By Irvin S. Cobb

CONNORS, if that was his name, rode easily. He rode in front, breaking trail. The city man, Bauer, was much the lighter man of the two but he slumped in the saddle, a dead weight, punishing himself, punishing the tired mare under him. The pack-pony, which was half hidden beneath its load of shabby dunnage, stumbled along behind him. That was all there was of the cavalcade.

They went down a steep draw and up a steep grade at its outlet and then were on a small table-land. Looking back, they could see a narrowed vista of the desert they had crossed. Looking ahead, they could see the foot-hills rising from the farther edge of this little plateau and, on beyond the foot-hills, could see also the first of the real mountains. Mainly they looked ahead; they were going in that direction, which was west.

They clumped along over the flat, and pretty soon were nearing some jack-pines. The alkali dust was gone now. It had gone all of a sudden. The sage-brush and the junipers were thinning out. There was grass under the horses' worn feet. There were beginning to be clumps of dwarf manzanita and bush-willow.

Connors checked his fatigued mount. He spoke to himself rather than to his companion. He said:

"Unless that there nester I talked to yistiddy was wrong about it, we oughter be strikin' that creek along about now. Yonder's that scald-face peak he told me about and this here must natchelly be the mesa that he said was right here. Unless he was all wrong it can't be more'n a coupler miles more till we hit runnin' water."

He jerked his horse's bent head out of the herbage and the procession straggled on and entered the pines, winding in and out between their slender tight-ranked trunks but, largely by trained instinct on Connors' part, holding to a reasonably direct course. Within ten minutes they issued from the stunted fringe into an opening, a sort of tiny natural park.

The creek they sought curved along two flanks of the meadow, making a sharp bend here. In the East it would have been called a river, for it was swift and it was good and wide—forty to sixty feet wide—and that dry-farmer of yesterday had told them it was over a hundred miles long. But out here it was a creek. The sight of it was grateful to them and the sound of it, too.

The three plugs had been sniffing and snorting for some little time. They had one advantage over their owners. They could



"See ef you got the gumption to git the duffel off that pony," said Connors. Bauer set to work, every awkward movement betraying him the novice.

smell sweet water at a distance.

Now they quit their single-file formation and ran at a shambling gallop to bury their muzzles in the tumbling stream and flood their famished throats. Bauer was almost shaken off the mare. He cursed her viciously and struck at her and clung to the high pommel. He was no horseman.

"We'll camp here," said Connors when the beasts had drunk their fill. "We'll camp here tonight and stay here part of tomorrow restin' up these here cayuses, and then we'll make fur the pass and git on over to the fur side of the range. We gotta rest 'em up a little. They're plum' played out."

His tone, which had been authoritative, became contemptuous. He said to Bauer:

"See ef you got the gumption to git the duffel off that pony and the saddles off them other two and throw 'em loose to graze. You can't pack nothin'; you done proved that. But maybe you *have* got sense enough to unpack. And after that see ef you know enough to rastle up a little dead wood and start a fire so's I kin cook somethin'. And then you kin git the bed-rolls spread down. I ain't keerin' where you spread yours, but you'd better see to it that mine are spread on a nice soft place."

"And while I'm doing all that, what'll you be doing?" demanded Bauer, but there was no force in his demand. This was one time when he was too spent even to quarrel.

"Me?" Connors laughed that high whinnying laugh of his that was so hateful a sound to hear. "Whut'll I be doin'? Why, bo, I'll be stretched out under a tree easin' myself and figgerin'

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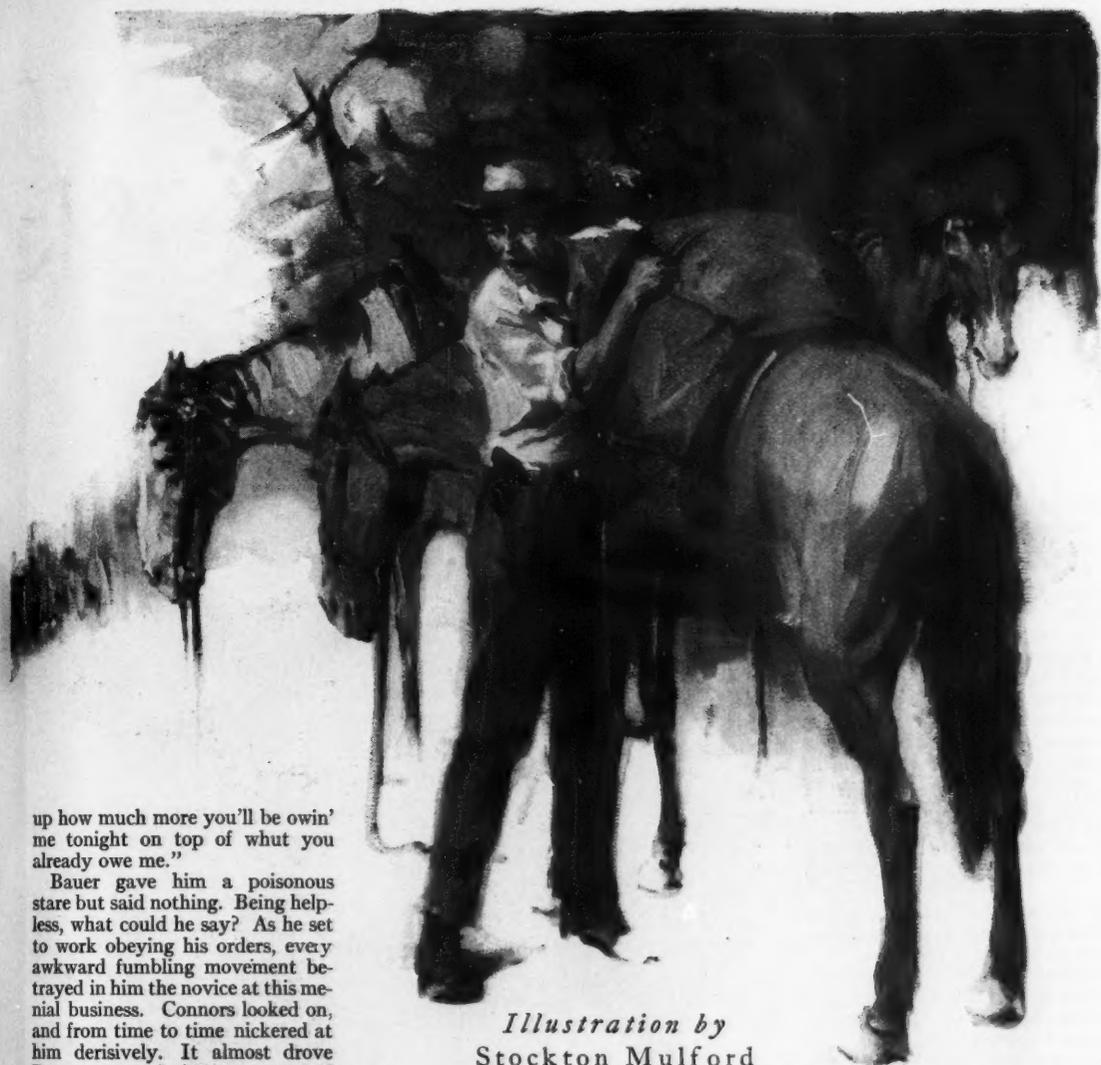


Illustration by
Stockton Mulford

up how much more you'll be owin' me tonight on top of what you already owe me."

Bauer gave him a poisonous stare but said nothing. Being helpless, what could he say? As he set to work obeying his orders, every awkward fumbling movement betrayed in him the novice at this menial business. Connors looked on, and from time to time nickered at him derisively. It almost drove Bauer crazy. As a matter of fact, it was driving him desperate.

The partnership between these two travel-grimed wayfarers was an enforced companionship. They shared a common danger and that literally was the only bond between them. Briefly, the connection was this:

Bauer, a Chicago product, was a common thief but a fairly versatile one. He had been a gangster, a hijacker, a racketeer, a yeggman of sorts. He had been where killings were done, but to date had killed no one. Bauer was his right name; he had an alias or two. He was going under the name of Bowman at present.

HE HAD to get out of Chicago on account of the enmity of a more powerful gang than the gang with which he customarily affiliated. A dispute over beer-running privileges had led to an open break, and Bauer presently was listed with a number of young men who were scheduled to be wiped out. He passionately desired not to be wiped out. So he took time by the forelock and a fast train for the West. Once started in that direction, he kept on going until he reached Spokane.

His cash was running low when he fell in with Connors, an ex-ranch hand, gone the whole route wrong. Through Connors he met Mattingly, a petty gambler and a former railroad brakeman who aspired to be a crook. They would meet at a pool-room and colleague together.

For Connors, the sinister personality of the slim and dapper Bauer had a fascination. Connors was not slim, neither was he dapper. He liked to listen to Bauer's accounts of life in the city with its code of underworld ethics, which were so different from any he knew. This was at the beginning. Afterwards there was to be a change of heart.

It was Connors' idea that the three of them should team up. He knew of a plum ripe for the picking—a prosperous country

bank in a small town not very far from the Nevada-Oregon line. He had the notion that it might be a good thing to go down there and hold up this bank.

They did go down there and they held up the bank and tied up the paying-teller and a clerk and got away with upwards of eighteen thousand dollars in a tidy little leather sack. But coming out of the bank on the way to their automobile, they bumped into the chief of police of the town and it seemed expedient for Connors and Mattingly to shoot him. They did shoot him, not once but several times.

As he went down on one elbow he got his own gun into action and his first bullet bored Mattingly through the skull, and that person leaned up against the side of the bank building and died there with a look of almost comic astonishment on his face. But the chief's next two shots went wild and he passed out on the sidewalk before he could pull on his fourth cartridge.

In the car, Connors and Bauer made their getaway with the eighteen thousand. The sparsely settled country rose behind them; likewise it rose before them and all about them; the chief had been a well-liked man and prominent in county politics. They circled around communities and they outran one posse and by rare luck dodged two more. For forty-eight hours they drove day and night, spelling each other at the wheel. They crossed their own track and recrossed it, doubling back and forth to confuse the chase. They abandoned their car and stole another, and in this second car, traveling west by north, they got through a cordon too thinly patrolled and reached an area where settlements were few and far apart. They were on the border line of exhaustion, but they kept on.

It was on Connors' suggestion that finally they tried a desperate but, as it developed, a successful expedient. Representing themselves to be Oregon deputies (Continued on page 155)

The Lover of h

A Romance at Windsor in the Days of Good Queen Victoria

AUNT KATE is dead now—with other women who were lovely in her time—but the other day when I went to Windsor Castle, among a group of American tourists who were being shown over the State Apartments, I thought of her, not as I remembered her in her old age, rather sharp-tongued and a little querulous now and then, but as she must have been as a young girl, before I was born, when she had her love-affair here at the castle while she was in attendance on the Queen . . . She told me the story—with little variations—so often when I was a boy that I could correct her if she left out certain details which I found rather thrilling.

"Tell me how you felt when John Brown found you in the forest with the young officer."

"Terrified, my dear! I nearly swooned in William's arms. You have no idea how frightened we all were of John Brown, who was nothing but a servant—an ignorant Scotsman, fond of whisky, but very rude and tyrannical with everyone. He used to speak in the bluntest way even to the Queen, and perhaps that is why she trusted him so much. Of course I knew he would tell tales about me—the wretch!"

"Well, I must say you were rather daring for a Victorian young person!"

So I used to say at this stage of the story, liking to see the laughter in her eyes and to hear her defense.

"Oh, we weren't such timid mice as people make out nowadays. Youth is the same in all ages, I think. And love makes one very rash, my dear. You'll find out one day."

Love made Aunt Kate very rash for a young girl—nineteen then—who lived in Windsor Castle at a time when the Queen's widowhood, and her very severe principles of propriety and etiquette, and the awe which her presence inspired in all her subjects made her Court rather less cheerful than it might have been for those in personal attendance on her.

But before Aunt Kate was made rash by love she suffered agonies of timidity and fright in the presence of the Queen's estimable ladies—some of them very charming and tender, no doubt—who were shocked sometimes by her gaiety and lack of decorum, which made her forget now and then the demureness which was expected of young girls. There was a dreadful scene one day when she giggled in the presence of Majesty. It was ever such a little giggle, suppressed in a lace handkerchief, but it caught the ear of the Queen, who looked startled and desired to know the cause of this mirth.

"If you please, Ma'am," said Aunt Kate, dropping a deep curtsy and wishing the floor might open and swallow her up, "one of my buttons has fallen off."

It was the little white button of an undergarment which lay there on the carpet, looking most ridiculous and very lonely. She had felt it go before it slipped beneath her petticoat and made that giggle irresistible to a young woman with a sense of humor.



Illustrations by
Rose O'Neill

There was a terrible silence among the ladies in waiting which seemed to last for an hour, but was perhaps no more than a second, before the Queen spoke.

"Not a very nice joke," said the Queen. "If any gentleman had been present it would have been most immodest. You had better go to your own room, Kate."

Aunt Kate dropped another curtsy, in one of those hooped dresses of sprigged muslin which billowed about the ladies of that time. It was always difficult to walk backwards out of the presence of the Queen, but that day it was a dreadful ordeal after this severe rebuke, when she was conscious of the royal displeasure reflected upon the faces of the ladies in waiting. What made it worse was that horrible little button which she had to leave behind her as a visible symbol of disgrace.

Up in her bedroom in the Round Tower, which looked over the turrets and red roofs and battlemented walls of the old castle and away to the massed foliage of Windsor Great Forest, she wept bitterly on her bed with a pillow stuffed in her mouth. To be reproached by the Queen in the presence of her ladies was the most terrible thing that could happen to anyone—worse than death, as it seemed to Aunt Kate . . .

Not quite so bad as that, really, because life had compensations for a pretty maid to whom everybody was kind. Even the

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her **D** By Sir Philip Gibbs reams



William grasped Aunt Kate and kissed her with ardor. Suddenly John Brown stood before them. "This is a pretty sight," said he. "It will be my duty to inform the Queen."

sentries smiled under their heavy busbies when she passed them beneath the gates, and the Military Knights of Windsor—old gentlemen pensioned after serving Queen and Country in many little wars that are now forgotten—stared after her with a kind of tender wistfulness, as though remembering love and youth, and the servants of the royal household went out of their way to be helpful and friendly, which was not their custom with some ladies of high rank who hardly treated them as human beings.

"Beauty is a great gift," said Aunt Kate, years afterwards when she was an old woman. "I was a pretty creature in those days, my dear, though you wouldn't think so now. Men liked the look of me, and I was glad to know it."

Beneath their demureness and their modesty those Victorian young women knew the meaning of sex appeal, though such words would have shocked them, profoundly.

Among the men who liked the look of her was the Very Reverend Archibald Langport—Canon Residentiary of Windsor—who

lived in the Horseshoe Cloisters before he became a bishop, owing to the Queen's admiration of his sermons (which Aunt Kate thought very dull and tedious) and her high opinion of his spiritual worth. He was at that time a man of about forty-eight which was nearly thirty years older than Aunt Kate, so that she looked upon him as quite an old gentleman, or at least elderly, and was not alarmed by any secret timidity when he stopped to talk to her if she met him on the terrace, and even whispered to her and smiled and made little jokes in St. George's Chapel between the services, when sometimes she slipped into that place of beauty to say a little prayer—rather vague and sentimental, no doubt—or to escape from one of the old ladies with their sharp eyes for any "girlish nonsense," as they were pleased to call her high spirits.

She never imagined that the Very Reverend Archibald Langport, this tall, stout, pleasant-looking gentleman, in clerical clothes and black silk stockings which seemed to set him apart from worldly men of the ordinary human kind, should have fallen in love with one of the Queen's maids who was nothing but the daughter of a Queen's messenger—a respectable but not exalted office—when he might have chosen a lady of high rank (they all adored him) more suitable to his dignity and age.

"It never entered my head," said Aunt Kate. "Even now it seems too ridiculous."

Doubtless Canon Langport had an eye for beauty which in some minds is above all considerations of rank. It seems to me likely that Aunt Kate in her young girlhood was a refreshing contrast to some of the elderly dames who surrounded the Queen, and that her youth, her gaiety, the roselike freshness of her maidenhood, her habit of rippling into quick laughter at any little joke, was alluring to the soul of a canon who had remained a bachelor until forty-eight and lived in the atmosphere of Windsor Castle, where the Queen's widowhood and the spirit of the age and all the heavy etiquette of the Court were rather blighting in their influence.

He asked her to tea many times in the Horseshoe Cloisters where his mother worked away at an interminable piece of tapestry while he showed Aunt Kate engravings he had brought back from Italy and other wonderful places, or told amusing stories of his life as an undergraduate of Oxford.

Rather daring stories they seemed at that time. Stories of being "sconced" for quoting Latin tags in hall, stories of "raggings" and other adventures of youth which caused Mrs. Langport to rebuke her son nervously.

"My dear Archibald! Do you think it is quite right to tell such tales to a young lady? Is it quite dignified?"

"Youth will be youth," said the canon breezily. "Miss Kate doesn't want me to preach

sermons to her over the tea-table. She has quite enough of them on Sunday."

That was true, though Aunt Kate, being a well-mannered young woman, denied that she was ever tired of his sermons.

"A white lie, my dear," she told me. "We were taught to be polite in those days. Sometimes this modern truth-telling is nothing but rudeness."

That afternoon, she remembered, he squeezed her hand rather hard when he strolled back with her to the Lower Ward before going to even-song in the chapel. She was conscious of this tender pressure of his hand, but even then did not suspect any amorous feeling on the part of a man more than old enough to



“If you please, Ma’am,” said Aunt Kate, “one of my buttons has

her father. "How kind he is!" she thought. "How good every-
one is to me! How ungrateful I am to find life so dull here."

On the very next afternoon she went to tea with him again in
answer to a note he sent up by one of the choir-boys of
St. George's Chapel. He said he had something of "particular im-
portance" to tell her and would be extremely obliged if she would
favor him by taking tea at the usual hour of four o'clock.

Even then she did not guess what that thing of "particular
importance" might be. Her conscience pricked her. She thought
that some of her naughtiness might have been reported to him
by one of the old ladies, and he had been deputed to lecture her
on moral sensibilities and the decorum of young gentlemen.

Only the night before she had got into trouble with the Mistress
of the Robes—"that old wretch!" said Aunt Kate—for a pillow
fight with two of the maids of honor. They had been caught in
their nightgowns and in the midst of a scrimmage in which Aunt
Kate was getting all the best of it, as she afterwards boasted.
Then the Mistress of the Robes had appeared, with her hair in curl
papers, looking like Cassandra or some tragic lady of antiquity.

"Disgraceful," she said in a sepulchral voice. "Where is your
modesty, young ladies? How dare you behave so, with such a
shocking lack of decency and respect? It will be my duty to tell
the Queen."

At this dreadful threat Lady Margery, (Continued on page 128)



fallen off." "If any gentleman had been present," said the Queen, "it would have been most immodest."

By *S. S. Van Dine* who wrote "The Canary Murder Case"

IN 1924 and 1925 Vienna was the scene of two sensational and nationally famous murder trials which are still the subject of heated discussions, learned and otherwise, in the daily press, in conversation, and even in standard works on criminal psychology.

The Vienna that we encounter here is not the romantic *Kaiserstadt* of Johann Strauss and Schnitzler, of *süsse Müdel* and *Schlagobers*, but a post-war milieu of sordid and almost grotesque ugliness—a veritable witches' caldron—worthy of the brush of a Goya or the pen of a Gorki.

The three chief actors in the melodrama are two old charwomen and a worthless youth of nineteen; and the supernumeraries comprise an almost endless procession of caretakers, dog-catchers, scavengers, midwives, peddlers, fortune-tellers, scullions, house-maids and loafers. But, withal, few murder cases in criminal history have contained so many diverse and amazing elements.

Marie Eberl, the victim of the tragedy, was born in the old Austrian province of Bohemia in 1857. After the death of her husband, a postman, she received a small pension to which she added, from time to time, by working as charwoman. In 1922 she was employed at the Rudolfsspital, a state hospital, where she met a compatriot, Franziska Pruscha, born in Lassenitz, in Bohemia, in 1870.

The two at once became boon companions. When both were discharged at the end of the year, Pruscha helped her friend secure a small indemnity and also obtained for herself 1,500,000 kronen (about \$22). Being a war widow, Pruscha received a small army pension which she, like Eberl, eked out with occasional odd jobs.

Eberl, at the time our chronicle opens, occupied a small apartment at 26 Kölblgasse, consisting of a bedroom and a kitchen, and she followed the thrifty habit of taking in boarders who slept on the two spare beds in her room.

Early in 1923 we find two rascally youths from Thuringia, one of whom was named Bachmann, partaking of her meager hospitality. The old woman, who was a pronounced nymphomaniac, was being systematically robbed by these young scoundrels; and a few months later they disappeared with her jewelry and all the money they could lay their hands on.

On December 31st, 1923, a young man named Ernst Meiche called on Eberl. He introduced himself as a friend of Bachmann, who, he said, had given him the key to the apartment and advised

him to seek lodgings there. Eberl was not at first enthusiastic—her memories of Bachmann were far from roseate—but at length she agreed to accommodate the stranger for 30,000 kronen (about forty-five cents) a week.

Meiche, who was nineteen years old, was the son of a small butcher in Rudolstadt, Bavaria, and, as developed later, had run away from home. He described himself to all interested parties as a student, though he was noticeably reticent on the exact details of his academic pursuits. But, whatever his studious hobbies, he very soon proved himself a worthy successor to his absent friend Bachmann.

His room rent was never paid, and he contented himself with living on his landlady's bounty, which transcended mere food and shelter and extended to actual monetary donations. A month after his installation Eberl received a back pension of 4,800,000 kronen (about \$70); and Meiche "borrowed" 1,100,000 kronen of it, for which he signed an IOU for 1,500,000 kronen, the difference being, as he magnanimously explained, for unpaid board and lodging.

At about this time Pruscha, who lived a few blocks away at 22a Klimschgasse, became a daily caller at Eberl's modest establishment. Often she spent the night there—a social practise in which she had not heretofore indulged. The cynic might have concluded that these protracted nocturnal visits were not entirely attributable to Eberl's attractions; and there can be little doubt that she had begun to fancy herself a rival for Meiche's affections.

Subsequently, however, she indignantly repudiated any such disloyal attitude. Indeed, she virtuously declared that on more than one occasion she had reproached the young scallawag for his shocking ill-treatment of Eberl. But she did admit, under pressure, that she took certain steps—wholly in the spirit of charity—to test the youth's fidelity to her dear friend.

How far she went in these altruistic endeavors is not definitely known; but the unescapable inference is that she considerably overstepped the bounds of mid-Victorian propriety.

But Eberl, it seems, was unappreciative of Pruscha's sacrifices, for the neighbors were frequently disturbed by violent quarrels between the two. Unfortunately, the quarrels were couched in Czech, and their spicy details were lost to the listeners.

On March 3rd, 1924, Meiche—who, it appears, was something

A MURDER in a Witches' Caldron

of a gay dog—bade his landlady good evening at about six-forty-five P.M., and fared forth to indulge his spirits at a masked ball in the company of a young married woman, Hildegard Traunfellner.

Eberl and Pruscha were left alone in the apartment. Possibly they condoled with each other on the fickleness of man. Or it may be they locked horns over the departed object of their joint affections. Several neighbors testified later that the two old cronies had a violent fracas—again unfortunately in Czech. Pruscha, however, insisted that she took leave of Eberl a few minutes after Meiche's departure. Also she denied having quarreled with Eberl either in Czech or any other language. And two trials failed to disprove these assertions.

The next authentic development bore the hour of three-thirty A.M. At this time Meiche, in a state of great excitement, roused Ustochal, the caretaker, and various tenants of the house, with the startling news that Eberl was dead.

HE HAD, he said, just returned from the ball, and had found his landlady in bed, lying flat on her back, her face covered with blood. The caretaker, after verifying the body's condition, straightway sent him to notify the police, who, incidentally, took no cognizance of the case until twelve hours later.

Meiche then went post-haste to a Doctor Eduard Dubsy, who previously had attended Eberl, and informed him of his patient's demise. But Doctor Dubsy did not arrive on the scene until seven A.M.

After notifying the doctor, Meiche spent two hours in slumber on the couch of a neighbor named Emilie Bezniak, and returned to the Eberl apartment at six A.M. Various quidnuncs were gathered gloatingly in the death room, and two of them subsequently testified that Meiche "did something at the head of the bed," but admitted they did not observe what it was.

At six-thirty A.M. Meiche went to Pruscha with his grim information. His report to her is not without interest. He told her that Eberl had died of an apoplectic stroke and had bled profusely from the nose and mouth. Pruscha, according to Meiche, was not exactly stunned by the news. Indeed, he said, she took it with marked philosophic calm, almost as if she had been expecting it. But whatever her true emotions may have been, her first reaction was a highly practical one, for she at once advised Meiche to destroy his IOU, and told him where he could find it in Eberl's sideboard.

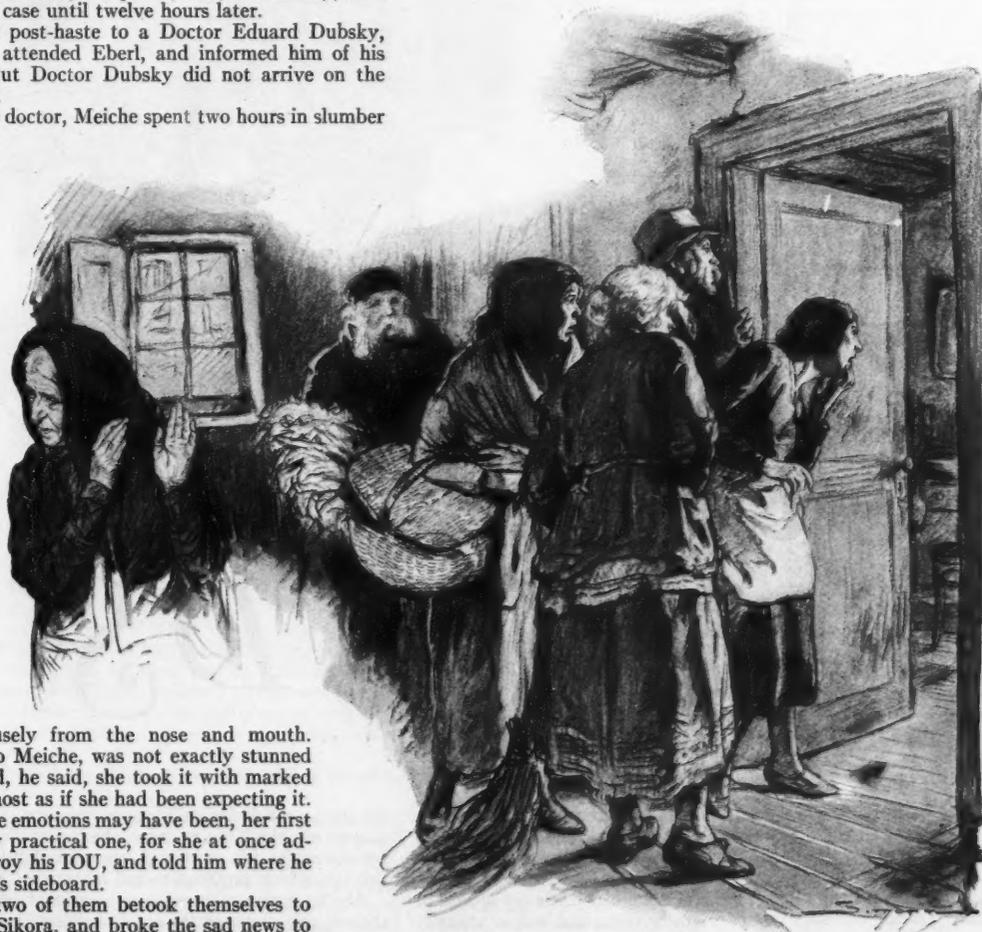
A little later the two of them betook themselves to Eberl's niece, Marie Sikora, and broke the sad news to her. Meiche then went for a stroll in the Stadt-Park with

the fair Hildegard of the ball; and Pruscha, having fulfilled her mission of informing Sikora of her aunt's death, sought out one of her old cronies, Gabriele Dunst, and had a long discussion, the details of which are still wrapped in obscurity.

IN THE meantime Doctor Dubsy arrived at the scene of the tragedy. He found the door open and the apartment deserted. For months he had treated Eberl for a slight fatty degeneration of the heart, and when he beheld her dead in bed he saw no good reason to inspect the body. It seemed to him quite obvious that she had died of dilatation of the heart.

Whether this casual decision was due to an overconfidence in his diagnostic ability or to the fact that he was still slightly hazy with sleep, was not brought out at the trial. The fact remains that, with a cursory and somewhat distant glance at the corpse, he returned to his office—or perhaps his bedroom—and issued a death certificate giving apoplexy as the cause of dissolution.

Between Doctor Dubsy's fleeting visit at seven A.M. and two P.M. of the same day nothing apparently (Continued on page 140)



A Romance as Colorful

as the Country
Columbus Discovered

The Story So Far:

ABOARD three caravels that set sail from Palos one morning in 1492, was a motley crowd of men who had embarked upon the voyage of discovery for a variety of reasons:

The Admiral, Don Cristobal Colón, had visions of great wealth and power awaiting him in the lands of the Grand Khan whither he believed his party to be bound. Martin Alonso Pinzon, his brother and sons, dreamed of fresh conquests for Spain. Pedro de Terreros, master-at-table, was intent upon bettering his position . . . Perhaps among them all only Garvey, the Irishman, sought adventure for its own sake.

Among the crew, in the humble capacity of "broom-boy" was Fernando Cuevas of Andujar. He had fled Spain with his sweetheart, the Jewess Lucero Cohen, who, disguised as a boy and known as Fernando's brother, was now Don Cristobal's personal servant.

Behind their elopement lay both the royal decree of exile for unconverted Jews and—unknown to them—the efforts of Doctor Acosta of Cordoba to protect the daughter born of his youthful infatuation for the wife of Rabbi Isaac Cohen. Acosta had sent the ex-royal butler Gonzalez to the Cohen home as his emissary—and Gonzalez had coveted the girl for himself. Lucero having disappeared, he was bent upon the capture of the lovers.

Now at last Lucero felt herself free from fear of Gonzalez and the Law. Then she was called to serve luncheon at the Admiral's table, and among his guests recognized Gonzalez himself!



UNKNOWN LANDS

FOR Fernando Cuevas, broom-boy, the first hours at sea had all the delights of novelty. Back and forth he went from one side of the ship to the other, instinctively arching his legs, digging into the deck with his toes, to keep his body in rhythm with the rolling of the vessel under its heavy spread of sail. During the days just previous he often had looked uneasily forward to the completely new life that was to begin for him. Now, with this cool salt breeze in his nostrils, with the spectacle of

the two caravels before his eyes, speeding forward with all their canvas set, the Niña near by, the faster Pinta far in the lead of her sisters, he felt as though one violent pull had lifted him in a few hours from boyhood to full maturity.

At the moment there were no urgent chores—the decks still showed the effects of the scrubbing they had been given late the night before. From the forecabin, or walking about among the groups of sailors sprawled on the deck amidships, he would look

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Illustrations by
Walt Louderback

By
*B*lasco
*I*bañez

Some of the louder talkers began thinking of killing the captain, throwing his body overboard and going back to look for the islands they had left behind.

up to the lofty castle aft, where the captain-general was quartered with all those attached to his personal service. His one desire was to see Lucero, and he did catch frequent glimpses of her; for the girl, in executing her orders as valet, was often passing from one cabin to another to assemble and unpack the belongings of her master.

Noontime came on, and the different boys had to sing out their call "To table!"

Fernando ate with the others of his class after the sailors and apprentices had finished. "Brooms" who had been on other voyages tried to impress the green hands with tales of keel-haulings, of lashings, of imprisonments in the dark without food, and of all the other forms of discipline that weighed upon those at the bottom of the social ladder on board. But the splendor of the day seemed to take the horror from these blood-curdling narratives of life at sea, leaving a mood of gaiety and good will.

pearing again. What surprised him, vaguely, was his indifference to this plight and this flight of his beloved. Through the ringing in his ears, and despite an uncontrollable weariness which inclined him to lie down on the bare deck and go to sleep, he heard the mocking voice of an older and more experienced "broom":

"Ho, Andujar is as green as grass! Ho, Andujar, you're blue around the gills!"

An old custom of the Spanish forecabin was to ignore family names and call each man either by some fantastic or descriptive nickname or after the town from which he came. For the company aboard the Santa Maria, the green "broom" was already Andujar.

Fernando tried to bear up under the rolling of the deck by clinging to a rope, with his head over the rail. A vain effort! He was soon so weak that he lost his hold and collapsed in a heap on the deck. The ship warden came up cursing at this event.

"Into the bunk room forward with this land-lubber! Here he is dirtying up our house! Holy vineyards, what will he do if a breeze of wind comes!"

Fernando had the feeling of being lifted to a great height and then let fall to an even greater depth. He knew simply that at last he struck a mattress and that it felt deliciously soft.

When he awoke, he did not know how many hours later, everything was dark about him; but on raising his head he could distinguish the flicker of a lean candle sheltered under a lantern and, beyond that, a dark gallery which he knew must be the continuation of this marine dormitory into which he had been thrown. He was too weak to move; and the prostration gave him a sort of acute pleasure. How wonderful if he could lie thus till the end of the voyage!

From afar came the strains of a song, sung by deep male voices—the "Salve Regina" chanted at fall of night by all on board! So, then, supper was over! Supper came just before dark, to avoid the necessity of lights. His ears caught the sound of creaking planks and of footsteps rapidly approaching. Out of the dark came a "broom" of his mess, and the boy called:

"Ho, Andujar! On deck! It's our turn on watch!"

Fernando was enough alive to understand that "watch" meant three hours of work on deck; but it seemed to him something unheard-of

and utterly unreasonable that a man in his condition should be called upon for any such thing. When the boy repeated the call, he turned over on his other side and sleepily answered that he couldn't dream of getting up, even if the captain-general himself were to come and tell him so.

The "broom" vanished; but shortly the planking began to shake with a louder and heavier step. It was Gil Perez, the ship warden, swearing like a pirate.

"So you won't get up, eh, you short-horned landlubber? Up with you, gosling, by San Fernando! It's your watch on deck!"

Fernando couldn't—he couldn't! Much better to throw him overboard, where at least he could die! With half his wits about him in his stupor, the thought of rising to his feet on that writhing deck seemed something he never could do.

Gil Perez was dumfounded! He was accustomed to being obeyed by this crowd of playful wilful youngsters ever ready to go astray if given half a chance. He shouted a sharp command:

"Here, boys, give a hoist to this pair of legs!"

Fernando felt the cold clutch of something rough and prickly



☛ "One more kiss and I will go," Fernando murmured in Lucero's ear. Then a blow

about his bare ankle; and a second later came a pull, while peals of laughter echoed through the dark spaces below deck. Now colliding with a stool, now with the leg of a tier of bunks, now with a coil of rope, his elbow barely saving his head from a wicked scratch on a gun-carriage, the boy was at last conscious of being in the open air, probably on the main-deck, amidships. The cool air revived him, and since the pulls had ceased, he sat painfully up:

"Please, Señor Gil Perez," he murmured, "I feel better! Please let me get up. I will do my duty on watch."

The warden was expecting some such surrender, and ordered the "brooms" to slacken the rope about the boy's leg. Then he reached down, and his hard muscles lifted Fernando to his feet. The young man was astonished at his own sudden vigor. He felt weak, but his head was clear, his will strong. It was as though shame and fright had cured him forever of the danger of seasickness.

He was ordered astern with another "broom" to watch the hour-glass for the whole watch. The glass had to be turned every half-hour. Then the boys were to see that the sand kept flowing,



struck his cheek. In the half-lights he recognized Gonzalez.

and they were told to shake the apparatus if there were any signs of its clogging. Since this was a night-watch, Fernando had not yet seen the full round of such duty, which consisted, at nightfall, in bringing fire from the galley hearth to light the lamp in the binnacle, that navigator and helmsman might follow the needle and the "brooms" on watch "at the bottle"—so the hour-glass was called—might have a clear view of their sand.

At midnight, the "brooms" on watch at the bottle had to call the sailors of the new watch, or "quarter," who would work the ship till dawn:

To the watch, to the watch, good mariners, God bless you,
To the watch with my lord, the captain, for the hour has come.
On deck, on deck, on deck!

Fernando passed his first watch in restful inaction. He felt like a different person from that lifeless individual who had been dragged, half dead, from the bunk room in the fore-castle. His main concern was to keep from falling asleep, and this he succeeded in doing by talking in low tones with the "broom" at his

side. The helmsman stood a few paces away, his eyes on the compass, moving the tiller every so often to bring the ship back to her course.

Fernando's watch came to an end at midnight. He allowed his companion to run off to bed in the fore-castle, while he lingered in the darkness on the main-deck as near as he dared to the superstructure aft. Finally he found a good opportunity to slip through one of the doors of the aft-castle, into the large cabin that served as living- and dining-room for the privileged denizens of the poop. In the silence he was finally conscious of a faint measured breathing, and bending over he was able to recognize Lucero, sleeping on two mattresses which she had laid on the floor just to one side of Don Cristobal's cabin.

This arrangement they had made before leaving Palos, and Lucero had obtained Don Cristobal's consent on the pretext that if she laid her bed each night at his door, she could be more easily reached in case he should need anything. The regular quarters for all servants aft were in a bunk room in charge of the master-at-table.

Taking the false page's hands and touching her forehead, Fernando found them cold and moist. Alas, Lucero was as seasick as he had been before his rough treatment at the hands of the ship warden!

"Lucero, my poor Lucero!" he murmured, softly kissing her on the brow; but then he stole away again. He knew the value of this profound stupor, which he had enjoyed as a state of perfect bliss!

It was not till the next day that Fernando



made the discovery which had given Lucero the most terrible of surprises. Early in the morning,

with the weather even more pleasant than the day before, the former royal butler was standing on the poop looking out over the sea and talking to Don Cristobal, quite recovered, meantime, from any annoyances the rolling of the vessel may at first have caused him. Cuevas recognized him from afar by the showy elegance of his costume and the condescending manner he adopted toward the captain-general, as though he already thought himself an expert mariner.

For a time the young man stood riveted to the deck in his fright and astonishment at seeing his dreaded foe again so near at hand. But this state of mind (Continued on page 102)

By P. C. Wren

who wrote

"Beau Geste"



A Flower from Japan . . . picked up from the mud . . . Yato would take it back to the land of the cherry blossom and it would bloom again.

LÉGIONNAIRE YATO was one of the quietest, most retiring and self-effacing men in the company, and one of the most modest. It seemed to be his highest ambition to escape notice, to blush unseen and to hide his light beneath a bushel.

And yet, to those who had the seeing eye, he was an extremely interesting person, and for many reasons. He greatly intrigued the Geste brothers, and in spite of his meek self-effacing humility they took note of him from the day he arrived, and watched him with interest.

At first sight he was a poor specimen—small, narrow-shouldered, weedy, with yellowish face, a wiry scrub of short hair and a silly sort of little straggling mustache, the loss of one hair of which would have made an obvious difference. The mere look of him caused Sergeant-Major Lejaune to feel unwell and he made no secret of the fact.

Never had the Geste boys, who were watching the arrival of this batch of recruits, seen so hopelessly dull, stupid and apathetic a face in their lives as that of this recruit, while Sergeant-Major Lejaune regarded it; never had they seen one more acutely intelligent and observant as Sergeant-Major Lejaune passed on.

"See that?" chuckled Digby to his brothers.

"Yes," replied Beau. "If I were Lejaune I think I'd let that gentleman alone . . . I wonder what brought him here, anyway."

"He's come 'for to admire and for to see,' I should think," said John, "and come a long way, too." And as the line of recruits turned to their left and marched off, he added, "His shoulders have been drilled too, and I'll bet you any amount he's worn a sword and spurs."

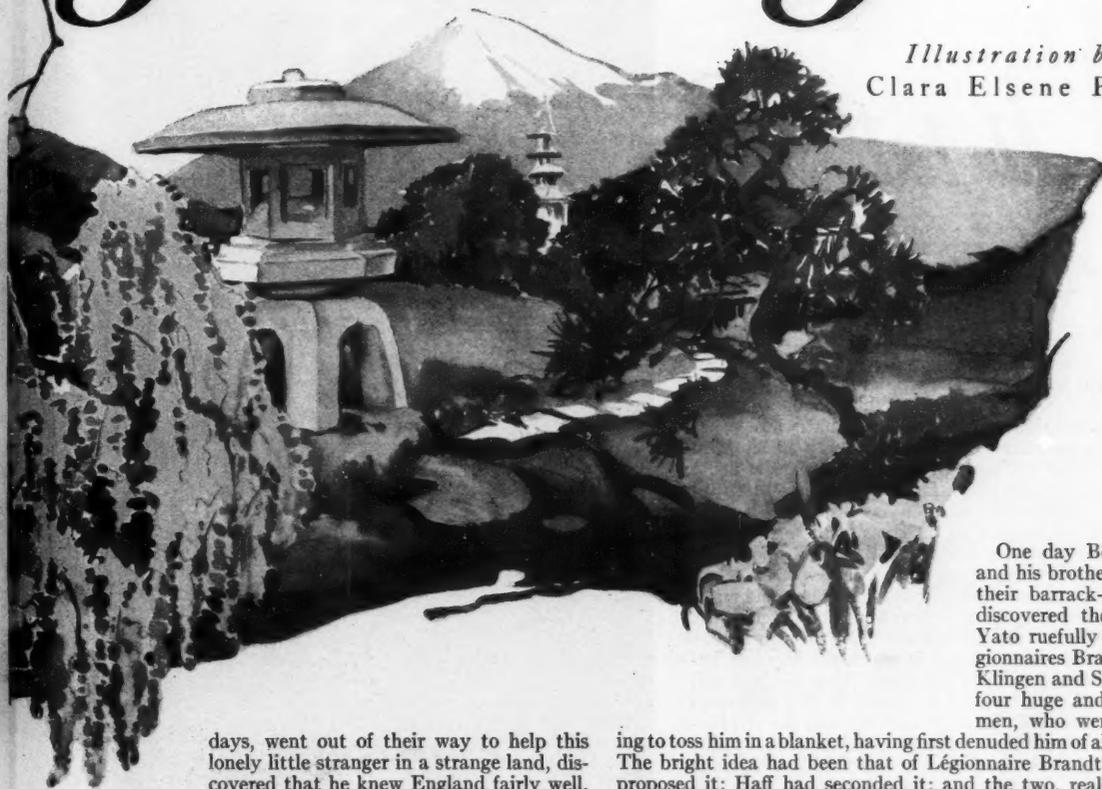
Other interesting facts transpired later. The mild little man could cut your hair and shave you beautifully and he could speak your language if you were English, French, Russian or German. Also, he could sketch rather marvelously, and do pictures of surpassing merit in water-color and in oil. He preferred to do these drawings and pictures out in the open air—the more open the better—and he had done some beauties of the country round Quetta, for example, and the Khyber Pass, showing all the pretty forts and things.

His manners were delightful and he gave offense to no man, least of all to those set in authority over him.

To their surprise, the Geste boys, who, during his early recruit

Geisha Girl

Illustration by
Clara Elsen Peck



days, went out of their way to help this lonely little stranger in a strange land, discovered that he knew England fairly well, particularly Portsmouth, Plymouth, Weymouth, Aldershot and Chatham.

For the most part, Légionnaire Yato's inoffensiveness, humility, excellent manners and blameless conduct kept him out of all trouble, official or private; but not entirely. Although a man may camouflage himself with a protective coloring of drab dullness and uniformity, which does indeed protect him by hiding him from general notice, it may not always suffice to hide him from particular notice. His very quietness and mild meekness may be his undoing through attracting the eyes of those who need a butt for their diversion, and even more urgently need long-suffering meekness and mildness in that butt.

Two such were Messieurs Brandt and Haff, men who, themselves the butt of their superiors for their stupidity, slovenliness and general worthlessness, must find someone to be their butt in turn. Almost a necessity of their existence was someone upon whom they could visit the contumely heaped upon themselves. Subconsciously they felt that, for their self-respect's sake, they must stand upon something lower than themselves, or be themselves the lowest things of all.

And this recruit, Yato, seemed so suitable to their purpose, so dull and stupid, so unable to protect himself, so harmless helpless and hopeless, so proper a target for the shafts of their wit.

SO THEY put thorn-brush in his bed and unpleasant matter in his kepi and on his pillow; stole his kit; put a dead mouse in his coffee; arranged a booby-trap for his benefit; fouled his white uniform after he had washed and ironed it; gave him false information, messages and orders, to his discomfiture and undoing; hid his brushes just before kit-inspection; stole his soap; cut his boot-laces and generally demonstrated their own wit, humor and jocularly as well as his stupidity, harmlessness and general inferiority to themselves.

ing to toss him in a blanket, having first denuded him of all clothing. The bright idea had been that of Légionnaire Brandt. He had proposed it; Haff had seconded it; and the two, realizing with their wonted brilliance that a blanket has four corners, had impressed the services of the delighted and all-too-willing Schwartz and Kl'ngen.

"Where shall we do it?" roared Schwartz, a great bearded ruffian, strong as a bull, rough as a bear and sensitive as a wart-hog.

"You won't do it at all," said Beau Geste, advancing to where the four stood about Yato's disordered bed from which they had dragged a blanket.

"I do not like to be touched and handled," said Yato quietly, in the silence that fell upon the surprised bullies. "Please leave me alone."

"They are going to leave you alone," said Beau Geste.

"Yes! Watch us!" shouted Brandt, and sprang at the cringing little Jap as the mighty Schwartz turned upon Michael Geste, his great hands clenched, his eyes blazing and his teeth bared. But as he raised his fist to strike, he swung about as something, or someone, fell against him from behind.

It was Brandt.

Using his right arm as though it were an ax, of which the side of the hand from little finger to wrist was the edge, Yato had struck Brandt an extraordinary cutting chopping blow on the neck, below and behind the ear.

As Brandt fell against Schwartz and to the ground, apparently dead, the Jap seized Haff by the collar of his tunic and jerked his head violently downward, at the same time himself springing violently upward, so that the top of his bullet head struck Haff between the eyes with tremendous force.

Changing his line of attack, as he turned about, the huge Schwartz sprang upon Yato, as might a lion upon a gazelle. The gazelle threw itself at the lion's feet—but not in supplication. Before the astonished Gestes could come to the rescue, they saw Yato fling his arms about Schwartz' (Continued on page 148)

What IS White?

"NOT that thing, Frost—give me the white Chinese vase."

There was a note of disgust in Sir Humphrey Mardon's protest as he waved away the scarlet cylinder which the old butler extended to receive the scented clusters of lilies that were destined to decorate the guest-room. "White," repeated the master of Monkshill; "I want nothing but white."

It had, nevertheless, cost Sir Humphrey an effort to cut, in honor of his son's prospective bride, the finest specimens of his favorite *lilium longiflorum*. But that sense of propriety which so often had aroused the ribald raillery of his colleagues in the days of his professional eminence, triumphed. Lilies of all flowers, and white lilies of all lilies, were, he felt to the marrow of his sentimental bones, the only appropriate offering he could make to that blessed damozel who soon would be Peter's wife.

Peter's wife! A pang of jealousy shot through him as he recalled the ecstatic letter in which the boy had announced his engagement to Lady Alice Underwood, adding that he was driving her down to dine and sleep at Monkshill on the following day. About the girl herself the letter told little, save that she was twenty-nine and practically alone in the world, the earldom of Ipswich having gone, in default of a direct heir, to a distant cousin upon the death of her father.

A snob in the most amiable sense of the term, Sir Humphrey had the grace to be ashamed of the satisfaction he knew it would give him to introduce Lady Alice Mardon to the county. Rank he respected, second, of course, to virtue, especially where womanhood was concerned.

Any moment now Peter's father would have an opportunity to judge whether the girl was as lovely and lovable as she appeared to his son. Peter, with his charming, vigorous personality, his D. S. O. and the fortune he would in due course inherit, was, he proudly reflected, good enough for any woman. They should have the house in Harley Street and a generous allowance until Peter's promising practise at the Bar should suffice for their needs.

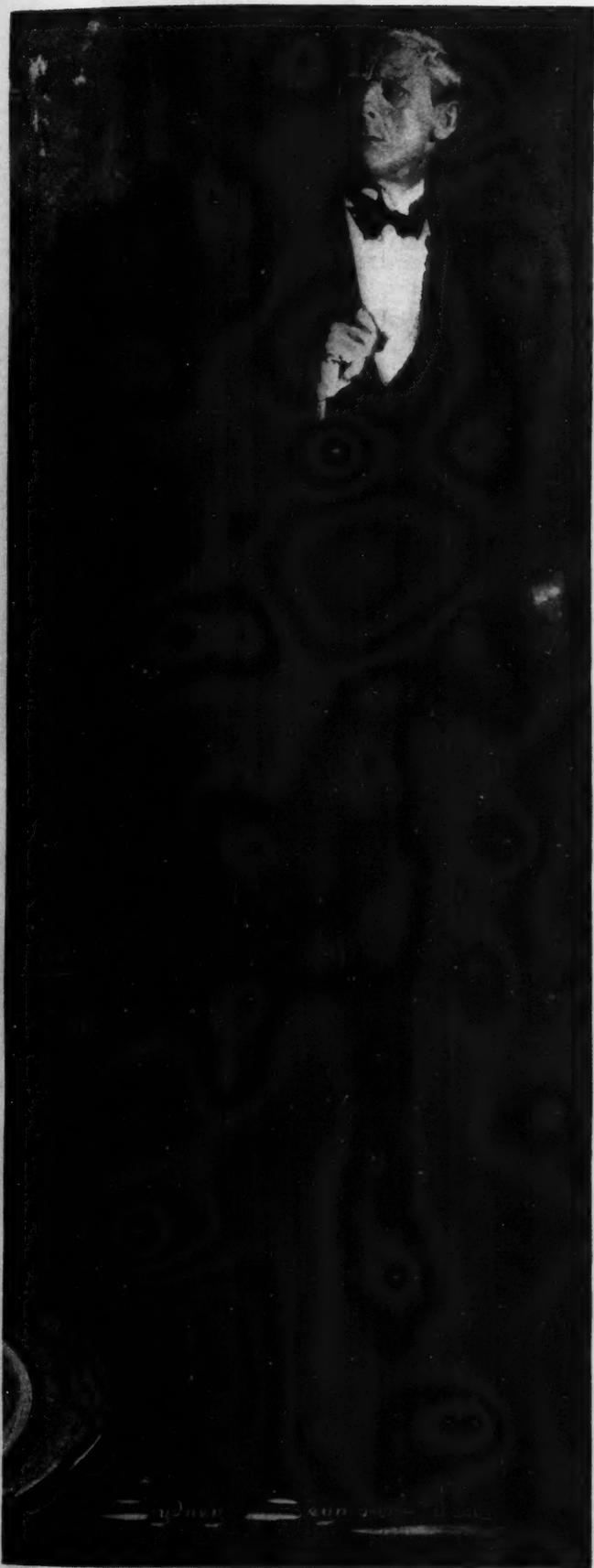
Why his son had preferred the law to medicine had remained a mystery, and, as he seemed to have inherited the tactile dexterity which had made Sir Humphrey Mardon one of the greatest surgeons of his day, an unassuaged regret. His mother, who never had got over her dislike of her husband's profession, was no doubt responsible for that. How she had rejoiced when the unexpected inheritance of his brother's money had made retirement possible! But for her he never would have bought Monkshill, or realized the delight of applying science to the cultivation of flowers.

Then came the war, forcing him back to the treadmill again. That disappointment and her anxiety about Peter, who was among the first schoolboy volunteers, had killed her.

As he paced up and down the herbaceous border whence



In Which You Meet a WOMAN



By *Roy*
Devereux

Illustrations by
Sydney Seymour-Lucas

he could get a view of the avenue, Sir Humphrey's thoughts reverted to those laborious years. Hospital work had claimed him early and late. Besides the holocaust of fighting men, there had been other victims whose care formed perhaps his most painful war service—women of education and refinement called upon to pay nature's penalty for sins committed during orgiastic home leaves. In discreet medical parlance they were known as "quiet cases."

One such had remained in his memory, partly because it had been the occasion of a telephone summons at dawn to consultation in a secluded nursing-home, where the woman in question had just given birth to a premature and still-born child. "We call her Jane Smith," laughed his colleague—a coarse fellow—who was evidently aware of her identity. But though after two or three visits Jane Smith was pronounced out of danger, the imprint of her individuality had lingered in Sir Humphrey's mind.

Somehow he never had been able to reconcile the virginal purity of the girl's profile with the gross immorality of her conduct. Ah! those lilies that fester! What had become of her? he wondered vaguely, as he stooped to tie up a fuchsia overweighted with its burden of crimson bells.

The action turned the current of Sir Humphrey's thoughts from the past to the present, and the unaccountable behavior of a carnation hybrid occupied his whole attention when the sound of a motor-car snorting up the avenue recalled him hastily to the house. He had just time to reach the front door when it drew up and his son sprang out.

"Here we are, Dad," boomed Peter's lusty voice as he helped the lady who accompanied him to alight. Then, with his arm around a slight figure in gray, he added, "Alice, this is my old pater."

The girl slipped off her coat and veil, and her cool fingers melted into Sir Humphrey's hand as he gazed into a little face in whose colorless oval impeccable features were set with a regularity that suggested the care of an artist working in marble rather than the rough modeling of nature. The eyes, combative and luminous, seemed alien to its pure perfection and as they met Sir Humphrey's benevolent smile, a sinister shaft of light broke across them, instantly hidden by the falling lids.

An early Italian Madonna crystallized the impression which his son's future wife made upon him—an impression that was moreover dimly familiar. Somewhere he had seen that lovely liturgic face before, probably in a Florentine picture-gallery. Peter had chosen well—well beyond all hopes.

A sigh of satisfaction escaped him as he lifted the girl's hand to his lips.

"Welcome to Monkshill, my dear. Perhaps you'd like to go straight to your room. We usually dine at eight, but if you are tired—"

"Alice is never tired!" Peter exclaimed with a laugh, as he handed their portmanteaus to the waiting servants.

who Met a Crisis Bravely

Without a word Lady Alice followed her host up the wide oak staircase and into the paneled guest-chamber fragrant with perfume.

"Monkshill is famous for its lilies," he remarked, with his hand upon the door, "and these are our very best."

"My favorite flowers—how wonderful and how kind!" she said.

There was something startling in the contrast between the deep vibrations of her voice and the extreme tenuity of her body, as if, like her eyes, it possessed an intense and independent life of its own.

Descending, Sir Humphrey found Peter in the smoking-room.

"Well?" he asked as his father's hand fell affectionately on his shoulder.

"I congratulate you, my dear boy, an exquisite creature—such grace, such distinction; but rather delicate, I should say."

Peter laughed radiantly. "She looks it, I grant you, but it's only skin-deep. Fact is, she has an iron constitution—managed the woman's department of a munition factory all through the war and did the work of ten men."

"Really! Have you known her as long as that?"

"No." Then, after a pause, Peter added, "At that time she was engaged to a pal of mine. He got scuppered at Loos, poor chap, and asked me to give Alice his watch and things. That's how I met her."

Something struggled in Sir Humphrey's subconscious mind and died before it reached the conscious level. While he was pursuing it, his son's voice broke in again cheerily:

"Seven-thirty, by Jove. We shall be late for dinner!" And as Peter's father followed him upstairs, he felt a vague sense of foreboding which he could in no way account for.

It faded under the influence of a dinner ordered and prepared with epicurean solicitude. Sir Humphrey's standard for both flowers and food—his two foibles—was as high as wealth and fastidious taste could make it. The latter, never liberated from the conventions of the nineteenth century, made him slightly critical of the loose dress of white chiffon in which Lady Alice appeared as the gong sounded. Those wide loose sleeves—too like a nightgown was his unuttered thought. A nightgown? Again a misty memory rose and faded like a ghost. On the other hand he observed with admiration the flat coils of silky hair, russet with high lights of gold, all innocent of shears.

Neither of the men observed how little Lady Alice, an expert in the art of listening, contributed to the conversation which rambled through the gossip of the London season and the annals of the neighborhood.

"By the way, Peter," Sir Humphrey exclaimed as they lingered over dessert, "I hear old Melville is breaking up fast. I shouldn't wonder if there were a by-election here before long. So if you cherish an ambition to represent the county in parliament—"

"I fancy this county's a bit too Tory for me," was his son's reply.

Sir Humphrey paused in the act of peeling a peach. "Too Tory?" he repeated. "I should be sorry to see it less so. Is Lady Alice interested in politics?" he continued.

"Yes," she answered after a moment's hesitation, "in a way."

"Not in your way, Dad," Peter put in with a sly smile. "Alice is a regular rebel—Socialist—red flag—and all the rest of it."

"Now, Peter!" she protested, with a warning note in her voice.

"Don't be afraid, my dear," Sir Humphrey reassured her, enjoying what he regarded as a joke. "I know Peter too well to take him seriously— Well, what is it?" he broke off as the old butler entered the room and whispered in his master's ear.

"One of the gardener's boys has cut his hand," he explained



to his guest. "I always attend to these little accidents myself, so, if you'll excuse me, I'll join you on the terrace."

The lovers, left to themselves, wandered into the drawing-room where the glowing carmine of sunset filtered through the creeper-clad veranda and drew arabesques on the polished surface of floor and furniture.

Lady Alice waited till Peter had closed the door behind him; then threw herself into his arms with a long shuddering sob.

"Darling—darling, what is it? What's the matter?"

For answer she clung to him with a tenacity which surprised as much as it thrilled him. What had happened to rouse this sudden storm of emotion in which he dimly recognized more anguish than joy? There was something unnerving in the convulsive pressure of her arms and of her frail body against his. And why today of all days?

Could she have taken a dislike to his father, a stuffy old bird, of course, but kind to a fault and quite obviously delighted with her? Suddenly she raised her head and as her lips met his avidly, he felt as if she were whirling him out of the universe into some strange Gehenna where love wore the face of fear.

"Take care," he warned her in a sharp undertone, hearing his father's step in the hall. Lady Alice reeled out of his arms and, recovering herself instantly, walked steadily through the open

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window as Sir Humphrey entered the room. Peter followed her. "Nothing very serious, fortunately," he heard his father's voice say behind him. "But you've not had your coffee. It'll be cold." "Peter has been showing me your treasures," Lady Alice replied in cool, even tones.

Sir Humphrey beamed as he sank into a chair. "I'm really rather proud of my flower pictures," he confessed, "for I began to collect them long before they became fashionable. My Snyders and Baptistes are worth their weight in gold today, though I bought most of them for a song."

The conversation drifted into a monolog, the master of Monks-hill recounting the story of his artistic perspicacity to which

"I think, if you'll forgive me, I'll say good night," said Lady Alice. "I've had rather a strenuous day."

"Certainly—certainly," murmured Sir Humphrey.

"Yes, it's getting chilly here," Peter assented. "Wait a moment. I'll light up."

But before the blaze of the electricity illumined the famous flower pictures, Lady Alice had flitted across the drawing-room calling good night over her shoulder to her host who was busily engaged in closing the window and drawing the heavy curtains. In the hall, where Peter followed her, the presence of the butler froze on his lips the torrent of words he longed to utter.

Turning on his heel, he met his father at the door of the smoking-room where they invariably finished the evening. "I think I'll turn in, too," he muttered sulkily.

"All right, my boy. Good night!" was the response, delivered with an accent of relief which Peter was too preoccupied to observe.

Alone with his thoughts, Sir Humphrey's first impulse was to fight them down. Like a true Victorian, he had always ridiculed the Freudian psychology as a thing unholy as well as untrue. Tonight he found himself wondering whether there lurked after all, in the deepest strata of the unconscious, blind monsters which occasionally lifted their heads to spit an obscene suggestion into the dream of innocence. Might not he himself be the victim of some such hellish fantasy?

"We call her Jane Smith." Searching his memory, he tried to reconstruct every moment of his three visits to that discreet refuge behind its walled-in garden. He visualized once more the perfect profile of his patient against its pillow, the

straight, sleek hair, the waxen fingers peering from their loose white sleeve.

The same—indubitably the same—vaguely familiar at first sight this afternoon. Then the accidental mention of the name that linked them together. He knew now. He knew beyond all possibility of doubt that Jane Smith and Lady Alice Underwood, his son's chosen bride, were one and the same woman.

Accepting the conviction, Sir Humphrey's distracted mind traveled towards the sphere of action. What should he do? Tell his son quite frankly of his horrible discovery? Break the seal of confession as imperatively binding upon a physician as upon a priest? That he ruled out as impossible. Some alternative, he felt, must be found other than that before which his whole soul revolted—the alternative of keeping silent while his son made this wanton his wife.

Hours of reflection brought him, however, no nearer a solution. What, he asked himself miserably, had he done to be confronted in the midst of his placid and prosperous life with this hideous problem? Baffled and exhausted, Sir Humphrey decided he would sleep on it. The morning might bring counsel.

He was about to extinguish the lights when the door of the smoking-room opened noiselessly and a woman wrapped in a black kimono glided into the room. It (Continued on page 189)



"Alice is a regular rebel," said Peter. "Now, Peter," she protested. "Don't be afraid, my dear. I know him too well to take him seriously," Sir Humphrey reassured her.

Lady Alice listened with courteous abstraction, while Peter wandered restlessly across the lawn.

"Would you care for a turn in the garden before it gets dark?" he inquired, abruptly retracing his steps.

Lady Alice hesitated. "There'll be time for that in the morning," she suggested sweetly, "and it's so lovely here."

"As your host, I shall claim the privilege of showing you the garden myself," Sir Humphrey put in pompously. "You're not leaving, I hope, before luncheon," he continued, as Peter flung himself into a chair. Why did she not want to be alone with him? he asked himself helplessly.

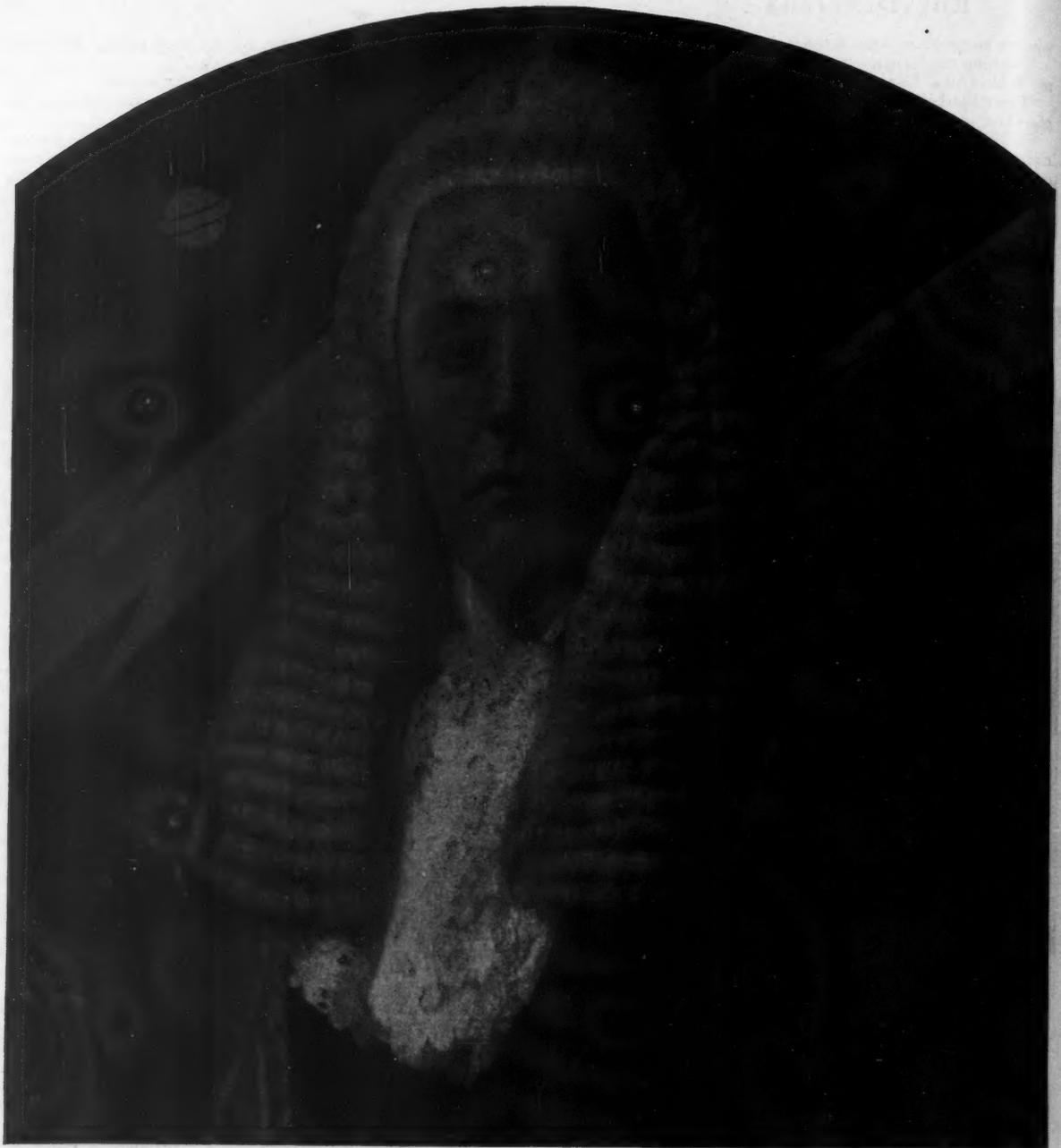
"I'm afraid I must be in town about noon," she replied with an accent of regret which sounded insincere to her fiancé.

"That means a ten-o'clock start. You might go by way of Headington Park. The rhododendrons are worth seeing."

"A good idea," Peter, thus appealed to, replied. "The Melvilles were to have come down last week—so Jane told me at Tattersall's on Sunday."

"Jane?" Sir Humphrey's eyes roamed from his son to the girl with an expression of horror and incredulity in them, which the gathering dusk rendered invisible to his companions.

Peter laughed. "Since Bobbie Melville won the City and Suburban with that filly, we all call him Jane."



P. S. Rogers

THIS is a startling, prophetic look into the future. Its author is not a dreamer or a harebrained fanatic. Lord Birkenhead is one of the foremost statesmen in England today.

Save this issue of *Cosmopolitan*. You won't be alive in 2029, but your children's children will be, and it will be interesting for them to check the accuracy of the predictions here made by Lord Birkenhead.

- ☐ Babies will be produced by chemists in laboratories.
- ☐ The entire institution of marriage will be changed.
- ☐ We will all live to be 150.
- ☐ No one will need to work more than two hours a day.
- ☐ Agriculture will be abolished—except as a hobby—and all foodstuffs will be produced synthetically.
- ☐ Man will be able to alter the geography or climate of the world.
- ☐ Coal-mining will be an extinct industry.
- ☐ A forty-eight-hour day will come into being by retarding the rotations of the earth.
- ☐ Sitting in our homes we will see and hear events the world over.

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Save this for Your Children's Children

It is a Forecast of What
This World Will Be **100** Years From
NOW

By the Earl of Birkenhead

A CENTURY hence it appears probable that the application of scientific discoveries will have altered the conditions of human life at least as much as they have done in the past hundred years.

A child born in 1829 arrived in a world which was just beginning to exploit the steam-engine, in which electricity was the useless toy of a few professors, where anesthetics and antiseptics were unknown.

The child of 2029, looking back on 1929, will consider it as primitive and quaint as 1829 seems to the children of the present day. Our means of travel, our sources of wealth, our medicine and even our ideas will change as drastically during the next century as they did in the course of the last.

Applied physics, which has given us the steam-engine, the internal-combustion motor, as well as wireless, telephones and all the many other practical uses of electrical energy, will certainly make prodigious advances before the year 2029. At the moment, however, the theoretical basis of physics rests in an undetermined state. Physics is on the brink of a new synthesis, a fresh simplification and restatement of fundamental ideas. This, when it comes—and it cannot long be delayed—must radically change all our assumptions concerning time, space and the nature of change.

Such a revolution of ideas must be accounted among the most important effects of science upon human life in the next century; but it is, of course, very difficult to predict what direction this change of ideas will take. Until another Newton restates physical theory, one cannot determine how his restatement will react upon the every-day world.

It is easier to prophesy concerning the material changes which will be wrought by applied physics in the next hundred years.

The best scientific opinion believes that before 2029 physicists will have solved the problem of supplying the world with limitless amounts of cheap power.

At present we derive the energy which drives the wheels of industry from coal and oil. Both these substances are won from nature at the expense of much money and vast stores of muscular energy, nor are their supplies inexhaustible. By means of the most efficient methods, moreover, a pound of coal can only be made to yield energy of the order of one horse-power for one hour. Yet, locked up in the atoms which constitute a pound of water, there is an amount of energy equivalent to ten million horse-power hours. There is no question that this colossal source of energy exists; but as yet physicists do not know how to release it; or, having done so, how to make it perform useful work.

This problem will be solved before 2029. Some investigator, at present in his cradle or unborn, will discover the match with which to light this bonfire, or the detonator needful to cause this terrific explosion.

The consequences of tapping such stupendous sources of cheap energy are almost illimitable. For the first time in his history, man will be armed with sufficient power to undertake operations on a cosmic scale. It will be open to him radically to alter the geography or the climate of the world. By utilizing some 50,000 tons of water, the amount displaced by a large liner, it would be

possible to remove Ireland to the deeper portion of the Atlantic Ocean. The heat obtainable from the same quantity of water would suffice to maintain the polar regions at the temperature of the Sahara for a thousand years.

The liberation of this energy naturally will revolutionize travel and transport. Engines weighing one ounce for each horse-power they develop will become practical possibilities; and a power-plant of six hundred horse-power will carry fuel for a thousand hours, working in a tank no bigger than a fountain pen.

Concerning the nature of the vehicles for which such engines will provide the motive power, it is rash to prophesy. Passengers will travel in enormously swift aeroplanes, which by 2029 will ascend and descend vertically. Goods will be carried cheaply and rapidly by land or sea, propelled by motors whose fuel bill will be almost nil.

The coming of this new energy obviously will be accompanied by acute social problems. Its adaptation to industry will entail, for example, the final extinction of coal-mining. Since, however, it cannot but vastly reduce the cost of all manufactures, there is hope that the new wealth it creates will enable governments adequately to provide for the millions whose livelihood it destroys.

Some authoritative scientists do not believe that the solution of the power problem will be reached along these lines. They consider that either the winds or the tides will be forced to yield up their energy. Water-power is too unevenly distributed over the earth's surface, and too much affected by seasonal variations, ever to become the principal source of the world's energy; but the winds are never still, and the tides flow and ebb with unvarying precision.

If the winds were harnessed they could produce a superabundance of cheap power. During stormy weather their surplus energy could be stored in a variety of ways and so be available during calms.

THE exploitation of tidal energy presents difficulties which have yet to be solved in a satisfactory manner. These difficulties, however, are not those of principle but of technique; and if the wealth and the serious engineering attention of the world were focused on the question for ten years, there is no doubt that they would be overcome. The tides of the Bay of Fundy alone could supply the whole of North America with electrical energy.

By utilizing tidal energy to any large extent, we should diminish the speed of the earth's rotation. As it is, the tides act as a brake upon the rotation of the earth. Tidal friction occurs principally in the Bering Sea, which divides Alaska from Siberia. Its present effect is negligible, since it does but lengthen the day by a fraction less than a second in the course of each century.

If sufficient energy were extracted from the tides to supply every imaginable future development of human enterprise with power, this braking effect would not be greatly increased. Many millions of years would elapse before the day grew as long as our present week.

Five thousand years take us back to the dawn of recorded human history; so that even a tenth part of one million years carries us forward beyond the reach of (Continued on page 176)

A Story of
What Really Goes On

behind
Studio
Doors

Naked

CATHERINE FITCH was almost alone in New York, for she remembered and followed the advice of a forgotten fashion expert who warned women against disclosing themselves too frankly to mankind, advised them to put a little trust in mystery and implored them to save a few secrets for their future husbands.

What had once been defended as moral, Cathie employed for seduction. She affected long-sleeved gowns of confusing pattern, beginning at the throat and ending at the instep. She inspired a certain interest in a number of men, but her first real conquest was a youngish sculptor, Carl Raeburn. Raeburn was not doing very well, and laid the blame on the fashions of the day.

"It's these modern styles that are driving artists out of business. All the women on the street look like models just about to drop the last stitch. Anatomy? Artists used to study it and disclose it and get a high price for their information. Now the women give themselves away for nothing. There's no more mystery about women's forms today than there is about the shapes of trees or lamp-posts."

But when he met Cathie Fitch she baffled him by her concealments. She loved, too, to tie herself into pretzel postures and burble about art through a veil of cigaret smoke. And she agreed with Raeburn that the human form divine should be exposed only in bathrooms and art galleries. Before he knew it he had proposed marriage, proud to feel that he would have the only wife in town whose contours were not public property.

Shortly after the wedding ceremony he learned what his private property was. Being a sculptor, he was more than ordinarily interested to discover that, to Cathie, costume was camouflage. She had knobby joints, pipe-stem arms, parenthetical knees and a despondent bosom; also, a pronounced convexity that would have been permissible aft, had been shifted forward, with the result that in profile she somewhat resembled an incipient alderman.

Still, the heart is everything. This was a marriage of souls and minds. Raeburn consoled himself with the thought that Cathie would furnish a restful contrast of evenings to the monotonous perfections of the professional models who would occupy his working hours.

But honeymoons often expose unsuspected anatomies of mind as well as of body and Cathie promptly disclosed the conviction that her conduct was under no obligation whatever to her conversation. Talking art was one thing, living it quite another. The nude was perfectly proper on canvas or in marble—but in a husband's studio? No decent husband would ask a decent wife to submit to it.

Carl good-Lorded and what-shall-I-do'd. Cathie was adamant, even if she was not alabaster. She pointed out the large field still open to a respectable sculptor in the matter of soldiers' monuments, golf trophies, animal studies and clock-top figures of Roman and Greek warriors.

He protested feebly: "Don't forget that Feminine Loveliness in its Entirety is what the name of Carl Raeburn stands for."

"And don't you forget that that is what Mrs. Carl Raeburn will not stand for."

"We'll starve."

"Better death than dishonor."

He thought to reduce her to an absurdity: "If you won't let me hire models, you'll have to pose for me yourself."

When a man reduces a woman to an absurdity, she usually reduces him to a nonentity. Raeburn's asymmetrical wife annihilated him by accepting his sarcasm as sincerity. She cried:

"I'll pose for you with pleasure. It will save heaps of money. It will starve the studio-gossips to death. You and I will never be separated. And you will do better work than ever."

He was not brute enough to crush her with any of the answers that came all too handy. He tried to be a philosopher and a gentleman first and an artist afterward.



Illustration by
James Montgomery Flagg

He had known other artists who tried it and they came out in just that order; philosopher in the lead, gentleman a close second, and artist—nowhere. Still, with the calm resignation of a philosopher and the brave sweetness of a gentleman, he said:

"All right, darling. Be ready at eight in full uniform."

The next morning he was up, grimly early, preparing the armature for his next dream, a dainty thing to be called "Echo." He had seen her with his mind's eye as a round and gracile nymph, poised a-tiptoe with one hand prettily cupped behind her nearer ear, listening; the other hand cupped trumpet-wise in front of her mouth, as she repeated what she had just heard—a practise not unknown to her sex.

Since, as he conceived it, Echo's entire business was hearing and repeating she had no need for any special costume.

He was so enthusiastic about his vision that he saw her beautiful even in the armature, made up of thin lead pipes and stout wire to represent legs, torso, arms and head.

He smiled to think that if he had been one of the newer-newest artists he would have offered the armature as his finished work.

T r u t h

By Rupert
Hughes



C "What's the name of it?" asked Porson. Raeburn faltered, "I never gave it a name. It was just a——" But Cathie cried: "The name of it is 'A Portrait of my Wife,' by Carl Raeburn."

Calling it "Echo" would have been no more far-fetched, he thought, than what Brancusi did when he modeled a pyramid, laid an egg alongside and called the bit of geometry, "Leda and the Swan."

But Raeburn was none of your modernists. He founded himself on the Greeks, convinced that nobody could ever do any better and content to devote himself to the dubious flattery of imitation.

He began to build up the green oiled clay about the wires until he had a simulacrum of a body, a sort of flayed and hideous body covered with blobs of clay, yet roughly suggesting a human form in the best Greek ratios, eight heads high, and so on.

He needed now only a living model to inform him as to the delicate relationships of planes, the exact lift of this muscle or that, the subtle convexities and concavities. He needed a model as the scholar needs a dictionary and the poet a rhyming lexicon. So he shouted: "Cathie! Cathie!"

And Cathie like an Irish echo answered: "Coming! Coming!" Her footsteps sounded as bare soles sound and she came

running blithely to her task. She ran up behind him, and he felt her hands on his shoulders as she peered at the clay caricature, and cried:

"So that's the pose! All right! How's this!"

He heard her go skipping to the modeling-stand; he heard her foot slip on the edge as she fell with a crash and a yowl. He ran to pick her up and the red roughage of a barked shin and a bruised chin blinded him to all but her pain.

There was a scurry for iodine and gauze and adhesive tape, and at last he had her out of danger. She limped to her post, struck the pose and pleaded:

"The bandages won't bother you, will they, dear?"

"Not a bit, my love," he answered, turning his modeling-stand into position.

"You can sort of sculp round them, can't you, sweetheart?" she asked.

"Of course, I can, my pet."

When he turned and took her in, and saw how much sculping round he would have to do, he was staggered. She looked like

one of the burlesques of the Academy exhibits turned out by the League students for their annual Fake Show.

Cold perspiration leaped to his brow and he passed his hands across his eyes, leaving smears of green clay that fortunately disguised his anguish from his mate.

Cathie looked at him archly and cooed: "Will I do, dear?"

"Well, I should say so!" he said. Which was true in a way, since any husband asked such a question by his wife should say just so.

SHE wobbled horribly trying to keep her balance on her toe-tips, but that was not so bad as the wobbling the great Potter had done when he turned out this masterpiece of mistakes.

Raeburn was a hero now as well as a philosopher and a gentleman, and he made as brave a battle for artistry against his innumerable enemies as Leonidas did against all those Persians. But Leonidas failed and so did Raeburn. Both were hopelessly outnumbered.

Cathie had nearly as many curves as most people but they were in the most unexpected places, and so conspicuously absent where they should have been that Raeburn's memory of what he had learned began to falter before what he saw.

He began smoothing down the rough places in the clay and shifting his armature to suit Cathie's articulation, but he could not feel that anything he did was right.

Cathie had held the pose hardly more than three minutes when she moaned: "Darling, don't models rest after the first half-hour?"

"If they want to, my love."

"Isn't it just about up?"

"It's hardly begun."

"Really? Whew! That clock must have stopped, my dear. Just make sure, won't you?"

The clock ticked-tocked in angry protest, but would not hurry its hands for anybody.

Raeburn scraped and jabbed and thumbed and squeezed and thumped the clay about as if it were to blame. Cathie groaned anew:

"I've just got to rest a minute. My toes are full of toothache. I'm sorry I can't keep union hours at first, but then I don't take union wages, do I?"

"Indeed, you don't," he sighed, pondering helplessly that the things one gets for nothing are the most expensive things one gets.

She came down to see what he had accomplished, and exclaimed: "Why, you haven't got much done, have you?"

"Not much," he confessed, and pleaded: "You know, honey, it's just too cruel to keep my blessed little angel frozen up there in that excruciating position. Even the professional models can't stand it long. They all die young, or go into other businesses. Don't you think you'd better give it up?"

She gave him one look that was as good as reading a long death-warrant, then marched back to the stand, hoisted herself on her poor shoe-mangled feet and said:

"Let's get on with our work."

Raeburn had laughed uproariously at the plight of other hen-pecked artists, but he could not even smile at his own. He fought the clay like a sullen boy and wanted to scream at Cathie's amazement concerning his lack of progress. It simply gagged him to have her patronize him, in her large-hearted way, for being so

slow and groping when his impetuous inspirations could not even get themselves started. But all he said in self-defense was:

"Slow but sure, is my motto."

At a crisis in his helplessness the telephone rang and while Cathie answered it, his wildly rolling maniac eyes perused his collection of plaster casts acquired at odd times. The classics came to his relief and he made haste to shift as many of them as he could to a point of vantage where he could glance at them while apparently studying Cathie.

She came back and took her pose, and though she could not keep it long, even she was astounded at what he could achieve when he had grown used to her. She never dreamed what distinguished collaboration she enjoyed, and that she posed in the stately company of the Medicean Venus, two or three of Canova's lithe maidens, MacMonnies' hilarious Bacchante and the somewhat ladylike Apollo Belvedere.

She was so delighted with the help she was giving her dear husband that she endured prodigies of torture trying to school her untrained muscles to the task she had so lightly undertaken.

RAEBURN plodded on realizing that his "Echo" was going to be all too well named, since it would be but a feeble mimicry of other people's inspirations.

Cathie posed until she wavered for a fall and he ran to catch her. The artist in him was so mad at her that he pleaded:

"Let her fall, maybe she'll break her blamed neck and quit bothering me."

But the lover in him answered: "Cathie is dearer to me than all the fame and glory in the world."

One says that sort of thing quite spontaneously in the first few months of marriage.

Indeed, Raeburn loved his wife so well that in order to persuade her to take a rest and give him one he told her he was out of the mood and had exhausted his vein. They called it a day.

There were other days. He finished "Echo" at last and it was so bad that he thought the art dealer was a fool for buying it at any price. The dealer could see that he was not as conceited about his work as usual and penalized him for his modesty.

Raeburn made another break for freedom. As a disguise he undertook a "Dancing Dryad" and poised her on one foot. Cathie went through such violent gyrations trying to catch her equilibrium and keep it, that Raeburn had to say:

"This isn't for a moving-picture, you know, my dear."

"I know it!" she snapped. "And since you're an artist, not a camera, you won't mind if I rig up a rest. You've always said that the artist's chief skill is shown in what he eliminates. So you can eliminate the clothes-horse."

She had him there, and he could not prevent her from bringing in the rack she hung her laundry on and bracing herself in the angle of it. Raeburn could eliminate the rack out of the statue, but how could he eliminate what Cathie lacked into the picture?

He returned to his former device and set Houdon's airy-footed "Diana" where he could copy her with the few differences necessary to veil his plagiarism.

He finished this work after a dismal time and even the art dealer said:

"You call it a dentsink dryatt, eh. Vy not call it 'Vat I done to Houdon?'"

The worst of it was that, by now, Cathie had developed a perfect physical and mental technique. She could hold almost any position, and work out in her

mind all her shopping, clothes-designing, marketing, book-keeping and tea-table repartee while her body slept standing.

Raeburn, like many another husband, dogged on, trading his dreams for peace and betraying his muse to keep his wife quiet. He saw his name added to the innumerable (Continued on page 179)

"Red
Likker"



WHEN Irvin
Cobb lived
in Kentucky, the state

had three boasts—
Its Fair Women.
Its Fast Horses.
Its Fine Whisky.

Today only two remain. But the tradition remains of the days when the distillers of Bourbon created an aristocracy more colorful than any other we've ever had in this country.

Mr. Cobb has made them and their product the background for a novel of the sort we've all wanted him to write these many years. A novel which takes no sides but which puts on paper the story of a phase of this country's life that has gone.

"Red Likker" is a fine novel, sympathetic, dramatic, keen in its understanding. We begin it next month.

R. L.

A Love Story of a MARINE by Capt.

John W. Thomason, Jr.

Greater than Hate



Illustrations by The Author

WILMER DOUGLAS walked back to the bank from his luncheon, with the thought of Janet Shields warm and lovely in him. The ardor of the summer sun reminded him pleasantly that his weekend started this mid-afternoon; it was Friday; he would clear his desk and shove off for the Shields place on the shore.

Such weekends—Friday to Monday morning—were not usual to juniors in the banking business, even though you were a young official of the greatest promise. But it was John Shields' bank, and while John Shields, in his wide affairs, was an autocrat out of the old time, he was putty where his daughter was concerned. "Dads, Will must be down here in time to play nine holes with me before dark. Know it? Of course he knows it. I'm just telling you to get him off in time, you old slave-driver, you!"

The feeble flicker of common sense that persisted in his mind, when he thought of Janet, warned him that she would manage him just as absolutely, after October when they were married; but persons deep in love are rarely sensible. Smiling to a dear and secret thought, he came to the tall bronze portal of the bank, and composed himself. "Here, you—knock it off. Love and business hours don't mix."

He went slowly up the broad, shallow steps, nodding to certain people of importance who came down. The past ten years had been good to him. He recalled the sullen, embittered youngster he was when he came with a letter to Mr. Shields in the year after the war. Old Shields had talked to him with rough kindness and given him his chance.

He made the most of that chance, coming up through dark waters that receded but slowly with the years. Then he had met Janet and loved her, and she loved him, with cool hands that drew the ache from old dry scars. He didn't like to recall anything of the war, but the dough-boy phrase was pat now—he was sittin' on the world.

He turned, his head to acknowledge the salute of the guard inside the door, and a man jostled him, going out. He wheeled in time to catch the fellow's abstracted profile, and he stood to gaze at a stiff red neck and a broad flat back that he remembered. The man stowed himself behind the wheel of a small cheap car in a high state of polish and slid out into the traffic-stream with a thrashing of gears. Those dark waters closed again on Wilmer Douglas. He went blindly to his desk behind the rail and dropped into his chair.

Presently his secretary was at his elbow, sliding a sheaf of papers in front of him. The letter to the bond people in New York, she volunteered, ought to catch the two-o'clock mail, if it was all right. He forced his mind through some meaningless paragraphs she indicated, and signed the thing. Taking it up, she turned back to say that Mr. Shields had sent word he'd like to see him when he came in, and then, because she was a nice girl who had repressed a pale and hopeless passion for Mr. Wilmer Douglas through at least three years, she ventured to hope that he wasn't working too hard in this hot weather.

He assured her briefly that he wasn't, and she went away. After a while he got through his letters and passed along to the president's office, where, in appropriate privacy and an elegance of dark paneling, old Shields drowsed with his feet on his desk.

"That you, Will? You caught me in my forty winks. Wanted to see you about a feller that was just in here. One of our small depositors. Wanted a loan. He got in to me someway; told Navis he always went to the commanding officer." This, with a chuckle. Small depositors seldom penetrated to the president.

"Well, I heard what he had to say, and it interested me, sort of. He's an old marine, shot to pieces in the war and retired. Name of—name of"—he found a memorandum on a pad and tossed it over—"name of King. Said he used to be a gunnery-sergeant, which was important, the way he said it. He had some money saved, and he married a country girl out south of here, when he left the army. She had a little farm on the Shore Highway, and they started in to make something of it. When he described the place, I recognized it—you will, too. It's about ten miles out our road—painted up and prosperous-looking. They had some very sound ideas, between them, and they have truck and bees and an orchard, and one thing and another, and now he wants to put in a dairy. He's done well, and I think he deserves to do well—no foolishness about him.

"**B**UT it's been a bad year for these people, and if he doesn't get help, he'll probably go under. Of course, we don't handle that kind of business. Right now he's where he'll either break or go ahead. I'd like to see him go ahead. I can give him a note to Blunt, over in the Exchange Bank—or I might take care of him myself. I've made some right sound investments in men—on the side: you're one of them." He twinkled grimly at Wilmer Douglas.

"Now, just by way of verifying things, you look him up for me, will you? Find out what he's been up to and who he deals with, and see what you think about his place. I believe you'll find it as represented. Tell me Tuesday—I told him to come in Tuesday noon . . ."

"By the way, Janet says she'll be looking for you early. My boy, I wonder if you know what you're getting into! Tell 'em I won't be down until after dinner—have to stay in town." He looked keenly at his junior. "Get on down there; there's a fine breeze in the evenings, no matter how hot it is up here."

Wilmer Douglas retired, the memorandum balled tightly in his hand.

He found a certain relief in doing things. For an hour he worked furiously, looked at records, talked to several people.



Then he flung out the Shore Highway in his roadster, hardly slowing up when he came to a painted sign by a mail-box, which said: "Globe and Anchor Farm. William King." There was a small white house and a barn and some sheds, seen through tidy ranks of fruit trees, all spick and span. No need to make any inspection. Things would be like that fellow said they were. He knew.

He drove like one pursued, but he could not drive fast enough to distance the black thing that sat upon his heart and fogged Janet's gracious image in its place there. The road led down towards tide-water, among pleasant little wooded hills through which blue vistas opened to the sea. It was barred and checkered with sunlight and shadow, and once a cardinal-bird, like a vagrant point of flame, flickered across his radiator, and two white herons flapped up from a marshy place that was all starred with mallows, pink and white, when his motor roared through.

The summer sky leaned over the sleepy countryside like a benediction, and a little breeze from the sea ruffled the silvery undersides of the leaves in the sun, but Wilmer Douglas saw none of it. He was ten years and three thousand miles removed, and he heard the nightmarish yelling of battle, and he saw the face of Gunnery-Sergeant William King, and certain gray walls behind that face. Presently his tires whispered on a gravel drive, and he went up to the long gallery from which the Shields place looked on the bay.

The gallery was cool and deeply shaded; only the slanting sun of late afternoon got into it and dappled it with gold. Janet Shields, at ease in the hammock across the farther end, swung her slim bare legs to the floor and rose to meet him. She was a tall girl, with dark hair and the straight gray eyes of a boy, and her limbs, to the shoulder and to the knee, where the sun had had his will of them, were of an even golden tan. She came frankly to his arms, and her lips were more alive and ardent than any dream a man could dream, so that for a space the shadow went away from him; then a servant came discreetly with a tray, and she pushed him to a chair.

"Honey, it's been a long week—I've missed you so—" he began, a little breathlessly, and reached for her again. She flung him a light trill of laughter, her head tilted sidewise on her round throat.

"Oh, yes—I've been highly spoken of by discriminating persons, I know. But you remember how I feel about sex in the daytime! You get one long cold drink, and go change! My handicap is down to eight, and the pro went around with me this morning, and I'm going to beat you, my darling. I hate handicaps! It isn't fair, a girl having to have handicaps. You wait; I'm going to show you."



He sipped his drink, while she looked at him with the searching eyes of young love.

"What's Dad been doing to you, in town? I think it's mean, having to work. I ought to keep you down here to play with me—we'd have such fun. Now, you go change."

Half an hour later, he watched her drive off, as he always did, with a thrill of pure delight at the clean line that ran with her swing, from her shoulder to her ankle.

Then he hooked his ball to the edge of the rough and followed his caddy off to look for it, while she strolled down the fairway to her second shot. His black humor, which had been exorcised a little, descended upon him, and the rest of that round was not pleasant.

Golf requires a single and a tranquil mind, and his mind was far from tranquil. He sliced and topped and drove five new balls into the water on the tricky seventh hole, to Janet's unrestrained derision; and he was heartily glad when it was over. She was very merry at him as they started home; he tried to play up, but he couldn't. At last she fell silent too, giving him long speculative looks that he felt on his cheek in the glamorous twilight.

They got through dinner, somehow, and she told him that he was as cheerful company as a man three days dead, and if he thought she was going to sit around all evening and watch him gloom, the way he did, he was quite mistaken: there was dancing over at the Shore Club; maybe that would restore him. She led the way to the roadster and took the wheel. Then she drove.

The last light was dead in the west, and the stars came, very soft and bright. In the east a pale radiance began to grow; there was going to be a moon. When they opened the turn that led to the club, she went straight on. The highway ended, and a road of bumpy shell gave over to a cart track, winding seaward; weeds and underbrush raked the fenders, and a low branch scooped down at them. The car twisted around a thicket and stopped at the edge of a bluff above the water. She switched off the lights, and the warm scented night settled over them. An orchestration of frogs clamored from the marsh behind the bluff, and the water lisped on the beach under it, and the little waves that ran out to the quickening east went touched with silver.

Janet cuddled herself in her seat, and said she wanted a cigaret. Her face glowed briefly in the tiny flame, and she said she might be quite as beautiful and dumb as reports indicated, but that Old Man Shields' little girl got things as quick as anybody, when they were plain enough.

"And you can't spoil my weekend with having things on your mind, sir! I think about you all week, about how nice it'll be, having you here, and then you come in one of these poisonous dark-blue moods. I can't tolerate moody men, and you may as well find it out now. You can just jump right in, and—"

"Do you think," he asked her, "that I am being any pleasure to myself?"

Then Janet leaned towards him and said, gently:

"I know it's something, Will. Tell me what it is. Maybe I can help—if it's the kind of thing you can tell me."

One of her hands lay on the wheel; he took it, and it was warm and firm and strong in his cold fingers. The moon came up over the rim of the sea, and her face turned to him, infinitely tender. He straightened his shoulders.

"Janet, did you ever hate anybody?"

Janet considered this gravely. No, she said, after a while, she didn't think so. There was one girl—there had been people—but no: she didn't believe she hated anybody. Perhaps, when you came right down to it, she hadn't, ever.

"If you think you never did, why, you haven't," he told her bitterly. "Hate is like love. You do, or you don't. You won't mistake it."

That, Janet said, sounded somehow beastly. Wasn't it a little silly, hating? And what's it got to do with us, anyway?

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happened to me. It's not a thing you talk of when you can help it—though maybe I should have told you before. You knew I was in the war—in the Marines."

"Yes, I knew that. Daddy's told me a lot about you. We had it out when I told him you'd asked me to marry you. He said there'd been some kind of trouble; but I never bothered about it, particularly, because I knew you, Will, by that time." And Janet added that the war was not one of her subjects. "For I was in boarding-school then, and they kept me there. I didn't get to drive in the Motor Corps, or work in a canteen, or wear a uniform, or anything," she complained. "Then it was refreshing to meet a man who'd been with the Marines and didn't insist on telling you about Belleau Wood and places. I know some marines. They're not, as a rule, shrinking violets."

This, Wilmer Douglas regretted, was about the war. If she got bored, he'd stop. He had been in his junior year when the United States went into it. Everybody was joining something, and he enlisted in the Marines, allured by that slogan, "First to Fight," and the pride of working up to a commission. He told her, with an attempt at lightness, about the recruit depot, where, in the year 1917, they broke a high-spirited rabble of volunteers to the profession of arms; but Janet observed that his face, in the moonlight, had grown thin and pinched about the nostrils, and his voice was hard and brittle.

"They put us in drill companies, according to our size," he went on. "I fell in between a postgrad from New Haven and a steam-fitter from St. Louis. The idea was to make a marine of you or kill you, and we were young and willing. We were commanded by tough old sergeants who knew their stuff. Officers are officers, and all that; but to the end of my service, a sergeant meant more to me than a brigadier-general. You never saw such men in your life. They worked us, and they drilled us, from an hour before day until taps, and they never let up, and they never heard of mercy. That was all right. I could stand what another man could. But my company was commanded by a sergeant named William King.

"This King was a thick-set brute, with a hide tanned to the color of his khaki trousers and a voice like a saw going through a board. He had a swagger and a sneer, and he looked at you like you were dirt. The first thing he taught us was that recruits—boots, they call you—are the lowest things on the face of the earth, and only by the grace of God and him, Sergeant King, would we ever be anything better. I'll take that back. I don't think he mentioned God—not that way, anyhow.

"Well, he went on from that. And he picked me out to ride. You've met these people who just rub you the wrong way the minute you see them? He was like that. He never spoke to you in an ordinary tone—he belittled. He was loud, and he was nasty. Some folks are quick at picking up drill and that sort of thing, and we all wanted to do the best we could, so as to get into the war. The steam-fitter was an acting-jack—acting corporal, I mean, in no time. But I wasn't quick at it.

"I'm not trying to find excuses for myself. I never liked anything about soldiering. But a lot of people didn't like it and still got away with it well enough. You don't know what it's like when a sergeant rides a man—the way he can humiliate him. We'll leave that out. There was just one incident . . .

"It was near the end of our training; we'd fired on

the rifle-range, and were ready to go out to duty. One morning, after running us around until our tongues hung out, King gave us the command, 'at ease.' That means that you can stand easy and blow, but you have to preserve silence. There's another command—'rest'—that lets you relax and talk and catch a smoke; I always got the two mixed.

"When King said, 'At ease,' and backed off to watch us pant—he wasn't even breathing hard—I got out a cigaret and started to light it. I didn't see him leave the ground, but he landed right against my chest. He grabbed my shirt-front and shook me until the cigaret fell out of my mouth and my head went around. He called me things I'd never heard of before, even from him.

"But the worst of it was having his hands on me. Nobody had ever laid hands on me like that, or talked to me that way, in all my life.

"I don't remember the rest of that day. But I remember the New Haven man talking to me that night, trying to get me back to sense. That was when I became acquainted with hate."

"Why, he was just a brute and a bully," pronounced Janet, wrinkling her nose. "Couldn't you go to an officer about it? I never heard of anything so disgusting."

"The only thing that helped me—like the New Haven man said—was that we were going to be sent to duty from recruit camp, and the drill-sergeants would stay behind. Their jobs were permanent. And the next day we were ordered to Quantico, about a thousand of us. Nothing ever made me so happy as rolling my heavy marching order and thinking that I'd seen the last of King.

"Then, when we fell in to march to the boat, this King strutted out, in his filthy way, and announced that he was going right

with us. He knew we didn't like him, and it amused him. It was his idea of good clean fun. He'd pulled wires and got detached with us. I'll never forget him, standing out and swelling his chest at us. I wanted to kill him.

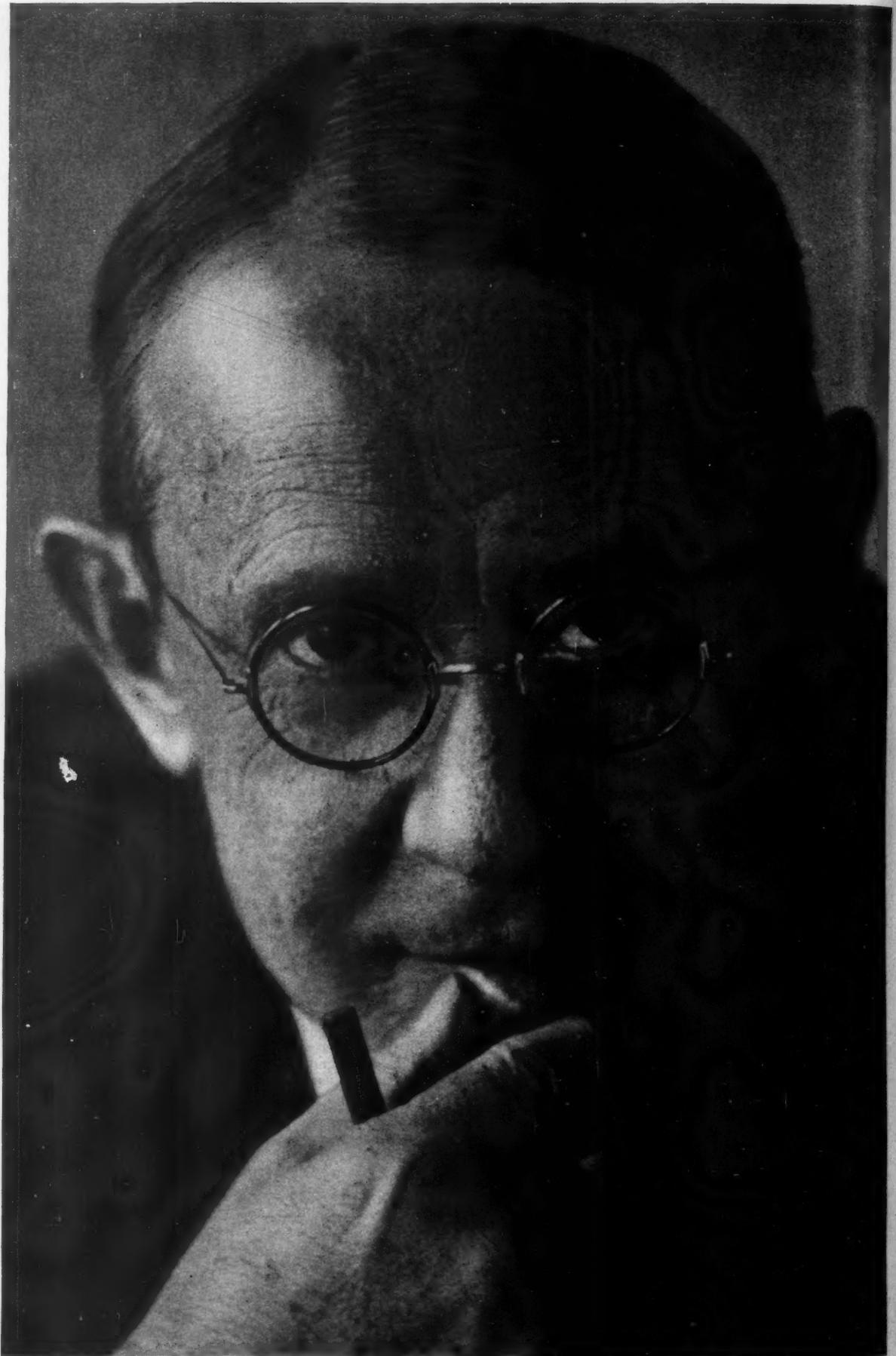
"We went along, and we were in Quantico a little while, forming a new battalion to go overseas. King rode me all the time. They worked us hard, but I used to lie awake at night, when I was dog-tired, and think about him. Of course he had to be my platoon sergeant. And when the other guys went on liberty, I was working off extra police duty. He got plenty of things on me—they can, if they want to. But there's no use going into that. They all piled up on me. It got to be like an acid, eating away, all the time. Don't think it's childish, all this."

"Go on," said Janet, in a small voice.

"They sent us to France. Over there, it was the same thing, and worse. I think I got to be a habit with him; he'd take a fall out of me every morning, just to make his breakfast set. There wasn't any military crime, from a dirty rifle to mixing up my special orders, on guard, that he didn't nail me for. After a while I quit trying. Case of giving a dog a bad name. I did a lot of quiet drinking, and I never minded going to the brig. I was under the battalion police-sergeant in the brig, and his meanness was impersonal.

"I think it was about this time that I (Continued on page 162)





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THIS is why YOU Act That Way

George A. Dorsey
tells you that

COULD you commit murder in cold blood, or in warm? Are you sure? Are we all potential murderers?

We are by nature warm-blooded, or rather constant-temperature animals—temperature being regulated by our blood. When our temperature varies much from ninety-nine degrees we are unnatural and had better see a doctor. Is "cold blood" or "warm blood," then, a mere figure of speech? If so, what is behind such expressions as "slain in the heat of passion," "murdered in cold blood," "scared cold," "boiling-hot mad," *et cetera*?

"Cold blood" is a figure of speech, but the cold clammy sweat of fear is not; nor, as we shall see, do we speak merely figuratively of the "boiling-hot mad" man with eyes ablaze and face flushed with the heat of passion. We are all potential murderers, products of our nature and our training, likely at any time to meet a situation so strange or so terrifying as to impel us to some overt act which one lifetime hardly could expiate.

"You are a fool." Does that anger you, possibly make you want to annihilate me? "You are adorable." Does that make you smile, possibly make you like me? "Your child is on fire." Does that alarm you, possibly make you run faster than you ever ran before? A madman brandishes a bomb in your face. Does that put you in a cold sweat? Ravenously hungry, you discover a hair in your first spoonful of soup. Does that turn your stomach?

Whatever it is that enrages you, makes you like somebody, alarms you, wrings cold sweat from you or turns your stomach, has this in common: power to *move* you. And the way you "move" when enraged, in love, alarmed, injured or nauseated, is the index of your control over your emotions; a register, as it were, of your usefulness to society and your success as one of a social organization—yes, of your sanity.

The business of emotion is to move. If anger can move you to slap your wife; love, to kill the husband of your inamorata; fear, to fall in a dead faint; pain, to cry your eyes out; hunger, to steal—you are so controlled by your emotions that you are a social menace and should not blame society if it shuns you, locks you up or hangs you.

Hunger—for food, for mate; rage, fear, pain: these are the impulses which drive us to live out our lives. As growth or rejuvenescence is the one outstanding criterion of life, so hunger is the one outstanding impulse which moves living beings to live. Hunger is the primordial, the oldest drive in life, the first emotion. The ways living beings are moved in answer to that drive make up the life history of living beings.

Does this seem too abstract? Then let us make it concrete. Hunger in such animals as chickens and human beings is due to action in viscera; it is a visceral drive. Remove the viscera from a chicken—or a human being; where will it be driven? Nowhere. It dies, as inevitably as the clock stops when its works are removed. Hunger is emotion number one.

If I steal your dog's bone your dog will be so enraged that it will be driven to bite me. If I steal your child's food your rage may drive you to kill me. Rage is emotion number two.

And fear is its twin. For rage and fear are literally twins under the skin. I may be so fearful that you are going to steal my child, and that the arm of the law will not restrain you, that I take the law into my own hands and kill you; or if I cannot

do that, I take my child in my arms and flee from you. In either case fear moves me. Fear is emotion number three.

Pain also is a mighty emotion and moves men to drink, to drugs, to the dentist, even to suicide. Pain, real or fancied, physical or mental, is probably at the bottom of most suicides—except in Japan, where one may kill oneself for the honor of something or somebody, or in India, where a wife may immolate herself on her husband's funeral pyre. Call pain emotion number four.

Hunger, rage, fear, pain: on these four primary emotions are built all other emotions. How many? I never have counted them, but here are a few that keep moving us this way and that, up and down, in and out:

vexation, anxiety, worry, sorrow, grief, despondency, resentment, admiration, awe, reverence, disgust, loathing, wonder, gratitude, scorn, reproach, revenge, bashfulness, shame, jealousy, envy. We need not stop to analyze these emotions here; it is more important that we get an understanding of the primary emotions—that will help us understand emotions in general.

I do not mean to imply, of course, that anxiety, sorrow, shame, envy, *et cetera*, are simple. They are far from that, and are generally compounded of two or more primary emotions.

These mixed emotions may attain ascendancy over us and move us, for example, to kill the person we are jealous of, grovel at the feet of the person we reverence, or sneak away like cowards when we are ashamed. But let us side-track them and look at the bigger question: why murder at all?

You and I and all of us unhung and out of jail are *potential* murderers. Why?

Because human nature is fundamentally the same: every normal human being can be emotionally aroused and under its drive must do something. To that extent we are all alike, all tarred with the same brush.

WE ARE all potential murderers because it is in our nature to murder our enemies. Only as we are trained do we learn to distinguish enemies from friends and above all to restrain our inborn killing proclivities.

Pain also has biologic value; it is a sign of injury, nature's cry for help: "Remove the cause of the injury or suffering." Suffering is disease, potential death.

The biology of hunger is so obvious that it also may be stated in few words. You and I, since we began our individual existence as a fertilized ovum, have been growing. We could not build and we cannot repair our body without the stuff of which our body is made. We cannot keep our body engines going unless we supply them with fuel. We can only go on living forever through a chip of our body, as "offspring." In short, we must find food or we lose our life; a mate, or we lose our immortality.

Do I seem to overemphasize these primary emotions? They cannot be overemphasized. Failure to understand their nature, significance and biologic usefulness has led to the writing of an incredible amount of rubbish about human behavior. They are fundamental; they are necessary for life—they are behind life! They can no more be eliminated from our birthright than our stomachs; they are disregarded in the training of the child at the peril of society and of the happiness of the individual.

Such highly organized animals as man (Continued on page 112)

By
Rex
Beach

The Story So Far:

FROM his boyhood days in New York, Sam Lee had met with unreasoning prejudice—prejudice that puzzled him and embittered his life. For although his father, Lee Ying, was a Chinaman and Sam had been brought up in orthodox Oriental fashion, the boy was more in tune with Western thought and manners than with those of his own people. This fact bewildered Sam and made him unhappy, for he did not know that he was in reality a foundling whom Lee Ying and his wife, now dead, had taken into their home and their hearts years before in San Francisco.

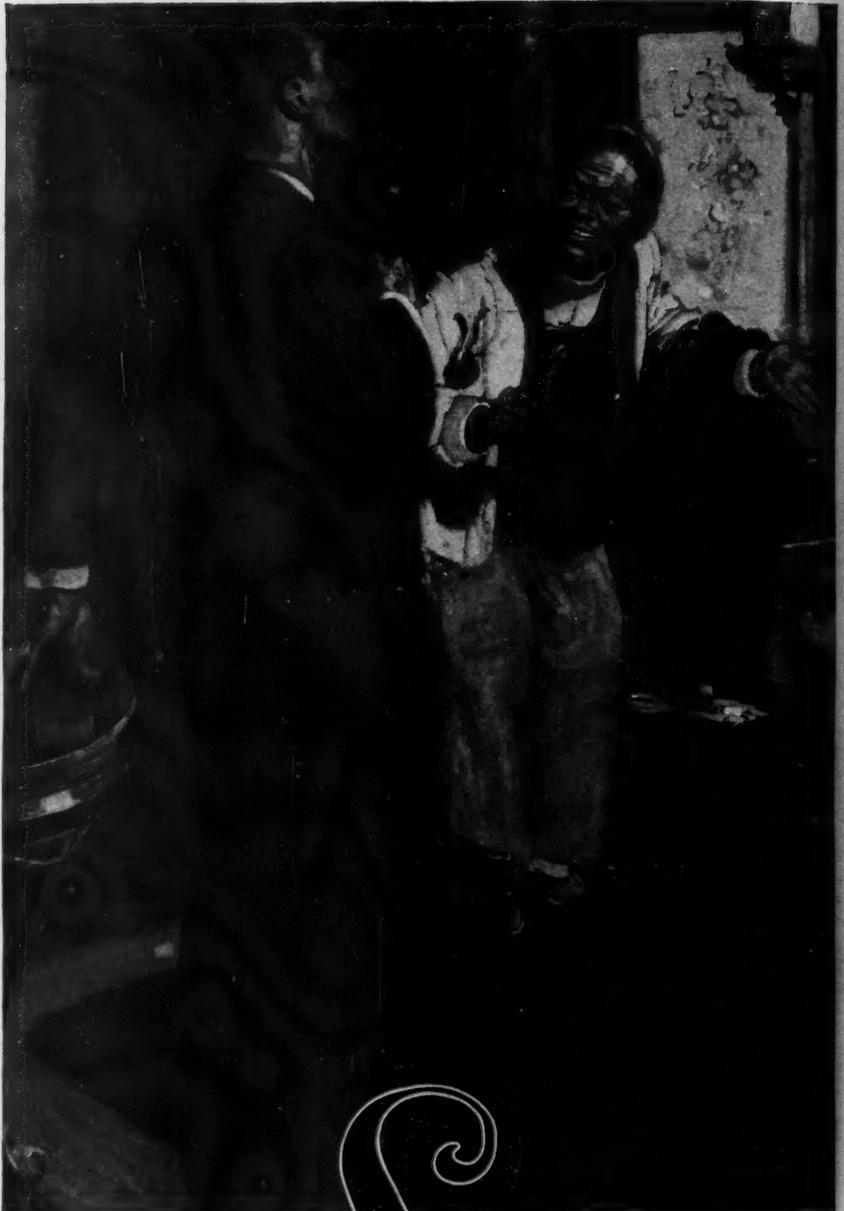
At Eastern University, despite his scholarship, his skill at athletics and his generosity, he felt the prejudice against him and grew ever more lonely. White women now began to attract him and for a time in Alice Hart, a struggling art student, Sam thought he had found a friend—perhaps a wife. But Alice, accepting Lee Ying's offer to finance her studies abroad, rejected, with instant revulsion, Sam's proposal of marriage.

A second white girl was to bring to Sam more forcibly the difference in races when, back at Eastern again, he stepped into a trap laid for him by a pair of blackmailers, Everett Himes and Mrs. Stevens, who used Mona Stevens, the woman's attractive niece, for their decoy. It was a distasteful experience, but Lee Ying found out the truth about the affair and the tricksters were thwarted in their attempt to force Sam to marry the girl, or to obtain a large sum of money as the price of his alleged indiscretion.

Later Lee Ying prosecuted the blackmailers, but this proved a boomerang for Sam, as the resulting publicity caused his expulsion from the university. Thoroughly embittered, the boy insisted on leaving home to make his own way in the world, and as scullery boy on a tramp steamer he began a different sort of life. The gods, however, were kind to him and after he left the tramp in England, he became literary adviser to Cyril Bathurst, a dramatist of Oriental life.

Sam went to the Riviera with Bathurst and there met Alanna Wagner, the daring, imperious and spoiled daughter of a millionaire soap manufacturer. One night when Sam tried to tell the girl who and what he was, she silenced him. "It won't make any difference," she said. "I don't want you to be anybody or to have anything but me." Sam thought he had found happiness at last . . .

But the very next day, in the garden of the Royale, a horrible scene took place. Before a group of paralyzed onlookers Alanna



Son of

Illustrations by

struck Sam again and again with a horsewhip. She had learned of his Chinese blood!

Heartsick and dazed by the terrible humiliation, Sam returned to his hotel, to receive a blow more cruel than Alanna's in a cablegram which read: "Your father is dying. Come."

"DID you wind it up?" Al Wagner inquired of his daughter when she burst into his presence late that afternoon. Alanna answered him shortly and he voiced his relief: "Thank heaven! I hope you didn't mince matters. The miserable skunk! But I still think I was the one to do it. What did he say?"

Alanna tossed her arms aloft in a furious gesture. "He didn't open his mouth."

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"He'd have opened his mouth to me!" the father growled. "I know those Chinamen: I've worked hundreds of them. Lord! I wish you had let me see him. I wouldn't have let him off so easily. Why, if he brags about this affair, it will ruin us."

Alanna uttered an explosive sound which indicated her contempt of consequences.

"Oh, jeer if you want to!" Wagner cried testily. "You know it's true just the same! They'd tar and feather him out in California. Yes, and they'd do the same to any white girl who even talked about marrying a Chinaman. Now, then, I hope this will be a lesson to you, young lady. It serves you right for playing around with every good-looking stranger you meet. Damnation! It turns me sick to think of his touching you."

Harshly Alanna said: "I horsewhipped him."

"Huh?" This interrogation came with a jerk, then, as the

seems to run in the family: she threatened to horsewhip every woman I spoke to. But—you *did* it! D'you realize what you've done to yourself? And to me? Bawled us out! But no, you never stop to consider anything, do you? You couldn't act like a lady; you couldn't take that rotter off alone somewhere and beat him up. You had to do it in a shop-window."

"He—he kissed me!"

"So you boasted. Why didn't you guard it as a family secret? Now it will be in the papers, of course. Oh, you're as private as an eclipse. Engaged to a Chinaman! We'll never live that down. I'm going to hunt a high place, drink poison, blow my brains out and jump off."

"He *can't* be a Chinaman. It's a lie!"

"Say! We've got to get out of here, quick."

"Chinamen don't kiss, they rub noses."

girl's words sank in, a paralysis crept over her father; horror numbed him.

"I wore out a crop on him."

"Horsewhipped him? When? Where?"

"Just now. In the tea-garden. In front of everybody. I'd have killed him if I could."

"Oh, my Lord!" The cry issued weakly from Wagner's lips; he seized his head; he stared wildly at his daughter.

Now that Alanna had found her voice, words rushed from her, she stormed about the room in a gusty passion. But the tornado blew itself out as rapidly as it had blown up, she faltered, hesitated, her voice broke and her bosom heaved. Without warning, she burst into tears; blindly she ran to her father.

Wagner pushed her away. Roughly he exclaimed: "You little fool! You ought to be horsewhipped yourself. Darned if I don't have you locked up; you're not safe to have around and I mean it. Why, that's just like your mother! Whipping a man! In public!"

Alanna shook him, she beat him with her fists, crying: "Hold me! Comfort me! Oh, Daddy, please! . . . A sweet father you are!" She gave him a shove that sent him reeling, then flung herself upon a chaise longue and buried her face in its pillows. She writhed, she kicked, she tore at the cushions and scattered them, meanwhile uttering sounds of anguish.

Wagner approached and shook a clenched fist over her.

"Yell! Tear 'em up! Raise the hotel and have us thrown out!" he shouted. "That's your mother all over again. She always fixed it so we never could stop twice in the same place. You've got all she had, and more. This horsewhipping

"I'll bet he has you arrested. Wouldn't that be pretty?" Alanna wailed, a paroxysm of such violence seized her that she slid ungracefully off the lounge. She made no effort to rise; she merely sat on the floor and rocked herself in misery. "I love him," she moaned.

"Humph! That's likely," her father sneered. "Love a Chinaman!"

"I do. I don't care what he is. I love him."

"Then take it out in loving," Wagner spoke through clenched teeth. "We're going to leave here as soon as it gets dark enough to escape. I can see the head-lines tomorrow morning."

The telephone rang with the startling suddenness of a machine-gun burst and he snatched it up.

"Hello! Wagner speaking . . . Who? . . . Tell him to go to the devil!" He crashed the instrument down upon its stand. "There you are, Typhoid Mary! A gentleman of the press! Lord! You're the image of hard luck for me. Call your maid and get your things together before they break in on us."

"I'm not going," Alanna declared.

"Oh, you're not going! You propose to sit right there on the floor for the rest of your life! I'm running things from now on and you're leaving with me or—I'll pull your ears out."

"I won't budge. I like it here. I won't be run out of a place I like and you can't make me go."

With an effort Al Wagner calmed himself sufficiently to argue; when this failed he fumed, then he raged and at last he threatened. Alanna was granite. She cajoled, she implored, she wept; she was stubborn, angry, spiteful and affectionate by turns.

She took refuge finally in an attitude from which her father could not move her. She acknowledged that she had been impulsive and unwise and that her wicked, sinful temper had betrayed her into a serious indiscretion, but she owed it to herself and to her darling Albert to prove that she was no coward. Honor demanded that she face the music. She proposed to stay right here and to go right along as usual, with her head up and a smile on her lips. It was the only courageous and dignified thing to do.

Who would know that Sam had been more than a mere acquaintance? Nobody. To run away would be a confession of guilt, an admission of shame. And what had she to be ashamed of? Nothing. If anybody dared to throw it up to her, get smart, she'd give them a taste of— Well, she had other crops and she could use them. What did she care for a little gossip? Not—that!

There was mighty little that she cared for now; her heart was in pieces. She was a poor, fluttering, frightened bird and her wing was broken. It was her own fault, of course—Albert was right about that. In fact, he was right about everything. She was just a foolish, impulsive girl.

Yes, and she never had shown him the love and the consideration she should have shown, but wait. She was a changed woman; the dress was burned away; nothing but pure gold remained. She'd prove it. He wouldn't know her. Leave Paradis? Rather not. They would say no more about it—not another word. If sweetheart mentioned it again, she'd scream.

During the time it took her to voice her contrition and her promises of reform, the telephone rang three times. They let it ring.

In despair at last Wagner stamped off to his own suite and locked himself in. Later he ordered his dinner sent up and ate it in the solitude of his chamber. He wondered apprehensively if he would have to live in this wretched room, denned up like a wolf, until he grew a beard long enough to serve as a disguise.



Cyril Bathurst returned home late that night. He had attended a party where he had been forced to listen to various accounts of the occurrence at the tea dance and to comments upon racial questions, hence he was not in an agreeable mood.

He was astonished to find Alanna Wagner waiting for him.

"Where is Mr. Lee?" she inquired without preamble.

"On his way to Paris," he told her. "He sails tomorrow for America."

"Why did he go?"

Bathurst opened his lips, then he hesitated. Coldly he asked, "Isn't that rather stupid, coming from you? You're not a stupid girl."

"What I mean is—does he hate me?"

"Probably. I would, if I were in his shoes."

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"Oh, no doubt! Well, I hate *him*. I loathe *him*. I despise *him*. The idea of his making love to me! Kissing me! Why, we spent half of last night under the cypresses. Can you bear it? Did you know he's an Oriental?"

"I did."

"I—I could kill him! It's outrageous!" the girl cried.

"Right! Filthiest trick I ever heard of. So unfair."

"Yes. Unfair."

"You should be thrashed within an inch of your life."

"If?" Alanna started.

"Certainly! Surely you don't hold him to blame? That

"You're vulgar and ill-bred and cruel. I'll wager you were one of those nasty little brats who pull kittens' legs just to hear them squall. You think it's clever to disregard everything conventional and to outrage all the decencies. You're utterly indifferent to other people's feelings. Really, I'm sorry your father isn't present, but you may repeat what I say and he can find me any time."

"Go ahead," the girl urged defiantly.

"Right! It's a pleasure I can't deny myself. We Europeans often spoil our women after they grow up, but Americans seem to ruin them at the breast and you're a typical example. Look around you here in Paradis. Vain, overdressed, impudent, empty-headed women, as loud and gaudy and wasteful as macaws. It's the same all over Europe.

"Imagine a girl of your age coming to a man's house, alone, at this ungodly hour, and confessing — boasting! — that she spent half the night in a young fellow's arms! Thoroughly smart and up to date, no doubt, but it jolly well shocks me. I wish you were *my* daughter, for half an hour. I'd teach you what a crop feels like.

"Sam Lee is a fine, clean, up-standing boy, and far too good for you. He held you at arm's length as long as he could and that drove you frantic. Oh, I saw the way you went at him! Disgraceful! Now you 'hate him'; you 'could kill him'! Well, you did something much more cruel than that."

"Yes?"

"You humiliated a proud, sensitive—"

"What about my pride?" Alanna broke in, unable longer to restrain herself. "I'm a Californian. I was reared among Chinamen."

"Among coolies. Sam is a gentleman of breeding. His pride is stiffer, keener and higher-tempered than yours, or mine, for he has something to be proud of. I have little and you have nothing—except your good looks. You see, I don't bend the knee to your father's money."

"Are you through?"

"Not quite. It's rather sporting of you to let me speak my little piece before you rend me into tatters, for I dare say it's the first uncomplimentary thing you ever heard about yourself, but—you've no idea what you've done to that boy. I can only guess but I fancy you've about spoiled him: certainly you've changed the whole course of his life. If he goes to the devil you're responsible. It was an unpardonable thing to strike a fellow who couldn't defend himself, to break that particular kitten's legs. It was wicked, inhuman and terribly unfair. Now, may I see you to your hotel?"

In a voice that surprised her listener Alanna said: "Just a minute. I'd like to speak *my* piece, first. I'm awfully mad—about the kittens. I never did! I love animals. I'd die before I'd hurt one . . . The rest was true, except what you said about American girls. They're not all spoiled and selfish; you see only the ones like me. I know I was rotten. I came here to apologize to Sam."

"Oh, I say!" Bathurst exclaimed. "I'm sorry I ran on as I did."

"That's all right. I've known the truth about myself for ages. I'm like Father's soap: it's highly scented and beautifully wrapped up, and the boxes are expensive and all that, but it's made out of scraps from the stock-yards. That sizes me up: lavender and leaf-lard, roses and refuse. I'm wild about Sam but that doesn't change the situation. It merely explains (Continued on page 164)



The meeting of Sam and Alanna was a painful game of make-believe, and each realized that they were saying farewell.

Mongolian tiger didn't drag you out of the Casino and into that thicket, did he? I fancy not. I'd like awfully to give you a piece of my mind, Miss Wagner, but I can't very well do so under my own roof."

"Please do. I came uninvited."

"Thanks awfully. I will. It won't help you in the least but it will do me a lot of good, for I've heard nothing but you and Sam all this evening and I'm full up. I'll merely repeat what I've already said.

"To put it politely, Miss Wagner, I consider you the most arrogant, the most ruthless, the most selfish creature I ever knew and I have so expressed myself. Thoroughly spoiled, of course. I don't approve of you at all."

"I gather as much," the girl said with a curious stare.

A STRANGE *Encounter* with a DERELICT

Illustrations by
John Richard Flanagan

HEAVEN knows how often I had lamented that I had not half the time I needed to do half the things I wanted. I could not remember when last I had had a moment to myself. I had often amused my fancy with the prospect of just one week's complete idleness.

Most of us when we are not busy working are busy playing; we ride, play tennis and golf, swim or gamble; but I saw myself doing nothing at all. I would lounge through the morning, dawdle through the afternoon and loaf through the evening.

Time, because it is so fleeting, time because it is beyond recall, is the most precious of human goods, and to squander it is the most delicate form of dissipation in which man can indulge.

Naturally I should read, for to the habitual reader reading is a drug of which he is the abject slave. But the professional writer is seldom a disinterested reader and I wished my reading to be but another form of complete idleness.

But I had always fancied myself choosing my moment, with surroundings to my liking, not having it forced upon me, and when I was suddenly faced with nothing to do and had to make the best of it—I was not a little taken aback. I had come to Vera Cruz from Mexico City to take a boat to Yucatan; and found to my dismay that, a dock strike having been declared overnight, my boat would not put in.

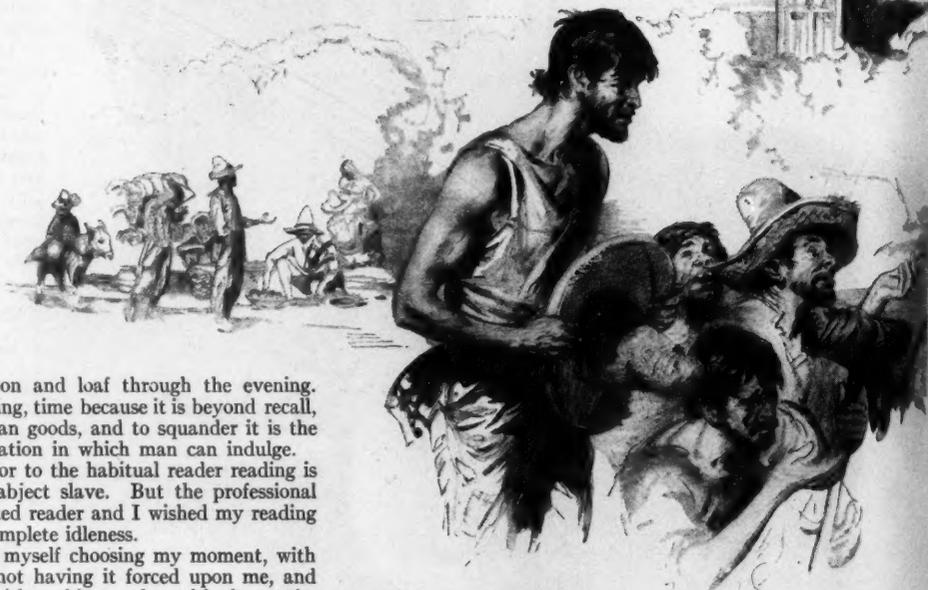
I was stuck in Vera Cruz for at least a week. I took a room in the Hotel Diligencias, overlooking the plaza, and spent the morning looking at the sights of the town. I wandered down side streets and peeped into their quaint courts. I sauntered through the parish church; it is picturesque with its gargoyles and flying buttresses, and the salt wind and the burning sun have patined its harsh and massive walls with the mellowness of age; its cupola is covered with white and blue tiles.

Then I found that I had seen all that was to be seen and I sat down in the coolness of the arcade that surrounded the square and ordered a drink. The sun beat down on the plaza with a merciless splendor. The coco-palms drooped dusty and be-draggled. Great black buzzards perched on them for a moment uneasily, swooped to the ground to gather up some bit of offal, and then with lumbering wings flew up to the church tower.

I watched the people crossing the square: negroes, Indians, creoles and Spanish, the motley people of the Spanish main; and they varied in color from ebony to ivory. As the morning wore on the tables around me filled up, chiefly with men who had come to have a drink before luncheon, for the most part in white ducks, but some notwithstanding the heat in the dark clothes of professional respectability, and the conversations around me were animated.

A small band, a guitarist, a blind fiddler and a harpist, played ragtime and after every other tune the guitarist came round with a plate. I had already bought the local paper and I was adamant to the news-venders who pertinaciously sought to sell me more copies of the same sheet.

I refused, oh, twenty times at least, the solicitations of grimy urchins who wanted to shine my spotless shoes, and having come to the end of my small change, I could only shake my head



at the beggars who importuned me. They gave me no peace.

Little Indian women, in shapeless rags, with a baby tied in the shawl on their backs, held out skinny hands and in a whimpering tone uttered a long scree; blind men were led up to my table by small boys, the maimed, the halt, the deformed exhibited the sores and monstrosities with which nature or accident had afflicted them; and little tattered, underfed children whined endlessly their demand for coppers.

But suddenly my attention was attracted by a beggar who, unlike the rest of them and indeed the people sitting around me, swarthy and black-haired, had hair and beard of a red so vivid that it was startling. His beard was ragged and untidy and his long mop of hair looked as though it had not had a cut or a brush for months.

He wore only a pair of trousers and a cotton singlet, but they were tatters, grimy and foul, that barely held together; I have never seen anyone so thin; his legs, his naked arms were but skin and bone and through the rents of his singlet you saw every bone of his wasted body; you could count the bones of his dust-covered feet. Of that starveling band he was easily the most abject. He was not old, he could not have been more than forty, and I could not but ask myself what had brought him to this pass.

It was absurd to think that he would not sooner have worked if work he had been able to get. He was the only one of the beggars who did not speak. The rest of them poured forth their litany of woe. He said nothing.

I suppose he felt that his look of destitution was all the appeal he needed. He did not even hold out his hand, he merely looked at you, but with such wretchedness in his eyes, such despair in his attitude, it was dreadful; he stood on and on, silent and immobile, gazing steadfastly, and then, if you took no notice of him, moved on slowly to the next table.

If he was given nothing he showed neither disappointment nor anger, if someone offered him a coin he stepped forward a

By *W. Somerset Maugham*

who spends half his Life
in search for the
UNUSUAL



"I had suddenly a strange feeling that I had seen the red-haired beggar before, but when and where I could not tell."

little, stretched out his clawlike hand, took it without a word of thanks and impassively went his way. I had nothing to give him and when he came to me, so that he should not wait in vain, I shook my head.

"Dispense Usted por Dios," I said, using the polite Castilian formula with which the Spaniards reply to a beggar.

But he paid no attention to what I said. He stood in front of me, looking at me with tragic eyes. I have never seen such a wreck of humanity. There was something terrifying in his appearance. He did not look quite sane. He passed on.

It was one o'clock and I had luncheon. When I awoke from my siesta it was still very hot, but towards evening a breath of air tempted me into the plaza. I sat down under my arcade and ordered a long drink.

Presently people in greater numbers filtered into the open space from the surrounding streets, the tables in the restaurants round it filled up, and in the kiosk in the middle the band began to play. The crowd grew thicker. There was a lively hum of conversation.

The big black buzzards flew screeching overhead. As twilight descended they swarmed, it seemed from all parts of the city, towards the church tower, they circled heavily about it and hoarsely crying, squabbling and jangling, settled themselves uneasily to roost. And again newsboys pressed dank papers upon me and beggars whined their plaintive demand for alms.

I saw once more that strange, red-bearded fellow and watched

him stand motionless, with his crushed and piteous air, before one table after another. He did not stop before mine. I suppose he remembered me from the morning and, having failed to get anything from me then, thought it useless to try again.

You do not often see a red-haired Mexican, and because it was only in Russia that I had seen men of so destitute a mien I asked myself if he was by chance a Russian. Yet he had not a Russian face, his emaciated features were clear-cut, and his blue eyes were not set in the head in a Russian manner; I wondered if he could be a sailor who had deserted his ship and by degrees sunk to this pitiful condition.

He disappeared. Since there was nothing else to do, I stayed on till it was dinner-time and after dinner sat again at a table till the thinning crowd suggested it was bedtime. I confess that the day had seemed long and I wondered how many similar days I should be forced to spend there.

But I woke after a little while and could not get to sleep again. My room was stifling. I opened the shutters and looked out at the church. There was no moon but the bright stars faintly lighted its outline. The buzzards were close-packed on the cross above the cupola and on the edges of the tower,

and now and then they moved a little. The effect was uncanny.

And then, I have no notion why, that red scarecrow recurred to my mind and I had suddenly a strange feeling that I had seen him before. It was so vivid that it drove away from me the possibility of sleep. Somewhere in the past I felt sure I had come across him, but when and where I could not tell.

I tried to picture the surroundings in which he might take his place, but I could see no more than a dim figure against a background of fog. As the dawn approached it grew a little cooler and I was able to sleep.

I spent my second day at Vera Cruz as I had spent the first. But I watched for the
(Cont. on page 100)



A Girl Who

By Shirley
Warde

THE years between seemed to fade away and Joan was carried back to a time when her sixteen and Paula's eighteen had seemed very grown-up ages—to a boarding-school room wherein she had spent many happy hours, many industrious ones—back to a night when the hand of youth had painted with the glowing colors of idealism the blank white canvas of the future.

It was spring—things were being born. Tiny buds were opening their tender leaves and petals to a strange world. Through the window the promise-laden night air drifted in to Paula and something was set stirring within her. She threw back her golden head and the lamplight was made captive in her hair, struggling fantastically to escape its silken prison. Her eyes were dreaming, fastened upon some dim tomorrow, held there in wonderment.

The spirit of a girl sat at her feet, lost in adoration, while the physical being that was Joan remained curled up in a chair, a forgotten lesson book open in her lap, her dark eyes inquiring into the secrets of Paula's beloved blue ones.

"I wonder what love really is like," Paula's gentle chimelike voice was saying. "I wonder if all the stuff they write about it is anywhere near the truth."

"It must be, or they couldn't write it," the worshiper at the shrine found courage to suggest.

"But suppose they only write what they like to imagine it is."

"Oh, Paula, I don't believe anyone could possibly imagine anything so wonderful as love," Joan breathed.

"But you can never see it in the people around you," Paula went on. "Take Mother and Dad for instance. I know they love each other, but it seems monotonously serene—not at all what I want. You can't see the least evidence of any flame."

"Oh, but you wouldn't. People can't wear their feelings on the outside. I don't believe anyone can see love except the person you give it to." Joan always believed things. She created ideals and they became realities to her. Nothing short of them could be true.

"Do you suppose two people who really love each other could go on through years and years and always stay in love?" Paula asked.

"Of course. It must be like that or it isn't love." Joan was thoroughly convinced of that, but Paula frowned.

"I wonder!" she mused. "Well, maybe I'll find out all about it some day."

"You will, Paula darling," Joan promised. "You'll find the most beautiful love in the world, because you're beautiful yourself."

Paula's smile embraced her friend. Then she swept to the window as if she would seek confirmation of the stars, but they only winked knowingly in the dark sky outside.

Joan's eyes spanned the crowded room to rest upon a familiar golden



Illustrations by
W. E. Heitland

Played Fair

AND

*The Story as Well
of Her Best Friend's
HUSBAND*

head. The school-day picture tumbled from its place in her memory gallery as her mind turned quizzical about the present-day Paula.

For the blue eyes of her goddess were still lost in wonderment, Joan noted, but it was a wonderment that lacked some of the old glow, that seemed a little weary, a little baffled. What could Paula be wondering about now? Surely not love, for that

had been in her possession for seven years, bound in silken cords of her marriage to the rich Roy Wellington. Not motherhood, for in that Paula was twice experienced. One had only to let one's mind wander into the nursery and look down upon a wee golden head and a slightly larger dark one near by to know that Paula's dreams of baby fingers had been beautifully and satisfactorily fulfilled.

Why, then, did Paula seem peculiarly detached, why were her eyes still puzzled when the world had laid at her feet all of its gifts?

Joan speculated as she tried to color the recent years that she had seen only in outline as they had been traced most sketchily by Paula in occasional and brief letters and less occasional and nearly as brief meetings.

Paula's life had been fruitful; Joan's had brought only work with moderate success and comfort, the reinforcement of youthful ideals against the impact of humanity, and a certain loneliness which craved for companion only a perfection that it had not found. Love had many times been offered Joan, but never yet had it seemed to be the winged thing that she desired.

The room was suddenly made barren of beauty as Paula left it; for beside her all beauty faded into mediocrity. With the loss of their sun, Joan's eyes wandered aimlessly through a doorway and came to a halt in a dimly lighted room where a man and a woman stood in eager communion. Paula's husband raised his champagne-glass and looked steadily into the upturned face of the woman while his lips moved indistinctly as if uttering dusky secrets. Then he drank to the black alluring eyes before him.

Joan was disturbed and embarrassed. She felt as if she were peeping through a keyhole. She tried to tear her attention away from them, but it was chained. She saw Roy's hand touch the bare shoulder of the woman, then his arm slip around her yielding form and draw her close as he bent over her. Joan forced her body from her chair and crossed the room, but her heart remained dark with anxiety. Was Roy the cause of the subtle change she had detected in her goddess?

She tried to allay her fears with idle words as she chatted here and there, and then she found herself in a secluded corner, alone for an instant. A man bent over her chair and she looked up into the smiling face of Paula's husband.

"Well, little stranger, it's much too long since I've seen you. What do you mean by staying away from us all this time?"



C"We must get better acquainted," Roy said. Joan's eyes met Paula's, whose thought lay reflected in her face

Joan resented the caressing note in his voice. "It's not I who've stayed away," she told him. "If you will insist upon making all the world but New York your playground, I surely can't help that."

"I suppose you're right." He drew a chair a little too close to her and dropped into it. "But we've been in New York several times during the year and you've always managed to be out of town."

"I'm a working girl, you know," Joan reminded him. "I have to go wherever the paper sends me."

"What sort of assignments are they giving you now?"

"Oh, very much the same—special articles, interviews, important trials and events—anything that needs writing up."

"Must be darned interesting," he commented. "And you're a darned clever girl to be doing it as well as you do. I like women who can do things. Lord! most of the bunch I know just worry themselves sick trying to find entertainment."

Joan suddenly found herself caught in a flood of resentment toward this man whom she always had liked and whom she had thought well worthy of Paula in the happy beginning of their marriage.

For Roy had great charm—he had fascination. Men liked him, but women threw themselves at his feet. There was something about his tall indolent strength, the prankish fun that lurked in his dark eyes, the intimate flattering quality of his voice, that captivated women. Joan always had known this, but she had thought him blinded to feminine wiles by his love for Paula. The incident of the black-haired woman had unmasked a new Roy to her and she found herself instantly antagonistic.

Roy went on talking. "Paula wants to put the boy in school here, you know, so we're settled for the winter. And the prospect doesn't look uninteresting now that I've found you again." He smiled as he leaned closer. "We must get better acquainted."

Joan's eyes felt a pull and rushed across the room to meet Paula's. The bright head was still, the whole slender figure arrested in motion. But it was the strange affrighted thought that lay reflected in her face that caught Joan's breath and held it suspended. She visualized the picture as Paula must be seeing it—a husband bending ardently close to a best friend.

Confusion flushed Joan's mind. She searched the face of her adored one, but the expression that had been startled into existence had passed, leaving only a weariness that seemed almost cynically resigned. Paula continued on her way.

Roy, unconscious of the perturbation of his listener, or its cause, chattered on in Joan's ear; but although she was thinking about him she did not hear what he was saying. Fear had forced itself upon her. Had Roy already shaken into unreality the love dream that Paula had peopled with herself and him those seven years ago? Or had it as yet only been jarred into restlessness?

During the following two weeks she became even more greatly concerned. Paula was very busy settling her family into the winter routine of the town house that they occupied so seldom, but in Joan's hurried meetings with her the blue eyes were probed and every word she uttered examined with urgent care in an effort to determine whether Paula was aware of the serious danger that was threatening her marriage.

For the main part Joan found little difference in her friend. Paula was as brilliant as ever, in mind and physical being, but the searcher detected a forced quality in that brilliancy. It was no longer spontaneous and under the surface of it, although bravely hidden, Joan thought she discerned a dull ache that sought to smother a whimpering misery

that lay in its heart. She was convinced. Paula was unhappy, and it was Roy who was making her so.

It was at a second party at the Wellingtons' that Joan's indignation against Roy became thoroughly aroused. This time it was upon a little birdlike creature that he showered his favors. She accepted his kisses with the appetite of a fledgling. Joan was disgusted.

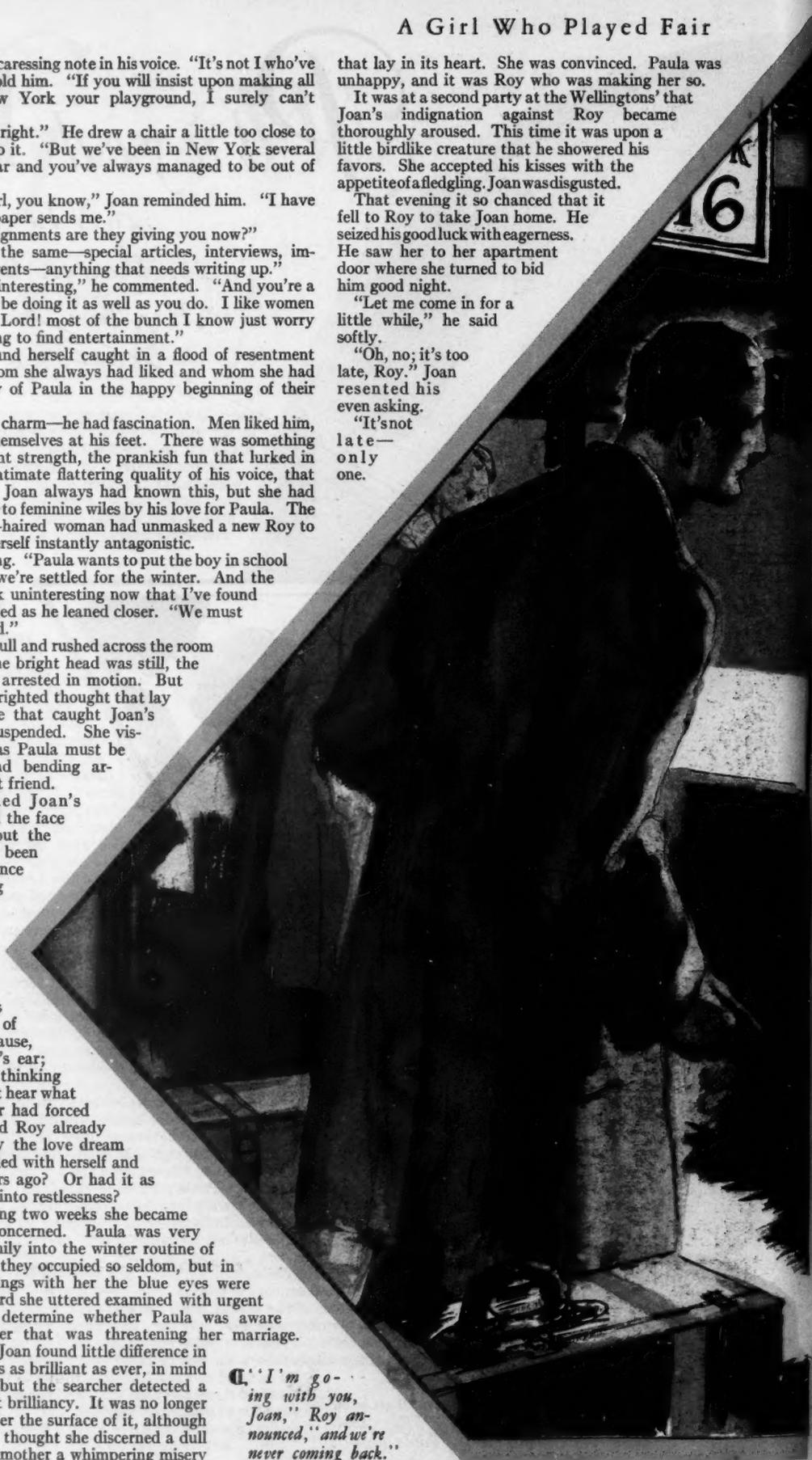
That evening it so chanced that it fell to Roy to take Joan home. He seized his good luck with eagerness.

He saw her to her apartment door where she turned to bid him good night.

"Let me come in for a little while," he said softly.

"Oh, no; it's too late, Roy." Joan resented his even asking.

"It's not late—only one."



"I'm going with you, Joan," Roy announced, "and we're never coming back."

Just a little while, Joan." He moved closer and looked down at her. "I've been waiting two weeks to have an honest-to-goodness talk with you. This is the first real chance we've had to get reacquainted. You're not going to let it slip away from us, are you?" His hand was on her arm, grasping it with a gentle pressure.

With the physical contact sudden anger flamed up within Joan. She wanted to slap his face; but she checked her instinct as she realized that such an act would avail her nothing. She quickly inserted her key in the lock.

"Come in," she said curtly. "I want to talk with you, too."

She entered the living-room

and switched on the lights. Roy followed her. "I say, this is an attractive nest you have," he commented.

"Let me take your hat and coat," was Joan's only reply. She studied him in silence while he removed them. "Sit down," she ordered, as she went to dispose of his things.

Roy obeyed—sank into an easy chair and indulgently stretched himself into lazy comfort. Joan came back into the room to be freshly irritated by his nonchalant ease. She sat down facing him. He smiled across at her. "Well, isn't this cozy—just you and me!"

In that moment Joan became convinced that Roy Wellington was a most dangerous adversary. With one smile he had reduced the white heat of her wrath to a harmless glow. Against all the will that she could muster, there pierced through to her consciousness the feeling that it was almost cozy there, alone with the enemy. She looked at him, dully hating him for his power—very dully hating him.

Now that she had him before her she didn't know quite how to begin on him. She had thought she did, but the friendliness of his smile had robbed her of her plan of campaign.

"I'm a little disturbed at your being here," she began hesitatingly.

"No, really?" Roy's smile deepened as he leaned forward. "Do I disturb you? That's a very propitious beginning."

Joan flashed him a look of scorn. "Because of Paula," she hastened to explain. "She might be wondering what's keeping you."

"Oh! my mistake! Well, don't worry about Paula," he laughed. "She isn't worrying about me."

"No?"

"No. She was in the midst of a fervid discussion with that young professor of psychology when we left, and she'll probably be at it for hours. So don't let Paula bother you."

"You don't, do you?" The mention of Paula sent her abruptly into action.

He glanced up, a cigaret hanging limply between his lips. Then he calmly struck a match. "What do you mean by that?"

His composure, his indifference fanned her anger into a threatening heat again. She looked at him steadily through narrowed eyes. "I think I despise you more than any person I've ever known," she said slowly.

He took her shot without flinching, smoked in silence for a moment, and then chuckled. "You think you do."

Well, as long as you're not certain the sting is lessened a bit. However, you interest me. Go on; tell me more about it."

Joan was halted by surprise. Was he brazenly callous—or was he a fine sportsman? The latter thought clung and left her somewhat confused.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be too brutal." She was amazed to find herself apologizing for the truth. Then she was brought up shortly. Good gracious! She need not apologize for anything when he had asked for it—his plea to come in at that hour—his intimate manner and his touch! Oh, no!

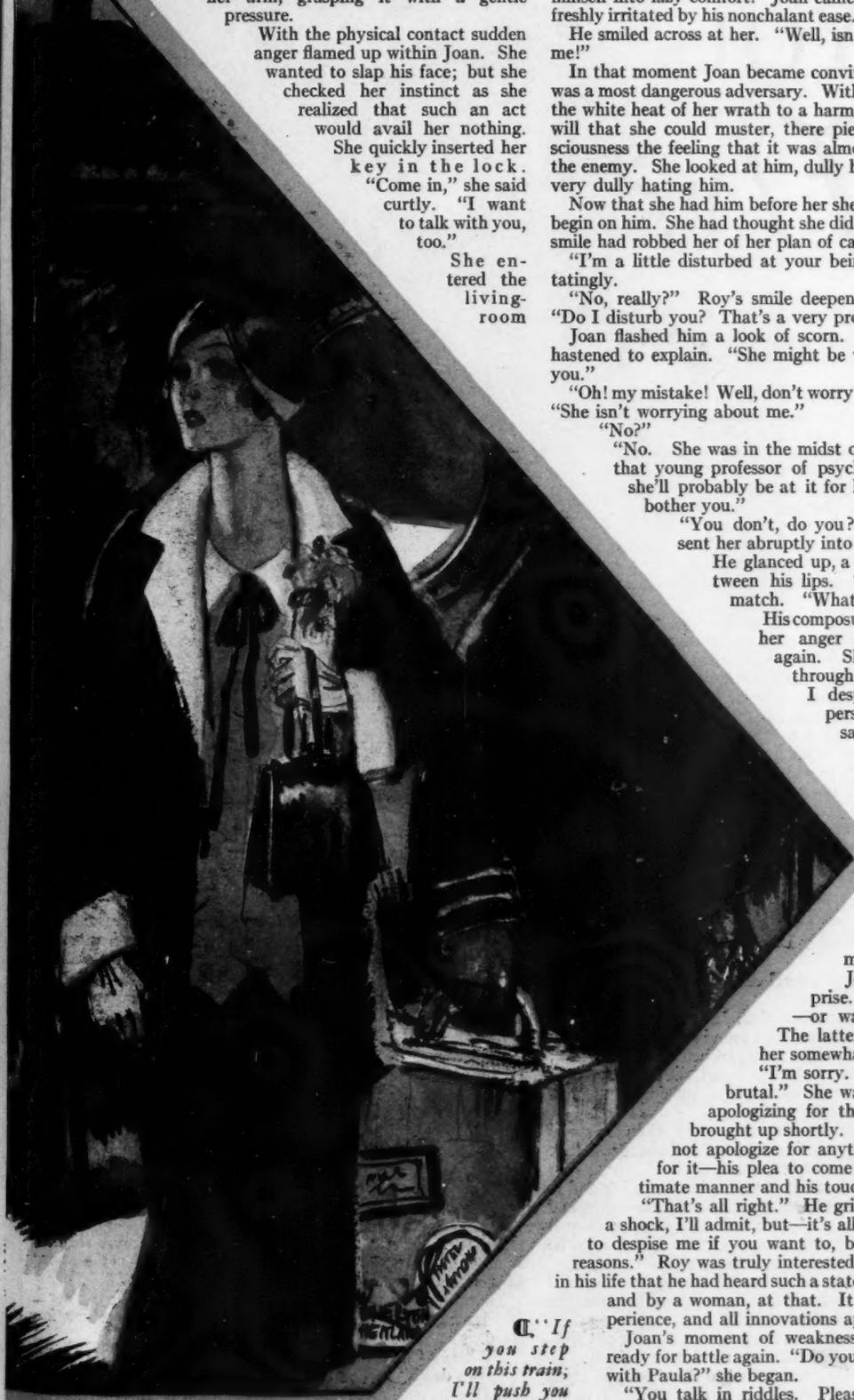
"That's all right." He grinned engagingly. "I got a shock, I'll admit, but—it's all right. You're privileged to despise me if you want to, but I'd like to hear your reasons." Roy was truly interested. This was the first time in his life that he had heard such a statement directed at himself, and by a woman, at that. It was indeed a novel experience, and all innovations appealed to him.

Joan's moment of weakness had passed. She was ready for battle again. "Do you think you're playing fair with Paula?" she began.

"You talk in riddles. Please be more explicit."

"I mean your flirtations. At (Continued on page 136)

"If you step on this train; I'll push you off," Joan raged.



Is it SAFE for YOU to Fly?

AS A potential air passenger or flier your natural concern is in what is being done to make flying safe for you.

You wish to know before you leave the ground how safe flying is. You are concerned with what has been done to safeguard your flight, both in the construction of the plane and the qualifications of your pilot. Recently I went through a series of tests myself at Crissy Field, San Francisco, typical of the methods employed in determining some of the physical characteristics and human reactions of fliers.

The tests were made under the guidance of Captain David A. Myers and Captain William Ocker to demonstrate the faultiness of the human sense of direction under certain conditions.

First, I was blindfolded and told to walk in a straight line. I did as I was told, as I thought successfully; then I heard laughter from the gallery, which included the commanding officer, Major Brant, Captain Palmer and Jack Harding, one of the round-the-world fliers.

I learned, much to my surprise, that I had not been walking in a straight line, as I had so confidently believed. Instead, I had been winding myself up in circles which grew tighter and tighter with each revolution.

This is exactly what the normal person will do, as I realized later, when I saw Jack Harding make a determined effort to walk in a straight line without his vision to guide him. His corkscrew gyrations were identical with mine. We both did what you and everyone else will do under the same circumstances.

Next, I was told to sit in a chair and to place my head in a box resting on my knees. The chair was then spun slowly around.

"Which way are you turning?" I was asked.

"To the right," I replied.

The chair was spun around several more times.

"Which way now?"

"Left," I answered without hesitation.

I was told to look up. I did so and I found I was as stationary as a traffic signal-tower. I wasn't being turned at all. Instead, after a few turns to the right at a certain speed, the chair had been stopped and at once I had the sensation of turning to the left although actually at a standstill.

Repeated tests brought identical results. Even when the speed of turning to the right was merely slackened, the result was that I again thought the movement was to the left.

All this applies to what is called "blind flying." In fog and in cloud, it is as if the flier is blindfolded. He simply cannot depend upon his senses. He cannot know accurately when thus surrounded, just what he is doing in space. The plane may be turning left or right, or be at an angle entirely unknown to him.

Thus Captain Myers solves the question of what probably befell some of the fliers lost on ocean flights somewhere between the home hangar and the far-distant destination.

Perhaps some of the fliers lost in fog got into, say, a right spin, corrected it and had a false sensation of turning to the left. To correct that, again they, of course, turned to the right, and going into another spin, ended tragically in the water or on land, as the case may be.

Captain Myers and Captain Ocker have done much to



establish the fallibility of our senses under certain conditions. The results of their investigations are inspiring the creation of mechanical devices, which go far toward compensating for human frailties.

Instruments which show changes in direction, whether the plane is tipping laterally (that is, bank and turn indicators), the rate of climb per minute, and several others are in use and are constantly being improved.

On the Friendship flight across the Atlantic we were in fog for eighteen hours. "Bill" Stultz had little of the sun or the sea, or the horizon, or the moon, or the stars to guide him. Literally he was as blindfolded as I had been in the California tests. Had he not been able to fly by instrument alone we never would have reached England.

Airmail pilots must have the ability to fly by instrument alone on their day and night flights. I look for the time when it will be one of the qualifications needed to secure a transport pilot's license.

Nothing man-made is infallible. Even the magnetic compass goes wrong occasionally.

One mail pilot started out for Cleveland from New York in a dense fog. He was flying by instrument. After the regulation number of hours required for the journey, he felt certain he was in the vicinity of Cleveland.

He came down searching for the landing-field. He did not find it. Instead, his final landing was made in a Connecticut farmyard.

"Where's Cleveland?" the pilot asked.

"He's dead," replied the farmer.

Later it was discovered that among the cargo were metal motion-picture boxes, which deflected the compass needles.

His experience, as it happened, resulted in nothing more serious

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By
*Amelia
 Earhart*

You complete your instructions. You make your first solo flight. You have fifty hours alone in the air. Again you apply for a license. Again the application is to the Department of Commerce. Besides the written examination and flying tests there must be a physical examination by one of its physicians.

There is no whirling chair such as was used in the war. Your balance is tested, your muscular reaction, your heart—to be sure it is normal—and the very important eyes. Are you color-blind? Are you near-sighted or far-sighted? How is your depth of perception?

You'll find the depth-of-perception test interesting. You are seated twenty feet away from a box with an open front. In the box are two upright posts about the size of a finger. Their bases and tops are hidden. They slide backward and forward on a groove away from and toward you. Two strings are attached to the posts, which are separated for the tests.

You are told to pull them until you think them parallel. If you cannot do so within a few millimeters in six trials you are considered incapable of

than loss of time and upset equanimity. As a matter of fact, in commercial and exploratory flying two or even three compasses are often used to check each other. On the Friendship, for instance, there were two magnetic compasses and one of the earth-inductor type.

Thus is one of aviation's hazards countered.

Ice forming on wings may have contributed to the loss of ocean fliers. It not only overweights the plane but it may change the shape of the wings so they do not have their true lifting power.

Research is being made upon this particular menace as with the stresses and strains imposed on different parts in flying or landing. Fuels, lubricants and motors are being constantly studied and perfected.

Mechanical defects and structural failures in airplanes are being eliminated. The Department of Commerce has rigid requirements to which manufacturers must conform. Experiments are constantly being made to determine strengths and weaknesses of material, and for improvements in design.

Perhaps you are thinking of taking up flying. If you intend to pilot a plane the first step is to apply for a student's license. If you are a civilian, to whom the army and navy instruction is not available, you put in your application presumably at the school nearest to you, of which many may be found throughout the country in connection with flying fields.

You may get a student's license and you may not. There are certain tests you must pass to determine your fitness.

Suppose you pass these tests. You receive a license, which permits you to enter only licensed planes flown by licensed pilots. You may, of course, hire an instructor who gives lessons in the air without a license, but you do so at your own risk.

judging distance, and you fail to receive a license.

You will find weather-reports available along the airways, where each morning miniature balloons are sent out with recording instruments that collect the story of what goes on at various altitudes. On long air journeys you will forearm yourself through the reports of wind velocity and direction at different altitudes of temperature and visibility.

You will find seven thousand miles of airway that have been lighted by the Department of Commerce under Assistant Secretary MacCracken.

You will find that wherever you fly you do not escape the watchful eye of the Department of Commerce. Planes are licensed or registered as are automobiles. The license numbers are painted in white on rudder and wings. Should a plane be involved in an accident the Department requires an explanation and must o. k. the repairs.

As you travel about the country you will find air-ports and landing-fields. There may be secured mechanical services, maps to guide you in cross-country flying, and the all-important weather reports. And you will find traffic laws of the air as rigid as those on the road. And likewise rigidly enforced.

You may not fly too low. You are obliged to keep your distance from other planes. A plane landing has the right of way, and if you are about to take off you must govern yourself accordingly. You must have good manners, too. Air etiquette is as definite as the social variety.

You will find that these provisions for your safety come first in the air even more vitally than on land or water. Should you break the least of them, you will be disciplined.

As a warning against infringement, I will recall the incident of the woman pilot who, for a lark, flew under bridges around New York City. It was beautiful flying but (Continued on page 148)

The Pay Station



M *The* Master Cheat

Illustration by
Henry Raleigh

TRESHOLM stood upon the topmost step of the Hôtel de Paris at Monte Carlo, looking doubtfully out at a not very exhilarating prospect. A low-lying bank of clouds obscured the panoramic hills, the pavements were rain-splashed, there were little puddles in the road.

The chairs and tables at the Café de Paris opposite were piled up together. The *commissaire* outside the Casino awaited arrivals with a huge umbrella already unfurled. The Senegalese head porter, standing by Tresholm's side, showed all his white teeth in a smile of expectancy.

"A day for the Casino, Monsieur," he hazarded.

Tresholm gazed meditatively across the Place at the great stucco-fronted building, and the very fact of his hesitation seemed to create a little wave of excitement in his immediate neighborhood. The man who worked the lift to the underground passage held open the gates hopefully. A boy in buttons prepared for a dash across the Place to announce the coming event.

By intuition, or some invisible means, the rumor of this long-expected descent upon the stronghold of gambling began to spread. The chief *maitre d'hôtel* of the restaurant, followed by two of his subordinates, strolled up as though casually to pay respects to an excellent client.

"A day to remain indoors, I fear, Monsieur," he ventured. "One might amuse oneself at the tables for a time."

Tresholm nodded absently. As yet he made no move. Several people in the lounge prepared to follow him if he should cross the square.

A self-declared professional gambler who had been in Monte Carlo for at least a week, and had not once entered the gambling-rooms! The thing was amazing.

This morning, however, what else could happen? There was the Casino, with its doors hospitably open, through which was



"Prosperity has come to the house," the girl mocked. "I see you already own nineteen milles." "I am outclassed," Tresholm said.

passing all the time a little stream of the world in mackintoshes. The thing seemed predestined.

And then there happened what can happen only upon the Riviera, and most often in Monte Carlo. A thin shaft of silver appeared from some partially hidden place and crept down from skywards. The gray puddles flashed like molten silver. A few loiterers glanced upwards and furled their umbrellas. The waiters from the Café de Paris came tentatively out and, after a look around, began to rearrange the chairs and tables.

The shaft of sunlight grew broader with the moments. Up in the sky a patch of deep, distinct blue was unexpectedly visible. The slanting drops of rain for one moment became diamonds, and then ceased. The dull, metallic sea sparkled once more. Overhead, the clouds were parting like the drawing of a curtain in a

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By

E. Phillips

OPPENHEIM

theater, and were disclosing more blue sky at every moment.

And then, unmistakably, sunshine—sunshine smiling down upon the Place as though to explain that those leaden hours had been just a joke, a little effort of contrast, now exhausted. The sun shone clearly, its tender warmth chasing all the damp out of the moist atmosphere. Monte Carlo was itself again. Tresholm threw away the end of his cigaret and lighted another one.

"Good!" he exclaimed to his Senegalese friend in the blue uniform. "I shall go out to Cagnes and play golf."

The man tried to conceal his disappointment as he summoned the car. The lift attendant turned away in disgust. The *maitre d'hôtel* followed his example. The expectant little crowd in the lounge resumed their places, and Tresholm stepped into his coupé and disappeared. Later in the day, it was to mean something to him that the sunshine should have appeared at that particular moment.

TRESHOLM put on his brakes, stopping the car at once, while his headlights disclosed more clearly the man standing in the middle of the road with uplifted and supplicating arms. After a round of golf, he was in an excellent humor and prepared to play the good Samaritan to anyone. A broken-down car, perhaps? Someone desiring a lift? He leaned forward to scrutinize the man who had hailed him, and a very unpleasant and disturbing sight he was.

"Monsieur will descend," a hoarse voice insisted. Tresholm, for once in his life, was utterly taken by surprise and uncertain for the moment how to act. With his hand upon the door of the car stood a person of most ruffianly appearance, wearing a narrow black mask and holding with very firm fingers an ugly-looking automatic. Not only that, but a second man had appeared out of the shadows and was hanging on the other door.

It is probable that if Tresholm had not been dreaming and required several seconds to realize the position, his impulse to make

a dash for it would have been successful. As it was, however, the opportunity had passed. His first assailant had him absolutely at his mercy, and the man who had clambered up behind was in a position to deal him a very nasty blow on the top of his head.

Tresholm reflected quickly. He had only a few mille with him, and he was unarmed. Discretion was certainly indicated. He held up his hands.

"I will descend," he agreed, "if you will wait while I draw to the side of the road."

"Vite!" was the harsh command.

Tresholm had every intention of keeping his word, but there was a sudden and most unexpected change in the situation. A flashlight illuminated the whole road. There was the sharp report of a gun from behind, followed by another. The man who had accosted him, without a second's hesitation, dashed for the wood from which he had issued, followed by his companion, and the third, who had clambered into the coupé, leaped out and went down the ravine on the other side like a scared rabbit.

Tresholm descended to find them all disappeared, and the *deus ex machina* a small two-seated car with dazzling headlights, which had evidently just turned the corner. In the middle of the road stood the slim figure of a woman, with a smoking pistol still in her hand.

She remained steadily on guard and beckoned him to her. He obeyed the summons, hat in hand. The twilight was merging into night, but the moon had scarcely yet risen. He saw her only

indistinctly, but he gathered she was young, and to all appearance French.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I am infinitely grateful for your opportune arrival."

She inclined her head very slightly. "One is foolish to travel along this road at night without being prepared for trouble," she remarked. "Monsieur is probably a tourist, or he would have known that."

"It is unfortunately true," he admitted.

"You are hurt?"

"Not a scratch."

"Or robbed?"

"Neither, thanks to you, Mademoiselle."

She glanced at him for a moment intently, almost, he thought, inquisitively. He saw now that her eyes were dark and her features regular. She was sufficiently good-looking, but her appearance was spoiled by a lowering, almost sulky expression. She seemed to resent his presence, to resent having been under the necessity of offering aid. Her voice only was pleasant.

"Monsieur speaks French so well," she said coldly, "that I am in doubt as to his nationality."

"I am English. My name is Tresholm, and I am staying at the Hôtel de Paris."

For the first time, she showed signs of definite interest. She studied him earnestly, and there was curiosity in her eyes which for a moment he failed to understand.

"You are the eccentric," she asked, "who registered here as a professional gambler?"

"My little joke," he apologized.

"Nevertheless," she went on, "you must have had some reason for what you did. You play cards? You gamble at times, yes?"

"Now and then," he admitted.

"Piquet, perhaps?"

For a moment, Tresholm was oppressed with a sense of unreality. The situation seemed to him too absurdly fantastic. An attack by footpads in the center of civilization, a deliverer so unexpected and apparently so unwilling, a question so apparently pointless!

What on earth could it matter to her or to anyone else in the world whether or not he played a somewhat neglected game? His companion appeared to realize his bewilderment, she stamped her foot gently in the dust and frowned at him impatiently.

"Please do not think that I am a crazy woman," she begged. "I have a reason for asking you such a question. Now will you please listen to me. You are Mr. Tresholm. Very well. You will admit that I have been of some service to you."

"A service for which I am greatly obliged," he assured her. "I should certainly have lost my temper and my money if nothing else, but for your opportune arrival."

"Well, you shall do something for me in return," she said, still without the vestige of a smile, or any note of graciousness in her tone. "You will do me the favor of accompanying me to the villa where I live, which is near here, and taking either a whisky and soda or a cocktail before you proceed."

"I shall be delighted," he acquiesced.

SHE stepped back into her car and took her place at the wheel. "Will you follow me, please?" she asked. "I would ask you to drive with me, but I see that you have no chauffeur. Your car is not damaged?"

"Not in the least. The engine is still running."

The two-seated car moved slowly on, with Tresholm behind. Just before reaching the outskirts of Monaco, the girl extended her hand, and they turned down one of the narrow roads which connect the Lower and Upper Corniche. After a few hundred yards' descent her hand went out again, and she turned between two broken-down gates, along an ill-kempt, cypress-bordered drive, until they reached the front of a very sad and deserted-looking villa.

The façade, which had once been a Provençal brown, was weather-stained and shabby. Its rows of windows were like great staring eyes, uncurtained; the gardens were desolate; the whole place had an unkempt and forsaken appearance.

The girl descended from her car, turned the handle of the door, and, in obedience to her gesture, Tresholm followed her into an ill-furnished room upon the ground floor. Her first action was to throw her hat upon the table. Then she looked at the clock.

"A quarter to seven," she murmured, as though to herself. "Monsieur Tresholm, it is very kind of you to pay me this little visit."

"If I can be of any service," he ventured, more than ever puzzled.

"You may be," she answered. "I cannot tell. It depends upon what manner of man you are. You seem to have courage, although you let yourself be rescued from footpads by a girl."

He shrugged his shoulders. "I submitted to the inevitable, Mademoiselle," he replied.

She opened a deal cupboard and placed a bottle of whisky, a siphon and a glass upon the table. There were other bottles, at which she looked meditatively.

"Perhaps," she said, "you will consider that I have brought you here under false pretenses. A cocktail, I warn you, would be difficult. I do not suppose we have any ice in the house."

"I prefer a whisky and soda," he assured her hastily.

"Then will you help yourself," she invited. "Have you ever heard of this villa before, Mr. Tresholm? Do you know who I am?"

He shook his head. "I must confess my ignorance."

"Well, they talk about us sometimes," she remarked—"not very favorably. This is supposed to be a place to avoid. I live here with my father. He is supposed to be a man with whom you should have nothing to do. You are sure that you have not heard of us?"

"Quite sure, Mademoiselle."

"My name is Brignolles—Lucie Brignolles."

HE SHOOK his head in response to the question in her eyes. "I am sorry," he confessed, "but the name is unfamiliar to me."

"You never heard of either of us?"

"The other one being—"

"My father—Monsieur Brignolles."

"Unfortunately, no. You must remember that you yourself correctly described me as a tourist."

"So much the better," she declared. "I will tell you about my father before we begin. You call yourself a professional gambler. An effort at humor, I should imagine," she sneered, "for you seem prosperous. My father is also a professional gambler. Unfortunately, the occasion is rare nowadays when he can find anyone to play with him. His reputation is none too good. He is barred from the Casino. We have no friends. Are you listening?"

"I have heard every word," he assured her.

She looked across at him gloomily. He thought that he never had seen a more sullen expression in his life. Even the beauty of her eyes was marred.

"My father has ill health," she went on. "He cannot live very long. He has on'y one passion, and that is to play cards and to rob anyone who plays with him. I have to tell you this, but I am his daughter, and my sympathies are entirely with him as against any fool whose money he can take. I have been to Nice to try to find someone to come and play piquet. He is quite invincible at piquet. He can win just as much money as his opponent chooses to play for. Will you play with him?"

"Certainly I will," Tresholm accepted, with a queer little smile at the corners of his lips. "I must warn you that I am rather good at the game myself."

"You could not succeed against my father, because he cheats," she rejoined curtly. "Nevertheless, it will probably make his last few days happier if he can win some money from you. Can you afford to lose?"

"I certainly can," Tresholm assured her.

"You are wealthy?" she insisted.

"Sufficiently."

"Remember," she told him, "you are fully warned. You will not complain afterwards?"

"I give you my promise," he replied, "that I will submit to whatever may happen to me."

She produced another siphon of soda-water and set out a card-table. "You need not be afraid of the whisky and soda," she said dryly. "This is a gambler's den, but that is the end of it. You are here to be cheated, and I am the vamp, but the drinks are all right. How do you think I play the part?"

"In an entirely original manner, if you will allow me to say so." Her eyes flashed. For a moment he thought that she was going to strike him. She restrained herself, however.

"You are quite right," she said. "I do not suppose I should be much of a success in the places you are used to. Sit there, please, and wait while I fetch my father. Your solitude will give you an excuse to escape if you are afraid."

He mixed himself a drink and opened the door for her. She passed him as though utterly unconscious of his presence.

Tresholm resumed his seat with a little grin. He loved adventure. Although he had a sort of instinctive confidence in the ungracious young woman who had just left him, he fully realized that he might very well find himself involved in a

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singularly unpleasant adventure. He waited for her return, however, without any feeling of apprehension. Very soon, he heard footsteps. She opened the door and entered.

Leaning upon her arm was a tall, emaciated-looking man whose suit of ancient gray tweeds hung loosely upon his shrunken figure. It needed only a glance into his face to convince Tresholm that the girl had been right about his health.

"This is my father," the girl announced shortly. "Mr. Tresholm. A gentleman staying down at Monte Carlo. He will play piquet with you for an hour."

"Very good of him, I am sure—very good," the old man declared, as he extended a skinny hand. "Pleased to welcome you, Mr.—what did you say his name was, girl?" he asked harshly.

She spelled it out with care. "Tresholm," he muttered. "Quite a good name. Very kind of you to give me a game, sir. Will you sit there? You see, I have brought the cards."

HE LAID two packs of cards and some markers upon the table, and lowered himself, assisted by his daughter, into the chair. He commenced shuffling, and Tresholm watched his long fingers, fascinated. One part of the man, at least, retained its old nimbleness.

"What points do you care to play, sir?" the old man asked.

"I am in your hands," Tresholm replied.

"Would twenty-franc points seem too much?"

"I think I could manage that," Tresholm agreed. "I should warn you, sir, that, although I have not played lately, I am supposed to be rather good."

The old man looked across at him without expression in his face. It was as though he wore a mask.

"There is no one in the world," he said, "who can beat me at piquet. Many have tried. They lose their money. You will lose yours. You can afford it, I hope?"

"I can very well afford it," his adversary assured him.

They cut for deal. Monsieur Brignolles won. "It is permitted to smoke?" Tresholm asked, as he laid his cigaret-case upon the table.

"By all means," the girl acquiesced, "so long as you have your own cigarets. We have nothing. We have just that bottle of whisky and some soda-water in case we can find anyone foolish enough to come and play."

"And your father?"

She shook her head. "He neither drinks nor smokes," she confided. "His state of health does not permit it."

Whatever Monsieur Brignolles' state of health may have been, his mentality, Tresholm decided, after the first few games, remained unimpaired. He discarded with brilliant intuition, and he played his cards unerringly.

Tresholm for the first time found himself outclassed. He lost with better hands; he lost heavily with hands of equal value. Each time his opponent drew as though inspired.

The last card was scarcely played before he was preparing for the next hand. It was as though he played for a great stake, and against the clock. The girl did the scoring, and every time she passed the sheet to Tresholm for his inspection, she did so with a half-malicious, half-triumphant smile.

"You must stay when you would like to leave off, Mr. Tresholm," she remarked once.

"Mr. Tresholm must have his revenge," her father squeaked hastily. "It is not for you to interfere."

"I can tell you one thing, Mademoiselle Brignolles," Tresholm confided. "Your father is not only the finest piquet player whom I have ever encountered, but I can assure you that he is also the finest player in the world. I have never seen such intuition. One could imagine that he might be one of those rare people in the world who can see through the back of the cards."

The girl shot one malign glance at him and did not speak again until the next game was

finished. Tresholm glanced at his watch.

"You are afraid of being late for your dinner?" she asked, with a note of sarcasm.

"Not in the least," he assured her. "I only looked at my watch to be certain that I should not be. If I leave here in another half-hour, that will suit me admirably."

"If you are sure you can afford it," she mocked. "Prosperity has come to the house. I see that you already owe nineteen milles."

"I must economize in other directions," Tresholm replied. "At any rate, I am having a wonderful lesson at the game."

They played on in silence. The old man shivered every now and then as though affected by an ague, but the cards left his fingers with uncanny precision. They played by the illumination of half a dozen candles in ordinary bedroom candlesticks.

In the intervals between the deals, Tresholm ventured to glance around, and it seemed to him that he never before had sat in such a terrible room. The color wash was peeling off the walls. There was dust upon the frames of the few hideous pictures. There was not a whole article of furniture in the room.

To make matters more uncomfortable, there was a fire of huge logs burning upon the hearth, and not a single window open, but, although Tresholm felt his cheeks burn and his forehead become damp, his host's face never changed in its waxen pallor.

A sudden vigorous distaste for his surroundings, the ugliness of it all, the terrible old man, the sullen girl, got on Tresholm's nerves. He mixed himself a second whisky and soda, and, potent though he knew it to be, it tasted like water to him. He began to make mistakes in playing his cards and suffered for them severely.

The girl smiled maliciously. "Only ten minutes longer," she consoled him. "How glad you will be to go. Never mind, worse might have happened if I had left you to the robbers on the hill."

"The game is very interesting," Tresholm assured her, speaking with an attempt at lightness. "I am outclassed, but so would anyone else be."

She shivered palpably. Her father's long, nervous fingers were toying with the cards which remained in the little pack. He drew them out, one by one, glanced back at his own hand and hesitated. Finally he discarded, throwing three cards only, instead of five, to which he was entitled. Tresholm was rubiconed, and when the last card fell upon the table he had lost more than in any previous game.

The girl began to add up the scores. Her father looked over her shoulder, checking the totals. When she had finished, she looked at them in dismay.

"Do you know how much you have lost, Mr. Tresholm?" she asked.

"Quite a good deal, I am afraid," he replied. "Your father is a very experienced player."

"You have lost thirty-one thousand francs," she announced.

"As much as that?" he rejoined coolly.

"Have you got the money in your pocket?" the old man asked, with a note of nervous harshness quavering in his voice. "If not, my daughter had better return to the hotel with you."

"I never carry more than a few milles," Tresholm replied. "I have my check-book."

"Where do you bank?" Brignolles asked.

"Here in Monte Carlo."

The old man's face cleared. "If you have not the money, I must take a check then," he grumbled. "Lucie, fetch pen and ink."

She placed writing materials upon the table—a cheap bottle of ink, and a stubby wooden penholder with a scratchy nib. Tresholm produced his check-book, and with some difficulty wrote out a check. While he was filling in the counterfoil, he was conscious of someone looking over his shoulder. He turned round and met the old man's greedy eyes.

"But what a balance!" the latter declared breathlessly. "You are a rich man, Mr. Tresholm?"

"I have enough for my needs," was the quiet reply.

The girl rose to her feet once more and threw open the door. "What does it matter to us whether Mr. Tresholm is rich or not?" she demanded. "He has enough to pay his debt."

"His debt?" Tresholm murmured. She looked at him with challenge in her eyes. The old man shuffled across to the cupboard and took out a glass and a bottle. The girl swung round.

"Come this way," she enjoined. "I will see you out."

They passed down the wretched little hall, and she opened the front door.

"Well," Tresholm said, "many thanks for saving me from the bandits."

"Nothing to thank me for," she rejoined curtly. "You paid, all right."

She closed the door, and Tresholm drove away from the place with an infinite sense of relief. The girl returned wearily to the shabby little room. Before she reached the door, she heard her father calling her. He was standing at the table with a pack of cards in his hand.

"Lucie," he cried, "where is the other pack?" She shrugged her shoulders. "I do not know," she answered.

"It is gone!" the old man shrieked. "Do you suppose—?"

She searched the table, turned the box upside down, looked everywhere feverishly. Then they faced one another—father and daughter.

"He has taken it away!" the former groaned. "Stop him, Lucie!"

She listened to the sound of Tresholm's horn as he turned from the avenue into the road.

"Too late!" she muttered. "You may as well tear up the check, Father."

AT ELEVEN o'clock on the following morning, the girl stood in the road below the bank and watched the great doors roll slowly back.

She looked in her bag. The check was safely there. She closed it, turned her back upon the Boulevard des Moulins and slowly entered the gardens. She chose a secluded seat and sat there in what seemed to be a sort of apathetic stupor. After some time she rose, left the gardens by the lower exit and looked up at the Casino clock. It was exactly eleven.

She crossed the road, sat down at one of the tables outside the Café de Paris and ordered a cup of coffee.

At half past eleven she paid for her coffee, adding a modest *pourboire*, and mounted the hill. At five-and-twenty minutes to twelve she crossed the portals of the bank. She made her way to the nearest cashier's window, unfastened her bag and produced the check.

As she handed it across, she felt her heart give a great throb. For a single moment the man's face before her was blurred; everything in the bank was hazy. Then she came to. She was herself again. Even the sullen expression had returned. She was like any ordinary customer waiting for her money.

"Would you like any small change, Madame?" the cashier asked.

"A little, please," she answered, not too steadily.

He glanced at the check once more. Then he counted rapidly through three packets of ten-mille notes pinned together, pushed them across the counter and added a mille in hundreds and fifties. The girl stuffed them into her bag.

She walked a little uncertainly towards the door. Then she came face to face with Tresholm, who was talking to the bank manager. She gave one little gasp, but recovered swiftly. She was passing on when he stopped her.

"How do you do, Mademoiselle," he said. "I hope you found that I had enough money to meet your father's check."

The bank manager laughed. An excellent joke! The girl looked up at Tresholm, and for a moment he was startled. There was a curious new quality in her eyes.

"Could I speak to you for a moment?" she asked.

"Certainly," he acquiesced. "I am just leaving, and so, I see, are you."

He opened the door for her and nodded his farewell to the bank manager. She led the way across the road to the gardens.

"How is your father this morning?" Treshholm asked politely.

"He is as well as he is likely to be," was the toneless answer. "Do you mind sitting down here? I wish to ask you a question."

He seated himself by her side, immaculate in his white flannels, his pongee coat and the carnation in his buttonhole. In the rather pitiless sunlight, the shabbiness of her own clothes, well-cut though they were, was a little pathetic.

"I want to know why you did not stop payment of that check," she demanded.

"Stop payment of the check?" he repeated. "But why should I? I lost the money."

"Yes, you lost the money," she agreed, "but—" She paused significantly.

"If you thought I was going to stop payment of it," he asked, "why weren't you here on the steps at ten o'clock this morning?"

"I was," she confessed. "That was what I was supposed to do—to cash it as soon as the doors were opened. I thought I would give you a chance though. I went away and waited."

"Very sporting of you!" he murmured. "Anyway, I never meant to stop it."

"Why not?" she persisted. "You know that you were cheated; you know that my father was playing with marked cards. You even brought them away with you—as evidence!"

He turned around, so that he faced her upon the seat. There was a good-humored twinkle in his eyes.

"My dear young lady!" he expostulated. "You haven't your facts correctly, and you seem to have an entirely wrong view of the situation. It is true that I brought away a pack of your father's cards last night, but that was simply because I thought he was better without them. Besides, didn't I own up to being a professional gambler? I am always interested in the appurtenances of my profession."

"I do not believe that you are a professional gambler at all," she declared, with a sudden flame of anger in her face and tone.

"But I can assure you that I am," he pleaded earnestly. "Everyone who comes to Monte Carlo and signs his papers at a hotel has to

have a profession. That is mine. Now, I don't want to seem unsociable," he went on, after a moment's pause, "but don't you think you ought to be getting home? Your father will be uneasy."

She opened her bag and dashed the little pile of notes upon the ground between them.

"You knew you were being cheated!" she cried passionately. "You knew that you had no chance. You lost that money on purpose. It was charity."

He contemplated the notes lying on the ground, but he made no effort to pick them up.

"Young lady, it was nothing of the sort," he insisted. "I thoroughly enjoyed the experience. Your father's skill at the game, to begin with, is phenomenal; his technique in those other small matters was also amazing."

"Be quiet, will you!" she sobbed, stamping her foot. "One has to suffer enough without such gibes."

"Now please be reasonable," he begged. "I assure you—"

Then, for a moment, he broke off and affected to be busy lighting a cigaret. His briquet gave him some trouble. When at last he was prepared to resume the conversation, the young woman's breathing was a little more normal, and she had disposed of her handkerchief.

Within a few feet of them, the uniformed garden attendant was standing, leaning upon his rubber-shod stick. His eyes were glued on the packet of notes.

"*Quelle chose est tombée, monsieur,*" he pointed out.

Treshholm peered at the notes through his eye-glass. "*Ça n'est pas à moi,*" he declared, with a little gesture of abnegation.

The man turned to the girl. "*À mademoiselle, peut-être?*" he suggested, pointing to the money.

"*Ça ne m'appartient pas,*" she echoed.

The man drew a little nearer to the notes. There was a gleam of cupidity in his eyes. Treshholm's foot fell gently upon them.

"Monsieur," he said, "believe me, the young lady is mistaken. The notes are hers. I saw them fall from her bag. Owing to a slight difference of opinion between us, she refuses to pick them up. I, too, am obstinate. What would you have! These young ladies—"

sometimes, no doubt, you yourself find them difficult."

He passed across a hundred-franc note, and the keeper at once decided that a hundred francs in the hand were worth more than a bundle of mille notes upon the ground.

"*Monsieur est bien gentil,*" he murmured and departed, with a little flourish of his hat.

"You see, Mademoiselle," Treshholm continued, "to leave those notes on the ground there may eventually result in trouble. If our friend had been a *gendarme*, for instance, we might have been marched off to the *commissaire* to account for the singular fact that we are sitting with a bundle of mille notes between us which neither of us will touch.

"Now, I will set you a good example," he added, coolly possessing himself of her bag, picking up the notes, unfastening the clasp and dropping them in. "That, I trust, will be the first step," he concluded, "towards our complete reconciliation. You will not deny that the *sac* is yours."

The bag lay upon the girl's knees. She said nothing. She was suddenly very white.

In her eyes was vacancy, and yet when he ventured to look towards her, was it his fancy, or were there unfathomable depths of wistfulness lurking there? He suddenly remembered the few sous, the carefully folded handkerchief of coarse linen, the single French cigaret, the little bundle of something suspiciously like bills.

"Mademoiselle," he said gently, "why make the world a gloomier place than it is? It should be a place, you know, where human beings take pleasure in helping one another and in receiving help. The fates have made me, through no merit of my own, a very rich man. I have few pleasures. One you can give me by picking up that bag and shaking hands with me and mentioning no more that ugly word 'charity,' because, after all, remember that is a phrase ill-used by all of us. You permit?"

Almost before she knew what was happening, he had risen to his feet. He raised her fingers to his lips—very well-shaped and carefully tended, he saw they were—and, with a little smile of farewell, he passed on. The girl remained in her place, her eyes following his departing figure, the bag clasped tightly in her hands.

A Derelict by W. Somerset Maugham (Continued from page 85)

coming of the red-haired beggar and as he stood at the tables near mine I examined him with attention. I felt certain now that I had seen him somewhere, I even felt certain that I had known him and talked to him, but I still could recall none of the circumstances.

Once more he passed my table without stopping and when his eyes met mine I looked in them for some gleam of recollection. Nothing.

I went over in my mind the possible occasions on which I might have met him. Not to be able to place him exasperated me.

Another day came, another morning, another evening. It was Sunday and the plaza was more crowded than ever. The tables under the arcades were packed. As usual the red-haired beggar came along, a terrifying figure in his silence, his threadbare rags and his pitiful distress. He was standing in front of a table only two from mine, mutely beseeching.

Then I saw the policeman who at intervals tried to protect the public from the importunities of all these beggars sneak round a column and give him a resounding whack with his thong. His thin body winced, but he made no protest and showed no resentment, and with his slow movements slunk away into the gathering night of the plaza.

But the cruel stripe had whipped my memory and suddenly I remembered. Not his name, that escaped me still, but everything else. He must have recognized me, for I have not changed very much in twenty years, and that was perhaps why after that first morning he had never passed in front of my table.

Yes, it was twenty years since I had known him. I was spending a winter in Rome and every evening I used to dine in a restaurant in the Via Sistina where you got excellent macaroni and a good bottle of wine. It was frequented by a little band of American and English art students, and one or two writers.

He used to come in with a young painter who was a great friend of his. He was only a boy then, he could not have been more than twenty-two; and with his blue eyes, straight nose and red hair he was pleasing to look at. I remembered that he spoke a great deal of Central America; he had had a job there, but he had thrown it over because he wanted to be a writer.

His vanity was enormous; it irritated us, but some of us were uneasily aware that perhaps it might be justified. Was it possible that this intense consciousness of genius that he had rested on no grounds? He had sacrificed everything to be a writer. He was so sure of himself that he infected some of his friends with his own certainty.

It was impossible that it was the same man, and yet I was certain. I stood up, paid for my drink, and went out into the plaza to find him. My thoughts were in a turmoil.

If sometimes I had thought of him and wondered what was become of him, I never could have imagined that he could be reduced to this frightful misery. There are hundreds, thousands of youths who enter upon the hard calling of the arts with extravagant hopes; but for the most part they come to terms with their

mediocrity and find somewhere a niche in life where they can escape starvation.

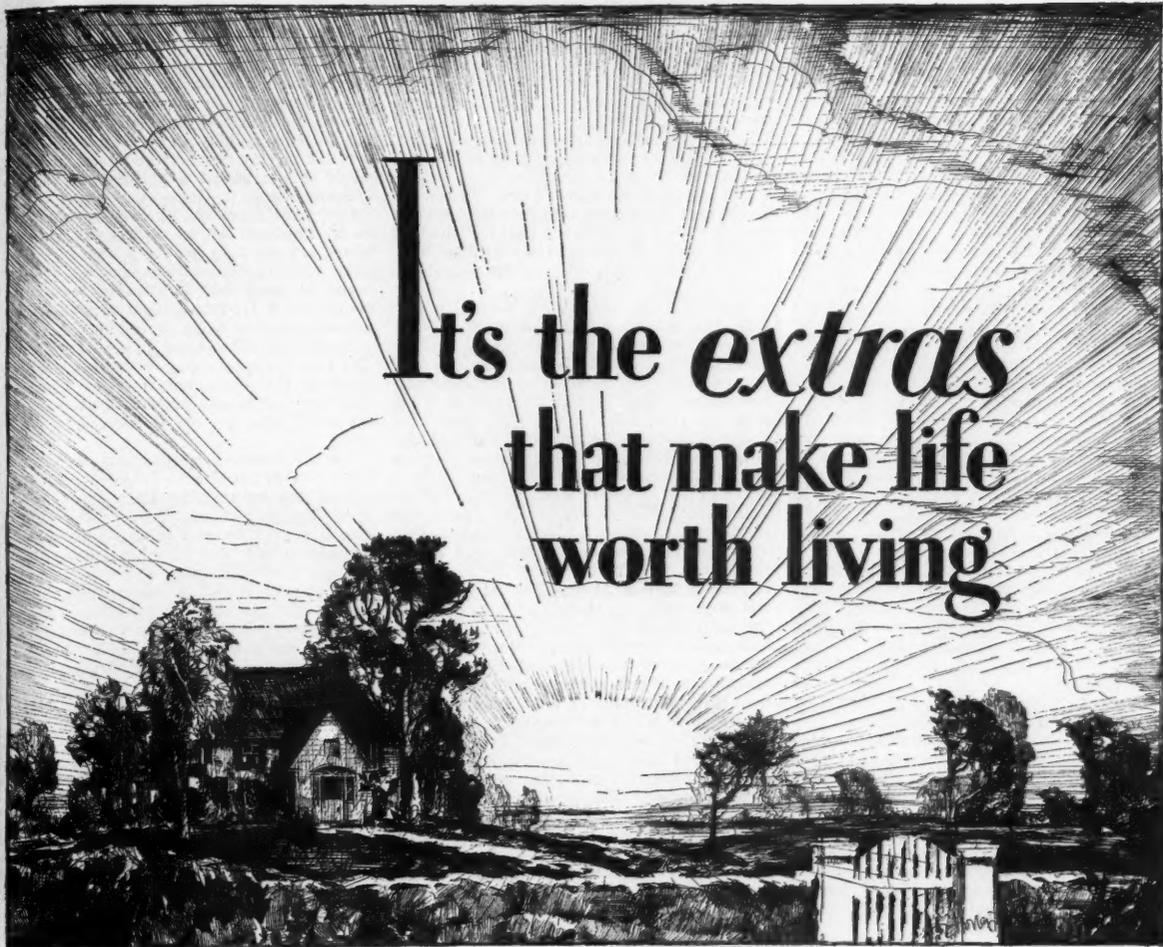
I asked myself what had happened. What hopes deferred had broken his spirit, what disappointments shattered him and what lost illusions ground him to the dust? I asked myself if nothing could be done. I walked round the plaza. He was not in the arcades. There was no hope of finding him in the crowd that circled round the band-stand. The light was waning and I was afraid I had lost him.

Then I passed the church and saw him sitting on the steps. I cannot describe what a lamentable object he looked. Life had taken him, rent him on its racks, torn him limb from limb, and then flung him, a bleeding wreck, on the stone steps of that church. I went up to him. "Do you remember Rome?" I said.

He did not move. He did not answer. His vacant blue eyes rested on the buzzards that were screaming and tearing at some object at the bottom of the steps. I did not know what to do. I took a yellow-backed note out of my pocket and pressed it into his hand.

He did not give it a glance. He had hand moved a little, the thin clawlike hand closed on the note and scrunched it up; he made it into a little ball and then, edging it onto his thumb, flicked it into the air so that it fell among the wrangling buzzards. I turned my head instinctively and saw one of them seize it in his beak and fly off, followed by two others. When I looked back the man was gone.

I stayed three more days in Vera Cruz. I never saw him again.



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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH
THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



Unknown Lands by Blasco Ibañez (Continued from page 63)

gradually yielded to a sense of assurance and determined tranquillity—that feeling of self-reliance which the great ocean seems to inspire in the men who live in close contact with it, far removed from the cowardly compromises of life on land. There they would be safe from the Inquisition and the Holy Brotherhood! What could Gonzalez do to them after all?

Even if he denounced them to the commander of the fleet, Don Cristobal could do nothing but take them along with him! An elopement between a boy and a girl would seem a very insignificant thing out there in mid-ocean on a voyage headed for the marvelous realms of the Grand Khan! Don Cristobal might even take their side—he always had been so kind to them, no matter how beset by the perplexities of the expedition.

All that day and for several days following Cuevas lingered about the deck in view of the aftcastle, hoping to catch sight of Lucero and in the greatest concern that she should be living in that tiny area in such close proximity to the man who had tried to do them harm ashore. To find distraction from such periods of anxious watching, as well as to learn as much as possible of this new kind of life, he would listen to the chat of the men in his mess.

An old sailor from the Bay of Biscay had many stories to tell of whale-fishing in his home waters. An Andalusian, who had been to Guinea with the famous corsair, Pedro Cabron, described the cannibals he had met there—particularly the pantry of an African chief where human arms and legs were hung up to dry like hams and bacons.

The Englishman and the Irishman sponsored by Pinzon the Elder both belonged to Fernando's mess. They would listen to all these tales in silence. Lages, the Englishman, spoke Spanish with difficulty and did not understand half of what he heard, though he approved of everything with generous nods of his head. The silence of the Irishman, Garvey, seemed to cover a thoughtful disposition. Garvey understood the language and spoke it well. It was just his nature not to talk.

Garvey was a lean dark-skinned man of moderate stature, his intensely black hair streaked here and there with the first lines of gray. There was something about his soft black eyes that seemed to reach the innermost soul of the person they fell upon. He was a melancholy spirit, fond of solitude. Quite without knowing why, Cuevas felt that Garvey was the most interesting man in the mess which he served. Garvey had also noted the "broom" Andujar, and the boy was almost the only one with whom he talked.

"I have been a great sinner," Garvey ventured one evening, as they were talking together. "If I desire to go on living it is to do some good in the world and obtain God's forgiveness."

Then, shortly, he added: "Your brother reminds me of a daughter I once had. It may seem strange to say that of a boy, but so it is. That's why I like both of you!"

Fernando could not suppress a start of surprise and looked at the Irishman inquiringly. Had Garvey divined their secret? But the man continued, his voice trembling with a sob: "I lost my daughter . . . her mother died too . . . However, let's talk no more of that . . . Now I'm alone in the world."

From the first day out, the Irishman had had something on his mind which caused him often to absent himself from the story-telling of his watch. Two apprentices and one old sailor had each a guitar, and rarely would an hour pass without at least a bit of thrumming from the interior of the castle forward.

Garvey would walk up and down past the musicians with a worried look, pleased at what he heard, but desirous at the same time of making an improvement in it by a contribution of his own. Finally he went to the ship's carpenter, and for the few farthings still left from his advance he persuaded that skilled artisan

to cut out a sort of triangular board, following directions closely. From the older of the guitarists he procured a few spare strings—and then he disappeared.

On the afternoon of the fourth day out, Fernando stumbled upon him on top of the aftcastle, where he was sitting behind two coils of hawser, busily at work on a harp. Wholly absorbed in what he was doing, his head bent low over his board, the Irishman paid no attention to the people who came and stood behind him, silently observing the deft movements of his hands.

WHEN finally, during a brief exchange after another of his night-watches at the binnacle, Cuevas succeeded in having a word with Lucero, they both agreed that Gonzalez had said nothing either to Don Cristobal or to his man, Terreros, touching the true identity of the disguised page, Salcedo. Evidently the butler was biding his time, awaiting a more propitious moment for the revelation!

Meantime the fleet was howling merrily southward before favoring winds, and on the sixth day the Canaries appeared on the horizon. The Pinta had broken the fastenings of her rudder and to make the repair she had to be beached. Martin Alonso took advantage of this opportunity to change her rig, replacing the triangular or lateen sails with the square sails used on the other boats. Many days were necessary for all this work, and the crews were again on a half-vacation. Cuevas had more frequent opportunity to meet Lucero at the ladder which ran up to the poop.

Already on several occasions Fernando had encountered the ex-royal butler face to face, but the man pretended each time never to have seen him before. This, however, did not reassure young Cuevas, for later on he found Gonzalez studying him slyly out of the corner of an eye; and Lucero reported that he was following similar tactics with her. That he was revolving some plan in his head became apparent while the Santa Maria one day was taking on fuel and water, and the crew was in touch with shore.

Gonzalez landed twice, and each time he found pretexts to request Don Cristobal that Lucero be sent ashore with him. The first time the captain-general had suggested that some "broom" or apprentice from the forecabin would serve the butler's purposes better. The second time Lucero had reminded her master of important things still to be done in his room and feigned also a sudden illness.

On a Sunday, the ninth day of September, the crews of the flotilla lost the last peaks of the Canaries from view. A hundred men were striking out into the great deep guided by a score of other men who alone might have some notion of where they were going and of the approximate spots of the earth's surface where they might be each day.

Yet conditions could not have been more encouraging. The seas continued smooth, the winds favorable. The vessels were going ahead at a rate of ten miles an hour, an extraordinary speed for craft of those days.

Five days out from the Canaries a ripple of uneasiness swept over the fleet. The compasses suddenly began to show a course northeast, while the course from the sun was due west. Don Cristobal found an explanation, offhand, to satisfy the crews—they had left the North Star somewhat behind them! As a matter of fact this was their first encounter with the variation of the compass.

These disputes over courses were the beginning of ill-feeling between Don Cristobal and the crew of the Santa Maria. The men on the Pinta and the Niña were mostly from Palos and Moguer, and they trusted their captains as friends and tried seamen. The men on the sometime Marigalante were a motley group, picked up at random at various ports of the Atlantic seaboard of Europe. They had not known their captain before this voyage.

Otherwise things could not have been more

perfect. Day after day the men looked out over a placid sea sparkling under a brilliant sun, the horizon line unbroken save for an occasional fleecy cloud that harbored no storm but drifted peacefully up to cast a blue shadow over the green waters. Once in a while a bird would be seen, and at night there were showers of flower-shaped meteors.

One night Fernando, on finishing his watch in the binnacle, felt an uncontrollable desire to see Lucero, take her for a moment in his arms, taste one of her kisses on his lips. It would be dangerous for him to violate the boundaries of the forecabin at such an hour—yet who would be likely to see him?

Lucero was still sleeping on her mattress outside Don Cristobal's door. She shivered as in fright at the warm contact of his arms and shoulders; but he smothered with a kiss the cry she would have uttered at the sudden awakening.

"It is I, Lucero!" he whispered, kissing her again. "Don't be afraid! Hush!"

And they sat thus, for some time. Recovering from her alarm, the girl returned his kisses as the only way of satisfying him and persuading him to be off as soon as possible—she was terrified lest they be discovered! The high constable of the fleet shared the cabin adjoining with the crown commissioner and the royal notary. Pero Gonzalez, as a friend of the Admiral, had a smaller room alone, near by.

"One more, and I will go!" Fernando murmured, close to Lucero's ear.

But it was that one, and another, and another, as though the kisses never would end.

The ship was rolling gently on the groundswell, and as it heeled over to one side and then back, the brilliancy of the starlit night cut an arc of dimmer light inside the door of the living-room of the aftcastle, illuminating the nook in the captain-general's anteroom in which the two lovers sat concealed.

Suddenly Fernando felt a hard clutch at the hair of his head, lifting him up till he was standing on his feet. Then the same clutch was released while a heavy blow struck his cheek, followed by a succession of swifter ones which caught him full in the breast.

In the half-light he recognized the person of Pero Gonzalez—not the august gentleman in his laces and silks but a man who had just leaped from bed, awakened by some unusual sound.

NEVER halting his fists, Gonzalez pushed him across the living-room and out on deck till the unlucky "broom" stood with his back to the ladder descending to the main-deck from the poop where another blow hurled him sprawling to the hard planking below.

All this had been so sudden that by the time the bewildered Cuevas had recovered his wits to the extent of trying to defend himself, he was lying helpless on the deck amidships.

He rose slowly to his feet and stood silent for a moment as though hardly able to understand that such a thing had happened. Then gradually it came to him: he had been beaten—and by the man he most despised! Beaten! And by Gonzalez!

He threw a hand instinctively to his belt; but he found nothing but ends of ganging, which the "broom" was required to keep in readiness for a sailor's call. Seamen carried knives, but not "brooms"!

He ran to a roped-off section of the deck where the calking outfit was sheltered under canvas, along with harpoons for chance fishing. He seized one of the three-pronged spears and darted back toward the ladder leading up to the poop. But a firm hand laid hold on his arm and stopped him in his tracks, and then it moved up and was laid gently on his shoulder.

It was the Irishman, his harp hanging from his free hand.

"No, young man, don't lose your head! On shipboard such things are serious!" And he looked aloft, with a gesture toward one of the

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yard-arms. "Leave such matters till we get over there!" he added in a tone of warning—"till we get over there, in the land of the Grand Khan!"

WITHIN a few days after sailing from the Canaries the fleet of discovery entered a world of geographical deception and illusion. The still-placid waters began to show great fields of green seaweed, and the explorers judged it must have been detached from shore a short time before. The birds that kept appearing over the vessels were all land nesters and must have come from near-by rocks.

The fleet was at that moment some twelve hundred miles west of the Canaries, and not far from a number of shoals, which were not actually to be seen by Europeans till three hundred years later. Probably mariners before Columbus' time had stumbled on these same signs and suffered similar disillusionments. He, at any rate, was certain that he was sailing among the outermost islets of China and Japan.

In the castle aft, the captain-general found sympathetic listeners. Gonzalez, Arana and the royal commissioners had been convinced by Don Cristobal's arguments and had no doubt at all that the invisible islands were there. Juan de la Cosa said nothing, but gazed thoughtfully at sea and sky hoping to see something definite to confirm such assertions.

But gradually the signs of land grew fewer. Again the great ocean lay before them in its vast monotonous immensity.

One evening Don Cristobal brought out a chart which he had kept up to that moment in the greatest secret, and it was passed on a line from vessel to vessel. All agreed that the fleet was now located at a point where a large island appeared on the chart—either Antilla or the Isle of the Seven Cities—but land was nowhere to be seen.

Six more uneventful days went by, Fernando catching sight of Lucero only at rare intervals and from a distance as she chanced sometimes to step to the taffrail of the castle aft. On one or two nights, after completing his watch at the bottle he had ventured to steal across the living-room of the command and approach Lucero's bed as he had done before. He always had found her awake and waiting, but only to beg him to go away lest they again be surprised by the odious butler, whose influence and whose presence Lucero could feel about her like the circles of a hawk about some future prey.

To tell the truth, the former provisioner of their Highnesses had been paying less attention to the girl for a week or more past. The failure of Cipango to rise from the sea at the time and place predicted by the captain-general had suddenly given Gonzalez cause for concern as to the fate of the money he had invested in the expedition. Had he guessed badly? Gonzalez was that sort of man: as between money and carnal pleasure, money was the more important thing! He had little thought for women when his purse was in danger.

A disagreement among the captains was becoming obvious to the crews of the three vessels as they listened to the sunset conferences under the stern of the Santa Maria. Don Cristobal insisted on continuing west, following the parallel of the Canaries which he thought led straight to the mainland of the Grand Khan. Pinzon the Elder thought the course should be southwest following the flights of the sea-birds. This would bring them first to Cipango, where they could rest and then go on to further explorations of the continent of Asia.

At the conference of the ninth of October the captain-general finally acceded. The people aft on the Santa Maria accepted the change optimistically: "First Cipango, for a little rest in the palaces with tiles of gold! Then we go on to visit the Grand Khan!"

But forward of the chain, amidships, voices of consternation greeted this advance into the unknown sea with a plan that kept changing from day to day! So, the Genoese did not know where he was going! And if anything went wrong, not his fault, but the fault of some poor sailor!

Some of the louder talkers in the fore-castle

began thinking of killing the captain, throwing his body overboard and then going back to look for the islands they had left behind. But such proposals were immediately hushed. The Santa Maria was not alone. Off there stood the Niña and the Pinta! There would be the Pinzons to deal with! At the first signs of trouble on the flag-ship, those doughty brothers could be relied on to board her and exact retribution for infringements of discipline.

Accustomed by his youthful tastes to danger and inclined to side with any revolt against authority, Fernando Cuevas had been observing the sullen rise of mutiny aboard with a conflict of feeling. He was a devoted admirer of his benefactor, Don Cristobal. He sensed in the man something unusual that lifted him far above other men. At the same time, by one of those quirks of a boy's logic, he was thrilled to hear strong and courageous sailors talk of rising and slaughtering everyone who stood in their way. He looked forward to a rebellion aboard as to something well worth waiting for. That would give him a chance to run up astern there, take one of those harpoons they kept for the big fish and spike two men to the deck planking—the one a former butler to their Highnesses, the other the master-at-table of my lord the Admiral. These were the only two persons aboard whom he had learned to hate.

However, the mutiny did not materialize. The men only continued to gather amidships to look out over the ocean with renewed curiosity, as though there were something beautiful and quieting about it.

The sea was in flat calm, and the crew, now again in the best of spirits, went overboard, swimming about with great glee, as they often had done at earlier periods in the long voyage. Horse-mackerel were now plentiful about the vessels, "their flesh as sweet as salmon, only not red but white." Numerous dark gray gulls—young ones, fresh from the rocks—were in sight.

LAND was in fact near.

At sundown on the afternoon of the eleventh the sailors of the flag-ship sang the "Salve" as usual; but the captain-general made an address from the taffrail of the aftcastle—a flood of that figured and good-humored eloquence native to him when his irritability and mistrust of others were appeased by fair prospects.

Enthusiasm once more prevailed on the flag-ship. The feeling that at last the drive westward would come to an end dispelled all the animosities of the days preceding. A fresh breeze was blowing over a moonlit sea, though the moon disappeared from time to time between great fleecy clouds.

After sundown, Garvey and Cuevas crossed the chain amidships and took places at the rail under the aftcastle. It was as though everyone, in this exciting situation, had a right to know what the commander of the fleet was thinking and saying. At ten o'clock they caught sight of him on the quarter-deck. He was walking vigorously to and fro.

Suddenly he stopped, gazed fixedly at the horizon, and then called to another person who was sitting on a coil of rope on the topmost point of the poop.

"Gonzalez, come here, quick! I see a sort of light, something like a candle flickering up and down. It's so hazy and so far away I could hardly say it's land."

The royal butler stepped to the captain's side and at once affirmed that he could see clearly what Don Cristobal had seen but hazily.

Sanchez de Segovia, one of the royal commissioners, came out on deck. He was not so ready to see the light. In fact he said he could not see it at all.

Gonzalez then called Terreros, the master-at-table, and Terreros had no difficulty at all in finding the light, once he had made sure it was the captain-general who was seeing it.

"I take it to be a torch in the hands of some native. That's why the light goes up and down."

Garvey, the Irishman, leaped upon the rail, supporting himself on the corgage.

"It's a mistake," he commented softly to Cuevas. "That light is on the Pinta, maybe ten, maybe twenty miles ahead of us. If the light came from the land, the men on the Pinta would have seen it long before this and fired the warning gun. There's a big reward at stake for them!"

It was a warm tropical night, inviting to sleep in the open air. Few of the sailors had gone to their bunks between decks in the fore-castle. As though in celebration in advance of a discovery which everyone felt to be imminent the Andalusian guitars were thrumming at the bow. A short distance farther aft, Cuevas was sitting with Garvey, his head on a coil of rope, listening to the melancholy tinkle of the Irishman's harp. Before he knew it, he had been lulled to sleep on the hard deck.

At two in the morning everyone aboard the Santa Maria was suddenly awakened. In the far distance a cannon-shot had been heard. It was from the Pinta, and gradually, over the dark sea, came the sound of cheering. The swift caravel had come about and was lying to, waiting for the slower vessels to come abreast of her.

Roberto de Triana, a sailor born in one of the populous quarters of Seville, had been on watch forward on the Pinta. Just after midnight the skies had cleared of clouds and everything was bright. Suddenly the man Triana thought he saw a line of surf on a strip of white beach; then raising his eyes he distinguished unmistakably the dark outlines of a shore. He had rushed to a bombard and fired a shot, raising the cry of "Land! Land!"

When the ships were within speaking distance, Don Cristobal called: "Martin Alonso, you have made land?"

"Yes, the prize is ours!" replied Pinzon. "I send you a Christmas box of five thousand *maravedis*," said Don Cristobal. "I discovered land myself at ten o'clock!"

Blank silence fell over the crews of the fleet at these words. Cuevas had taken advantage of the exciting moment to join Lucero at the foot of the ladder leading to the poop. They believed they had reached the lands of the Grand Khan, and soon would be free from the life of deception and danger which had been theirs for some months.

They were distracted for a moment by the sound of an angry voice raised in the heat of argument. It was Garvey, speaking to a group of sailors:

"That's ridiculous," he was saying. "At ten o'clock we were almost fifty miles from land, for we have been making twelve miles an hour for four hours. The shore, as reported from the Pinta, is low. How could a light be seen at that distance? Besides, there's the curvature of the earth!"

From the poop, meantime, came the voice of Terreros, protesting the effrontery of a plain sailor on the Pinta in claiming a reward which could only belong to my lord the Admiral.

Admiral Don Cristobal was, at that moment, not only Admiral of the Ocean Sea, but Viceroy of all New-Found Land, himself and his descendants from generation to generation forever! Yet a contradictory person, a mixture of poet and trader, of visionary mystic and bargain-driving man of affairs, he was choosing to compete with a poor sailor for the income of ten thousand farthings!

The Irishman, whose pensive taciturnity covered an impetuously generous heart, could not restrain his cry of outrage. But he soon fell silent. Gonzalez had stepped up to him, placed a hand on his shoulder and surveyed him with a stern authoritative frown.

"How dare you," he began, his voice shaking with rage, "how dare you dispute something said by our Admiral? I know how to deal with troublesome beggars like you!" And raising the marlinespike he leveled two tremendous blows at the Irishman's head.

Garvey was able to avoid the first and to parry the second, so that his face was merely cut as the end of the cudgel whizzed past. The once royal butler was about to strike a third blow. Garvey, however, knew the rules.

"I picked Iselin say her frock, gorgeous! It was my design, li coat worn corne of th

MRS. the burnished green eyes, feet skin is

Tall, sle Mrs. Iselin

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With a few leaps he was forward of the chain before the mast. His aggressor, emboldened by this apparent flight, made after him and only halted as other members of the crew, alarmed at this breach of sanctuary, gathered about him in protest. The two men were left facing each other across the chain, their eyes flaming with mortal anger. Finally Garvey spoke, lowering his voice intentionally so that only his enemy could hear.

"Don't set your foot across this chain, pastry-maker to the devil! On this side we would be equals and I would skin you alive unless you ran away like the coward you are!"

The beating of a sailor was nothing extraordinary on shipboard in those days; and in the midst of the interest excited by the unknown land that lay hidden before the fleet, Garvey's misfortune passed all but unobserved. A half-hour later everyone had forgotten it, except Cuevas and Lucero. Vainly Fernando sought the Irishman throughout the boat. He had gone into hiding, as though his humiliation at having been beaten unavenged made the presence of other human beings intolerable to him.

OFF the new-found shore, the three vessels were lying to, with bonnets in and all sails furled save the lowers.

These last hours of darkness, just before the first blushes of sunrise, were hours of anxious dreaming and fantastic hopes for those handfuls of men crowded under the awnings of their floating houses. What would they see when the darkness cleared away?

The dawn came with that rapidity, that theatrical majesty which characterizes the risings and the settings of the sun in tropical climes; and all could now see a low sandy island, sparsely sprinkled with tufts of green too thin to be called a forest, the tranquil shaft of an inner lagoon gleaming through the trees.

No gold-roofed palaces, no marble wharfs, no elephants, no boats of painted lacquer. On the beach human beings could be seen—men completely naked, gathered in groups to look out upon the monsters which the ocean had belched forth during the night.

Early in the morning on the twelfth of October, in the year of Our Lord one thousand four hundred and ninety-two, Columbus donned the scarlet uniform of the Admirals of Castile and entered the long-boat of his flagship with all of his staff which the craft could hold. The two Pinzons, Martin Alonso and Vicente Yañez, also put off from the Pinta and the Niña in small boats, accompanied by the more presentable of their following. The Admiral's long-boat carried the royal standard; the captains' flags with a green cross and the letters "F" and "I"—the royal initials—each letter under a crown.

Lucero was assigned to the long-boat of the Santa Maria, as personal servant of the Admiral. Cuevas slipped into the same boat without permission, his presence remaining unobserved in the general confusion. It was he in reality who was the first of the white men to set foot on the soil of the new world, since he leaped overboard some distance out and ran ashore with Lucero in his arms to greet those naked people who stood about with painted faces and strange designs in red, yellow and black marked on their copper-colored skins.

The excitement of the landing was so great that little attention was paid to the natives who stood looking curiously on from short distances.

The discoverers passed the day, finding nothing on the island but naked savages, trees of unknown genus, parrots and a little lake that kept shining beyond the trees. Part of the crews had been allowed to come ashore to see the wonders of this strange land. The others crowded the rails or climbed the two castles, without observing anything at all remarkable, though working their imaginations to see things that were not there.

Cuevas had to leave Lucero on receiving a call from Señor Gil Perez, warden of the Santa Maria. With Perez was an old sailor who was warden on the Niña.

"Here," said Perez to his companion, "is the young man you are to take with you aboard the caravel. I judge him a likely boy, myself; but he has been keeping bad company, listening to that Irishman Señor Martin Alonso saddled on us and who proved, as we might have expected, to be a man you couldn't trust out of your sight."

Gil Perez' heavy hand fell on Fernando's shoulder and pushed the youth around toward the beach where the boat from the caravel was waiting. There was no time for a word with Lucero!

"Good-by," he waved to her, as he saw the tears gathering in her eyes.

She was soon out of sight.

But a few yards farther on Cuevas saw someone else, and a ray of hope came into the despair that was engulfing him. It was Garvey, and though the Irishman did not speak, there was a smile of promise on his face.

He was to continue on the Santa Maria; and even if Cuevas were far away, Lucero would not be alone!

For fourteen days the fleet sailed, picking its way through numerous islands which the Admiral hastily surveyed for gold or for vestiges of the opulent civilization that prevailed in the realms of the Grand Khan.

The first island, known to the natives as Guanahani, he had called San Salvador in homage to the Savior Who had brought success to the voyage. The second isle he named Santa Maria de la Concepcion, in gratitude to the Virgin who had spared him storms at sea and sickness aboard; the third he called Fernandina in honor of the King whose servants and familiars had supported his petitions; and the fourth, Isabella, in compliment to the Queen who had made his voyage possible. Every day new land came into view. Everyone from captains down to the lowest deckhands kept eager eyes on the outlying prospect, expecting that some great city would come peering around a surf-rimmed promontory.

Fernando Cuevas was the only person indifferent to this changing scene. For him the arrival off the shores of the Grand Khan which at first had brought to him and to Lucero a thrill of relief, a sense of new-found freedom, had ended as a moment of separation which for the time was complete and might be for always.

In the hope that something might happen to end his separation from Lucero, Cuevas always volunteered for the fishing expeditions in the long-boat of the Niña, or for the tramps ashore with Master Diego, the herbarist, who was keeping a sharp lookout for the spice trees so much desired by the Admiral.

AT TIMES the poverty and the Adamlike ingenuousness of this earthly paradise of islands made the Admiral doubt his readings. Could this be a world cut off from the great realms of Asia? Marco Polo had said nothing about islands that were poor in gold but divinely beautiful, where men went naked and knew neither wealth nor poverty, where peoples had no history and took no thought for the morrow, but lived from day to day apart from all the artificial complications of a civilized world, subject to no laws and restraints save those imposed by Nature!

And out of the sea came Cuba!

If, on landing at what is now the port of Jibara, Don Cristobal failed to find great ships of Asiatic merchants and soldiers and officials of the Grand Khan, he saw a land so beautiful that it drew from him exclamations of delight: "Such a thing I never saw in my life!"

At Guanahani (San Salvador) the Admiral had taken several captives, the numbers of which were increased as the fleet proceeded. Some of these escaped by swimming at the first opportunity; the others remained submissively aboard, though their unintelligible chatter served the Spaniards less as a guide than as a confirmation of their delirious geography. People are ever willing to find in reality the things they have in their heads.

They stammered something that sounded like "Kami," a great chief who lived in the

interior of Cuba. The Spaniards at once decided that here, at last, was the Grand Khan, and the Admiral dispatched two ambassadors to deliver the Latin credentials which Don Cristobal held from the King and Queen.

While awaiting the return of the embassy, the Admiral decided to beach his vessels in a deep bay in Cuba, that their bottoms might be cleaned and recalced. It was a Sunday when the decision was announced, and the holiday accorded to everyone was the greatest day of the voyage for Fernando and Lucero. Just as Cuevas was landing in the long-boat from the Niña, Lucero appeared from the Santa Maria in the Admiral's tender. They could be free and together for the whole day!

The lovers were in high spirits as they advanced along the shores of the Cuban bay. Shortly they came upon a group of sailors from the two caravels trying to establish contacts with some aged Indians, painted red and white but otherwise quite naked save for scant cotton braids tied about their loins. Their coarse hair was knotted on the backs of their heads as in a queue, while in front it was cut sharply off in a curve above their eyes. Another Indian, one of those from Guanahani, was trying to interpret in signs the half-dozen words he had understood of all these native patriarchs were saying. They were describing the riches of an isle they called "Babeque," pointing into the far distance, as though Babeque also were one of those phantom islands off the Canaries which let themselves be seen for a moment but then vanished into the depths of the ocean whenever men tried to set foot on them.

Here again was a group gathered in a circle about what seemed to be a fire. A thin column of clear blue smoke was rising from the center, as though a religious ceremony were being celebrated with the burning of gifts to unknown divinities. On approaching, Lucero and Fernando saw a number of Indians seated with their wives on the ground, males and females alike holding a smoldering ember of rolled leaves, which they kept lifting to their mouths to inhale the smoky vapor.

Ever since Guanahani, the Admiral and his scouts had been coming upon these dried leaves, not only in the huts ashore, but also in the canoes at sea. At first they had taken them for a kind of food, though a few tastes of them had made the white men sick. It was in this Cuban inlet that Europeans first saw rolls of this so-called *tabaco* or tobacco in actual use.

Some of the Admiral's sailors were piqued by curiosity to try the smoke themselves. They would take one of the burning brands from an Indian and suck at it, only to hand it back, coughing or even vomiting. Others, on the contrary, seemed to enjoy it, and kept at it for some time, laughing and joking at this strange sport, good for one trial at least. None of those then present could have dreamed that these poor and forgotten subjects of the Grand Khan, who had not yet learned even the use of clothes and did not know the value of gold, would shortly convert the whole civilized world to this one of their customs, which was destined to become the most universal and tolerated of the vices.

When the lovers had walked away and sat down under one of the first trees in the forest near by, Lucero also felt a woman's whim to test the smoking brand which Fernando had brought along as a curiosity. The first breaths brought tears to her eyes, but her companion encouraged her to go on by alternating puffs with her. So they sat there sharing the roll of leaves for some time; but suddenly Lucero was seasick, she said, as seasick as she had been that first day out on the voyage! The suggestion turned Fernando's stomach also and his head began to whirl.

It was the end of their expedition for that day. Nauseated, sleepy, their skins dripping with perspiration, they could not move from their seats under the tree, but sat there all the afternoon, till it began to grow dark, and they had to take their boats to return to the ships.

On the following morning, the Santa Maria was beached, and all her own crew with most

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of the sailors from the caravels set busily to work, cleaning her bottom of the weeds and barnacles that had come on during the voyage.

In order to oversee this important work in person, Don Cristobal had given up any thought of expeditions ashore. This left Lucero free all day. Fernando also had been excused from work on the vessel. The plants he had gathered on days preceding had much pleased the herbarist, Master Diego, who had judged him an intelligent, willing youth, well suited to this branch of the explorations. The apothecary had asked the Admiral to send the boy out again to pick grasses and flowers in the neighborhood, and Master Diego easily secured permission for Lucero to accompany him.

Once more traversing the village of "bohios," or native huts, on the shore, the two young people plunged deep into the green shadows of the tropical forest. It seemed much more lonely and awesome to them now than on the day before. Now there were no Spaniards about the edges, and the Indians also had disappeared. Everybody was on the beach about the grounded flag-ship, or on board the caravels which were waiting their turn to go ashore.

It was surprise on surprise, as they went forward through the tangle of verdure, where the tallest trees seemed to be interwoven with the lowest plants and flowers by vast curtains of vines.

The two pages had to open violent passage through some of the walls of foliage—barriers of vines and flower-covered bushes swarming with an invisible and noisy insect life. Fernando had borrowed a knife from an apprentice on the flag-ship, and cutting with this weapon and pulling with his strong arms, he would always succeed in finding a passage for himself and his companion. But each of these perforations would provoke a clamorous flight of frightened animals—insects with cuirasses like colored gems—some green as emeralds, others red as rubies and others of the soft blue of sapphire; butterflies that went flying off like great winged flowers; parrots and parrakeets which would start up from the trees overhead and fly off to others farther along, keeping up meantime a continuous chatter with their almost human voices; monkeys that would scamper along the horizontal branches, and stand on their legs to throw rains of green fruit to the ground; humming-birds and fly-birds—little jewels of moving color as delicate as Chinese silk!

In other places the forest was utterly silent. The insects and the parrots, as well as silent songless birds that seemed to speak noisily to the eye with the multicolored silks of their plumage, clung to the edges of the forest where the open would be within easy reach. In such spots, giant ferns wove their leaves into mats overhead, making domes impenetrable to the direct beams of the sun.

In spite of the presence of her sturdy lover, Lucero gradually lost courage in the heart of this dark mystery. It was as though all the fears instilled in her by the tales of her girlhood were suddenly coming to life, to destroy her interest in all the strange and beautiful insects and flowers which Fernando was gradually accumulating for Master Diego.

"Let's get out into the open!" she begged, pointing instinctively in the direction in which, a half-hour before, she had noticed a glimmer of the sea.

They started off on a straight line, breaking through the vines in front of them, bringing down showers of dead leaves upon their heads and provoking a great commotion among monkeys and parrots, and came out into a space where the vegetation was lower and less crowded and groves of great trees reached down to a sea beach of fine sand. There they threw off their wet shoes to feel the warmth of the hot golden sand, and then they went nearer to the water where the beach was still wet from the previous tide.

They were now very far from the mouth of the estuary. This beach belonged to the ocean shore, though it sloped seaward very gradually under a water that was smooth, motionless, and

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crystal pure. There was no surf. Outlying bars, so distant and so low as to be barely visible, despite the moderate breakers that could eventually be spied upon them, created this vast but sheltered pool.

After so many days at sea, Fernando was already acquiring a mariner's eye for the peculiarities of the ocean's surface, noting and interpreting the least disturbances on the liquid plain. Beyond the bars he could see black streaks darting swiftly this way and that, and in the middle of each streak a short black triangular fin. Sharks were the ever-vigilant watchmen of these ocean lanes formed by the angulations of so many islands. They had come out to meet the fleet off Guanahani, and had followed the evolutions of the vessels ever since, lying rapaciously in wait for anything that might come overboard. All kinds of smaller fish swarmed in the waters of this inner lagoon, hiding among the rocks on its bottom and procreating there, as though this were a great artificial pound for their breeding.

At various intervals along the beach Lucero and her companion could climb far out into the deep water by leaping from rock to rock, to enjoy the glassy splendors of the deeper pools cut by darting rays of color as the fish shot away in fright.

The beauty of this maritime paradise awakened new trains of thought in the two young people. They never had felt free to indulge in one of those moments of relaxation which would expose them to surprise. But here on the shore of an open sea they felt confident and safe again. Why not swim? It was as though this paradise of sea and forest, full of color and light and eternal youth, gave them that same natural innocence of the Indians who lived with a frank and childlike openness in the face of Nature, as did Adam and Eve before the Fall.

The impetuous "broom" was out of his clothes in an instant, and turning toward the sea, he dived headlong from the top of a rock. A second later he came to the surface, blowing and puffing like a Triton, passing a hand over his drenched hair and treading water with motions of legs and arms that sent out waves in circles over the placid mirror of the lagoon.

"It's warm! It's warm!" he cried. "As good as a Moorish bath! Come in!"

Hesitating a moment, and looking furtively about this way and that, the Admiral's valet sought the shelter of a boulder and began taking off her clothes. Anxious as she was to avoid surprise, the girl did not dare imitate her lover and plunge headlong into the lagoon. She stepped from the shelter of the rock, ran rapidly down the beach and into the water, where Cuevas was waiting for her just within her depth. She gave cries of delight as she began to swim, then others of fear as she found that her feet no longer touched the bottom; and she dug her hands into Fernando's strong shoulders and threw her arms about his neck, to seek support.

More than an hour they passed sporting in that quiet lagoon where the water, as the noonday sun touched the zenith, seemed to sleep in an ever profounder calm. Then they went ashore, accustomed now to each other's nudity, walking about with the self-possession of the naked Indians they had seen the day before.

"I am hungry!" Lucero suddenly exclaimed. They went to a tree that stood on the edge of the forest and ate of its fruit, though they did not know its name. Going farther along the beach they came upon a brook, doubtless running seaward from one of the ponds in the forest but with water pure and sweet. They got down on all fours, like animals, and drank, laughing gaily at each other as they lifted their faces and saw them dripping wet.

"I am tired!" said Lucero. They spied at some distance an enormous tree that stood out from the forest on the shore all by itself, apparently suffocating with its

thick shade all minor plants and trees that might have contested its enjoyment of exclusive rights to the sunshine and the cool salt air of the sea.

Naked, their bodies still glowing from the recent swim, the boy and the girl sat down in one of the moss-covered nooks between the roots.

The day, now at high noon, was indeed hot. Out from the forest came great waves of steaming fragrance that seemed to sweep under the cool defenses of the tree that was protecting them and drown them in a sweetly intoxicating swoon. Lucero's delicate form sank comfortably into the soft moss, and as Fernando sat gently caressing her hand, her head drooped and she fell asleep. Fernando sat there for a long time without moving, his eyes looking out over the dazzling sea. And soon he too was asleep, his arm limply resting over Lucero's shoulder.

There were some moments of absolute silence. The two lovers slept placidly on.

Had they been awake, they might have seen a man's head appear over the wheel of tree roots, and then the form of a man stride forward till it stood at the foot of the tree. The man was dressed in the fashion of the whites. There was no sword on his left side, but in his belt he carried a long sailor's knife.

The man started with surprise and then looked down at the two nudes sleeping at his feet. But then his gaze halted on the more slender of the two forms, enticing with feminine rotundities. Had Fernando been awake he would have known the man. He would have recognized William Garvey.

The Irishman had had a busy day. For a time he had worked with the other sailors about the hull of the Santa Maria; but shortly the once royal butler, after loitering about in company with the Admiral, had decided to make an excursion on his own account into the near-by wilderness. Garvey observed that Gonzalez had taken the direction just previously followed by Fernando and Lucero. So, choosing the proper moment, he slipped away from his work, and followed the trail of Gonzalez. This desertion he knew he would have to pay for with some severe punishment or other; but he was willing to risk it, to take advantage of an opportunity he had long been seeking. On shipboard, the pompous butler had enjoyed exceptional protection as a friend of the Admiral. In the woods along the shore there were now only Master Diego, the herb-artist, the two boys, Fernando and Lucero, and this man, his enemy. The thick undergrowth would offer plenty of chances to repay a few insults without interference from others!

It was two hours before Garvey actually caught sight of his enemy. He noticed that the man's trail never went deep into the woods, but followed the edges, whence in a few steps it would be possible to reach the shore. Eventually Gonzalez also caught sight of Garvey, and made a move in his direction. He thought he would ask the Irishman with whose permission he had abandoned his work and why he was following him; but though he was armed with a sword and a stout stick, the sight of the knife at the sailor's belt counseled prudence. The butler decided rather to avoid the encounter and shake off the Irishman's pursuit by devious twists and turns in his path inside the thicket. This would mean losing the trail of Fernando and Lucero, which he had been following; but it would mean escaping the vengeance of the Irishman whom he had beaten!

Garvey in fact was shortly lost in the woods, except that his keen sense of hearing always gave him the bearings of the shore. He gave up the chase of Gonzalez and made for the distant roar of the surf.

He came out into the open near a great tree. Just beyond, to his astonishment, he came upon the two pages—and one of them was a girl!

A fight to the death with poisoned arrows, an encounter with unfriendly savages and the termination of the lovers' long exile take place in the Concluding Instalment of Blasco Ibañez' novel—Next Month



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Remember that extension telephones throughout your house are a great convenience, and they mean a world of comfort at very little cost.



This is Why You Act That Way

(Continued from page 79)

must be able to do certain things or they cannot live; implanted in their very nature must be certain fundamental emotions or drives. Every move they make results from an organic drive. They must satisfy hunger, they must kill or escape from their enemies, they must get rid of pain; or they die.

It remained for a scientist of this generation to expose one of nature's most cunning and deeply hidden secrets whereby these organic drives are reinforced in the crises of life. Few books since Darwin's "Origin of Species" have given us such insight into human conduct as Cannon's "Bodily Changes in Pain, Hunger, Fear and Rage." Let us look at these changes.

Suppose I inject into your arm a tiny bit of a certain drug. Picked up by your blood, it has soon passed the doorstep of every one of the trillions of cells of your body.

Your heart begins to pound as though it would break through your chest. You breathe faster and easier. Your face flushes, then pales. Your hands tremble, your knees shake. Your pupils dilate. Your hair stands on end and your skin goose-fleshes. Look at yourself in a mirror: you look scared! What you cannot see are the changes within your body.

Your visceral blood-vessels contracted, thereby forcing the blood into other parts of your body, hence your flushed face. The blood-vessels of your skin contracted, hence your pallor; hence the greater burden on your heart to keep the blood in circulation. Your liver converted some glycogen, or animal starch, into a simple sugar called glucose; that sugar is now in your blood.

These bodily changes have changed you; you are a different person—in the twinkling of an eye as it were. Let us see.

With less blood in your viscera, the vital processes of digestion are slowed down to a practical standstill; they cannot work without lots of blood; only in the blood can they find materials to work with, energy to work with.

Because of that drug in your body you now have more sugar (potential energy) in your blood than you had a moment ago. That energy is less available for your viscera, more available for the big muscles of your arms, legs and trunk—the muscles with which you fight or run—and for your brain which directs fight or flight.

This is not all. Why your pallor? Your skin vessels are smaller than they were. If I were to gash your face or any part of your body, you would not bleed as fast as you would have done a moment ago—the escape of blood from the body is slowed down. More amazing still, your blood itself, because of that drug, will now coagulate more rapidly than it would otherwise! Do you begin to see the biologic usefulness of the changes this drug induces?

Suppose you have just eaten a hearty meal and are now stretched out at your ease, lazily enjoying life under a tree in the meadow, thinking about nothing in particular and therefore needing no great amount of blood in your thinking or motor apparatus. But inside your body enormous physical and chemical activity is going on in your thirty-two-foot-long alimentary canal. In short, your digestive processes have the call on your blood.

You are suddenly aroused from your stupor by a bull. He is only a few feet away, pawing the earth, head lowered. What will you do!

Here is where this cunning device of nature plays its hand. For the drug which I, figuratively speaking, injected into your arm, is now shot into your blood. That drug is adrenin, manufactured in a pair of your own chemical laboratories called, because of their position just above the kidneys, adrenal glands.

The biologic usefulness of adrenin? What matters it whether your stomach goes on digesting that meal or not, confronted as it is

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with the bull's horns? It is infinitely more important that you get your stomach out of harm's way.

Because your digestive system has obliged your lungs, brain and legs with an extra supply of energy, you can now beat your record for the hundred-yard dash, climb a tree hitherto impossible or put more cunning into your strategic handling of a bull than you ever thought you could. Adrenin, in short, has more than "pepped" you up, it has put your body on a war footing; mobilized all your forces to enable you to fight harder, run faster, think quicker than you could in times of peace.

Adrenin is released into our blood in every emotional crisis. It is a crisis mechanism, available for every normal human being in every crisis.

The adrenal glands are vital organs. Remove them: we die. Any upset in their normal functioning upsets us and makes us behave abnormally. The drug they secrete is one of the most potent known to science. How potent? Professor Hoskins worked this out in terms of city watering-carts of 265 gallons each; it would require the water of a twenty-mile procession of such carts to reduce an ounce of adrenin to a test dose! Diluted to one part in 330,000,000, it depresses the intestinal canal. Had I injected a large dose into your arm it would have killed you.

Note again what an infinitesimal amount of adrenin depresses your alimentary canal, and then begin to use your imagination. How many times have you felt depressed this week? How many times have you been emotionally aroused?

Any strong emotional excitement—anger, fear, grief, pain, longing, vexation, worry or anxiety—slows down your vital processes; more exactly, stops digestion. Note, too, that the emotional factors which upset digestion are more powerful in their influence than the factors which promote it. To this add the fact that most of us are more creatures of emotion than of intellect, and we have some idea of the price we pay for our struggle and worry.

The prime factor in any well-ordered life is a sound, healthy alimentary canal, always fit to function as nature intended it. Whatever upsets it upsets us. Nothing can upset it so quickly as hunger, rage, fear or pain.

Pain can be as potent in the release of adrenin as a towering rage or an abject fear. Man no less than other animals in pain is moved to action to get rid of the pain. But why the cold sweat in an agony of pain or terror?

Pain or fear calls for action—action, as we just saw, in the muscle engines which move the body rather than in the muscle engines which prepare the body's energies. These motor muscles in work produce heat. That heat must be got rid of through sweat to preserve normal temperature. The cold sweat of pain or fear is an emergency reaction, cooling the body in anticipation of hard work to come!

Fainting following strong emotion is a similar anticipatory reaction. Work in skeletal muscles releases carbon dioxide, the end-product of sugar oxidation in the working muscle. Excess carbon dioxide in the blood speeds up breathing, whereby the blood is relieved of its carbon dioxide and replenishes its supply of oxygen; but if the excess carbon dioxide be prolonged it paralyzes the respiratory center, inducing asphyxia: fainting. But asphyxia itself liberates adrenin, which so acts on the muscle walls of the bronchioles of the lungs as to make breathing easier. Consequently fainting, while it seems to impair the body's efficiency, really prepares the body to meet an emergency by inducing an additional discharge of adrenin into the blood.

Or take the matter of "second wind," which has won many a race and many a fight in many a field of endeavor. What happens? Some additional stimulus appears to liberate more adrenin, whereby more sugar is poured into the blood, and the fighter or runner breathes easier, has more energy to expend. Vigor has been renewed, as it were, by a miracle.



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We are now better prepared to understand why it is that men freed from the inhibitions which restrain them in the ordinary walks of life can, as members of a mob or an army, become so roused to fear or rage that they almost literally cease to be human beings.

Likewise we can now see how, under the sway of these strong emotions, especially when reinforced by adrenin, our capacity to kill and our ingenuity in killing may be so increased beyond what we have learned to regard as normal behavior that we can commit murder for such an insignificant thing as a fancied insult.

No human body can perform its normal functions when we are gripped by pain, rage, or fear.

Let us now look into the matter of control.

Control? So to control our emotions that they will not drive us crazy or into a felon's cell or a dyspeptic's grave; our hunger, that we will not cry for caviar; our rage, that we can plan how each noxious thing, situation, or person may be dealt with; our fears, that we can save our adrenin for the supreme effort when we must keep wide-eyed and alert to a human life; our pain, that we can use our brain to learn its cause and alleviate suffering. Such control is worth great effort and the expenditure of much adrenin.

ALL of us are born without specific hates, fears, appetites or loves. We learn. We have years and years in which to learn; parents and relatives and society to teach us.

Inherent in our nature is a capacity to rage. At what? At anything which restrains our freedom. But, you may say, our freedom is restrained a thousand times in a thousand ways, and we accept restraint as though we had been born roped and hog-tied. Yes; and we boil with rage thousands of times at thousands of things we hate because we think they impede our progress. "Freedom" does not seem to get us anywhere.

Let us take a fresh start: an hour-old baby. Gently pinion its arms by its sides or hold its nose tightly enough to force it to breathe through its mouth: in short, restrict the free movement of its little body. That hour-old infant gets angry. How do we know? By the way it struggles and squirms, slashes out with its feet and gets red in the face.

More physical restraint drove it to anger. The mere pinioning of its arms was a stimulus to call out a rage reaction. The infant was enraged because it was irritated. All animal protoplasm is irritable. Rage itself did not cause its blood to boil; rage speeded up its heart-beat; rage also released adrenin, which would of itself produce these bodily changes. As a result, our calm little baby vegetable suddenly became a wildcat.

Suppose I repeat that performance on an infant. That rage response will become conditioned to a new stimulus. The mere sight of me sets off its rage behavior!

Adrenin is a marvelous drug and works magic; but do not overlook the astounding capacity of infants, children and grown-ups to become enraged when their particular brand of freedom is jeopardized. What is their brand? The brand they learned to like, the brand to which they are accustomed, habituated. Anything which hampers, hinders or threatens their "rights," privileges, relatives, friends, protectors or providers enrages them. In fact, the child must learn to hate the things its parents hate, before it is welcomed as a child of their very own, after their very own hearts.

The emotion fear, as we saw, is twin to rage—but, like Judy O'Grady and the colonel's lady, alike only under the skin. If you cannot run as fast as the bull—or a madman—your cowardice may turn to bravery and you will fight, and possibly prove a better fighter than a runner. Many a hunted coward has turned on his pursuers and fought like a demon.

Let us have the baby again; let us see how we can make it jump when we jump, scream with terror when a bat flies into the room, a mouse runs across the floor, or father scolds mother: how, in short, we can train a boy or

girl in a few years to be a sneaking, sniveling coward. It can be done. It has been done so often that thousands of men and women slink or shrink through life and only call their souls their own within sight or sound of mother or father. Some grow up in fear even of life itself; they look to death to set them free. Even more go through life so afraid of death they never give themselves a chance to live.

Observe the baby again. It is sucking its thumb, at peace with all the world. I give the sheet on which it is lying a quick jerk, or I pick it up and drop it on a soft pillow, or I slam a door, or the thunder crashes. That calm, peaceful child suddenly vanishes; instead is a terrified infant looking for all the world as though it had just received an injection of adrenin. It looks, acts, and is scared. Fear moves it to look and act scared.

No other stimulus will move an infant to exhibit that fear reaction. But it can learn to react to other stimuli; it will be trained, conditioned, by parents, teachers, playmates, society. The possible damage an ignorant mother or nurse can do a child in a few days is incalculable. And there is no excuse these days for ignorance.

Situations or stimuli which bring out fear reactions become specific in the same manner as do those which elicit the kindred response of rage. And so as the years pass the child grows up with its own varied but individual learned repertoire of stimuli which provoke it to anger or move it to fear.

These repertoires of learned behavior patterns become individualized for the child and the child itself conditioned negatively or positively toward almost everything in its little universe. Bodily injury or pain also becomes a great factor in this emotional organization.

The flicker of a candle catches its eye; it reaches out for it; is burned. We need not say that it has learned to hate the candle or to be afraid of it, but because of its experience it has become negatively conditioned to the candle, has an emotional slant toward it; it does not reach out for it. If badly burned, the sight of an unlighted candle may even drive the child to scream with fear. A playing child rudely knocked over by a barking dog may be so emotionally upset that it will go through life shying at dogs, jumping when they bark, possibly disliking people who fondle dogs.

These early conditioned fears may become so ingrained that they result in phobias which persist for life and mar life's happiness by closing doors to situations which might be explored to profit and interest.

Children also easily become conditioned by the reactions of parents, playmates, associates. The sound of a child screaming with terror may release the fear reaction in a whole group.

Apply these principles to the child's repertoire of foods which stimulate its salivary glands to action—make its mouth water. Its food appetite gets "set" in particular ways. Hunger drives it to seek food; it quiets that drive with foods it has learned by experience to like.

Sex or love responses likewise become conditioned along specific lines. It smiles, gurgles or coos when it is handled gently.

There is a difference, of course, between the child's reactions due to positive conditioning and those which are built in on specific tactile stimuli. There is a difference, for example, between the child's fondness for its dog and its love for its mother, but not as great a difference as is assumed. The child at birth has no mother-love instinct; it learns to love its mother, but only if she handles and treats it lovingly. Many a child's resentment and animosity toward its father starts with built-in negative conditioning or more positive rage reactions when the father handles it roughly.

Children may also learn to crave biologically useless foods and to seek socially useless and sexually noxious excitement through the same mechanisms of drives and conditioning. Such forms of behavior are learned, and to the abnormal individual are as normal as biologically sound and socially useful behavior is

to the normal. Such emotional states as awe, reverence, grief, sorrow, resentment, and all forms of abnormal food and sex behavior, are learned behavior.

Control, then, so far as the growing child is concerned, is in the hands of its teachers and parents, especially parents. The great point is to guard the child during its formative days as far as possible from any and all situations which injure it or move it to anger or fear.

This requires intelligence and eternal vigilance on the part of parent or teacher. It can learn to handle red-hot pokers with tongs and pull cats' tails with gloves. By gradually introducing the child to hot pokers and cats' tails, it will be taught how to deal with pokers and cats unemotionally. For pokers and cats' tails substitute anything and everything that comes within range of the child's eyes, ears, nose, tongue and fingers.

That is what we have eyes, ears and fingers for—to sense things with, to learn sense. The man of common sense can use his sense organs without being emotionally upset by the things he sees, hears, smells or touches; without fearing the unknown world or hating the known. But common sense is rare. We get emotionally excited when there is no need for a foot-race or a fist fight. We form emotional habits which are biologically useless and socially dangerous.

Planning, calculating and reasoning do not cost nearly as much energy as foot-racing or fist fighting, nor do they call heavily on the energy needs of the purely vital functions. In other words, we can think hard without robbing the viscera of their supplies, but we cannot run or fight without robbing them. But if our thinking worries us, we can get so emotionally upset that we can neither solve our problem, digest our dinner nor make love to our wife.

The person who runs like a deer from a mouse and faints at a shadow, who cries for hours or worries for weeks over a slight, an injustice or a pain and does nothing with hands and brain to remove slight, injustice or pain, is a person controlled by emotion. Such a person, like a ship without rudder or helmsman, is likely to go on the rocks in a gentle breeze.

No one can suffer a continuous crisis for three hundred and sixty-four days and have an emergency ration for the three hundred and sixty-fifth day when the real crisis comes.

If we were trained when young to meet crises with a cool eye and critical judgment, we are likely to take crises as they come and meet them like reasonable human beings or accept inevitable defeat without tears, tantrums and vain regrets. But if as children we had crises every day and to each responded like a bully, a baby or a sniveling cur, we are not likely to meet a real crisis without grave injury to ourselves and grief to our friends. In short, our emotional habits are bad and useless, or they are good and useful.

"Control," then, comes down to the matter of a well-trained, well-organized emotional repertoire: a taste for sound foods, an interest in human beings and love for a mate, a hatred of shams, hypocrisy, and every form of social inequality and injustice, fear of nothing, and a keen and alert curiosity about everything, tempered by common sense and a due regard for others' whims and foibles.

You have emotions; they will move you as long as you live. Do yours move you in biologically useful and socially acceptable ways? You inventory your worldly goods; why not inventory your emotional assets and liabilities? And begin with health—your internal condition.

If your viscera are upset most of the time, you are likely to be upset for a long time.

You cannot have a sound mind without a sound body, nor compose your soul in peace unless your body is at peace. And your body cannot be at peace if you keep it eternally on a war footing.

Your ancestors had to meet their crises with their feet or their fists; the victors today are the cleverest, shrewdest, and wisest thinkers.

The Flagrant Years by Samuel Hopkins Adams (Continued from page 46)

if it hadn't been for the old man's pull." She considered. "Were you drunk, Ponty?" "Of course." "What do you do it for?" "I dunno. I just do it." "What does your uncle think of it?" "He's sore. What do you?" "I think it's perfectly dumb, if you ask me." "I'll swear off if you want me to." "I don't want to be appointed guardian of your immortal soul," returned the girl. "Besides, you've probably sworn off before." "Yes; I have," he admitted ruefully. "Still, you kept sober that night at the Barn." She was seeking defenses for him since he would not defend himself. "Because you were with me."

She smiled at him. "That's a flattering reason but not a very reliable one. I can't always be with you."

"Why not?" "Don't be stupid, Ponty," she returned, taken aback by the quiet challenge of the question.

"No; I mean it. Why can't we dine together like this and do whatever you like afterwards; dance, or a show, or motor?"

"Why, we can, sometimes."

"I don't mean sometimes," he came back doggedly. "You'd be tired to death of me in a month," she laughed. What she really meant was that she would soon be bored by the constant association leading to—what? In spite of her liking for him when she was with him, she knew in her heart that he could not touch her imagination, that they had little to say to each other. Without that underlying companionship, his physical attractiveness would wane.

Now he was protesting. And she felt a pang of compunction.

"But my dear," she tried to explain, "I don't want to be fed."

"You've got to eat somewhere."

"If you saw some of the places!"

"I wouldn't care. I'd take you anywhere you want to go, any time. Just give me a chance."

(She thought to herself: Oh, don't be so humble! Who wants a shaggy dog to lead around on a leash!)

Two men passed them and were bowed into an alcove by a wraithlike waiter. One of them just missed seeing a signal from Pontefract. "It's Chick Summers." He rose and went over. "Hello, Chick!"

The man thus greeted got up unsteadily. "What-ho, Rowdy!" He grasped the other's hand with his own left. His right sleeve flapped. "Chick! I didn't know. How did you lose your arm?"

The maimed man gave the question due and grave consideration. "Well, you can't always win," he said reasonably.

Consuelo's laughter pealed, irrepressible, at what seemed to her the absolutely comprehensive answer, perfect in its absurdity. Upon that joysome sound a face peered out beyond the angle of the alcove and was swiftly withdrawn. The couple appealed to Connie, as a symoathetic and understanding spirit.

"Can you?" he said.

"Certainly not," she replied warmly. "And I think it's very sporting of you."

"Then that's all right. And with your kind permission we'll all have a drink."

"Later," put in Pontefract. "Will you excuse me a few minutes, Connie? I've got some talk to make with Chick."

As they withdrew, the owner of the suddenly projected face followed it out from behind the concealing angle. "I'd know that laugh in a funeral parlor," he averred. "Miss Arabella Vandergoogle, if I err not."

With a thrill of unmistakable warmth and pleasure, Consuelo found herself confronting the pleased grin of Mr. James I. Smith.

"Hello, you!" she said softly.

"And to you, hello. How's the old virtue?"

"Doing nicely, thank you. How are the wife and the mistress?"

"Swell. Also the thirteen kids."

"That's nice. Did you ever get a letter I wrote you?"

"Let's see. Didn't I answer it?"

"No."

"Then I must have got it. I never answer letters." He fell into a parody of Gerstel Corss' clogged nasals. "How are you gettigg alogg with the fascinattigg sheik, Ibn Adn Oyd?"

"That's all off. A green-haired monster came between us." She related the dismal story.

"Tough! Do I have to find you another job?"

"In the movies?"

"Not so. I'm out. For the good of the service and my own nerves."

"What are you doing now?"

"Looking around for a suitably high-paid position such as can be filled by a young man without capital, experience, application, reliability or character, but with plenty of confidence in himself."

"That ought to be easy! When you find it, don't you want a secretary? Here comes your one-armed friend."

"My one-armed friend is pickled. I found him sitting on a cactus in the Painted Desert and brought him East to get something to eat. Rowdy has just offered him another drink. That'll hold him for a while. What are you doing with Rowdy?"

"Dining."

"Often?"

"Six days a week and Sunday supper is the schedule as offered and under advisement."

"Is that all?"

"So far."

"It doesn't leave an outsider much of a look-in, does it?"

"Are you an outsider?"

"I'm feeling a bit like one just now."

"You needn't. When will you take me back to Coney Island?"

"Wednesday evening."

"Right. I'll meet you at the bus."

He rose and crossed Pontefract who was returning. The two men exchanged a few amicable words. "I hear you've come into the Barn," Connie heard Smith say in his cheerful voice. "Glad to have you with us."

Rowdy acknowledged it and, passing on, inquired suspiciously—or did she impute to the query a quality which it did not possess?—"Where did you know Ipsydoodle Smith?"

"I met him when I first came to New York."

"He's one of those fellows who know everybody," he muttered discontentedly.

"Whoever gave him that absurd name?"

"Some old guy that made a lot of money in the early days of California and left part of it to Smith. He was his great-uncle or something. Smith put up a panel to him in the barroom of the Barn, because he says he was the nuttiest nut in the history of the West. His name was Ira Passefils Duodensing Lee, but he was always called Ipsydoodle. So they pinned the name on Smith. I guess he's as big a nut as the old boy ever was."

"I like him."

"Girls always do. I dunno why."

"He's amusing."

"Is he in love with you?" he demanded.

"If he is he didn't mention it. I can't imagine his being in love with anyone."

"He'd better not be. Not with you."

"How many drinks did you have over at that table, Ponty?"

"Two. And I'm going to have another."

She made no comment. He ordered a bottle of champagne and swallowed three glasses while she was sipping one.

"Well, what about my proposition?" he asked with a slightly defiant air.

"Do you want me to dine with you tomorrow?"

"Yes, please." He had become humble again.

"You aren't making too good a start." He set down his glass. "This is my last. How about the rest of the week?"

"Can't we let that lie?"

"I'll bet you've got something else on."

"I've an engagement for Wednesday."

"With Smith?" His black brows drew together, twitching.

Connie had undergone that jocund gentleman's catechizing without protest, inner or expressed; but she was in no mind to endure as much from her escort. "I don't really see that that's any of your business, Ponty."

He jumped up, dragging two bills from his pocket. "Pay for this, will you?" he growled.

"And give the waiter the change."

"Where are you going?"

"That's my affair."

"Sit down, Ponty," she said in her levellest voice, "and don't be a child."

"I guess I know when I'm being made a mark of," he returned furiously.

"You're going to leave me to go home alone?"

"Let him take you home."

"Oh, Ponty!" Her amused disgust was shot through with pity for this great, spoiled boy. "Ponty, how old are you?"

"Twenty-six."

"You're not. You're about ten—or maybe twelve. Sit down for a minute."

He wavered. "What's the good?" He seemed close to an explosion of fury, or tears.

He glared somberly at her, seized her shoulders and crushed his lips down upon hers in a brutal and searching kiss.

She wrenched loose. "Don't, Ponty."

"Will you can that fellow and go out with me Wednesday?"

"No."

"That settles it."

Very erect and manly in intention, he stood gazing at her with a sad, accusing look, then flounced out. Connie paid the waiter and took a taxi home. She knew that he would come slinking back to her soon, beaten by his own want of her, and that then she could do with him whatever she chose.

What did she choose?

Very erect and manly in intention, he stood gazing at her with a sad, accusing look, then flounced out. Connie paid the waiter and took a taxi home. She knew that he would come slinking back to her soon, beaten by his own want of her, and that then she could do with him whatever she chose.

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"You're trying to trap me into an admission," he accused. "Let's talk about something important. The stock-market perhaps? Or the baseball percentages? There's always the temperature to fall back on."

"I don't think I like you as much as the first time," said Connie pathetically. "Not nearly."

"Ah! I'm an acquired taste. The human olive. One has to know me very intimately to appreciate me at my true worth. Doesn't that give you a faint hope for the future?"

"It gives me a faint pain in the neck," returned Connie indecorously.

"A symptom of hunger. The first principle of being out of a job is to eat heartily whenever circumstances permit."

"And charity provides?"

FOR the first time she experienced the satisfaction of having pricked him; the color rose beneath his tanned skin. But for some strange reason it was a doubtful satisfaction, perhaps because of the startled contrition of his reply.

"I'm sorry I've made you feel that way about me."

"You haven't, really," was the hasty response. "I only said it to be nasty."

"Apology accepted, with congratulations on your success. By the way, have you got a job in sight?"

"No; and I don't want to talk about it. I'd rather hear about you. Account for yourself."

"Account for myself? Certainly. I come of a fine old Dutch family who got in Dutch by selling whisky to the Indians in 1492 or maybe it was 1042. Anyway—"

"Is that where you got your absurd nickname?"

"Ah, call me Ipsydoodle," he implored.

"From those pure lips, how precious would they fall,

The syllables of that historic name."

"Gracious! Come back to prose. Do you often burst into song this way?"

"The thought of that great man and, incidentally, great-uncle, always makes me lyrical. Ipsydoodle Lee was one to pattern by; they do not produce men of his caliber in these pale-livered days. He was without doubt the biggest fool that ever made life joyous in the carefree days of old California. He has passed on, alas! leaving me two gold-mines, one salted, the other fresh, a half-interest in the reversion of a saloon, his derringer with three notches on it, the upper row of his false teeth and three of the back ones with more metal in them than in both the mines put together, and some pious advice which I haven't yet had time to follow."

"This is one of his legacies, by the way." He lifted the light, polished cane and manipulated it. It came apart. The girl saw a flash of slender, blue-tempered steel. "I've been meaning to have the obsolete stabber removed and substitute something more practical, such as a corkscrew."

"Did he leave you the owl, too?"

"No. That's my own. I sent him to you to look after my interests while I was away."

"Your interests?" Connie regarded him with mirthful eyes. "Do I understand that you're interested in me?"

"No. In the beauty business," he replied calmly.

"Shot through the heart!" cried the bunny-rabbit. "I'll never try again."

"You may do better next time. Yes; as a young and ambitious person seeking an occupation I've got my eye on the beauty trade. There's money to be dug out of it. Do you know what the one biggest item in our national upkeep is? Women!"

"Well, what are you going to do about it? Start a salon?"

"Start an idea."

"Tell me. Or is it un-owlish to ask?"

"Not at all. The bird's authority ends in the shop. My big idea is a series of ads. Like to hear the start?"

"Of course." She perceived now that he was flatteringly in earnest. "Though I don't know the first thing about it."

"Time you learned, then," he advised dryly.

"That's where the opportunity is." He produced a manuscript and said, "The heading of the series will be 'The Flagrant Years.'"

"I think it's swell," said Connie.

He nodded and read from his paper: "They march with unrelenting pace, the flagrant years. Like locusts they devour whatever lies in the path of their advance—youth, beauty, joy, strength, the zest of living. Hark to the cry of the women: 'What must we do to be saved?' . . . And so on: 'You get the idea?'"

"Yes. There's an element of terror in the phrase. A good, stimulating fright that would inspire a woman to do anything she could to protect herself."

"And I'm the lad to tell 'em how to do it—as soon as I've learned enough about the business."

"That part ought to be simple. Yes; you've got something there. When did you take up ad-writing?"

"Oh, I've dabbled at it from time to time. It's always interested me. I'd like," he said musingly, "to write an ad of you."

"Of me?" She laughed. "Well, try."

"It would begin, I think, something like this: Her eyes have laughter for a secret guest."

"Sounds more like poetry than advertising."

"Maybe it is. Somewhere in the course of the prospectus there would be something to this effect: A body all warm harmonies and swift, changeful moods; lips poised on a promise unfulfilled; a glance that denies its own perilous invitation, veiling a dream in which wonder is always dying but never dies, in which romance may be fulfilled but never can be sated; and somewhere back of it all the faint, far, elusive music of elfin mirth."

"You're trying to get a blush out of me," she accused. "An ad, indeed! And what would that sell?"

"Anything that a man could buy with his immortal soul."

She gave that its full due of thought. "It sounds impressive, but does it mean anything?"

"Not a thing in the world," was the cheerful reply.

"Get back to the one that does." She took up the "flagrant years" idea and analyzed it from the feminine point of view. Soon Smith had his paper out and was making notes.

"If I land this, I'll give you a job myself."

"Thanks. I'll stick to the practical working end, if I can get another chance. The owl tells me to."

"Wise bird, that! He'll tell you, also, to let nothing interfere with business in working hours and to let business interfere with nothing outside."

"Is that another of those high-sounding ones that mean nothing?"

"No. That's a real owl-thought."

At midnight he took her home, proposing Coney Island for the following Tuesday. She accepted. But it was much longer than that before she saw him again.

Business interests soon supplanted minor problems of the heart in Consuelo's life. She had had a note from the elusive Smith, brief, reticent and regretful, mailed from some obscure postoffice in Dutchess County. It left her feeling rather blank. Not that it mattered, she insisted to herself. The real business of the day was to get herself a job.

Opportunity came before her capital had been seriously impaired by a week's idleness, in the form of a summons to La Primavera. Miss Poitiers, it appeared, had got her man, and the faithful Miss Roberts had put in her timely word for her friend.

Only a temporary thing, the applicant was informed by the manageress in charge, a cold-lipped, soft-voiced, hard-eyed picture of correctness. Her real name was Latouche but, following the fad for Americana which had swept the trade, she had adopted the business pseudonym of Dora Ruth Seymour. From her Connie again heard herself impugned as being too young, too inexperienced, too slight for a permanent place. Had she had experience on the appointment desk?

"Tell 'em yes, whatever they ask you," had been Bob Roberts' comprehensive instruction.)

"A little," replied Consuelo.

"You may substitute there for a time and also give extra treatments as required," came the languid permission. "Until Miss Barstow comes back from vacation. After that we can promise nothing."

The desk suited Consuelo. It was less profitable than the operator's task as there were few tips and no commissions, and she got no practical experience there of the kind she needed most; but the salary was fair, the work easy and occasionally she got a chance to give treatments when some of the regulars were absent, thus keeping her hand in. What interested her most was that from that vantage-point and center she kept picking up odds and ends of the city's teeming life, flotsam and jetsam on that amazing tide of rumor, report, canard, conjecture, first-hand information and equally first-hand misinformation which swirls daily through the beauty salons of New York.

There is a betraying and laxative atmosphere about these places. Women deliver themselves of their inmost thoughts under the soothing, persuasive, opiate hands of a skilled operative. Nerve-spent worldlings, who would be reticent enough with their own class, find in their revelations to these automata of a lesser world (as they deem them) spiritual release from the super-pressure of existence. Yet these automata too often belied the smug belief in them. Many were shrewd collectors and analysts of these odds and ends of the social fabric; not a few were clever retailers and profiteers.

Ipsydoodle Smith's red-eyed owl was always at Consuelo's elbow, counseling silence and the open ear. Indeed the girl felt her hearing grow preternaturally acute in that environment. The girls of La Primavera were bidden to encourage confidences.

FROM her listening-post she picked up the inside story of scores of current scandals; she knew the approximate whereabouts of the most recently vanished society bud and the surprisingly non-scandalous explanation of it. Three weeks before it was announced she had learned of the coming resignation of a prominent city official and the decidedly scandalous and titillating wherefor. She could have directed a search to the secret and embowered villa of a merchant prince whose supposed suicide some years before had been suppressed or glossed over by an amenable press.

Once Connie was startled to hear herself brought into an exchange of gossip, though not by name.

"The big handsome young fellow; the one they call 'Rowdy' . . . Yes; got on a terrible drunk and smashed up that fifteen-thousand-dollar car of his. Got in a fight, too. They say he's going to be fired from that swell club with the queer name that all that crowd belong to. He and another club member mixed it. Young Pontefract almost killed him . . . Yes; over some girl. I heard she was in this business. Rowdy's crazy about her. Got sore because she went out with the other lad. Smith, I think his name was. He had a right to be sore if he's putting up for her."

So that was what people thought. They would! There had been a fight, too. She would have to find out about that.

It was while Connie was on the desk that she beheld, late one afternoon, the unusual spectacle of "Miss Seymour" herself hastening across the reception-room and down a side passage to attend a customer. There issued presently a snappish quick-fire in a man's impatient tones. Back came the proprietress.

"Is Roberts busy?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Darn it!" She considered, then addressed Consuelo. "Here! You seem to be close-mouthed. You'll have to take him yourself."

"Him? Is it a hairy ape?"

"Sh-h-h-h-h! Not that at all. A rest-facial. Nerves. And a temper—my Lord! Handle him as you would any other client and don't say a word unless you have to. I'll supply the desk."



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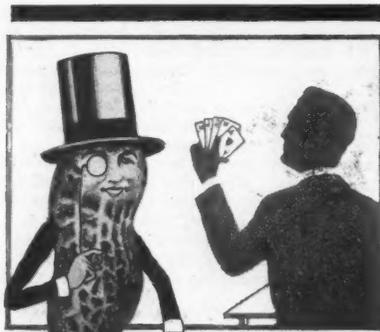
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1306 Spring Garden St.
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As soon as she entered the little cubicle Consuelo recognized the harsh and haggard face which she had seen once from a taxi window. It was a dour, seamed, contracted face, tense with the strain of a thousand irritations. There was no recognition in the look Waller Daniels gave her from his lusterless eyes. Why, after all, should there be?

"Do you know what I want done?" he muttered.

"Yes."

He threw off coat and waistcoat, letting them drop to the floor, and slipped his old-fashioned suspenders loose upon his sloping shoulders. As she picked up the garments and hung them against the wall, he jerked his collar loose with an angry motion and stretched his spare hard frame on the extension chair. There he lay, taut as a man in the first onset of a spasm.

Nothing in Consuelo's brief course of instruction fully met this case. Like every operator she had soothed neurotic women by the application of a regular formula. But this subject would hardly want a complexion rejuvenation or a skin-nutrient course. She must figure it out for herself.

To begin with, she took her softest towel, moistened it in lukewarm water faintly scented, laid it across the twitching forehead and turned on it the light draft from the hair-drying machine. Two uneasy pulses flickered and throbbed at the side of the corded neck. She wrapped a cool cloth around that gaunt column. He lay rigid, unrelaxed, unyielding. What next?

Before her spread the bland array of her ointments. She looked them over carefully. Her client twitched.

"Are you ever going to begin? Or aren't you?"

Spurred to decision, she discarded the oily pastes and unguents, poured into a shallow bowl the freshest and faintest of toilet-waters and, slipping the towel aside but still keeping the current of air in play, stroked his forehead with soft-pressing, soft-parting palms. His flesh was irreconcilable as iron beneath her hands at first.

Presently her fingers, delicate and firm and cool, swept in long, light curves down the angular contours of the jaw, and so to the gnarly throat, again and again and again. Once they paused to knead gently at the bosses forming a barrier beyond the corners of the mouth. The set jaw yielded, relaxed. The firm, conquering hands slipped upward to the temples. Waller Daniels sighed. The swollen veins softened and flattened out. The clenched fists loosened. The eyes fluttered and closed.

Triumphant, Consuelo knew that she had won the first bout over something that was worse than pain. It was now in order to proceed with some regular form of treatment.

She selected a mild tissue-cream and applied it with the flat of her palms, some instinct telling her that only the direct contact would hold him soothed. He lay like a dead man under the ministrations and again she savored that sense of victory.

A special mixture for dried-out conditions came next, though she guessed that selection did not much matter now; continuity of application would be enough. She worked over him with absorption.

Voices in the next compartment. She wished they wouldn't talk so loud. Let her sleeping lion lie! He stirred and growled dimly. Her touch on his lids pressed him back. A girlish voice with a tinge of contemptuous mirth in it rippled across the quiet.

"Soixante-quinze punch. In buckets. It was only my fourth since supper but I passed out of the picture entirely and came to peacefully reclining in the arms of a gent that I couldn't remember ever having seen before."

Waller Daniels half rose. "Shut up!" he roared and added a mumbled monosyllable of explosive and unpleasant import.

"Hush!" said Consuelo imperatively. "You must not speak like that."

He opened his eyes and mouth and glared at

her—with all three, it seemed to her. "Don't tell me what I must or mustn't do," he snarled. "Who are you, I'd like—" He broke off abruptly and said, "I've seen you before, haven't I?"

"Yes."

"Here? No; not here. Where?"

"On Fifth Avenue. I was in a taxi. You lost your temper then, as you did just now."

"I frequently lose my temper." It was said with a sort of complacency.

"And pay for it afterward?"

"What? Pay for it? How?"

"In frazzled, burned-out nerves."

"That isn't what ails my nerves. I remember you now. You interfered for that fool of a taxi-driver."

"Please lie back. I have not finished my work," she directed stiffly.

Grumbling, he obeyed. The treatment proceeded to a long-drawn-out conclusion without further interruption. At the end Consuelo was utterly spent. But she had the satisfaction of seeing a changed and restored patient—for as a patient she thought of him—rise from a refreshing nap. He observed her only too apparent lassitude with a malicious regard.

"Not very strong, are you?" There was intentional disparagement in the comment which she resented.

"Yes; I'm strong enough."

"You're spunky enough. But you're good with your hands. I want you to give me private treatments two or three times a week."

"I don't give private treatments."

"You give me private treatments," he retorted arrogantly, "if Seymour tells you to. Or you lose your job."

The girl was fighting back tears of anger and exhaustion. "It's a temporary job, anyway."

He merely grunted as he resumed his collar and coat. "How much?" he asked.

"I don't know. How much do you usually pay?"

"Five dollars." He drew out a roll of bills and as he laid a five on the cabinet, the desk outside being closed as it was after hours, another greenback of the same denomination fell to the floor.

"You have dropped some money."

"Pick it up."

She looked at him, straight and hard, making no motion.

"Well, don't you want it?" he taunted.

"No." She did want it. Badly. But not that way!

"Too proud to take tips?"

"No," she said again. Her indignant look did not waver before his hard stare of contemptuous amusement.

Having tied his tie to his satisfaction, he pushed the bill negligently toward her with his foot. "Like it handed to you on a plate, eh? Well, you don't get it that way. Take it or leave it."

Consuelo gathered up her utensils and left him in the compartment. She heard him grumbling profanely to himself. Then a short laugh and he went quietly out.

She could not resist the temptation to see whether the bill was still there. It was. There let it lie. The clean-up woman would be glad enough of it. The clean-up woman was. She had real beer with her supper that night.

Madame Latouche, *alias* Dora Ruth Seymour, was waiting for her on the following morning. "How did you get along with Daniels?" she asked anxiously.

"I don't know."

"Is he coming back to you?"

"Not that I know of."

The boss scowled. Salons of the status of La Primavera do not encourage male patronage. But Waller Daniels was an exception for various reasons, one of which was the hope of valuable market pointers which he might give if he chose.

"Did he talk to you about anything?"

"No."

Nothing to be made of that girl, Latouche decided. She had muffed her chance. If only

Barstow would get back from a vacation already unduly prolonged! She was exactly the smooth, slow, bovine, restful type that best served the scarred nerves of the millionaire.

As for Barrett, Latouche had her number. Too young and too—too self-satisfied with that negligent "Yes," "No," of hers as if that settled the matter once and for all. Ritzy; that's what she was in the boss' annoyed opinion. There was something about her that got your goat. Pretending to be indifferent as to whether she'd made good or not with a client like Waller Daniels! No girl could be above her job in that shop and get away with it.

To Bob Roberts Connie said little more regarding her experience with the awesome patron; merely that he was an unpleasant personality, but you couldn't help feeling sorry for him. Also that she hoped he wouldn't come back.

"Bet he does," opined Bob. "When are you coming around to the flat?"

"Pretty soon. I've been working, evenings." She was studying certain booklets and lectures and was surprised to find how much scientific ground there was to the equipment of an expert "cosmetologist."

"Make it tonight. I've got a job for you."

"What is it?"

"You'll see when you get there."

"All right."

The steady and reliable Victor was at the flat when she arrived, having brought in a bottle of a recently discovered and powerfully flavored cordial. There was also the tall, silent, polite Russian, who called himself Glozounov, with a scar across his forehead. Connie suspected him of a professional connection with the empty taxi standing at the entrance.

"Here's little Peachkins," greeted the effervescent Miss Roberts. She drew the guest to the window and pointed downward at an angle. "See that?"

The object indicated was young Mr. Pontefract's superb roadster. A dejected-looking figure appeared to be asleep at the wheel. Connie indicated that she did see it.

"It's been cluttering up the street on and off for ten days. I want it removed."

"Have you told the police?" inquired Connie helpfully.

"On Rowdy? They're all his friends."

"Has he been up here?"

"Has he! He offered me a hundred dollars for your address and when I turned him down he tried to raise it a hundred more. That young man needs educating. Can't you do something with, to, about, or for him before he goes completely slop-bowl?" queried Miss Roberts inelegantly.

"I'll see."

Descending to the street, she made a quiet approach to the car and slipped into the seat beside the bereaved young love-victim.

"Oh, Connie!" he gasped. Nothing more coherent was derived from him until they were seated, side by side, in the nameless and costly little restaurant where he had deserted her before. He ordered everything he could think of, then moved as close to her as possible.

"Oh, Connie!" he mumbled ecstatically.

"Unfoot me, villain," she smiled.

"I thought I was never going to see you again. Oh, Connie!"

"Oh, Connie!" she mimicked, but not unkindly. "Where does that get us?"

"I've never been so miserable in my life. What a fool I was!"

"Agreed."

"How did you get home?"

"Taxi."

"Alone?"

No reply.

"Did Smith take you home? Please tell me."

"If I did, you mightn't believe me."

"Yes; I would. I'd believe anything you said." After a silence he asked humbly, "Have you seen him since—not that I've got any right to ask."

"Of course I've seen him since. The day he jumped from the Woolworth Tower with a parachute. Weren't you there?"

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"Go ahead. Guy me. I know you went to dinner with him that Wednesday."

"Yes; that was front-page stuff," was the disdainful reply.

"Did you hear about him and me?"

"I heard there was a row. If my name was brought into it I'll never forgive you."

"Why? It didn't get into the papers or anything like that. Even if it had—"

"Don't be so dumb! Can't you understand? Do you think a girl wants her name made a football of?" She stopped, helpless before the look of total incomprehension upon his ingenuous and concerned face.

Stupid of her! To him she was just a beauty-parlor girl, attractive, desirable, but not, as it were, breakable personally or in reputation. To have two men, members of a club of the smartness of the Barn, disputing for her favors—why, it was a boost that any chorus girl would break her neck to get. That was undoubtedly the way Rowdy looked at it.

"I gave him a terrible beating up." It was said without boastfulness.

"Gallant youth! You're only about twice as big as he is."

"I know it. He fought like a bunch of wild-cats with the fur off. You wouldn't think that he could take what I gave him. He had to go to a sanitarium, they tell me."

Connie's heart jumped. That explained the note. "I suppose," she surmised scornfully, "that when he gets out you'll go at each other again with clubs or guns."

Rowdy shook a mournful head. "Not me. The Quiddles were going to fire me for this rucuss. They had me before the committee—you see, we had it out in the barnyard—but Smith heard about it and wrote in and said the matter was between him and me and he'd settle it in his own way and in his own time, and if they expelled me, they'd have to expel him, too. He's one of the founders, so that went. They let me off with an apology."

"What did he mean; settle it in his own way?" she asked uneasily.

"Search me. He could sock me in the jaw at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street and I wouldn't make a move. I'm sick of myself."

"It's about time, Ponty."

"Of course I was scotched or I wouldn't have gone so batty. You didn't ask me to swear off, you know," he added defensively.

"Does someone have to ask you?"

"I dunno. It's never seemed worth while before. Nothing's worth while for more than a day. Except you," he concluded devoutly.

"And I might not be for more than a week or a month."

"It's up to you," said he. "Do I quit?"

"So you want to shift the responsibility."

"Put it that way if you like."

Connie possessed the strongly feminine woman's intuitive understanding of men, which is akin to a cat's foreknowledge of what a mouse is going to do next. If she now said, "And if I do ask you, what does that involve me in?" she knew that he would ask her either to marry him or to be his mistress, the former if she chose to play the game against his baffled want of her.

In the same moment she decided against this course. She dared not then let the question of marriage come up; she was too afraid that she might say "Yes." And if she did say yes, she knew that she would want to retract it; the material advantage of having Ponty for a husband would not be strong enough to hold her.

There was too much adventure, too much potentiality of exciting and joyous contacts in this new life of self-maintenance for her to sell out so early. Perhaps later. Meantime she must be fair with Ponty; he had been so with her. Deliberately she diverted him from the possible "honorable" offer.

"Suppose you do promise me to stop; how would I know you were keeping your word? I'd have to be with you day and night, wouldn't I, to be sure of it?"

His glance was heavy and desirous upon her. "Well?" he said.

"I'm not a day-and-night girl, you know, my dear. That is, I never have been."

"I never thought you were."

"Didn't you?" she challenged. "Not at first? Didn't you take it for granted that any manicure girl would be?"

"Never knew anything about 'em," he evaded.

"Some of your friends at the Barn made that assumption quite easily and directly." This was a strategic mistake. It aroused his pugnacious protectiveness.

"Confound 'em! I'll beat their faces for 'em."

"No, you won't. I can take care of myself," said she hastily. "To prove it, I'm going to talk straight talk, Ponty. I can't see myself becoming your mistress. Not now, anyway. If you like to trot me around this way, why, that's all right with me as long as you don't expect too much. I like you and I like to be with you. But that's as far as it goes, up to date."

"Yes?" he said calmly. "Well, what if I asked you to marry me?"

So much for feminine intuitiveness! How rucuh do cats really know about mice? Connie was, for the moment, rattled.

"You're not going to ask me," she said quickly and, she feared, quaveringly.

"Don't you believe it! That's exactly what I am going to do. If not now, then later."

"Oh, let's have a drink. To swear off on."

"You want me to swear off, then?"

"Yes. No. Of course. I mean, I want you to do it on your own."

That night he took her home for the first time. The grimy Lexington Avenue survival of a past era enlisted his unfavorable attention.

He said abruptly, "Connie, if I take an apartment will you live in it? I'll promise never to come there unless you—"

"No; I couldn't."

"Why not? Couldn't you trust me, if I wasn't drinking?" There was a kind of pathos in that unvoiced appeal against his worse self. Nobody could trust him when he was drinking; least of all himself. It touched her.

"Yes, my dear. I could trust you."

"Then why wouldn't you leave this filthy den and come where you can live decently?"

"I couldn't be a kept woman, Ponty."

He flushed boyishly. "I'm not asking you to be. There are no strings to this."

"That's just the point. That would be being a kept woman and giving nothing for it. It's worse than the other. I couldn't bear it."

"All right," he accepted dejectedly. "Will I see you tomorrow night, then?"

"No; not tomorrow."

His face fell. "I thought you said—"

"Yes; I know. But you've changed things by wanting to marry me. Let's give ourselves a chance to get our bearings. Would you mind cutting me out for a while? Say a month."

"A month!" It was an appalled wail.

"Well, say three weeks then."

"That's just as bad."

"Ponty, you're crowding me. Oh, not that way," she added as he drew away with a flushed countenance. "I mean, you're crowding yourself on me. And I mustn't be crowded now. It'll be better for both of us."

"Oh, I'll wait. I'll wait a year if I have to. But make it as soon as you can. This is a lonely big city, Connie. Not that I see any sense in it," he insisted.

Well, was there any sense in it? Connie could hardly have answered with assurance. She did not or would not admit to herself her unwillingness to take any definite step with Ponty before she had again seen Ipsy Smith.

In Samuel Hopkins Adams' March Instalment—Connie is beset by the importunities of Rowdy Pontefract, who wants to marry her, his uncle, Waller Daniels, whose strength of personality attracts her, and Ipsydoodle Smith—whom she loves

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Trail's End

(Continued from page 33)

makes you do such things? You're scarcely able to do the cooking, let alone hard work like this."

Grandpa Gardner, warring on weeds in Yellowhouse Yard, straightened up and leaned on his hoe. With a gray beard, thick lips and a broad nose added to that bald head, he looked strikingly like Socrates, if Socrates had lived to be a withered wisp of a man, feeble and bent and worn.

"You got the sightliest place in Tripoli," he shrilled. "And it's got the right to be kep' up." Boone sighed. "Have it your own way, daddy—you always do. I'll get Procopio out here and have him clean up. You go in and rest up, daddy. Go to sleep. I'll get supper."

Daddy shouldered his hoe. "Get supper myself," he announced tartly. "I ain't no invalid." His ancient feet tottered up the path.

Boone heard a low chuckle behind him; he whirled around. Martin Fletcher came laughing through the tangled shade of old elms.

"The old gentleman is rather strict with you, isn't he? Didn't mean to eavesdrop, Pickett. Found no one at the house, heard you talking and came out just in time to hear grandpa laying down the law."

Pickett Boone's sallow face flushed; he stared down the path at grandpa's slow progress. "Daddy has got to be a habit with me," he confessed. His brow wrinkled in a puzzled frown. "That big-mouthed Bates, I heard him explain it, once. 'Grandpa Gardner is the only human being Pickett Boone cares for,' Bates said. 'And Boone likes grandpa just because he is kind to grandpa. That's why. He certainly is good to that old coot, Pickett is—but I'll never guess how it started. Like feeding a stray cat, maybe. Get the habit unbeknownst?' . . . Aforesaid Bates," said Boone bitterly, "is a rascal. But I reckon he's right about me and daddy."

"In that case," said Martin Fletcher gaily, "perhaps you'll get to liking me. You come up on the gallery and listen to my tale of woe. You never had such a chance to be kind and good to coot or cat—not in your whole life."

"Business is business," said Pickett Boone. "I have heard rumors to that effect, yes. Ashes to ashes," said Martin, "and dust to dust. How true! To resume: you know all about the Warshop Mine, mighty near as well as I do. I bought on a shoe-string, and I've developed it into a paying proposition. The price was seventy-five thousand, on a lease and bond. I paid five thousand down and agreed to pay ten thousand every six months.

"The ore has made every payment, so far; four of 'em; only twenty-five thousand more and I'm in the clear. The mine is paying for itself. I laid out a lot of money in drifts and upper-cuts for stope work, with enough ore in sight to give me a deed. Then we struck water and flooded. So we went down the hill and started a six-hundred-foot tunnel to drain the mine.

"Soon as we get the water out I'll be all hunky. You know all this, yourself. I mortgaged my house to the bank and got four thousand for the pay-roll Saturday. Got it with me now, cash money. The Mex boys don't like checks."

Boone frowned. "You're taking a big risk. Someone will down you."

Fletcher laughed. "Everyone thinks it goes out by stage. The bank sends me a package as a blind. It's safer in my shirt bosom than in the stage, or in Murphy's tin safe. I don't want to go back to San Lucas, you see. Go right to the mine from here—after you loan me enough to make the next payment and tide me over until returns come from the next shipment. Fifteen thousand, three months, bonus and big interest, and you put the e-clampus-vitus on my lease and bond contract for security. McNally brothers know they've sold me a dollar for a dime. They'd close me

out if I was one minute late with my payment. That's the lay. What say?"

"I say, No. Ore in your stope, stope in the tunnel, tunnel in the shaft; shaft full of water, and the green grass grows all around. That is no security for a loan. That's a gamble. I'll loan you no money. But I'll gamble with you. I'll put fifteen thousand into your mine; ten thousand for your payment, five to tide us over—"

"Us?"

"Us. We'll be equal partners in the Warshop—and the Warshop can pay the other two payments."

"Holy, holy, holy!" said Fletcher fervently. "And they shot Jesse James!"

"It is either that or lose it all," said Boone.

"What queer things you see when you haven't got a gun!" said Martin Fletcher bitterly. "Why, you copper-bottomed, double-riveted will-o'-the-wisp! If I hadn't promised my old grandmother never to kill a fool—! Pth! Fifteen for half of seventy—and the seventy worth twenty-nine inches to the foot! After I took all the risk and won—not to mention brains and two years of anxiety and work!"

"Fifteen for half of forty for me, and for you, half a loaf or no bread. Take it or leave it. Perhaps you think it took no brains or risk or anxiety or work to leave me with cash in hand. Yes, I know—Pickett Boone is the local Shylock, the money lender—'Ramus mit ihm! But Bill and Ike and Jim—they're good fellows.

"Why don't you go to the good fellows for help? I'll tell you," said Pickett Boone passionately, striking his open hand against the veranda rail. "The good fellows haven't got it. Skinflint Boone, he's got it. And you ore—it's good, but it's under water. There isn't another man in this world who has the money you need and who also knows about that ore at first-hand."

"You go to the foot of the class," said Fletcher. A dangerous light came into his eyes. "The McNally boys do. You razor-backed hog, before I'd let you rob me that way, I'll let the McNallys take a half-interest for their thirty thousand. Hadn't thought of that, had you?"

The question was never answered. Four horsemen turned into Yellowhouse Yard, standing in their stirrups, riding in a long, reaching trot, men in haste; the sheriff, Ambrosio, a sulky and morose prosecuting attorney, Charlie See and Zenobio Gonzales.

"I need you both," said the sheriff. "Able-bodied men for my posse. Bank robbers. Tell you later. Boots and saddles."

"Not me!" said Boone.

"You, most particular. Mexicans all owe you. You're the *padrone*. When I want a man or a horse, you tell 'em. I'd have to argue. Move, will you? Saddle your horse. Give you four minutes."

Boone went through the house as a short cut to the corral. Fletcher went with him to the kitchen.

"Where'll I put this money? Got a safe? No? Oh, well—no one will bother it. Here, grandpa, I'm putting a package in the cupboard till I get back. Behind these dishes. It's four thousand dollars. Don't burn it."

The posse turned due west from Tripoli through a checker-board of farms, keeping the same steady, mile-devouring trot.

Once or twice they paused for swift questioning, heard no news of fugitives; gathered recruits, Chacon and Agapito; the latter a trailer of parts. They crossed the brown river where it undermined the western mesa at Pescadero, climbed the mesa to the north road and found fresh tracks there, northbound, four: tracks of horses in haste. They leaned forward and quickened their stride.

Four miles, five; the road dropped from the mesa into a little *rincon* of valley. The

DB ranch held this nook; two young fellows, Dunn and Bivins, newcomers some four years since. Four horses were in the corral, sweat-marked but not especially jaded, horses that no one knew, horses with strange brands. A call came from the house; the posse swept that way and found there, on the porch, Lee Dunn and Johnny Bivins, bound and helpless.

Cottonwood logs were uprights and pillars of that porch; and to these logs the two luckless men were bound, their arms pulled behind them and around the uprights, and their wrists lashed securely. Lee Dunn had an ugly bump on his head and dried blood on his face. His shirt was half torn from his body. Johnny Bivins cried out in agony as the sheriff cut the ropes; an arm was twisted.

"One at a time, and make it quick," said the sheriff. "Night's coming, and we're r'arin' to go. Tell it to us."

In the house, chairs were overturned, a table broken; bloody cloths and bloody floor showed where a wound had been washed and bandaged. A dusty suit of blue serge lay on the floor.

Lee told the tale. Four men, one red-headed and wounded, one in blue, two younger men, towheads. They asked for water, drank, made attack without warning.

"Bank robbers, hey? Well, they took grub and our canteens, and we heard 'em drive up our horses and catch 'em. How long ago? Hour and a half—maybe an hour. They rode north."

"That fellow in blue serge," said Johnny, "he left the blue outfit here and wore off a pair of Lee's old overalls—and they took my thirty-three. Spoke some of taking our new saddles, too—but they decided they didn't have time to change the stirrups." Johnny jerked his thumb at the two saddles on the wall. "Lee, I wish you would get some of that horse liniment and rub it on my shoulder. They purty nigh pulled my arm out of joint."

Ambrosio canted his head slightly. From under drooped lids a large, slow eye rolled Charlie's way, a glance tentative and oblique. In that same blink of time, Charlie See's eye, clandestine and furtive, peered cautiously from under a drooping hat brim.

"We've got to ride," said the sheriff. "So long."

The trail of the bandits held north to Dryford, crossed the river there, or just below there, and turned northeast in a little-used track leading to the ditch head, beyond the farm lands. Unmindful of fret and turmoil, the long cool shadows of Selden Hill were fantastic in lavender mist. The sheriff raised his bridle-hand and for the first time the pursuit broke into a gallop. Night was near.

Ambrosio and Charlie See fell behind.

"None too many of us, s'posing those fellows split up on us," said Charlie. "Too bad Lee and Johnny was hurt just enough that they wasn't fit for hard riding."

"Just enough," agreed Ambrosio. "What I don't see is how come Lee Dunn to get beat up. Surprised by four armed men—why should he put up a fight? I wouldn't."

"Bank robbers left their tired horses in the corral, too—so we could see 'em with no trouble at all. Handy. Makes the Dunn and Bivins story plumb easy to believe. You and me, now—we'd have turned those horses out, and scattered 'em. I'd say them was judicious bank robbers," said Charlie.

"Little man, you didn't see them turn back against a hail-storm of lead. Nothing judicious about that. And if ever I have a son," said Ambrosio, "a son who keeps faith like these thugs did—then I will be proud of him, even if it were at the gallows' foot. And you ought not to let your thoughts hurt your head, either. That brindled sheriff of ours, he's fully equipped with savvy. What you saw, he saw. Hi! He's stopped and he's waving us up, right now. Let's ride!"

"Ambrosio," said Simpson, "these outlaws are heading straight for Dona Ana Hills. My guess is that they cross the Jornada—but we've got to ride hard and fast to get up on the plain

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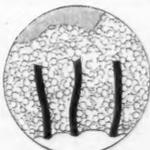
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by daylight. So we're riding on—fast. You take Boone and go on down to Rancherías, rustle some likely horses and any good men, hustle 'em to the draw and meet us somewhere the other side of the hills, so we all can have fresh mounts about dusk. Git!"

THE trail of the outlaws led due northwest, crossed the railroad, struck the wagon road where it made a long and heavy detour into the hills, crossed it and climbed the long granite ridges, swerved around to the south side of the southmost sugar-loaf peak, and beyond that peak turned down another long ridge to the darkening plain. A fire leaped up below them at the plain's edge; at that fire, the weary posse found Boone and Ambrosio, with a fresh horse for each man.

"No reinforcements, sheriff. Not a man worth his salt," reported Ambrosio.

"All right. They're shaping a course northeast for the San Andres. Aim to cross at San Andres Canyon, I judge. We're enough, if they don't scatter out on us. Boone," said the sheriff, "here's where you get off easy, you being the oldest man here. You jog on down to Leasburg and wire to Rincon, Upham, Cutter, Engle and San Marcial—and back to San Lucas, of course. I want one man in every pass in the San Andres, and others riding loose with an eye peeled. Send those wires and that lets you out."

"I wish I was old like that," said Marty Fletcher.

Boone rode wearily down to Leasburg and sent his telegrams. This was meat and drink to the night operator; to his eager questionings Boone gave such details as he had heard from the prosecuting attorney as they rode.

When the wires were sent, Boone spoke earnestly to the night operator.

"How about a bed for me and hay for this black horse? It's only thirteen miles to Tripoli—but I feel like it was thirteen hundred."

"None for hay. No one here except the section-crew and the day man and me. But you can have my bed and welcome. That's my shack, up on the ridge. I like the view. It's worth the climb. Door's open—help yourself. Hungry? Plenty of grub in the kitchen. I can't leave here, you know."

"I'll take you up on that," said Boone. "I'm not hungry, thank you—but I'm dog-tired, or I'd go on home and not bother you. I haven't ridden far nor fast for ten years, and I'm no younger than I was."

"Listen—the day man relieves me at seven sharp. Then I'll mix you up some breakfast before you go. You just take your sleep out."

"Fine, only for the horse. I've got to mosey down to Tripoli soon and early, so he can eat. I'll drop in to say howdy as I leave."

He clattered up the stony ridge to the shack and lighted the lamp, tying his horse in the shadows beyond the ridge. After a decent interval he put out the light and slipped through the back door. Softly, slowly, he led the black horse down the farther slope of the ridge, came into the road beyond sight from the little telegraph office, mounted and set his face southwards.

Pickett Boone was tired. Not so tired but that his evil mind was working, swift and sure. With the alibi absolute forced upon him by the tyrannical sheriff, it was childishly simple. Four thousand dollars cash in Yellowstone kitchen, four outlaws at large to take the blame. . . . He would make a show of ransacking the cupboard for food. He would be back before daylight; he would let the night operator talk him into staying for breakfast.

A dog barked near Yellowstone Yard. Other dogs passed the news; something sneaked on the edges of Tripoli; something evil and malignant.

Grandpa Gardner stirred uneasily, started, groaned, muttered, and sat up in bed. "What in time is all this fuss about?" he croaked.

He slipped his skinny legs into his overalls and

toddled to the window, listening. The first clamor died down, but at intervals one dog still gave tongue, distrustful, dissatisfied; and others answered, questioning—what, where?

The old man was wide awake, startled. He drew on his coat, lighted up a stale and musty pipe, sat himself by the window and looked out into the scented night. He wondered where the posse was. And Boone—his benefactor and friend—how had he stood the chase? . . . The dog alarm died, save for an occasional uneasy yelp from the instigator.

"Wish we had a dog," he grumbled.

He wondered about the bank robbers. The posse had paused for no newsmongering, but Mexican neighbors had dropped in around supper-time, bringing rumors, wild, incredible and self-destructive. He wished Pickett Boone was safely home. The sheriff shouldn't—

Something moved in the shadows of Yellowstone Yard.

The old man's blood froze. He laid his pipe on the floor, knelt, trembling, by the window and waited—waited. Silence. . . . A man came softly into the open—a man who wore a handkerchief for mask!

The old man drew back from the window and rose, shaking, to do battle for the honor of Yellowstone Yard. Barefooted, he tiptoed to the kitchen. He snatched Fletcher's package of bills from the cupboard; he crept to the wood box and worked the packet down under the firewood. The back porch creaked—and was still.

An ax stood by the wood box. Grandpa took up the ax, made two soft steps to the kitchen door and flattened himself against the wall. His heart pounded savagely. His feeble arms raised up the ax.

The doorknob turned without noise; the door swung open slowly, with a gentle mouse-squeak of hinges. Moonlight from the kitchen window shone full on the opening door. A bending head poked in beside the door-jamb. The ax-blade struck fair at the nape of the neck and a body fell through the door, jerking.

Grandpa struck again and shrieked. The body leaped, shuddered and lay still. The old man fell to his hands and knees; the half-severed neck pumped blood at him. He plucked off the mask; the moonlight showed the contorted, gasping face of Pickett Boone.

Red Stubble's wounds were dressed, and he now made his pack; bacon, flour, salt and a small frying-pan in one sack, fresh clothing and a razor in the other. Unable to stand hard riding, his play was to lie quiet in the *bosques* until his wounds were bettered and pursuit had died down. Ten days later, or two weeks, a freshly shaven man in rough but clean attire would board a train at some quiet flag-station, without exciting remark. With a low word for Dunn and Bivins, he carried his packs down to the corral.

Blue Serge—who had now discarded that serge and was henceforth Blue Overalls—followed a moment later, carrying a rifle and scabbard and a small grub-sack of his own; cold bread and cold meat. He paused on the porch and looked down at the two men tied there.

"It's a queer lay," he said. "Alec and Vic killed, and old Red shot up—and not a scratch between the three of us. Red is going to have a thin time of it, too—hiding out, and him hurt."

Lee Dunn looked up at him. "You're the one that's taking the biggest chance."

"I got you boys into this," said Blue Overalls, "and I'll get you out of it, if possible. You and Johnny ought to be in the clear, anyhow."

"Don't forget, now," said Johnny. "Soon as ever you sight the Dryford House, drop back and cross the river. Due east till you strike the wagon road. Turn north on the first lane. That will bring you out clear of the farms. Then strike northeast through the brush. You'd better be riding. Good luck!"

"Same to you. So long!" said Blue Overalls, and strode away.

Four saddled horses were in the corral. Red Stubble had cut four short lengths of lead rope. With one of these he tied one of the extra saddled horses to the doubled tail of his own horse, close up, so there would be no stepping over the rope. In like manner, he tailed the third horse to the second one. He tossed one lead rope to Overalls, where he slung the rifle to the saddle; and knotted the fourth lead rope to his own horse's neck. He climbed painfully to the saddle.

Overalls handed the little pack-sacks up to him and opened the gate. Red Stubble rode out, the tailed horses following quietly. Overalls closed the gate, overtook his friend and rode beside him. They pushed on for Dryford, speaking little; Red Stubble was failing. They splashed into the shallow river. Midstream they stopped; Red Stubble slipped off, knee-deep in the muddy water. He handed his lead rope to Overalls and wrung his hand.

"Here's where we say good-by, Pete!"

"Take care of yourself!" said Overalls. Red Stubble swung his little pack over his shoulder, and went stumbling up the stream towards the jungle of *tornillo* brush which h'd them from Dryford. From that thick shelter, an hour later, he saw the posse pass by.

Overalls led the three horses straight to the river bank and pushed on, with a cautious eye ahead for any chance passer. The lane of his directions brought him beyond the cleared fields to the shelter of brushwood country. Here he rode in a gallop. A short hour brought him near the railroad; and beyond the railroad, he saw a rider coming. He reined back in the bushes and tied the led horses so they would not be seen; he took a tally-book and a stub pencil from his saddle-bags and scrawled a brief note.

We had to tie up a couple of men at a ranch west of the river. The brand on their horses is DB so I reckon you'll know who they are. Maybe you ought to send someone out to untie them.

He tore the leaf from the tally-book, folded it and addressed it:

To any Storekeeper
Tripoli

Edith Harkey had been visiting at the Stewart ranch. She was riding down the big road when she saw, through the dancing dust-motes, a golden horseman between her and the low sun. He crossed the railroad and waited, taking off his hat as she drew near.

"I beg your pardon, miss—but are you going to Tripoli?" His bold eyes were troubled. "And if you would be so kind as to give this note to one of the storekeepers there?"

"I'll be glad to do it," said Edith.

"Thank you," said the golden horseman.

BLUE OVERALLS lost twenty minutes sending that note and getting back to his horses. But he felt the better for it. It was a lonesome country: his partners might suffer twenty deaths before anyone came to untie them—yes, they might even die of thirst.

He crossed the railroad and the wagon road, and took to a granite ridge. To make up for that lost time, he rode his four horses turn and turn about, and pushed each one to the limit, considering the rough country he traveled.

Sunset found him far out on the plain, riding slowly, to raise no dust to be seen from afar. He shaped his course for a deep pass, far in the northeast. The last sunlight died away. Then, in the dusk and moonlight, he crowded his four horses for all the speed they could give him.

Midnight found him nearing the eastern range; one o'clock found him climbing a winding road into San Andres Pass. That road had once been wide and white, leading to mines of hope; grass-grown now, deep-gullied, forgotten.

Weary man and weary horses, they crossed the summit and turned down a rough and narrow canyon, which presently became a twisting box. Once through the mountains and

hidden in the maze of foot-hills beyond—
A voice cried out in challenge; a rifle blazed from the hillside. Bending low, Overalls spurred back to the next bend for shelter. A bullet tore through his shoulder a bare second before he turned the corner to safety. He scrambled down, bringing the rifle from his saddle; he crouched behind a great rock and searched the box canyon with bullets. Flashes of fire answered from the dark shadows; echoes rolled thunderous from cliff to cliff.

"Only one man, and him a meddlesome Matt," said Blue Overalls. "And if I can't go down, he can't come up. Leastwise, not at once. He may know some way to work around above the cliffs—but he won't be keen about crowding into an ambush right away. Let's look-see are we killed."

The wound was painful but not dangerous. He had been bent low above his horse's neck; the ball had grazed the outer edge of his left shoulder-blade, ranging upward between collar-bone and first rib.

"One of the old-fashioned forty-fours, I judge," said Overalls. "Just a clean hole. One of these modern guns would have put me out of business. As it is, I dunno, I dunno." He plugged the holes as best he could with strips of handkerchief, fired a few random shots to keep his adversary guessing, mounted painfully and led his weary horses back toward the summit.

On the way, the trail climbed up a wide ledge above a great cliff, with a thicket of trees and brush below. Where the rock was slick and bare, he dismounted. Painfully, slowly, he unsaddled and dropped three saddles, blankets, bridles and ropes over the cliff and into the brush below, taking care that his feet never should leave the bare rock. He bent and looked with infinite pains for spots of blood, and sprinkled each one lightly with sand. Then he put his own saddle on the strongest horse and drove the others up the trail before him.

He came to the summit and turned down the deserted wagon road; and there, as he rounded a shoulder of hill, he saw a sudden flame blaze up, far out on the plain and far below him. He drew rein and waited. A little later he saw, once and again, answering beacons from hillsides far in the north.

"This is a fine kettle of fish!" said Overalls. "Nothing for it but to double on my tracks and cut in behind these wise laddie-bucks that have been following me all night. All I hope is that they run into that jasper in the canyon and shoot it out with him."

He turned his horses from the road and drove them southward into a tangle of low hills. There he left them and rode on alone, paralleling the great range on his left.

It was now probable that his one slender chance would be to cross that plain to the Caballo Mountains, low and far in the west. It might be done—if the posse should override his tracks where he had turned back, and think their quarry was hiding out in the hills. His heart sank to think how little water was left in the canteen.

"I know of one horse and one man that's going to see sorrow," said Overalls.

He came to a valley of red sand and mesquite brush. Day grew broad. He turned down a deep arroyo to ride unseen, and followed its winding course westward between the sand-hills. He rode slow and slow, sick with pain. The sides of the arroyo became lower and made a broad swale. A dim wagon road crossed it, running north and south. Here, looking wearily around, Overalls saw three horsemen, a scant mile to the south, riding up that old road. They saw him and spurred at once to give chase.

With rope and spur he urged the mouse-colored horse to his best speed, until he found a hill to his liking; a cedared knoll with open country all about it. He took cover on the crest of it. When the riders came in range, Overalls dropped a few rifle-shots in front of them as a friendly warning.

Some common sense about toothpaste

Read what this authority says on a subject that has become confused in many minds.

"The only function of a dentifrice is to aid in the mechanical cleansing of the teeth without injury to them . . . the antiseptics and drugs incorporated in many of the widely advertised dentifrices are valueless, neither curing nor preventing disease."

From an article in "Hygeia"—the health magazine of the American Medical Association.

DENTISTS and physicians recommend a dentifrice for one purpose only—to clean teeth safely.

That is the one thing you can do for your teeth. If you think your mouth needs treatment, see your dentist at once—that is his job. Don't rely on a dentifrice to correct conditions of teeth or gums—its function is simply to clean.

Teeth kept thoroughly clean are likely to be healthy teeth in a healthy mouth. And healthy teeth are apt to be pretty teeth.

This is directly in line with modern thought. Today leading authorities on the care of skin, hair, teeth advise that the most effective means of safeguarding natural beauty lies through utter cleanliness.

For that one purpose—to clean—Colgate's was designed, on a formula suggested by members of the dental profession.

Made as Dentists Advised

Before we decided upon this formula, we went to the dentists and asked the question: "What kind of dentifrice would be best for dental health and beauty?" Their answer was: "Make a toothpaste that really cleans. If a dentifrice cleans thoroughly, it does not need to do anything else. Drugs, strong antiseptics and harsh abrasives are all unnecessary and sometimes dangerous."

—and Only 25c

Colgate made the original 25c tube of dentifrice. It is today the largest selling toothpaste in the world. Due to this enormous volume production, and to the resources of a hundred-million-dollar business, Colgate commands the finest materials and the widest scientific research to safeguard quality. And, as far as we have been able to find out, Colgate puts more dentifrice into the famous 25c tube than is found in any other make priced at a quarter. That's value!

Upon this fundamental principle, we created a dentifrice of maximum cleansing power—yet so mild and pure that it cannot harm even the most delicate teeth.

So scientifically correct has this formula proved that more dentists now recommend Colgate's than any other dentifrice.

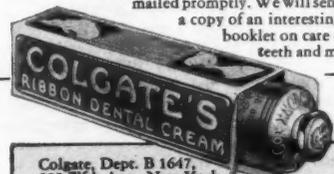
As a result of their expert advice to patients, Colgate's is today the largest selling dentifrice in the world.

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As you brush Colgate's upon your teeth, the cleansing agent forms a bubbling, sparkling foam. This cleansing foam penetrates between the teeth, reaches inaccessible surfaces, purifies and stimulates the gums . . . the entire mouth. And carried by this searching, foaming wave, the fine calcium carbonate powder helps to clean away mucin and food deposits . . . polishes tooth enamel to shining smoothness . . . sweetens all the mouth surfaces. The mildly antiseptic aromatic oils add refreshing action to the thorough cleansing.

FREE—We have a trial tube of Colgate's for you. Fill out and return the coupon and it will be mailed promptly. We will send also a copy of an interesting new booklet on care of the teeth and mouth.



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Please send me the booklet, "How to keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy," and a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream, free.

Name.....
Address.....

The three horsemen drew back out of range, not firing a shot in answer. They separated to a swift circuit of the knoll and took equidistant stations to stand guard over their prize. And presently three greenwood fires sent up slender columns of smoke through the quiet air of morning.

Overalls grumbled: "It will be all over town—bandit in the cedar-brake. Well, the longer I hold 'em, the better Red's chances are. He must have worked up the river bed quite a ways by now." He unsaddled the mouse-colored horse and hobbled him in a hollow of the hill, out of range in case the besiegers should take a fancy for shooting.

While sunrise flamed across the plain he took a light breakfast and a long drink. Then he sat with his back to a tree and smoked, keeping a watchful eye upon his guards. The years passed slowly; but at nine o'clock he saw a bunch of men riding down from the hills. They scattered out, consulting the three original discoverers.

A little later, a horseman detached himself from the largest group and rode slowly in toward the besieged knoll, carrying a white handkerchief on a yucca stalk by way of a flag of truce. Overalls walked out in the open and waved him to come on.

"What can I do for you?" he said politely, as the horseman drew rein beside him.

"Son, I'm the sheriff," said the rider. "We saw where you've been bleeding and we met up with the man that shot you. So we know that you're not really four men, but one man leading three horses. He saw you. The boys are hunting for your friends, hither, thither and whither—and what you do or don't won't help or hinder. So you might as well go in to

the Goldenburg ranch and tear you off a little sleep. You must be all in."

Overalls considered. "That sounds reasonable enough. Show me where this ranch is and I'll ride in by myself, if you can't spare a man. I don't want to be troublesome."

The sheriff grinned. "Oh, no trouble—no trouble at all!"

"But you're wrong about one thing, sheriff—about me having any friends. I stole this horse—found him saddled and tied to a tree. Then someone shot me up without saying aye, yes or no. Man that owned the horse, I reckon."

"You tell that to the prosecuting attorney. He's with us—and he has his head set to make a deal with you. Let you off light if you tell us who and where and all that."

"You rush him right over," said Overalls.

"My memory is rotten," Overalls confessed. "Just at present, the transaction you mention has escaped my mind." His face was haggard and hollow, his arm hung limp, his back drooped, shirt and side were soaked in blood and caked with sand. But his red-rimmed eyes were fond and candid as he looked up at the furious prosecutor. "Of course, if it ever comes back to me, I will let you know at once. Depend on me, little skeezicks!"

"You'll get the limit," snarled the prosecuting attorney. "And I could make it easy for you, rather than let your gang go scot-free."

Marty Fletcher, with Ambrosio and Charlie sat discreetly in the background, wooden-faced.

"It's no good, Andrews," said the sheriff. "Don't you see? This man knows it's all up with him. He's just stalling for time, to give his friends a better chance to get away."

"You mean, sheriff, that you would be that kind of a bank robber, if you went in for that line of business? But the P. A. here—little skookums—according to his own say, he'd blow the works to save his own hide. He sticks to it that I've got three friends and ought to do 'em dirt. That don't make sense. It wouldn't be friendly of me to do that way. His proposition has that gamy flavor so much desired by epicures. If I had any friends—who are they and where are they? Distressing, I call it. It's like rabbit pie! First catch your rabbit!"

"I'll see that you get twenty years," said the P. A. hoarsely. "You might have got off with ten. Possibly five, but I could promise ten. Ten years is a long time. You'll miss the mountains."

The outlaw looked at the mountains, turning his weary head for a slow glance at all the long horizons. Defeated, broken, suffering, doomed to waste his youth in prison . . . His sagging shoulders straightened, he held his head up; a slight flush came to his grimed and bloodless face. He licked his dry lips and looked up at the prosecuting attorney.

"Ten years is a long time," he said. "A man would do a heap for ten years. I'll tell you what you do. You see that big pass yonder—the one where you claim I tried to get through last night? And the next pass, north of that?"

"Yes, San Andreito," said the P. A. eagerly.

"Well, you go through that little pass. Then you go to hell and take the first turn to the left!"

The sheriff took one swift step. His legs straddled apart, his knees bent; he stooped over and spread his hands out, umpire-fashion.

"Safe!" said the sheriff.

The Lover of Her Dreams by Sir Philip Gibbs (Continued from page 57)

one of the maids of honor, burst into tears, sobbing and weeping noisily and imploring "the old wretch" not to tell the Queen, for mercy's sake. Perhaps she was not such an old wretch as they thought. Her memoirs reveal a charming and humorous mind. Anyhow she did not tell the Queen, but Aunt Kate suspected that she might have told the Very Reverend Archibald Langport, with instructions for a solemn talk.

She remembered that afternoon as an eventful date in her life. It was a sultry day in July and the sun lay on the castle slopes, flinging deep shadows from the walls. In the castle itself there was an atmosphere of oppression and nervousness. Her Majesty was not in good humor and as usual the knowledge of this seemed to permeate the household.

John Brown was rude to the Duchess of Devonshire, and to everyone else who came in contact with him. He had bullied one of the junior footmen who had lost his temper and told him to "mind his blooming business." Even the Queen's Indian orderlies who looked like princes seemed more stealthy in their movements and more profoundly sad.

There was a coming and going of visitors who were received in audience. Among them was Colonel Roberts, a dapper little soldier who had just come back from the fighting in Abyssinia. He passed down the long gallery with a clink of spurs and came back again with shining eyes like a knight received by his lady.

Then Mr. Gladstone came. Perhaps that was the cause of the Queen's ill humor. She could not forgive him for defeating "dear Dizzy," who had just been made Earl of Beaconsfield. "That dreadful man!" whispered the Mistress of the Robes after Mr. Gladstone had passed into the Queen's chamber with an air of self-righteous dignity as though not even Queen Victoria could daunt his sense of political rectitude.

The whole Court regarded him as a terrible Radical who was trying to overthrow the Constitution by pandering to democracy—that advancing dragon. The Queen was always fretful when he came down to Windsor.

But perhaps it was the Prince who was the cause of her immediate touch of irritability that July afternoon. Aunt Kate had told me some tale about the Prince of Wales at this time which now escapes my memory. It had something to do with a pretty lady and horseracing—two subjects which leave a wide field for scandal. Anyhow, it is certain that H.R.H., as they called him, was not feeling happy in his mind over this visit to his august mother.

Aunt Kate happened to be in one of the corridors when he stood outside the Queen's door waiting for Mr. Gladstone to come out. He was mopping his forehead and looked for all the world, she said, like a schoolboy waiting for an interview with the head master, though he must have been thirty years of age.

She dropped him a curtsy and he smiled at her in a friendly way.

"Hullo, Kate! I wish I felt as cool and fresh as you look today."

"It is rather warm, sir," said Kate demurely.

"Devilish!" said H.R.H. "And it's going to be warmer." He nodded towards the Queen's room and then laughed and whispered: "I'm in for a wiggig, Kate! . . . The Prodigal Son . . . Oh, Lord!"

She checked a ripple of laughter. It seemed absurd that this grown-up man who was the Prince of Wales should be as much afraid of the Queen as any one of her subjects. The Prince put his finger to his lips with a smile and then said good afternoon to Mr. Gladstone who came out with the same look of solemn importance.

"It was the twenty-first of July," said Aunt Kate. "I remember every incident as though it were yesterday. It was when Canon Langport 'popped the question,' as we used to say."

In her old age she laughed at that episode, but at the time it seemed to her amazing and overwhelming. At the tea-table he had shirked answering her question about the subject of particular importance, but when his mother made an excuse to leave the room to fetch her precious tapestry, he pushed away his teacup and stood up with his back to the

fireplace and looked down upon her as she ate a cream tartlet.

"My dear Miss Kate," said the canon rather solemnly, "I am about to make a proposal to you which may perhaps startle your girlish sensibilities. Of course you are very young, and I am no longer so young as I should like to be—though still in early middle age."

"But you may see advantages in a state of life which is perhaps above that of your own family and prospects, and at the same time would give you an assured affection—a very tender solicitude for your happiness, my dear . . . To come briefly to the point, I should be a very happy man if you would consent to be my wife. I love you, my little Kate—your beauty, your charm, your tender modesty."

He crossed over to her and knelt down on one knee and kissed her left hand. He probably would have kissed her right hand if she had not still clutched that cream tart—half-eaten—so tightly that the cream oozed out upon her fingers.

Aunt Kate was more astonished than she ever had been in her life before. She was also frightened. Waves of hot color rushed into her cheeks and then left her white. She was terribly embarrassed, partly because of that cream on her finger-tips.

"Oh, sir! Oh, Mr. Langport! It is a very great honor, I am sure . . . It is so very kind of you!"

She felt quite sincerely then, she told me, that it was indeed a great honor and that he was very kind. She did not love him in the least, of course. But it was impossible, she felt, to be rude to him. It was equally impossible to refuse him.

A girl of her age—a little chit of a thing, as she called herself—was utterly overwhelmed by the reverence she felt for this superb man who condescended to admire her. Besides, there were other great powers which forced her consent, as she heard with new consternation.

"The Queen," said Canon Langport, "has been graciously pleased to approve of our marriage. I have also spoken to your respected

father who is, I believe, pleased and proud."

The Queen's approval was as good as a command. What the Queen approved had to be done—except by Mr. Gladstone. There was no way of escape for Aunt Kate, it seemed. Indeed, she did not want to escape at that moment. A rabbit does not want to escape from the snake before which it trembles. It is just fascinated and powerless.

Not that Canon Langport had any reptilian characteristics. On the contrary, he was kind and tender and alarmingly human. Alarming when he abandoned his kneeling position and quite suddenly kissed Aunt Kate on the neck below her right ear.

"My dear!" he exclaimed. "My sweet little Kate! How wonderful to think that I shall have you as my very own wife! The pretty witch of Windsor! The loveliest rose in England!" She found her head somehow pressed against his silk waistcoat, and it was then that she burst into tears, not of unhappiness but of sheer emotion, and was so discovered by Mrs. Langport who returned with her tapestry and said, "Well, Archibald?" in a sharp tone.

That afternoon between tea and dinner, before Kate had time to realize the amazing thing that had befallen her, or to protest against it, even if she had had the will to do so, Canon Langport announced his glad tidings to two of the ladies in waiting (after even-song) and whispered his secret to the Duchess of Devonshire who was in attendance on the Queen. Such sentimental news, as all other gossip, traveled fast in the royal household, and by luncheon time the next day Aunt Kate was receiving congratulations, smiling glances, arched eyebrows, nods and becks from great dames and young gentlewomen who previously had not taken much notice of this "little chit."

Even some of the royal servants said, "Hearty congratulations, Miss Kate!" very respectfully and affectionately. The engagement received an almost royal cachet when John Brown himself stopped Aunt Kate on his way to walk beside the Queen's pony carriage when she took her airing, and smiled at her in his dour way under sandy eyebrows.

"They tell me you're going to marry Canon Langport, missy, and I'm verra glad to hear the news. I have a high respect for him as a God-fearing man, though I dinna see eye to eye with him always on theology. He's a brave man to marry a wee bit lassie like yourself, with a natural propensity to light behavior, being so young and winsome, but I dare say he'll put the fear of the Lord into your heart, and you have my good wishes for a respectable married life. I'll slip a word into the Queen's ear about it."

"Thank you, Mr. Brown," said Aunt Kate, but in her heart she wished him in boiling oil because of his air of authority and condescension. He was nothing but a Scotch gillie, but owing to the Queen's trust in him the whole household went in fear of his watchful eyes and blunt speech.

He must have "slipped that word" into the Queen's ear, for on the following afternoon one of the maids of honor came running into Aunt Kate's room and seized her by the wrist with laughing urgency.

"The Queen wants you! . . . Quick, Kate! Like the wind!"

Aunt Kate took one fevered glance in her mirror to see that her hair was tidy, and blinked away some silly tears that had been in her eyes before Lady Margery came in like a gust. For some reason she was feeling miserable about this engagement to a Very Reverend gentleman. She never would be able to live up to his moral standard. And he was old enough to be her father. And she couldn't bear his silk waistcoat and stockings. And she was caught in a trap like a white mouse.

"There's a tape showing under your bodice, my dear," said Lady Margery. "The Queen will be dreadfully shocked if she sees it."

That shocking bit of tape was tucked in hurriedly. Aunt Kate was hurried along the corridors by the lady who was a messenger of Majesty. Her heart beat like a sledge-hammer

what a whale of a difference
just a few words make



YES
and what a whale of
a difference just a
few cents make

A definite extra price
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Soft Gums need more than nice flavor



They need this medicated powder that puts results ahead of taste . . .

DESPITE faithful brushing with flavored pastes, gum troubles steadily increase. No wonder! As your dentist will tell you, soft, easily-irritated gums need the stimulating action of a powder that concentrates on results instead of taste.

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Scientifically compounded, Pyroside Powder allays gum irritation and helps make soft gums firm and resistant. It keeps the teeth clean and white by removing the daily deposits of salivary secretions which, if not removed, harden and form tartar.

Today, largely on dentists' prescriptions, more people than ever are turning to it for gum protection. If you wish, begin by using it for just one of your daily brushings instead of your usual paste. The improvement in the condition of your gums will soon be so noticeable that you will use this sterilized, medicated powder exclusively. The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. At all drug stores.

Free sample sent on request
The Dentinol & Pyroside Co., Sole Distributors, 1474 Broadway, New York City.

against her stays, as it always did when she approached the little lady who ruled the Empire.

The Queen was listening to the reading of a leading article in the Times by the Duchess of Devonshire, who sat on a low stool by Her Majesty's chair. No notice was taken of Aunt Kate, who dropped a deep curtsy at the door and advanced three steps and curtsied again.

"A most dreadful and violent article," said the Queen sharply. "The liberty of the press exceeds all bounds of decency and respect! Kindly read that last paragraph again, duchess."

The duchess read the last paragraph again, in a voice of horror, though Aunt Kate never was able to tell me what abominable sentiments were expressed in the Times of that date.

Once she ventured to glance timidly at that little black figure sitting in a straight-backed chair, with one hand supporting her chin. She wore her widow's cap edged with white and a black silk gown. A middle-aged matron, growing plump, and plainly dressed, but invested with a dignity, a command, a consciousness of greatness which overwhelmed everyone who came into her presence—even the highest and noblest in the land.

Presently, after an hour, as it seemed, though perhaps it was only five minutes, the Queen looked at Aunt Kate and beckoned her with a smile.

"Come here, child."

Aunt Kate dropped another curtsy and then stood with her hands clasped before the Queen.

"So you have become engaged to Canon Langport, Kate? That is a great honor for you. You must pray to be worthy of such a good and estimable man."

"Yes, Ma'am," said Aunt Kate in a timid little voice.

The Queen smiled at her. "Such a child! But early marriages are always best . . . Tell the dear canon that the Queen is delighted with his choice and will be pleased to attend your wedding . . . In St. George's Chapel, of course."

"Oh, Ma'am!"

Aunt Kate whispered the words and fell into the billowing wave of her white frock again.

"You may go, Kate."

Before Aunt Kate left the room backwards, very weak in the legs—not spoken of in those days or even recognized as part of the female body—the Duchess of Devonshire had resumed the reading of the dreadful article in the Times.

She was trapped, like a white mouse. The Queen was going to attend her wedding in St. George's Chapel. She never would be able to laugh, or giggle, or have pillow fights, or read naughty novels in bed, or dream of the adorable young man whom she knew to be waiting for her somewhere in the wide and wonderful world . . . Poor Aunt Kate!

It was a mockery of fate that the adorable young man whom she had been expecting in her day-dreams should appear when she was making the wedding-dress in which she was to be married to an elderly cleric.

He was William Anson, a lieutenant of the Grenadier Guards on garrison duty at the castle—a young man with extraordinarily beautiful whiskers which had the glint of gold in them, and light gray eyes with a most boyish and charming smile, and a fair skin which was quick to blush when his heart beneath a padded tunic beat at the sight of Aunt Kate.

The Grenadier Guards had relieved the Scots Guards only a week or two after Aunt Kate's engagement, and the first time she saw William was when he came to tea one day with Canon Langport, who happened to be his uncle. She knew instantly that he was the lover of her dreams, and she went quite white for a moment, and almost swooned. So she told me thirty years afterwards.

"He looked adorable," she said, "in his red tunic, carrying a great busby on his left arm while his hand was supported on his sword-hilt before he took off the matpiece—just as if it were a toasting-fork!"

Their eyes met for a moment, until her eyelashes fluttered and drooped before that look of smiling admiration. She had just time to see the blush creep into his fair skin, and the glint of gold in those wonderful whiskers of his, and the look which told her that he knew his fate had come, as she knew instantly.

"My nephew, William Anson," said the canon breezily. "We shall have the advantage of his company a good deal, I hope, now that the Grenadiers are stationed at Windsor again . . . You will pour out tea, my dear? Mother won't mind, I am sure, and I like to see you presiding over the teacups. Before long—"

He laughed and patted one of her hands.

It was very difficult for Aunt Kate to pour out tea, owing to her state of agitation in the presence of that young officer. Her hands trembled and she spilt some of the tea on her white frock, and was terribly embarrassed when William Anson said, "Oh, I say! Allow me! I beg of you!" and went down on his knee very gracefully, in spite of his tight trousers, and dabbed her frock with a handkerchief.

"It is nothing," said Aunt Kate. "Please do not trouble yourself in the least, sir."

Their hands touched for a second, and it was as though some electric shock startled them both; a rush of the vital spark between two highly charged bodies. She was sure that he had felt it as well, because he looked quite pale suddenly as he rose from his knees.

"It's that teapot," said Canon Langport, laughing heartily. "There must be something wrong with the spout. Mother did the same thing yesterday. That pretty frock of yours, my Kate! What a shame!"

Later he led and held the conversation to his Italian travels. It was only necessary for Aunt Kate to smile at the right place and for Lieutenant Anson to say, "Really! . . . By Jove, now! . . . By Gad, sir, you don't say so!"

Fate which weaves its artful web for human hearts worked in such a way that Aunt Kate had several meetings with Lieutenant Anson during the next few days. They came face to face in the Lower Ward when he had come from changing guard, and it was natural that he should walk with her a little way, bending slightly when she spoke to him and seeming like a young giant beside her because of his own six feet and his tall busby, compared with her five-foot-four and her little coal-scuttle bonnet.

She spoke lightly and merrily, hiding her agitation. "Don't you find it dull, Mr. Anson, in this dreary old castle?"

"Oh, no, Miss Kate," he answered shyly. "Not at all, by Jove! It's very romantic and all that, don't you think?"

"Surely you prefer London?" she exclaimed. "There are so many pretty ladies there, and I am sure they make a great fuss over any young officer in the Grenadier Guards."

He blushed deeply and fingered his golden whiskers nervously.

"You are teasing me, I am afraid," he protested. "Upon my honor, I am not much interested in the pretty ladies of London."

"Oh, what hardness of heart, Mr. Anson!"

She was teasing him, she told me, but it seems to me obvious that she was also flirting with him, dangerously for herself and him, considering her engagement to the Very Reverend Archibald Langport who happened to be his uncle. She denied all that in later years, but she admits that she called out to him from her window in the Round Tower when he passed one evening after dinner. She left her wedding-frock upon which she was sewing some very old lace at the sound of his footsteps and the jingle of his spurs across the courtyard.

"How did you know the sound of his footsteps?" I asked as a small boy. "Why couldn't it have been John Brown, or one of the other officers?"

"John Brown didn't wear spurs, my dear," she answered sharply. "and any girl in love knows the sound of her man's footsteps."

She called out to him from the window, which was thirty feet from the ground:

"Is that you, Mr. Anson?"



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He stopped and saluted, as she could see in the dim twilight.

"At your service, Miss Kate."

"Give my love to the Guard!" she said.

Very daring, surely, for a Victorian young lady!

Perhaps that distance of thirty feet gave Lieutenant Anson courage which he lacked on the level with her at that time.

"Does that include the officer of the guard?" he asked.

"If he thinks it will do him any good," she answered, laughing rather nervously.

"Beyond anything in the world," he protested so ardently that she trembled a little.

He saluted again and then made a right-about turn and paced across the gloomy courtyard, and it was some minutes afterwards when Aunt Kate went back to that wedding-frock and pricked her finger so that a little drop of blood stained the white silk. "My heart's blood," she said, and burst into tears.

There are some points in this story of which I have some doubt now that I come to write it. I am, for instance, doubtful how it was that Lieutenant Anson came to play whist and spend the evenings—when he was not on duty—in my grandfather's rooms, sometimes when Canon Langport joined them, and sometimes when that reverend gentleman was not present.

Perhaps Aunt Kate was the conspirator who arranged this state of affairs, or perhaps the canon, who was a genial and simple man, despite a certain portentousness due to his cloth and age, was glad that his nephew should find such pleasant company and had no suspicion that he was endangering his own happiness.

A shy young man, as I have told. Very quick to blush because of his fair skin. But some of the shyest men are most ardent when they love, and as an officer of the Guards he was naturally endowed with courage. There has been a lot of talk lately about the younger generation, and some of our novelists have spent themselves on describing the audacities of "flaming youth," and the indiscretions of post-war girls. Well, all I can say is that Lieutenant Anson and Aunt Kate who were born in the Early Victorian era took great risks almost under the very nose of Queen Victoria.

There was one night when Aunt Kate crept down into the Long Corridor an hour or more after she was supposed to be tucked in bed, and tapped at the door of the small room which Anson had for his use during the night guard.

He had been playing whist with her that evening and had trumped one of my grandmother's tricks and then revoked shamefully, so that my grandfather rebuked him rather sharply. The truth was that he had lost himself in Aunt Kate's eyes. He had told her, as clearly as any man tells woman, that he loved her, and that he was suffering anguish and Hell's tortures, and other dreadful emotions, because she was engaged to his uncle. All that without a word.

Then, on the pretext of giving her a scarf which she had, I am sure, dropped deliberately under the card-table, he had followed her out of the room when she had said good night and had seized her hand and pressed it to his lips. For a moment she had half fainted against his chest, and then had slipped away like a little white ghost. But now, an hour or more later—it was after midnight—she crept down again to that little room.

He was sitting in a velvet-padded chair, with his legs outstretched and his chin dug into his chest. His sword lay across a small table, and the light from the candelabra gleamed upon his fair hair and golden whiskers. He was a picture of dejected youth and downcast gallantry, and Aunt Kate's heart (she told me) jumped at the sight of him so that all her spirit yeared towards him.

"William!" she whispered.

He sprang up from his chair and stared at her as though not sure of her reality. Then he strode towards her and held her tight in his arms and kissed her on the lips and eyelids.

"I love you," he vowed. "There is no need to tell you. Our hearts speak to each other."

"William!" she cried. "What shall we do? Your uncle! . . . That dreadful marriage!"

She did not disguise her love for him, after those kisses. She stood there with her face against his scarlet tunic.

"My uncle is a ridiculous old buffer," said Lieutenant Anson. "The idea of his marrying you is preposterous, by Jove. I will go through fire and water to make you mine. Through streams and floods. My beautiful Kate! My most innocent and sweet child!"

The youth of this age will not believe it possible that their grandfathers and grandmothers ever spoke like that in Victorian days, but I have it on my aunt's authority. Anyhow, there they were alone in a room of Windsor Castle, at an hour past midnight, and there Aunt Kate stayed until dawn crept through the arched windows, when, like a mouse, she stole back to her own room.

That was indiscreet enough and goodness knows what would have happened if the Mistress of the Robes—that "old wretch"—had happened to be passing down the Long Corridor that early morning after a sleepless night, or an attack of indigestion.

But their greatest indiscretions were their secret meetings in Windsor Great Forest. Six times in all did they meet by a certain giant oak sufficiently removed from the public drives to be secluded and safe, they thought, on those summer afternoons. Six times Aunt Kate listened to William Anson's vows of eternal love, and wept on his chest when she confessed that her courage failed her at the thought of the wedding with his uncle.

"You must break your engagement to the old buffer," said William Anson sternly.

"But the Queen is coming to the wedding!" said Aunt Kate. "The Queen approves of my marriage, William."

William groaned. That was a daunting thought, even to him in the very fire of his love.

"The Queen is very gracious," he said loyally. "She will understand your unhappiness, my darling. You must get the duchess to intercede for us."

"Oh, I dare not!" cried Aunt Kate. "I dare not, William. The Queen's displeasure is the most frightful thing in the world."

"Then we must go away to the Continent," said William. "I will resign my commission in the Guards. We will be married at Calais and live in exile."

Aunt Kate wept again. "I should ruin your career, dear William. You would hate me for spoiling your life."

He clasped her more tightly and kissed her with ardor.

And it was then that the awful thing happened. She was in his arms like that when there was a rustle of the undergrowth, and suddenly, before they were aware of any human presence, John Brown, the Queen's servant, stood before them. He spoke even before they saw him.

"Weel, weel," he said, with grim irony. "This is a pretty sight for sair een. Love-making in the woods, eh? And this young woman engaged to a reverend gentleman dedicated to the ministry of the Lord!"

He gave a harsh laugh, and then changed his tone and spoke sternly.

"It will be my duty to tell the Queen. Her Majesty is a moral woman and careful of her household and the proprieties of all those in her service. To say nothing of her officers and gentlemen . . . I shall inform the Queen."

He addressed the last words to Lieutenant Anson, staring at him dourly.

The lieutenant's fair skin flushed angrily, and he spoke fiercely and foolishly. "You may go to the devil, my man . . . Learn to be respectful to your betters."

"Na, na," said John Brown. "It's you who go to the devil, sir, with this pretty wench. And I am respectful to my betters when they behave as such in the Lord's all-seeing eyes."

"Infernal old hypocrite!" muttered Lieutenant Anson as John Brown strode off through the undergrowth, while Aunt Kate was stricken with terror and sobbed in her lover's arms.

John Brown had no pity on those two young

people. He informed the Queen that day of the awful sight he had seen in Windsor Great Forest, and he also took occasion to walk down to Canon Langport's house in the Horseshoe Cloisters, where he remained with the reverend gentleman for twenty minutes or more.

That happened when Aunt Kate lay face downwards on her bed, stuffing the corner of the pillow in her mouth to prevent the sound of her sobs from reaching my grandmother in the next room. She was in that state of fear and anguish, her eyes red with weeping, when the awful message came to her that the Queen wished to see her. Poor Aunt Kate went into the Queen's presence with puffed eyes and trembling limbs so that she nearly dropped when she made her curtsies.

The Queen was quite alone in her room, signing some papers—that beautiful signature with the long stroke to the V which always looks as though it had been engraved on copperplate. Once she sighed deeply, as though overburdened with the cares of state, and took no notice at all of the little maid who waited on her until suddenly she thrust her papers away, and regarded Aunt Kate with severe displeasure.

"You are a disgraceful young woman," she said harshly. "You were seen in the embrace of one of my officers today, alone in the forest, like some Gipsy girl. Do you deny that?"

Aunt Kate shook her head, and put her hands up to her face.

"Shocking and outrageous," said the Queen. "A young woman engaged to be married to a worthy and holy man! Almost on the eve of her wedding-day! Are you lost to all sense of shame? Have you no respect for your Queen?"

At each sentence her voice rose more angrily, and she tapped a paper-knife on the blotting-pad before her as though rapping Aunt Kate's head. Her last words, "Have you no respect for your Queen?" were uttered with an awfulness that was almost annihilating.

Aunt Kate was stricken into speechlessness. She bowed her head with her hands clasped upon her breast, and tears streamed down her little white face.

"You are dismissed from my service," said the Queen, tightening her lips. "To avoid further scandal, your guilty lover will be allowed to resign his commission in the Grenadier Guards. You will leave the castle tomorrow morning."

It was for her lover's sake that Aunt Kate fell to the floor before the Queen's feet, imploring mercy for the young officer.

"Oh, Ma'am! Oh, your Majesty! He is such a brave young man. So noble. So devoted to your Majesty's service. And our love has been innocent and pure!"

"I hope so," said the Queen. "I should like to believe it so. Get up, child. Restrain yourself."

She spoke less harshly, touched by the picture of that sobbing girl who was presently led out of the room by one of the ladies in waiting, after the Queen had tinkled a bell on her desk.

It was the Very Reverend Archibald Langport who was able to relieve Aunt Kate from that dread sentence of dismissal. He behaved very nobly, with generosity of mind and self-forgetfulness, and he must have touched the Queen's heart by his plea for young love. To Aunt Kate he was tender and magnanimous.

"My dear," he said, "there is no fool like an old fool. I do not blame you at all for falling in love with my good-looking nephew. I only blame myself for forgetting my age and the law of life which gives love to youth. I shall always be grateful for your patience with me, your kindness . . . Now dry your eyes, my dear. Her Majesty has forgiven you. And perhaps you will let me take one little kiss—not as a lover, but as the uncle of your future husband."

That was more than half a century ago, and Aunt Kate, dear lady, told me this tale in her old age, but as I went round Windsor Castle the other day with a crowd of American tourists I thought of her there in her time of beauty, and to me, anyhow, her spirit has joined the historic ghosts of the old castle, in which my father was born one day.

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The Man Who Would Wreck the World (Continued from page 38)

grasp the idea. You have heard both in Oriental magic and in Western occultism of the phenomenon of the *apport* when some object is suddenly brought from a distance and appears in a new place. How can such a thing be done save by the loosening of the molecules, their conveyance upon an etheric wave and their reassembling, each exactly in its own place, drawn together by some irresistible law?"

"You cannot explain one incredible thing by quoting another incredible thing," said Challenger. "I do not believe in your *apports*, Mr. Nemor, and I do not believe in your machine. My time is valuable, and if we are to have any sort of demonstration I would beg you to proceed with it."

"Then you will be pleased to follow me," said the inventor. He led us down the stair of the flat and across a small garden which lay behind. There was a considerable outhouse, which he unlocked, and we entered.

Inside was a large whitewashed room with innumerable copper wires hanging in festoons from the ceiling, and a huge magnet balanced upon a pedestal. In front of this was what looked like a prism of glass, three feet in length and about a foot in diameter. To the right of it was a chair which rested upon a platform of zinc, and which had a burnished copper cap suspended above it. Both the cap and the chair had heavy wires attached to them, and at the side was a sort of ratchet with numbered slots and a handle covered with india-rubber which lay at present in the slot marked zero.

"Nemor's disintegrator," said this strange man, waving his hand towards the machine. "This is the model which is destined to be famous as altering the balance of power among the nations. Who holds this rules the world! Now, Professor Challenger, you have, if I may say so, treated me with some lack of courtesy and consideration in this matter. Will you dare to sit upon that chair and allow me to demonstrate upon your own body the capabilities of the new force?"

Challenger rushed at the machine, but I seized his arm and held him back.

"You shall not go," I said. "Your life is too valuable. It is monstrous. What possible guarantee of safety have you?"

"My guarantee of safety," said Challenger, "is that you are a witness and that this person would certainly be held for manslaughter at the least should anything befall me."

"That would be a poor consolation to the world of science, when you would leave work unfinished which none but you can do. Let me, at least, go first, and then, when the experience proves to be harmless, you can follow."

Personal danger never would have moved Challenger, but the idea that his scientific work might remain unfinished hit him hard. He hesitated and before he could make up his mind I had jumped into the chair.

I saw the inventor put his hand to the handle. I was aware of a click. Then for a moment there was a sensation of confusion and a mist before my eyes. When they cleared, the inventor with his odious smile was standing before me, and Challenger, with his apple-red cheeks drained of blood and color, was staring over his shoulder.

I have never seen my old friend so utterly upset. His iron nerves for a moment had failed him completely. He grasped my arm.

"My Lord, Malone, it is true," said he. "You vanished. There was a mist for an instant, and then vacancy."

"How long was I away?"

"Two or three minutes. I was, I confess, horrified. I could not imagine that you would return. Then he clicked this lever, if it is a lever, into a new slot and there you were upon the chair, looking a little bewildered but otherwise the same as ever." He mopped his moist brow with his big red handkerchief.

"Now, sir," said the inventor. "Or perhaps your nerve has failed you?"

Challenger visibly braced himself. Then, pushing my protesting hand to one side, he seated himself upon the chair. The handle clicked into Number Three. He was gone.

"It is an interesting process, is it not?" Nemor remarked. "When one considers the tremendous individuality of the professor it is strange to think that he is at present a molecular cloud suspended in some portion of this building. He is now, of course, entirely at my mercy. If I choose to leave him in suspension, there is nothing on earth to prevent me."

"I would soon find means to prevent you."

The smile once again became a snarl. "You cannot imagine that such a thought ever entered my mind. Good heavens! Think of the permanent dissolution of the great Professor Challenger. Terrible! Terrible! At the same time he has not been so courteous as he might. Don't you think some small lesson—?"

"No, I do not."

"Well, we will call it a curious demonstration. Something that would make an interesting paragraph in your paper. For example, I have discovered that the hair of the body, being on an entirely different vibration to the living organic tissues, can be included or excluded at will. It would interest me to see the bear without his bristles. Behold him!"

There was the click of the lever. An instant later Challenger was seated upon the chair once more. But what a Challenger! What a shorn lion! Furious as I was at the trick that had been played upon him, I could hardly help roaring with laughter.

His huge head was as bald as a baby's and his chin was as smooth as a girl's. Bereft of his glorious black mane the lower part of his face was heavily jowled and ham-shaped, while his whole appearance was that of an old fighting gladiator, battered and bulging, with the jaws of a bulldog over a massive chin.

It may have been some look upon our faces—I have no doubt that the evil grin of my companion had widened at the sight—but however that may be, Challenger's hand flew up to his head and he became conscious of his condition. The next instant he had sprung out of his chair, seized the inventor by the throat and hurled him to the ground.

"For heaven's sake be careful. If you kill him we can never get matters right again!" I cried.

That argument prevailed. Even in his maddest moments Challenger was always open to reason. He sprang up from the floor, dragging the trembling inventor up with him.

"I give you five minutes," he panted in his fury. "If in five minutes I am not as I was, I will choke the life out of your wretched body."

Challenger in a fury was not a safe person to argue with. The bravest man might shrink from him, and there were no signs that Mr. Nemor was a particularly brave man.

"Really, professor," he babbled, with his hand to his throat, "this violence is quite unnecessary. Surely a harmless joke may pass among friends. It was my wish to demonstrate the powers of the machine. I had imagined that you wanted a full demonstration. No offense, I assure you, professor, none in the world!"

For answer, Challenger climbed back into the chair. "You will keep your eye upon him, Malone. Do not permit any liberties."

"I'll see to it, sir."

"Now then, set that matter right or take the consequences."

The terrified inventor approached his machine. The reuniting power was turned on to the full, and in an instant, there was the old lion with his tangled mane once more. He stroked his beard affectionately with his hands and passed them over his cranium to be sure that the restoration was complete. Then he descended solemnly from his perch.

"You have taken a liberty, sir, which might have had very serious consequences to yourself.

However, I am content to accept your explanation that you only did it for purposes of demonstration. Now, may I ask you a few direct questions upon this remarkable power?"

"I am ready to answer anything save what the source of the power is. That is my secret."

"And do you seriously inform us that no one in the world knows this except yourself?"

"No one has the least inkling."

"No assistants?"

"No, sir. I work alone."

"Dear me! That is most interesting. You have satisfied me as to the reality of the power, but I do not yet perceive its practical bearings."

"I have explained, sir, that this is a model. But it would be quite easy to erect a plant upon a large scale. You understand that this acts vertically. Certain currents above you, and certain others below you, set up vibrations which either disintegrate or reunite. But the process could be lateral. If it were so conducted it would have the same effect, and cover a space in proportion to the strength of the current."

"Give an example."

"We will suppose that one pole was in one small vessel and one in another, a battleship between them would simply vanish into molecules. So also with a column of troops."

"And you have sold this secret as a monopoly to a single European power?"

"Yes, sir, I have. When the money is paid over they shall have such power as no nation ever had yet."

"Conceive a quarter of London in which such machines have been erected. Imagine the effect of such a current upon the scale which could easily be adopted. Why"—he burst into laughter—"I could imagine the whole Thames valley being swept clean, and not one man, woman or child left!"

The words filled me with horror—and even more the air of exultation with which they were pronounced. They seemed, however, to produce quite a different effect upon my companion. To my surprise he broke into a genial smile and held out his hand to the inventor.

"Well, Mr. Nemor, we have to congratulate you," said he. "There is no doubt that you have come upon a remarkable property of nature which you have succeeded in harnessing for the use of man. That this use should be destructive is no doubt very deplorable, but science knows no distinctions of the sort. Apart from the principle involved you have, I suppose, no objection to my examining the construction of the machine?"

"None. The machine is merely the body. It is the soul of it, the animating principle, which you can never hope to capture."

"Exactly. But the mere mechanism seems to be a model of ingenuity." For some time he walked round it and fingered its several parts. Then he hoisted his unwieldy bulk into the insulated chair.

"Would you like another excursion into the cosmos?" asked the inventor.

"Later perhaps—later! But meanwhile there is, as no doubt you know, some leakage of electricity. I can distinctly feel a weak current passing through me."

"Impossible. It is quite insulated."

"But I assure you that I feel it." He levered himself down from his perch.

The inventor hastened to take his place. "I can feel nothing."

"Is there not a tingling down your spine?"

"No, sir, I do not observe it."

There was a sharp click and the man had disappeared. I looked with amazement at Challenger.

"Good heavens! did you touch the machine?"

He smiled at me benignly, with an air of mild surprise.

"Dear me! I may have inadvertently touched the handle," said he. "One is very liable to have awkward accidents with a rough model of this kind. This lever should certainly be guarded."



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Please send your free book "A Road to Bigger Things," together with Test Chart.

Name _____

Occupation _____

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"It is in Number Three. That is the slot which causes disintegration."

"So I observed when you were operated upon."

"But I was so excited when he brought you back that I did not see which was the proper slot for the return. Did you notice it?"

"I may have noticed it, young Malone, but I do not burden my mind with small details. There are many slots and we do not know their purpose. We may make the matter worse if we experiment with the unknown. Perhaps it is better to leave matters as they are."

"And you would—?"

"Exactly. It is better so. The interesting personality of Mr. Theodore Nemor has distributed itself throughout the cosmos, his machine is worthless and a certain foreign government has been deprived of knowledge by which much harm might have been wrought. Not a bad morning's work, young Malone. Your

rag will no doubt have an interesting column upon the inexplicable disappearance of a Latvian inventor shortly after the visit of their own special correspondent.

"I have enjoyed the experience. These are the lighter moments which come to brighten the dull routine of study. But life has its duties as well as its pleasures and I now return to the Italian Mazotti and his preposterous views upon the larval development of the tropical termites."

As I looked back, it seemed to me that a slight oleaginous mist was still hovering round the chair.

"But surely—?" I urged.

"The first duty of the law-abiding citizen is to prevent murder," said Professor Challenger. "I have done so. Enough, Malone, enough! The theme will not bear discussion. It has already disengaged my thoughts too long from matters of more importance."

A Girl Who Played Fair (Continued from page 89)

both the parties I've been to at your house I've seen you making love to other women."

He laughed outright. "Good Lord! Is that what all the fuss is about?"

"Isn't that enough?"

"Why, heavens! That's only a little harmless diversion."

"Do you suppose Paula would think so?"

"I assure you, Paula isn't in the least interested in my possible indiscretions," he carelessly informed her.

Joan was upon her feet. "Roy, how can you say such a thing? How can you even think it?"

"Well, she isn't. I've been married to her for seven years and I ought to know. You see, Paula has a passion for trying to discover how the universe was made and what for. She's much more interested in finding out why I'm alive than in what I'm doing. Personally, I'm quite content to spend the time enjoying myself."

"Do you enjoy yourself?" Joan asked. "Do you enjoy the sort of 'diversion' I witnessed?"

"Not particularly. But how am I supposed to amuse myself while Paula's off delving into the Unknown?"

"Roy, you talk as if you thought Paula no longer in love with you," Joan cried reprovingly.

"I sometimes wonder if she is," he mused.

"Of course she is! And you sit there and pretend not to know it. All this you've been telling me is just an alibi, isn't it?"

"Is it?" he asked provocatively.

Joan felt like boxing his ears. "Of course it is," she told him. "I know Paula—I know what she wanted out of life. If she's drifting away now it's only in self-protection, because you've failed her." Vitaly interested in her subject she was pacing the floor before him.

"Failed her? How?"

She wheeled on him. "By your cheap flirtations. Don't you suppose Paula knows about them?"

"Possibly. I don't know." He tossed it aside with a nonchalance that further incensed her.

"Well, do you think she could stand by and let you see how you're tearing her heart to pieces?" Joan asked passionately.

Roy smiled. He liked the fire of this girl's eyes when she was angry. "Don't you think you're dramatizing things a bit?" he drawled.

"No, I'm not." Joan continued her restless walking. "I've always looked at you and Paula and thought that if romance lived anywhere on this earth it lived in you two people. Why, you alone have kept alive my faith in the innate fineness and beauty of human nature. And now you're killing it! When you cheat, you lie, Roy—to yourself, to Paula and to the whole world. And when you lie you not only kill something within yourself but you plunge a knife into romance, wounding it for all time—making it a cripple for the rest of us."

She paused for breath, and he sat watching her as she stood leaning against the fireplace.

When she spoke again it was slowly, softly. "When I say the rest of us I mean the whole of humanity, but more particularly I mean the privileged few who sat in a church one afternoon and saw you and Paula married."

There were tears in Joan's eyes as she told Roy what that wedding had meant to her.

"That was a pledge to romance, Roy. Have you forgotten it?"

He shook his head, but he didn't speak. She really had moved him a bit with this scene that had long since all but passed from his memory. Funny how far away that seemed now—how much in between, he mused.

Joan continued looking at him, but looked through him. The picture was still before her, as it had been for seven years. But she realized that no tongue could ever make him see it as she saw it.

She tossed her head and ran her fingers through her tumbled curls. As the thought of the perils now besetting that marriage recalled her sharply to the present her resentment fired anew.

"You can't break that pledge, Roy. You can't destroy Paula's belief in love and make her hate the world, hate life itself; can you?"

Roy stared up at her as she confronted him, awaiting an answer. As he had listened to her impassioned voice a strange feeling had come over him—as if there were spirits in that room. Had the ghosts of all the lovers of the past come to stand in Joan and cry out through her with the wail of lost and forgotten souls seeking to be remembered?

She had asked him a question but now it was forgotten as her thoughts flew back to Paula. "Paula wasn't made to know the sordid side of life or the disappointments and heartaches. She was made for the sunshine and the fine things. Somehow she seems better than other people, more worth while. You can't drag her down to the common level and make marriage nothing but a mockery for her."

She talked on and on. Sometimes she would stand in silence seriously contemplating Roy, but more often her spirit seemed poised on the point of some far-distant star. Roy would wait, slouched in his chair, his eyes covertly watching her every expression, almost afraid to breathe lest he break the spell she had cast upon herself—the spell that so fascinated him.

He was confounded by her intense sincerity and in rare moments found himself wondering if any of the things she said could be true. Undoubtedly she believed them. Had he missed something in life? Was there such a thing as the glorified romance she talked about?

"How can you keep your self-respect?" Joan asked abruptly at one time. "You won't have a shred of it left if you go on as you are. And how do you think your children will feel about you as they grow up? Why don't you get out and do something in the world? Then you won't be so bored that you'll ruin your life and Paula's by trifling. You've a brokerage

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Then as suddenly as had come this deluge of reproof, she was calm again and talked to him quietly, pleading with him to see the great mistake he was making before it was too late.

At last something prompted Joan to look at her watch and to her dismay she discovered that it was three o'clock. Panic fell upon her. What would Paula think? Roy assured her that Paula undoubtedly was in bed by now, but nevertheless she hurried him away.

At the door he clasped her hand warmly. "You've given me a lot to think of, Joan," he said softly. "You've been very kind."

"Oh, no, not kind," she protested. "Far from it, I'm afraid."

"Yes, kind, to take such an interest in me."

"Certainly I'm interested," she said. "I can't bear to see you throw your life and happiness away." Of course Paula was the real incentive, but she thought she had said enough about Paula.

"Good night, little Samaritan," he smiled, and was gone.

Left alone, Joan was suddenly tired. As she undressed she was busily thinking. She grew just a little remorseful for having lectured Roy with perhaps undue severity, but a real sorrow caught at her heart with the thought that he had deserved it—had lapsed enough to deserve it.

A memory of Roy as Joan had known him in the early years of his marriage flooded in upon her. He had been very different then—the perfect lover and the perfect husband.

Surely there was much good in him, she thought sleepily as she crawled into bed. He had merely drifted—needed only awakening to set him on his course again. She began to think of him kindly, almost with pity, as the maternal arm of her instinct slipped around him protectingly. She fell asleep, delightfully compassionate.

But in the morning Joan's contentment was routed by a disturbing uncertainty. With her impassioned fervor of the night before reduced to the ashes of remembrance, she was prey to a sensation similar to the after-taste of an orgy of rage—a sense of self-consciousness, of being not sure just how much of a fool she had made of herself. After all, what real right had she to try to alter Roy's life? Would he pronounce her a meddling sentimentalist and ignore her? She was acutely worried.

Partial relief came with his telephone call of the late afternoon. He asked if she was disengaged and if he might see her that evening.

"I want to talk to you," he said in a comforting friendly voice.

"Then you're not angry with me?" Joan questioned in trepidation.

"Angry! No, indeed. You didn't think I would be, did you?"

"I wasn't sure."

"Silly child!" he laughed. "Don't you think I can take a scolding gracefully?"

"Yes, of course, but—"

"Let's not talk about it now. I have a lot to say. May I see you later?"

"What's Paula doing?" Joan's first thought was ever of Paula.

"Oh, she's going to some highbrow play with a bunch of would-be intellectuals, and knowing I'd be bored to tears she's let me off."

"All right, then—if Paula doesn't mind," she told him.

Joan impatiently awaited the evening. With it came Roy, bearing a tribute of roses which he presented "in gratitude."

"For you—just for your being alive," he answered her questioning look.

She accepted the roses graciously, although she was floundering in a sea of embarrassment. She felt that she owed him some form of apology, but she dallied, awaiting a propitious moment, and maneuvered for time by attending the needs of the flowers.

Roy, left alone, wandered about until his



The Story of a Wise Wife

For a long time she had realized that coffee was thieving the sleep of the family. But she hated even the thought of giving up the drink they all liked so much. And as for her husband, John—she knew he'd never agree to the idea of a coffee substitute!

One day she read an advertisement—and that night a new brand of coffee came to dinner. It was delicious coffee—so good everybody took a second cup.

And next morning, wonder of wonders! Even John remarked on the good night's sleep he'd enjoyed! She, like a wise wife, said nothing. Not until a week later did she tell about the new coffee. It was Kaffee Hag Coffee—the coffee that lets you sleep because it has 97% of the drug caffeine removed.

Perhaps there's someone in your family whom coffee makes nervous. Try this wonderful coffee. Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee is a blend of the world's finest coffees. Exceptionally mellow and delightful. With all the flavor and cheer you love. Real coffee! But it will

not keep you awake nor affect nerves.

Order a can from your dealer. Comes ground or in the bean. The original caffeine-free coffee. Try it at hotels, on diners. Or let us send you a generous sample can. Mail the coupon.

KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION
1827 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

Name _____

Address _____



KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

curiosity was aroused by a door ajar on the far side of the room. He peeped in. It was a bedroom. He opened the door wide and gazed about. "Attractive," he silently appraised. "Looks very comfortable." His roving gaze was brought up sharply by the face of his wife which appeared to be regarding him from a frame upon the dressing-table. His brows puckered into a frown and he hastily withdrew, closing the door very definitely.

Joan returned, and for a while conversation seemed shackled by constraint to inconsequential matters. Then, when a pause lengthened into awkwardness, Roy dropped onto the couch beside Joan.

"I've done a lot of thinking since last night," he said as his eyes rested approvingly upon the pretty rounded knees that peeped from beneath her skirt, "and I've come to the conclusion that you were absolutely right in everything you said about me. I guess I've been a bad and foolish boy."

As he went on with his tale of humble repentance and consuming desire for reformation the flood-gates of Joan's sympathy opened wide and she was all but drowned in the deluge that swept over her.

Once he contritely buried his head in his hands and there was almost a sob in his voice. "Oh, Joan, I'm so ashamed of myself!"

To her he was pathetic as a confessed child is pathetic. Her new-born tenderness carried her hand to his arm in a comforting gesture. He laid his own over it and held it gently as he talked on. He liked holding her hand—it was soft and warm and pulsating with vitality.

He told her all that he was going to do now that she had shown him the light. "I'm going to work, Joan. I'll start tomorrow. And no more flirtations. I'm going to be as true as the northern star, if you'll stand by and help me."

She offered him her unreserved assistance, silently rejoicing in such an opportunity to lift the fallen. And this service was doubly blessed, she reminded herself, for Paula would reap the reward.

Just before he left, Roy took both Joan's hands and looked deep into her eyes. "Sweet reformer!" he whispered reverently. Then he leaned forward and kissed her forehead, but found the nearness of her lips most tantalizing. "You'll let me see a lot of you, won't you?" he pleaded. "Because I'll need you."

"I'll be right here any time Paula can spare you," she replied.

He made up his mind that Paula would spare him very often.

When he had gone Joan was jubilant. She piously congratulated herself that she had accomplished a great work. She drifted into sleep with a vision of the old joyous Paula before her—a Paula who soon would return to take the place of the present saddened one.

HER dreams, however, were strangely troubled and the next morning she awoke to find several pestering little doubts awaiting only her return to consciousness to goad her into disquietude. Would Roy do all he had said he would? Would he have the grit to see it through? By noon she was tormented into action. She telephoned Roy's office. She must know whether he had kept his word. To her great joy he was there and sounded delighted and flattered by her call.

"I just want to ask how you like the novelty of work," she prevaricated.

"It's great," he answered her. "I can't understand why I never took to it before."

When Roy hung up the receiver he was amused. He realized that Joan was checking up on him.

During the following week Roy chafed under the engagements that allowed him only a single evening alone with Joan. Then Paula hurriedly left for Virginia and the bedside of her sick mother.

For that ten days of his wife's absence Roy attached himself to Joan. He was on her doorstep by dinner-time every evening and had to be persuaded to leave at a reasonable hour every night. Joan dined with him, danced with

him and went to the theater with him. In payment for her company on these frivolous expeditions, although she enjoyed them perhaps more than he, she exacted long hours of his attention while she read to him from the pages of Emerson.

He gave her his attention—but it was not centered upon the words she read. He would sit observing her, seeking to analyze wherein her witchery lay, for since that first enlightening evening all other femininity had seemed mentally and physically anemic in comparison with this inspiring girl.

The night before Paula's return Roy came as usual, but when Joan opened the door for him she was instantly swept with a sudden and unfamiliar sense of alarm. What was wrong? She asked herself. What had caused that recklessness in his eyes?

He didn't leave her long in suspense. "Joan," he said, when she was settled in an easy chair, "I can't go on this way. Something has to be done." This time it was he who paced the floor.

"What is it, Roy? What do you mean?"

It came like a thunderbolt. "I'm in love with you, that's what I mean—madly, divinely, passionately in love with you!"

Joan stared at him, utterly speechless.

"I am—I'm in love with you," he repeated.

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Roy, you don't know what you're saying! You're insane! You're not in love with me! You're in love with Paula!"

"No, I'm not. I ceased to be in love with Paula"—he hesitated—"some time ago."

"You're not in—" Joan stopped aghast. "But Paula's in love with you!"

Roy shook his head. "No, she isn't."

"Oh, she is. I know she is," Joan insisted.

When Joan believed anything she was immovable and she was thoroughly convinced of the enduring quality of Paula's love. "She is," she declared again, "and I'd like to know why you're not in love with her. You ought to be. Have you any reason?"

Roy smiled. "Yes, I have a reason, but it's a subtle one and hard to explain." He paused. In his heart he knew the real reason, knew that he was in love with love, that when the rapture was lost he must find it again.

"Can you imagine what being married to a cold but fascinating woman is like?" he began. "Can't you see how, with her beauty and cleverness, she's always been lionized? I became just one of an admiring throng. Finally the intellectual mob she had around her took her away from me completely. Only a shell of a wife remained where I'd dreamed of a flesh-and-blood helpmate."

Joan wouldn't believe it. That was only the husband's standard excuse, she told herself. "You're wrong, Roy. No one's ever taken Paula away. She's as crazy about you now as she was the day she married you."

Again he denied it. "Whatever there was is gone. But there never was anything like this—this wonderful feeling I have for you, Joan. I've never loved anyone as I love you. I adore you. I worship you." He sank to the arm of her chair, and bending over, kissed her hair.

Joan had been so centered in her thoughts of Paula that she had forgotten completely Roy's declaration. With the repetition of his avowal she went to combat. She freed herself from his encircling arm and flashed to her feet. "You sha'n't love me! I won't allow it! Besides, you don't, anyway," she stormed.

What was the matter with her? she wondered. Her mind seemed to revolve around a pinpoint—she couldn't get it swinging into action.

Roy didn't give her time. "You can't stop my loving you. Don't you see what you've done for me, my darling? I could be anything you want me to be, Joan, with you at my side. But without you I'll sink right back to where I was when you found me."

"Of course you won't," she insisted.

"Yes, I will, because there'll be no incentive. Why, everything I've done has been for you."

"Don't be foolish, Roy. You've done it for your own satisfaction."

"Only for you," he said decisively. "Only because I thought I could gain your love in the end. Joan dear, think of the happiness we could find together."

All at once he took her in his arms and held her close. He wanted to bruise his lips against the scarlet sorcery that was her mouth, but he refrained, fearing lest he should lose his advantage, for he saw that she was weakening.

He was right. Joan was in a dilemma. She struggled from his embrace and turned away. Her mind was working now—thoughts came hurtling at her with the stunning force of well-directed brickbats.

She had great pride in her handiwork—in what she already had made of Roy. Could she allow it to be destroyed? And his prophecy that she could make of him what she willed thrilled her, gave her an exhilarating sense of power. Might her own dreams of love find reality in this man? For into her recent companionship with him there had stolen an unnoticed tenderness, an unconscious yielding to his charm. She liked Roy tremendously. Might she be loving him unawares?

THEN the thought of Paula came tearing at her. Paula loved Roy and she was his wife. Suddenly Joan felt as if she had been shaken out of a nightmare and had awakened to look up into smiling confident blue eyes framed in a halo of gold. Paula! No one mattered but Paula—not herself, not Roy, not anyone or anything in the whole world.

She was cool-headed now and tranquil, her flag of allegiance held high. Roy must go back to Paula. He belonged to her and must continue to belong to her because she loved him.

Her decision and much more she told Roy. He argued, pleaded, threatened, in desperate sincerity, but it availed him nothing. Joan had acquired another conviction and she was cemented in it. He persisted until he had exhausted her rationalism. Then she became furious at his tenacity and literally drove him from the apartment.

Left alone, Joan dropped upon the couch in dismay. How had such a thing ever happened! How had her good intentions become so perverted! Roy's flirtations might have been fundamentally harmless, but that he really loved another woman was dangerous. However, since that other woman was herself, she would not allow it to be dangerous.

But Roy was not content to be thus unceremoniously returned to his fireside. Although Joan had remained immune to his emotional vows, even to his offer to divorce Paula and marry her, he still cherished hope. Bright and early the next morning he was on the telephone and caught Joan before she left for the office. But she still refused to change her mind or even to see him again.

For three days she evaded him by being out of her apartment as much as possible and by not answering the telephone when she was in. The situation was exasperating. She couldn't go on dodging him forever.

Relief came the next morning with an assignment to cover a sensational murder trial in Kansas City. At five o'clock Joan was hastily packing her bags when the telephone rang. She suspected it to be Roy, but nevertheless she answered the call. He could do no harm now.

It was he and he was full of reproaches for her hiding away and begged to see her. She told him gleefully that it was impossible as she was leaving at five-forty-five for the West to be gone indefinitely. "That settles that," she murmured, as she hung up.

She was mistaken. Roy was at the train awaiting her, laden with flowers and candy, and strangely cheerful. He made no mention of anything that had taken place. Joan puzzled about it as he settled her in her compartment and afterward walked beside her on the platform chatting of trivial matters. He kept consulting his watch and one minute before train-time the bomb burst.

"I'm going with you, Joan," he announced triumphantly, "and we're never coming back. We're going on and on forever."

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Joan was completely stunned for an instant. She stared at him open-mouthed. Then she became infuriated. "We're going to do nothing of the sort," she raged. "If you step on this train I'll push you off. You go back to Paula!"

He persisted and she reiterated. All at once a memory stood before her—a picture of herself as a youngster in pigtailed on her way to school with a neighbor's yellow dog slinking at her heels. She could see the little figure stamping her tiny foot and hear the childish voice lisping impatiently, "Go home, thir!" The scene was so vivid that, scarcely realizing she did it, the grown-up Joan stamped her slightly larger foot resoundingly upon the platform and pointing her finger to the exit gate almost screamed at Roy, "Will you go home, sir!"

He went—with injured and pleading backward looks—as the conductor pushed Joan aboard the train.

It was nearly three weeks later when Joan returned to New York, hoping that by now Roy would have regained his sanity, and yet fearful of an encounter with him. She longed to see Paula, but dared not, knowing that Roy would thus receive information of her.

But the following afternoon, as if the fates held reverence for friendship, she met Paula on Fifth Avenue. Arm in arm they moved through the jostling parade for a few blocks and then turned east to seek quietude.

They found it at a secluded tea-table. "Isn't this nice—to be together again?" Paula smiled as she leaned over and gave Joan's hand a little squeeze.

"Like old times," Joan answered.

Somewhere an orchestra was playing softly and through the music Joan seemed to hear the echo of an organ and the chiming of church bells as she looked into the blue eyes opposite her. A warming mantle of contentment fell upon her. No matter what happened she would always have Paula. Nothing could separate them ever.

As they talked on, a quiet and profound understanding seemed to flow between these two that opened wide the gates for confidences. "I'm studying to be a lawyer, Joan," Paula told her. "I've decided that the half-loaf isn't worth having. Marriage is a horrible sham when the soul has gone out of it."

She went on, and the history of those hazy past years was at last made clear.

"I was terribly frightened for a second," Paula said at one time, "when I first saw Roy turning his charms on you, but then I knew you were too clever to be deceived by him. It's one of his pet games—reforming," she laughed, "and what makes him irresistible to the reformer is his sincerity. He really does mean what he says—for the moment."

The gentle voice talked on and Joan came to see the ludicrous futility of what she had tried to do—now that she understood that all Paula really wanted from this man who was her husband was her freedom. The last memory of Roy fled from Joan's mind as she pictured his vanishing figure rolling his hoop through the vista of the years, a truant play-boy to the end.

"For a long while I wept over the grave of my dreams," Paula was saying, "only to discover one day that the dead had risen and lived again. I simply let the wrong man into my garden, that's all, but he hasn't spoiled it, and perhaps some day one will knock at the gate who understands."

And when Joan had told all that she had to relate, Paula looked at her through the mist of tears that filled her eyes, awed in the presence of such loyalty. "You're wonderful, Joan," she said softly. "Friendship like yours is the biggest thing I ever hope to know. And you're going to find the sort of love you're looking for—it may not be today or tomorrow, but when you do, it will be worth having waited for."

Arm in arm they once more mingled with the parade on the Avenue. Above them a wisp of a young moon, held in the shadowy fingers of the oncoming night, gleamed faintly in the clear twilight sky, like a promise.



Worn-Out Appetites

Why don't they change the menu? Day after day, same old foods . . .

But *is* it the menu? Or is it mainly —YOU! Nature has effective ways of telling you all is not well inside. Loss of appetite is one of them.

Constipation — oldest human affliction—is the commonest ailment today, the root of nearly all human ills. *And its prolonged effect is so needless!*

Simple water—will quickly dispel the most stubborn constipation! Ordinary drinking water would do if it passed through the intestinal tract. Unfortunately it does not. It goes through the kidneys.

That is where Pluto Mineral Water differs. Its mineral content exceeds in percentage the mineral content of the blood. Hence it passes directly through the eliminative system, flushing and cleansing all that's before it.



In 30 minutes to two hours, Pluto Water has completed its course through the system. Relief is as prompt as it is thorough!

Since Pluto merely washes, it never gripes—has no habit-forming tendencies—is harmless, and distinctly soothing to the membranes. Physicians everywhere prescribe Pluto Mineral Water for the safe and certain relief of constipation.

Many people drink a little Pluto Water every day upon arising to insure constant regularity—an excellent way to avoid colds and influenza. Dilute with hot water—directions on every bottle. Sold at all drug counters and at fountains. Bottled at the springs, French Lick, Indiana.

When Nature Won't, PLUTO Will

FRENCH LICK SPRINGS

—home of Pluto Water, attracts thousands at this season. Health and pleasure seekers from everywhere come here to drink the natural health-giving waters, to take the rejuvenating mineral baths, to throw off winter's ennui. Fire-proof 800-room hotel, unexcelled service and cuisine; two 18-hole golf courses; tennis; horseback riding; hiking. Complete medical staff in attendance. Write or wire for reservations or send for booklet. French Lick Springs Hotel Co., French Lick, Ind. T. D. TAGGART, Pres.

PLUTO WATER

America's Laxative Mineral Water



—and then your 11th cigarette will give you the same enjoyment as your first

To take a Luden's now and then—to keep smoke enjoyment keen—is the rule among those who smoke for pleasure.

To refresh the taste, cool the tongue, ease the throat, sweeten the breath—there's nothing like Luden's Menthol Action.

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LUDEN'S

A Murder in a Witches' Caldron

(Continued from page 59)

happened. A few morbid neighbors may have peeped in at the dead woman; but the official records are blank for these seven hours. Then Marie Sikora, the niece, came to call.

Her visit, I regret to state, was not one of mourning nor yet of mortuary propriety. A less commendable motive steered her footsteps to the dead woman's quarters. She came to make a search for the 4,800,000 kronen her aunt had recently received. But though she ransacked the apartment thoroughly she failed to find any trace of her expected inheritance.

Meiche showed up during Sikora's operations, but exhibited a noticeably bored attitude toward what was taking place. The only object that held any interest for him was the sideboard; and it was at this time that, following Pruscha's suggestion, he retrieved his IOU. A few minutes later Pruscha herself, accompanied by her friend Dunst, called at the apartment and stood looking on, with a kind of jealous curiosity, while Sikora pushed her search for the elusive legacy.

At about four-thirty P.M., before the hunt was over, another relative appeared on the scene, who, it must reluctantly be admitted, had come on an errand similar to Sikora's. The new would-be heir was Karl Taschner, a distant nephew of the dead woman. But however mercenary he may have been, to his credit let it be recorded that he was the first person to pay any particular attention to the corpse.

While in the act of covering the body with a sheet he discovered that round the throat was wound a tightly drawn lamp-wick. Sikora immediately identified the wick as one that had belonged to her aunt, who had kept it in a tin box on the sideboard.

It now appeared evident that Eberl had been murdered, and that she had met her end at the hands of someone familiar with the apartment and its appointments. Meiche, according to Taschner, showed considerable nervousness at the discovery of the wick; and so agitated did Pruscha become that she fled the scene and poured out her misgivings and apprehensions to several of her friends.

It was at about this time that the police decided to bestir themselves. They put in an impressive, if belated appearance while Sikora and Meiche were still on hand, and expressed surprise and annoyance at finding that Eberl had been the victim of foul play.

Immediately, however, they developed an almost frantic activity. They went over the entire apartment in the meticulous manner laid down by the late Doctor Hans Gross, searching for whatever clues might have survived the influx of neighbors, sightseers and avaricious relatives.

They found on the kitchen stove three *Knödeln* and a piece of *Schweinsbraten*, cooked but untouched, and therefore indicating that the murder had been committed before supper-time. Several woman's hairs were clutched in Eberl's left hand; but these were never identified.

Just before locking up the apartment the police discovered a bunch of keys in one of the dead woman's slippers. These keys were regarded as of paramount importance, for they had evidently been dropped by the murderer. But after months of systematic investigation the authorities were unable to trace them.

Though they had been found hidden in a slipper, Meiche testified at the trial that he had seen them at the foot of the bed when he returned from the ball; whereas other witnesses denied that any keys had been visible.

Unquestionably a knowledge of their ownership and peregrinations would have solved the problem of the murder without further ado; but to this day the keys lie in the archives of the Vienna police, unclaimed and unexplained.

Another astonishing and almost incredible

Reach
for a
Luck
instead
of a
sweet



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piece of laxity on the part of the officials developed in connection with the post-mortem. During the autopsy the stomach was lost. Nor was any trace of it ever found. And since the contents of the stomach had disappeared along with that vital organ, it was impossible to establish the exact time of death by determining the victim's state of digestion.

There were two immediate suspects from the point of view of the police: Meiche and Pruscha; but before many hours had passed Pruscha became the chief object of their attentions.

She always had complained of extreme poverty and was without visible means of support except for her meager dole and her more meager pension; but on the day after the murder she gave 500,000 kronen to Meiche and a like amount to Gabriele Dunst. Furthermore, she had shown unaccountable signs of nervousness and fright after the murder, and had twice voiced a fear of becoming unpleasantly involved. On the night of the fourth she was arrested; and automatically another bit of suspicious evidence came to light: 3,300,000 kronen were found in her possession.

Half an hour later Meiche was also placed under arrest, although there was no evidence against him. But as he was able to establish an alibi—having been at the masked ball with friends—he was released from custody seven weeks later; and Pruscha was held for trial.

The trial, which opened on November 26th of the same year, created enormous interest. The sordid and scandalous circumstances surrounding the crime attracted all strata of society; and when the doors of the *Landesgericht* were thrown open there was an undignified scramble for seats. The presiding judge was Imperial Councillor Doctor Hotter; Doctor Franz Wagner appeared as prosecuting attorney, and Doctor Hugo Sperber acted as defense counsel.

Pruscha presented a commonplace appearance. She was of middle height, slightly stout, with sharp energetic features, small restless eyes and large bony hands.

She constantly interrupted the proceedings: she berated the judge, reviled the lawyers, abused the witnesses, called names and indulged generally in vituperation, invective and billingsgate. Several times the taking of testimony had to be halted until she could be quieted.

Doctor Hotter carried out, according to Austrian criminal procedure, the examination of the witnesses. The defendant, as is customary, was the first to be questioned. She testified that Eberl always had maintained improper relations with her boarders and had even admitted her delinquencies in the case of Meiche. Otherwise, she said, Eberl had been a harmless, good-natured old woman with whom she always had been on the best of terms. She indignantly denied that she herself had ever had amatory dealings with Meiche, and emphasized her avowal with such frank and picturesque comments that the court had to curb her rhetoric.

She gave an account of her movements preceding and following the murder. She had left Eberl a few minutes after Meiche's departure—about six-forty-five—and gone directly home, where she had remained until the staggering and shattering news of her old friend's death was brought to her by Meiche.

After notifying Sikora, she had sought consolation in the company of Gabriele Dunst, who voiced the suspicion that Eberl's death had not been due to natural causes and that Bachmann, the departed's erstwhile boarder, might have returned surreptitiously and murdered her. Dunst immediately and indignantly denied expressing such an opinion, whereupon Pruscha called her a liar with several modifying adjectives of a vivid and forceful nature. The judge admonished her to tone down her language and to refrain from insulting witnesses; to which Pruscha retorted that her language was sufficiently refined for her needs, and that, anyway, no question of insult was involved, as Dunst was her bosom friend.

The next witness was the casual and easy-going Doctor Dubsky. He sought eloquently, but alas! vainly, to extenuate his having signed a death certificate without examining the body, and was forced to listen to some barbed remarks from the bench regarding the solemn duties of the medical profession.

Ernst Meiche—the Lothario of the unromantic triangle—then entered the witness-box. He was a tall blond youth, with hard vicious eyes and a cynical sneer, carefully and immaculately dressed. From his manner it was obvious he regarded himself as an irresistible Beau Brummell.

He contemptuously admitted that Eberl had been rather fond of him and said that Pruscha, too, was by no means impervious to his fascinations. The latter, he said, often had invited him to visit her and had shown a growing jealousy because of his attentions to Eberl: in fact, the women had often quarreled over him.

He explained that on his return from the ball at three-thirty A.M. he had found Eberl dead and had at once notified the caretaker, the neighbors and the doctor. He had seen the bunch of keys near the bed, but had paid scant attention to them. He admitted destroying the IOU, and boasted that later in the day Pruscha had given him 500,000 kronen and had remarked fearfully that she was being accused of stealing Eberl's money. At the same time she had asked him to come and live with her—an invitation he had not accepted.

On cross-examination he acknowledged that he had made no effort to earn money while in Vienna, but had lived on his landlady's generosity.

Professor Doctor Albin Haberda, author of one of the great standard works on forensic medicine and an internationally recognized authority on medical jurisprudence, who had carried out the post-mortem examination with Doctor Meixner of the Forensische Institut, testified that Eberl's death had been due to strangulation. He also stated that, despite the position of the body when found, the cadaveric discoloration showed that it had lain on its side for hours following death.

Emilie Beznik, the wife of an accordion player, who had quarters next to Eberl's, then took the stand and stated that, at seven P.M. on the night of the murder, she had heard violent quarreling in the dead woman's apartment. She had recognized the voices of Eberl and Pruscha speaking in Czech, but had distinguished no male voice. The next morning Meiche, elegantly dressed but very pale, had roused her with the report of Eberl's death, and remarked that his two ancient innamoratas had fought over him the day before.

Beznik also stated that the defendant had visited her the following afternoon and, when told of the keys, had exhibited signs of fright. At this point Pruscha broke forth in a screeching, incoherent tirade against the witness, and the trial had to be halted.

Marie Fűrkrantz (who lived below Eberl), Beznik's musical husband and Ludmilla and Stephanie Mathé (next-door neighbors) took the stand and corroborated this testimony regarding the quarrel. All of them stated that the brawl had broken off suddenly at about seven-fifteen.

Gabriele Dunst deposed that, at the end of February, Eberl had lent her 1,500,000 kronen, and that Pruscha had come to her at eleven-thirty on the morning after the murder and advised her to tell Sikora, the rapacious and thwarted heir, that the amount was only 500,000 kronen.

Pruscha, she amplified, had forthwith lent her this amount with which to liquidate the claims of Eberl's niece, and had at the same time shown her a large sum of money, explaining that it had been realized from the sale of some furniture.

And now came the alienists, so familiar to our own criminal trials. They were unanimous in declaring that the defendant was sane and responsible for her conduct; but they added that her "moral repressions" were very low. Pruscha's attorney at once objected to the

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introduction of testimony other than that affecting his client's sanity, but was overruled.

When the learned experts had departed, Karl Jirku, a twenty-eight-year-old illegitimate son of Pruscha, took the stand and told a rambling story of a mysterious Mr. Nitsch who, when Meiche was still under arrest, had approached him as a representative of Meiche's father and offered to pay the attorney's fees provided the defendants would engage the legal services of a Doctor Reiss. Nothing definite could be got from Jirku's confused tale; and he was peremptorily dismissed. But later his recital was to take on a queer and sordid significance.

Josephine Kallinger, a toothless old odd-job woman and one of the star witnesses of the prosecution, followed Jirku. She stated that she and Pruscha had waited together at the government bureau for their doles on the morning of March 4th, and that Pruscha had told her of Eberl's death and expressed the fear that she might be suspected of murder because a lamp-wick had disappeared from the victim's sideboard. She further stated that Pruscha had told her she left Eberl's apartment at seven-thirty on the night of the third, instead of at six-forty-five.

This was too much for Pruscha. She leaped to her feet and gave the court another spectacular exhibition of indignant protestation. The gist of her highly colored remarks was that she had not spoken to Kallinger on that morning or any other morning—that, in fact, the *verdammte* old hag was an utter stranger to her. This passionate disavowal led to the swearing in of four doddering crones—all unemployed dole recipients—who testified to having seen the two in conversation.

The trial then became a mere parade of garrulous neighbors, relatives, friends, acquaintances and tradesmen. One by one they retailed the gossip of the quarter and swelled the already bulging records of the court with racy and irrelevant titbits of scandal.

During the second day of this testimony Pruscha rose spiritedly, said good-by to the judge and started for the door. She was, she explained with admirable control, thoroughly disgusted with the whole proceedings and had no intention of remaining.

Though she was unfeelingly brought back by the bailiff, she later made two other attempts to leave the court-room, saying that she was fed up with the trial and that if the judge insisted upon continuing it he must do so without her. She declared that it was asking too much of a respectable charlady to listen to any more such foolishness—thereby putting herself on record as one of the most astute critics of the modern judicial procedure.

On November 29th the trial came to an end. The summing up by the judge was clearly in Pruscha's favor; but to the amazement of everyone the jury, by a vote of ten to two, rendered a verdict of "guilty of murder and robbery."

The prosecuting attorney himself appealed to the court to allow the defendant mitigating circumstances when fixing sentence. After a consultation with the assisting judges, Doctor Hotter sentenced Pruscha to fifteen years' hard labor. And in due course the Supreme Court confirmed the sentence.

But the *affaire Pruscha* was not yet over. A leading Vienna newspaper, *Der Tag*, immediately launched a skilful and persistent campaign to have the case reopened, on the grounds that the condemned woman's guilt had not been legally established. The advocates of a new trial held, not without justification, that, though the presumption of her guilt had been strong, a number of vital circumstances had remained unexplained and several promising lines of investigation had been insufficiently gone into—in short, that the indictment had not been proved.

A special judicial committee was finally appointed to reconsider the entire case. The committee was presided over by Doctor Ludwig Altmann, Chief Justice of the Central Criminal Court, and one of the foremost jurists in Austria.

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After reviewing the records he expressed his dissatisfaction with Pruscha's conviction; and on June 5th, 1925, he ordered a retrial.

The second trial, which opened on October 12th, 1925, under Imperial Councillor Doctor Schaupp, aroused even greater interest than the first.

Pruscha had not altered since her earlier appearance in court, though now she was calm and without any trace of hysteria. She added little to her previous testimony. She insisted that Eberl could not have had any money at the time of her murder, as she had lent 1,100,000 kronen to Meiche and 1,500,000 to Gabriele Dunst, and had squandered the remainder (about \$32) of the 4,800,000 kronen on extravagant living.

She stated that at the time she had informed Marie Sikora of her aunt's death, Mrs. Karl Taschner told her that Eberl had been strangled with a lamp-wick. When the court called her attention to the fact that the wick had not been discovered until several hours after her talk with Sikora, she violently accused the judge and the police of a base conspiracy to convict her and refused to discuss the subject.

The same long procession of gossiping witnesses appeared and testified. But now, after a year of soul-searching and stock-taking, their evidence was far less definite and positive than formerly.

They were especially vague on the important matter of the quarrel between Eberl and Pruscha after Meiche's departure for the ball. This famous dispute had evidently faded from the memories of those very scandal-mongers who had been most emphatic regarding it at the first trial.

Bezniak and her accordion-playing husband now markedly revised the hour of the set-to; and Ludmilla Mathé contradicted her former testimony to the extent of saying that she had heard three voices participating in the debate, and that Meiche himself had been present.

Meiche had returned to Germany after the first trial and refused to come to Vienna to testify. Thus the most important witness for the prosecution was missing. However, his alibi on the night of the murder came in for a searching investigation by the defense; and it was brought out that, though he unquestionably had attended the ball, he had absented himself from the other members of his party for several periods ranging from half an hour to an hour in length. Doctor Richard Pressburger, Pruscha's attorney, was therefore able to stress the point that Meiche easily could have gone to Eberl's apartment and returned to the ball without having attracted attention.

Hildegard Traunfellner, Meiche's pierrette of the ball, spent an uncomfortable and unconvincing half-hour in the box endeavoring to shield her cavalier and to explain her interest in him on purely platonic lines. During her testimony a Mr. Pines, occupation and status unknown, rose in the audience and excitedly demanded to give evidence; but he was summarily ejected, and so his revelations were lost to the world.

It was clearly the strategy of the defense to make no attempt to prove Pruscha's innocence but to create an atmosphere of doubt by showing that other persons had had both a motive and an opportunity to commit the murder. In this Doctor Pressburger was aided by the vague and unsatisfactory evidence of almost every witness produced by the prosecution, all of whom seemed to be suffering from an epidemic of forgetfulness.

Furthermore, the ownership of the keys found in Eberl's slipper had not been determined; nor had the astounding fact been explained that, though the post-mortem report stated that the corpse had lain on its side for several hours after death, five witnesses testified that the body, when seen, was flat on its back—the only piece of unanimous evidence, by the way, produced in either of the trials.

Following its red-herring tactics, the defense suggested an entirely new suspect—a vagrant named Oscar Geyer and a friend of Bachmann's and Meiche's. Not only had

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Geyer been heard talking boastfully about the crime, but he had lost a bunch of keys at the refugee home where he had slept, and had mysteriously vanished on the morning after the murder. The defense, however, was unable to bring its suspect into court.

Karl Jirku, again taking the stand, repeated his incomprehensible interview with the mysterious Nitsch, and added the startling *bonne bouche* that shortly after the first trial he had been the victim of an assault engineered by Nitsch. A deposition by Agnes Bohaty, a chambermaid, which was then read, involved Nitsch still further by stating that a bunch of keys had disappeared from his room at about the time of the murder.

The Nitsch episode was becoming altogether too tangled, and finally the gentleman himself was haled into court and put in the witness-box. It turned out that his given name was Hubert, and that his vocation was that of pastry-cook. He reluctantly testified that he had met Meiche senior in 1916 on a pleasure boat somewhere off the coast of Australia and had, as a result, become interested in his son.

That a penniless Bavarian butcher had been sailing the far Pacific seas for recreation during the World War and, while on this extraordinary jaunt, had casually met a globe-trotting pastry-cook who was to assist his son in a murder trial eight years later, was perhaps the most grotesque bit of testimony offered in this fantastic trial. There were, however, good grounds for the suspicion that Nitsch's interest in young Meiche was of a far less innocent and philanthropic nature than he pretended; and the court dispensed somewhat brusquely with his testimonial services.

With Meiche unavailable, the prosecution's chief hope for securing a conviction lay in the testimony of Josefine Kallinger who, at the first trial, had told of Pruscha's reference to the missing lamp-wick and of her fears of arrest hours before the wick had been discovered or there had been any suspicion of foul play. Kallinger, when called, repeated with suspicious accuracy the full tale of her conversation with Pruscha.

On cross-examination, however, her evidence lost much of its impressiveness. She was trapped into the admission that she had read in the newspaper of the finding of the lamp-wick before telling her damaging story to the police; and she was compelled to admit that she had completely reversed her testimony when later questioned by the examining magistrate.

Doctor Pressburger then called the four old cronies who had formerly sworn they had seen Kallinger and Pruscha in conversation at the government bureau. But the intervening year had worked havoc with their memories, and they now stated that Kallinger and Pruscha not only were total strangers but had, as far as they were aware, indulged in no discussion whatever on the morning in question.

In an effort further to disqualify Kallinger's testimony the thoroughgoing Doctor Pressburger called a large number of witnesses who informed the court, with venomous delectation, that Kallinger was a notorious gossip and mischief-maker and had been jailed several times for petty thefts and frauds. Anna Karasek, a sour-faced, righteous-looking owner of a small grog-shop, added several rakish details detrimental to the witness' character; whereupon Kallinger gave vent to her outraged feelings by punching Karasek's nose and was arrested for disorderly conduct.

The defense, however, did not rest content with these character witnesses; and as nothing is dearer to an attorney's heart than expert testimony, Doctor Pressburger produced a well-known psychologist who proceeded to devour what few shreds were left of Kallinger's reputation. He declared that the prosecution's star witness was suffering from *pseudologia phantastica*—a malady, by the way, which not only had never before appeared in a court of justice, but added a new decimal point to the already hopelessly complicated equation of modern psychopathology. But the twelve

good men and true no doubt rightly interpreted the doctor's Ciceronian flight to mean that the lady was a chronic liar.

The defense followed up this coup by calling, as witness, a former crony of the murdered woman, a graphologist and charm-worker named Marie Wilfert, who took oath that Eberl had come to her three months before her death for medical and spiritual advice, and that she had sold her client a magic stone (a specimen of which she proudly produced in court) and advised her to put hot compresses on her throat. This external medication had been prescribed because Eberl was suffering from hardening of the arteries—a pathological condition which Wilfert had miraculously diagnosed by reading the patient's palm.

Wilfert stated that Eberl never slept thereafter without a hot compress about her throat; and Doctor Pressburger argued that Eberl's death might easily have been the result of accidental strangulation.

But this theory was somewhat weakened by the observations of the next witness. Marie Tuschek, a midwife, said that she had been present when Taschner had discovered the wick about Eberl's neck (though at the first trial she had failed to record her proximity to the corpse on that momentous occasion), and that it had been loosely tied—too loosely, in fact, to cause disfigurement, let alone surcease from all earthly cares.

Then Professor Doctor Haberd, the mortician, again took the stand and iterated his former assertion that the body had lain on its side for hours before having been turned on its back. He added the emphatic dictum that it was a case of murder and that two persons had been involved in it.

When asked if there could be any possibility of doubt regarding his conclusions, he replied grandiloquently that he was the oldest medicolegal expert in Germany and Austria and therefore could not be mistaken! But his aplomb was visibly shaken when Doctor Pressburger dulcetly requested him to state the exact time of Eberl's passing. The oldest medicolegal expert in Germany and Austria, who was beyond the pale of ordinary human error, was forced to confess that the hour could not be stated, as the contents of the deceased's stomach had been spirited away during the autopsy practically from under his infallible nose.

Numerous other witnesses were called, but even when their testimony was pertinent, it only tended to confuse and bedevil the issue.

A piquant, even though irrelevant, item was added to the records by the irrepressible Gabriele Dunst. When asked regarding the domestic atmosphere in Eberl's apartment prior to the crime, she stated that it was a bit lax and occasionally livened by a touch of downright ribald gaiety, as Eberl was given at times to indulging in the shimmy!

In all, seventy-six witnesses were heard, and nearly as many more remained who were eager to face the limelight and give their personal recollections and opinions of the two old women and their nineteen-year-old lover. But even the seemingly inexhaustible patience of the court had its limits; and, to their consternation and chagrin, they were denied their one glorious chance of immortality. One of them became so incensed at the court's heartlessness that he started a riot.

The jury voted unanimously against a verdict of murder, and eleven to one against manslaughter. The court decided that of the original sentence of fifteen years fourteen and a half were to be apportioned to the murder and six months to the robbery of which Pruscha still stood convicted. As she had been in prison for almost twenty months, she was at once liberated.

The pro-Pruscha press hailed the verdict as a glorious triumph of right, justice, and truth. It may have been all of that—and more. But I cannot help feeling that the chief interest of the case lay in its unsolved mystery. If Pruscha was not guilty, then who murdered the old charwoman?

"Everything must Flatter us to our Finger Tips,"

says **ETHEL BARRYMORE**



The appealing charm of Ethel Barrymore's dramatic hands is heightened by the brilliance of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

The best loved actress on the American stage adds, "and of all the ways of grooming the finger tips I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish the most flattering."

ETHEL BARRYMORE now crowns her years of success with a season of repertory in the new Ethel Barrymore Theatre, West 47th Street, New York, named in her honor. To her public, this magnificent actress's appeal lies not alone in her great talent, but in her velvet voice and expressive hands.

"Today 'all the world's a stage,'" quoted Ethel Barrymore gaily. Nothing in a woman's appearance escapes observation. The hands particularly must contribute.

"They must be sparkling," Miss Barrymore declared. "I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish keeps my finger tips radiantly crisp—gives them just the necessary touch of flattering sparkle!"

"I take along the Cutex Manicure Kit on all my tours," she added. For smooth cuticle and exquisitely white nail tips demand regular care with Cutex Cuticle Remover and Cream. "Applied now and then," finished Miss Barrymore, "they keep my shining nails ready for their cue!"

"Never fails to protect my nails," says Marie Martin, a Winter Sports Favorite

Miss Marie Martin, a New York debutante, is a devoted sports woman who regularly has her winter sports at Lake Placid.

Miss Martin said, "Of course, we wear mittens at Placid, but the snow

soon wets through and the nails get simply frightful, all stained and grubby!"

"But the new Cutex Liquid Polish never fails to protect my nails. A thorough wash, and they shine forth just as if I had had a brand new manicure. I just adore it!"

For Well-Groomed Nails

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People's eyes are always on your hands. This is the way to keep yours pretty.

First—the Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, to whiten the nail tips, soften and shape the cuticle bringing out the beauty of the half moons.

Second—the Polish Remover to remove the old polish, followed by flattering Cutex Liquid Polish that sparkles undimmed for a week.

Third—apply Cutex Cuticle Cream or Cuticle Oil around the cuticle and under the tip to keep the cuticle soft . . . Cutex preparations 35¢ each. Polish and Remover together 50¢.

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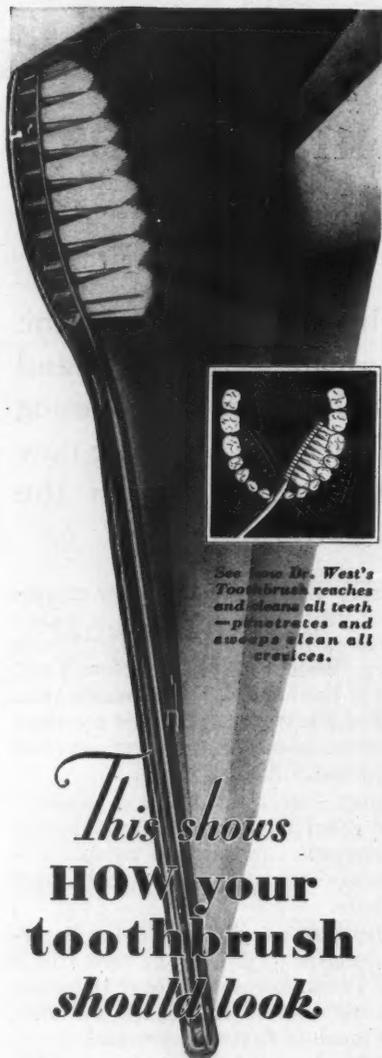
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Polish
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I enclose 6c for the sample of the new Cutex Liquid Polish and Polish Remover. (If you live in Canada address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal, Canada.)

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See how Dr. West's
Toothbrush reaches
and cleans all teeth
—penetrates and
sweeps clean all
crevices.

This shows
HOW your
toothbrush
should look

—if you want whiter, cleaner teeth

[How did the brush you used this morning compare with this famous brush?]

NOT even the finest brush can give best results after honest service has impaired its cleansing and polishing qualities. So we offer this reminder.

Many millions (including dentists) use Dr. West's Toothbrushes daily. Because this famous brush is of correct small size and shape to make brushing effective—cleaning thorough—and whiter teeth certain.

Your druggist has Dr. West's new Toothbrushes for you: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; special gum massage, 75c. Each brush is sterilized, sealed, fully guaranteed. Try them—and see how rapidly teeth brighten.

© W. B. M. Co., 1929

Dr. West's
new TOOTHBRUSH

—polishes teeth amazingly white
by cleansing more thoroughly.

Is It Safe For You to Fly? (Continued from page 91)

against the rules. It was taking unnecessary risks not only for the flier but for the innocent bystander. She was disciplined.

Likewise, I happened to be talking to the commandant on a middle-western field not long ago. As we chatted a plane swooped down so close to the ground its wheels almost touched. Then it took to the air again. At an altitude of only a few hundred feet the pilot put the plane through several stunts, which are safe only at an altitude of at least a thousand feet. "He doesn't know it," the commandant remarked to me, "but that's the last ride he will enjoy for weeks."

The moment the plane came down, that pilot discovered that he had been "grounded."

If you have any questions about aviation, write to Miss Amelia Earhart, Cosmopolitan Magazine, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City

Geisha Girl by P. C. Wren (Continued from page 65)

ankles, causing the upper part of Schwartz' body to fall forward. And as it did so, Yato arose, hugging Schwartz' ankles to his breast.

The result of this lightning movement was that the big man pitched upon his head so heavily that nothing but its thickness saved him from concussion of the brain. And, almost as the body of Schwartz reached the ground, Yato sprang at Klingen who was in the act of drawing a knife.

Seizing the wrist of the hand that held this ugly weapon, the Japanese wheeled so that he stood beside Klingen, shoulder to shoulder and facing in the same direction. As he did so, he thrust his left arm beneath Klingen's right and across his chest, at the same time pulling Klingen's straightened right arm violently downward. There was a distinctly audible crack as the arm broke above the elbow.

Where four burly bullies had gathered about a cringing little man, three lay insensible and one knelt whimpering with pain.

"I do not like to be touched and handled," smiled Yato.

"I don't think you will be, to any great extent," smiled Digby Geste in return.

But a man may be touched without being handled, and it was the dominating desire of Klingen's life to "touch" Yato.

It became essential to his continued existence that he should avenge his broken arm, his humiliating defeat and utter overthrow.

He was big and strong and bold, and he had been made to grovel, weeping, at the feet of a man one-half his size. He hated pain, and he had been made to suffer agony unspeakable. And so he was obsessed with thoughts of vengeance and lived for the day when the Japanese should make full payment for the insult and injury to the bold and brave Klingen.

Meanwhile a certain poor satisfaction could be obtained by lashing the unspeakable Oriental verbally; for, curiously enough, the Japanese did not resent such abuse—apparently. So when Klingen came out of the hospital he poured forth upon his quiet shrinking enemy all the choice epithets and insults that he had polished and perfected during the miserable leisure of his enforced retirement.

He assured Yato that he was a yellow monkey, a loathsome "native," a colored man, if indeed he were a man at all. Klingen explained fully and carefully that he always had drawn the color line, and had drawn it straight and strong; also that it was, to him, the very worst of all the horrors of life in the Legion that one was forced to herd with colored men.

He explained that while he hated negroes, abhorred Arabs and detested Chinese, words utterly failed him to express the loathing horror with which he regarded Japs. Brown was bad, black was worse, but what could be said of yellow? That vile bilious color was disgusting in anything—but in human beings it was—I

One could be but dumbly sick, and whenever his revolted eye fell upon Légonnaire Yato, his

And then, too, your license may be revoked in the case of recurrent infractions.

It would be wrong to lure you into the air with false assurances that everything connected with aviation runs like clockwork. It does not. The whole industry is so new it has more difficulties proportionately than any other.

However, it is estimated even now that travel on regular air lines is not more hazardous, on a passenger mileage basis, than is automobiling. With the rapidly increasing number of landing-fields and perfected facilities, one can reasonably feel that soon air travel, from the standpoint of reliability and safety, will rank with those older forms of transportation to which we are accustomed.

revolting stomach almost had its way and in crude pantomime Klingen would express his feelings.

And Yato would smile.

Furthermore, the good Klingen was at infinite pains to indicate the private and personal hideousness of Yato as distinct from his national bestiality. He would invite all present to contemplate the little man's unspeakable eyes, indescribable mustache, unmentionable nose and unutterable ugliness.

And Yato would smile.

But it was noticed that Klingen never touched the Japanese, or sought physical retaliation for his broken arm. Nor did Messieurs Haff, Brandt and Schwartz. In fact, these three appeared to entertain feelings rather of reluctant admiration and sporting acquiescence than of hatred and vengeance; and when Klingen proposed various schemes for Yato's undoing, they would have none of them. It was their firm intention to leave him severely alone.

Not so Klingen. If Klingen were to live, Yato must die; or, better still, suffer some dire humiliation, lifelong and worse than death.

Seated in a row, on a bench in the Jardin Public, Beau Geste in the middle, the three brothers contemplated the Vast Forever without finding life one grand sweet song.

Life was hard, comfortless, small and monotonous, but quite bearable as long as it yielded a lazy hour when they could sit thus, smoking their pipes in silent communion or in idle and disjointed conversation about Brandon Abbas.

"Here comes old Yato," murmured Digby. "I'm going to hit him, one day," he added.

"What for?" inquired John.

"Fun," replied Digby.

"Fun for whom—Yato?" inquired Michael.

"Yes," replied Digby. "I want to see what happens to me."

"You won't see," asserted Michael. "You'll only feel."

"Well, you two shall watch and tell me exactly what happens," said Digby. "Then I can do it to you two—"

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Yato, with a courteous salute.

The brothers rose as one, saluted the tiny man and invited him to be seated with them.

"Excuse that I intrude with my insignificant presence, gentlemen, but I would humbly venture to do you the honor and pay you the compliment of asking a favor of you . . . Will you do something for me?"

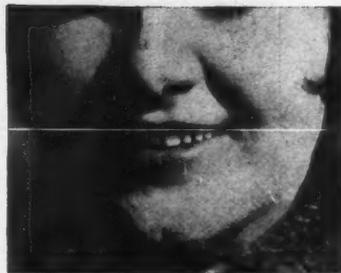
"Yes," replied Beau Geste.

"You do not stop to make conditions or to hear what the request may be. You do not fear that it may be something you would not like to do?"

"No," replied Beau Geste.

"Ah," smiled Yato, "as I thought! Well, I'm going a long walk one day soon, and I may want something done for me by a friend after I have gone."

3 minutes twice a day for teeth ... that is ample to protect the beauty of your smile



Squibb's brings protection

Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50 per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, long recognized as a safe, effective antacid. When you use it, it not only neutralizes the acids at The Danger Line, but enough remains there to protect your teeth and gums against acids for a considerable time after use.

Why should you be content to entrust your teeth and health to a dentifrice less certain to give full protection? The use of Squibb's Dental Cream for three minutes twice a day is ample to guard your health and beauty against the dangers of tooth decay and gum irritations. As an additional precaution, visit your dentist twice a year.

You'll find Squibb's Dental Cream mild and delicately flavored. Children delight in it. Get a tube today. Use it on the gums with a soft brush. It will keep them in healthy condition. It contains no grit, astringents or abrasives. Nothing that can hurt the most delicate tissues—only the finest cleansing ingredients and Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. At druggists—40 cents a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.

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TODAY, practically every woman knows that to preserve youthfulness and charm, it is health that must be guarded. So they pay strict attention to details of diet, of exercise and (as they believe) to mouth hygiene.

Unfortunately, the old-fashioned method of brushing the teeth with a "good cleansing dentifrice" has been proved inadequate. That is why so many people suffer from tooth decay and gum irritation in spite of faithful care. Think of it! To lose beauty and perhaps health, not through neglect, but because of erroneous, old-fashioned practices.

This is the danger

The trouble is that while ordinary brushing is fully effective *as far as it goes*, it does not go far enough. For no tooth-brush can reach into all the pits on the grinding surface of your teeth, or between your teeth along The Danger Line—the tiny V-shaped crevices where teeth and gums meet. As a result food particles collect there. They ferment. Acids are formed. Unless these acids are neutralized, they cause decay or dangerous gum infections such as pyorrhea.

Since mere brushing alone cannot protect you fully, your dentifrice *must* by containing a trustworthy antacid.

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"We shall be delighted," said Beau Geste, and his brothers murmured assent. "Better not tell us anything about you—er—long walk. We shouldn't give you away, of course, but we're not good liars, I'm afraid."

"Oh," smiled Yato, "tell them anything and everything that you know, should you be questioned. The honorable authorities will be entirely welcome to me—if they can catch me." And he rose to go. "I will leave a note under your pillow or in your haversack," he continued, addressing Beau Geste. "Good-by, gentle and honorable sirs. May I have the distinction of shaking the hands?"

"Queer little cove and great little gentleman," observed Digby when Yato had departed.

"Yes," agreed Michael. "A good friend and a dangerous enemy, I should say. I wonder if he's in the Japanese Secret Service."

"I don't think I will hit him, after all," mused Digby.

Colonel the Baron Hoshiri of the Japanese General Staff and of the French Foreign Legion (under the name of Yato), made his way along the Rue de Daya with a song in his heart. He was very, very happy, for he was returning to his heaven upon earth at the feet of Fujiyama—the land of the cherry blossom, the chrysanthemum, the *geisha* and the Rising Sun. He was leaving this land of barbarians devoid of manners, arts, graces and beauty. Also, he had found a little friend, and she gave the lilt to the song that was in his heart.

A Flower from Japan. Soiled and trodden and cast aside by these barbarian brutes, but still a flower from Japan.

A pitiful little story. Heartbreaking. But the little flower, picked up from the mud, dipped in pure cleansing dew and set in a vase of fair water, was reviving. He would take it back to Japan and it would bloom again and live, a thing of beauty and of joy.

Yes, a pitiful little tale . . . Her parents had taken her to the *yoshiwara* to earn her dowry. There she had met her future husband, and thence she had been taken—rescued rather, it seemed to her—by this man who so earnestly begged her to become his wife. He seemed a nice kind man, and her heart did not sink very much when he told her that they were going to travel to the wonderful West—for he was a merchant, and his business lay in Marseilles.

This was quite true, and in Marseilles, where his business lay, he sold her—in the way of business. Mr. Ah Foo (born in Saigon of a Chinese woman and a French marine) did very well out of his little bride Sanyora—as he did out of all his other little brides, for he was what one might call a regular marrying man and had entered the bonds of matrimony scores of times, and each of his wives had entered a bondage unescapable.

From Marseilles, Sanyora had been sold to a gentleman who traveled for his house in Algiers, and had been taken to that house. Thence she had been appointed, without her knowledge or consent, to a vacancy (created by death and a knife) in Oran. From there she had been sold into an even fouler bondage in Sidi-bel-Abbès.

Could she have done nothing for herself? Yes; fight like a tiger-cat until drugged and scream appeals for help—in Japanese, the only language she knew. And in that language, Colonel Hoshiri had heard her cry to God for death, as he passed below the open shutters of a house in a slum of the Spanish quarter. He had entered, made his way to the room, addressed her in Japanese and told her he only wished to be a friend and deliverer.

And now Sanyora had her own pretty room in a private house in a respectable quarter, and the colonel had a haven of rest and peace—a refuge and quiet place in which he could take his ease and hear his own language from beautiful lips. Between them, they had made it a tiny corner of Japan; and day by day Sanyora grew to be more and more the dainty, charming and delightful *geisha*, wholly

attractive mistress of the arts that delight and soothe and charm the eye and ear—and heart.

As usual, Légionnaire Yato was watched and followed by his bitter and relentless enemy, Klingens. A stab in the back as he passed through some dark alley would be simple enough, but it would be too simple. To a devil like Yato it would have to be a death-stroke, and he might die without knowing who had killed him. That would be a very poor sort of vengeance.

What Klingens wanted was to hurt him and hurt him and hurt him—humiliate him to the dust, degrade and shame him, torture him to death—but a long, slow, lingering death.

One night Yato might go to the Village Nègre. Anything could happen there. There was no foul and fearful villainy that one could not buy, and a very little money went a very long way in the Village Nègre. One certainly could have a man waylaid, knocked on the head, gagged and bound and tied down on a native bedstead in a dark room in a native house. One could hire the room and have the key. One could visit one's victim nightly and torture him throughout the night. One could let him starve to death or keep him alive for weeks. The things one could do!

Légionnaire Klingens licked his lips and followed the distant figure of Yato with his eyes.

Going to the same house again, was he? What could be the attraction here? A woman, of course.

Klingens pondered the thought. There might be something in that—especially if he were fond of her. An idea of dazzling brilliance! Jealousy! No vengeance like it—for a start. Get his woman from him.

Was there a girl alive who would give a second glance at that hideous little yellow monkey when the handsome Klingens was about? What an exquisite moment when the girl (seated on Klingens's knee) turned languidly to Yato as Yato entered Yato's own room, and said to him in accents of extremest scorn, "Get out of this, you yellow monkey." Yes, that would be a great moment. And these women could be bought.

Ah, yes! The yellow devil was turning into the same house again. It must be a woman!

Klingens reconnoitered once again. The usual type of house with a common stairway leading up to a rookery of rooms, apartments and flats occupied by hard-working poor people of the better sort. Klingens hesitated, and for the first time entered the house and looked round the dingy entrance-hall.

Should he climb the stairs? Why not? Anyone might enter the wrong house by mistake.

Footsteps . . . Someone coming down the stairs . . . A little man in seedy European clothing . . . An idea!

"Excuse me, Monsieur," said Klingens. "Can you tell me which is my friend's room? A *legionnaire*—a little fellow—Japanese."

The man shrugged his shoulders and made a gesture with his hands which showed that he was a Spaniard, also that he did not understand a word of what was being said to him.

Klingens mounted to the first floor, a bare landing, around three sides of which were closed numbered doors. Should he tap at each in turn and inquire for some non-existent person? And what should he do if one of them were opened by Yato? Suppose the yellow tiger-cat attacked him again? His mended arm tingled at the thought. This longing for vengeance was driving him mad . . .

Klingens turned back, descended to the street and took up his stand in a doorway from which he could keep watch upon the porch of the house in which was his enemy.

Another idea! What about waiting until Yato left the house? He could then go in and knock at every door and ask:

"Is my friend Légionnaire Yato here—a little Japanese?" If one of the doors were opened by some woman who replied, "No, he has just gone," he would know that he had found what he sought and would get to work forthwith. He would soon show her the

difference between a Yato and a Klingen. And if Klingen knew anything of women, and he flattered himself that he did, there was a bad time coming for the yellow devil.

Yes, and Klingen would have his knife ready, too, and this time he'd throw it, if Yato made trouble. And he also flattered himself that he knew something of knife-throwing.

Ha! There he was.

The retreating form of Yato turned the corner of the street and Klingen darted across into the house. Running lightly up the stairs, he knocked at the first door. No answer. He knocked again. Silence.

He knocked at the next. A fat, slatternly woman opened the door and eyed him hardily.

"Well?" she inquired.

"Monsieur Blanc?" inquired Klingen.

The woman slammed the door in his face.

The third and fourth rooms were empty.

A child opened the door of the fifth, and seeing a *légionnaire*, shut it instantly. Hearing a man's voice within, Klingen passed on.

To Klingen's inquiry at the sixth room, as to whether Monsieur Blanc lived here, the woman who occupied it replied that he did, but was at the wine-shop round the corner!

"Then may he sit there till he rots," observed *Légionnaire* Klingen and climbed the second flight of stairs, and, arriving at a landing similar to the one below, repeated his strategy and tactics.

The first door was opened by a tiny dainty Japanese girl, and Klingen thrust his way into the room, closed the door, locked it and removed the key. He had found what he wanted.

The girl stood staring, between terror and surprise. This man was in a similar uniform to that which her lover wore. He must be his friend, otherwise how would he have known she was here? But her beloved had only just gone. Had something happened to him, and why had this man thrust in so roughly, uninvited? But they were rough and rude, these western barbarians. Why had he come?

Oh, if she could only understand what he was saying and make herself understood by him! He seemed to be speaking of someone named Yato. Was it conceivable that he might understand a word of Japanese?

"I am the servant of Colonel Hoshiri. What do you want?" she said in her own tongue.

And, for reply, Klingen snatched her up in his arms and kissed her violently.

Well, this was a fine *affaire!* She might or might not be Yato's girl, but almost certainly she was. Anyhow, and whoever she was, this was still a fine *affaire*, for here was Klingen, the irresistible, locked up in a room with as pretty a little piece as he ever had clapped eyes on. And a very nice room, too—bed, cushions, hangings, flowers in a vase—yes, all very nice indeed.

And now for the little woman! A pity they could not understand each other's language, but the language of love is universal. He could soon make himself understood all right.

When *Légionnaire* Klingen let himself out of the room, an hour or so later, he left a sobbing, shuddering girl lying upon the bed weeping as though her heart would break, moaning as though it were already broken.

But *Légionnaire* Klingen, as he walked back to barracks, smiled greasily as he licked his lips, and encountering *Légionnaire* Yato in the barrack-room, laughed aloud.

Yato was sitting on his bed engaged in *astiquage*—the polishing of his belts and straps. Having whispered his story, punctuated with loud guffaws, to a little knot of his friends who evidently enjoyed the joke hugely, Klingen went over and stood in front of the Japanese, his hands on his hips, and leered exultingly. Without looking up, Yato continued waxing and polishing a cartridge-pouch.

Suddenly he stopped and stared at the floor between himself and Klingen.

Beau Geste, drawing near and watching carefully as he polished his bayonet, thought that



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says CAPTAIN THOMAS of the S. S. Paris

"This skin bracer sails with us on every voyage" . . . the Captain and the Purser of the famous S. S. PARIS say

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Look for Pinaud's signature on every bottle

PINAUD'S LILAC

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Yato sniffed silently, as though trying to detect and capture an odor. Yes, decided Beau, Yato could smell something, and that something puzzled him. Rising to his feet, the Japanese approached Klingens, his head thrust forward, his nose obviously questing.

"What the devil!" growled Klingens.

Yato returned to his cot without remark. But it seemed as though a shadow crossed his face.

Légionnaire Klingens, smart in his walking-out kit, a red kepi, dark-blue tunic with green, red-fringed epaulets, red breeches and white spats, tightened his belt a little and swaggered from the barrack-room.

It was "holiday" (pay-day), and he intended to expend on wine the entire sum of twopence-halfpenny which he had received. Thereafter, being full of good wine and good cheer, it was his intention to see how the little Japanese girl was getting on and to cheer her loneliness with an hour of his merry society. He would watch the yellow monkey go in and wait till he came out, and if the girl had locked her door he would tap and tap and knock and knock, without saying anything, until she *did* open it.

What a fighting little spitfire she was! But that was nine-tenths make-believe, and the other tenth was ignorance of French.

From his seat on a barrel in the corner of a dark wine-shop which commanded a view of the street in which the girl's house stood, Klingens saw Yato approaching. Pulling down the vizor of his kepi, and bending his head forward so that his face was concealed, he waited until the Japanese had passed, and then abandoned himself to the pleasures of drinking, anticipation and thoughts of revenge.

He was absolutely certain that the girl was Yato's, and, as he rolled his wine upon his tongue, he rolled upon the debauched palate of his mind the flavor of the lovely vengeance that combined the enormous double gratification of deep enjoyment to himself and deep injury to Yato. He honestly agreed with Klingens that Klingens was a great man, and never greater than in this manifestation of his skill that made his own pleasure his enemy's agony at a time when his enemy's agony was his own greatest pleasure.

"Yes, my friend," he mused, "I hurt you by delighting myself, and you add immeasurably to that delight by being hurt." And he laughed aloud.

As the last glass of his third bottle began to exhibit sediment, Klingens again pulled his cap over his eyes. A small figure in the uniform of the Legion was passing on the other side of the road.

Two minutes later, Klingens was knocking at the door of the room in which dwelt the Japanese girl. To his first knock no answer was vouchsafed, to the second a thin high childish voice replied unintelligibly.

Klingens turned the handle and, to his surprise, found that the door was not fastened.

Entering the room, he saw a little figure on the remembered bed, its back toward him, its head and shoulders covered by a silken shawl. Turning, he locked the door and slipped the key into his pocket.

The figure on the bed moved slightly and did not turn to him.

The little hussy! What was the game! Perhaps-I-will-perhaps-I-won't? Or was she pretending she hadn't heard him come in? Going to make a scene, perhaps, in the hope of extorting payment. Well, she'd be a clever girl if she got money out of Légionnaire Klingens!

The other way about, more likely.

With quickened breathing, gleaming eye and smiling lips, Klingens took a couple of steps in the direction of the bed, and from it, casting off shawl and covering, sprang Yato, lightly clad, his face devilish in its ferocity.

Klingens's right hand went to his bayonet and Yato's right hand, open, shot upward, so that the bottom of the palm struck Klingens beneath the chin. As it did so Yato heaved mightily upward. It was as if the Japanese lifted Klingens by the face and flung him backward off his feet. But, even as his enemy was in the act of falling, Yato flung his arm about him, and, turning him sideways, fell heavily with him—Klingens being face downward. Instantly Yato, whose knee was in the small of Klingens's back, his right hand on his neck, seized Klingens's right wrist, and, dragging the arm upward and backward with a swift movement, dislocated the shoulder; and, as the prostrate man yelled in agony, Yato, with a movement of dexterous and powerful leverage, dislocated the other.

As Klingens again roared with pain Yato, with a grip of steel, dug his thumb and fingers into his victim's neck with a grip that changed a howl to a broken whimper . . .

Five minutes later, Klingens's wrists were bound behind him with steel wire, his ankles were fastened together with a strap and he was bound down upon the bed in such a manner that he could not raise his knees or his head, or change his position by so much as an inch.

A large handkerchief completely filled his mouth, and a piece of steel wire, passing round his face from beneath his chin to the top of his head, prevented him from ejecting it. In fact, the so-recently active and joyous Légionnaire Klingens could now move nothing but his eyes; could only see and hear—and suffer . . .

Was Yato going to carve and fillet him? Blind him? Cut his tongue out? Torture him with a red-hot iron? Cripple him for life? Destroy his hands and so his livelihood? . . . Or merely leave him there to die a dreadful lingering death of thirst and starvation?

He thought of what he himself had hoped and intended to do, if he could have had Yato waylaid in the Village Nègre.

And he could not utter a word of supplication or remonstrance, or make offer and promise of impossible reparation and bribe.

What was the cruel wicked devil doing now? Heating an iron, sharpening a knife,

boiling some water? . . . These cursed Japs were artists at fiendish torture and had a devilish ingenuity beyond the conception of simple honest Westerners with their kindly hearts and generous natures.

What was he doing? O God, what was he doing? . . . Something unthinkable, something unimaginable.

But strangely enough, Légionnaire Yato was merely engaged in the exercise of one of his many peaceful and lawful pursuits.

Seated comfortably beside Légionnaire Klingens, he was making a selection from a number of small objects neatly packed in a sandalwood box. A faint but pleasing odor came from this; also a small oblong cake of some black substance in the powerful delicate fingers of the Japanese.

Taking a tiny saucer from the box, he poured into it a little water from the vase, and in this placed the end of the black cake that it might soak while he dispassionately studied the contorted face of his enemy.

Anon, taking the cake in his fingers, he sketched broad lines of the deepest black upon Klingens's forehead and cheeks. Klingens, expecting either burn or slash, winced and shuddered as the substance touched his face. Settling down to his work, unhurried, methodical and calm, Yato rubbed and dipped until, save for the nose, the face of Klingens was as black as soot—eyelids, lips, ears, throat.

Having completed this portion of his task to his satisfaction, Yato again considered the contents of the box, and selected a small stick of brilliant vermilion. With this, he carefully painted Klingens's prominent and handsome nose, so that it glowed upon his face as a holly berry upon black satin. And then, changing his tools, Yato labored long and well to render indelible this striking effect.

And at last he rose, an artist satisfied, full-filled; and gazed upon the face that, until the worms devoured it, would be a dark bluish-black—save for the nose of glowing red . . .

Légionnaire Yato was not seen again in the barracks of the Legion. But three days later, Beau Geste received a letter which reminded him of his promise to help his humble Japanese comrade. All the latter had to ask was that his honorable friend would proceed forthwith, accompanied by his two honorable brothers, to a described house, and there, having asked a certain man for the key, go to room number seven and give assistance to an unfortunate man confined therein.

Should they fail to do this, the poor fellow would starve to death . . .

Michael, Digby and John did as they were asked.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Michael, as they gazed upon what had been the face of Klingens.

"The wicked devil!" murmured John.

"What they call a 'gentleman of color,'" observed Digby, remembering certain things.

I Wish I Were a Man by Helen Rowland (Continued from page 51)

interests him. Once that is settled, it's all over but telling her the glad news.

It's a pity that more women are not filled with that comforting, beautiful contentment, which is the basis of all ease, nonchalance and *savoir-faire*—and of most personal magnetism!

Still another thing that I envy a man is his cast-iron nerves. His perfect equanimity under all conditions and circumstances! Everything makes a woman nervous—nothing makes a man nervous! A man never gets so excited over anything—love, a woman, an adventure, or even a sudden shock—that he can't eat or sleep or enjoy a baseball game or a round of golf.

Nothing stirs his nerve-centers. He can stand calmly for half an hour on a street corner, reading the baseball bulletins, or swapping stories, without once skipping a pulse beat at the thought that the soup is getting cold, the

roast is drying up, and his wife is probably having hysterics and visualizing him on a stretcher.

He can break a date at the last moment without a tremor of remorse at the consciousness that he has spoiled a girl's whole evening. He can serenely stick a woman's most soul-throbbing letter in his pocket and neglect to answer it for three weeks, without a quiver of conscience, even though he knows that she is running anxiously to the door seven times a day, looking for a word from him.

No wonder men make better motor-car drivers than women! It's their cast-iron nerves—and nerve!

Then, there is his trained memory. A woman is always torturing and tormenting herself by remembering things that she would be happier to forget. But a man has the most accommodating trick-action memory in the world.

It never reminds him of life's little unpleasantnesses and duties—and never lets him forget its triumphs and promises.

Like a phonograph or a radio, it can be shut off or turned on at will. He never forgets his date to play golf—and never remembers his appointment with the dentist. He never forgets that the doctor said he could smoke if he liked—and never remembers the things that the doctor forbade him to do. He never forgets that he was once a riot with the women—and never remembers his bald-spot.

No watch-dog was ever more perfectly trained to lie down and go to sleep when it might bother him, or to wake up and protect him at the psychological moment.

But the thing that I envy a man most of all is his complete immunity from all the little tiresome and annoying things in this world. All the boresome little details of life! For

Lucky Bride . . . to have a married sister!



A GREAT MANY BRIDES start their married life with only the vaguest understanding of the intimate phases of their toilette on which so much of their future happiness may depend.

Ignorance of the delicate matter of feminine hygiene has led to much needless unhappiness. The use of the wrong disinfectant for this purpose has caused serious injury.

Lucky is the bride who has a married sister—or an older married friend—to tell her frankly the truth about this vital subject.

But no woman need misunderstand the facts.

Send the coupon at the right and our free booklet, "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth," will be sent to

you. It will reach you in a plain envelope. It contains sound professional advice and directions, written in simple language by an eminent woman physician.

Send the coupon, now, but in the meantime buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant at your druggist's. Follow the directions which come with every bottle.

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Your
HAIR
 Has Added Loveliness
 —when Shampooed this way

Why Ordinary Washing.. fails to clean properly,
 Thus preventing the .. Real Beauty .. Lustre,
 Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of your hair . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this film . . . and let the sparkle, and rich natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh



MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value . . . beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product, not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

The next time you wash your hair, try Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo and just see how . . . really beautiful . . . your hair will look.

It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

For Your Protection

Ordinary Coconut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."

there is always some woman—usually two or three—to take these off his soul. Everything is lifted from his shoulders, these days, except the padding. He has nothing on his mind but his job, his business and his hair tonic.

There is his wife to write his letters to his mother—and there is his stenographer to take down his letters to his wife. There is his stenographer to do his Christmas shopping and find the present for his wife—and there is his wife to buy the present for his stenographer. There is his wife to remind him of his mother's birthday, his stenographer to remind him of his wife's birthday, and his mother to remind him of his own birthday.

His life is just one long, sweet, irresponsible dream, with some woman always ready to relieve him of all the petty cares and harrowing little obligations, and to act as his memory, his prompter, his date-pad and his conscience!

Finally, there is man's calm and beautiful indifference to that Great Bugaboo, Middle Age, which haunts every woman from her thirty-fifth birthday down to the grave. A man dreads growing old. That is natural. But he accepts, even welcomes middle age as the fruitful time of his life. The time when he can let down from the high tension, let out his waistband, take up golf and enjoy the fruits of his hard work.

Never for an instant does he doubt his personal charm. Never, so long as he can look in a mirror and see a few strands of hair above his face and a brilliant cravat beneath it, does he feel that his fascination is on the wane or let middle age put him out of countenance.

Oh, yes, there are seventy-seven good reasons why I envy the baby in the blue bassinet!

It must be delicious never to have to think about what to order for dinner, or to worry about whether or not the laundry has come home, or to see that your winter clothes are put away in tar-bags, or to have to tidy up the room and pick up things after yourself!

It must be wonderful never to worry about your hair coming out of curl, and to feel that, no matter how fat or bald or old you may get, you will always be "somebody's darling," and some woman will always be willing to marry you!

It must be great to be able to walk into any restaurant or any hotel and know that you will get the best service and all the attention of the bell-boys and waiters!

It must be glorious to go through life blithely and light-heartedly—free from all social obligations, all domestic annoyances and even all the responsibility for your own morals! And to feel that if you manage to keep out of jail, debt and the newspapers, the world will call you a good man, and your wife will see that you get into Heaven!

That's why I wish that my father had asserted his rights and had a son—and that my mother had not prayed so hard for a daughter! (At least, that's a few of the reasons.) All the laws and all the franchise and all the feminism in the world never can make life as fair and free and thrilling for a woman as Nature has made it for a man. Ever since Eve fed Adam that first apple, woman has had to go on feeding man and suffering from his indigestion.

Ever since Eve pinned Adam up in fig-leaves, woman has had to take care of a man's clothes and count his laundry. Ever since Eve took the blame for the first sin, woman has felt responsible for a man's morals.

Woman will always insist on doing all a man's worrying for him—and he will always let her. That's the way Nature made them—and you can't beat Nature! Call this country a matriarchy, say that this is a woman's world and a woman's government, if you like. But man is Nature's Pet, today, yesterday and forever. And every woman knows it! Oh, for a man's wonderful, buoyant, self-content, care-free, irresponsible nature!

But there! I must tune off. I smell something burning—and I don't know whether it's the muffins in the oven, or whether my darling has dropped his live cigaret on the Chinese rug and fallen into a beautiful doze. He should worry! Not while I'm here to do it for him!

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The Crime at Queer Creek

(Continued from page 53)

searching for the two surviving bank robbers, they rode boldly up to a remote homestead at the edge of the desert and bargained with the homesteader for mounts for themselves and for a pack-animal and for camping equipment.

Their story was that they believed the bandits were on ahead of them in the rough country nearer the Coast. They meant to follow, being minded, they said, to earn for themselves the rewards which were offered for the capture of the criminals. To give color of plausibility to their tale, they asked if they might leave their car in the custody of the resident until they got back or could send for it.

Their real intention was to lose themselves from local pursuit in the broken waste-lands on beyond and work their way through the shore range and then make for some sizable place on salt water—Seattle, for choice.

The native suspected nothing. He provisioned them and rather scantily outfitted them and sold them three head of indifferent stock.

So they set out on what proved to be a four-day trudge across a dismal and arid expanse. They missed one water-hole, couldn't find it at all. So that night they made what Connors called a dry camp. On the third day they got traveling instructions from a forlorn settler on a barren claim; and in the late afternoon of the fourth day they came to the cleft at the base of the hills and alongside the pleasantly roaring creek of which he had told them.

From the hour of taking to horseback, Connors openly assumed the leadership. As a matter of fact, his had been the directing mind all along but now he was in full command. He quit consulting with Bauer on this point or that. Immediately he assumed a hectoring attitude; very soon it was domineering, overbearing, was full of sneerings and faultfindings.

In Chicago or some other great city, the relations between them might have been reversed, probably would have been reversed. There Bauer would have had the Westerner at a disadvantage. But here the advantages, all of them, were on Connors' side. He could ride well; he could throw a hitch on a pack; he understood the care and handling of horses; he could cook; could make a camp; could wield an ax or a spade expertly; could take care of himself in a waste or a wilderness; could steer their flight by the sun or the stars or, lacking these, by landmarks.

Bauer, the tenderfoot, could do none of these things; was dependent in nearly every regard; was obviously frightened by their isolation, by their remoteness from the facilities and comforts upon which all his life he had depended.

Connors' scornfulness for Bauer grew by the hour. He cursed the city man for his ineptness, for his clumsiness, for his sulkiness; at frequent intervals reminded him that in the duel outside the bank he alone had fired no shot, and that thereafter he had been merely a hindrance and a nuisance. And Bauer, circumstanced as he was, dare not physically rebel.

On the evening of their first day in the desert, the oppressor had delivered an ultimatum from where he lay under his tarp.

"I've been figgerin'," Connors said. "I figger that out of your split you're goin' to owe me quite a chunk of money before we're done with this here trip."

"Money for what?" asked Bauer, raising a surprised head from a huddle of blankets.

"Why, fur lookin' after you, fur takin' care of you, fur wet-nursin' you along. Where'd you be without me? In one devil of a fix, that's where you'd be. So I'm aimin' to charge you fur it." He went blithely on:

"Before we git out of this here mess back into civilization, we'll square up the books. Let's see, now, my guidin' fee will be two hundred and fifty dollars a day. And fur



Though smiles
reveal glistening
teeth

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

*Pyorrhoea, Ignoring Teeth and
4 out of 5 As Its Victims

Attacking Gums, Takes

EVERY time you brush your teeth, brush your gums vigorously with the dentifrice specifically made for the purpose—Forhan's for the Gums. For only proper care of the gums will preserve teeth and safeguard health against the attack of dread Pyorrhoea.

Nobody's immune from this disease of neglect, which, if allowed to pursue its course unmolested, ravages health and beauty. And 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger pay heavy toll to this dread foe.

See your dentist at least once every six months, and start using Forhan's regularly, morning and night.

Results Will Delight You

After using this dentifrice for a few days you will notice a distinct improvement in the health and appearance of your gums. They will be firmer, healthier and more youthful. As you know, Pyorrhoea and other dread diseases seldom attack healthy gums.

In addition, your teeth will be cleaner and whiter. For without the use of harsh abrasives Forhan's cleans teeth and protects them from acids which cause decay.

Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist today. Two sizes—35c and 60c. Start using it every morning and every night. Teach your children this habit. They will thank you in later years for it is health insurance. Forhan Company, New York.

Forhan's for the Gums is far more than an ordinary tooth-paste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhoea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.



Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

saddlin' up fur you and unsaddlin' and fur cookin' and fur wranglin' the plugs single-handed and fur general service and all these here other roustaboutin' jobs, big and little—well, I reckon about two hundred and fifty more a day would be about right fur that. Call it five hundred a day, without somethin' extr'y should come up. I'll collect it, too, bo; don't worry none about that part of it."

There had been more of that mental arithmetic on the next night and the next, and this night there would be still more. Regarding the mounting indebtedness there had been other references from time to time. Not content merely with rubbing a thing in, Connors was the kind who liked to rub it all the way through and out on the other side. On Connors' part, this was a fatal defect. By overplaying his hand he lost the pot and along with it his life.

That following morning he was bending over the fire to hearten the flame under the coffee-pot, when Bauer came softly up behind him and bored him between the shoulders—*whang, whang, whang!*—three times, like that. He died very quickly with his face among the live ashes and his booted toes drumming grotesquely against the turf.

Since the second night before, Bauer had been planning this killing. He had meant, though, to hold in until they were out of the woods. For him, that would be the safer and therefore the more sensible course. But the sight of the bully with his back turned and he all unsuspecting—that, plus a particularly aggravating sneer uttered by Connors half a minute before—had been too much for him. Tempted beyond all restraint, he drew and crept close and cut down.

But the moment the act was completed, with the victim quietly sprawled in the hot embers, Bauer began to feel that he had been overly impulsive. This was a swell revenge, all right, but it had been poor judgment; he had to admit as much in communion with himself there in the daunting and subtly uncomfortable hush which had fallen upon the small empty glade. It would have been better had he withheld his hand until they were within easy striking distance of one or another of the seaports. That had been his original idea.

Still, it was done and he was the richer by a gratifying sum of money, and the nagging of Connors was ended. For the last time Connors had sounded that grating rackety horse-laugh, which thought for the moment was a pleasant thought to contemplate.

THIS, though, was not the place nor was it the hour, either for regrets over the fit of impetuosity or for celebration of the accomplished result. The next thing to do and the important thing to do was to catch up the mare and the pony and load essential parts of the gear and get on away. Already this spot, with its eternally silenced occupant, was getting on Bauer's nerves.

He holstered his gun. He rummaged from the victim's bed-roll the small leather satchel containing the money, which was in currency and therefore compact and light. Heretofore Connors had constituted himself the custodian of the fund.

While doing this, Bauer was spying about for the plugs. They should be browsing somewhere close at hand. The mare wore hobbles on her forelegs at night to keep her from straying far, and the others stayed with her. Connors never seemed to have any trouble in rounding them up of a morning. Now Bauer was annoyed because he could see no sign of them. Yet he was positive he had seen them not five minutes before. Perhaps the shooting had scared them a little bit; they must be near by, though.

That, precisely, was what had happened—the shots had scared them, or rather had startled them. As the mare gave a jump, one of her leather hobbles snapped, leaving her free except for the short chain trailing from her left foreleg. It hampered her, this dangling fetter, but did not check her gait to any great extent, and at this moment she and her two

corral-mates were shoving through the jack-pines. Homesickness went with them. Jaded though they were, the instinct to return where they belonged was upon them.

Bauer, making search, heard them now threshing and stamping on beyond somewhere. He pushed into the labyrinth, calling soothing words to them. Possibly the truants might have heeded the sound of Connors' voice, which had become familiar to them. But Bauer's voice meant nothing to them except the prospect of interference with their liberty. They snorted, picked up speed, drew away from that strange voice bleating behind them.

Although he hurried along, following by ear, Bauer spent nearly half an hour in crossing the belt of jack-pines. When he emerged into the clear, the cayuses were three steadily moving dots at the farther end of the mesa.

AS HE watched them, straining his eyes to peer into the glare of the sunrise, they vanished altogether; and by that he knew they had entered the dip of land leading on out into the desert. From the elevation where he stood, the desert was spread below him, dim and gray in the distance except for certain patches of it which shimmered faintly, and it was very flat-looking, except for certain low ridges which seemed to heave gently under the white brilliance which filled the eastern horizon.

Something told him he never could hope to overtake them; that the brutes were gone and gone for good. Yet a desperation growing out of his alarm led him on. He ran across the plateau. He was still running as he went down into the draw, was walking, though, and panting hard when he emerged from it. He stopped then, his hands against his heaving short ribs, his eyes blurred, his feet aching.

When his vision had cleared and his breathing was easier, he looked for hoof-marks and saw none at all. He had had prints to guide him almost to this point but now these had disappeared. He retraced his steps a few rods and picked them up, but immediately they petered out on a ledge of hard-baked earth.

He did venture out on the desert proper, being moved by a faint hope of coming un-awares upon the runaways just over the next swale. In this way he traveled perhaps three miles farther. Then something daunting, something which never before had entered into his scheme of things, brought him up short.

Away up yonder above the sky-line, he saw green trees, many green trees, a whole double line of them, in fact; and he saw among the trees what appeared to be a row of buildings dotted along a road. But the whole lot—trees and road and buildings—were turned wrong way to, were floating upside down above the bleak and empty sage-brush of the desert; were suspended between the heat-waves below and the burnished heavens on high.

Never having beheld such a phenomenon before, never having heard that such optical illusions are not exactly uncommon in these parts, Bauer stared, amazed and confounded. As he stared, his imagination played him a trick. He took it into his head that this cap-sized picture was the identical picture of the cottonwood-shaded side-street through which he and Connors had sped so fast after Mattingly and the police chief passed out.

Now, that town must be at least four hundred miles away; it was fully that far away, maybe more than that. And here it was dancing and shimmering on its head in the sweep of a zenith that had gone crazy and turned itself into a blazing mirror.

Bauer was in no fit frame of mind for calm consideration of any causes whatsoever. The superstitious side of him rose and took possession of him. This must be a sign, a supernatural warning foretelling disaster, a notice to him that he must go no farther along that return route.

No, he must get away from this spot—go back to the camp place and make new plans. He turned about and shambled away on his chafed feet. Presently he looked back, cautiously. The reflected presentment was gone

from the sky. Bauer figured his interpretation of the thing had been the right one.

He had trouble in the confusing maze of the jack-pines. It was past noontime, so he judged by the gnawing in his stomach, before he broke through the last of them and came out in the glade.

While he was making a hurried meal of tinned beef and stale crackers, he kept his eyes and his thoughts steadfastly turned from the spot where Connors' shape lay, half in and half out of the dead camp-fire. Having fed, he canvassed the situation and reached the conclusion that, the transformed conditions being what they were, there remained for him but one logical line of action to follow.

Afoot, he must move on through the foot-hills, then must find the pass in the mountains and make his way down the slope to the ocean. He would carry a blanket and the hand-ax; would take along as heavy a load of provisions as he could pack on his back. If he ran out of supplies before he made the grade, he must subsist on the country. There ought to be berries and edible roots in the woods.

If the worse came to the worst, he could go hungry for a spell. Having food in him, he felt at the moment that he dreaded the solitude more than the possibility of starving for a day or two at the latter end of his adventure.

One thing was certain: He did not intend to let the sun go down on him and he still in this lonesome spot with only the stiff of the man he had killed for company. Besides, he needed the sun to steer by. For the remainder of this day, at least, he had only to head for where the sun would set. His path was westward, almost due westward, according to his understanding.

In half an hour he had waded across the creek and was on his way. He had wit enough to hold a swinging course which kept the sun slightly to his left. After it disappeared below the timbered rim, he traveled as straight as he could toward its afterglow. He kept on until the last reddish tinge faded, until walking became difficult in the growing darkness and then, well content with the progress he had made, Bauer started a camp-fire, ate something, took a swig from his canteen and slept under his blanket against the lee of a low bank.

Those next two days were prolonged repetitions of what the first afternoon's tramp had been—with this exception: Those two days he had no sun to guide him; there was an impenetrable haze over the sun. In this latitude it almost was time for the autumnal rainy spell to set in, so the clouds were thickening, were draped across the firmament in heavy masses.

Even so, Bauer figured he must be trudging in the right direction. He got into mazes of foot-hills, traveled through thick underbrush, crossed many small cold streams, or perhaps it was that he recrossed the same stream many times; regarding this he couldn't be definite.

At times doubts assailed him, as was to be expected, he being a novice at woodcraft, but in the main he kept telling himself that eventually he must reach the gap in the mountains and after that his travels ought to be simplified. What puzzled him was that the mountains seemed to be as far distant as they had been at the beginning.

There were times when, through breaks in the timber, or when he had scaled intervening ridges, he could see the tips of two tall peaks—sort of twin peaks, they were. They did not shift about; always when he caught peeps at them, they approximately were where, according to his calculations, they should be. And that was comforting, even though he appeared to be making such slow headway toward them.

But he remembered having been told that in this country objects far off often seemed closer than they really were, and vice versa; which reflection also had its comfort. He was bothered in his mind but he wasn't really bewildered. He kept saying to himself that he was not bewildered, was not growing flighty. Terribly tired, that was it, but not light-headed.

Sore throat

breeds in crowded, drafty places

Gargle when you get home



JOINED YET?
 Get in the circle of men
 who've found the perfect
 shave—the cool shave with
LISTERINE
SHAVING CREAM

Listerine full strength kills even typhoid germs in 15 seconds

AS soon as nasty weather sets in thousands are down with sore throat, colds, grippe, flu, or worse.

Don't be one of them. Gargle with Listerine full strength every day—especially after exposures to rain, severe cold and coughing crowds in public places—buses, street cars and movies. This simple act may spare you a costly and possibly a dangerous siege of illness.

Because Listerine, full strength, is powerful against germs—and

The safe antiseptic

sore throat, like a cold, is caused by germs.

Repeated tests show that Listerine kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds.

Realizing Listerine's power you can understand its effectiveness against the milder winter complaints caused by germs. Each year increasing millions rely on it.

Keep a bottle handy and at the first sign of trouble, gargle repeatedly. Don't hesitate to use it full strength. It is entirely safe in any body cavity.

If a throat condition does not rapidly yield to this treatment, consult your physician. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Fewer colds —if you do this

Millions of colds start when germs, transferred from the hands to food, enter the mouth. Therefore, before every meal, rinse your hands with Listerine. This effectually destroys disease germs. This simple act may save you a nasty siege with a cold. And it is especially important for mothers to remember when preparing children's food.



Rub Cold Cream off *not in* To Avoid Skin Blemishes

COLD cream can menace beauty unless you rub it off, instead of rubbing it further into the pores.

The oil in face cream gathers dust and dirt, powder and rouge. Very often by the wrong method of removing cream you send half of these poisonous accumulations back under the skin. There they form blackheads, pimples, all sorts of skin irritations.

Grimy cloths only aggravate this condition. Harsh towels are neither entirely germ-free nor absorbent enough to take up the excess oil. Kleenex Cleansing Tissues, however, are made of a wondrously fine absorbent fabric that actually rubs cold cream off, not in.

And—using three sheets twice a day, as you do—Kleenex costs only a few cents a week. The coupon will bring you a sample package. Fill it out now.

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues

Kleenex Company, Lake - Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to

Name

Address

City State

C-2

In the forenoon of the following day of his travels, which would make it the third day since the shooting, he strayed into an interminable and perplexing girdle of jack-pines. He spent hours limping in and out among the trunks, while spiny, springy boughs lashed his face, before he saw a thinning in the tree tops that betokened an opening ahead.

Moreover, the land here was almost flat, with a gentle downward slant toward the right. Now, to the right was the quarter where the woods thinned. Perhaps the beginning of the pass was there. He limped along faster.

He came out of the trees and stood on the edge of a natural clearing which somehow seemed vaguely familiar. He stared harder across the space, and then a terrifying conviction fixed itself in his brain. There could be no mistake about it. Yonder, not fifty yards away, was the rummaged heap of heavy duffel that he had abandoned. On beyond was the tumbling creek. He was back where he had started.

He stilled a desire to turn and run away from this haunted vista. That would be fatal. Torn by conflicting emotions, he forced himself, foot by foot, across the glade until he halted a stone's throw from the body in the ashes. Coyotes or other vermin had been at the body, but it was Connors' body, all right enough. He recognized the boots on the spraddled legs, the holstered gun on the upturned flank.

Bauer sat down in the grass, his head in his hands and the head rocking to and fro. What dreadful agency, what hostile power or force was it that had thrown up an apparition in the sky to drive him off the desert, that then had translated him back again to the very spot which he had been trying so hard to get away from? Bauer did not believe in any God but he did believe in what his sort called hunches, meaning by that, nemesis or fate or luck.

Panic racked him as he squatted there. By a supreme effort of his will, he summoned a measure of calmness.

Was it altogether bad luck that had returned him hither? That was the question. Assuredly there was a store of food here; the scavenger animals had pawed over the edibles but the tinned stuff was safe from their teeth and their claws. And he was practically out of food despite his careful husbanding.

He could reprovision himself; he rose up and proceeded to do so. He could make a fresh attempt to get across the range. But how would he shape his second flight?

All at once an inspiration came to him, and in a cracked voice he shouted aloud for joy. Connors had said on the night before the shooting that, having passed over the Second Divide, they now were where all streams ran westward to empty into the Pacific Ocean or to empty into larger streams which did empty into the ocean.

No matter how tortuous a course any given stream might pursue, no matter how it might meander and wind and twist, eventually its waters found their way to tide-water—Connors had said that, and at the moment he, Bauer, had paid small heed. Connors had added that only an idiot would try to follow a watercourse when he could go dry-shod. So, naturally, the statement had not registered deeply—then. But now—now things were different.

Here was this creek—tough traveling but, in the long run, a sure road to escape. Quickly he made a new pack, taking as much food as he could roll in his blanket and sling on his back. He made sure he had plenty of matches. He took his hand-ax in one hand and his precious satchel in the other and he stepped into the creek and was off downstream.

Immediately, by experiment, he found that it was easier going if he waded than if he tried to force a path along the shores. There were rounded loose boulders on the bottom, there were swift little rapids, there were occasional unsuspected deep pools where the water rose thigh-deep on him, but with all that, he soon realized that he could make better time in the stream than in the dense thickets bordering it.

Even so, his progress necessarily was slow and difficult and painful. Possibly he averaged a third of a mile in an hour. That was at the beginning. Later his average would be less.

That night he had no camp-fire. His matches, which he had been carrying in a breast pocket of his shirt, were wet as a result of a fall. Before embarking on this sort of trip, a woodsman would have corked his matches in a bottle, or at least would have made sure the receptacle which held them was water-tight; but Bauer, in his ignorance, had taken no such precautions. So, in his soaked garments, he slept cold, and next morning was so stiff that for a while every wincing movement meant a stab of pain through his joints.

He went on, though. For days he went on. He lost count of days, lost all notion of compass points. The thing turned into a continuous nightmare. His boots became so much slimy pulp. His feet, inside the boots, rubbed raw and swelled and got very sore.

The small rapids made him dizzy; the pools were pitfalls, full of scoured-out deep holes into which he tumbled, studded with treacherous small round stones over which he tripped, and with bigger stones against which he bruised his legs. At irregular intervals he scrambled ashore, chopped open a can of beans or a can of beef, made a meal—if you could call it that.

Presently he had put himself on short rations, for his stock was running low. In this, however, was a small compensation. The less that he had to carry, the lighter the weight upon his back. To a man growing steadily weaker, that meant something. After every stumble it was harder for him to regain his feet. Even in still water he tottered, leaning heavily upon a staff which he had cut for himself. His posture was that of a very old, very feeble man; his movements were stiffly mechanical, his thoughts disordered and mixed.

He kept on, though.

There was an afternoon when he reached one of the comparatively clear meadowlike patches past which, once in a while, the stream flowed. Bauer was only half aware of this break in the overhanging growth. He was entirely out of food, and had been since the night before.

That morning he had chewed at twigs, had gnawed at roots which he hoped might contain sustenance. There were no berries or, if there were, he hadn't been able to find any of them. He was on the verge of delirium; had seen things which weren't there; had curious hallucinations as he crept along downstream.

He was cognizant of little bright-colored fishes racing over the shallows. Some of them almost brushed his legs. He stooped, and with his right hand tried to grab one of the swift fingerlings. There was a way to catch these baby trout but it was a way known only to deft experts. Greenhorn-like, Bauer snatched and clutched, and the small creatures eluded his fingers and fled away. It was no use.

The exertion made him faint. On all fours, he crawled to the bank and lay face downward in the sunshine. Its warmth was very grateful to him. His blanket was gone and his ax, too. He didn't remember when or where or how he had lost either or both.

Also he had thrown away his pistol; but he dimly remembered about that. Dragging at his hip, it had felt as though it weighed a ton. He still had the leather satchel containing the eighteen thousand dollars. Through everything, he had clung fast to that.

When he was somewhat rested and recovered, he lifted his head and sniffed. A reek of carrion had come to his nose. He sniffed again and raised his head higher, looking about him.

He did not have to look far. Not sixty feet from him was the body of Connors—what was left of it—and there, on beyond, was the tumbled remnant of the camp equipment centered in the familiar setting of the little park. His eyes gaped wider and wider in a frozen stare, and his mouth fell open and stayed so, but no sound issued from it.

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sufferings, he was, for the third time, back where he had started. The third time would be the last time for Bauer. This jinx was unbeatable. Dumbly, as though answering a question in the affirmative, he nodded, then slid backward down the low bank into the water and held his head under until he drowned.

With his last conscious thought he believed that it was his destiny which had licked him, whereas it merely was his lack of acquaintance with purely natural causes. To begin with, he didn't know about mirages being fairly common manifestations in these parts and explainable on scientific grounds. In the second place he didn't know that a man afoot and lost in a wild country almost invariably moves in a circle, by reason of the fact that one foot—usually it's the left foot—is longer by an almost infinitesimal degree than the other foot, thus causing the pedestrian to go in an orbit rather than on the straightaway.

And finally he did not know—how was he to know it?—that on the charts of the state forestry service, this particular creek was called by the name of Queer Creek because hereabouts it made a long freakish loop, circling back to within a scant hundred yards of itself before sliding down the continental watershed toward the seaboard—or, in other words, you could save thirty-odd miles of creek travel by a three-minute stroll through the grass.

But then of course, ignorance, before now, has been the ruination of better men than Bauer was.

Widow's Weeds

(Continued from page 49)

just pride in his Biblical acquisitions. It was not every purveyor of mourning who could comfort the widow with spiritual as well as sartorial consolation. It would be pleasant always to hear just such applause for his pertinences as Mademoiselle Lejeune was evidently so well prepared to give him.

But on the other hand, she had given him the impression that she was penniless—dependent upon the bounty of her half-brother and her perishing brother-in-law. It was a pity. Although Monsieur Grosjean's own coffers were crammed, he would no more have thought of taking unto himself a dowryless wife than he would of scattering his money among the gamins of the street. One had to be sensible about such things.

Promptly, therefore, though a little regretfully, as between these two desirable women who had come so suddenly into his purview, he decided to pay his court to Madame Oudin.

Having adopted such a course, Monsieur Grosjean lost no time about pursuing it. If Madame Oudin was so forehanded in providing for her funeral equipment, she might be equally provident in facing other problems that one can expect to arise when an attractive woman finds herself in her first widowhood. At any rate, Monsieur Grosjean brought up the point—delicately, one can assure himself—when Madame Oudin in turn came to be fitted.

"Never, Madame," he began, after the anticipant widow had in the mirror surveyed herself in her first basted weeds, "would I put in question the good faith of your gesture in taking the precautions to be well made up at the funeral of a loved husband. Sublime, Madame! But we others are French, is it not? Therefore, one demands himself if there might not be some other at the obsequies—not the mortal rests, you comprehend, but some other, living and assisting at that sad affair—upon whom it would be as well if one's *chic* imposed itself."

"Monsieur, there is no one," Madame Oudin replied emphatically to his insinuation. "My poor husband, he is all with me."

"Ah, yes," Monsieur Grosjean pursued the theme; "but there might be someone."

"Monsieur, you doubt yourself of my word?"

The start of many serious ills . . .

INTESTINAL TOXICITY



MANY of us are constantly risking the priceless gift of health because of faulty intestinal hygiene. Not that we neglect the matter!

Indeed, no. As soon as we feel the headache, the tired digestion, the fatigue that so often warn us of intestinal toxicity, we take a cathartic—and consider the matter settled.

It is not. A drastic cathartic may bring temporary relief. But it also frequently shocks the system, and too often tends to cause undesirable habits. And meanwhile intestinal toxicity continues its work—spreading poisons to all parts of the system, stealing away strength and vitality, often laying the foundation for serious ills to follow.

That is why an ever-increasing number of people are turning to natural means in their efforts to combat intestinal toxicity. A balanced diet (with green vegetables and roughage reducing the amount of proteins)—exercise in fresh air—plenty of water—work wonders.

ENO—health precaution—will cost you less than 3c a day

When you get up, simply take a glass of water and add a generous teaspoonful of ENO. Taking this sparkling, delightful saline regularly will help to keep you fit and eager through the hardest day.

For a business headache, nothing is better than a glass of ENO. You can get it at the better soda fountains everywhere.



As an added precaution, ENO, taken regularly, often gives just the extra assistance needed to keep one fit.

For ENO is so unlike the ordinary bitter "salts"—so pleasing in taste—so gentle, yet thorough, in action that it never leaves you "all dragged out"! It simply flushes and cleanses the intestinal tract and speeds up normal action. It does not gripe nor disturb the day's routine.

Try ENO for a week—regularly morning or evening. You'll give it a regular place on your bathroom shelf when you have once experienced the keen, clear-eyed health that is possible to those free from the absorption of intestinal toxins.

This famous effervescent saline is available at all druggists at 75c and \$1.25 a bottle. Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., London, England. Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Belmont Building, Madison Avenue at 34th Street, New York.



Sallow and pale



takes this safe
laxative she
gives children



..soon her complexion
is pink and clear



WHEN you feel out of sorts, constipation is probably at work. Take Ex-Lax. This modern laxative tastes so good that it's hard to realize the real good it can do for you. But it quickly brings roses back to the cheeks by helping to relieve constipation naturally—without upsetting the stomach or griping.

You'll like Ex-Lax, as much as children do. It tastes like fine chocolate. It is chocolate treated with tasteless, harmless phenolphthalein that doctors recognize as the agent for correcting constipation.

Whenever you need a laxative, take Ex-Lax. Give it to your children. It is safe, gentle in action, effective and non-habit-forming.

Get Ex-Lax from your druggist. But avoid substitutes, of which there are many. Get the original phenolphthalein laxative—Ex-Lax. 10c, 25c and 50c.

You can also obtain Ex-Lax "Fig Flavor".

FOR CONSTIPATION

EX-LAX

TASTES LIKE CANDY

"It would depend upon the invitation," hinted Monsieur Grosjean.

"It appears, Monsieur, that you are a little premature."

"Madame, I am *célibataire*."

"Never married at all, Monsieur?" she inquired with quick sympathy.

"At all," echoed Monsieur Grosjean confirming. "Never, Madame, have I seen the woman that I have wished sufficiently to espouse—it is to say, never until now."

"I recall to you, Monsieur, that my husband is not yet dead."

"It is not good, Madame," quoted Monsieur Grosjean, disregarding her protest, "that the man be alone."

"From the Saint Bible, Monsieur?"

"But yes, Madame," confessed Monsieur Grosjean. "I demand pardon."

"It is not the pain," Madame Oudin belittled his offense. "Me, I find such counsels of the Saint Writing more supportable than those relative to funerals."

"Then," beamed Monsieur Grosjean ardently, "there is a further injunction, Madame—to be the eye of the blind and the foot of the limping; to fill full of consolation the heart of the widow . . ."

"But one attends, Monsieur, until she is widow."

"But Madame," argued Monsieur Grosjean, "you have already anticipated your mourning. Is it a crime that I also give you the premonition that when the sad hour arrives I intend to put myself at your disposition?"

"It is worse than a crime, Monsieur. It is bad taste."

"Then you are offended, Madame?"

"A woman is never offended, Monsieur, when a man tells flowery things to her."

"Then, Madame, what is one to think?"

Madame Oudin cast a speculative eye about the smart shop and at the three clients to whom the saleswomen were ministering.

"At least, Monsieur," she replied, "you will be an invited to assist at the obsequies."

In the days that followed, Madame Oudin remained equally difficult but also equally inspiring. Monsieur Grosjean felt that when the auspicious moment should arise he might proffer his suit with every chance of its being accepted.

Meanwhile all the fittings had been concluded, the two trousseaux of mourning were, in fact, complete, even reposing in their various boxes waiting only for the momentarily expected word; and still the tenacious François failed to die. But one afternoon Madame Oudin entered the shop of mourning with a face so pathetically sad that Monsieur Grosjean knew that the hour had come.

"*Hélas*, Monsieur," she began, "the agreeable association which we have had here in your charming establishment is at last over."

"Your husband, then, he is dead," said Monsieur Grosjean.

"On the contrary. He is cured."

"Cured!" gasped the arbiter of mourning.

"The same thing," she amended. "At least he is well convalescent."

"But how—how could that be?" stuttered Monsieur Grosjean. "Of what malady, Madame, was your husband suffering?"

"Something with a color. For the moment I forget what it calls itself. Ah, yes, the jaundice."

"The jaundice!" gasped Monsieur Grosjean. "But one does not die of the jaundice!"

"So it appears," she replied. "But Monsieur, if you could have seen his color! One would have thought no one could recover from such a color."

Monsieur Grosjean was a man of resource, one not to be thrown off his balance by any calamity. His true nature now asserted itself.

"Eh, well," he stoically accepted the inevitable. "At least, Madame, you have the costumes of mourning. One never knows when one is going to have need of such vestments. Man is born for the pain, as the bird to fly."

She regarded him with sudden glad surprise.

"By a singular coincidence, Monsieur," she

announced, "I discover that my nerves are no longer annoyed by the lugubrious citations."

"Or else," Monsieur Grosjean went on, in his abstraction scarcely noticing the applause from this unexpected quarter, "one might remodel the trousseaux for street wear. Ah, yes, that is better. Black, Madame, is a convenient color for you, and for your sister, too."

"A question of preference," shrugged the lady. "Me, I do not esteem the black."

"But Madame," expostulated Monsieur Grosjean, "then what is it that you are going to do with those trousseaux?"

The violet eyes gazed at him innocently, but in them he detected a hardening look.

"Why, nothing, Monsieur."

"You wish to say that I must make expedition of them as they are?"

"Expedition, Monsieur? But where?"

"To your house."

"But I have no need of them, Monsieur."

"You abandon them then?"

"Not at all. I do not accept them."

"But Madame, the bill—the *facture*!"

"There can be none, Monsieur. I have already explained that I do not have need of mourning at this moment."

"Madame," pleaded Monsieur Grosjean desperately; "all those creations have been made upon your particular measures."

"That scarcely regards me, Monsieur," was the lady's final word. "You have a sufficiently large clientele, Monsieur. Without doubt you will be able to find others of our cuts."

The pain of seeing a lost bride depart, even the anguish of being deserted with two unsalable mourning outfits on his hands and an unpaid bill for twenty-five thousand francs, were tempered by Monsieur Grosjean's admiration for the lady whose self-assurance was capable of attempting such a commercial outrage. What a type! What a number! What a helpmeet she might have been to him, if only the jaundiced François had not been indelicate enough to get well!

That evening Monsieur Grosjean sat down and wrote a letter to Madame Oudin.

Monsieur Grosjean informed Madame that as following upon their anterior conversation, he was permitting himself the advantage of admitting to her enclosed her account with him, showing in her debit the sum of Frs. 24,020.

Monsieur Grosjean pronounced himself about to be very obliged to Madame if she would pass by his shop on a near day, having previously furnished herself with her exchequer. Monsieur Grosjean permitted himself to signal to Madame that if she should happen to neglect to pass by, he would be compelled to send the bill for two trousseaux to her husband.

Monsieur Grosjean had the hope that these purely business negotiations would not be permitted to interfere with the esteem in which, he flattered himself, he and Madame and Mademoiselle Lejeune held each other.

Monsieur Grosjean prayed Madame to wish to accept the assurance of his sentiments the most distinguished.

He signed this letter importantly "Grosjean," dropped it into the postoffice himself, and next day received an answer in the person of Mademoiselle Claudine Lejeune.

"You are all in fact intransigent, Monsieur," she wanted to know—"convinced to recover this sum from us?"

"All in fact," affirmed Monsieur Grosjean. "Even though my sister and I have no need more of mourning?"

"That is scarcely my fault, Madame."

"Upon pain of sending the bill to my beautiful-brother, Monsieur Oudin?"

"One has no other recourse, Madame."

"That would be fatal, Monsieur."

"One believes so," admitted Monsieur Grosjean.

"Well," surrendered Mademoiselle Lejeune, "it rests then only to find the silver."

"That should be easy for you, Madame."

"Not so easy as one believes, Monsieur. To obtain it from Monsieur Oudin is impossible. He would be furious if he knew that one had anticipated his decease—especially at the

MOTHER DON'T BE QUAIN

moment, when, being convalescent from his yellowness, he growls always."

"Well?" waited Monsieur Grosjean. "There is only a small pension which my demi-brother gives to my sister and me," she explained. "Only a small little of silver, you comprehend—silver of pocket—but each month. From that we could spare, let it be, three thousand francs per month as payments."

"With interest," he suggested. His client sighed. "If you insist."

"And a preliminary payment of three thousand francs," added Monsieur Grosjean. Mademoiselle Lejeune opened her purse.

"You are not in choler with me, Madame, you and your sister, for my insistence?" Monsieur Grosjean wanted to know.

"But no, Monsieur," answered Mademoiselle Lejeune in a surprised tone. "The affairs are the affairs. One had supposed that it would be like this, but at least one could try."

"You have reason," Monsieur Grosjean commended her. "Well, Madame, it will be a pleasure in supplement that you are going to come each month to make me a visit."

"But it is not to make the visit that I will come."

He assumed a grieved look. "Then it will be only—"

"Only," she quoted slyly, "to render then to Cesar that which is of Cesar."

"Mademoiselle!" cried Monsieur Grosjean. "Then you, too, know the sacred phrases?"

"I have acquired myself some ones," she conceded modestly. "Au revoir, monsieur."

Monsieur Grosjean took an impulsive step after her, the nearest he had ever come to committing a business folly. For once in his life he had the envy, almost uncontrollable, to espouse a dowerless woman. But what a woman! One who, even if she did lack something of her sister's force in affairs, had every bit as efficient a mouth and chin, was even younger and prettier, and furthermore not only applauded citations from the Saint Bible but could make them herself. If Mademoiselle Lejeune had turned or looked around, Monsieur Grosjean would have been lost; but she did neither, and some final reserve of resistance in his nature glued his feet to the floor.

It was not one month afterwards that Mademoiselle Lejeune returned, but no later than the next morning.

Monsieur Grosjean hurried forward to meet this disturbing lady.

"My sister, Monsieur," called out Mademoiselle Lejeune as he approached, "has after all need of her trousseau right away."

"For cash, then?" assumed Monsieur Grosjean, thinking that in some way the two women had found the money to pay their debt.

"Naturally," answered Mademoiselle Lejeune, slightly annoyed.

"But your own trousseau, Madame?" asked the mystified merchant. "You are going to leave it still with me?"

"One can utilize most of it, perhaps," she replied. "For the rest, it is necessary that I have a new trousseau, Monsieur—one in twenty-four hours, you comprehend—one more profound."

It dawned upon Monsieur Grosjean that his client was looking pale.

"What is it that has arrived, Madame?" Mademoiselle Lejeune reached for a handkerchief. "My poor demi-brother!"

"Dead? Suchly all at a blow?"

"Inverted in a taxicab, Monsieur, yesterday in the evening."

"Hélas!" mourned Monsieur Grosjean. "He will not come back again in his house, and his dwelling will not recognize him any more."

"Your proverb holds consolation for me, Monsieur."

"But you spoke of your mourning, Madame," recollected Monsieur Grosjean. "It is necessary what degree?"

"Of the most profound, Monsieur. I am heritrix—one-half—the other half to my sister."

Monsieur Grosjean hesitated not an instant. Here was the most intrinsically desirable woman

MILLIONS of daughters are teasing mothers back to youth—slamming doors on the quaint ways of the nineties. One by one the foolish old drudgeries and discomforts pass. Living becomes easier, more pleasant—sensibly modern.

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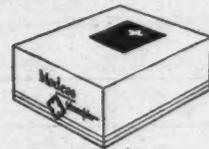
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in the world suddenly turned rich. Unless Monsieur Grosjean spoke, she would go out again into the world, perhaps to fall prey to the first unmarried man she met. Monsieur Grosjean spoke.

"To whom, Madame, does one now make representations in the regard of yourself?"

"I do not comprehend, Monsieur."

"To research you in marriage," explained Monsieur Grosjean.

Mademoiselle Lejeune's pallor warmed to pink. "To me, one supposes," she answered.

"Then, Madame, I, Hippolyte Grosjean, am going to make such proposals to you as soon as the sad ceremony terminates itself."

"That being, Monsieur, me also, I should have to make representations to you."

"But how, Madame?"

"Understand, Monsieur, that I am at the moment sad," she replied. "But understand also that from the first I have had esteem for you—even when I thought that you wished to espouse my sister. In that you had reason, Monsieur, since one had expected that she would inherit of her husband's economies, while that I was poor. Then I should not have had the right to demand what I should now, since I come to become rich and am my own protector, have to demand."

"But what, Madame?"

"Informations," she amplified. "For example, your financial state—your figures of affairs."

"Mademoiselle Claudine, if I dare call you that, if that is all you demand the affair is as good as settled. I can satisfy you with my figures that this is the most flourishing house of mourning in Paris."

"But Monsieur—"

"Say Hippolyte, cherished."

"Monsieur Hippolyte," she compromised, "still there would rest another thing. It would be necessary to be reasonable. What of the future? What guaranty can you give me that your commerce will continue to march well?"

"Guaranty?" he repeated in astonishment. "Veritably, a sufficient one. Come with me, my cherished, and I will show thee."

He led her to the door that looked cornerwise down the broad avenue. The sidewalks were filled with pedestrians.

"Regard, my jewel!" he bade her. "There is of the world, is it not? The people, the crowd! Thousands of streets in Paris, and every one like this! Millions and millions of people, very many of them rich! And listen thou well, my cherished: The day of man passes like the herb; it is like the flower of the fields, which flourishes for a little of time."

Her blue eyes were deep with admiring surrender. She swayed into the arms of this marvel of merchants who could even give his financial rating out of the Saint Bible.

"My Hippolyte!" she murmured. "My little end of cabbage! Take thy Claudine . . . she is thine. Veritably, my angel, thou art an ace!"

Greater Than Hate (Continued from page 77)

made up my mind to get King when we went to the front." He did not notice that Janet had stiffened, withdrawn into herself. This was a man she didn't know. He fretted his hands restlessly on his knee, and went on, his eyes narrowed against the bland moonlight.

"I made up my mind to kill him. But there wasn't any chance down below Verdun, where we were at first. It was a quiet sector, and my company was in reserve the night the Germans raided the battalion. Those days, I used to pray that every shell I heard coming would hit King, but I stopped that after I'd thought it over some; I wanted to kill him myself. Sometimes a shell's quick. I wanted to kill him so he would know he was dying."

Wilmer Douglas was not talking to Janet now; he recited an old worn tale, in a toneless voice.

"We came out of there, and we were somewhere north of Paris when we got word the Germans had made a big break-through, and we were rushed up to the front. I didn't take much interest in the war; I don't remember the details. The New Haven chap did, and he used to talk about it; and the boys were all thrilled, when they weren't growling about chow; but all I thought about was William King. It seemed to me that if I could get him, I could start over clean and everything would be right again.

"The battalion went a long way in *camions*, and then we marched all one day. Where I was in the column, I could see King's thick neck and his beefy shoulders, swaggering along like his pack was light as a feather; and I watched him and figured where I would get him. It would have to be from behind, and that bothered me. I was in the second wave, in combat formation, and his place was behind the second wave, and I knew he was a hard man to put things over. He was a gunnery-sergeant now, and the platoon leader was a kid who took King's say for everything.

"We got up to the front in the evening and spent the night fortifying some little town or other in the wheat-fields. The French and the Germans were fighting away out in front, and we heard a lot of shooting, but we didn't do much for several days—just worked all day, digging and carrying things, and moved around from one place to another at night. We got a few shells. One of them killed the New Haven chap; it burst in a field a long way

off, and I heard pieces of it singing around, and he rolled over and coughed and died.

"I'd never seen a man die before, and it struck me, thinking about King, that it was too easy. I had the idea, then, that maybe King was yellow, for all his bullying. But I was disappointed in that, too.

"One shell came over, right close, when we were strung out along a road, at daylight. Everybody flopped, quick. I didn't; I stood up to watch King. He didn't flop. He bawled at the platoon to come on—that shell was too far off to hurt anything; and he saw me standing, and he says—you—you so-and-so, you're too goofy to duck, you are. That was King, all over. Then, one day, we attacked Belleau Woods.

"We had to cross some open fields, with the German machine guns on us. They hit a lot of people. The lieutenant was killed, right off. Some of the boys stopped and tried to lie down, and crawl, and get out of it. Then King was everywhere in the platoon, kicking people to their feet, bullying and swearing and raging around, and he got some of us into the woods.

"I remember ramming around in the thickets, shooting at German soldiers in coal-scuttle helmets, and they were shooting at me, and King was knocking them over with a pistol in each hand. We got very tired. He brought us out when they relieved us. They filled us up with green replacements and sent us in again, with King commanding the platoon.

"One night he posted me out on a listening-post, by myself, and when he turned around to go back, there was my chance. Nobody would have known I did it—and I found out I didn't want to. He was hard and he was mean, but he was the best fighting man I ever saw. I began to think I'd been all kinds of fool to hate him so, and I thrashed it out with myself and I decided to make friends with him."

Janet stirred in her seat. "He was a beast—an ugly beast. I'd never be friends with him—never!" Wilmer Douglas did not look at her.

"We came out, at last, and marched to a little town on the Marne, and slept two days, and got cleaned up and fed, and began to feel like people again. We were billeted in an old barn that had chicken-wire bunks in it. I felt lighter and better inside than I had for a year, and I knew it was because I wasn't gritting my teeth over King any more.

"I we follows a wine, an didn't se ments w in with But me- feeling a what I r my shoes maybe s "Then with his under his Wilmer course li needed to all that c was load ever sinc going to r ride and "Oh," not hear "If I'd but I wa gun to m was too was sittin to get th corps ma side, who door to s but they "They just befor King tol there and while he ting on. "My co detailed t story out I was sh and mayb me to ten sentenced to care w "I was brought n lot, and I so I talke was all th get him w in the wor "The a have influ with a ful went to a graduated there was d sent me d I'd been a man while was the tr decent, y learned m have my l and he ga "You p ing out he "Wait," Today, I of the bar thing tha "So I'm t told Mr. thousand, five thous He'll get v go to goo the drivin as such th now I've Wilmer twisted th them. "I put I wanted cancer in you, and

"I went out with a couple of replacement fellows and got happy-drunk on French issue wine, and we came in after taps; but the sentry didn't see us, and it was all right. The replacements were tighter than I was, and they turned in with their shoes on and began to snore. But me—I sat down on the edge of my bunk, feeling awfully good, and without thinking what I was doing, I lighted a candle to take my shoes and puttees off by. I felt good and maybe sang a little to myself.

"Then I looked up, and there was King, with his lip drawn back so his teeth shone under his nose. He lit into me. He said—"Wilmer Douglas repeated what he said. "Of course lights were against orders. But all he needed to do was tell me to put it out. Then all that cursing, and he took a step towards me.

"My rifle was alongside my bunk, and it was loaded. I said, 'You've been riding me ever since I came in this outfit. You're not going to ride me any more'—and I grabbed my rifle and let him have it."

"Oh," said Janet, in a tight voice. He did not hear her. His words were bleak with regret.

"If I'd fired from the hip, I'd have got him; but I wanted to be sure, and I brought the gun to my shoulder. He dived under it; he was too quick for me. When I came to, he was sitting on my head and telling somebody to get the officer of the day and a hospital corps man. My shot hit the poor sentry outside, who had heard us and come up to the door to see what the noise was. He was hurt, but they told me he got well.

"They tried me by general court martial, just before the Division went up to Soissons. King told them just what happened; I sat there and watched him talk. He looked at me while he talked, like I was the chair I was sitting on.

"My counsel was a little lieutenant the court detailed to defend me. He wormed the whole story out of me and pleaded to the court that I was shell-shocked or insane or something, and maybe that did some good; they sentenced me to ten years in prison, and they could have sentenced me to death. I was too disgusted to care what they did, right then.

"I was in an SOS jail awhile, and then they brought me over to Portsmouth. I was sick a lot, and I used to dream about King, and I got so I talked to myself about him. I think he was all that kept me alive. I was going to get him when I came out, if I could find him in the world.

"The armistice came along, and my folks have influence, you know. They got me out, with a full pardon, about Christmas time. I went to another school and got my credits and graduated. People hadn't heard about me—there was too much else happening. They sent me down here to your father. I told him I'd been in military prison for shooting at a man while I was drinking—what I told him was the truth, as far as it went. He's mighty decent, your father. He said I'd probably learned my lesson and that I was too young to have my life spoiled by youthful indiscretions, and he gave me a job. You know the rest."

"You poor thing," Janet breathed, stretching out her hands to him. "You poor boy."

"Wait," he said harshly. "That isn't all. Today, I ran into William King, coming out of the bank." And Janet had from him the thing that had happened in the noon-hour. "So I'm to report on him Tuesday. What he told Mr. Shields is true. He wanted three thousand, for a year. He'd do better with five thousand. It'll set him on his feet for life. He'll get what he goes after. His children will go to good schools when they grow up. With the driving power he's got, he'll be a rich man, as such things go, and a solid citizen. And now I've got him. I've got him."

Wilmer Douglas clenched his hands and twisted them, as if he had a throat between them.

"I put him out of my mind, ten years ago. I wanted to start over, clean. It was like a cancer in me; I knew it was bad. Then I met you, and after a while I never thought about

Gastrogen relieves indigestion quickly—with no aftermath of hiccups or gas



"Like many bachelors, I eat at irregular hours and pay the usual penalty of occasional indigestion," writes Mr. William Black of 123 West 75th St., New York. "Frankly, I almost preferred an attack of indigestion to the distress from gas and hiccups that invariably followed a dose of soda. But one day a druggist recommended Gastrogen Tablets. Since then I've never been without them, for they relieve indigestion without leaving the slightest trace of gas or hiccups."

If you've ever taken a preparation containing bicarbonate of soda, you know as well as does Mr. Black the embarrassing hiccups and belching that usually follow.

For soda is chemically an alkali. It releases gas in the presence of acid. This brings on the hiccups and rumblings that are so distressing and embarrassing. And the slightest excess of soda acts as an irritant to the stomach, hampering normal digestion.

But Gastrogen contains only neutral antacids, which cannot act except in the presence of acids. After neutralizing the acidity that causes your discomfort, they cease their work entirely and any excess passes harmlessly on. You get the

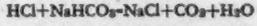
relief you wish—and avoid the embarrassments of eructation (the doctors' term for the social error of belching).

Gastrogen Tablets do not in the least retard normal digestion, yet they work so quickly that they ordinarily drive away the discomforts of indigestion, heartburn and gas in 5 to 10 minutes. Two or three tablets are usually effective. Get them today and try them next time your dinner brings you discomfort. You'll be delighted with the comfortable relief they bring, and you'll thoroughly enjoy their spicy, aromatic flavor.

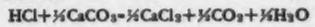
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Notice the quantity of carbon dioxide set free, then compare it with this equation, which pictures the action of Gastrogen Tablets:



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You will feel a tingling warmth as fresh blood revives and nourishes the pores. Remove the classic pack and see:

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Enlarged pores are reduced. Little lines are eradicated. Wrinkles are softened. Weak muscles are made firmer.

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him at all, until I saw him today. I've been happy. We were going to be happier. I'd buried all of it. Now it's come back. The only thing I can do is ruin him.

"Your father isn't really interested in him. It just caught your father at a loose end, and he was amused, sort of. By Tuesday he'll be thinking about something else, and he'll take my recommendation and that'll be the end of it. Ike Maxon handles his truck and his poultry in town, and Ike's a friend of mine. I know the other wholesalers. I can fix him."

"Will! What are you talking about? What are you thinking about? You can't do that!" "I can't, hey?" He grinned at her. "I'll finish this thing for good. Shooting's crude, compared to what I'm going to do to him. Then I can forget him."

She said, firmly: "Now, you listen to me. What you've told me is bad enough—I hate him as much as you do. But you rose above it; you didn't let it break you, as it might have, and I can be a little prouder of you than I was, knowing what you've gone through. But there's this, Will, darling: I never could follow that idea of turning the other cheek. If a person hits me, I hit him back. Heaping coals of fire, returning good for evil—no; I don't see it. But some things are decent, and some things you simply can't do. I haven't much of a code, beyond that, but I have that. It's just this, Will. You can't do it."

He shook his head wearily. "I've lived with it too long," he said. "I thought, loving you, it could never touch me any more. But I was wrong. I've got to get rid of him."

"Will!" She leaned towards him pleadingly. "You said it was a cancer; and it is a cancer, that sort of hate. Now you can cut it out and cure it. I can help you, and I want to. But I couldn't live with you, if I knew—if you were that sort of man. We just couldn't go on. I wouldn't stop loving you—at least, not right away, though I'd keep on trying, and I have a lot of life to live, and I love living it. I want to live it with you. Can't you give this up, for me? I'll make it up to you—oh, lots of ways."

"I know the kind of boy you were, and all the fine things in you that were warped and twisted. Things have bruised you so. All those things were horrid that you told me, but I won't have you weak and mean. Now it's all out, and we can cure it, dear."

She pulled his head down to her breast, and her lips moved on his hair, but he was inert and cold. Presently she let him go.

"You were my man," she said, her voice quivering. "You chose me, and I was glad. It's important to me, what you do—but oh, darlingest, it's more important to you. Now you've gone down into a place where I can't go with you."

Later she started the car, and drove home through a night grown cold. When she got out, he said, "Good-by, Janet. I won't come in." She went from the moonlight into the

deep shadow of the house, and the hum of his motor diminished down the drive.

Wilmer Douglas was at his desk, Monday, pale under his tan, and competent. Old John Shields had no occasion to see him. Tuesday, he went in, with his report. While they talked, someone announced that a Mr. King waited, by appointment, and they had him in.

"Oh, yes, that little matter of yours, King. My people give me good reports of you. But Mr. Douglas, here, thinks that with two thousand more and some details we'll go over with you, you'd be in better shape. Mr. Douglas has gone into it very carefully and talked to the folks that you do business with. We like to take care of our depositors, you know. Now, let's get into this." When the affair was concluded, he said, "By the way, you chap ought to know each other. Douglas, here, was in the Marines. He doesn't say much about it, but I gather that once a marine, always a marine."

"I know Mr. King," said Wilmer Douglas briefly.

"I recognized you," said William King, with an unmoved face, and they did not shake hands.

King went out, and old John Shields, who always knew more than he appeared to know, studied the younger man for an appreciable time.

"I won't ask you any questions, son," he said. "I don't often go wrong on men, though. Now"—his eyebrows bristled—"what you young fools been doing to each other? You look like you'd been pulled through a keyhole, and Janet—Janet—"

He cleared his throat terribly and growled: "You better get on down there, right now. Business is business, but I can't have my house the way it's been."

"I was just going to say, sir," Wilmer Douglas informed him smoothly, "that I'd like to leave early today."

Forty miles of concrete road never had seemed so long, or his very fast little car so unwilling on the grades. But when he arrived, there seemed to be no need for any words. There was the matter of dark violet circles under Janet's eyes; she said that he had put them there, wretch that he was, and he must kiss them away. And later she said happily, from the hollow of his shoulder, that she'd known all the time what he would do. He considered this.

"But honey, I've got to tell you the truth. I didn't do it for you. I did it for myself."

"Of course you did, goose," she told him. "That's the only way it could have been worth anything."

The maid, with the tray, had coughed discreetly and even rattled the screen door that opened on the gallery. Now, quite out of patience, she withdrew. When Miss Janet wanted anything, it was up to her to ring for it. She couldn't stand there all day . . .

Son of the Gods (Continued from page 83)

my actions. You see, this is the first gate I ever found that was too high to jump. I suppose that's why I fell so hard. That's what drove me frantic."

"Do you honestly care for him?"

The girl nodded; her eyes were wide and dark with pain; her face was white and stricken. "When you've had everything, it comes hard suddenly to find yourself without anything. Smash! Bang! All gone! I'm a smart Aleck, because it makes people laugh. It's my principal accomplishment. This serves me right."

There was a pause, then the speaker inquired with an effort: "Did I—hurt him much?" At Bathurst's answer, she flinched as if he had struck her. "I'll never forgive myself, of course. If I hadn't cared so terribly I couldn't have done it. But he hurt me and I've never been hurt. Everything came to an end so swiftly—"

"But has it necessarily come to an end?"

"Oh, positively! There's no way out! You playwrights make absurd things happen on the stage, but in real life people have to be practical. They have to look facts in the face and live up to certain fixed rules of behavior, no matter how rebellious they may be. I wouldn't care very much what happened to me if— But in marriage you have to look ahead; you have to play square with the children. Animals, too. No. It's a complete washout. That's that."

"I'll end by marrying some bald-headed man with a whole page to himself in the Directory of Directors. When you see me grinning like an ape and cutting ill-bred capers you'll know I don't mean it. You can say to yourself 'there's a kid who cracked up.'"

"You're a good little sport," Bathurst asserted feelingly. "I apologize."

"Thank you, I hurt like quick. I

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"Thanks. That thing about the kittens hurt like the dickens. Come, take me home quick. I want to cry."

The New York newspapers devoted considerable space to the death of Lee Ying, Chinatown's richest and most influential citizen, and the stories were copied in San Francisco and elsewhere. Mott, Pell and Doyers streets were in mourning and their residents prepared to pay the dead importer all the honors due a person of importance. His body, dressed in twelve white linen garments and resting in a splendid red lacquer coffin, lay in his princely home where hundreds of his countrymen came to view it before it was returned to China for burial.

Religious ceremonials were under way, public rites and observances were to follow, for aside from his fabulous wealth, Lee Ying had gained a reputation for kindly deeds and his philanthropies were many. Already there was talk of a memorial arch to him.

The newspapers announced that Lee Ying's son, who had been traveling abroad, was en route home by the fastest ship and was due to arrive in a day or so. This young man, Lee Sam, the sole heir to a royal fortune and the successor to a position of unique power in Chinese-American affairs, was a youth of university training and high culture. A delegation of his countrymen, local citizens of prominence, had arranged to meet him at Quarantine.

This was the same Lee Sam who had figured in the news of the day some months before and again recently in dispatches from the French Riviera. Gossip had linked his name with that of a prominent California society girl, but their reported engagement had been denied.

Sam met none of his fellow passengers on his way home, for he remained in his stateroom and came on deck for a breath of air only at night when nobody could see the marks on his face and recognize him as the victim of that sensational affair at Paradis. A highly colored account of it had been in the Paris papers the day he sailed and it had stirred in him a resentment, a fury which no training in placidity, no serene philosophy of the Far East could lessen. His cuts and bruises were sorest then, and so were his feelings. Time failed to cure their smartings.

Hour after hour, he paced the floor of his cabin, or tossed and twisted on his berth, unable to erase from his mind the memory of his betrayal and his cruel humiliation. He tried to think only of his father, but thoughts of Alanna crowded in.

Lee Ying was dying! He was calling for his son! The ship rolled and wallowed in one spot; Sam wanted to lash it onward . . . Horse-whipped! Dishonored! Shamed! He could still see the expressions on those startled faces in the tea-garden. No tabus, she had said. No race prejudice. The liar! All women were liars, thieves, cheats, blackmailers. How useless to urge this ship onward, faster, faster, when he never could run away from what pursued him.

It infuriated Sam to be concerned so ceaselessly with his own affairs when his thoughts should be centered wholly upon that beneficent old man who had given him being. Fiercely he strove to hold his mind upon that high home which looked down upon the roofs of Chinatown: in fancy he walked with his father through its peaceful rooms and its gardens with their whispering fountains.

Fountains! Fountains were chuckling in the gardens of Paradis; the cypresses were stirring over his head; his heart was choking him, for Alanna's arms were around his neck, her lips were damp with his kisses . . . Damnation! He was off again. Love was a meaningless word to her, it was an emotion as short-lived as the wake of a ship in the moonlight.

In heaven's name, what was this chasm that separated East from West? What was this biological barrier between the races? His blood and Alanna's analyzed alike, their skins were of similar hue, their minds were one. It was the same old riddle. He gave it up.

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In mid-ocean came a radiogram that left him numb. He stared at it in anguish and in disbelief. Lee Ying dead? Impossible! But so the message read. That morning at dawn; in the hour of the Tiger, he had gone on high. To the chanting of priests, the spirit of Sam's honorable father had set forth upon its perilous journey to the Nine Springs.

The young man locked his stateroom door and for once he ceased to "think white." The blows were falling fast now, his lucky star had set, his charms had lost their potency. His prayers and his lamentations were thoroughly Chinese.

It was a Chinese youth who met the delegation of yellow men which boarded the ship at Quarantine and onlookers wondered who he might be. They assumed, by reason of the respect and the deference shown him, that he was some visiting potentate from the Flowery Kingdom and they remarked upon a fresh red scar that ran down his face.

Lee Ying had left a letter to his son. He had dictated it to Eileen Cassidy shortly before his death and she handed it to Sam on the day after his arrival home. It was a long letter; through it ran a tender concern, a wistful yearning that moved the reader deeply. Even at the very last Lee Ying had thought only of his boy, his one regret had been that he must die without Sam's arms about him, and his farewell message voiced that poignant disappointment.

"The scholar of small attainments is often mistaken for a philosopher when, as a matter of fact, his wisdom is only a reflection of that which others have learned, and when his words echo the sayings of thinkers long dead," so ran the letter towards its end. "In my life I have discovered no solitary grain of truth, no single fruitful fact which has not been weighed and tested many times by men wiser than I.

"This is another manner of saying that the Tao—the Way—is a path worn deep by the feet of those who were guided by that supreme intelligence which we call inspiration. We follow its windings as best we can and if we blindly stray away from it we encounter thorns. "You have strayed from the path, my beloved son, and it grieves me to leave you assailed by fears and suffering the tiger-gnaw of doubt, but my steps grow feeble and I must rest. You must push on alone. The bounds of my life have been fixed by Heaven, and the gods forbid me to guide you further. Know always that the path is there. Be warned by the thorns and the sharp stones that bruise your feet, and seek for it.

"You fancy that you are in an unprecedented position. I shake my head, for that is not true. Nothing in the way of moral law is new, nothing in the history of human conduct is untried, no problem in correct behavior is experimental. No man can find himself in a situation which others have not met successfully. Ponder this.

"Remember also that when a man looks upon a woman's face he beholds all her children not yet born and that when a woman looks upon a man's face she sees only his forefathers, dead long before she was conceived. It is better to become the prey of lions than to make the rabbit your prey.

"Now I must go. Vague fears assail me as the hour nears, for I was cast in a common mold, but I gain comfort from the words of one who experienced these same apprehensions more than two thousand years ago and who asked, 'How do I know that love of life is not a delusion, after all? How do I know that he who dreads to die is not as a child who has lost its way and cannot find its home?'"

"A last farewell to you, O Heaven-sent jewel of my heart!"

Sam read, very slowly, this deep, spontaneous outpouring of paternal love and sympathy and he recognized it as more than merely that. It was a feeble effort to comfort him, a troubled admonition to be what he was and to beware of rebellion against the manifest designs of Providence. He wondered what

had prompted its tone and he asked Eileen. "Your letters about Miss Wagner worried him," the girl said. "He read more in them than I did and—he was right. That dispatch telling about your trouble with her was a terrible shock to him, coming so near the end." "Then—it was published here?" "Oh, yes! It seemed to drain out what life was left in him."

Sam received this intelligence with Oriental self-control; only a heightened pallor showed that he was moved. Eileen realized for the first time how greatly her childhood friend had changed. She had always declared that Sam did not look Chinese, but she no longer could say so.

After a moment she ventured to continue gently: "We're so sorry, Sam: Mother and Father and Jim and I. We loved him. You're almost one of the family. You're badly broken up. Won't you come to see us?"

The young man bowed gravely; he made a characteristic Chinese gesture with his clasped hands. "Your friendship honors me and I shall cherish it as a precious thing. Some day, perhaps. Meanwhile, may I send you from China some gift that will serve as a symbol of my profound respect and as a reminder of my father's affectionate regard?"

"China? You're not going away again? Oh, Sam!"

"It was always his wish to lie upon some happy hillside where his spirit would find delight in the beauty of nodding flowers, whispering pines, running water. We go together, the honorable and virtuous Lee Ying in his lacquered coffin made air-tight against the malicious devils who nag the soul: Lee Sam, his undutiful son, in grief and repentance.

"He will be carried in state to his final resting-place upon some turquoise mountain slope. A thousand hired mourners will follow him, to the strains of plaintive music. He will be buried with his inlaid chop-sticks, with bowls of rice and cooked fowls and dried pork and with rolls of paper money. All things shall be done in accordance with our customs."

"Your customs!" cried the girl. "Sam dear, how queer you talk! You're not a Chinese. You're an American."

"Oh, no!" Over the speaker's face flickered an expression that chilled his listener. "I hoped to be an American. I tried to become one, but there were forces too strong opposing it. I was a fool. A fool who thought he could break a new path through the thorns. All things are ordered by the gods, and this is one. I have discovered that there are voids between the races which are too deep to span."

"But you don't believe in all those Oriental gods and those pagan superstitions. You're a college man. We grew up together and I know you better than I know my own brother Jim."

"I believe in nothing," he asserted roughly. "Every belief I ever had was destroyed. I believed in love and charity and brotherhood and all such pleasant nothings. Names! Words! Lies! Hate and greed and bigotry are real enough but the others—? Bah! My father was a noble and a benevolent man; he practised all the estimable Christian virtues and yet he was despised by you white people."

"That's not so. I loved him."

Again Sam bowed. "I speak a general truth. You are one among many. The greatest Man of your race was crucified for being too loving and too lovable. I'm not of your race, Eileen, and I no longer wish to be. Lee Ying has made me proud to be of his. When I was a little boy in San Francisco I experienced nothing except kindness and courtesy and fair dealings from strangers. I was taught that three things only are honorable: nobility, age and virtue."

"I came here to your greatest city and I found only treachery and contempt. Scorn, derision, injustice, intolerance followed me through the streets. They followed me on to college; they followed me to Europe."

"The white friends whom I trusted betrayed me. My pals turned out to be grafters. I have never been betrayed by a Chinese. They never grafted from me. For example, I

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am going to China with my father's body and I plan to remain there indefinitely. His affairs, now mine, will be left in the hands of Chinese men. They will carry on the business. If I return and demand an accounting I will receive it and it will be precise. Not a penny will have been taken by those 'dirty Chinamen.'

"You know what happened to me at Eastern. I was innocent of any wrong-doing, but what of that? I was a yellow man. I was told that my train left at eleven. I was denied the privilege of pursuing the higher learning. In Europe it was about the same: as Sam Lee, a white man, however wretched and humble, I got along; as Lee Sam, the wearer of a ruby button, I was publicly flogged." The scar on Sam's cheek grew more livid at the memory.

"You say it—it hastened my honorable father's end. I shall always hate them for that. I shall never masquerade again. I am a Chinese and henceforth I shall live as one."

A day or so later Chinatown paid its last tribute to Lee Ying, the well-beloved, and all that was mortal of him began the long journey towards its haven of benevolent contemplation. With it, into the land of nine thousand flowers which lies west of the sunset, went Lee Sam, Son of the Gods.

Sam had been sincere in his statement to Eileen. He did intend to make China his home, for a while at least. Whether he would find it possible to remain there he was not sure, for he realized that his father's people would no doubt resent his "Europeanism" and that he would have to live down a prejudice on their part not unlike that which he had experienced in the Occident. On the other hand, they were his kin and as a people they revered culture.

His ideas about the Chinese, as a people, were more than a little hazy, for, as a result of his father's teachings, he had idealized them; nevertheless he assumed they would be friendly to him. Lee Ying had not been the only noble, virtuous and broad-minded man of his race; surely, therefore, his son would be shown honor and respect.

It was a good deal of a wrench to think of giving up the country of his birth, and yet he no longer could tolerate its treatment of him. Lee Ying had always counseled a dignified resignation to the inevitable; for once it seemed as if Providence had deigned to point the way of his destiny.

Why struggle longer to be something that he was not, why try to gain a foothold where hands continually shoved him off? There was no good reason for doing so, and he told himself that when the august corpse of his departed father had been laid away, he would begin his own life anew.

Sam found relief in this prospect, for he was tired, he was broken, he was a prey to unending desires that he knew to be futile. China stood for peace, placidity, beatitude; it was a slumberous land. Where better could one find forgetfulness than in the land of poppies?

In the weeks his journey occupied he strove manfully to make himself believe in the success of his experiment, but there were times when a terrible despondency overtook him; times when he raged at the injustice of his situation and dreaded the coming of his journey's end. What mockery, that a man so blest with the things other men desire should find them empty. What good were his youth, his health, his accomplishments, his riches? Thus far, at least, they had not purchased honor, fellowship or liking. And all because of an accident of birth.

Of course China turned out to be as inexplicable to him as to other Americans who saw it for the first time. Nor did it smile upon him, as he had expected; its face remained inscrutable and unfriendly. Sam felt more alien than any tourist. To these other visitors China was quaint, it was colorful, it was interesting; they "loved it." Sam hated it. Dismay and disillusionment struck him dumb.

The dirt, the reek of Chinese cities appalled him, the smells were sickening; the temples and the tombs which should have stirred his sleeping

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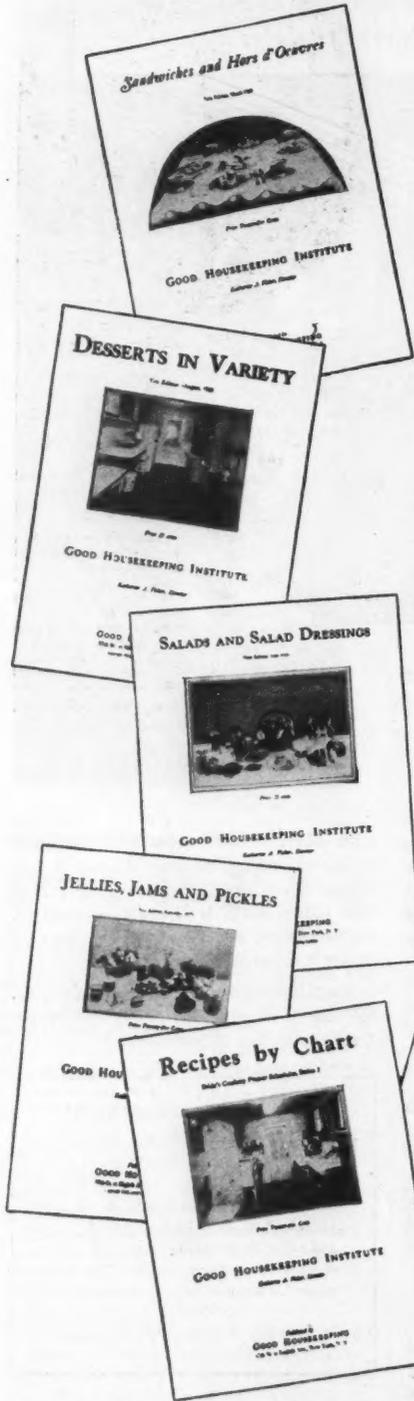
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- 5—*It is easily disposed of*; no unpleasant laundry.

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emotions, his racial pride, were mere curiosities; the people—his people—were stranger to him than anthropophagi. He would have enjoyed it all immensely as Sam Lee, the American, the white man; but as Lee Sam, the Chinese-American, he wanted to shriek.

Furthermore, his father's people were no more foreign to him than he was to them. He spoke their language, to be sure, but as for attaining intellectual contact with them, they remained as unsympathetic and as aloof as Eskimos. Such persons of consequence as he met were polite, accommodating; he was shown much consideration, but he seldom saw the inside of their homes.

His reputed wealth and his evident accomplishments made him a personage, but he was eyed with curiosity and with distrust; nobody believed that he honestly wished to become one of them. He remained a sort of biological anomaly, a deviation from type, and obviously they resented him. In their opinion he had a half-breed mind and it lost him caste. This unwelcome conviction was borne home upon Sam in the course of time.

He lived at a great hotel, in a style befitting his means, but he perished of loneliness. He knew better than to seek company among its guests, or among the white residents of the foreign settlement, for he had learned that the racial line was drawn even more clearly here than at home. Home? Yes, he thought of America now as home.

Steadily he grew more homesick; he could not sleep; food nauseated him. One day a panic seized him, hurriedly he flung his things together and fled to the docks. It was no use: he was whipped. China had disowned him, stoned him out. Once again, in a raging fury, he locked himself into his stateroom.

None but a Chinese could have returned, after months of absence, to find his house in order and his business running smoothly, efficiently. Sam Lee did exactly that.

He came unannounced, but the stately residence on the roof was as tidy, as spotless, as thoroughly aired as when he had left it. Its treasures were in place, not a speck of dust defiled the least of them. Incense smoldered in the secluded shrine where old Lee Ying had paid obeisance to his gods.

At sound of their master's voice the cook and the two houseboys, friendly, adoring souls, pattered into his presence and kowtowed before him. They were the prey to soul-stirring emotions, their eyes were streaming, agitated words of welcome poured from their lips.

Moy, Sam's valet, was even more deeply affected than they; an ague shook him, he abused himself, he laughed, he cried; like a shadow he followed him from room to room, voicing extravagant compliments.

Sam felt a stinging in his own eyes and a pain in his throat. Here were love and honor and dignity, here was his home. Other faithful friends were waiting in the great bazaar to welcome him, already news of his arrival had sped thither and the place was in turmoil. These were his people: his wanderings were at an end.

His first act, when he had cleansed and robbed himself befittingly, was one of filial devotion. Alone he entered the little teak-wood room where the joss-sticks smoldered and knelt before the messiah of his father's faith. On the wall beside the brooding idol hung a gold plate engraved with the legend of Lee Ying's name and to this he bowed his head.

"Beloved author of my being, in this hour of home-coming, to you I burn the incense of my unwavering devotion," he whispered. In hushed and reverent tones he addressed the august spirit of his father, acknowledging the latter's gracious beneficence and his own gratitude therefor.

He reviled himself for his selfishness, for his lack of piety, earnestly he vowed religiously to observe the rituals and the ceremonials that devolve upon a repentant and unworthy son whose anguished soul cleaves to its parent and will not be comforted. Lee Ying's words of

wisdom Sam promised to cherish as jewels.

"My love shall renew itself day by day, for that love which ceases to grow is dying," he concluded. "Space is not space between the seen and the unseen and remembrance is a form of meeting, so I shall always walk with you and feel my hand in yours. My eyes are wet but I lift them and read the poem of your life written upon the sky.

"In me you fashioned an image out of ashes and breathed life into it, you whitewashed my faults with your virtues and permitted me to wipe soiled hands upon your sleeve. You gave me jewels and I gave you silver, thinking I was generous, but great sorrows reveal the truth. Wisdom is not wisdom when it is too proud to weep. Help me, O beloved benefactor, to sing the songs that have lain silent in your heart!"

For a long time he lost himself in melancholy reflections. Gentle, loving, wise Lee Ying! The white people had hastened his end; blows aimed at the son had stricken the father. Resentment blazed in Sam's mind.

Enemies! So be it! His liking for them had turned to loathing. In their eyes Chinese were sly, rapacious, vindictive and untrustworthy. Very well, he would live up to that reputation: he would use them as despitely as they had used him and his father.

The weapons with which to do so were ready made: he was rich, he was a man of influence. Lee Ying's philanthropies in aid of their own countrymen he would carry on and add to, but aside from that he would use his riches and his power against those who had humiliated him and his parent.

Opportunities in this direction presented themselves as time went on and he seized them. With his own people he was easy and liberal; in his dealings with Americans he was hard. Chinatown had always looked upon him as an unusual person, but the gossip and the speculation he provoked had not been invariably flattering. Respect for his learning and his accomplishments was genuine, but it had been tempered with distrust if not with actual resentment.

All that quickly changed. When the people of Mott and Pell and Doyers streets became convinced that the son of Lee Ying proposed to carry on his father's business as usual and to maintain, nay, add to, that man's good works, he became enormously popular. Smiling faces greeted him, the blessings of health, happiness and longevity were called down upon him.

As the successor to a great fortune and the proprietor of an important business Sam naturally became an object of interest to a number of people, some of whom were genuinely ambitious and some of whom were merely unscrupulous. A college-bred Chino-American in his twenties and without bus'ness experience was a target at which more than one professional promoter aimed a thrust. Cunning plans were laid to interest him in every sort of enterprise. Not all of these were unsound, but Sam so regarded them and he took derisive pleasure in exposing their hollowness and in humiliating their proposers. In this he had some success and as a result the acid in him turned more sour.

He gained considerable satisfaction in dealing as harshly as possible with the white people he came in contact with and meanwhile his contempt for their shams and their hypocrisies grew. They were an avaricious race; nothing was sacred to them: their laws were oppressive and their justice was corrupt; their religion was a mockery and their virtue was as empty as a drum. As for himself, he heeded no restraints except those laid down by his father's teachings, respected nothing but his own desires.

Mr. Carter, his attorney, one day spoke to Eileen Cassidy about the change in his client.

"Your hero, Sam Lee, isn't much like his father, is he? Lee Ying was one of the finest, gentlest characters I ever met, but the boy is harder than nails."

Eileen nodded. "Yes. He isn't the same fellow I used to know."

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"It's a queer racial atavism; in spite of all his education and his advantages he's more Chinese than his father was. He's charitable enough to his own people, he's even more popular with them than Lee Ying was, but he's positively malevolent towards everybody else. Sometimes I think he almost hates me and I'm sure he doesn't trust me. His own lawyer!"

"Can you blame him?" Eileen inquired. "The white people have given him a pretty rough deal. I'd hate them, too."

"No doubt. And I'm sincerely sorry for him. Somehow I've never been able to think of Sam as a Chinese. I never forgot what his father was, for everything about him was Oriental. The boy used to be different. It never struck me that he had an Eastern mind. And of course Lee Ying always spoke of him so queerly: Son of the Gods! I never could make out what he meant. I asked him once but he didn't tell me much."

"How dreadful if he were really white," Eileen said.

"Um-m! But he isn't. Lee Ying was an honorable, a conscientious man; the thing he dreaded most was that Sam would marry some white girl. No further danger of that."

Now that Sam was known to be in complete control of his own affairs, certain of his former college friends endeavored to capitalize their acquaintance with him and among the number was Kicker Wade. Wade came, to see him one day and announced in his breezy, hearty way that it was high time he and Sam renewed the bonds that had united them at Eastern. He had been intending for some time to drop in and say hello to his old pal, but—you know!

Sam certainly had been missed at the university. Dirty shame he had been fired. All that hokey over a frail! Colleges were the bunk, anyhow, and about all a man got out of them were his acquaintances.

Kicker was a stock-salesman now and doing well. He was with one of the younger, more aggressive houses on the Street. Fine people! A fellow had to be up and doing every minute to make good with a house like that and he was more than making good. But he wasn't too busy to remember old times. No, sir!

The only lasting friendships a man made were the ones of his youth. He and Sam must see a lot of each other, beginning right now. And how was the old boy, anyhow? How was he behaving himself? Not so good, maybe, from what the papers said, but why shouldn't a guy have as much fun as he could afford?

And how was his tennis game? Too bad to let that drop. Sam had the makings of a champ in him. Remember that team match with Princeton? Some match, wasn't it? Kicker would tell the strabismic world it was a match. And Sam had pulled it out of the fire for old Eastern.

Now Sam was a big man of affairs! Rich! Living like a potentate! Hot ziggity! That certainly was fine. Kicker ran an admiring gaze over the treasures of Sam's home, and whistled.

"What a room to throw a party!" he exclaimed. "Sound-proof and too high to jump off. Say! I know a bunch of step-ins that would dress this place up. I dare you."

Sam declined the suggestion with a shrug and a smile. He wondered how much Kicker hoped to borrow.

Wade had not come to borrow, however; he had come to lay an offering upon the altar of that friendship, the memory of which raised a lump in his throat. Sam had been mighty generous to him and Kicker remembered it. Yes, sir. He wouldn't be where he was now if Sam hadn't helped him over those lean years at Eastern. Good old Eastern! And Kicker was one *hombre* who never forgot a favor.

He wasn't in a position to do anything at the moment but he had something in mind and when a certain deal came off he proposed to pay Sam back a hundred to one. No fooling. All right! All right! They'd say no more about it—for the time being.

Kicker rang up several times during the next

week and chatted breezily. Sam waited. The game amused him. He was not surprised when his old friend came in person finally, much excited, vaguely mysterious. Wade began his business by stating cryptically that fortunes on the Street were not made by taking chances. No, sir. The little fellows took chances but the big insiders always played safe.

"We handle oil stocks, mostly, in our shop," he explained, "and when a proposition is better than usual we sometimes underwrite it. That's where the nourishment is; the public doesn't get its teeth into the good things until most of the juice is gone. Understand? Well, we've got a sweet one, Sam, and I've put you in. I said I'd blow back—"

"I never speculate, Kicker."

"Exactly. That's where you're smart. I wouldn't let you speculate if you wanted to. This isn't that kind of a deal; our group never speculates, it just divides profits. I'll tell you how it is: we've got an option on a big acreage in Texas, owned by some non-residents who are drilling a well. At least they think they're drilling it; as a matter of fact, it's down, finished, and they don't know it."

"The oil is there and the Standard will take the property at a figure that nets us a cool million and a half over our contract. The whole thing will be cleaned up in thirty days. I'm going in for what I've got and I'm taking this way to square my old account with you. You'll get a sure ten to one on your investment. Say, boy, you ought to know I'd die before I'd let you lose."

Sam was sure this was true. Kicker was indeed a genuine, an unselfish friend but Wall Street was a dangerous playground for an inexperienced investor. Sam asked for a day in which to make up his mind.

After more discussion, further explanations, renewed assurances of love and confidence, the friends parted. They wrung each other's hands.

They met again on the following afternoon and Sam greeted his caller with an agreeable display of emotion.

"It's nice of you to go to all this trouble, and it touches me. Friends have been mighty rare in my life, Kicker. A man without a friend is a brook without a source, a tree without a root."

"Exactly!" Wade helped himself to a cigar and to the easiest chair in the room. "About this deal: I don't want to rush you, buddy, but it's closing today."

"I was reared on proverbs," Sam continued. "My father used to warn me to guard my heart with the same vigilance as the ramparts of a city. In spite of the fact that your face warms me like the sun and your words of affection evoke in me a harmonious ecstasy, I nevertheless felt that I owed it to him to heed his admonitions. As a matter of filial duty, therefore, I investigated this proposition of yours, Kicker." Sam smiled queerly and Wade looked startled.

"Yes? Well, I guess you found everything okay."

"On the contrary I found everything N. G." "What d'you mean? I could have answered any questions. Good Lord, I hope you didn't doubt my motives!"

"Fortunately for me, I did and I found them counterfeit, as usual."

"As usual!" The visitor paled and rose to his feet. "That's a nice thing to say to a pal. I don't give a darn what you found out, or think you did. It's boloney. Humph! This cures me of doing favors for a friend." He turned to go but Sam said:

"Permit me to tell you what I discovered." "To the devil with your discoveries!" Kicker cried angrily. "I ought to take a wallop at you for good luck. I'm not used to insults—"

"But you're going to hear a few, just the same. Bah! Don't bluff and bluster; you're a paper tiger and you always were. Times have changed, Kicker; I'm giving insults nowadays instead of taking them, and it's very agreeable. I investigated that firm of yours and they're swindlers."

"You're crazy! But rave on, I'm leaving

you. "Swindlers! That's a laugh." Wade uttered these words on his way towards the door, but he halted when two Chinese men barred his way, staring at him from unfriendly eyes. "Hello! What's this?"

"Merely a couple of my servants."
"Don't you intend to let me out?" the visitor queried in amazement.

"I intend to *throw* you out. But first I presume I should call up police headquarters."

"Now see here, Sam—"
"I know all about that oil enterprise. You said the well is down."

"It is. So help me!"
"It has been drilled for three months and it's dry. And that option. Imaginary! You're just what you were in college, Kicker, just a cheap grafter imposing on your friends."

"You can't have me arrested. You haven't lost any money, have you? All right! What have I done? I thought it was a good proposition, Sam. Honestly I did. Have a heart, old man. We used to be—"

Sam uttered a command to his houseboys and they seized the caller.

In spite of his bulk Wade was half dragged, half carried from the room and hustled across the entrance-hall. A door was opened, he was urgently propelled through it and a final shove sent him reeling down an iron stairway.

With a dislocating jar he fetched up on a landing half a flight below; the door above him slammed with a metallic clang. Wade was skinned and bruised, the metal floor upon which he sat was painfully corrugated.

He rose and slunk down from landing to landing, muttering the while. Sam Lee was a yellow dog. There was friendship for you! Served a white man right for being pals with a Chinaman!

Prior to his divorce Albert Wagner had enjoyed a certain amount of home life but thereafter he had experienced little, and of late none at all. As a result he was beginning to yearn for it. That California estate of his was expensive to maintain and he loved living there, but during the past year he scarcely had been permitted to see it, for Alanna had kept him on the go.

It seemed to the father that he was destined to spend the rest of his days in expensive and uncomfortable hotels and to breathe his last on a Pullman car or an ocean liner, for no sooner were they established at some pleasure resort than Alanna tired of it and insisted upon setting out for another, more deadly than the last.

If ever there was a stormy petrel it was she, and Wagner could not make out what had come over her. She made a thousand plans and changed them all. One day, for instance, she had refused to leave Paradis, the next day she had insisted upon leaving without a moment's delay; she had arranged to spend a season of gaiety in New York only to change her mind overnight and decide on California.

She had wired to open the house but after a feverish fortnight in the country she had proposed, nay, insisted, upon a change to the city. And vice versa. Back and forth they had gone, now here, now there. Al Wagner voted it a dog's life.

But what can the father of a flibbertigibbet do about it? Refuse to go along with her? Leave her to fly off alone? Wagner knew his daughter too well, distrusted her too thoroughly and loved her too sincerely for that. He argued and he implored, he groaned and—

he acceded.

Alanna was never twice the same and yet she had the power to wrap him around her fingers. One moment she was loving and lovable, the next she was harsh and hateful. She was obedient and rebellious, humble and domineering by turns and always she was as restless as some peri doing penance until it could be admitted into Paradise. Today she was full of extravagant spirits, tomorrow she would be a brooding shadow, an aching complaint. Poor Wagner was distracted.

They were back in New York again, why nobody knew, and the girl was running with

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open throttle. Alanna's friends were as numerous as locusts, and more destructive; she and they were forever on the wing, settling only long enough to wreak havoc. Luncheons, teas, dinners, dances, theaters, all-night parties, polo, races; her hours were too short to accommodate her overlapping engagements.

Wagner had set out to keep pace with her for once and she had been delighted to have him do so. She had swept him along for a while, then spurred him on when he faltered and finally rowed him into a gallop until his breath failed and he dropped hopelessly behind. He was dead on his feet now, and in a constant drowse; dependency attacked him; in his wakeful moments he thought vaguely of suicide.

It was not often that he saw his daughter long enough to engage her in conversation, for she was always late—permanently late, as Wagner put it—for something or other, and she was seldom alone. Some male orchid was usually adroop over her shoulder, or some shrill-voiced neurasthenic of her own sex was shrieking at her to "make it snappy," "step on it," "give it the gun."

Their hotel suite reeked of stale tobacco smoke and of expensive perfumes; ash-trays were full of cigar stubs and mushroomed cigaret ends; tables, stands, mantels, window-sills were lined with high-ball and cocktail glasses, empty siphons and mineral-water bottles. From midday on, the place looked and smelled and sounded much like some convention headquarters.

When Wagner shut himself into his own rooms high-pitched voices, songs, shrill laughter pierced the walls and his raw nerves quivered. He started convulsively when he was called and leaped out of his chair at the slamming of a door.

A little of this sort of thing was all right, but how these youthful hyenas could keep it up, week in and week out, was more than Wagner could understand. He grew very sorry for himself.

Occasionally there did come a chance for a word with Alanna, as for instance one night when she returned home about twelve o'clock. For once she looked exhausted and her father was encouraged to believe there must be a limit even to her endurance.

"Well, well, well!" he began cheerily. "You certainly look rotten. In your dragging feet and haggard face I see hopeful signs of a physical collapse. How much longer do you think you can keep this up?"

"How much longer can I keep what up, jelly-bean?"

"This—dementia."

"Bless you, I'm just getting up a comfortable glow. What about a kiss? Don't rise; I can make it." Alanna bent over her father's chair and pressed her lips to his hairless head. "What a nice, round, smooth head you have, darling. It's just like a honeydew melon, only warmer."

"It will be cold and clammy if this continues," he sighed. "I'm up for the third and last time. Nothing but a string of bubbles will mark the spot where I sink. I don't know what's come over you, Alanna, but you're getting more like your mother every day."

"That's probably the meanest thing you ever said about her. She'd hate you for it and I couldn't blame her. No matter how low she has fallen in your esteem, Albert, remember that you are a little gentleman."

"I wish you were an old lady. Aren't you ever going to settle down?"

"Horrors, no!"

"I wish one of these germs would marry you. I'd accept the worst one in the outfit."

"No danger. The more I consider matrimony, the better I like diphtheria. No, I shall never marry, precious sun-kissed cantaloup. I am content to remain at your side, a constant cheer and comfort."

"I don't know what I ever did to you," Wagner complained. "If you really want to cheer me, do it in a church. Comfort me with orange blossoms."

"Is it possible that I'm not wanted here? Cruel, cruel words!"

"It isn't that, but I've got my own life to live. I'm still young enough to have a lot of fun. I could start another past if I wasn't worried to death about your future and too worn out to make a beginning. You've all but foundered me."

"You can't sit still long enough for a snapshot. Every place we go is terrible, deadly, unbearable. Here we are in New York again. For what reason, I ask you? Thank heaven, it's handy to a hospital. What ails you, anyhow? What do you want? You've lost flesh, you look like a ghost, you don't eat. Why?"

"I'll tell you," Alanna confided with owlish gravity. "I swallowed a grasshopper." Wagner uttered an angry exclamation but she went on, "I want nothing but you, adorable fat beetle. All I crave is your love, your sympathy and your understanding. I yearn only to bring you happiness, to be your Mexican jumping bean. What ails me? Everything! But what is home without a hypochondriac? How about a drink, keeper?"

Wagner leaped to his feet and strode about the room, followed by the almost derisive gaze of his daughter. Up to this point he had risen to her banter as best he could, but now a change came over him and when he spoke it was in an altered tone:

"I've an idea it's all due to that infernal Chinaman."

"Don't let's talk about him," said Alanna. "Why not?"

In cool defiance the girl spoke: "All in favor of alcohol, signify in the usual manner."

"Honestly, if I thought you—"

"If you thought, you'd have wrinkles. Never think! Intellectual people age early and have their faces lifted."

"If I thought you cared for that Chinaman—I'd smother you with a pillow."

"Don't threaten."

"I mean it. I insist on your—"

"Please!"

"Put him out of your mind or, by heaven, I'll shake him out of it!"

There was a pause. Without rising, Alanna lifted the telephone and called a number.

"What are you doing? Who are you ringing at this time of night?"

"Sam Lee," said the girl.

Albert Wagner gasped, he moved as if to snatch the instrument, but Alanna turned her shoulder, her eyes widened, an expression leaped into her face that warned him to keep his distance. Of a sudden she had grown as white as paper.

"You know his number! You've called him before!"

She nodded. "I looked it up when we came from Europe, and I've repeated it to myself a hundred thousand times. I called him, but he had gone to China."

"What are you going to say to him?"

"I don't know. If you move or make a sound, I'll tell him to come and get me."

"Alanna! For the love of heaven!"

"Smother me with a pillow! Shake it out of me! I warned you not to threaten. I—I want to hear his voice. I was half crazy when I came in and you—Hello!"

Through the silence Wagner heard a faint metallic answer.

"Is that you, Sam? This is Alanna." Again silence. "Alanna Wagner. *Al* for allez oop, *anna* for anatomy; *w* as in winegar, *V-a* as in hay wire, *g* as in jelly . . . Sure! V-o-g-n-e-r. Pronounced 'Beethoven.' You haven't forgotten me already, have you? How impolite! . . . Oh, that explains it! But why sleep at this hour? Sam, you've been dissipating." The girl laughed hysterically, she was shaking, her face was strained, her eyes were wild. "I don't know why, I'm sure. I never have a reason for doing things. Impulse probably. I want to see you. Yes, that's it, I want to see you. But—there's something I must say. Father and I have been quarreling over you."

Wagner shuddered.

Alanna went on, heedless of him now: "Oh, not a serious quarrel! Just our usual red-tide battle. Nothing like a few fast rounds

to make you sleep. Please, Sam . . . Why? Because I ask it. Isn't that enough? . . . Please! . . . Any time tomorrow. Whenever you say . . . Thanks, old dear. I'll expect you."

"Oh, my Lord!" the father exclaimed feebly. "Now don't turn for comfort to religion," Alanna told him with a wintry smile. "There's no help there. At least I'm not surreptitious, am I? And don't lose your beauty-sleep, for nothing is going to happen, if you'll promise to be a good boy. He knows and I know it's—just one of those things. Only don't nag me. But I must see him. I can't go on like this. For one thing I want to apologize; for another thing I want to— Oh, confound it! I want the moon but I'll get along, somehow, without it." The speaker rose wearily and made for her room. Over her shoulder she said in a sirupy voice: "Good night, sweetheart, and happy dreams. Sleep tight."

That midnight message shook Sam and he slept no more after its receipt. When morning came he experienced a peculiar indecision: he looked forward with dismay to seeing Alanna again and yet the thought of doing so set his pulses to racing madly, stopped his breath. He had been unwise to consent; it was wicked of her to insist upon his coming, for she must realize how it would torture him, but what had induced her to phone anyhow? What had occurred to change her? Quarreling with her father over him!

Sam grew dizzy; the wildest thoughts leaped into his mind but he dismissed them without delay. Nonsense! No change in her could alter the facts. It was an impossible situation and she must know it as well as he did. Of course she knew. This was merely some whim, some yearning for a new and unfamiliar thrill.

Well, he wouldn't go. And yet she had begged him. She was capable of anger but not of deliberate malice; perhaps she really had something of importance to say. To change his mind now would be a confession of weakness. Torn by unruly desires, hot with resentment, cold with dread of the ordeal, he spent the morning pacing his rooms.

When the hour he had set arrived he went swiftly, eagerly, as he had known he would go.

Sam had named a time when the hotel lounge was likely to be the least crowded and at his request Alanna met him there. Had he been less agitated when she came down the change in her appearance would have shocked him, for she was thin and drawn.

It required courage on her part to meet him but, as usual, she came to him as straight as an arrow in its flight. She put an icy hand in his and she met his gaze bravely. He was unusually pale; through his pallor the old mark of her crop stood out like a scar and for a moment she could not see anything else.

Alanna had suffered a hundred punishments since that afternoon in Paradis but none had been so poignant as this. Resolutely she apologized, abased herself, told him how sorry she was and begged him to forgive her. He bowed and assured her it was nothing.

It was the worst experience either of them had ever endured; when it was over they seated themselves and exchanged common-places. Sam had come here in a peculiar state of suspended will-power; now that he beheld Alanna he had the odd sensation of being two persons. Two men at this moment were inside his skin and each was trying to push the other out. One was cold, satiric, self-contained, and he was the stronger; the other was a weak, impulsive, hysterical creature, utterly untrustworthy at the moment. He required watching. It was the first of the two which inquired politely about Alanna's health, her doings, her father's well-being.

Only for Sam's inward struggle, his painful preoccupation with himself, he surely would have noticed the girl's wistful yearning, for her self-possession was like a mask of gauze. As time went on, however, she managed to assert better control over herself and to take refuge behind an artificial flippancy. But the

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effort spent her and when she fumbled with a cigaret her hand shook so that Sam proffered her his jeweled lighter.

"Thanks, old darling! I must have pulled a tendon in my pitching arm last night. We were in a night club where they serve cocktails in teacups. I spent the evening throwing unbreakable china. It was wearing."

"I assume you go out as much as ever?" This was not what Sam wanted to say but it was the Number One man speaking. The Number Two man was beating his hands and wildly calling Alanna's name.

"Um-m, yes. Father says it's as much as ever that I come in. That's hardly just, for I'm seldom late for breakfast. Why, Sam, I broke a solemn engagement to see you and do my penance. Oh, don't go! For the first time in a long while I'm in good company and it's helping me. Tell me something about yourself and your plans."

"Man has a thousand plans for himself, God but one." The speaker smiled faintly. "I am something of a fatalist so I cultivate an enjoyable tranquillity. Life is a tortoise: I sit upon its back and dream."

"I phoned you the day I returned from Europe, but you had gone to China."

"I went with the remains of my father. It was a painful duty but I laid them to rest in the happiest spot in all that country."

"I gathered, somehow, that you intended staying there."

"So I did. But China wouldn't have me. Certain metals can't be made to fuse, you know, and it's the same with certain racial elements. It seems to make no difference whether they're inherited or acquired."

"I presume that's true, but I shouldn't think it applied to your case." Sam explained how it did apply, and the girl nodded her comprehension. "What a pity! How unreasonable it is—all this prejudice. And yet how real."

"I've spent my life trying to arrive at the reason for it."

"Well, facts are facts, old dear. No use bruising our heads against them, eh?"

For the first time Sam began to suspect that this girl was perhaps as unhappy as he and a panic swept him at the thought. He had never dreamed—

That strong man inside him was saying, casually: "China had a sick stomach for me and I have a sick stomach for America. It looked on me as a sly, avaricious, insincere Yankee; here I am regarded as a wicked, untrustworthy Oriental. What is a fellow going to do about it? Having failed to live up to the good opinion of either, I shall live down to the worst of both."

"Atta-mandarin!" Alanna exclaimed. "Life's a rotten counterfeit; if you take it in fun it turns out seriously; if you wear a long face it snickers at you. But ask me if I care. Sleep late and have no regrets; dance to fast music—there'll be enough slow music when you're dead . . . I suppose you'll marry some cute little Chinese girl. They must be charming."

Sam managed to say, "If I loved her, yes. One lives up to his duty in such things."

"Love! Another sham!"

"You don't honestly believe that, Alanna."

"And why don't I? It's supposed to be a consuming passion: it dares all, it endures everything, it overcomes everything. Bosh! Cupid is a naked, timid, shivering little wretch. I hate him!"

"No. He's only sensitive. In Old China silkworms were hatched in the warmth of women's bosoms. The life in those tiny nestling cocoons is so tender that disquietude or discomfort of the woman sheltering it may kill it. Love is like that."

Alanna was staring fixedly at her companion; she roused herself and abruptly changed the subject. "Dad was in the room last night when I called you and it threw him into complete mental and digestive disorder. He's out yonder now, foaming like one of Wagner's Velvet Shaving Sticks. Funny, isn't it, how parents will clutch at the wheel and risk

ditching the whole family? They're all back-seat drivers"

"I would be honored to have him join us." Alanna shook her head at this. "Repentance is a chastener. Besides, this is probably the last time we'll ever see each other, so don't let's break up the meeting in a row."

Albert Wagner was indeed outside and he felt precisely as if he were riding in the back seat of his daughter's car. He was convinced that she was driving with suicidal recklessness, but he dared not interfere.

He longed to stride into that room where the young people were and put an end to this affair, once for all; several times he was upon the point of doing so but wisely restrained himself, realizing that it would only serve to incite Alanna to some wilder folly. Sam Lee's presence here merely went to show how futile was opposition.

The average outraged father would shoot that heathen down, Wagner reflected. But, to give the devil his due, Lee wasn't really to blame; this was all Alanna's doings. Of course one might lurk outside until the fellow left and then shove him under the grinding wheels of the Park Avenue traffic. But probably the scoundrel was too nimble for that. Blamed clever, these Chinese.

As a matter of fact, if Mr. Wagner had overheard the conversation between the two young people, as he longed to do, he would have felt much easier in his mind, for they held the reins tight. Alanna maintained her flippant pose; Sam remained artificially polite and casual. So far, at least, the girl pretended that this meeting was a voluntary penance on her part, and nothing more; he gave no hint that he suspected otherwise. It was a painful game of make-believe and they realized that they were saying farewell, hence they were slow in bringing it to an end.

"On the night you left Paradis I went to Cyril Bathurst's place and waited for him," she announced in a desperate effort to prevent a pause which might induce Sam to go. "He may have written you about it." Sam shook his head. "That's probably because he told me exactly what he thought of me and couldn't bring himself to repeat it. He misunderstood me, as everybody does. I'd like you to understand that I'm not quite as bad as I appear."

More gravely than he had spoken heretofore, Sam said: "I have never misunderstood you."

"I'm glad. I think that's why we hit it off so well. You don't think I'm altogether selfish, arrogant and unfeeling, do you? Or that I'm a wretched coward?"

He shook his head. "May I tell you how you appear to me?"

"Please do, only don't start by saying I'm spoiled. I know that."

"You were made to dance through life, laughing at your hurts and saying little about them. You're rich in many things, but there is a finer fortune than money or beauty or position and it is yours: the fortune of blitheness, amiability, virtue."

"Amiability and virtue don't go together, sweetheart. That's why so many of us honest girls walk home."

"We Chinese speak of virtue in a wider sense. This fortune of yours is so much more than money! The swifter you spend it, the larger it grows. Your heart is neither wise nor cynical: it's the heart of a little play-with-dolls-girl."

"There's an old Chinese story about a spoiled goddess whose name was Wilful. She was the daughter of Prosperity God—a very powerful person—but Wilful ruled him like a tyrant. About all she ever said was, 'I will! I will!' and usually she screamed it."

"One day, a good many thousand years ago, she decided to come to earth and visit China, of which she had heard a great deal, so she slipped away unseen and scampered down on a rainbow bridge of birds and butterflies. That's how all goddesses come and go. Of course her disappearance created scandal."

"But no evil overtook her. She played among the lovely wild white roses of China and romped

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through its bamboo groves. A good many mean things are said about Chinese gods and goddesses sometimes, but one thing sure, they are never ungrateful. Gratitude, you know, is a Chinese trait.

"Wherever little Wilful met with kindness from human hands she said 'thank you' by causing grains to grow more luxuriantly, vines to hang heavier and flowers to flame with brighter colors. It's too long a story to tell, but finally our great Goddess of Mercy who had been watching the little runaway girl-god all the time flung down another bridge of birds and butterflies for her homesick feet and Wilful went back to her father, who was very glad indeed to see her."

A silence fell between the two when Sam finished speaking. Realizing its danger, he

In the Final Instalment of Rex Beach's Novel of the East and West, Sam Lee finds the girl who loves him for himself alone

Why Smart Men Write Silly Letters (Cont. from p. 41)

the very doubtful motives of a woman so much younger than himself who would consent to marry him, and the likely failure of such a marriage?

No one can doubt, I think, that from a practical point of view he knew that it was foolish. But knowing that did not keep him from wanting to do it.

The stock-broker whose letter is quoted above diagnosed his own case, in one of his other letters, as follows:

When a man loves a woman he generally is helpless. He is at her mercy and cannot do anything, so complete is his subjugation.

Maybe. But it is a little difficult to believe that these letters all originated in any such overwhelming passion. Men have been so subjugated by the attraction of some woman that they have destroyed empires or, in modern times, ruined their lives and dissipated their fortunes because of their infatuation. But my own observation has been that, to produce "foolish" correspondence, a man need not be very much in love with the woman, no matter what burning love his words express—although at the moment of writing he may be, and even likes to think he is.

The noted educator, editor and author of numerous books—divorced—who wrote the following to a stenographer working for one of his publications, was married for a second time, unknown to her, during his correspondence:

My very Own—I was so afraid you would have a reaction and write me a neutral little note or else not write me at all. Dearest, did you worry and brood over things yesterday, or have you just frankly accepted it all and made up your mind to be happy? Dear heart, I kiss you on your beautiful mouth and your dear little hands, and I want you all the time . . .

Somehow I cannot write, for after your own splendid, wonderful letter it is only with my arms about you that I can really say all that I have in mind. Even the delay, the waiting, is delicious, for the joy is sure for you and me. So what shall I say now except that I adore and admire you beyond expression? . . . The next time I shall not let you go until you have told me all sorts of thrilling things with your own lips—between kisses.

My own opinion is that such letters, when written by men of achievement, originate in the very circumstances of the man's life to which they seem so contradictory. That is a cause probably quite as elemental as the "great passion" which they seem to express, though much more prosaic.

They are a revulsion—supposedly secret, and therefore "safe"—against the self-discipline and self-control of the man's life in important affairs—emotional explosions against

rose, his face still fixed in a smile. "The butterflies are waiting to take you back to your father, Wilful. An earthbound mortal prostrates himself and gives thanks for the blessings you have left behind. Good-by!"

Grief looked out of Alanna's eyes as she put her hand in his and murmured through trembling lips:

"Good-by, virtuous Prince. I wish you long life, honor and many sons."

Without moving she watched him go, then she rose, went swiftly upstairs and locked herself into her room. For two days her father neither saw her nor heard her voice. Meals were brought up and sent back-untouched, her telephone rang unanswered. But Wagner knew she could not be sick, for whenever he knocked on her door she threw something at it.



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In fact, the studies of psychologists lead us to suspect that, when the emotions connected with sex enter into the matter, any such clear-sightedness is impossible. We fall in love, or into infatuation, apparently—in part at least—by not seeing people as they are, but by idealizing them. We see a pretty face, a shapely hand, a mop of golden hair, and straightway we are led to gift that particular individual with all sorts of admirable characteristics— which she may or may not have.

Especially, in many instances, a man seems



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likely to do this when the woman is not present and he calls her up in his imagination and writes to her. Then, it appears, the circumstances surrounding her, which happen to be not at all what he would like them to be, drop away from her; and he sees her not as she is, but as he likes to think her, and to this vision of beauty and sympathy he floods out his feelings.

As a matter of fact, the woman in such cases is almost always the man's inferior in wealth and usually in social position. In other words, she is one on whom he can confer material or social favors which he feels ought to earn her gratitude and make her satisfied with the rôle of emotional "outlet" to which he has, more or less unconsciously, assigned her.

He probably seldom says openly to himself that there is an obligation on her to keep his letters secret. But it is a quite evident fact that he expects her not to tell. To him, betrayal by her of what he writes her is a breach of confidence.

A newspaper man of my acquaintance has covered for his paper a very large number of "letter" cases.

"When publicity happens," he says, "the men aren't angry. They're hurt. They act like people whose feelings have been deeply injured. Every one of them knew that men get into trouble through writing such letters—but not one of the lot ever thought it was going to happen to him."

The man who wrote the first letter quoted above grew angry when he learned his correspondence was going to be made public, but the next instant he recovered himself.

"I'm afraid," he said quietly, "that I lost my temper. It was not on account of myself."

What disturbed him was that he knew that in his letters he had made frequent mention of friends high in the industrial and political affairs of the nation. He was, for a moment,

enraged when he realized that their names would be drawn into the matter.

But toward the girl his manner was that of one disappointed and hurt. Men of that sort are accustomed to accept the result of their own mistakes; under these circumstances they act—logically or illogically—like persons who have made, as they now sadly realize, an error of judgment in trusting the wrong person.

But this attitude on the part of the men does not take into account the feelings of the women.

A girl who has received letters filled with words of burning love cannot well help feeling that she has been deliberately deceived when she discovers that the emotions back of them were temporary, and therefore, it would seem, "unreal." She becomes bitter, often revengeful and feels that someone ought to "pay."

Yet the man usually has not been consciously deceiving her.

The fast train, derailed, goes farthest off the track; and the man capable of bringing immense concentration, vision, imagination and self-forgetfulness to the consummation of a business deal cannot help making use of the same qualities when the object of his interest is a woman. She is to him, for the time being, as wholly desirable, as much the object of his keenest feelings as he tells her she is.

It would prevent many heartaches, much disillusionment—as well as many painful lawsuits—if the girl who finds herself the recipient of such letters would inquire whether it was indeed her amazing beauty and overwhelming attractiveness that caused them. Or were they merely the emotional outburst of a man revolting from the concentration of his business, professional or social life, and applying equal absorption to another object?

The answer she usually would find is that if she were not there, he would be writing exactly the same things to some other woman.

100 Years From Now (Continued from page 71)

imagination. We need not, therefore, grow alarmed that by harnessing the tides we shall so retard the rotation of the earth as to embarrass our remotest descendants. But the forty-eight-hour day is a possibility in the far future.

During the next hundred years, applied physics will certainly develop wireless telephony and television beyond our present most imaginative expectations. By 2029 it should be possible for any person sitting at home to be "present" at no matter what distant event. Stereoscopic television in full natural colors, and perfected wireless telephony will enable him to see and hear any event which is broadcast as effectively as if he stood beside the transmitting apparatus.

Such developments must influence the future of politics; for by their aid it will be feasible once more to revive that form of democracy which flourished in the city-states of Ancient Greece.

By 2029 the chosen spokesman of each political party will be able to address every voter as effectively as he now can address the House of Commons. And so the electorate itself, rather than its representatives, may decide each vital political issue. After the spokesman of each party has had his (or her) say, the votes of the entire country could be recorded and counted by mechanism installed in the telephone exchanges. Within twenty minutes from the end of the last speech, the will of a national jury on any subject could be ascertained and announced.

Applied chemistry has not affected human life in a manner comparable with the changes produced by physical research. So far as the ordinary man is concerned, chemistry is only useful to him when it discovers new and desirable substances; or discovers a means of synthesizing a material more cheaply than it is produced in nature. In the past, chemists have enriched the resources of humanity with new

metals, dyes, drugs, explosives, and other substances useful in industry or in private life. By 2029 thousands more such new substances will be available; aluminum will be cheaper than pig iron is today; malleable, unbreakable glass will be a commonplace of domestic life.

It has also been suggested that chemical research will turn to the discovery of new physiologically pleasant substances. At present civilized mankind has discovered and adopted only three such substances: tobacco, alcohol and caffeine (tea and coffee). These certainly have added enormously to the amenities of existence; and Doctor J. B. S. Haldane has proposed that chemists should seriously consider a search for many more such additions to human enjoyment.

Most chemical substances are either disagreeable or dangerous in their physiological effects, though a small number, not more than a few thousands, are valuable to medicine. Should chemistry in the next hundred years be able to discover a dozen substances as pleasant and harmless as tobacco, yet each producing a different effect on the consumer, it will have earned the thanks of every hard-worked man and woman in the world.

Any developments in physics and chemistry which reasonably may be predicted to occur before 2029 do no more than alter the accidentals of human existence. In biology, however, developments may be predicted which will change the whole nature of life as we experience it today.

Even those who know least about them confidently expect prodigious advances from medicine and surgery in the near future, and their faith will not be vain. The abolition of epidemic disease by 2029 is fairly certain, as is the discovery of cures for such scourges as cancer and tuberculosis. Complete and prolonged local anesthesia will become practicable; so that not only will operations be painless, but the patient will feel no pain afterwards as a result of them.

Such an advance also entails completely painless childbirth.

Biologists by 2029 will have learned the secrets of the living chemistry of the human body—or at least enough of it to achieve startling results. Rejuvenation will be an ordinary and well-recognized matter of a few injections at appropriate intervals.

The desire to keep old age at bay has ever been one of the dreams of humanity; at last we can predict that it will be achieved. "This mortal must put on immortality" by extending the length of his days on earth.

The attraction of such an idea, especially to women, who will no longer grow old quickly, is too clear to require emphasis. But the universal practise of rejuvenation will be accompanied by grave social problems, the least of which would be the immense increase in population.

Suppose it possible to guarantee one hundred and fifty years of life to every healthy child, how will youths of twenty be able to compete in the professions or in business against vigorous men, still in their prime at one hundred and twenty, with a century of experience on which to draw? The benefits to humanity which will accrue if the lives of men of genius are so prolonged is obvious.

Before 2029 biologists will have solved some of the mysteries of human heredity. Heredity is determined by certain "genes" or units, concerning which science already knows much. They are minute bodies, so small that, if a hen's egg were magnified to the size of the world, one of the genes in it would lie on a fair-sized dining-table. When biologists can control these, they will be able to control heredity.

Most probably by 2029 a clever young man will consider his fiancée's hereditary complexion before proposing marriage; and the young woman of that day will refuse him because he has inherited a gene from his father which will predispose their children to quarrelsomeness. By intelligent combinations of suitable genes, it will be possible to predict with reasonable certainty that truly brilliant children shall be born of a marriage.

It is possible, however, that by 2029 the whole question of human heredity and eugenics will be swallowed up by the prospect of ectogenetic birth.

By this is meant the development of a child from a fertilized cell outside its mother's body—in a glass vessel filled with serum on a laboratory bench. Such a proceeding is neither incredible nor, indeed, impossibly remote. The results of much research show that the connection between a mother and her growing child are purely chemical; there is no valid reason why one day biologists should not be able perfectly to imitate that chemical connection in the laboratory.

The possibility of ectogenetic children will naturally arouse the fiercest antagonism. Religious bodies of many different creeds will rally their adherents to fight such a fundamental biological invention. In fact the mere mention of its possibility here may strike many readers as gratuitously disgusting. Nevertheless the thing is possible; and since it is possible, it is certain that scientists will be deterred by no persecution from straining after it.

Should ectogenesis ever become an established part of human society, its effects will be shattering. Primarily it will separate reproduction from marriage, and the latter institution will become wholly changed. Further, the character of the future inhabitants of any state could be determined by the government which happened temporarily to enjoy power. By regulating the choice of the ectogenetic parents of the next generation, the Cabinet of the future could breed a nation of industrious dullards, or leaven the population with fifty thousand charmingly irresponsible mural painters.

A further immediate consequence of ectogenesis would be a plea that society should be allowed to produce the human types it most needs, instead of being forced to absorb all the unsuitable types which happen to be born. If it were possible to breed a race of strong healthy

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creatures, intelligent to perform intricate drudgery yet lacking all ambition, what ruling class would resist the temptation?

Many of the arguments brought against slavery would be powerless in such a case; for the ectogenetic slave of the future would not feel his bonds. Every impulse which makes slavery degrading and irksome to ordinary humanity would be removed from his mental equipment. His only happiness would be in his task; he would be the exact human counterpart of the worker bee. Only the arguments of religion could be used to prevent his evolution. His emancipation could never be considered, for in freedom he would find only crushing boredom and misery.

It seems improbable, however, that the future developments of industry will call for such a being to test its wheels. Production will become so cheap, and, barring political or international upheavals, wealth will accumulate to such an extent, that the ectogenetic Robot will never be needed. It is far more likely that men will work as machine-minders for one or two hours a day and be free to devote the rest of their energies to whatever form of activity they enjoy.

Such a condition obviously presupposes that all drudgery, not only the drudgery of the coalmine and the machine-shop, will be abolished by science. It predicates the end of agriculture as the fundamental industry upon which human life rests. Probably biology, in alliance with chemistry, will make an end of agriculture even sooner than the cheapening of production will render a ten-hour maximum week universal in the workshops of the world.

By 2029 agriculture, if not abolished, will be in decay—at least in civilized lands. The first step towards the end of agriculture will be the production of benevolent bacteria able to "fix" the atmospheric nitrogen which is essential to the growth of plant life.

Such bacilli never could develop naturally, since many of their ancestors will be unable to live except under entirely artificial conditions in a laboratory. But when the active nitrogen-fixing bacteria are at last hardened off and allowed to multiply in agricultural land, their immediate effect will be to act as a super-efficient manure. By their aid five or even ten ears of wheat will grow where one grows now; while the pasture which now feeds ten beasts will feed fifty.

Such a development will, of course, be watched with anxious eyes by all governments. Food prices will slump; millions of laborers all over the world will find their livelihood vanished.

Hard on the heels of this development will come the perfection of synthetic foodstuffs.

At present we nourish ourselves by a curiously wasteful and roundabout method. Solar energy is absorbed by plants and stored by them in their structures, mainly in the form of cellulose. The human body is unable to digest cellulose, and so to extract nourishment from it. Many animals, however, aided by obliging bacteria, are able to perform this feat; and we keep herds of sheep, cattle and pigs, all engaged in the task of digesting cellulose and transforming it into the meat and milk upon which we live.

Already it is possible to convert indigestible cellulose into digestible sugar, but as yet the cost of the operation prevents its being carried out except as a laboratory experiment. Such processes as this will certainly be further investigated and developed, so that by 2029 starch and sugar (two of our most valuable foods) will be as cheap as sand or sawdust today.

Concerning proteins, the other most important human foods, two possibilities exist. Either they too will be produced synthetically; or else the more highly prized varieties of animal foods—such, for example, as beefsteak or chicken's breast—will be grown in suitable media in the laboratory.

From one "parent" steak of choice tenderness, it will be possible to grow as large and as juicy a steak as can be desired. So long as the parent is supplied with the correct chemical

nourishment, it will continue to grow indefinitely and perhaps eternally. Whenever it is sufficiently large a few pounds can be cut from it and sent to market.

Synthetic foods and the production of animal tissues *in vitro* will finally set at rest those timid minds which prophesy a day when the earth's resources will not feed her children. Though all the inhabitable surface of the globe were inconveniently crowded, the millions of mankind could still be fed to repletion by such means.

This second revolution in food production will consummate the decay of agriculture, which can only survive as a rich man's hobby.

Probably, however, the synthetic foods of the next century will be so much more easily digested and appetizing than their present equivalents that agriculture will survive only in historical romances.

Since the beginnings of history the city has been the parasite of the countryside. In 2029 science will make the city a self-supporting unit, and Britain a land of laboratories capable of feeding no matter how many millions of mouths without importing a ton of foodstuffs.

Many will bewail such a prospect, for they insist that a flourishing agricultural peasantry is the only sound basis of any political life. It will be necessary, when agriculture goes into irrevocable decay, to plan the evolution of a stable industrial society.

Such an undertaking should not lie beyond human wit. The agricultural basis of society, which has existed for so many centuries, was itself evolved from nomads and savages. To reconcile such folk with the peaceful static life of the husbandman needed a far more violent adjustment than will be necessary to urbanize the descendants of the world's present agriculturists.

It is conceivable that not all these changes will have occurred by 2029. The progress of scientific discovery is checkered, and subject to no ascertainable regularity or period. In many instances an applied science after a few years of violent progress stagnates, or, at best, is advanced by small refinements and simplifications.

The history of the locomotive steam-engine provides an illustration. During the last half-century railway trains have grown steadily longer and heavier. In consequence larger and more powerful engines have been evolved to draw them to their destinations. But the huge locomotive of today differs only in size and power from its parent of the 1860's and 1870's. No new principle of any importance has been introduced into its design or construction.

A similar stagnation may overtake the development of airplanes or of wireless telephony. Such halts in the progress of any applied science, however, are comparative and not final. A fresh mind produces a new idea or a simplification which inaugurates another period of rapid and sweeping activity.

I have assumed, therefore, that the rate of progress in applied physics, chemistry and biology during the next hundred years will be maintained approximately at its present level. It may even be greatly accelerated by the ever-increasing interest in scientific research on the part of industrialists and governments.

Nevertheless, unless science is able to change our ideas no less rapidly than our environment, some of the developments at which I have hinted may not come to pass. Unless, for example, the ideas of Asiatic peoples are drastically changed, it will be impossible to stamp out epidemic disease from the world.

But it is not self-evident that all applications of scientific discovery deserve the support of intelligent men and women. Because science has benefited humanity in the past, there is no reason why it always should do so in the future. A biological discovery may well plunge the world into such a catastrophe as would destroy civilization for a thousand years. As you are reading these words, some disinterested researcher may detonate an atomic explosion which will involve the world and reduce it to a flaring vortex of incandescent gas.

Naked Truth

(Continued from page 74)

catalog of "Who's Who in Oblivion," and he did not like it.

His heart fermented with the sour thought that if he could only afford a pretty model he could make prettier statues and get better prices for them. When he thought of Zelma Sprague, the luscious, the lyrical, the pet of all the swell painters, his poor wife became nothing but a catalog of Don't's for Draftsmen.

His friends were frank about his decline and openly ridiculed his latest manner. He grew bitter enough to plot something in self-defense. It struck him that if he could make a real portrait of his model, his maligners would understand why he did no better.

He began a new nude to be called "Truth," the title justifying the omission of drapery, though few things are more heavily concealed than truths. The irony of his work infuriated him and with a savage zest he began to change "Truth" into an image of Cathie. Mercilessly he scraped off the fine forehead and added it to the dainty ears. His ruthless thumb altered the academic nose to a pug. The rich full lips became a thin straight line, the Athenian shoulders a scrawny coat-hanger. He smeared the high firm bust down upon the support of a prominent abdomen, for which he secured the material by indicating Cathie's markedly kicked-in look.

By a little rough work with the armature he divorced the plump knees nestling together and presented the bow-legs of Cathie.

He worked so long and so ardently in drawing up his bill of particulars that his wife begged for mercy three times before he would let her off. Then, without casting an eye on what had engrossed him so long, she flung into slippers and bath-robe and dashed to the kitchenette to scramble dinner.

He loved the portrait and he hated it. He worked over it for days, taking what little care was necessary to prevent Cathie from studying it. She had long since ceased to pay any more attention to his output than a cobbler's wife pays to his cobblings. But Raeburn took more interest in this statue than in anything he had ever made. It was his *Apologia pro suo Vitio*.

At last he exhausted his wrath by expressing it. Yet when all was done he sighed to realize that he would never be cad and coward enough to show the statue to anybody. He put it back on a shelf with other discarded mistakes in clay, covered it with an old rag and hastily modeled another "Truth" along his usual lines. Cathie noted nothing except the uncommonly long time he took with that particular pot-boiler.

He went on pouring forth sirupy nudes that looked like nobody since they looked like what everybody would like to look like. And since they were in spirit mere copies from the Greek and were based on Cathie's uninspiring ratios, they sold for smaller and smaller sums and less and less often.

If Jupiter and Apollo had knocked at his studio door he could hardly have been more surprised than he was when, one most doleful afternoon, he found on his threshold the jovial art dealer Weigel and the far-slaying critic, Boyd Porson—whom the artists usually referred to as "Poison."

Weigel and Porson both knew Carl "to speak to," but not to speak of. Weigel would never have dreamed of showing one of Raeburn's statuettes in his exceedingly exclusive galleries, and Porson had never even mentioned him in his criticisms. His motto was, "Murder mediocrity and ignore incompetence."

But it chanced that a very fashionable foreign painter had sublet a studio in the same building with Raeburn, and when Weigel and Porson paid a formal call on him by appointment they found a card on his door saying: "Compulsion to went out. Will returned in a quart of hours. Please excuse to wait."



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Faced with the ordeal of standing up in a hall for a quart of hours, Weigel and Porson knocked at various doors and made their faces up for a courteous lie. Everybody was out except Raeburn. So they pretended to be interested in seeing what he was up to. His wife fled from the model-stand and Carl brought out the synthetic gin and meekly exposed his synthetic art.

Weigel sat heavily on the sinking furniture and praised everything extravagantly. Which gave Carl no pleasure, for he knew that art dealers buy only what they denounce.

Porson mumbled nothings and made up with gestures what he could not conscientiously say to poor Raeburn's face. He was ferocious only when he wrote. Then he filled his pen with vitriol and spouted corroding epithets.

It was his boast that he had driven one painter to suicide, two architects to the mad-house, three sculptors to an early grave and forty-three assorted "artists" to other trades. All the rival critics envied him and tried to imitate him, but none of them equaled his private graveyard.

When encountered in the flesh, he was a modest and kindly person who could not bear to hurt a feeling verbally. Much as he despised Raeburn's output, he could not utter a criticism while his breath was laden with Raeburn's own gin—and very good gin for a sculptor.

When he gave out of gestures and evasions he rose and walked about, studying Raeburn's faultless insipidities and feeling like a muzzled wolf in a sheepfold. He lifted a few of the cloths and let them fall. Finally he raised the old rag over the realistic portrait of Cathie.

"What's this?" he gasped.

"Oh, that!" said Raeburn. "That? Oh, that's nothing but a—a study—an idle afternoon's—er—diversion."

"A mighty busy afternoon, it looks like to me," said Porson. "L'après-midi d'un géant." He loved to toss in bits of foreign phrases.

Carl glanced at Cathie. She had returned in one of her long art gowns and was staring at the figurine, mumbling:

"Why, I never saw that. What is it?"

He could not answer. To have it dragged out to shame him before Porson and queer him with Weigel was bad enough, but to slaughter poor Cathie with it was unbearable.

Before he could check the interloper, Porson lifted the statue and hugged it into the full glare of day. When he set it on a stand Cathie emitted the little squeak of one who has been knifed in the back:

"Carl, Carl, how could you!"

Her still small voice was drowned by the uproar of Porson:

"Is it possible that an American is capable of such honesty? such ruthless veracity? such—such— Why, it's so perfect it's—er—virginal! There is not a stain of old canonic classicism in it. It is emancipated from all the suffocations of Greek and Italian formulae."

He struck Carl with a fist like an accolade:

"My boy, you're the—the messiah we've been waiting for. The truth has made you free. Buy it, Weigel, if he'll sell it. The Metropolitan will be on its knees for it when I get through writing the articles I feel springing up within me."

Weigel gathered round Porson like a palsied rhinoceros. He never understood anything about the critics except that each of them was crazy but some of them infected moneyed people into going mad and buying the most incusable things. Porson raved on:

"Remember how Rodin smote the world with his 'John the Baptist'? Recall the big head, big feet, big joints, awkward stride? Remember his 'Burgesses of Calais'?—that gigantic group of fat, pot-bellied and scrawny old citizens with the ropes around their necks? Have you forgotten Balzac in the bath-robe? This is greater than those. It is more valuable than Rodin's immortal and unendurable 'La Belle Heaulmière.' Remember that? Remember Villon?"

"Vell, I knew him only slightly; a good artist but—"

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"The poet, man, the poet! Didn't you ever read his astounding ballade of the famous beauty who grew old and withered and bewailed the disgrace of her graces. Let me see how it goes:

*"Ha! vieillese felonnie et fiere,
Pourquoy m'as si tost abatue? . . . Er-er . . .
Tollu m'as ma haulle franchise
Que beaulte m'avoit ordonne
Sur clerks, marchans et gens d'Eglise . . ."*

and so forth and so on.

"Well, Rodin made a statue of her—a pitiless portrait of a pitiful hag, naked and shameful—obscene and senile. But Rodin is an old story. As Ezra Pound says, he is for the bourgeois only—as plebeian as Shakespeare or Milton or Michelangelo or Raphael. Anybody can like his work.

"This man Raeburn, though. Think of it, we stand here in his presence before his dawn has broken. Grab this *chef-d'œuvre*, Weigel, before it gets out of your reach."

"How much you want?" said Weigel, reaching for his pocketbook.

Porson broke in: "Ask him a fortune, Raeburn."

Weigel shifted his hand to his check-book. Carl would have been glad of fifty dollars. He was almost excited enough to risk asking sixty—so that he could come down ten. He who hesitates, is made. Porson prompted him:

"Take five hundred on account for an option and settle the price later. Let Weigel pay the expense of putting it into bronze and give him—oh, be generous, give him half of the net on a limited number of copies."

Weigel yanked Porson's sleeve in mute appeal for mercy, but Porson was making notes for his article. He asked: "By the way, who do you call it? What's the name of it?"

Raeburn faltered, "I never gave it a name. It was just a—a—"

He looked guiltily at his poor wife out of the corner of his eye. She had recovered so nobly from her first shock that now she cried:

"The name of it is, 'A Portrait of my Wife,' by Carl Raeburn."

"Cathie!"

"Really?" said Porson, trying to stare through the mazy pattern of her opaque robe. If Porson had doubted her word, Cathie was ready to strip to prove it, but a glance at her face satisfied him. He asked no more evidence. He simply murmured:

"Ex pede Herculem. Ex ore Dianam."

"Oh!" said Cathie, who always pretended to know everything.

"How?" said Weigel. But Porson never translated.

The distraught sculptor dragged Cathie aside: "But darling! surely you don't mean to let that thing go out under your name?"

She snapped back at him: "Do you suppose I'm going to let anybody else have the credit for it? or let the public imagine that my husband studied any other woman as closely as that? It goes out as mama's portrait, or it doesn't go out at all."

Weigel, in a trance, scratched off a memorandum which Porson dictated, and Carl signed in a daze while Weigel wrote a check for five hundred dollars.

When they had gone, Raeburn sank into a chair waving the check in self-defense. Cathie climbed right up on his knees, put the check down into her own chest, curled herself in a labyrinth of patterns and burred:

"Oh, Carlie, oh, Carlie! how I thank God that I have helped you. My poor little old body has made you immortal."

Never was a lover so embarrassed for what to say. He was even more bewildered when she exclaimed: "If only I were a sculptress so that I could give the world a portrait of you to match mine! What a couple we'd make!"

He stared at her. She was not trying to be sarcastic.

The statue was just crazy and cruel enough to hit the town in one of its off moods. The audacity of offering a photographic nude to the public and saying that it represented one's



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most intimate misfortune was dazzling. The public flocked to the gallery.

In his introductory article Porson wrote: "Old King Candaules, married to the most beautiful of women, suffered because nobody else shared his treasure. He said that he was more of an artist than a king and it pained him to monopolize such beauty. So he showed her naked to his friend Gyges. Carl Raeburn is another Candaules, royally generous and too much of an artist to smother his wife's intensely interesting personality in the obscurity of domestic seclusion.

"Instead of reproducing for the millionth time the standardized stream-line torso of ancient design, he reveals a figure every feature of which is characterized and eloquent. Who would not prefer Abraham Lincoln to the effeminate Apollo Belvedere? Who would not prefer Mrs. Carl Raeburn to the mincing Venus of the Medici? Why should the body be deprived of its individualities of feature any more than the face?

"If George Eliot's big nose and George Sand's horselike face are perpetuated, why not the convex chest and the dominating shoulder-blades of Mrs. Raeburn? There are millions of statues with straight knees; how welcome therefore the fine bow-legs of Mrs. Raeburn! Even the Chinese women have stopped pinching their feet. This is the era of solid foundations, like Mrs. Raeburn's."

In the Weigel galleries the statue drew such throngs as had been rivaled only by the stampedes to heap belated praise on the mad Blakelock's moonrises, or on the wholesale Sorolla's blazing sunshine, or Zuloaga's murky *tours de force*.

The name of Raeburn was heard everywhere. He had created a style that created a mob of imitators. But Raeburn had the start and he had Cathie. The ugly alone was in vogue. Pretty models were turned away from studio doors. Zelma Sprague almost starved.

Raeburn turned out portraits of his wife bathing, dancing, strutting, striking such poses as only Cathie's joints could attain.

The Metropolitan had to be contented with a "Study of my Wife Washing her Left Shoulder-Blade." The Corcoran gallery carried off the statue that was held to rival Rembrandt's "Old Woman Paring her Finger-nails." Carl's work was called "Cathie Trims her Toes."

He is at work now on one of Cathie powdering her armpits and is figuring how to make a series showing "Cathie Doing her Daily Dozen."

The poor girl has quite lost her head as well as her modesty. She cannot keep away from the gallery where the multitude still revels in her husband's unrivaled candor. She wants people to know that she inspired the masterpiece, that she was God's own original model for what Carl merely copied.

The costumes of the day do not quite permit her to rival the statuettes' revelations. They are approaching that point, but it will probably be a year or two before women go up and down Fifth Avenue with nothing on at all.

Cathie, however, has done the best she can. She wears short skirts that emphasize the fashionable arcs of her legs. Jealous women whose knees knock in the normal manner say that she pushes hers apart on purpose. She has snipped away the brassiere tapes and she plays up her gaunt hips with the motions of a castanet dancer.

She carries her arms as awkwardly as she can. She wears no sleeves to deceive anybody. She cuts her armholes low enough to reveal a rib or two and at the back she gives her notorious shoulder-blades to the public to inspect. She sticks her little stomach out like a Rubens belle. Women are now wearing shoes that are really large enough for comfort, and some of them give the appearance of plodding in snow-shoes.

A very modish dressmaker, Madame Morphée (*nee* Murphy) is now about to put out a new design, *A la mode Cathie*. It is meant to emphasize anatomical eccentricities.

Homely women begin to follow the wise old advice of the horse swappers: "Brag of the bad points, the good will advertise themselves."



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Paddle Your Own Canoe (Continued from page 34)

a rubber cap down over her charming ears. "He," thought Penelope, "is rather exclusive himself."

To which she would have added that he was darned glad of it. Only she wasn't, wholly.

Then, poised for the dive, she forgot him. Later, as she sat at the tip of the spring-board with her bright hair released from the confines of the rubber cap, he came back to mind again.

"Oh, good Lord!" her chief had groaned one morning back in June. "See who they've wished on me now."

The letter he had tossed to her was from the president of the Titan Company, written to inform Penelope's chief that Donald Sturgis was being sent to him for preliminary training in the art of tire-making.

Penelope had puckered her brows over the name. "Isn't he something to do with football?" she had hazarded.

"He is," her chief had replied bitterly. "And crew and swimming and heavens knows what else. That's why J. T. picked him, of course."

J. T. was the Titan's president. A big man, undeniably, but like all big men apt to suffer from hallucinations.

One of these—so viewed at least by his immediate and long-suffering subordinates—was his idea that among college graduates of current vintage might be discovered, annually, just the sort of new blood that the company should be infused with.

The managers of the various Titan factories, to whom the delicate operation of infusion was intrusted, felt otherwise.

"I feel," J. T. had explained, "that the man who has made his mark in athletics and other student activities has revealed a capacity for leadership that should prove invaluable to us."

The managers felt otherwise. J. T.'s not very original idea was to start his protégés at the bottom of the ladder and rush them through an intensive course of training.

"And," Penelope's chief had commented, "how these pampered campus pets love the bottom of the ladder."

He had glowered, briefly. Then: "Well, we'll put him at work unloading freight-cars. If he sticks long enough to reach the vulcanizing pits he'll be well baked, instead of just half baked, by the time he decides that his talents are wasted here."

The actual arrival of J. T.'s latest, one morning in late June, had found Penelope busy typing the morning's sheaf of dictation. She had, none the less, achieved an impression of him—a personable youngster, built as a varsity end should be and competently, if casually, tailored.

That he did not lack self-assurance had been apparent to her. But then all J. T.'s contributions were that way and Sturgis, at least, was saved from insufferableness by a nice smile—it had flashed at the other girl in the office when he had asked for the manager—and what Penelope had construed as an obvious desire to please as well as be pleased.

At noon the next day, Penelope had seen Sturgis again. He was no longer competently tailored. He wore, above khaki trousers, only a sleeveless jersey that revealed the play and ripple of his bronzed shoulders. The day was hot and so was he. He was one of a gang of unskilled laborers who were removing bales of crude rubber—a spongy, gray-colored mass—from freight-cars.

"He's getting his bumps," Penelope had thought. "And I'll bet he doesn't like them."

Sturgis hadn't, particularly. He had been warned that his beginnings would be unpleasant and had merely grinned.

"We have found," the Titan representative had persisted, "that the average college graduate seems to lack stamina. We can't afford to waste time except on exceptional men."

Sturgis' grin had widened. "Well, I'm

certainly exceptional in one way. I'm one of the few men in my class who aren't going to sell bonds."

The sort of man, it seemed, that J. T. had in mind. So J. T.'s representative had decided, if not too optimistically. Varsity end, number four on the crew and a forward on the hockey team. President of the student council and voted by his classmates the most popular man on the campus.

Such was Sturgis' record. And with it to recommend him, he had spent the first day of his apprenticeship handling crude rubber under a broiling June sun.

It had struck him as funny then, because he had a sense of humor. Yet it had proved a day of unpalatable readjustments and it had galled him that he should be so tired at five o'clock.

"There's a trick to handling this stuff that I haven't caught yet," was the way he had comforted himself, instinctively.

But that was only partly true. The basic truth was that he was a specialized athlete and, as such, no more fitted for steady, unimaginative drudgery than a race-horse is fitted for dragging an ice cart.

They had not kept him on the freight-cars long. As a next step he was moved indoors to where the bales of rubber were put into vats of hot water to soften. Then along with the flow of the raw product he had progressed to the breakers—powerful machines which crushed the lumps between large corrugated rollers—and after that to the washing- and sheet-machines.

So from one stage to another he had advanced until with the beginning of the hottest August in history he had come to the vulcanizing pits.

No one had asked him this August day if he intended to go to the ball game. The most popular man in his class was not popular with his fellows here. Why should he be? He was one of J. T.'s pets, getting shoved through toward a good job—a much better job than most of the men he worked with ever could hope for.

"Hey, you big boob," the foreman had belted at him that morning, "watch that crane—watch that crane!"

An overwhelming desire to plant his fist right spang on the foreman's nose had all but mastered him for a moment. Instead, he had set his lips and watched the crane.

"To a place even hotter than the vulcanizing pit with your ball game!" he would have snapped at that minute had anybody asked if he intended to lend his support to the Titan nine that afternoon.

All he had been waiting for was the noon whistle which would give him respite for forty-two hours—and perhaps more. He wanted to think that out. He had, that morning, received a letter from Sam Bellows, his roommate at college.

Sam was selling bonds—or trying to anyway.

New York is hotter than the hinges (Sam had written), and bonds seem to be what most people prefer to hear nothing about these days! But even so, life has its compensations.

I ran into Tommy Somers the other day and snagged a weekend bid out of him. Went down to Port Washington on his old man's twin-screw commuter—one of those forty-mile-an-hour birds with a Filipino steward and plenty of prewar stuff aboard—and lived like a millionaire generally from Friday to Monday.

Say, do you remember Tommy's sister Nan? You ought to. She asked about you particularly and wanted to know why a man of your talents and parts chose to bury himself in the hinterland among Goths and Vandals learning to make tires, when there certainly should be something nicer you could do. I agreed with her perfectly and said I would tell you so. She said to give you her love and three kisses.



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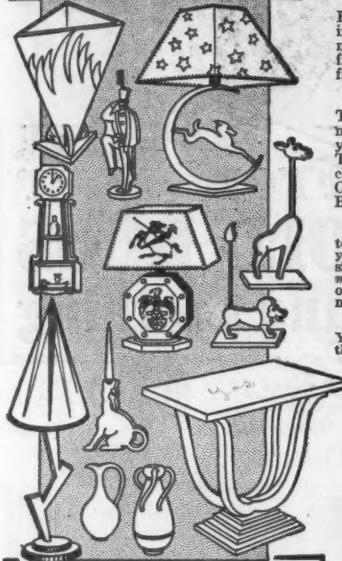
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On the level, Don, what you've landed yourself in doesn't sound to me like any bed of roses and are you so sure that all this talk about a swell future isn't hooey? Anyway, life is short and youth is fleeting. Why not chuck it and come down to New York? I'd be glad to halve my expenses and double my joys by sharing an apartment with you and you wouldn't have any trouble landing something good.

There's a lot of old grads who are full of the old college spirit and always ready to give a fellow a hand. I think at that New York is the only place for a lad who wants a real future and—well, it is preeminently the place to get the most out of life. Think it over, you crab, and write or wire when you're coming.

This letter was not in Don's pocket as he swam upstream, bathing-suits not being so equipped. It was, however, in the pocket of the suit that he had left, along with more intimate garments, on the bank upstream.

There he was headed. Arriving, he produced cigarets and matches and, still in his bathing-suit, reread the letter.

Of course—he grinned now—he remembered Nan Somers. She had rushed him at the Senior Prom the way girls frankly rush men nowadays.

"Let's not talk about the weather," she had suggested coolly, as they sat on a rail under the stars between dances. "Let's talk about sex." They hadn't, of course, talked about sex. That was just her line. Instead:

"Coming down to New York after you graduate?" she had asked.

"I haven't decided," he had replied. "You'd better," she had advised. "You'd get along swell in New York."

Don, with all due modesty, had suspected that. Other men had done it—Sam was even then planning to bestow himself on New York.

"Get a job with some brokerage house or bank that will give you social connections and you can go anywhere, marry anybody you choose," was Sam's definitely stated explanation.

Nor was he overstating it. In New York nowadays a young man may come from nowhere but if he is personable and a bachelor he is invited everywhere. As one of a group he is, whenever he may choose, some girl's guest at dinner, at the theater or the opera, and it is the woman who pays—or rather her father.

The modern deb, in short, needs men in her business.

"Why, one girl," Sam had enlarged, "sent a special train up to Yale on the day of her debut and brought down most of the senior class. It's the old law of supply and demand and the pickings are darn good. Why stick your nose to the old grindstone when you can have the time of your life in New York?"

Don felt differently about it—and said so. "The old Horatio Alger stuff—from rags to riches," Sam had commented disgustedly. "Well, live and learn, my lad!"

They had gone their separate ways and—well, there was Sam, weekending at Port Washington while he, Don Sturgis—

Don did not bother to finish that. He merely flicked away the stub of his cigaret and it was as if he flicked the Titan organization with it. Sam was right—New York was the place for a man.

Not that he meant to try to achieve a reputation as the deb's delight. It was just that he was beginning to suspect that there was a lot of hooey about this future stuff with the Titan organization. It wasn't that he hated the town—so he assured himself—or was fed up with hard work; it was simply that he now realized that he hadn't pinned the Titan representative down to anything definite.

"The Titan organization is a big one," J. T.'s emissary had said, "and you know what the tire industry is these days. Your future is all up to you."

To Don, sitting in the study he and Sam had shared, that had seemed persuasive enough.

He had felt that he was capable of something bigger—and more original—in the way of a career than the selling of bonds.

In brief, the Titan opening had seemed to him the more adventurous, more dramatic thing. But—well, just what was that future?

"Four or five thou a year in the field service," he informed himself, this August afternoon; "ten or fifteen if I get up to the general managership of a plant like this. The egg that has the job will never see forty again; he's staved for the job—and I'll bet he's not as keen about his future as he might be."

This, he felt, was the way to go at it. He was now only doing what he should have done before—considering the thing from all angles.

"I will have a heart-to-heart talk with the manager Monday morning," he promised himself.

He did not add, "And that bimbo will have to go some to convince me that there is any sense in hanging around here," but that was the way he felt.

This much settled, he let his thoughts turn toward Sam—and New York. He did not precisely picture himself seated beside Sam on some rich man's commuter, ministered to by a Filipino steward, but he did reflect, reminiscently, that Sam would get away with that sort of stuff.

"And," he enlarged generously, "I wouldn't be surprised if Sam cleaned up, too." Something more, that is, than fifteen thousand a year at forty. He did not add, even to himself, that if Sam could, so could he, but he did have that feeling.

As for Nan Somers and her message—that didn't count.

"She'd send the same message to Sam through me if the case were reversed," he acknowledged—and knew that was the truth.

Nevertheless, he was only twenty-four and no monk and the prospect of association with Nan and her sort after his sojourn here uplifted him still more.

In brief, he was no longer grim of lip when Penelope and her canoe again came into sight. She was still in her bathing-suit and, everything considered, was so fashioned and, at the moment, so presented, as to evoke a second glance from almost any masculine eye.

The second glance he gave her was prolonged. Of that fact Penelope was not unconscious.

"His second plunge seems to have improved his disposition," she thought. This while she kept her eyes straight ahead, superbly unaware of his existence. Yet he puzzled her. He no longer looked like a spanked boy or a spanked puppy. He looked—

"I'll bet," guessed Penelope, at that point, "he's decided to quit!"

This was none of her business in one way. Yet just the same she knew that if Don Sturgis quit there would be ructions. Naturally J. T. himself never made an error in judgment. His ideas were always sound; when anything went wrong with them it was obviously the fault of the subordinates.

Penelope had a sudden premonition that J. T. was going to be particularly nasty and sarcastic this time.

Quite unconsciously her pace slackened a bit. And at that Don grinned. "Enjoy your swim?" he suggested experimentally.

Penelope glanced toward him, her eyes cool, collected and disdainful.

"What Mabe would call giving him the eye," she would have explained.

Except that Mabe, she realized, never would have given this young six-footer just that sort of eye. Mabe would have been interested and, had Penelope ignored the overture, irritated.

"Say, what was the sense of being so stand-offish?" Mabe would have demanded subsequently—Penelope could just hear her.

And if Mabe were alone . . .

Penelope smiled. Not at Don—although that was his impression—but at a suggestion her nimble processes had presented her with. "Why," this was, "not pretend to be Mabe this afternoon?"

The idea intrigued her. Mabe would let



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him pick her up in a moment—and Penelope knew Mabe's line. Mabe always said anything that came into her head; she had no reticences. At the moment there was something Penelope ached to say to Don Sturgis. To the end that he at least would know what one person thought of his quitting.

The still brilliance of the afternoon encompassed her as she held her paddle poised. She could carry it through that way, beautifully. "Say, Mister Freshy!" she plunged. "When were you ever introduced to me?"

Exactly as Mabe would have said it. Not as an ultimatum but as one who, having posed a question as to the proprieties, is willing to forego them if properly pressed and persuaded.

And that was the idea Don got. His grin widened. He was, as has been said, no monk. "I thought we met down the river. Didn't the spring-board introduce us?"

"If it did," retorted Penelope, now definitely cast in the rôle of Mabe, "I didn't exactly hear you say 'pleased to meetcha.'"

"I am very shy and easily scared," he retorted. "You looked as if you might push me off the spring-board if I didn't move fast—and so I did!"

"I'll say you did," she affirmed. They had reached a rubicon. Penelope sensed the slackening in his interest, a slackening that she felt—not being overmodest about it—would not have been there had she not stepped out of character.

The next move was hers. She twisted her paddle in the water, bent her sun-burnished head. Just as Mabe would have.

"Hot, ain't it?" she experimented. "It's a lot cooler in here," he replied.

Penelope pretended to hesitate. Then, "Can you prove it?" she demanded archly.

"Come in and give me a chance," he invited—as almost any male except a monk must have. "Well," conceded Penelope, partaking of Mabe's presumed liberality on that point, "we both work for the Titan Company and I know a lot about you anyway."

Penelope saw that he quickened at that, as men usually do. His curiosity was aroused as he sprang to assist her to the bank, but she did not at once appease it.

Mabe, she felt sure, would first make it clear that she was a lady.

"I don't do this sort of thing usually," she informed him in Mabe's behalf, "only you can tell when a fellow is a gentleman and won't take too much for granted."

"I understand perfectly," Don assured her. "Won't you sit down?"

He spoke with lazy assurance but Mabe, certainly, would have taken no exception to that. Penelope, however, knew that he had appraised her, found her beautiful but presumably dumb and was prepared to find an afternoon's diversion in approving her sweet eyebrows while damning her intelligence—and feminine subtleties.

Nevertheless, she sat down, her slim ankles crossed, the suppleness and flow of her seraph body marvelously accentuated by the severity of her black bathing-suit.

"Besides," she went on, as persistent to the point as Mabe would have been—though working in an opposite direction, "I do the office filing and I filed your card. So even if you don't exactly know me I know you almost as well as your mother does."

Mabe did work in the filing department and had, in Penelope's presence, commented on the card giving the record of Penelope's companion. For the rest, Penelope felt that she probably did know him better than his mother, in some ways, at that.

At the moment, for instance, it was apparent to her that he felt that anybody who knew about him and his record might be expected to approve of both. He made no comment, merely helped himself to a cigaret and then, as an afterthought, offered her one.

"No, thanks; I don't smoke," she said. "You needn't take it to heart," he grinned. "I know a lot of really nice girls who don't."

He placed the cigaret between his lips,

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furrowed his brows over the lighting of it. And in spite of herself, something feminine in her approved of him. He had clear eyes and a clean mouth and there was about him the suggestion of an extremely nice warmth.

He puffed the cigaret to a glow and then, disposing of the match, glanced up and met her eyes.

Neither spoke for an instant. She had been taken unawares and he was, she realized, appraising her anew. Thinking, she felt—and hoped—how little she looked like the kind of girl she sounded.

Nevertheless, she snapped the spell. Swiftly, "I should think," she advanced, "that a swell athlete like you would be playing on the ball team this afternoon. How come you ain't?"

He stiffened perceptibly, then achieved a crooked smile. "Nobody asked me to," he informed her. And added, "But this is much better, don't you think?"

Penelope tried to look as coy as Mabe would have.

"Oh, I'll bet," she said, "that that's the sort of stuff you tell every girl. I know what you college fellows are like . . . Anyway, playing on a small-time team like the Titan's wouldn't seem much to you after playing for a college."

"I can play baseball after a fashion but football was more my specialty—when it came to balls," he explained. "But"—he smiled at her—"I got an idea that my services weren't exactly being clamored for—not here."

"Oh, that," said she, grasping the awaited opening, "is because they're all jealous of you. They know you are one of J. T.'s pets and will be pushed ahead and all that—if you don't quit. That's what they're all trying to make you do."

"Quit?" he echoed, a bit uncertainly—yet indignantly.

Penelope ignored that. "I don't suppose I ought to talk to you this way"—Mabe's favorite preface to bald indiscretion, that—"but somebody ought to tip you off. They're all betting you'll quit any day now. Why, even the manager said he'd bet you'd not last until the middle of August."

He flushed under his tan and, "That," Penelope informed Penelope, "hit home." Nevertheless, she continued to regard him as Mabe might have. "And," she added, "if I was you I would quit right now and leave them flat."

He looked his surprise. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"It would serve them right," she assured him with the same feminine logic she knew Mabe would display—Mabe worked for the Titan Company but it was her proud boast that it didn't own her. "They don't appreciate you."

"I will say they don't," he interposed.

He did grin, however, and that was to his credit. Nevertheless:

"Or," she went on, "the favor you are doing them in coming here."

"Oh, I don't know as I'd call it that," he protested hastily. "I—"

"Anybody who could get a job anywhere else would be doing the company a big favor coming to this hole," she argued. "And a fellow who's been a big athlete and has a swell record like your filing-card shows must have lots of friends who would just jump to give him a job almost anywhere."

He gave her a swift glance, as if suspecting satire. But her eyes met his openly. Cleopatra, greeting Antony as the world's greatest conqueror—and using exactly the same line she had used with Caesar—could not have looked more innocent or sincere.

"Why, I'll bet," announced Penelope, "you could go right down to New York and get a job this minute if you wanted to."

He did not deny that—only looked surprised that she should realize it.

"And that," thought Penelope, "is just what he plans to do!"

Well, pursuing her devious way, she'd give him something to think of. So:

"And you'd be with your own sort there," she enlarged. "People who appreciate you."

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I'll bet"—she endeavored to look as much like Mabe as possible—"you know a lot of girls down there. Girls with rich fathers, too. You could probably marry one."

"No, thanks," he said, with sudden violence. The perplexity in his eyes as they searched hers was more pronounced than ever.

"What," he added abruptly, "makes them all so sure that I'll quit?"

He did not, Penelope saw, at all relish the word.

"Because all J. T.'s prize beauties—that's what they call you college fellows—always do. They say you're all quitters because—"

"I don't agree," he interrupted heatedly.

"Say," she protested, "I didn't say that. Didn't I say this was an awful hole to work in? I hafta, but believe me, if I was a man I'd get out."

This, apparently, suggested no comment to him. So:

"And I don't see why they call you a spoiled baby just because you are used to lots of attention," she advanced warmly. "You would be used to it. It must be grand to be able to play football the way you did, with everybody hollering your name every time you moved."

He blushed boyishly. "Oh, I say!" he protested. "You make me sound like—"

"Well, it's true, ain't it? I feel like telling the manager so when he gets off that sarcastic stuff about no college hero ever being able to play the game without a lot of applause. Or saying that when it comes to real nerve the fellows that do the dirty work have twice as much—and don't expect to be patted on the back and tucked into bed every night."

Don's eyes darkened. "Did he say that?" Penelope hesitated. She knew just what she was doing but she had no right to involve her chief.

"Well, not exactly," she amended. "But that's his idea. I guess he's getting kind of touchy because every time one of J. T.'s pets quits, J. T. lands on him."

She looked at him expectantly but he said nothing. He seemed to be considering the silent pool that reflected the slender grace of the willow or perhaps the shimmer of gold on the tranquil river beyond. But she had a feeling he saw neither.

And swiftly she felt compunction—as she should have, for under the veneer of partisanship every word she had said she had definitely barbed.

"I suppose," he began slowly—and surprisingly, "that there is something in what the manager says. But just the same—"

He stopped there and Penelope literally held her breath.

"But just the same I don't think I'm a quitter," he finished.

He looked up but Penelope said nothing. He was, she realized, arguing not with her but with himself.

"I suppose," he admitted honestly, "I do like popularity and applause."

"I'm rather keen for both myself," admitted Penelope, as honestly, and, for a moment, forgetting her rôle.

He did not notice her lapse. "The real question," he enlarged, "is what it all leads to. I had an idea that it might lead to something worth while. But now—well, I'm beginning to wonder."

Penelope forgot her rôle again. "It can't help but be worth while—if you stick it out," she broke in. "Can't you see that?"

"I may be dumb—but I can't. In fact—"

"You forget," she interrupted again, "that having college men like you is J. T.'s pet idea. It hasn't worked out very well yet, but that has made him all the more determined that it should. He—why, if you only stick he'll go out of his way to push you ahead. I—I only wish I had the same chance, I—"

She stopped short, conscious of something new in his eyes.

"Gee," she amended swiftly, striving desperately to get back into her rôle of Mabe again. "I certainly do argue both ways, don't I? Ma says I talk like a nut sometimes."

He, however, continued to gaze at her. He was, she knew, trying to fathom her. And suddenly she felt a perfectly preposterous, wholly unprecedented sense of panic. She rose swiftly, almost hectically.

"I'm always butting into other people's business anyway," she added. "I guess I'd better paddle my own canoe."

He rose, his trim six feet towering over her slim five-foot-two. He said nothing for a moment—a pregnant moment.

It could not be anything but that, for he, after all, was only twenty-four and she but twenty-two. His eyes sought her and hers met them, curiously defiant. But only briefly. They fell as he spoke.

"Oh, wad," he quoted, half whimsically, half wryly, "some power the giftie gie us, to see oursel's as others see us' . . . Well, you certainly did."

Penelope said nothing—what was there to say?

"You were very clever," he went on. "Almost clever enough to get away with it. I all but accepted you at your face value."

He grinned down at her and again something feminine stirred in Penelope.

"Well, what's the matter with my face?" she inquired, on an impish impulse.

No use now, she knew, to pretend to be Mabe.

He did not answer that but his eyes darkened, for a moment, as water does when a strong gust sweeps over it. Then, abruptly:

"You did rather ache to tell me I was acting like a spoiled baby, didn't you?" he challenged.

Penelope saw no reason to deny it. "Weren't you?" she asked.

"I imagine I must have seemed so," he admitted. "I did expect a bit more attention—and approval—from the powers that be."

"But can't you see that that would only be stressing the favoritism idea—and that wouldn't have made it any easier among the men?"

"Naturally not," he conceded. Penelope felt his eyes seek hers again. "What made you pretend to be—well, the sort of girl you so unmistakably are not?"

Penelope felt she might as well be direct. "Because," she replied coolly, "it gave me a chance to sting you—without giving you a chance to get back."

He grinned swiftly, delightedly. "You did a thorough job," he assured her. "But why should you bother? There must have been some reason. Something that eludes me."

"There was. I'm private sec to the manager, you see. And I knew if you quit it would make trouble for the manager—at least a letter from J. T. that would spoil his day and mine too. Men are that way, you know."

He grinned anew. Then: "I had just about decided to quit," he admitted—he did not, she noted, sidestep the verb.

"Oh," she said serenely, "I knew that!"

He did not look surprised, nor did he ask her how she knew.

"But I think I'll stick around instead," he added. "So your afternoon has not been wasted, after all."

Penelope herself did not feel that it had been, somehow. But she did not tell him so. She merely smiled and moved toward her canoe.

"Must you go?" he asked swiftly, a new note in his voice.

He didn't want her to. And he no longer spoke with lazy assurance.

Penelope wavered. She didn't, somehow, want to go herself. And that being so, why—be silly? He was, really, awfully nice and—

"Do you prefer green olives, or ripe ones?" she asked abruptly.

He did not look surprised, merely grinned. "Ripe ones, of course," he said.

"I think," commented Penelope, "that almost constitutes an introduction." And with that she reseated herself. Casually enough, to all outer seeming, but with a certain quickening in her. That was inevitable.

Experience—or perhaps the word should be experiments—had made her wary. Of, that is,

the way a man will ever misinterpret a girl's motives. This man, she had determined, would have no mistaken conception of what she thought of him. She had gone to him not to bind his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, but to apply caustic. She had done that and still—well, he was obviously as other men.

Penelope stayed at her peril—and Penelope knew it.

The soft sunshine and the dusky fragrance of the trees encompassed them as they talked of many things. And presently Penelope got the volume of verse and read bits from that. And still later she produced ham sandwiches and ripe olives and shared them with him.

The pale enchantment that precedes the sunset came on and then the sunset itself flamed into glory across the western sky. For a spell they were silent.

Then the sunset faded and she came to her feet. "I must go," she announced—and offered him her hand.

He took it and held it, perhaps a bit longer than he should. Then: "Do you by any chance come here Sundays, too?" he asked.

"Usually," admitted Penelope—which was a considerable concession for Penelope.

In fact: "Mabe herself might have said the same thing," Penelope informed Penelope as Penelope paddled back downstream through the glamorous gloom. Nevertheless, she didn't care. Not with the memory of that which had leaped into his eyes as she had spoken.

"But supposing it rains tomorrow?" he had suggested almost apprehensively.

Penelope had not told him so but she had felt very sure it wouldn't rain or that it wouldn't matter much if it did.

Because—well, because he was ever so nice and because he liked ripe olives and sunsets savored in silence and Edna St. Vincent Millay and because she knew now that he certainly wasn't the sort to quit when there was anything definite in sight.

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C R E A M W I N X

What Is White?

(Continued from page 69)

was Lady Alice Underwood. He stared at her speechless as she walked towards him, meeting his gaze calmly, without embarrassment.

"I have come," she said simply, "to tell you what you suspect already. I was Jane Smith."

"Why, in heaven's name—?" he burst out.

"Don't you see," she interrupted, "I must know what you mean to do."

"That's just the abominable part of it. What can I do?"

"Then you'll keep my secret?"

Sir Humphrey opened his mouth to repudiate the suggestion that he held his professional honor as lightly as she had held her personal honor. But the impulse was checked by the sudden thought that he might perhaps exact a price for the silence nothing would induce him to break. If only he could persuade her to give Peter up! It was worth trying anyway.

"Your secret is safe with me," he answered, "on one condition—that you take back your promise to marry my son and go right out of his life."

"Never"—she spoke in a soft whisper—"never. I love Peter. I love him with all my heart and soul."

Peter's father gave his indignation rein. "Yet you're prepared to deceive him—to take the name of an honest man, you who— And you call that love! What I can't understand is how you had the effrontery to come down here. I suppose you hoped I shouldn't recognize you."

"I never thought about it at all. How could I have dreamed you were Peter's father?"

"But the name—my name."

"I never heard your name. There—you were just one of the doctors."

"Well, that doesn't alter the fact that you're unfit to be the wife of any decent man."

"I don't agree with you, and what is more,

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"I'm sure Peter wouldn't agree with you either."

"You ask me to believe that Peter would marry you if he knew you had—that you were Jane Smith! The idea is unthinkable!"

"Of course he would marry me if I told him everything—all the circumstances."

"Then why didn't you tell him when he first proposed to you?"

"Because Lawrence—because this man was his friend and he is dead."

"That makes it all the worse."

"If only I could make you understand!"

Lady Alice murmured desperately. "This man, Jane Smith's man, was a volunteer—gave up everything at the very beginning of the war to fight for England—for the women of England. He was brave and honest. And he loved me, though I never cared for him."

"Just as I thought—a sordid war intrigue."

"No. A war service—part of my war service. I've always looked at it in that light. It happened on his last leave, the night before he went back to die. He knew that it was the end for him. 'You're the last woman I shall ever kiss,' he said. How could I refuse him?"

"You talk as if a woman's honor were a mere trifle!"

"Yes—compared with a man's life. I felt it so and I wasn't the only one. Most women were ready then to help in any way they could. The way was an accident. I was perfectly free, too, for I didn't know Peter then. And I don't regret what I did even now," she added defiantly. "I know he found joy in my arms and strength to face death with—and I am glad."

"Hush—hush!" Sir Humphrey was shocked to the core. "Your point of view," he said at length, "seems to me not only immoral but unnatural. To take advantage of a girl's mistaken generosity is a crime, war or no war. Obviously this man was the more to blame in this deplorable affair, but if I condoned it, I should be as bad. My duty is clear. Either you must give Peter up or tell him the whole story."

"Of course, I am in your power," she acknowledged, with a gesture of surrender. "Since you insist upon it, I will tell Peter, but I can't stay under your roof now. Perhaps you could send me up to town early tomorrow before he comes down to breakfast."

"Certainly, if you prefer not to see him again."

"Not till he knows, anyway. I'll leave a letter for him."

"We must not give any occasion for gossip. Frost can be told you had an urgent telephone call tonight. I'll order the car for seven, if you can be ready by then."

"I shall be ready. There's no more to be said, I think. Good night."

Before Sir Humphrey could get to the door, Lady Alice had disappeared as silently as she came. Painful as the interview had been, he felt on the whole relieved. It had made the duty of saving Peter from this magdalen who did not even pretend to be repentant easier than he had anticipated. A tearful appeal to his generous instincts would have been much harder to resist than her outrageous declaration of rights which, he felt, menaced the whole edifice of male comfort and security.

Pausing at the door of his valet's room, Sir Humphrey gave the order for the car on his way up to bed.

"Her ladyship asked me to give you this letter." The servant's voice startled Sir Humphrey from uneasy dreams on the following morning.

"I hope," he forced himself to say as he glanced at the envelop lying on his tea-tray, "she got off quite comfortably."

"Quite, sir. I asked whether I should rouse you or Mr. Peter, but her ladyship would not have anyone disturbed."

Sir Humphrey slipped the letter under the tray as his son burst into the room.

"What's all this?" Peter inquired. "Frost says Alice went off at daybreak in your car."

"Yes. A telephone call came for her last night after you'd gone to bed. Some friend

suddenly taken ill—anyway, she begged me to send her up to town early."

"Why wasn't I wakened? I could have driven her up myself."

"Apparently she wouldn't have you disturbed," Sir Humphrey responded.

"I can't understand her going off like that. Did she say who the friend was?"

"No. She said she'd write to you."

Peter dashed out of the room, leaving his father mystified. Was the confession Lady Alice had promised to write still lying on the hall table? If so, why had it not been brought up as usual with the morning's mail? Locking the door, Sir Humphrey tore open the envelop addressed to himself.

It contained nothing but a letter directed in a firm upright hand to 'Peter Mardon, Esq.,' and sealed with a large silver seal. The sight of it intensified Sir Humphrey's distress. He had not anticipated that she would make him the messenger of his son's enlightenment.

How much of the truth, he wondered, did this letter contain? He would, he supposed, have to give it to Peter after breakfast and explain the lie of the telephone message.

Though he dreaded unspeakably the ordeal that awaited him, Peter would, he tried to convince himself, take the blow like the man he was. He would cut this jade out of his heart, and sooner or later another woman would heal the wound.

When, sick with apprehension, he descended to the breakfast-room, his son was not there. Mr. Peter, Frost explained, had swallowed a cup of coffee and gone out in his car without leaving any message. But the feeling of relief which this announcement inspired died as the consequences of the boy's absence grew clear. Peter evidently had followed the girl to London. He would meet her and learn the existence of the letter he had not received.

Odious as the idea of renewing communication with Lady Alice was, Sir Humphrey realized that he must for his own sake make her aware of the position before Peter could reach town. The telephone book doubtless would supply her address and number. Diligent search failed, however, to reveal any trace of her name. Nor were inquiries at the head office, when he got through to London, more fruitful.

In spite of its midsummer beauty the master of Monkshill failed for once to find in his garden balm for his distracted soul. By the time the sun had passed its meridian Peter must, his father concluded, have heard Lady Alice's story from her own lips. Perhaps he had already started home.

Fortified by this hope, Sir Humphrey busied himself with plans for the future. To help the boy over this, his first real sorrow, must be his father's chief concern, even if it involved the sacrifice of his own tastes and habits. They would fill the house with Peter's dancing and hunting friends. Or if Peter preferred it, he would even consent to shut up Monkshill and travel until some pure unstained maiden should blot out the poisoned memory of today.

Sir Humphrey had almost completed this consoling mental picture when they brought Peter home. It was really a miracle that he was alive at all. The car tearing at breakneck speed round a corner about half-way between Monkshill and London had collided with a lorry and overturned. It had taken some hours to procure an ambulance and to drive him very slowly back to his father's house.

The doctor helped Sir Humphrey to remove Peter's clothes and to complete his diagnosis. It was a case of severe concussion complicated by internal injuries. He might with care and luck recover.

Through the delirium of the days and nights that followed the name of "Alice" resounded like a recurrent melody. Peter's spirit seemed to abide with her, now cajoling, now upbraiding, always adoring. During his perpetual vigil at his son's bedside, Sir Humphrey recognized the depth and poignancy of the passion this woman had inspired in him. It was a quality of emotion entirely outside his own



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experience. Were there, he asked himself, potentialities in human nature which he never had suspected, transcendent impulses not to be measured by the foot rule of conventional morality, far beyond the mere desire of the flesh and the tepid sentiment that is supposed to sanctify it?

As the whole litany of love fell in disjointed phrases from his son's lips, they evoked the memory of forgotten scenes in the early years of his own married life—scenes in which his wife had derided the cold comfort he offered her in a way he had found embarrassing and "not quite nice." Yes; Peter was his mother's son, with the same romantic view of life, the same ardent capacity for love. And he had always felt himself excluded from their mutual confidence.

To both mother and son he never had been anything but a stranger, to be humored and coddled because, as a bread-winner, he was indispensable. That was just the bald, bitter truth.

During those long night-watches he was unable to withstand the desolating sense of failure—failure to understand the two human creatures who were so dear to him.

At intervals Peter's unleashed mind wandered to episodes of the war wherein he had played his part. One night another name shot out of the rambling story. For the moment Peter seemed quite coherent.

"Don't worry, Lawrence, old son," he said; "if you get through this, I know you'll do the right thing by her. Alice—yes, I won't forget. I'll take care of her—I swear it." Then he added, "Poor old Lawrence—the best ever."

Sir Humphrey rose and bent over the bed. "What Alice?" he urged softly. "What do you mean?" But the wailing reply, "Alice—Alice, where are you? Why wouldn't you come into the garden?" showed that the curtain had fallen once more.

Waving away the nurse who came to relieve him, Sir Humphrey resumed his seat. To what did these broken phrases point? Surely, he concluded as he revolved them in his mind, to the fact that Peter all along had been aware of the character of the intimacy that had existed between the man Lawrence and Lady Alice Underwood—an intimacy she had expiated as Jane Smith. Incredible as it was, no other interpretation seemed possible. For Peter, therefore, "expiated" was the word.

Was it, his father wondered as he groped through the maze of doubt and anguish which wrung his soul, after all the right word? Could sin be so purged by sufficing that it left the

sinner not only absolved, but whiter than before—lily-white?

"Part of my war service" was the phrase she had used that night. He had not understood it then. He had not understood that the spirit of self-sacrifice can hallow any gift. Blinded by the letter of the law—a man-made law—he had not understood this woman whom Peter held as sacred and whom his love indemnified.

Dawn broke with a blush. "Alice—Alice, I want you," moaned the voice from the bed. Knowing from the beginning the best and the worst of Jane Smith, his son loved her and, knowing, had been happy in his love until his father had interposed his petrified prejudices between them with such dire effect. If Peter should die the responsibility would be his alone.

Beckoning to the nurse to take his place, Sir Humphrey went into the little sitting-room to search among Peter's letters for the address of the woman whose presence might yet save his son's life. Upon one signed "Your own Alice," he discovered both address and telephone number.

"But are you sure Peter wants to see me?" Lady Alice's voice replied to Sir Humphrey's call and brief announcement of the accident. "He has never answered my letter."

"He never received your letter. He went off that morning before I could give it to him." Then he added, "You must come at once if you want to see him alive."

"I will come," he could just hear her say. Half-way upstairs Sir Humphrey met the nurse. "I think the crisis has passed," she said with a smile. "He is sleeping quietly now. If only the lady is here when he wakes—"

"Go and rest," was the reply. "I will stay with him."

Two hours later, as he knelt beside the bed, Sir Humphrey felt a light touch upon his shoulder. "There is something I must tell you before Peter wakes," he stammered, lifting Lady Alice's hand to his lips. "During his delirium I discovered that he knew everything."

"He never," she whispered, "told me he knew."

At that moment Peter opened his eyes. He was conscious though very weak. "Alice!" he murmured with ineffable content. "My Alice."

"I suggested to Sir Humphrey," the vicar's wife remarked to her husband, when the bride and bridegroom had left after a quiet wedding in the village church, "that white lilies made rather a cold decoration for a marriage service, but he only said, 'I want white—nothing but white.'"

This Madness (Continued from page 27)

amusing group that gyrated about this home.

None the less, for reasons of contrariness and vanity, I gainsaid the idea. It would not do. If I could afford to pay something for rent, but, even then— At last Savitch, a little irritated by my opposition, perhaps, exclaimed: "Well, why not rent it, then, at any price you like, if you must have it that way? It makes no difference to me. Only take it. Surely, if I can bring myself to rent it, you can afford to take it, in order to please me."

He glowered affectionately upon me, and because I was so much taken with him, as well as with the idea, I said: "All right, only hush!" and then told him what I was paying where I was—forty dollars. Would that be enough? He laughed. "Forty dollars or forty cents! You are the one who is insisting on it. It's yours for as long as you like, at anything or nothing. I'll send the car for your things in the morning."

And so it was that I came to dwell with the Martynovs for something over a year. And on family or blood ties, almost. For in spite of my previous recessiveness, due to starved and defeated dreams, I fancy, I found myself experiencing a most engaging and comforting winter with this group, not only intellectually but emotionally.

The charm of Madame Martynov, in spite of her forty-five years and her extreme devotion to her husband, was able to evoke in me an interest which was far from platonic. For so often she would sit and study me, a barely decipherable smile about her mouth. I could not help wondering about it.

And Aglaia. I recall now almost every detail of my early contacts with her.

And yet, I felt that I never could be genuinely enthusiastic about her, never love her—assuming that she ever should be attracted to me sufficiently to wish it to be so—as she would naturally prefer to be loved. Yet, we got on most easily and cheerfully.

I found myself, for instance, looking at her low forehead and green-gray brown eyes and thinking: Your eyes are very large and generous and wide-set. Wisdom and humanity dwell in them. You will make an ideal wife for someone. I wonder will you ever attempt a career, and if so, what will become of you.

And then one day, towards evening, I came in from a long walk, very tired and somewhat despondent. Writing a book always has been for me a slow and dubious business. Seldom have I approached it with sufficient courage or support. And just then I needed much more encouragement than I had. I was dragging at

a heavy load, I thought. Was what I was doing really sound? Would the public ever accept me? Was I writing uselessly?

Grim, disturbing thoughts moved in shadow and sardonically leered upon me. I was sad. But now, here in this house, in the dusk, was this girl, Aglaia, singing and playing. As I came along the hall she heard me and turned her head, looking over her shoulder at me, yet without pausing or speaking.

She had a way of doing that which was arresting. More, she had an artistic reverence for the mood which she herself was evoking. One could feel it.

Yet, on this occasion her eyes seemed to invite me to come in and sit down. I slipped off my coat and sank into a chair near the window, and she continued playing.

Presently, but without ending her soft improvisation, she asked: "Blue?"

"Who? Me? Oh, no! Why do you ask? Do I look that way?"

"I can tell."

"Oh, can you?"

"Yes."

I said nothing, then after a time, she added: "Someone must have hurt you. Or are you disappointed in love?"

I did not answer, but just the same I was not only disturbed but a little irritated. For only two days before, on reading in a newspaper that Lenore and her mother had gone to Europe, I suddenly had become depressed and had set down on a sheet of paper some words, or rather the expression of a mood in connection with this which, inadvertently, I had left lying on my table. I thought of that now. It ran:

Love
That empty-handed
Sits
And dreams.
Love
That can make pain of songs,
Laughter,
Happy voices.
Love
That lifts its empty hands
And curses its own need
The while,
Apart,
Dancing,
Kissing,
Laughing.
The world over,
Circles
As a saraband.
Love—
That wets the eyes
And breaks the heart.

As I say, I had forgotten all about it afterward and left it lying upon my table. And though I had found it that same night on returning, I had the feeling that possibly other eyes than mine might have read it. One never could tell. Anyhow, here was possibly—a veiled reference to such a situation. But why should she be in my room reading my things, anyhow? I felt like accusing her, but instead controlled myself and walked out of the room.

"Are you staying for dinner?" she called.

"No," I replied curtly.

But another night, feeling differently, I came in and joined her in the music-room again. And we talked, most genially, of many things, until finally she observed: "You were cross with me the other night."

"No, not a bit," I lied. "Why should I be cross with you?"

"I really don't know," she answered, "unless it was that I teased you about being disappointed in love. I didn't mean to."

"Me, disappointed in love? What nonsense! I haven't been in love in I don't know when. I don't think I could be any more. But why do you insist on the thought? What puts it into your mind?"

(And now, I was thinking to myself, I shall ask you about reading things in my room and see what you say about that.)

"Oh, nothing much," she commented, "except that you are very sad at times and you



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seem to like the sadder pieces of music best.”

“I hadn't noticed these things. But supposing them true, then what?” I persisted coolly.

“Oh, nothing. I'm not trying to pry into your affairs, you know. Forgive me.”

“Oh, pry if you like,” I said. “It's neither here nor there. But tell me, can one be sad only because one is disappointed in love?”

“Oh, no, of course not. I didn't mean that, only I always associate sadness with disappointment of some kind. And I thought yours might be like that.”

I laughed and turned to question her about her past. Had she ever been in love? Why, of course, lots of times.

“Oh, then you must have begun early.”

“I did, only not very seriously. I've been in love seriously only once.”

“Only once?”

“Yes. I don't mean to jest about that, either. I'm just telling you. I couldn't jest about it even now.” She paused and looked as though she were thinking darkly.

“Is he still alive?” I asked interestedly.

“Oh, no, he died five years ago.”

“But you still care for him.”

“Why, yes, of course I do. I shall always care for him.”

(Then what of the lieutenant I had first met at the Christmas party, and his claims? I thought.)

“And you have never seriously been in love since?”

“Not seriously, no,” she returned frankly.

“He must have been someone worth while.”

And I meant that.

“He was,” she said. And then, because of more inquiries from me, launched into a brief description. The son of a wealthy manufacturer in Illinois, interested in letters, music, but studying engineering at Columbia, he had died very suddenly, from injuries received in a football game.

That was five years ago, but her parents even to this day did not know how much she had been in love. She had not told them, had not wanted to make her mother and father sorry for her. I offered condolences, yet suggested that time heals.

“Oh, I know,” she replied. “It's true. One gets over those things in time, in part, anyhow, but it has only been recently that I began to feel differently.”

(The lieutenant, I thought.)

Her father and mother came in at this moment, and presently also Adair. But a night or two after there was another opportunity for discussion between us. A heavy snow had begun to fall during the afternoon, and by eleven that night the Drive was piled high with white drifts. For some reason Aglaia seemed restless, uneasy, throughout the evening. After the departure of some guests, she kept looking out of the window, and at last exclaimed: “Oh, what a night for a walk! How about it? Anyone want to come with me?”

She looked first at Adair, whose legs were stretched comfortably under the library table, then at me, where I sat holding a book, pretending to read, then at her father, lost in a book. I thought there was something special, and yet evasive, in her glance at me.

“You want to be blown into the river!” observed Martynov.

“Why this sudden daring?” inquired Madame Martynov.

“Not for me,” added Adair. “It's bad enough just to look at it without wanting to go out in it.”

“Drawn by her look and gaiety, I volunteered.”

“Come on, then, only I'll need a heavy coat and cap.”

“I'll put on my sweater and boots,” she exclaimed, and disappeared from the room. I could tell that both Martynov and Zenia were thinking it eccentric, yet neither said anything. When I, and a moment or two later Aglaia, returned, Savitch was at one of the windows, looking out.

“Lunatics!” he announced genially. “Look out you aren't buried in a drift.”

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And Madame Martynov added: "Don't go too far, please. I really think it isn't wise."

She looked at me and I thought I detected a slight strain of reproach in her voice. Or was it envy?

Once outside with Aglaia, I felt very gay and yet a little diffident and embarrassed. For she was so vivid and high-spirited, and I eighteen years older. What could come of such a thing as this? Mere nonsense. A little queer, too.

For was I not still married, as Martynov and Zenia and Aglaia herself well knew? For once, at table, we had entered on a discussion of the problems of marriage. They were this. They were that. But in the progress of the talk I recall saying that marriage was not for me. I was unsuited for it, temperamentally. Writers should not marry. Anyone who was drawn to me and who should insist on allying herself with me would be sorry. Although Aglaia had smiled at this, I noted afterwards she studied me with a curiously concentrated look.

But just the same, and in spite of my remarks on that occasion, I found myself now captivated by her physical as well as mental vigor and gaiety and charm. Could she, by any chance, be really interested in me, so much older than herself? I wondered—and quite romantically.

In her fur cap and jacket and high leather boots, her hands in her pockets and her brown hair showing below her cap, she ran ahead and kicked through the swirling drifts. I had to run, almost, to keep up with her.

"You can almost lean against this wind!" she exclaimed. "Look! It holds me up," and she leaned forward against it. "And those lights in those windows up there. They look like bits of dull brass"—as they did, through the snow. "And those out on the river. What are they? You can scarcely make them out. See how they fade and come back." They were ferry-boats crossing and re-crossing.

She had paused beside me and was looking out over the river. For answer I looked at her face. In the snow, under an arc-light, it was exquisite. Quite moving. And I began to think of her as more lovely than at any time so far.

But why such thoughts! How unwise! Dangerous, even. For it was not likely—couldn't be—that there was any reciprocity of mood between us. She was too young, too interested in another. Besides, I had better be careful. She might be a little, but at worst only foolishly drawn just now, and with no serious thought as to what she was doing. But a tactless word, or gesture, or look on my part, and presto, this pleasant family relationship would be blasted. Best to say nothing—smile and flirt lightly—although already provocative thoughts were crowding to my lips.

Opposite the Tomb, beside the shore walk, was a granite pavilion. Inside, bounded by a breast-high parapet, was a fairly snowless stone floor. And here we stood to watch the storm for a few moments. And with the same thoughts, the same mood haunting me. She seemed alive with romance and dreams. And then, suddenly, and without a word from either, she began to dance, and then I with her, some rhythmic gesture of hers suggesting it.

Now I was privileged to hold her close and look into her eyes. What easy, airy grace! In spite of Lenore, I found myself suddenly reasonless and urgent. She was beautiful! She had a lovely, graceful body. And a lovely, graceful mind.

Yet, why stir up romance under such difficult circumstances? I was about to pause to recapture my equilibrium, when she seemed to sense something, and hesitated.

"I know it's getting late," she said coolly. "We are sort of ridiculous, aren't we?" She ran ahead, and I followed, a little dourly.

We entered the house, and there were Savitch and Zenia and Adair and Julia. How high was the snow? How far did we go? Aglaia described all but the dancing and went to change her clothes. I told of the drifts and the wind, and then, curiously thoughtful, went to bed.

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Followed a few days of remoteness and evasiveness between us when we met, and after that all becoming once more homey and genial.

And then, very soon it seemed, faint evidences of the approach of spring, much talk of the removal of the family to the country. May was now near, and windows open, and the river a dream of blue and silver. The trees were turning green.

There was a place near Great Neck, on the north shore of Long Island, to which the Martynovs repaired in summer. They had leased it for years to come. Not five hundred feet from the house were a cove and swimming-pool, and all about in the woods lovely paths for riding.

Winter and summer, the small cove, a narrow Sound inlet which penetrated quite to the edge of the property, harbored a flotilla of sailboats. It was beautiful. And now Martynov and Zenia were suggesting I come too when they went, which would be soon. It would be a natural part of my present relationship to the family, my summer share of their life. It was what they had intended from the first, of course.

But dubious as to this situation in general, I decided not to go. For, as I tried to tell myself, I did not care enough about all this to become so involved. Zenia—Aglaia—whither was I drifting? And there was Martynov to consider. In all fairness, since he cared so much for me, I really should not put myself in a position where I would be tempted to betray him. I should not. Continue on here for the summer? It was not as pleasant as the country, to be sure, but it was on the Drive. A servant could come in twice a week to look after things. Once in a while one or another of the family would be staying in town for the night. (This caused me to smile.) And, of course, weekends I might come down to the country, if I would.

So I decided to remain in the apartment alone. And then, lastly, a final conversation with Aglaia on the day before she left with the rest of the family. It was early in the afternoon, after a morning in which she had shopped and lunched out. The last of the servants had left, after giving me my luncheon.

An hour later the sound of her playing came to me as I sat in my room writing and thinking of myself as alone perhaps for days to come. Although the music was dreamy and as usual seeking and alluring, I did not go out. Instead, for a time, silence. A most vigorous and alert and even painful silence.

What was she doing? Thinking? Would she come, or call, or say good-by? Then once I thought I heard footsteps in the hall outside my door, but no knock. Instead, more silence. And I wondered. After that another lapse of time, then distinct and definite footsteps, and a knock.

It was Aglaia, holding a pair of cuff-links I had left somewhere to be repaired. They had just been delivered. I noticed her face was pale, almost white, and her voice weak, or husky, her ordinary calm and assurance quite vanished. I was not coming down to Great Neck then, this weekend, was I? Too bad. I would be missing a lot. But the next week surely, or the week after.

"Come in, come in," I insisted, since I felt that she wanted to. "A perfect day, isn't it? I have been writing all day. And tomorrow I will be all alone—no lovely music to listen to."

"Unless you should trouble to come to Great Neck," she interpolated, and walked to the window and stood with her back to me, looking out. She was wearing a blue and white house dress, with very short sleeves and a flouncy, ruffled skirt. She was entrancing, I thought. Her face, now almost colorless, seemed all the more spiritual and wonderful.

"You are going to like the country, aren't you?" I said, but she did not reply or turn. She appeared to be interested in the scene, and I repeated my words.

"Yes, I hope so."

"Golf, tennis, riding, swimming." I was not a little sardonic, waving them aside as

trifles to one who was of so serious a turn as myself.

"Oh, you could do all those things if you would."

"No doubt, as an invited guest," I replied, half sarcastically.

"Well, certainly." She turned and looked at me most composedly. "Why not? Others do them as guests."

"Yes, I know that, too," I answered, and then, meanly, "but — (I forget the lieutenant's name, but I used it) will be there."

A slight wave of defiance and resentment seemed to pass over her at this. She drew herself together somewhat, and I fancied she was going to leave. Instead, though, she stood and looked at me as I looked at her. Just then, oddly enough, her name—Aglaia—haunted me. I wanted to say it softly, tenderly.

I felt suddenly sorry for her and myself in these lovely days, this wonderful mood upon us, and lonely too, as though I needed her and she me. It was very beautiful.

Might it not be that she did want me? She was very pale and still and looked at me weakly, as I thought. And because of this I moved toward her, only to see her withdraw and fall back against the wall, with her eyes fixed on me.

I could see now how it all was. Her desire, an inability to yield, her ability to yield, to confess, if I asked her. It was written all over her face. At that moment, for that reason, I felt suddenly very strong, gay, even, like one moved to laugh for sheer joy. And yet sad, too.

She was so very youthful and beautiful and helpless, now. She merely gazed, like a snared bird, a lovely weak look in her eyes—a look of failure, and so surrender. Then once more her name came to me. I wanted to say it, and did. "Aglaia!"

She looked up at me, helplessly. I saw it all, with a great wave of triumph, really, and put my arms around her. And instead of resisting me she reached behind where my fingers were now already locked and caressed my hands. More, she let me kiss her and kissed me in turn—long, clinging, feverish kisses. Only a few words passed between us at first—terms of endearment.

"But Aglaia," I said, after a time, "tell me one thing. Do you know what you are doing?"

"Yes."

"Your father and mother, you know what they would think if they knew? Do you really care so much?"

"Yes."

"Do you think I care for you as you would want me to?"

"No, no! I know you don't. You couldn't."

"You say that so positively."

"Oh, I know how you are. I know all, really."

"About me?"

"Yes."

"I don't need to confess anything?"

"No."

"But what about —?" (I mentioned the lieutenant's name. As it comes back to me, it was something like "Pendale.")

"Yes, I know, but I can't help that, now."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"But you care for him?"

"Not now. I thought I did, yes, but not now. Not any more. Oh, I like him, yes. I'm only sorry now, that's all."

There was an interlude—kisses and embraces, whispered bits about her father, mother and others; what each might think if he or she knew—her father in particular, although, as now she confessed, it did not make so much difference about him, either.

He would understand. He was so wise and generous. As for her mother, well, her mother was different, but she was prepared to deal with her mother, if she had to—but only so. No one need know if we were not indifferent or foolish about our actions from now on.

I gathered from this, as from her actions, that she had been thinking about all this, that there had been a deep mental and emotional struggle long before this day.

"You care for your mother, don't you?" I asked.

"Of course, I love her. But how about you?" "I like her," I admitted, half laughing at the smarting sharpness of it.

"As much as you do me?" "No. I never did."

At that moment I half believed myself, and perhaps I was right. I am not sure, even to this day. She smiled unbelievably, yet tenderly.

"She is beautiful, isn't she?" she asked.

"One of the most beautiful and intelligent women I have ever known, I think."

"Oh, I know you like her," she retorted, with a tone of acerbity. "I know it. You needn't tell me. You like her better than you do me."

"Aglaia!"

"Yes, you do. Please don't say you don't, because I know better. Everybody does. I know you do."

"But that's not true. I swear it!"

"But you don't love her. I know that, too," she went on, and the tone of her voice made me pause. There was something premonitory in it.

"And how do you know that?" I laughed. "Because you love someone else. Please don't say you don't, because I know that too."

"Aglaia," I reproved—thinking of the writing on my desk. Then she had read it. How not nice that was! But there was such an informed look in her eyes that for the moment, anyhow, I gave over denying. Yet even now I was a little irritated, if disarmed. Why should she have done that? How unlike her it all seemed. But to get to the bottom of it I now demanded: "Just how do you know?"

"Because of that poem you left in here."

"You read it?" "Yes."

"I thought so," I chided amusedly. "But aren't you ashamed of yourself, Aglaia? How could you?"

"No, I'm not ashamed. I know how it looks. But I couldn't help it. I came into your room to place some flowers on your table and there was the poem. I had to read it. But at that I don't suppose she is so much more wonderful than anyone else. I know she isn't."

"Aglaia!" "Oh, I don't care! It was because you couldn't get her, that's all. The poem says so."

"Aglaia!" "Oh, darling. I can't help it! I can't tell you how that hurt me the day I found it. You will never know." She put her face against my coat.

"You little cheat!" I scolded, turning up her white, strained face to kiss it. "But how do you know it isn't just a poem?"

"Oh, don't say that. Don't I know? I can feel it in the words. Besides, haven't I seen how you've acted—sighing and all that? I know it's someone you're crazy about."

"You scamp!" I laughed, petting her. "I wish I might see her sometime," she went on. "I know she isn't any more wonderful than anyone else. I know it."

"Aglaia, Aglaia," I laughed. But she did not change her mood for the moment, just stood there looking down until at last, turning up her face, I kissed her. And for a moment or so, thus we contemplated each other. Then slowly, perhaps because I smiled, she relaxed, and hid her face against my coat.

But I was thinking, thinking—what, if anything, might the future hold in store for such an adventure as this? To be sure, there were all the summer days to come. But supposing Lenore were really to return? Then what?

According to Aglaia now, I was to come out weekends—this Saturday first of all, if I would. There was to be boating, swimming, motoring. And better, ideal opportunities for unobserved contact. We would be so happy. Oh, the summer days before us!

And as she and I had planned in that hour, so it was. There was at least one golden summer and a fall, which passed as passes a dream. The weekends at Stony Cove, as the place was called, a roomy country place facing to the west a great lawn ten acres in extent and to the

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By M. PHILIP STEPHENSON

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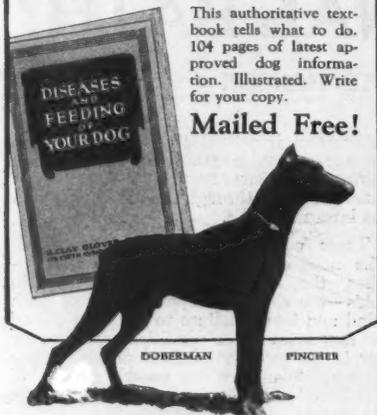
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north the Sound, one shimmering arm of which was within a stone's throw. And east and north the long winding roads of Long Island, along which we often sped, to luncheon, to dinner or supper, at Manhasset, Shelter Island, Fire Island, Long Beach. The Vanderbilt Speedway to Lake Ronkonkoma had only recently been opened.

And although never at any time would I have said that I was deeply or seriously taken emotionally with Aglaia, still I was intrigued by her colorful, liberal and sympathetic mind, as well as her physical charm and her skill in managing this relationship.

For it should be remembered that we were surrounded by the Martynovs and their many friends on all occasions. And at her years it seemed astounding at times that she should so calmly face it all. For there was never any encounter anywhere, secret or otherwise, or any private gesture even, that could be calculated or counted upon without first taking into consideration the possibility of observation on the part of one or many, a fact which Aglaia was constantly emphasizing and guarding against. For, as she said, one look, let alone one word, and her mother would guess and try to separate us. Of that she was sure.

Worse, as she clearly pointed out to me, was the conviction on the part of Martynov and his wife that she should marry the lieutenant, since he was wealthy and socially well placed.

For, as she now explained, at the time I had arrived on the scene, the affair had already reached the stage where a private, if not a public, engagement would not have been amiss. And it was only because of my presence during those first days that she had begun to change, although she felt that she should not.

"You will never know what I went through," she once said to me. "Those nights when you first came there and used to go off on long walks by yourself. I knew you were unhappy or gloomy, and I used to wait for you to come back. And I never went to sleep until you were in, although I shouldn't have bothered or cared."

"And when I would play or sing, and you would come out—I never admitted to myself then that I was playing or singing to you. But now I see it all so clearly. And that night that we walked on the Drive in the storm, I was trying to make you say something, and yet knowing that I shouldn't. And when I ran away I really wanted to turn and run back."

Her eyes, even more than her voice or her words, told the story of her great fascination. Just the same, and for all that, the irritation, and at times jealousy, which my present situation in connection with this family and its friends and hers caused me is something which borders on the fantastic and unreal.

For although I knew so well how much she cared for me—had taken every pledge that an urgent and even self-sacrificing passion could give, still there remained the lieutenant and a crowd of other young play-boys and girls, who here made constant heyday of youth and desire, yet which, because of my years, it was difficult for me to share.

And worse—as is the way with youth—they were all so much better swimmers, diners, dancers, yachtsmen, motorists, than ever I could hope to be.

And with them, because of her years and experience, Aglaia was at her best. The parties—beach, or dinner, or supper—that were given here or there; the group rides, most of which I could not attend but of which I knew, and some of which she evaded in order to remain near me! The pangs which some contacts she was compelled to make or accept caused me—some movement when she danced or ran with others on the beach—or was lost to me in some happy group on a tennis-court, or golf-links, or in the drawing-room.

But I was getting old. Youth was slipping away. To see all these younger souls of whom I was not integrally a part, although Aglaia was! And the situation was such that she was thus compelled to play, to laugh and jest and swim and dance, with not only the

lieutenant but others, and all that I could assume was that it was all right and necessary.

Yet sometimes I was made jealous and furious by what I saw, just as she on her part was easily made jealous, and even furious, by any least attention I chose to pay to any other girl, or her mother, perhaps—and I think, truly, to her mother most of all.

Perhaps because of rather than in spite of all this, as I sometimes think, I was more and more intrigued by her temperament, innately and gracefully sensitive and artistic, as I saw her then, and still do. No least thing, in so far as I could see, in my deepest and most somber, or gay, or romantic, speculations but she could appreciate, and at times round out, with colors and moods of her own.

I might describe so many wonderful moments with her. There was a certain foggy night in July, I remember, irradiated, none the less, and in a most spectral way, by a full moon. And all night long, after all in the house had retired, a fog-horn somewhere in the distant shadows of the Sound mourned of imminent danger or death—an eerie, lunatic cry.

And to it, at times, some troubled vessel feeling its way along the wide waters of the Sound, replied, its somber call adding to the sense of uncertainty and fatality which seemed to pervade the night. Because of this, and my own uniformly brooding state at the time, I was at once restless and sad, stirred and hurt emotionally by the uncertainty and treachery that works forever under the walls of life. Why are we here? Where are we going? How beautiful and how elusive this mystery of living—the appetites and hungers of men, their loves and hates.

By three in the morning I was too restless to endure my bed any longer, and so got up, looking out for a while into the white fog, then, in dressing-gown and slippers, slipping silently below, to walk barefoot in the cool dewy grass.

At some distance from the house a soft seed-peggle walk ended at a pool, about which were stone benches, and here I paused to rest and dream. The silvery mist on that pool and stone bench! At one hundred feet the house, every detail of its outline, was lost.

But then, out of the fog and along the path, Aglaia. I can still see her, materializing out of the white shadow, her hair down, a soft gray silk wrap gathered about her. At first, because of the unexpectedness and silence of her approach, my nerves titillated icily. Then I leaned forward and slipped my arm about her.

"Sweetheart, aren't you afraid? And in those thin slippers! Have you been hearing the horns?"

"Oh, yes, I have been awake for hours. I have been wanting to come in to you so much. Isn't it perfect out here? It is so hard to manage at times."

She sat beside me for a time and gazed at the pearly stillness of the pool. Then we walked over the wet lawn, farther and farther from the house, for safety's sake. And then, because of her young beauty, love, of course—kisses in the white mist—repetitions of all that had been said before, of all that I had been thinking.

And, because of the errant urge of poetry, her compelling physical beauty, I urged her to lay aside her wrap and walk in the faint haze along the grass, to fade into and emerge from the silvery shadow, as might a nymph or dryad.

And after a time she did so, hesitating at first because of the danger, but proud of her lithe, white grace at last swaying and weaving here and there in the pale, silvery mist. The eerie strangeness and beauty of it all. And her pale, eager face in the silver mist. The moment, the entire scene, was, for me, as something minted, never to be changed—a durable, classic, changeless event.

And I think of yet another incident related to these middle-May days. Beyond the smooth lawn, with its tennis-courts and paths and flower-beds, was a bordering grove of young ash and dogwood and silver birch, which formed a thicket. Few of all those who visited here, as I noticed, were interested to

venture beyond the tennis-courts, being more drawn to the beach, which was to the north.

But Aglaia and I, one Sunday morning, the plans of the various members of the family and guests favoring us, found ourselves alone and strolled over to where some dogwood was still in bloom.

At this time we were still relatively strange to our new relation and appropriately alive to the danger of discovery. But we were irresistibly drawn by the beauty of the woods on this particular morning—the quality of the warm light streaming down through the trees.

Everywhere was translucent green, irradiated by light—the perennial miracle of reviving life—and underfoot the brown leaves of preceding years, starred with delicate flowers. But more than early summer was this compelling desire that dominated us.

But the hazardous nature of the walk! The dubious significance of an appreciable absence in this wood! The possibility of one or several of the guests wandering in this direction! Madame Martynov was not yet up, and Martynov had gone for a walk. And yet here, because of the wonder of the day, the enforced separation that governed most of our hours, slowly but surely we wandered farther and farther, and then paused.

She faced me, her eyes moist, her cheeks and lips blanched. "We are mad," she said. "This might end in something dreadful! But I do not care." I see her face now, haloed by the brown leaves.

And then afterwards, once on the lawn near the house, the gay pretense of innocence—running toward some youth who appeared and proposing a tennis match, leaving me to wander as I would—and without a look.

But these incidents spell only the easiest and pleasantest, or most gorgeous, phases of love. There were others which wore another face. There were days and days when, remorseful as to my neglected work, or taken by other affairs, I evaded her, leaving her to guess what she would.

Furthermore, because of her parents' watchfulness and intelligence, there were times when she was compelled to abandon me, going on visits to certain families, the social necessity of which her mother greatly emphasized but the compulsion for which Aglaia herself greatly resented and deplored.

She hated this silly social stuff, as she now called it, since it was all intended to get her interested in some available man, or him in her, and so lead to marriage, whereas the possibility of marriage with anyone but me was now forever over. I had to smile at times at her expressed conviction in regard to this.

Yet, in spite of these absences, and, as strange as it may seem to some—so much having been said of her lure for me—when she was actually away from me at these times, long enough, say, for me to bury myself in my work, I was not so conscious of her and her absence as one might imagine.

Indeed, I was at this time most taken with the beauty and mystery of life itself—the colors and forms of the great city about me, as well as the glorious sense of being alive and a part of so great a city, a nation and an era.

And to such an extent was this true at this time that at periods I was scarcely conscious of Aglaia.

The beauty of life itself! Its color. Force. Fever. Romance. Mystery. The strong and the weak who mingled in this great struggle and were yet taken care of, after a fashion. The beautiful and the plain; the gay and the gloomy.

How enticing it all seemed to me just at this period and in this atmosphere. For never had I labored under more ideal conditions, intellectually or emotionally. The peace and comfort of this large, silent apartment; the beauty of the Drive and the great river without, which, if I but turned my head, I could always see from my desk—the steamships, sailboats, tugs, the far Jersey shore.

And the interest to me of the great streets outside as well as the story under my pen—



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the picture of life that I was slowly unfolding word by word—and the contentedness with which, after a long day's work, I could lay down my pen and, imaginatively fagged though I might be, wander abroad in the street to recuperate my mood.

Ah, how fine to be alive at all! To have health, strength, a task as well as pleasures wherewith to relieve it! Why travel? Why do anything but remain here in this great city?

For once I was contented and at peace, the more so because in addition to life and the great city there was Aglaia, and her parents and their friends, with whom there was this freedom of personal contact.

Yet even better than this at times, as I saw it—possibly because I was so sure of and at moments so satiated with Aglaia—was the pleasure of seeking, meditatively or philosophically as you will, to peer behind the veil of life itself—to trace out its chemical and so emotional combinations which was all I conceived this thing to be—an immense and fascinating face whose lines were constructed of desire, looking into the immense and fascinating surface, by thought trying to glimpse its source, or, baffled there, relapsing into more sensory reactions to its multiple and intriguing facets.

One of the things which Aglaia called to my attention at this time, which was early October, was that she believed her movements, if not mine, were beginning to be traced, by telephone or personal inquiry in other ways—a system of espionage which she attributed to her mother's aroused curiosity concerning her multiplied trips to New York during the previous summer.

For instance, there had been, and still was, her singing teacher, to whom, even in the summer, she had been and still was accustomed to go for lessons at least once and sometimes twice a week, since she was continually seeking for opportunity to be with me in New York.

But now, suddenly, and upon one pretext and another, her mother would see to it that she was called at her teacher's and asked this or that, seemingly unintentionally, thus establishing her whereabouts. Similarly, if she said she was going shopping, or to a dentist, or to the house of a friend or relative, her movements would be timed as nearly as possible.

Also, there were various occasions on which, she being in the city and yet not with me, the telephone bell in the apartment would ring and someone whose voice I did not recognize would ask for Martynov or Madame Martynov, presumably in all sincerity and yet, as we two agreed afterwards, obviously with the purpose of fixing my whereabouts.

Naturally, this gave rise to a feeling of uncertainty in both of us, but more especially in Aglaia, who dreaded even suspicion, let alone exposure, and finally it was concluded between us that it would be best if I were to move.

She did not want this—grieved over it—but still considered it best for our relations in future, as did I at the time. Consequently, yet after much delay enforced by Aglaia, since she could not bring herself to see me go, I announced one day, after the family's return to New York, that a publishing contract I had entered into would take me to Philadelphia and that I would be giving up my room.

Whereupon Martynov, all unconscious of my real reason, grew insistent on my remaining. What nonsense! What would I be doing in Philadelphia that would keep me there indefinitely, or from returning here eventually? Why give up my quarters when any data that I needed to gather could be obtained by trips to Philadelphia? It was such a short distance. Why not, since I would be returning here eventually anyhow, keep my rooms? Why desert them when the family had no use for them? Besides, I was like one of the family now—I would be missed.

And here also was Zenia, and for all her suspicions or fear in regard to Aglaia beaming upon me with that same genial, and yet uninterpretable, eye and echoing verbally her husband's sentiments. But actually, as I feared,

concealing another mood, by no means hostile, maybe, but none the less nervous and cautious.

Yet, here was this matter of moving now, and a sad business it was for me. I had become so attached to this family atmosphere, to Martynov, and Zenia's and Aglaia's coddling favors. My charming room, so carefully looked after—fresh flowers on my table every day—the latest book brought to me, the latest play or concert called to my attention, with the proffer of a ticket as part of a family party.

And Martynov! How I knew I would miss him, coming in and stretching his legs under my table at evening before dinner, or bawling out to me in stentorian tones the moment he entered to come out and share a drink.

And Zenia, even in the face of her latest suspicion, slipping in at odd moments to talk about people, books, music, and always with the hint of something which she hesitated to confess and which I now, because of Aglaia, was prone to evade. And yet, thinking of her, even now, as a glazed and polished Venus, as suave and disarming and delectable as any matron could hope to be.

But worst of all was the thought that from now on this colorful and sheltered intimacy with Aglaia would be at an end. The delightful sense of her presence—in her room, at the piano, in the general living-room or library, in the morning in a dressing-gown, afternoons in a lovely house frock or street dress—and always, whether there was opportunity for a word or not, with a meaningful look or smile in my direction, expressive of her affection and delight in my presence. And the occasional, if nervous and guarded, opportunities for slipping into my room unseen, to be kissed and petted. Gone—gone forever!

For a week she had been talking of little but my going and how we would do once I was gone. Just at this time I had finally come to the end of the first draft of my book, and at the end of the last page had written: "The End." Happening to enter my room, she saw these words.

"The end! Oh, dear!" she exclaimed. "It's finished, isn't it? I don't like those words. They are too sad. And I have loved it so!"

For ever since this intimacy had begun, and before even, she had been intensely interested in my writing it, reading it piecemeal as I wrote it and helping me at times with some intricate psychological problem and another, or some phase of its action or continuity.

"And now you won't work at your little table by the window any more, will you?" she went on. "And when you first came, before I ever thought we would be together, I used to think of you sitting in here and writing while I would be playing out there, and to you. I thought you might guess. And you did, for you always came out. And, oh, I was loving you so, only I wasn't willing to admit it to myself. It was like something in a dream. You were—I was. I wanted you to know, and yet I didn't. Oh, dear, I will never want to come in here again once you're gone. I won't be able to, I know that." She joined her hands and looked intently away as if into the future.

None the less, I finally moved—into quarters in Central Park West overlooking the Park—pretending, by first sending my trunks to the Pennsylvania Station, that I had gone to Philadelphia.

But the peculiar psychic depression that accompanied my actual departure! The strain, as of a great change and a great loss. Why should it ever have come if it was to end so soon? It was like leaving home in youth.

I remember standing in the rooms of my new place, once my trunks had arrived, and looking out over Central Park and thinking—how cold and uninteresting! And how lonely I'm likely to be! A charming view, but no Aglaia, not the Martynovs or their home. And yet I had scarcely said this to myself when a telegram from Aglaia arrived, saying: "Please don't be lonely, darling," and suggesting a given place and hour to meet that same day.

And thereafter, every day an appointment for somewhere where we were not likely to be

seen, or a telegram or note. And this lasting well on to the following Christmas, by which time I decided to call on the Martynovs and say I had returned to New York.

But by this time also Aglaia, dissatisfied with the haphazard nature of our contacts and growing bolder with every experience, had finally ventured to enter my room, although never with any security of mood, choosing her hours and deciding according to the nature of the traffic whether or not she would enter.

Interestingly enough again, with my change to these new quarters came a change in my fortune. My book was accepted and a considerable advance made on it. A trip to Europe was proposed, which later came as a fact.

Not only that, but because of some enthusiasm for the book I had written, not a little magazine work was given me, and at exceptional rates, which notably increased my revenue and made it possible for me to add another room to my one-room abode.

More, I became artistically enthused over a plan for a third novel at this time—"The Financier"—though work on that, as I saw, eventually would necessitate that very trip to Philadelphia which previously I had stated I was compelled to make. However, since the local magazine work was holding me for the time being, I said nothing, since I would not be ready for the new task before spring.

But in the interim, and because of the very freedom and security of this union, there came a form of satiation most characteristic of my disposition—and perhaps of all nature in one form or another—and which caused me to wonder at times whether I would long enjoy its, or any, continuance. The changefulness of my moods! The cruelty of them! To think, and that in spite of myself, as I decided after reflection, that I might grow weary of Aglaia.

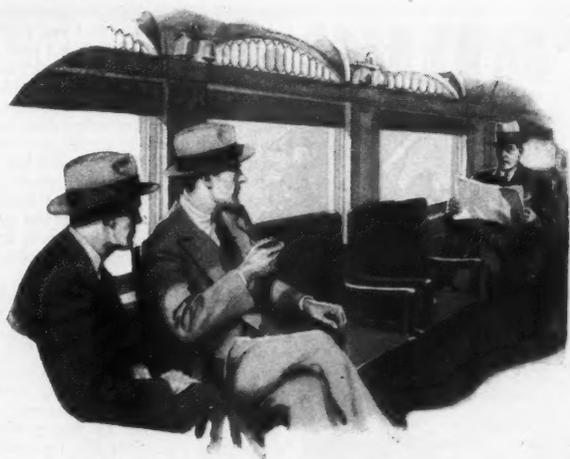
What process in the human cosmos produced that? Could one prevent the weariness of ennui in such a case as this by just thinking about it? I decided, after due reflection, one could not—that atoms within one—collectively—yet, "parties" or divisions of the same could decide for or against a continuance of anything. I thought very well of this as a thought and wrote it down, but it did not relieve my sorrow over my possible weariness of Aglaia.

Yet, no change at once, by any means. Aglaia was too charming, too truly beautiful at times, as she slipped into my room, in furs or a figure-molding wrap, her complexion a rosy pink, her eyes as clear and sparkling as sunlight water, her temperament colored always by an intense love of life and beauty. To play the piano, to dance, to join a party at dinner or late supper, or to walk, or drive, or play hostess—these were among her interests, and yet somehow, when she was with me, she found time merely to dream, talking most often of what a glorious life we two would lead if only I thought enough of her to marry her.

And then she added retributively, as I could feel that already the lieutenant, because of her neglect and his own conclusions, had departed, for the time being, to London. There was another in his place, whom her mother and father favored. As a matter of fact, as she here told me, her mother was openly dissatisfied with her treatment of the lieutenant and only recently had discussed with her the frailty of men's moods, the evanescence of all beauty, and how necessary it was, unless she felt herself to be exceptionally talented in some way, to turn to marriage and so safeguard her later years.

In fact, as she said, her mother "harped" on her belief that she (Aglaia) was the type who should avoid a career, seeing that she was impractical and more suited to motherhood.

"And she would be right," she added, "if I could have you. I would like to marry you and have children by you. But as for anyone else, I can't even think of it. And yet I know, I really know, how hopeless this is, and that I should be thinking of what Mother says. If I only could persuade her to let me go on the stage, or to study concert singing seriously, then if you leave me at least I would have that,



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for until you do I shall never marry anyone!"

The pathos of it! And yet, feeling as I did, the hopelessness of it! For I had just finished several years before with a matrimonial situation which had proved unendurable. And yet, when I suggested on this occasion, and others later—and quite honestly—that perhaps since I was such a wholly unsatisfactory prospect it might be best if she really did leave me, I was confronted by such wide-eyed dismay and misery as at no time was I able to endure. Worse, desiring her for what she was—one who was solely anxious to suit every mood of hers to mine—I never could think of enforcing the suggestion.

Yet, seeing less of her at this time, I made other encounters, though at first I had found no one who interested me as much as Aglaia.

But there were "affairs"—sensual approaches to and recessions from one and another—yet never anything that held. On the contrary and on account of Aglaia—genuine opposition to many who were not opposed to me. For the time being then, or from fall until spring, while I was doing magazine work and preliminary reading for "The Financier," I still found Aglaia my strongest emotional, if not intellectual, interest and support, and even intellectually I never found her wanting in any true grasp or interpretation of life. She guessed as sanely as another at its processes and meanings.

But try as I would, and delighted with her as I was for the first year and more, I never could hold to her any more than I could to any single woman anywhere as "the only one"—not even Lenore.

And so, in the spring, and in the face of this strong interest in her, came a new contact—one not sufficient to displace her by any means and yet sufficient to cause her her first real headache and prove what she already so well knew—that her path was to be anything but a rosy one.

It was this way. I was invited by an artist friend one afternoon to a party to be given the same evening in one of the many bohemian studios which, long before Greenwich Village came to be a vogue, clustered about Washington Square.

At about eleven o'clock at night, after working late, I ventured there. And although not overimpressed by the gaieties, none the less I encountered a girl there who interested me.

She was, as it proved, the daughter of a militant suffragist who was at once a school principal and a more or less prominent advocate of views which, to say the least, attracted considerable unfriendly attention from those above her in authority.

Up to that time I had known but little of her, and that indirectly, and nothing of her daughter. But now here were both. The daughter—Wilma Scheerer, I shall call her—young, sylphlike, dynamic, very sensual and very attractive as to face and figure, and evincing, as I could see from the first minute of our contact, one of those chemical attractions which bring together a man and woman, if ever they are to be brought together anywhere. She had, for me at least, personality, and was seeking work on the stage at the same time that she was studying dancing and stage technique at one of the dramatic schools in the city. Just at this time, as anyone could see, she was more eager for play than for work, or for a combination of the two, at least, and since I admired her and she was drawn to me, it was not more than an hour before we were agreed upon further contacts. And with such implications in words and looks!

And so it turned out. For within the week, after dining and dancing and going to several plays together, I invited her to my rooms, and she chose to come. Thereafter, for a period of six weeks or more, this new interest was so strong that my previously intense leaning toward Aglaia was reduced to a point where, at times, I scarcely cared whether I saw her or not.

At others, and in spite of this new relation, I desired her as before and felt sure that if, discovering this, she did not desert me, I would

not, ultimately, desert her either. But beautiful and desirable as ever, as I knew, still here was another, with, for the moment, equal, if not greater, charm, and that greatest asset of all newcomers in any life—newness, strangeness, the intriguing quality of being different.

How interesting and pleasant indeed to hear a new voice and see a new face, a different way of dressing, talking, laughing, where this was young and equally as attractive.

Loyalty? Disloyalty? In the flush and fever of a new attraction, does the male or the female capable of such variations and chemically propulsions consider these? I think not! And on this chemically or mental fact, or state, disastrously crash all theories or notions of uniformity in moral conduct anywhere. They do not, and cannot, survive the contact without modification.

It is a condition and not a theory that confronts man in his sex states—and nature, and not man, made those states which face him—male or female.

And frankly, I was one who found myself involved in this condition. I would not dream of denying it. The sting and the zest of it! The appeal of a face, a smile, a ringlet of hair—the warmth or suggestive eagerness of an eye.

Indirectly, in all our literature, through all time, we sing of the appeal of a breast, a thigh, an ankle, a waist—the joy and the beauty of physical union with the beloved. But let one step up and confess it directly, saying thus it is with me, and there comes a pharisaical glance of doubt, the dubiety of one who questions the wisdom of one who acknowledges his own humanity.

Wrong! Folly! Let not the right hand know what the left hand doeth. But not being one who stands content with that dictum, I offer what is here written.

In so far as my personal attitude toward Aglaia was concerned, I argued about as I have here. Thank heaven, I said to myself, I had never in any way misrepresented my temperament to her. She knew me, roughly, for what I was, from the beginning. So why should I now, for the sake of a presumptive devotion which I could not wholly feel, ignore this newer interest? Actually, if I had stated to Aglaia that I had so done, she would have smiled—and in doubt, not faith. Under the circumstances, I could not see the value of this devotion which warred with pleasure and a large experience of life. My feeling for Aglaia, as opposed to my desire for variety of experience, was not sufficiently strong.

But it is needless to say that within a day or two at the most after I had met Wilma, Aglaia had already sensed something. Quite obviously, I suppose, and instantly, my manner showed some suggestion of change.

Perhaps a portion of my customary warmth or interest was wanting. At any rate, she was forward with inquiries, and at once. I was not caring for her as much as before, was I? Or what was it, dear? Had Lenore returned? (I could, and did, pooh-pooh that suggestion, of course, with definiteness and laughter.)

But still she was not convinced. There was something—of that she was sure, something different in my manner. Had I met someone else? Since I had left the Drive and she could not be with me as much as before, I had had the opportunity, of course. She had been fearing that. But still, when she loved me so much, couldn't I be faithful to her for a while? Wasn't she really as attractive as anyone?

I scarcely can suggest now, how in the face of the actual situation, all this touched me. It may not seem true, and some may smile broadly at the effrontery of a varietist offering emotions in connection with his instabilities.

None the less, truth is truth. And in passing affinities and revulsions of moods in connection with us humans lie, for me, the very essence and pathos of life. How often, in the case of Aglaia and others before her, had I not seen how this human changefulness presses on those of a more stable mood.

You want one thing, and another wants another. I desire you, and you desire another.

Because of love I would hold you fast, and you, because of love for another, would be free. So, the heartaches, the wailings, the deaths.

Yet, only because of the obvious chaos that follows upon too rapid changefulness is a man fearful of it. For he craves change. Yet also, having gained a given thing, he would keep it for at least a while.

Hence the clinging—the quarreling—the gripping fingers, the seeking lips, from which the most desired is taken, by change! But who will it? You? I? It exists. It is. A law. You cannot change it. You cannot escape it. I cannot. How can one escape, or defeat even, his shifting moods?

And so, in the face of the situation in which Aglaia and I now found ourselves, I was sorry, even though I was the shifting cause of it. I could see her side as clearly as I could my own—her suffering in case she came to know the exact truth as clearly as I could foresee my own disappointment and unrest in case I was not permitted to rove as freely as I would. Either the torture of restraint or loss for one or the other. Yet, so long as she really did not know, as I said to myself then, there was neither loss for her nor restraint for myself. And this being so, what evil to continue with Wilma, since I had never indicated in any way to Aglaia that I would be faithful to her?

Accordingly, I pooh-poohed as ridiculous every suggestion of change, the while fearing that at any moment I was with Aglaia in my own place Wilma might take it into her head to call. She was of an impulsive nature and in no sense guided or restrained as was Aglaia—a young scofflaw.

And true enough, it was only a very little while, and regardless of what I had said, before Aglaia was compelled to face the actuality of Wilma's existence. She met us face to face, coming out of my rooms, Wilma dancing wilfully and gaily beside me.

I saw Aglaia as she approached us and knew at once, by her face, that she had seen and understood. Her face was very white. Even her walk as she neared us was strained and unnatural. She looked at me and then at Wilma, a convulsed, angry and yet defeated look in her eyes, and then passed without a word. And for the life of me, I could not now maintain my previous gaiety. I was strained and unhappy. And Wilma noted it.

"Who was that girl?" she asked curiously. "Ask me another!" I parried, with an effort. "Why do you ask?"

"Because of the way she looked at you and me. I'll bet you do know her, too," she added. "I can tell by the way you look."

"All fussed," she added, when I demanded. "How?"

"Well, anyway, she's pretty," she concluded, and looked at me quizzically. She was not troublesomely possessive.

But Aglaia. I could not forget her face. It haunted me and spoiled, for me, the lark upon which we were bound—an evening at Coney Island. For I could not help thinking of how she must be suffering and of my next meeting with her, if she troubled to return, although I knew, yet feared that I did not, that she would. In that vigor of romance as well as largeness of understanding that characterized her, she would, I knew, blame neither me nor the other woman—more likely herself for troubling further. Yet would she trouble further and so suffer, and that intensely?

I began to wonder. And so to suffer because—believe it or not—now I cared for her again and intensely. That home! The exquisite happiness that had been mine there!

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A map from Mr. McCutcheon's own hand. It represents Treasure Island, Mr. McCutcheon's estate in the Bahamas.

by John T. McCutcheon

Famous cartoonist of the Chicago Tribune, who has recently won distinction also as the writer of two very unusual novels.



Give me a map!

My earliest home was in Lafayette, Indiana, which, as most people know, is on the Wabash River. When I was a very small boy, I used to think a lot of that river. It seemed almost as important to me as the Tippecanoe County Courthouse, Lafayette's grandest building.

As it must to all boys, however, the time came at last for me to study geography and make the acquaintance of maps. Imagine my surprise, one fine day, to discover that the Wabash wasn't really a part of Lafayette at all, but that Lafayette was just one of the many places which the Wabash River passed by in its travels!

And the Wabash flowed into the Ohio, the Ohio into the Mississippi, the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico, which opened into the Atlantic Ocean.

After that, whenever I threw a

stick into the Wabash, I would speculate upon its eventual landing place. Often I opened my geography book and traced on a map the possible course of just such a stick.

Naturally, I followed it myself in imagination. And the things I saw, the adventures I had, the heroic exploits I performed on foreign shores, the strange lands I visited, the treasures I gathered to distribute unselfishly upon my return to the various members of my family!

It was fun then. It still is now. For I still love to look at maps and permit my fancy to wander all over them and the lands they represent.

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