THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Norman Rockwell '24

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PARTY DISCIPLINE

By Joseph G. Cannon

Former Speaker of the United States House of Representatives

ALTHOUGH my active, official service to my country and my party is finished, and I am only waiting in the cloakroom of the future life for the final bell to ring, I am moved to indulge in what may appear to some to be merely a desire for self-justification. That motive is so human and so universal that I need not be ashamed to admit it. Perhaps that motive may influence me; but if so, I am not aware of it.

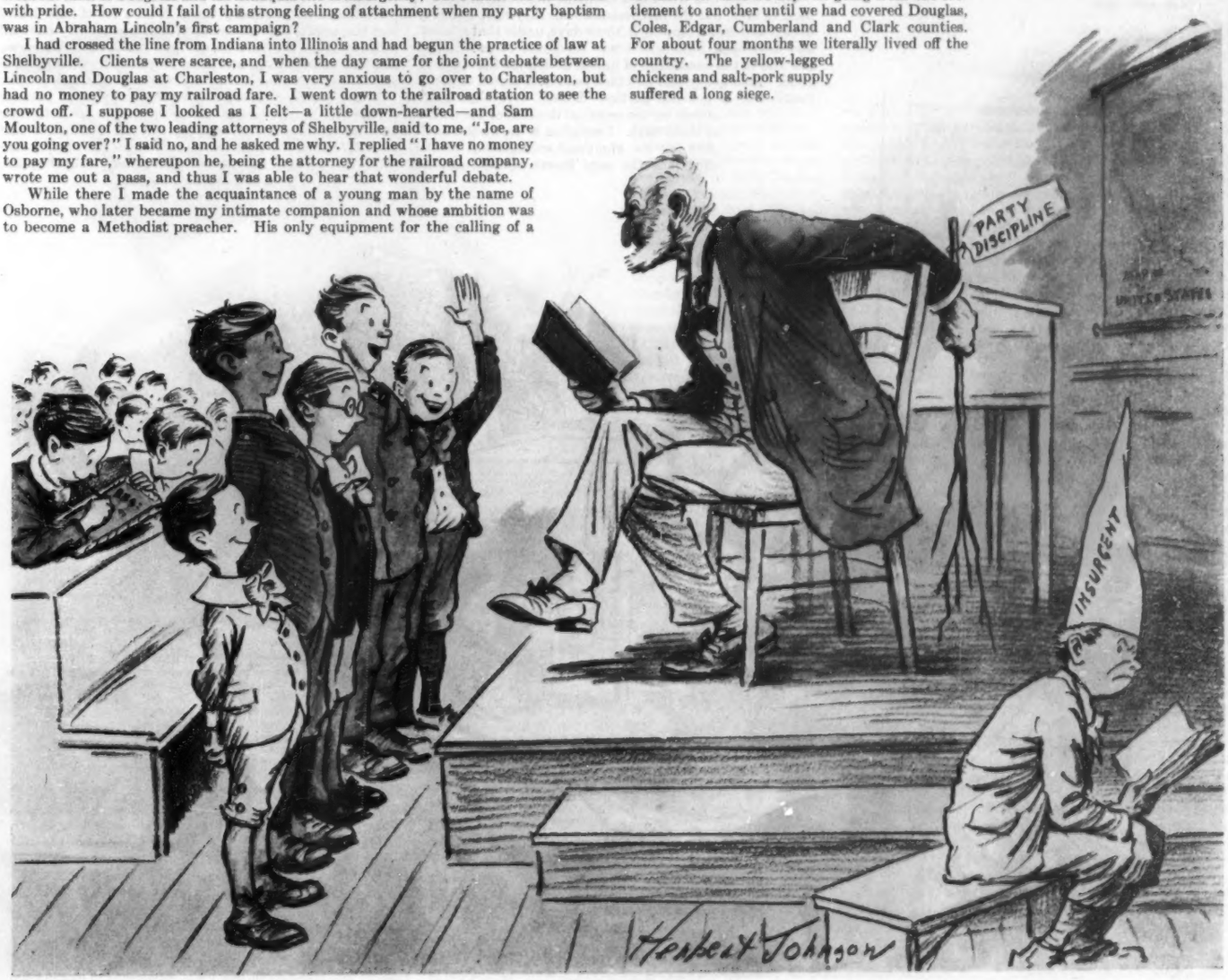
Consciously, my motive in breaking the silence of my voluntary retirement from public life is my profound concern for the future of both my country and my party. One of the strongest feelings of which I am now sensible, at the age of eighty-eight, is my love for the principles, the spirit, the achievements and the loyal leaders and rank and file of the Republican Party.

This may seem rather an emotional confession to the younger men of the country, whose ears have been accustomed to the jangle of party jazz broadcast of late years from the halls of Congress and the headquarters of insurgency; but I make the admission with pride. How could I fail of this strong feeling of attachment when my party baptism was in Abraham Lincoln's first campaign?

I had crossed the line from Indiana into Illinois and had begun the practice of law at Shelbyville. Clients were scarce, and when the day came for the joint debate between Lincoln and Douglas at Charleston, I was very anxious to go over to Charleston, but had no money to pay my railroad fare. I went down to the railroad station to see the crowd off. I suppose I looked as I felt—a little down-hearted—and Sam Moulton, one of the two leading attorneys of Shelbyville, said to me, "Joe, are you going over?" I said no, and he asked me why. I replied "I have no money to pay my fare," whereupon he, being the attorney for the railroad company, wrote me out a pass, and thus I was able to hear that wonderful debate.

While there I made the acquaintance of a young man by the name of Osborne, who later became my intimate companion and whose ambition was to become a Methodist preacher. His only equipment for the calling of a circuit rider consisted of devout convictions, a natural gift for speaking and a sorry-looking horse and a ramshackle buggy which had been donated to him. Had I then known what I know now, I would have called the horse Insurgent. He had two qualities which were as outstanding as his hip bones. These were his appetite and his inclination to go in almost any other direction than the one indicated by the reins.

The impression which Abraham Lincoln made upon Osborne and myself was profound. I shall not attempt to describe it beyond saying that from that instant we were fired with a determination to devote ourselves to him and his cause. When Mr. Lincoln became a candidate for the presidency we determined to let our ministerial and legal ambitions wait and to give ourselves wholly to the task of helping to elect Mr. Lincoln. We did not have as much as five dollars between us, but we did succeed in convincing the owner of a harness that he would make a contribution to the Union cause by lending it to us until after the election. Then we started out to stump the county for Lincoln. And we kept on going from one settlement to another until we had covered Douglas, Coles, Edgar, Cumberland and Clark counties. For about four months we literally lived off the country. The yellow-legged chickens and salt-pork supply suffered a long siege.



THE OLD SCHOOL

Southern Illinois was largely settled from the South and campaigning for Lincoln was a hand-to-hand fight in some of the territory which we invaded. I do not know how much of an impression we made upon the natives who listened to us, but I do know what that campaign of guerrilla warfare did for me. It rooted and grounded me in the principles for which Abraham Lincoln stood and upon which the Republican Party was established. I became saturated with those principles and they have always remained in my system.

In that pioneer political expedition I met my first insurgent in human form. We were given the hospitality of a log cabin which sheltered a family of eight or nine children. We had no more than seated ourselves at the table when it was apparent that this family was decidedly an odd one for that day and generation. A boy of about seventeen opened the meal with a demand for apple sass and attention. Apparently he wanted all there was of both. I expected momentarily to see his father arise from the table and take the boy into the woodshed.

Lessons Learned in the Woodshed

BUT this didn't happen, even when the boy bragged that he knew more than the schoolmaster and the board of trustees together. His father was a member of the board, as I knew. He admitted that he was the leader of the school and the brightest scholar in it. Also he ventured that if he had his way a lot of the old mossbacked hypocrites in the church at the settlement would be turned out and a kind of Christianity would be put in the saddle that would really save the world. Almost everything in the settlement was wrong; but it would be put to rights as soon as he could make the dictates of his conscience felt by those about him.

He was certainly a precocious youth. The spectacle of his open defiance of all family discipline was an amazing one for that day. I had never seen such a display before, and I'm safe in saying that it could not have occurred in any other cabin or home within the boundaries of Illinois at that time, when family discipline was an actuality, not a myth.

What I called him, in discussing him with my young preacher friend as we were on our way to the next settlement, was not insurgent. That term was not familiar then, but I have since learned his true classification. However, I know that my ministerial companion sympathized with my feelings, for he followed my informal remarks about the boy with a grin and a devout "Amen." In fact, he remarked that I was very expressive for one who had been brought up a Quaker.

This incident leads as directly to the message on my mind as the Vermilion River leads to the Wabash. You cannot have a useful political party which does its work and fulfills its obligations in a dependable way without thorough discipline, any more than you can have a useful and dependable family without it, for a party is simply a big political family, with many members of varying degrees of maturity, experience, ability and capacity for coöperation.

There must be recognized authority at the head of both the family and the party. In both cases there are sure to be times when that authority must be exercised—by main strength if no other means will serve.

In the days of my youth insurgency against family authority was decidedly scarce and unpopular. Going out into the woodshed with father and taking family discipline was a much more common occurrence. As a discourager of insurrectionary impulses, the discipline which then prevailed was a well-demonstrated success. Boys who displayed a disinclination to give full coöperation in the family program of law, order and work generally left the family woodshed with the conviction that hearty coöperation was a demand which must be met and that the good of the family as a whole was the supreme consideration.

Sometimes this woodshed medicine was rather stiff and hard to take, but the fact remains that they raised mighty decent and useful families in those days, under that system, and developed boys who knew obedience to parents, to law and to the necessities of united action for the common good. Insurgency had not then become a mania either in families or in political parties. Minors were almost unknown on the criminal dockets of the courts of those days. Discipline is the master antidote for the abnormal enlargement of the ego; it is the only known specific against the false idea of individual superiority to the laws laid down for the government of ordinary human beings.

In the days when family discipline was as common as the lack of it now is, alienists, psychopaths and specialists in the enlargement of the ego were not so numerous as are lawyers in the court rooms of the country. Generous applications of good old-fashioned family discipline took care of the swelling ego and kept it within bounds.

The abandonment of party discipline has had much the same effect in political groups that the abandonment of discipline in families has had in the home and in society. Unless party discipline is restored, we are headed for the time when psychopaths and experts in the superenlargement of the ego will find a rich field for research in the insurgent ranks of the political parties. Perhaps they will discover that when a representative or a senator decides that he knows more than all the other members of his party put together his endocrine glands are out of whack!

My notion has always been that the application of two simple remedies would generally straighten out a case of that kind of enlarged ego. Those remedies are to shut off the political fellowship and nourishment of the subject for a while and to give him every encouragement to feel that almost everybody has forgotten his existence. I have seen these two remedies applied in a good many cases and can testify that they were generally effective.

Substitutes That Have Failed

PROBABLY I have been more generously berated for my devotion to party rule than any other man now living. I accept the compliment and I can give a reason for the faith that is in me. Government by party appears to me to be the only means by which a free and self-governing people can secure, in a practical and dependable way, the enforcement of the will of the majority.

This is the principle of our Government as embedded in the Constitution and in the political traditions of this people. We have, at sundry times, tried a lot of substitutes and makeshifts for this sound principle, and they have all failed because they are based upon individual selfishness, self-will and egotism, and tend to put individual opinion above the expressed will of the majority of a free people.

I have always believed in government by party because it offers the only means by which the people can hold their agents responsible for carrying out, in legislation and executive acts, the principles and policies for which a majority of the people has expressed its preference at the polls.

(Continued on Page 68)

THE NEW SCHOOL

THAT BROADER OUTLOOK

By Lucy Stone Terrill

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

She Returned Her Mother-in-Law's Scrutiny With Smiling Composure. "Isn't It Wretched That He Can't Stop Over With Us?"

Note to readers: If bewildered by the multitude of Staffords in this story, the following register *raisonné* may be of assistance. Any important changes will be recorded at the end of the story for the benefit of the enduring reader.

ABIGAIL STAFFORD. A woman of her own generation; sixty-five years old; a born manager; has always believed in speaking her mind and in setting her foot down; a contented Congregationalist; very and recently rich.

SUSAN STAFFORD. A disciple of modernism; Abigail's sister-in-law; sixty years old; a life member of the Tolerant Thought Society; penniless; a pensioner of Abigail, whose guest she is on this trip to the Orient.

JACK STAFFORD. Abigail's only child; a good fellow; forty; proud of but bored with his quiet wife.

JANE CHISHOLM STAFFORD. Abigail's daughter-in-law; cultured and colorless; rather like a rare plant growing tenaciously under a board.

PEGGY AND PAUL STAFFORD. Children of Jack and Jane Stafford; sensibly left at home in boarding school.

JOHN STAFFORD. Abigail's husband; dead but not departed.

BILLY STAFFORD. Susan's husband; departed but not dead.

MRS. ABIGAIL STAFFORD was on her way to China to look into her son Jack's last scheme for making millions in railroads there before she gave him another million to experiment with. She leaned back in her deck chair, pretending that she sat on her own veranda in the striped canvas porch swing John had bought for her just before he died. She had always liked to swing, so that it was a pleasant enough pretext by which she reconciled her stomach to the remarkable agility of the sky line. She had no time to waste on seasickness when the Lord had led her into knowledge of such a distressing nature about her own son. She had never been one to fight facts with fiction. Jack was going too far for his own good; that was all there was to it. Something must be done.

Jack had kissed another woman than his wife—kissed that dreadful Mrs. Dagmar Darling; and she, his mother, had seen him do it. She had witnessed three kisses; three! not the permissibly unmarital kisses in which decent people might occasionally indulge during modest parlor and church-society games; but kisses so surreptitious and engrossing that neither of the participants dreamed of their horrified spectator, who, her debt to duty devastated by the shock, fled below deck without speaking her mind, for which she now condemned herself unsparingly.

Undoubtedly Dagmar Darling was a wicked woman. She wore earrings a foot long and showed her knees—bare knees—when she played shuffleboard, which surely was a quiet enough game so that a woman could keep her skirts down if she wanted to. And she had flirted with Jack from the moment they boarded the boat. And Jane had been just as pleasant to her as if she were a friend.

"If Jane hasn't backbone enough to put that woman in her place I'm going to do it myself. I just now ran into her kissing—a married man!" Abigail Stafford had said this to her sister-in-law the night before, when her mental turmoil drove her into a conversation that she might have known would bring her no comfort or consolation. And Susan had said sleepily—she had probably taken another of those nasty bitter little drinks called cocktails—"Of course you will do whatever you think best, Abigail, but no permanent good is ever gained by intolerance and narrow-mindedness. Times have changed, and a kiss doesn't mean a thing on earth, these days."

Except for the insistent voice in her conscience which said, "John wouldn't like you to do it," Abigail Stafford would have given Susan the reply she deserved. She would have reminded her sister-in-law of that chicken-pie supper, long ago, given by the Ladies' Aid of Orange Center, when Billy Stafford—at that time in attendance as Susan's husband—revealed his scandalous infatuation for the pretty Mexican dancing girl whom the entertainment committee should have had more sense than to hire in the first place.

No woman in Orange Center would ever forget it. With intoxicated fervor Billy had publicly announced himself as the girl's slave and benefactor. He had grabbed an unsold apron from the apron booth—an apron made by his very own wife's fingers—and had tied it round the frightened girl's waist, insisting that she and no one else serve him the seventy-five-cent supper. Even the minister was obliged to go without his mince pie and coffee because the women who were supposed to be waiting on table were all out in the kitchen trying to revive the collapsed Susan with wet dishtowels. Those were the days before Susan went to live in Los Angeles and got so broad-minded. And those were the days when kisses meant something and nobody pretended they didn't. That Mexican-girl kiss meant the beginning of the end between Billy Stafford and Susan, for though the woman he finally ran away with was a bashful blond school-teacher, it was that kiss which started Susan's suspicions.

Never were two brothers more alike than John and Billy Stafford; and never did two brothers turn out more differently. It proved how much depended on the way men were managed. Susan had never known when to set her foot down, and as a result Billy was always up to deviltry, until he finally ran away and heaven knew what had become of him; but she, Abigail, had always nipped any nonsense in the bud, and John Stafford was at home every night of his life unless he went to a respectable lodge meeting or to a conference of the Orange City bank directors. And, dying, he had left her not only the richest woman in the state but rich with the memory of a love untouched by jealousies or apprehensions. Also he had left her—Susan. He and Abigail had always regarded the woman his brother had deserted as an obligation laid on them by the Lord, and though duty had ever been dear to Abigail Stafford's heart, even Susan's duty value was at low ebb this morning as she sat indignantly thinking of what Susan had said.

"A kiss doesn't mean a thing on earth these days, really, Abigail. I wouldn't let myself be upset about people. Just hold harmony in your heart. That's the only way to accomplish any good."

Here came Susan now, jaunting down the deck, as indifferent to equilibrium as a fish, the latest issue of Tolerant Thought peeking out of her sweater pocket, no hat on at all, and her plaited gray sport skirt blowing youthfully about trim gray girlish legs. Susan had spent nearly every cent of her four-hundred-dollar-a-month allowance on clothes for this trip. But Abigail made it a rule never to comment on how Susan spent the money she gave her. It was part of her loyalty to John Stafford.

"Oh, you're looking just fine again, Abigail," Susan said brightly, settling down into the neighboring steamer chair, the Tolerant Thought magazine open on her lap. "I knew you weren't going to be seasick."

"I still feel just as squeamish as I did downstairs," said Abigail Stafford firmly. She could not see any sense in pretending to feel a way you didn't.

"Well, you surely look much better than you did below deck," insisted Susan, carefully corrective of the nautical nomenclature. "I've just found such an interesting little article here about the control of mind over matter. Really, it might help you. Shall I read it?"

"No," said Abigail Stafford. "Mind over motion would be more to the point as far as I'm concerned. I was just going to take a nap."

"Oh, do," encouraged Susan.

For half an hour the sisters-in-law sat in silent controversy, as little alike as a chipmunk and a snapping turtle. Susan was small and stylish and motivated by woman wiles. Her modish tortoise-rimmed glasses added alertness to her brisk, bright-eyed face, and her gray hair was fortified by a permanent wave and exactly one dozen precise little puffs which she pinned hither and thither with an admirable nicety of carelessness. Abigail's black eyes needed no glasses. They were quiet eyes, but quiet as is deep, dangerous unsounded water, though she was not a woman of moods. She had lived a large life in a small world, loved and loving and untempted. She wore her heavy iron-gray hair in tight coils which she pinned close and unadorningly to her head. Untouched by any admiration for the progressive Susan, whose waist had increased to hip measurement and whose once ample bosom seemed to have disappeared entirely, she retained the perceptible waistline and full bust of her own generation's fashion. Not a tall woman, she was so straight that she looked tall.

For nearly half an hour she lay back in her chair, pretending to be asleep; but it was no use trying to drive her mind to a decision about Jack's errant romantic adventures while Susan sat there thinking tolerant thoughts at her as disturbingly as if she were shooting arrows at her. And she knew that Susan would sit right there, pleasant and spider silent, until she had read the interesting little article.

"Go ahead, Susan," she finally said without opening her eyes; "read the thing. It's intended to settle my stomach, I suppose."

"It never could, Abigail," said Susan gently, "if you're irritated about it. I'll just put it aside until another time. Jack and Mrs. Darling just went by, but I motioned to them not to disturb you; you were having such a good nap; your color's lots better."

Of course Susan knew very well that she hadn't slept.

"Susan, when you first came up you said I looked fine. Aren't you afraid if you keep on telling me how much better and better I look that I may get a suspicion I must have looked sick to begin with?"

"Oh, my land, Abigail," laughed Susan, merrily unamused, "I might have known you'd turn the law of suggestion other end to."

"Well, the law of common sense won't turn but one way, and it's good enough for me. You can suggest till doomsday, but the fact remains that I did feel squeamish and I still do, and if these things they call ground swells keep up I'll be right down sick. Where's Jane?"

"Up on that little deck off the card room, I think."

"Reading, I s'pose. It's no wonder Jack gets tired of it. You'd think Jane would have spunk enough to see that this Darling creature is throwing herself right at Jack's head. Oh, when I think of the man Jack would have been if he'd had the right kind of a wife I—I could ——"

"Don't! Oh, don't, Abigail!" Susan's voice held a little shudder of gentle protest. "Jane has to be herself, and remember how delighted we were to have Jack marry a real aristocrat instead of that little Kelly girl. Besides, Abigail, I don't see, for my part, why Jack isn't as fine a son as anybody could want. Everybody likes him."

Abigail's back stiffened. It was this tormenting tact of Susan's which she found hardest to combat in their conversational encounters.

"You know perfectly well, Susan, that no mother on earth could be prouder of a son than I am of Jack. And you've certainly thrown it up to me often enough that I love him too much for his own good, so don't go insinuating that I'm disappointed in him. And I've never denied either that I was glad to have him marry a Chisholm. But the way things have turned out I'd a sight sooner he'd married Kitty Kelly. She's been a fine wife to Tom Aikens; you don't see Tom flirting around with women; and every cent he's touched has turned into dollars."

Susan persisted in apologetic argument.

"But, Abigail dear, you surely don't hold Jane responsible for Jack's flirting around, as you call it, just because she's too proud to let folks see she even notices it. And the money Jack has lost has always been in some scheme she didn't approve of."

"Susan, I sometimes wonder if you stick up for Jane just to aggravate me. I know well enough that you don't like her one bit better in your heart than I do, in spite of all your Tolerant Thought palaver. You can be as contrary as you want to, but I say that Jack would be exactly the man his father was if Jane only had sense enough to manage him right. And she is to blame for—for the way things are."

"It's Wretched to Feel Woozy," Mrs. Darling Brightly Contributed as Her Share of the Sympathies

Susan serenely parried this direct challenge with one of her seasoned maxims of evasion. "We can't all see things the same way, Abigail," she said, hurrying on to apply an always effective emollient. "Everybody in Orange Center knows how John depended on your opinions and advice; he always said you were a born manager. But every man doesn't love his wife as much as John loved you, and you oughtn't to forget that when you're judging other wives."

The antagonism went out of Abigail Stafford's stern, satisfied face.

"It was a grant from God to have had such a husband," she admitted, mollified into a gentleness which hardened instantly as the heterogeneous triumvirate of her concern appeared to her uncertain vision. They came zigzagging briskly down the dizzy deck—Jack, bald and bare-headed and beaming, with Jane on one arm and Dagmar Darling on the other. To any less adoring observer than his mother, Jack Stafford might have been poured from the universal mold of jovial promoters, forever youthful, wholly healthy, and highly tempered with the inexhaustible romantic tendencies of the eternal masculine.

Between the tall, tranquil Jane and the animated diminutive Dagmar Darling he looked rather like a plump robin boldly apostating with a wood thrush and a parrakeet, for neither woman shared his commonplaceness. Jane Stafford's hands, her throat, her ankles, her pale proud face and high-held head proclaimed the Chisholm blood of gentle breeding. But her dignity and reserve held nothing of that wondrous lure—mysteriousness. She lost personality beside the vivid little female who clothed her slim, boyish body with startlingly colorful garments and whose scarlet mouth lavished promises that her wise eyes denied. Dignity may prove its own royalty, but it is a weak weapon against mysteriousness when the hunt is on for the hearts of men.

Abigail Stafford unsmilingly and briefly answered their morning greetings and inquiries for her health.

"It's wretched to feel woozy," Mrs. Darling brightly contributed as her share of the sympathies, and hung herself over the rail directly in front of Mrs. Stafford's chair until the conference should be finished. To her mind, elderly people, like deserving old horses, should be kept in segregated green pastures. Up and down she went in the blue sky. She looked like a masquerade costume airing on a wind-blown clothesline.

"Well, well, well, mother," Jack was saying, patting her shoulder and smiling down at her, "you surely aren't going to let a few ground swells get the best of you, when we're this near to Honolulu. Why, I'm surprised at you!"

His mother looked up at him with sick eyes that found healing in his affectionate, humoring smile. If there were faults in this dear familiar form, so like his father's—and his father under her wifely wisdom had made a perfect husband—then the blame for those faults belonged to someone else; and to whom more surely than to his quiet, slender wife standing beside him, her blue eyes empty of laughter and cold with composure.

"Jane," said Abigail Stafford in an impulsive attack on that aggravating serenity, "can't Mrs. Darling exist without your husband a few minutes? I've scarcely set eyes on him the whole trip. If she can spare him a second or two I'd like to talk over how much I'm going to give Daniel before we get to Honolulu." Daniel was an indigent invalid cousin who lived in Hawaii.

"Madame Chairman!" Dagmar Darling's amused serious voice addressed Jane. "Will you tell the gentleman's mother that though I could, by fortitude, bear a brief separation, it would work too great a hardship on the assembled multitudes *en haut* who are even now breathlessly awaiting the coming of the shuffleboard gladiator?"

"The lady referred to," Jane gravely reported to her tight-lipped mother-in-law, "personally agrees to relinquish the gentleman referred to, but suggests that your request be postponed until after the shuffleboard tournament, in which the gentleman and lady referred to are partners."

This was a code of conversation to which Abigail Stafford had no key. She was being made fun of. Her anger fed on Susan's giggle. Jack stood back, hands in his coat pockets, and grinned down at her with blandly surprised and not altogether approving eyes. Jack considered his mother a great old girl, and there was never any telling what she would do next. He waved a suppressing hand to silence the two women.

"Why, mother, so far as Daniel is concerned, I'd give the old beggar just as much or as little as I felt like," he heartily advised. "You see Dagmar and I"—he called her Dagmar and hadn't known her a week—"are due on the upper deck to play off the shuffleboard championship. We just came down to see if you felt like going up with us to root for your family."

"I do not," said Abigail Stafford, but Susan, being enthusiastic over shuffleboard, rose with alacrity, her Tolerant Thought magazine slipping unnoticed to the deck under Abigail's chair.

"Is there anything I can do to make you more comfortable?" Jane asked as they were leaving.

"Why, yes; you might sit down here a minute if you can stand missing that tournament."

Jack turned a puzzled face over his shoulder. In fifteen years his mother had never wanted Jane's companionship before. Jane always rubbed his mother the wrong way, and this was of all times the one when he most wanted her kept tractable; for the million-dollar project which was at present dazzling his dreams depended entirely on that stern, sufficient woman who was going with him to China merely to look the ground over herself before she again opened the floodgates of her new riches to pour their dollars into his futile speculations.

"I'll tear myself away from this woman in an hour, mother," he called back, "and spend the whole afternoon with you."

"All right, dear," she said.

Jane sat down in Susan's chair and waited silently. Her profile made a Greek line drawing. Her straight, dull-blond hair coroneted her head in a smooth braid that caught the top of her small ears. She seemed serenity itself, relaxed and half reclining, her throat very white against the dark blue of her simple gown. Jane was the one person with whom Abigail Stafford had refrained from speaking her mind. She had never been able to decide why. Now she was going to do it.

"Jane," she said, "do you consider it's aristocratic to sit like a bump on a log and watch a creature like this Mrs. Darling beguile your husband into all kinds of foolishness, without raising your hand to stop it? He'll fall in love with her if you're not careful."

She gave her daughter-in-law a swift surreptitious glance. Jane's face remained a Greek line drawing.

"Oh, no, I think not," she said.

"Well, that's all you know about it." Jane's tantalizing composure goaded her into a mad determination to prick through it. "He kisses her!"

"No doubt. It requires no beguiling for Jack to kiss pretty women. I don't suppose there is room on this

steamer, steerage and lifeboats included, to hold all the women Jack has kissed in the last ten years, and his yearly average is decidedly on the increase."

Abigail Stafford frankly gasped. This was a form of counterattack quite as disconcerting as it was unexpected.

"Then—then it's your own fault, Jane Stafford. Jack's father didn't have any such habits. And I've heard him say many a time that any woman whose husband gets gay has failed somehow or other to be a good wife."

Jane met this accusation in the same cold, unangered voice. "I haven't a doubt that I've failed in many ways to be a good wife. That is only another reason I do not feel qualified to dictate Jack's code of behavior. But when you compare Jack with his father, it's only fair to consider the fact that Jack inherits not only his father's lovable, generous nature but also your own self-determination and aggressive opinions. It's unfortunate that he couldn't have inherited your business acumen along with them, since there again I am not equipped to be a good wife, as you express it."

Abigail Stafford swallowed into a dry, hot throat, realizing the reason for the instinct that had always withheld her from speaking her mind to Jane. But even so, she did not stoop to Susan's methods of wading out with sudden complimentary diplomacy when she got beyond her depth in an argument.

"No, the Lord knows you're not," she agreed, her voice trembling slightly. "Jack's lost money steadily for the last five years."

Jane's short laugh was irritatingly unirritated. "Well, that's not such damaging evidence against me, after all, Mother Stafford. I begged him not to go into both the real-estate and the gasoline ventures."

"Begged him? Why didn't you convince him? When I knew my husband was wrong I saw to it that he didn't go on being wrong."

"Ye-es, because the initial funds to invest were yours and not his, and so naturally your opinions had more weight; besides, your personality was the stronger."

"Yes, there's no getting round the fact that you had no funds to invest," said Abigail Stafford with grim relish. "Perhaps you wouldn't have married Jack if you had had."

"I am afraid that I would; of course you must remember that Jack was dependent on himself in those days; you and his father were growing oranges then and not oil wells." Jane turned out her facts with the unemotional facility of a machine.

"Yes, and in those days," Abigail Stafford reminded her, "Jack had the making of a man every bit as fine and successful as his father; and he was so head over heels in love with you that he didn't even want to bother to say good morning to any other girl in the world—much less kiss them! If you had any spunk on earth you couldn't bear to sit stupidly by and lose his love; you know as well as I do that nothing drives a man to the dogs quicker than—than carrying on with women."

At last she had the satisfaction of making some small impression on Jane's maddening equanimity. Jane jerked herself erect in her chair, her hands knuckle-white on the ends of the chair arms.

"Mother Stafford, if I didn't understand that you're worried about Jack I—I wouldn't permit you to say some of the things you have, because I wouldn't have listened. But for all of our sakes I will try to explain my viewpoint. That's all I can do. In the first place, I'm not losing Jack's love, and I would lose it if I nagged and made scenes. Jack hates unpleasantness; he simply runs from it. If I made our relations quarrelsome or unpleasant he would begin at once to deceive me, and I prefer to have his confidence, even when it hurts, than to be contentedly deceived. If ——"

"Confidence?" It was sincere incredulity that shook the older woman's voice. "I guess confidence isn't what it used to be, any more than love is. Has Jack confided to you all the times he's kissed this Darling creature?"

"Not in detail, I'll admit. He didn't come down last night and say, 'Well, I kissed Mrs. Darling thirty-seven times,' but he indicated that her romantic intensity was well sustained. He said, as I remember it, that she was a handful. His endurance is never alarming. He will be relieved when she goes on and we stop in Honolulu. You see, in Jack's code of behavior, flirting is a pastime and has no bearing on our real loyalty as man and wife. And when you consider it all broad-mindedly ——"

Abigail Stafford's impatient silence exploded at this word. "Oh, for heaven's sake, don't begin on Susan's ridiculous kind of talk, as if human nature changed every twenty years! This thing of rechristening evil into broad-mindedness is just what has brought everything to such a pretty pass. You say you're so sure that Jack still loves you. Well, I'd like to ask if you still love him."

Jane smiled a little, a queer smile, that turned her mother-in-law's bewildered antagonism into vicious resentment. "Yes, I still love him, Mother Stafford," she said.

"I mean," said Abigail Stafford in a cruelly curious voice, "do you love him because he's dear to you as a husband; or because he's the father of your two children who look so much like the precious Chisholms that they might be two young family portraits walking around; or—because he means plenty of money for all your poor relations back East?"

Jane stood quickly. A slow color came into her pale cheeks, and her straight, searing glance, instantly withdrawn, was like the quick touch of a lash.

"Oh-h, what a dreadful woman you are!" she said wonderingly, almost softly, and walked quickly away.

The place where she had stood was almost immediately occupied by the ship's doctor. He came every morning to talk to Abigail Stafford.

(Continued on Page 133)

Abigail Stood Rigid and Unmoving. She Had Lost John Stafford Once—to Death. But There Had Been Pride and Courage in That Loss

The Rummy Affair of Old Biffy

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

JEEVES," I said, emerging from the old tub, "rally round."

"Yes, sir."

I beamed on the man with no little geniality. I was putting in a week or two in Paris at the moment, and there's something about Paris that always makes me feel fairly full of *espièglerie* and *joie de vivre*.

"Lay out our gent's medium-smart raiment, suitable for bohemian revels," I said. "I am lunching with an artist bloke on the other side of the river."

"Very good, sir."

"And if anybody calls for me, Jeeves, say that I shall be back toward the quiet evenfall."

"Yes, sir. Mr. Biffen rang up on the telephone while you were in your bath."

"Mr. Biffen? Good heavens!"

Amazing how one's always running across fellows in foreign cities—birds, I mean, whom you haven't seen for ages and would have betted weren't anywhere in the neighborhood. Paris was the last place where I would have expected to find old Biffy popping up. There was a time when he and I had been lads about town together, lunching and dining together practically every day; but some eighteen months back his old godmother had died and left him that place in Herefordshire, and he had retired there to wear gaiters and prod cows in the ribs and generally be the country gentleman and landed proprietor. Since then I had hardly seen him.

"Old Biffy in Paris! Biffy in Paris! What's he doing here?"

"He did not confide in me, sir," said Jeeves, a trifle frostily, I thought. It sounded somehow as if he didn't like Biffy. And yet they had always been maty enough in the old days.

"Where's he staying?"

"At the Hotel Avenida, Rue du Colisée, sir. He informed me that he was about to take a walk and would call this afternoon."

"Well, if he comes when I'm out, tell him to wait. And now, Jeeves, *mes gants, mon chapeau et le whangee de monsieur*. I must be popping."

It was such a corking day and I had so much time in hand that near the Sorbonne I stopped my cab, deciding to walk the rest of the way.

And after leaving the cab I had hardly gone three steps and a half when there on the pavement before me stood old Biffy in person. If I had completed the last step I should have rammed him.

"Biffy!" I cried. "Well, well, well!"

He peered at me in a blinking kind of way, rather like one of his Herefordshire cows prodded unexpectedly while lunching.

"Bertie!" he gurgled in a devout sort of tone. "Thank God!" He clutched my arm. "Don't leave me, Bertie. I'm lost!"

"What do you mean, lost?"

"How are You, How are You, How are You?" I Said, Overcoming a Slight Desire to Leap Backwards Out of the Window. "Long Time Since We Met, What?"

"I came out for a walk and suddenly discovered after a mile or two that I didn't know where on earth I was. I've been wandering round in circles for hours."

"Why didn't you ask the way?"

"I can't speak a word of French."

"Well, why didn't you call a taxi?"

"I suddenly discovered I'd left all my money at my hotel."

"You could have taken a cab and paid it when you got to the hotel."

"Yes, but I suddenly discovered, dash it, that I'd forgotten its name."

And there in a nutshell you have Charles Edward Biffen. As vague and woolen-headed a blighter as ever bit a sandwich. Goodness knows—and my Aunt Agatha will bear me out in this—I'm no master mind myself, but compared with Biffy I'm one of the great thinkers of all time.

"I'd give a shilling," said Biffy wistfully, "to know the name of that hotel."

"You can owe it me. Hotel Avenida, Rue du Colisée."

"Bertie! This is uncanny. How the deuce did you know?"

"That was the address you left with Jeeves this morning."

"So it was. I had forgotten."

"Well, come along and have a drink, and then I'll put you in a cab and send you home. I'm engaged for lunch, but I've plenty of time."

We drifted to one of the eleven cafés which jostled one another along the block, and I ordered restoratives.

"What on earth are you doing in Paris?" I asked.

"Bertie, old man," said Biffy with great solemnity, "I came here to try and forget."

"Well, you've certainly succeeded."

"You don't understand. The fact is, Bertie, old lad, my heart is broken. I'll tell you the whole story."

"No, I say!" I protested. But he was off.

"Last year," said Biffy, "I buzzed over to Canada to do a bit of salmon fishing."

I ordered another. If this was going to be a fish story I needed stimulants.

"On the liner going to New York I met a girl." Biffy made a sort of curious gulping noise not unlike a bulldog trying to swallow half a cutlet in a hurry so as to be ready for the other half. "Bertie, old man, I can't describe her. I simply can't describe her."

This was all to the good.

"She was wonderful! We used to walk on the boat deck after dinner. She was on the stage. At least, sort of."

"How do you mean, sort of?"

"Well, she had worked with a concert party and posed for artists and been a manikin in a big dressmaker's, and all that sort of thing, don't you know," said Biffy vaguely. "Anyway, she had saved up a few pounds and was on her way to see if she could get a job in New York. She told me all about herself. Her father ran a milk walk in Clapham. Or it may have been Cricklewood. At least, it was either a milk walk or a boot shop."

"Easily confused."

"What I'm trying to make you understand," said Biffy, "is that she came of good, sturdy, respectable middle-class stock. Nothing flashy about her. The sort of wife any man might have been proud of."

"Well, whose wife was she?"

"Nobody's. That's the whole point of the story. I wanted her to be mine, and I lost her."

"Had a quarrel, you mean?"

"No, I don't mean we had a quarrel. I mean I literally lost her. The last I ever saw of her was in the customs sheds at New York. We were behind a pile of trunks, and I had just asked her to be my wife and she had just said she would and everything was perfectly splendid, when a most offensive blighter in a peaked cap came up to talk about some cigarettes which he had found at the bottom of my trunk and which I had forgotten to declare. It was getting pretty late by then, for we hadn't docked till about 10:30, so I told Mabel to go on to her hotel and I would come round next day and take her to lunch. And since then I haven't set eyes on her."

"You mean she wasn't at the hotel?"

"Probably she was. But ——"

"You don't mean you never turned up?"

"Bertie, old man," said Biffy in an overwrought kind of way, "for heaven's sake don't keep trying to tell me what I mean and what I don't mean. Let me tell this my own

way, or I shall get all mixed up and have to go back at the beginning."

"Tell it your own way," I said hastily.

"Well, then, to put it in a word, Bertie, I forgot the name of the hotel. By the time I'd done half an hour's heavy explaining about those cigarettes my mind was a blank. I had an idea I had written the name down somewhere, but I couldn't have done it, for it wasn't on any of the papers in my pocket. No, it was no good. She was gone."

"Why didn't you make inquiries?"

"Well, the fact is, Bertie, I had forgotten her name."

"Oh, no, dash it!" I said. This seemed a bit too thick, even for Biffy. "How could you forget her name? Besides, you told it me a moment ago. Muriel or something."

"Mabel," corrected Biffy coldly. "It was her surname I'd forgotten. So I gave it up and went to Canada."

"But half a second," I said. "You must have told her your name. I mean if you couldn't trace her she could trace you."

"Exactly. That's what makes it all seem so infernally hopeless. She knows my name and where I live and everything, but I haven't heard a word from her. I suppose, when I didn't turn up at the hotel, she took it that that was my way of hinting delicately that I had changed my mind and wanted to call the thing off."

"I suppose so," I said. There didn't seem anything else to suppose. "Well, the only thing to do is to whizz around and try to heal the wound, what? How about dinner tonight, winding up at the Abbaye or one of those places?"

Biffy shook his head.

"It wouldn't be any good. I've tried it. Besides, I'm leaving on the four-o'clock train. I have a dinner engagement tomorrow with a man who's nibbling at that house of mine in Herefordshire."

"Oh, are you trying to sell that place? I thought you liked it."

"I did. But the idea of going on living in that great lonely barn of a house after what has happened appalls me, Bertie. So when Sir Roderick Glossop came along ——"

"Sir Roderick Glossop! You don't mean the loony-doctor?"

"The great nerve specialist, yes. Why, do you know him?" It was a warm day, but I shivered.

"I was engaged to his daughter for a week or two," I said in a hushed voice. The memory of that narrow squeak always made me feel faint.

"Has he a daughter?" said Biffy absently.

"He has. Let me tell you all about ——"

"Not just now, old man," said Biffy, getting up. "I ought to be going back to my hotel to see about my packing."

Which, after I had listened to his story, struck me as pretty lowdown. However, the longer you live the more you realize that the good old sporting spirit of give-and-take has practically died out in our midst. So I boosted him into a cab and went off to lunch.

It can't have been more than ten days after this that I received a nasty shock while getting outside my morning tea and toast. The English papers had arrived, and Jeeves was just drifting out of the room after depositing the Times by my bedside, when, as I idly turned the pages in search of the sporting section, a paragraph leaped out and hit me squarely in the eyeball.

As follows:

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

Mr. C. E. Biffen and Miss Glossop

The engagement is announced between Charles Edward, only son of the late Mr. E. C. Biffen and Mrs. Biffen, of 11 Penslow Square, Mayfair, and Honoria Jane Louise, only daughter of Sir Roderick and Lady Glossop, of 6b Harley Street, W.

"Great Scott!" I exclaimed.

"Sir?" said Jeeves, turning at the door.

"Jeeves, you remember Miss Glossop."

"Very vividly, sir."

"She's engaged to Mr. Biffen!"

"Indeed, sir?" said Jeeves.

And with not another word he slid out. The blighter's calm amazed and shocked me. It seemed to indicate that there must be a horrible streak of callousness in him. I mean to say, it wasn't as if he didn't know Honoria Glossop.

I read the paragraph again. A peculiar feeling it gave me. I don't know if you have ever experienced the sensation of seeing the announcement of the engagement of a pal of yours to a girl whom you were only saved from marrying yourself by the skin of your teeth. It induces a sort of—well, it's difficult to describe it exactly, but I should imagine a fellow would feel much the same if he happened to be strolling through the jungle with a boyhood chum and met a tigress or a jaguar or what not and managed to shin up a tree and looked down and saw the friend of his youth vanishing into the undergrowth in the animal's slavering jaws. A sort of profound, prayerful relief, if you know what I mean, blended at the same time with a pang of pity. What I'm driving at is that, thankful as I was that I hadn't had to marry Honoria myself, I was sorry to see a real good chap like old Biffy copping it. I sucked down a spot of tea and began to brood over the business.

Of course there are probably fellows in the world—tough, hardy blokes with strong chins and glittering eyes—who could get engaged to this Glossop menace and like it; but I knew perfectly well that Biffy was not one of them. Honoria, you see, is one of those robust, dynamic girls with the muscles of a welterweight and a laugh like a squadron of cavalry charging over a tin bridge. A beastly thing to have to face over the breakfast table. Brainy, moreover. The sort of girl who reduces you to pulp with sixteen sets of tennis and a few rounds of golf, and then comes down to dinner as fresh as a daisy, expecting you to take an intelligent interest in Freud. If I had been engaged to her another week her old father would have had one more patient on his books; and Biffy is much the same quiet sort of peaceful, inoffensive bird as I. I was shocked, I tell you, shocked.

And, as I was saying, the thing that shocked me most was Jeeves' frightful lack of proper emotion. The man happening to trickle in at this juncture, I gave him one more chance to show some human sympathy.

"You got the name correctly, didn't you, Jeeves?" I said. "Mr. Biffen is going to marry Honoria Glossop, the daughter of the old boy with the egglike head and the eyebrows."

"Yes, sir. Which suit would you wish me to lay out this morning?"

And this, mark you, from the man who, when I was engaged to the Glossop, strained every fiber in his brain to extricate me. It beat me. I couldn't understand it.

"The blue with the red twill," I said coldly. My manner was marked, and I meant him to see that he had disappointed me sorely.

About a week later I went back to London; and scarcely had I got settled in the old flat when Biffy blew in. One glance was enough to tell me that the poisoned wound had begun to fester. The man did not look bright. No, there was no getting away from it, not bright. He had that kind of stunned, glassy expression which I used to see on my own face in the shaving mirror during my brief engagement to the Glossop pestilence. However, if you don't want to be one of the what-is-wrong-with-this-picture brigade, you must observe the conventions, so I shook his hand as warmly as I could.

"Well, well, old man," I said, "congratulations."

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"Bertie, Old Man," Said Biffy With Great Solemnity, "I Came Here to Try and Forget"

HIGH COUNTRY

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Trees Assume Strange Shapes At Timber Line

THE rainbows had stopped biting. Over Scraggly Knob, with its dust-caked, rock-embedded glacier, its tremendous clefts, its shadowy caverns and tumbled rock slides, the clouds were massing for their usual afternoon onslaught of the late summer, a thing of stinging sleet and mushy snow, of rain, colder than either, seething on the turbulent breast of a howling gale. It was a time for speed—the lake, which had been so inviting in the morning, had lost its lure; a cold storm on the top of the Rockies is not a thing to dally with—and I locked the rough-hewed door of my little log cabin with more haste than usual, shifted my pack to a more comfortable position and dodged from rock to rock and from one floating deadfall to another as I took a short cut across the lower end of the lake that I might strike the down trail a moment sooner, at last to reach it, and there—to halt. It was the caretaker of the lake, employed by those of us who believe in owning our fishing rather than in hunting it in these precarious days of sport.

"You're on the down trail?" he asked.

"Yep."

"Comin' back?" There was a certain tone of pathos in his voice which almost made me forget the growling storm.

"Yes, toward the end of the week."

Men Who Live in the Hills

HE CAME closer, a man with baggy trousers stuffed into waterproofed boots, leather sheep-lined jacket, knuckles protruding from lean hands, skin which had been tanned until it no longer was brown, but which seemed to have a sort of consistency, as though the color might have gone through. A man of the hills was he. He'd spent his time in the mines, on ragged trails with a pack jack, looking for the new bonanza that would build another Cripple Creek, months in the snow, years on sowbelly and beans; a man of the hills and, as the novelists say, of the silent places. Yet there was that air of pathos in his gray, searching eyes; eyes which demanded, it seemed, that I make a promise even before he asked it.

"You're comin' back?" he repeated. "Will you do something for me? Will you bring me a dog? I"—he glanced upward at the first touch of flying sleet—"can't stand it up here much longer if I don't have a dog or somethin'. They brought through them sheep last week an' th' coyotes 've been howling. Them an' th' cooneys, screechin' an' carryin' on in th' evenin's." He raised a hand. "See that drift over there?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm gettin' so I'm watchin' it all the time, hopin' she'll close her mouth. 'Tain't right to do them things."

I glanced toward the snowdrift, a thing of smudgy white, plastered against the vicious breast of Scraggly Knob, and saw what he meant. It looked like a woman holding forth her arms in pleading, and her mouth agape, as with an irrepressible sob.

"I'll bring you a dog, Pete," I said. "And I'll come back a day early."

A July Scene in the Snowfields of the Continental Divide Near Yampa, in Western Colorado. At Right—One of the Glistening Blue-Green Lakes of the High Hills

For caretakers are hard to get in the high country; and when high country is mentioned, it doesn't mean mere mountains. It means the things that the tourist sees but rarely touches, and practically never experiences—the professional ranges of the Rockies, the backbone of the continent, where life is different and difficult. The popular conception of mountains is that they are like circuses—see one and you see them all. And just like the idea about circuses, the belief about mountains is wrong. I live in the hills. I tramp them and sleep in them and study them, and it is seldom that I find even two mountains alike, much less two ranges.

The Rockies don't merely bound up from the plains, do their stuff and then slide into the level country again on the other side of the continental divide. They've a lot of diversity to go through with first, the piling of one range upon another, until the one you've just crossed appears to be little more than a string of molehills, while the one waiting in the distance has far more to it than could be imagined—enough in fact to dwarf the range you're crossing, until at last you reach the ultimate. And there, where the ragged streaks of the Rockies scrape against the sky, where the snow lingers all summer long and where the flowers flourish with almost tropical luxuriance to the very line where the elements will no longer permit life—there is the high country, in an elevation which may be encompassed in perhaps 1000 feet, where man may exist, with fuel and shelter, while perhaps only 100 feet above him runs the creeping line of juniper and scraggly willows, merging into the sparkling granite and dusty snow where nothing may survive for more than a temporary visitation.

Stories Written at Timber Line

IT IS that stretch of country for 1000 feet below timber line, where life in all its forms makes its last stand, which constitutes the high country of the Rocky Mountains; and it is in this 1000 feet that some of the queerest stories of the hills have been written, in loneliness, in despair, in queer adventure and in woodcraft. It is America's final frontier. What's more, it hasn't been conquered, for there is little of gain there for conquest; and who would suffer for anything except money, unless it be a fool fisherman looking for new gems of blue and finny fighters hardened by the ice water which forms their home in which to dampen his flies?

There was a time when a good many persons knew the high country. But that was in other days, when almost any prospector could be grubstaked at the town store and sent forth with his rifle, his pick and his pan to seek a new bonanza. All through the Rockies, above and below timber line, there still remain the monuments to these people, these wanderers, grubbing like gophers in the granite and quartz for the vein they were sure would reveal itself a few feet farther on; monuments carved decades ago, yet seemingly as fresh today as on the day when they were made, for in the high hills scars have a habit of not healing.

A few months ago, fidgety with anticipation, a fishing friend and myself made a trip in to a lake which we were sure had not been touched by a fly or by bait for two years.

Once upon a time there had been a logging camp in the vicinity, but, owing to the death of the owner several years before, it had been closed, to remain deserted until the winds and hard-packed drifts of winter and the dry-rotting suns of summer should dispose of its loneliness. Since then the country had been deserted; the fish of the lake, into which logs once had boomed from the ridge above, had not been disturbed, and we were first in. At least we thought we were, until my friend suddenly halted and with disappointed eyes looked gloomily at the rocky road.

"There's been a wagon up here," he said.

I came beside him and stared downward. It was true. There in the mixed pebbles and rocks and sand and loam of the straggling log road were the prints of tires, deep-cut and apparently not more than two weeks old.

"Looks like they were made just before we had that big rain," said my companion, and I agreed.

The Passing of the Prospector

TWO hundred feet farther on, however, we changed our minds. There across the trail lay a drift which had been consistently shoveled out each spring before the desertion of the lumber camp, but which had remained unmolested since the saws had ceased to whine and the logs come screaming down the runways and on to the mill. At the sides showed two black lines, each marking the level where the dust and settlings of erosion had gathered throughout the summer, only to be covered anew when the winter came rushing on, almost before the summer had gained its full assertion. They spoke of three years of lonely desertion in which this road had not been touched by team or vehicle, and into the bottom of this drift of three long years ran those wagon tracks which we had believed to be only two weeks old!

The reason? Simply because the things which live in the high country subsist only in soil which has come of the slowest erosion; three inches deep, perhaps, and yet the result of the efforts of thousands of years upon granite and igneous stone that is even harder. Grass does not grow in a few weeks. The same bunches appear year after year, the same flowers bloom in the same spots and the same patches of earth remain bare. Tear up a columbine or any other flower by its roots and no new plant takes its place; merely a hole in the earth which remains there from one season to another.

For that reason the mountaineer rarely picks flowers. It seems unsportsmanlike. After some tender thing of Nature has struggled for nine months of the year to sustain the germ of life, it seems to the fellow who treads the high hills that it deserves at least a bit of a chance to enjoy the fruits of its labors and bloom unmolested until the snows shall bury it again.

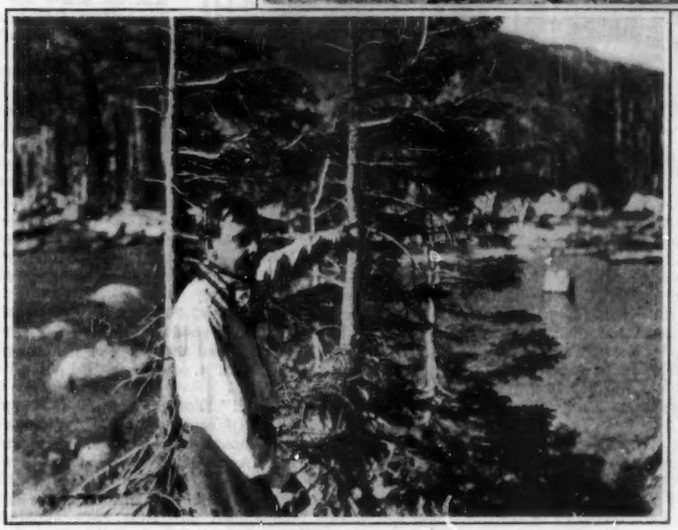
But to return to those who visit these places and know them. The time of the prospector is gone. Persons don't seem to care so much about gold and silver as they once did. In the first place, there isn't the money in it. My little town in the Rockies is the place where Jackson, in '59, made the gold discovery which started the rush across the plains to Colorado; and today, more than a half century later, there still remain the upturned bowlders and stretches of gravel where men worked and suffered privation and fought to the death for a strip of ground, that they might, by pick and shovel, and by the slow torture of rocking away the sands in their pans, finally gather the tiny particles of gold which, at the end of a twelve-hour day of grueling labor, resulted in what was then the fabulous amount of eight or ten dollars.

The hills about this little town are dotted with mine dumps and scarred with tunnels where big amounts of a past day were taken out. But when those big amounts are catalogued, they amount to an average profit of from $10,000 to $100,000. Today the man who earns eight or ten dollars a day rides to work in his own automobile, has his own home and enjoys practically every creature comfort. He doesn't care to undergo physical suffering for the same amount of money when he can earn it by easier means; and gold, you must understand, isn't worth so much today as it was back in Jackson's time for the simple reason that the value has not increased, while the cost of operation has gone upward by leaps and bounds. Likewise the man who would gamble with his health, his strength and his savings in a chance to make more money—he isn't going to do it for $10,000 or $100,000. He wants $1,000,000, or nearly that much, with the result that the prospector is rapidly becoming a thing of the past; and his passing takes from the high hills one of its most picturesque figures. Gold, in the old days, made men forget where they were going. Onward, onward, onward, as long as a piece of ore-bearing float or promising quartz might beckon the way, they were willing to follow.

Therefore there are steadily fewer persons who really know the high country; and by that term is meant that stretch of the Rockies, or any of the other high ranges for that matter, reaching from 9000 feet elevation or so to timber line; which latter term may mean anything from 10,500 feet to 12,000, according to the air currents, the structure of the mountains, the chance which is given the sun to warm the barren earth and the exposure to the gales and blizzards of winter, piling up the drifts which are to endure until the bleak months shall come again.

Log Cabins are Becoming a Rarity Even in the High Country

The Backbone of the Continent, Viewed From Bertrand Pass, Colorado. At Left—Wind-Swept Pines Such as Often Serve as a Guide to Woodsmen



It is a lonely country, aloof, barren, majestic, and yet sullen, mysterious, forbidding; yet beckoning, hard to reach and mainly unvisited, for the explorer of today likes to do his work from the soft seat of an automobile and not from the hurricane deck of a mountain horse or by means of slow plodding and hard puffing with a pack upon his back. In the mountain parks and certain resorts, of course, there are favorite mountains which are climbed enthusiastically and regularly, with guides to point out which is the female anemone and which the male, with well-worn trails and story-book lectures upon the flora and fauna, peaks which reach well into the sky; but to the seasoned mountaineer this is a great deal like going to the museum to look at the skeleton of the dinosaur. It's too well mounted and without a bone missing to be very real. If the party slept overnight with a pack for a pillow and a clump of creeping juniper for a blanket it might be more interesting.

Invading the Backbone Ranges

BUT, there's always the hotel waiting at the foot of the trail, and the guide knows when to start down again, and the number of persons who take anything except the beaten path is surprisingly small. In Denver, for instance, there is a population of nearly 300,000, and Denver is practically at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. I doubt if more than one person in 500 has actually been in the really high country. My little town is far enough in the hills to possess barber shops which still hold dear those ancient individual shaving mugs with gold borders and the names of their owners done in Old English. And even here the number is surprisingly few.

For the backbone ranges of the Rocky Mountains are something not to be gone into without a purpose. The roads are few, and when they do occur, they are only rocky, steep stretches to be negotiated by foot or horseback or by four-horse team. More often it is only a trail,

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WOLF CLOTHES

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IF I'M not worth six thousand to you, Mr. Bullitt, you don't know six thousand dollars' worth when you see it." Clink. Roger DeWitt was alone in the living room of his apartment in Fair Hills, putting a row of golf balls into a flat ash tray at the far edge of a Chinese rug.

"Business is done on friendship, Mr. Bullitt. I've got lots of friends. Borrowing friends now, sir, but bond buyers of the future. Just wait. Just wait fifteen years, Mr. Bullitt." Clink. The remarks Roger ought to have made in the interview which had that morning ended his fifth job during the year were perioded neatly by the dull tap of putter against gutta-percha and the metallic clink as the ball struck the ash tray with just force enough to tip the edge and roll in. What he really had said was: "Well, of course, Mr. Bullitt, if you feel that way about it, I'll resign"—because Roger didn't really believe it was coincidence which had cost him those five jobs. Clink. Clink. Clink.

As a matter of fact he was rather humble about it by now. He blamed no one but himself, not even his father, for making life a panorama of Palm Beach, Aiken, Hot Springs, chasing golf tournaments to Scotland and back, and then going broke just before he died. Nor did he blame Tommy's extravagance. He'd only been married to Tommy a year, the five-job year, and a fellow who could blame Tommy for anything had to be blind. It made him laugh when people talked about Marilyn Miller and Norma Talmadge. They ought to see Tommy. The trouble was they had married on a shoe string and it broke. "And Tommy thinks she's married a successful man," he murmured hopelessly. "I'd like to know what I'm successful at." Clink-clink. He'd got two balls rolling at the same time, and they both went in.

"Roger?" Tommy Touched His Arm. "Roger? You Couldn't Do a Thing Like That. Could You, Roger?"

The telephone interrupted both practice and thought. A gruff groceryman wanted a check. "It'll be right along," said Roger blithely. Then he went over and sat in the corner of the divan and wondered how he was going to start it right along. He ought to be starting a dozen checks right along, to every shop in the village street and a few more in the city. And twenty-three dollars in the bank!

Fair Hills was a sociological experiment. A great charity had selected a particularly unblessed and flat spot some fifteen minutes out on Long Island, called it Fair Hills, and erected a group of beautiful houses to be sold on easy terms to desperate young married people. The desperate but clever young married people bought the houses all right, and promptly doubled their money by selling out to equally desperate but older and richer married people who beheld in the delightful combination community a chance to straddle the city-country problem. Prices soared; huge apartment buildings sprang up, engulfing hundreds beside Roger and Tommy. Fair Hills mounted to fashion, reached it, passed it, the rise and fall of a real-estate Rome.

It is sometimes called *nouveau riche* now, although it isn't so painfully rich—except for the shopkeepers. And even they are interested in getting Roger's and Tommy's checks.

Roger picked up the magazine to which Mr. Bullitt had once asked him to subscribe. It was called Enterprise, a Magazine for the Men of Tomorrow, and it was full of inspiring articles by the men of yesterday. But he wasn't interested in From Wheelbarrow to Coal Baron, or in the one by Murray H. Griggs called Multiply Your Ideas by a Million. "They certainly do whirl the old world by its tail," growled Roger. "But each of those fellows can do some one thing well. I can't do anything." He dodged. The third article demanded with bold type and an exclamation point "What Can *You* Do!" And the subtitle said, "Do it. Every man has some one asset. Work it! Squeeze it!! Pump it 'til it Pays!!!"

Roger began to read the first paragraph weakly, but he wouldn't go on. All that energy made a mere veteran of five jobs dizzy. "What a lot of bunk," said Roger. He picked up the putter again and went to line up the balls. "Why doesn't he tell me what I can do if he's so devilish smart!" Clink—clink—clink.

A key rattled in the front door. Well, that made everything different. Here was Tommy, thank heavens. Hadn't he married Tommy, by all that's holy? Well, then ——

Tommy—her real name, Thomasine, was the penalty inflicted upon a fourth consecutive daughter for not being the reasonably expected son; as if being the fourth daughter weren't enough of a penalty—Tommy was only a little more marvelous than Roger thought. Her eyes were blue as fountain-pen ink and her probably bobbed dark hair swept across her brow as though she were standing in a wind. Sometimes there were tiny crinkles beside her turned-up nose, whether marks of perplexity or purpose you couldn't tell. But her chin meant purpose.

Unfortunately Tommy had so many purposes that she couldn't decide which to concentrate upon. She meant to quit playing so much bridge and to keep a better house for Roger. And she meant to teach Roger not to be so extravagant. "I won't if you won't," she intended to tell him. Men spend so much money right out of their pockets.

Then finally she was going to start cooking and quit this having meals sent up from the apartment café. Roger had forbidden her to go near the stove ever since the day a faint voice had reached him on the office telephone and said, "Roger, come home. I've burned myself." Nineteen minutes later, white and drawn as a cigarette, he had burst in the door looking for the cinder. Well, a blister on your hand is no joke. It had hurt like sixty.

Tommy was so tickled to find Roger at home this afternoon that she didn't begin to be alarmed about it until he'd had hold of her for ten minutes.

"You look like seven million dollars," he had declared.

"Put me down, Roger. You've mussed me all up. Just look at my collar now. I'll take the seven million. How did you get away so early, Roger?"

He remembered at the same instant. "Well, I've lost the bond job," he confessed. "But you wouldn't want me to be humiliated by that old beast of a Bullitt, would you, dear?"

"Well, I should say not!" said Tommy valiantly. "Did you punch him one, Roger?" She put her hand on his arm just to let him know where she stood, but she felt a little scared. "Don't worry about it, Roger; I'll think of something. The first thing will be to get you another job right away, won't it, dear?"

Roger wilted under sympathy. "What's the use? I've had five. The truth is I'm no good at a blame thing. It seems as though everybody had the knack of something but me. If I had it, I'd work it, squeeze it. I'd pump it 'til it paid."

"That's the way to talk!" Tommy was proud. They couldn't down Roger. "Of course you can do things. Aren't you the best golf shooter there is? Haven't you a whole trunkful of cups? And what else? What else have you got, Roger?"

But in spite of her invitation she didn't want to have her new spring suit manhandled into ruin. She avoided Roger's charge and dodged into the bedroom. "Now you let me alone, Roger. Lord only knows when I'll get another new suit."

He let her alone. The instant Tommy was out of sight circumstances crushed down on him again. What were they going to do? Desperation drove the iron of revolt into Roger's soul. What was there about Tommy and himself

that they should be worried to death like this? Why shouldn't he be able to make a little money and live on it—the way everybody else did? Extravagant? That's what they would all say, and it sent a rage of red to his temples. Extravagant, he supposed, because they had been raised to take a halfway decent place to live for granted. Extravagant because this loud metropolitan smash penalized with a frightful cost every demand for meager comfort, a part-time servant, a cheap car, an occasional new hat for Tommy, a theater once in a while—high crimes of extravagance to an older generation which in its youth had twice as much at one-third the price.

Roger was bitter. When he sat down on the divan again and began knocking the toe of his shoe with the putter, his lips were drawn tight across his teeth. Lord, how he hated money! When he went into a shop he hated it, and when he went to sell bonds to some cigar-chewing "success" and couldn't, and when the bill for Tommy's Easter flowers came to him marked "Past Due."

"But," declared Roger, rising, "you can bet I won't let anything happen to Tommy. I'll beat the rotten game some way. Any way I can." He took a slap shot at one of the balls on the floor, and it rolled ten feet across the rug toward the ash tray. Clink! He straightened up quickly, smitten to immobility by a mere idea, or perhaps a startling idea. "Too nice, am I? Well, watch me!" He shook the putter at the open window. "Watch me, that's all."

In the old ivory bedroom a pink Tommy leaned an elbow on her dressing table while she searched a disordered drawer for her paper of beauty spots. She wanted a moon-shaped one. And there were puckers beside her nose.

You see, Roger was too much of an idealist, too trusting, and he wouldn't stoop for money. She remembered the other men she might have married, shrewder, harder, more difficult to avoid. They would have money. "But I'd rather have Roger," whispered Tommy. She wished they had been able to take the house at Big Bend which Tom Barrows had offered to Roger at two hundred and fifty a month while the Barrowses were abroad. Roger could get some golf out there.

"And just think ——" Tommy regarded the crumpled two-dollar bill and the pile of halves and quarters on her table; three seventy-five. "Just think. If I'd been playing for a cent instead of a tenth, I'd have won thirty-something. They play for even two cents out at Big B.ad." Maybe Roger wouldn't have to work at all.

For Tommy's genius had lighted upon bridge. At twelve her family had made her into a reluctant fourth, and now, whatever sounder virtues she may have lacked, she did have a sixth sense for placing kings and a magic in making the final eight spot stand up for the extra trick doubled. She did it innocently, looking her sweet young self, and almost shocking many a careless, bald-headed veteran into a revoke when his bored three hearts was set four hundred points. "Well, why not go in for it then—since the world won't pay Roger? I've got a good notion," she said with her fist clenched—"a good notion to be a hard-boiled woman."

Her gray-blue dinner dress made her look older, about six months older. Roger seemed very peculiar and tense sitting there. "Hurry and dress, Roger."

He stood up. "Listen, Tommy. I'm going into a new business. And I've decided to take Tom Barrows' house at Big Bend. The Colemans want our apartment; so we'll move tomorrow. All right?"

Tommy blinked. "I think it will be quite nice," she said. "Do hurry and dress, dear."

Mr. Fred Hawkins' tremendous, foreign car filled the arched entrance to Big Bend Estates, Incorporated, and swept its headlights up a smooth curve of concrete road. Fred and Minerva, having made a neat escape from the evening's intellectual gin party when its two characteristics began to decrease too rapidly in direct ratio, were going home. Minerva remembered perfectly that she must stop in the village for a can of that heat stuff which with an old-fashioned curling iron she operated to curve the final fling of very golden hair over her left eye. Fred couldn't remember exactly where he had left his hat. "Mishus Redfield wearin' it last I saw," he said.

But Fred would get his hat back. They lived in a close circle, these Big Benders on the hill. If the evening did not find them gathered at the Knowltons' Spanish mission of a house, they would be at the Winklers' Italian palazzo, or at the Bowmans' Scotch shooting lodge. Someone would save good old Fred's hat for him until the next evening.

Yes, they made it a point to have a good time, the Big Bend crowd. Right at their hand was a smart country club where anything might happen and frequently did. In their midst were a few successful actors to give the community a touch of Broadway, enough successful painters to permit table talk about modern art, several successful authors to take the name of literature in vain, brokers enough to explain the Mellon plan, and a genuine sportsman or two to justify everybody else in wearing golf clothes in the evening. Behind the hill a high three-quarter moon spilled white dust into the sluggish waters of the Sound.

Fred Hawkins felt better by the time he turned his car into the driveway and stopped at the door of their charming Tudor-plus home. His glance wandered to the lighted windows of the house next door; next door, but still a hundred and fifty feet away. They have real grounds in Big Bend, regular estates. In fact the place is called Big Bend Estates, Incorporated, and suggests your country gentleman about as much as anything could.

"Minerva," said Fred, "who are those people who have taken the Barrows place?"

"Now, Fred, you've met them half a dozen times. Can't you ever remember? Those young DeWitts, and I find them very nice, especially her. She played in the bridge club the other day and did very well for a beginner. It was funny, though, Fred. She bid five clubs once, with only two honors in her hand. It's really too amusing to hear her talk to the cards the way men do in a dice game. I think she's from the South."

"What happened to the five clubs?"

"Oh, that was funny too. Natalie Jenkins doubled, of course; and little DeWitt made six clubs, a small slam. Just a case of beginner's luck naturally, but she was awful cute about it."

"DeWitt?" asked Fred. He helped Minerva out of the car. "Sort of red blond, isn't he? And tall? I believe that's the bird who was in our foursome Saturday, the lucky beggar. We were playing two-dollar syndicates, and when seven had piled up he lucked the mildest birdie three you ever saw, about sixty bucks on it. The rest of the round he was rotten. Couldn't putt. I'll take him on tomorrow and get some of it back!"

"Yes; and don't be easy on him either, Fred. I hear he's one of those Delaware DeWitts, and you know what they've got. Millions!"

Fred Hawkins lingered a moment on the steps after he'd taken the car back, and watched the slim silhouette behind one of the drawn shades of the Barrows very small house. The slight figure was bent forward as though writing something, and beyond her a clumsier shadow passed back and forth across the square of light.

"The Delaware DeWitts," murmured Fred Hawkins absently. He had been thinking of Peg Redfield dancing with his hat on, and now he was thinking of five clubs doubled. "Awful pretty, that little DeWitt, if I remember. I wonder how fast her pace is."

The Delaware DeWitts, who had never been in the state except aboard train bound for some more definite place, were fairly launched in Big Bend now. Fair Hills was a distant memory—the hard sledding one boasts about in later affluence. Yes, affluence; because Roger was making piles of money. The second day they had been there he came home with a sunburn and forty-three dollars, and he'd made five hundred and twelve dollars the first three weeks.

"How do you do it, Roger?" said Tommy, hugging him right in front of the windows of the huge living room. "I knew you'd be a success."

"I don't know," said Roger. "I'm hungry. Tell that new cook to hurry dinner. It's a sort of complicated commission business, Tommy; hard to explain. You just get

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"Well, I've Lost the Bond Job, But You Wouldn't Want Me to be Humiliated by That Old Beast of a Bullitt, Would You, Dear?"

DOUBLE DOUBLE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

FOUR aces," reflected Florian Slappey as he inspected his hand, "ain't no good unless you makes 'em such." The dealer, Lawyer Evans Chew, gazed inquiringly at the debonair little man on his left. Florian shook his head. "I pass," he murmured regretfully.

Once again he surveyed the five cards. The aces were present in force; large, juicy one-spots which silently prophesied fortune for the elegant Mr. Slappey. That young gentleman imperturbably swept the room with his eyes.

It was the regular Wednesday evening session of The Full House Social Club, augmented by two distinguished visitors. The first of these, J. Cæsar Clump by name, and by profession a motion-picture director, sat on the right of Lawyer Chew. He was an important personage, bedecked in riding breeches, shiny putties, horn-rimmed goggles and a dainty little mustache; but withal he was likable, and a grin of friendship passed between himself and Florian.

The other stranger was not so popular with the gentleman who held the four aces. For one thing he out-Florianed Florian, and that was a sin of commission which Mr. Slappey found it impossible to forgive.

Welford Potts sat on Florian's left. He was garbed in a manner which would have caused the historic raiment of one Solomon to appear as sackcloth and ashes. Mr. Potts was a proud and dignified person with an insufferable intolerance which befitted his position in Birmingham as featured leading man of a series of two-reel comedies of and by negroes which were being produced locally by The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. These photoplays had already made a very substantial success as program releases in more than one hundred first-class houses throughout the country.

Welford Potts was inclined to be unreasonably fond of himself. He took himself seriously and demanded that the world make it unanimous. Unquestionably he was attractive to the eye—albeit those who knew him intimately were prone to suggest that a vacuum made fertile soil upon which to grow a handsome countenance. Above everything else he despised Florian Slappey, for the sheik of Eighteenth Street had persistently and pointedly refused to kowtow to the screen celebrity, and even, on occasion, had sneered at him in public.

In return therefor, Welford Potts made it plain that he considered Mr. Slappey as the dust beneath his feet, which attitude did not engender any love for Mr. Potts in the breast of Florian. At the moment, Welford was riding high on the crest of a tidal wave of social adulation while Florian was almost forgotten—wherefore he yearned to show Mr. Potts the spot at which he might most ignominiously alight.

It had been Florian's suggestion that Mr. Potts be invited to attend the weekly session of The Full House Social Club. Welford was certain that he was a magnificent poker player, and Florian, figuring that he had never sat in with the Full House crowd, believed that some one of them—preferably himself—could pick the visiting celebrity clean. Wherefore Mr. Slappey cannily passed his four aces and hungrily watched the emotionful Welford Potts. Florian knew that he held a large bludgeon in his hand; if only opportunity presented itself ——

"I pass," echoed Welford Potts.

"By me," pronounced Dr. Brutus Herring.

"An' me," chimed in Semore Mashby.

Terror struck Florian's heart. Suppose nobody held a hand as strong as jacks? Suppose no one opened? Then came the symphonic voice of J. Cæsar Clump.

"Opens fo' two bits."

Lawyer Chew tossed in a red chip. Florian hesitated, then followed suit. A large grin overspread the vapid features of the motion-picture star.

"Raises two bits," shrilled Welford.

Florian sneered to himself. "The po' piece of tripe!" he anathematized. "He's either got a double-ended straight or a fo'-flush an' he raises on the off chance. Well ——"

Doctor Herring stood the raise; the tight-fisted Semore Mashby laid down a small pair; J. Cæsar Clump reraised a quarter and Lawyer Chew rode. Again Florian made a great play of uncertainty, and again he merely met the raise. Once more Welford Potts boosted the pot a quarter, but this time he was called.

"An' When the Hose Hits Me?" Inquired Mr. Slappey

"Cards?" queried Lawyer Chew.

"Takes two," snapped Florian, then appeared to reconsider. "Make it one."

"Holdin' a kicker?" asked the dealer, flipping him a card.

"Kickers is the fondest things I is of," came Florian's Delphic answer.

Welford Potts took one card, and Florian, watching closely, saw an expression of rapture cross the movie actor's face, whereat Mr. Slappey sang silently with joy. "He filled, dawg-gone his hide! He filled his flush, an' now watch him git what's comin'."

The other cards were dealt. J. Cæsar Clump tapped on the table. "Check to them one-card draws."

Lawyer Chew followed suit, and Florian did likewise. Welford Potts tossed a yellow chip into the pot.

"One dollar," he exulted.

"Sufferin' sidemeat!" wailed Florian. "Is you gone plumb crazy—th'owin' dollars in thataway?"

Welford withered Florian with a glance. "I ain't used to playin' poker with paupers, neither welshers, Mistuh Slappey. Is my game too steep fo' you, you is privilege' to git out."

"Big talk what you makes with yo' mouf. What you does, Doctor Herring?"

"I drop."

"And I," repeated Cæsar Clump.

"Also me," boomed Lawyer Chew. "My th'ee treys ain't no good against that flush."

"Flush," sneered Florian. "He ain't got no flush. How come you fellers let this imitation of a regalar man run you out?"

Welford Potts stared eagerly at Florian. "You think I is bluffin'?"

"I ain't shuah," returned Mr. Slappey. "I useter think it took brains fo' that. But just the same, I don't believe you has got what yo' dollar says you has."

"Hmph! Talkin' is the one thing you don't do nothin' else but. Does I take the pot?"

"I dunno."

"Money talks, my man."

"Yo' man! A'right, le's see who's a welsher now. I raises you a dollar."

"Right back at you," said Welford, tossing in two yellows. "How you like that, Mistuh Big-Mouf."

Florian paused, simulating great agony. Inwardly he was exultant. Welford Potts had fallen neatly into a clever trap. The best that Mr. Potts could have was a full, and that was extremely unlikely, since Florian did not attribute to the actor gentleman sufficient poker adroitness to have refused to open on two pairs. A flush then.

"I don't believe yet you has got it. Raises you back a dollar."

"An' a dollar mo'."

"Loose man what you is with yo' money. You don't care how much you th'ows away."

"N'r neither I don't care how much I takes fum you."

Florian's brow wrinkled in thought. The others were leaning forward tensely. They all figured Florian as he wanted them to—that he had filled a straight or a flush.

"Ise got it, Mistuh Potts."

"Money talks."

"Raises you another yaller."

"An' I returns them compliment."

The pot grew amid considerable conversation. Florian was beatific; the club which he held was belaboring Welford Potts just where it could do the most good, and Florian was enjoying himself hugely.

"Why don't you call, actor man?"

"I never calls."

"Me neither. Up a dollar."

Fifty dollars in the pot; sixty. Lawyer Evans Chew called a halt. "Le's show down," he urged. The players protested, but Lawyer Chew, as president of the club, insisted. "Us aims to play a li'l' bit. What you got, Welford?"

"My name," snapped the actor, "is Mistuh Potts."

"Goodness Goshness Miss Agnes, how much dignity that gemmun has got!" grinned Florian.

"Pff!" sneered Welford. "Hoi polloi!"

"Same to you. What has you?"

"Flush!" grinned Welford proudly.

"Po' boy." And now Florian gave full vent to his exultation. "Read these an' weep, cullud man."

The four aces were turned face up. There was a gasp from the gathering.

"Fo' big ones. Sweet smoke!"

"That," explained Florian magniloquently as he reached for the pot, "is what us folks in Bummin'ham calls playin' poker, Mistuh Potts. Any time you craves a few lessons call aroun' on me, an' ——"

"Just a minute, Useless." A sudden dignity settled upon the narrow shoulders of the doll-like actor. "They is somethin' I fo'got to mention."

"What?"

"My flush," explained Mr. Potts cheerfully, "is all lined up. Six, sevum, eight, nine an' ten of hearts."

Florian gasped. He experienced a horrible sinking sensation at the pit of his tummy. The smoke-laden room whirled as he saw his bubble burst. And then someone laughed; that was the unkindest cut of all. As from a distance came the cool insulting voice of Welford Potts.

"When I comes to you fo' them lessons, Mistuh Slappey, I pays you with some of this heah money."

Florian tried to smile, but the effort was sickly. He cashed an I O U for twenty-five dollars and remained in the game, but he played pallidly. Eventually even his I O U found its way to the stack confronting Welford Potts. Florian retired from the game and they called it a night.

He strolled down the street arm in arm with J. Cæsar Clump, director for The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. Mr. Slappey was dazed by the catastrophe.

"Bah!" he ejaculated, "that man caint play poker."

"Nope," agreed Cæsar.

"All the time he had me thinkin' he didn't have nothin' but a flush."

"He di'n't do nothin' else."

"An' then he busts down on me with—oh, Lawsy! What I is up against is it."

"Broke?"

"Absotively. Man! I is so broke that was automobile tires sellin' fo' nothin' apiece, I coul'n't even buy myse'f a puncture."

"He did kinder put them hooks to you."

"He di'n't do nothin'. That Welford Potts gives me such a pain. Don't talk to me about him no mo'."

Cæsar inspected his companion. "You an' Welford is about the same size."

"'Cept in the haid. Hisn is all swelled up."

"He's a good actor; awful funny."

"He's funny when he ain't actin', but he don't know it."

"An' he's got a reppitation."

"It's 'bout the on'y thing he's got I di'n't give him."

They moved on in silence for half a block. When the director spoke again it was obvious that he had his mind on business.

"You said you was broke, Florian."

"When I said that, cullud boy, I hadn't even half stahted to talk. I hate even to reflect about it. I ain't got nothin' an' I owes twice as much. All that money what I lost tonight was goin' to pay my debts. F'r all I know, Sis Callie Flukers is gwine th'ow me out of her boa'din' house t'morrow an' forgit to th'ow my trunk after me. I ain't even got a dime to eat with, an' Welford Potts hol's my I O U fo' twenty-five dollars. I guess they ain't nothin' I can do 'bout it."

"Want a job?"

"Says which?"

"Does you crave a job?"

"Does Polly crave a cracker?"

"It's hahd wuk."

"I ain't ashamed to wuk to keep fum sta'vin'."

"An' dang'ous."

"Not near so dang'ous as owin' a board bill to Sis Callie."

"Mos' men woul'n't do it."

"I ain't mos' men. On'y"—and Florian hesitated—"I needs cash money right now; tonight."

"How much?"

"Twenty-five anyway."

"Come in heah." They turned in at Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, seated themselves at Bud's desk, and for five minutes J. Cæsar Clump wrote rapidly. From his pocketbook he then extracted two ten-dollar bills and a five.

"Sign one an' you gits t'other, Florian."

"What this heah writin' says?"

"It binds you absolute an' positivel to wuk with The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., for th'ee days, an' to do whatever I says you must do no matter how dang'ous. I pays you twenty-five dollars cash advance an' another twenty-five dollars th'ee days fum now."

"Gimme that pen."

"Remember you caint refuse nothin', once you has signed that paper."

"Mistuh Clump—fo' fifty dollars I'd drive a automobile offen the top of Red Mountain."

The director smiled. "I suttinly is relieved to heah them words, Brother Slappey. Sign right yonder."

Florian signed, pocketed the twenty-five dollars and departed blithesomely for home. He didn't know what irksome task he might be called upon to perform—and didn't particularly care. After all, that was tomorrow, and the morrow had a way of taking care of itself.

Ten hours later Florian Slappey presented himself at an abandoned warehouse which had been converted into a studio. Over the doorway hung a golden sign:

THE MIDNIGHT PICTURES CORPORATION, INC.
COMEDY AND FUN
Orifice R. Latimer, Prest.

Mr. Slappey swaggered in and inquired for J. Cæsar Clump. Word was sent to Cæsar and Florian was bidden to enter.

This was not the first time that Florian had trod the sacred precincts of the Midnight, but now there was a proprietary swagger to his stride and a friendly smile upon his lips.

This time he came, not as a sightseer but as an integral part of the organization; a person employed at a goodly salary to do something. He belonged—and he strolled interestedly toward a set where a huge battery of lights blazed mercilessly upon the discomfitures of a portly personage, Opus Randall by name, who, in the garb of a fireman, was in the process of having his face slapped by a shapely and attractive young colored lady.

Florian drew closer, and suddenly there came to his ears a biting voice: "Here, my man; you are intruding."

"Says which?"

"You are intruding. Git offen that set."

Florian turned, a slow flush mantling his colorado-claro complexion. He gazed into the stern eyes of Welford Potts.

Mr. Potts was strictly in focus. Gone were the peacock clothes of the previous night, and in their stead were the habiliments of slapstick comedy, but Welford wore the garments regally. His eyebrows were arched superciliously, as befitting a monarch inspecting an impertinent slave. Mr. Slappey, more impressed than he cared to admit, placed hands on hips and stared.

"Well, hush my mouf! If it ain't li'l' Welford hisse'f in pusson. Who you is talkin' to, Han'some?"

"I'm talkin' to you, feller. You is obstructin' the pitcher."

"Talk what you utters! Now if'n you craves to git me off'n this heah place ——"

Welford Potts beckoned to a huge and muscular gentleman in the overalls of an artisan.

"Simeon, pitch this feller out if'n he don't do like I says."

Florian surveyed Simeon's muscularity and retreated. Onlookers snickered audibly and Mr. Slappey writhed with fury.

"If you'll just step outside with me, Welford Potts, I'll ——"

Mr. Potts lighted a cigarette and blew a cloud of smoke reflectively in Florian's direction. "I always did hate to converse with trash," he murmured.

"Cut!" The voice of J. Cæsar Clump came from the set, Opus Randall withdrew his face from the vicinity of the fair lady's slaps, and the director hurried to the scene of impending hostilities.

"What the matter is, Florian?"

"That knock-kneed, slab-sided, skinny-legged, no'-count, wuthless, half-baked piece of bacon rind come over an' tol' me to git offen the set an' ——"

"He was right, Brother Slappey. You was th'eatenin' to git in range of the cam'ra, an' ——"

"Yeh, an' does I git in range of him one time—just once, Cæsar—tha's all; he's gwine be in the prox'mity of a heap of sof' music which he ain't gwine hear an' a bunch of sweet-smellin' flowers which ain't gwine tickle his nose. What I thinks of him ——"

"This ain't no place fo' fightin'. An' anyway, I ain't gwine need you befo' t'morrow night."

"Not today a-tall?"

"Nope."

"What does I do t'morrow?"

J. Cæsar Clump was evasive. "Whatever I says. You done signed a writin' an' took an advance."

"I know that, an' I ain't kickin'. But what does I do?"

"S'mother time I tells you."

"Tell me now."

Mr. Clump seated himself on a soap box, and Florian dropped beside him. "It's thisaway, Florian—us is makin' the funniest pitcher the Midnight has ever turned out. It's all about how a fireman, which is bein' played by Opus Randall, is rivals fo' a gal with a tailor, which is bein' played by Welford Potts.

"Pfft, Potts!"

"Now the big scene in the pitcher comes when Welford, which is the hero, has went to call on his gal. He's inside the house an' she ain't home, so he sits down to wait fo' her an' drops off to sleep. An' pretty soon the house catches on fire."

Florian's eye lighted. "I hope he gits burned up."

"Tha's the joke," explained Mr. Clump. "He gits wuss than that."

"Ise rootin' fo' that pitcher, Cæsar."

"What happens is this: They turns in the alarm, an' the fire depahtment comes along to save the house. Opus Randall, the fireman, is handlin' the hose, an' he turns it on the burnin' house. Then all of a sudden Welford Potts wakes up an' figures he is about to get extincted ——"

"He ain't got brains enough to reelize that right away."

"It's in the scenario that he does. Well, he comes bustin' out of the house. Opus sees him an' turns the hose on him an' knocks him back into the fire."

"Hot dam!"

"That Knock-Kneed, Slab-Sided, Skinny-Legged, No'count, Wuthless, Half-Baked Piece of Bacon Rind Come Over an' Tol' Me to Git Offen the Set an'——"

(Continued on Page 58)

The Steerage Puts On a White Collar—By James H. Collins

THE news in your daily paper would be flat without those little human-interest stories from everyday life, printed in boxes that occupy first-page positions.

Here are a couple of box stories that indicate better than anything else what is happening to the steerage traffic on transatlantic steamships under our restricted immigration laws. The first dates back to about 1910:

BLACK-HANDER SAILS FOR ITALY—BUT DAD WILL GET NO PRESENT

Pounding his beat along the North River docks last evening, Patrolman Patrick Brady tripped over a black satchel on the sidewalk. There was no owner in sight. Investigating, he found it was locked. He poked it from each side with his night stick. Nothing happened, and nobody in the group that gathered around the cop knew anything about the satchel. So Brady took it to the station house, where it was forced open. On top of some clothing lay six fat, round, yellow, greasy things that looked like candles.

"Get the hell out of here!" yelled Sergeant Brannigan, dashing for the door. "That's dynamite!" The satchel was soaked in water by the Bureau of Explosives.

Two hours later, on the same beat, Brady noticed a young Italian apparently looking for something. He frankly admitted ownership of the satchel, and was put under arrest as a Black-Hand suspect. Questioned by Detectives Ricco and Patricolo, at headquarters, who tried to link him with recent Black-Hand crimes, he admitted ownership of the dynamite, but denied any criminal intentions. His name is Pietro Sabatani, and he has been in this country two years, working in a Pennsylvania quarry. Yesterday he came to New York to sail in the steerage of the Leonardo da Vinci for a visit to his father in Italy. Pietro's folks have been quarrymen for generations. He says American dynamite is so much better than Italian that he was taking a sample of it with him for a present to his father. That was all—he had no thoughts of blowing up the steamship.

"Da Blacka-Hand me?" he said. "Not on your life. I lika dis country, an' taka da first pap'. When I see my folks I come back—you stick round an' you see!"

His story was checked by wiring Pennsylvania authorities, and proved true. Early this morning, Pietro left in the steerage of the Leonardo da Vinci, happy in anticipation of seeing his folks and the old home town. But his satchel contained no present for Pietro, Senior—only Pietro, Junior's, best clothes, considerably damaged by Croton water.

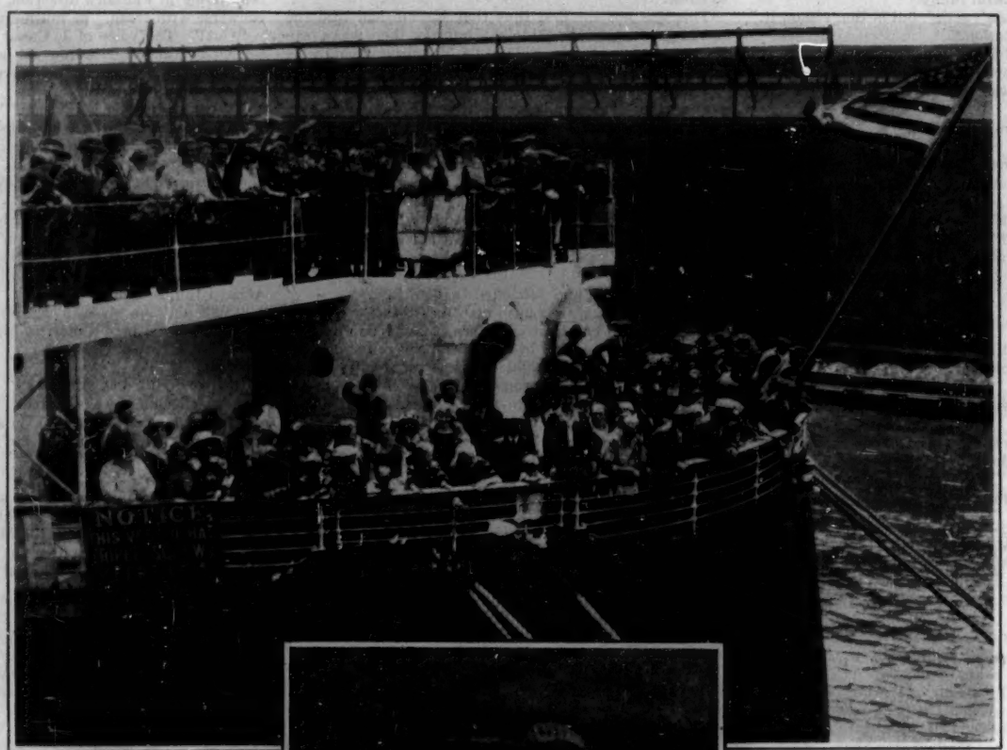
Traveling de Luxe Third Class

THE steerage seldom fails to supply its daily human-interest stories, sometimes amusing, sometimes pathetic. To the reporter of fifteen years ago it was as dependable a source of box incidents as the Bowery or Great White Way.

Contrast this steerage story of 1924, which is the product of the 1910 reporter now turned publicity man for a steamship company, searching out and writing the human-interest episodes that crop up daily, furnishing them to the newspapers for nothing—such is the way much genuine news is gathered nowadays:

SIX COLLEGE GIRLS SAIL FOR EUROPE IN THE STEERAGE

Ruby Briggs and Elizabeth McCaully, two charming red-haired Skidmore College graduates, boarded the Platonic yesterday morning for a first-cabin trip to Cherbourg and Paris, where they intend to study. Walking over the ship, they found four fellow alumnæ of Skidmore in the steerage. A joyful reunion followed. The first-class passengers, whose fathers are wealthy, learned that the four girls going steerage had banded together to get a European trip within their means. They were the Misses Carolina Grooms, Christina Hudson, Lee Johnson and Minda Moore. The first-cabin girls promptly shifted their booking to third class and there was no happier or noisier party on the Platonic when she steamed down the bay.



Home, Sweet Home. A Steerage Idyl of Other Days. Above—White-Collar Tourists Ready to Sail From New York on a Third-Class Liner. A Ship's Entire Third-Class Accommodation is Sometimes Taken by College Professors, School-Teachers and Students

Something has happened to the steerage, and is still happening. The new immigration laws hit it a wallop three years ago, and followed up with a knock-out blow last summer so far as the old steerage-passenger traffic is concerned. But the steerage is recovering and coming back—a remodeled and uplifted steerage with private staterooms, embroidered bedspreads, clean tablecloths, electric lights in every berth, running water and baths. To replace the immigrant passenger of yesterday, the steamship companies have created what is known in waterside lingo as the white-collar steerage. And there is reasonable probability that you yourself, with your wife, may be embarking third class some of these days for a glimpse of Europe that you have never dared contemplate heretofore because of the expense of first or second class passage; you and the wife, or maybe your eager son or daughter, or even the wife alone.

What? An unprotected woman in the steerage? Even so. Learn what the greater steerage has become and judge for yourself:

Suppose you were a manufacturer and suddenly lost one-third of your customers, the best ones, and on top of that could not cut down your output. That is the plight of the transatlantic steamship companies which have been carrying immigrants between the United States and Europe. Roughly, steamship income on these routes has been one-third from immigrants, one-third from other passengers and one-third from freight. The immigrant not only paid a third of the revenue but yielded the highest margin of profit, because he required the least amount of space and service. And he traveled all year round, and both ways, where the upper cabins were filled only three or four months during the tourist rush. Even freight fluctuated in amount.

Excursion Trips to the Old World

TODAY his numbers are reduced as a result of the high cost of immigrating as well as of the new immigration laws. When the traffic was at full tide, steerage passage cost thirty dollars or less. Today it is three times as much, and unemployment and depreciated currencies in the countries from which we formerly drew immigrants make it impossible for many to come to America even if freely admitted. The steamship traffic manager now looks to the white-collar classes for business from the other side.

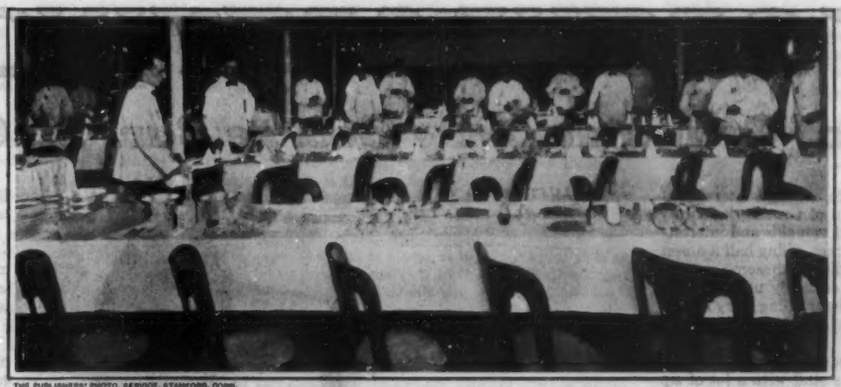
When it comes to cutting down expenses the steamship company is in pretty much the same predicament as the hotel keeper who doesn't rent all his rooms. There are the rooms, and the rent is going on, and the furniture and bedding are wearing out just the same; and he must keep his employes on the pay roll, for tomorrow there may be a rush of guests. Whether the steerage is full or empty it takes just as many tons of coal or fuel oil to drive a ship between Liverpool and New York. Just about as many cooks and stewards are needed. The capital investment in the ship is just as high, and in these times transatlantic liners stand $300 to $500 a ton capital investment, and the cost of transporting immigrants is higher, even if it were possible to get them in the old volume. And immigrants were a volume proposition—profit didn't begin until you had so many hundred of them every voyage. During the war the immigrant wasn't missed, for ships of every kind were in frenzied demand for cargo and troops. After the war the immigrant was simply one missing item in a shipping world generally shot to pieces.

Three years ago, when the transatlantic lines began to get back to normal, an enterprising traffic manager in New York hit upon the idea of drumming up passengers for the second cabin by advertising reasonable-cost excursions to Europe. The response was so good that a year later, when empty steerages forced steamship men to think about some new way of trimming ship, the same sort of propaganda was tried to attract white-collar steerage passengers from the Middle West. That met with a quick response too.

The school-teacher, the clergyman, the college professor and student, the army veteran who had or hadn't been across, and Mr. and Mrs. Average American with a moderate income and a short vacation period were quite excited at the possibility of spending a couple of weeks in England, with a side trip or two across the Channel, at a transportation cost of $250 per person. It can really be done if you go steerage. That only covers fares, however.

"And they like the steerage," said a passenger-traffic man. "To Americans the idea of second class has always been distasteful. They could not forget that there was somebody over them. But steerage is a lark, and the first few hundred that went over found it comfortable and democratic. West of Chicago the railroads run tourist sleeping cars at moderate rates; passengers bring their own bedding and do their own cooking on a stove in the end of a car; everybody gets pretty well acquainted during a trip to the coast and people look back upon such a trip as a fine experience. The white-collar steerage is the tourist sleeper of the ocean, and passengers not only look back upon their voyage as a fine experience but tell their friends how enjoyable it was, and also how little their trip to Europe cost. It is only human nature to brag about how much you got for your money, and it is the best of advertising.

"During the season of 1923 we carried a couple of thousand white-collar steerage passengers on our line. Competing lines were quick to see the point and remodel their steerage quarters. This summer we had about 5000 third-class passengers of the new kind, Americans who could not afford a more expensive trip, and next year the traffic should be several times that, because word is getting about the country, and we feel that the business has just begun."



THE PUBLISHERS' PHOTO SERVICE, STAMFORD, CONN.

The Dining Saloon on a Third-Class Liner

How Six College Girls Saw Europe

"FROM the selling standpoint it is very attractive, because if inland people will travel steerage and take advantage of railroad excursion rates, they can easily spend a couple of weeks on the other side for $350 to $400. To illustrate: The regular rail fare round trip between Minneapolis and New York is $90 and a round-trip steerage passage to a British port $160. Allow $50 to $75 a week for expenses on the other side, and it can be done comfortably enough."

Those college girls who sailed off on a steerage lark—what will happen to them? I asked the steward of steerage on a ship belonging to the same line, a capable Britisher with grown daughters of his own.

"It depends upon the young ladies themselves, sir," he said. "They'll be well looked after, in some respects you might say chaperoned, because the steerage steward keeps an eye upon them to see that there's no intrusion, and so will the third-class stewardess. Much better looked after than in a 'otel ashore, and maybe safer than in some first cabins. They'll have state-rooms to themselves, all six in one room, or two and two, or three and three. After they get their sea legs and look about them they will find other white-collar passengers traveling third class, if I may use your picturesque American term. Some Americans, college and business people like themselves, and a good many immigrants who have done well in your country and learned to wear a white collar with the best of you, going home for visits. And there will be returning immigrants who wear no collars, either not having been long enough over here to become Americanized or poor foreigners who have never set foot in your carefully guarded country, because they did not pass the examination at Ellis Island and are being deported at the company's expense.

"You know how it is when you go first class. Before the ship casts off, you walk about the deck, look into your stateroom, inspect the smoking room and the social 'all, and size up your fellow passengers. At the first meal you make some friends, and in two days have your own congenial set. Some of the passengers make the voyage in the smoking room, others among the ladies and children in the social 'all, others on deck playing games, and a few keep to their cabins.

"It's no different in the steerage. The white-collar passengers flock together, and the white-collar returning immigrants—old-home passengers as they are called—and the collarless foreigners by themselves. This ship has two third-class lounging rooms big enough for each set to have its own end, and people do keep to them, or keep to their cabins. At the table the steward knows how to place folks together and keep everybody happy. You must remember, sir, that the poor fellows who wear caps and sweaters and eat with their knives have no more wish to associate with the white-collar passengers that eat with their forks than they with them. They're happy with themselves and miserable with anybody else."

Hawkins, is it possible that you, in your staunch British way, would ever see the lark of the thing through the eyes of these American rah-rah girls? A stewardly way you have of looking at it, and fatherly, but I can imagine those six girls having a glorious time in the steerage just mingling with all classes. Not in the spirit of slumming either, but with genuine human interest in fellow passengers whose lives have been different from their own.

Why, they might be like two girls in the party that I went around with on Ellis Island the other day. Six or eight women grouped about the guide as he showed the inspection line, the dormitories, dining room, kitchen, hospital, detention and deportation quarters, and the roof playground for children. These two girls kept getting behind as we went along, because every three minutes they stopped to talk to the immigrants. The other women were satisfied with the guide's explanation, listened closely in their serious emancipated way, and went on after asking one or two questions—of him. But the two stragglers, dark-eyed kids of maybe twenty-two, asked questions of the immigrants. They had a little German, or maybe it was Yiddish, the memory perhaps of immigrant grandparents, which they were anxious to use.

Friends Made in the Second Cabin

"SURE she understood me, but answered in English!" said one to the other as they raced to catch up. "She said, 'I'm sixteen years in the country already, and went home, and now I come back to see the kids, and they hold me up. Kin you beat it?'"

Finally the guide rounded us all up outside and said, "Well, you've seen Ellis Island, and have three minutes to catch the boat." A warning whistle started the party off for the ancient craft that runs only once an hour—all but these two girls.

"We're not going on the boat," they announced. "We want to go back and see more."

Another story of the same kind:

Shortly after the Armistice an American couple went to the east coast of South America on the first steamer that had sailed for several weeks. The ship was crowded and they were lucky to get a second-class cabin to Rio de Janeiro, with meals in the first saloon and the run of the ship. Being handy to the crowded second-class lounge, they often spent an afternoon there, talking with passengers, practicing rudimentary Spanish. Continuing on to Buenos Aires, they came back to Rio de Janeiro a couple of months later, and there the wife demanded that she be shown something of the Brazilian capital's wicked night life. It was of no use to assure her that the night clubs of Rio de Janeiro differ little from the cabarets or night clubs of New York.

"Wickedness is standardized and commercialized all over the world," said the husband. "These clubs just start a little later,

(Continued on Page 145)

A Mixture of White Collars and Old-Home Tourists in Third Class on an Express Liner

EAST OF THE SETTING SUN

A Story of Graustark—By George Barr McCutcheon

VIII

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

YORKE had a busy week. He met and interviewed a number of the leading men of Graustark, visited various institutions, obtained valuable and interesting statistics from government sources, filling half a dozen notebooks with data of an exceedingly tiresome nature. Figures, facts, and nothing else; certainly nothing from which he could hope to construct the thrilling story he was expected and virtually commanded to write. His orders had been explicit:

"Give us something snappy, something that will make 'em sit up and take notice. Inside stuff with a lot of zip to it."

He had to laugh every time he thought of his notes. How was he to make a snappy, zippy story out of the material he had collected? Tax figures, crop statistics, rates of exchange, visible resources and practically invisible liabilities, contentment, the cost of living, winter sports—which he had missed—war stories that nobody would read, police exploits that New York would laugh at, the death rate and the birth rate, health conditions—which were so good that people wouldn't be interested in them at all—the quality of light wines and beer, customs and costumes of the people, the size of the standing army —— Good heavens, nobody would read such drivel! The only thing about Graustark that distinguished it from the rest of Eastern Europe was its disgusting serenity. Nobody in America—absolutely nobody—wanted to read about serenity!

And if he were to report that Graustark did not owe a penny to the United States—which was quite true—there wouldn't be the slightest reason in the world for mentioning the fact that the country was prosperous.

Nevertheless, despite the sparse gleanings, his typewriter rattled on with deceptive energy, sometimes late into the night. He rejoiced that the faithful machine was blissfully ignorant of what he was writing; also that it did not possess a sense of the ridiculous.

He lunched almost daily with smart young officers, dined at Pingari's with some lively married friends of Sambo's and spent a full day in the mining town of Ganlook. But not once during the week did he have so much as a glimpse of the Princess Virginia or any member of the royal family, nor word of any kind from the erstwhile Rosa Schmitz. He saw a great deal of Sharpe, however. Every evening, without fail, the valet stuck a fresh gardenia in his buttonhole.

He Started as if Struck in the Face. "My Dear Virginia, I—Do You Know What You are Saying?" He Fairly Gulped in His Astonishment

"See here, Sharpe," said Yorke on the eighth evening, "where do you get these gardenias?"

"Sir?"

"I say, where do you get them?"

"The gardenias, sir?"

"Yes, the gardenias. Don't you know they are out of season and as rare as hens' teeth?"

Sharpe cleared his throat.

"I am aware of that, sir." He seemed a trifle confused, a most uncommon thing for Sharpe. "As a matter of fact, I really can't say that I get them anywhere, if you see what I mean, sir."

"No, I don't see what you mean."

"Well, sir, the fact is, if I may speak of it in confidence, a gardener's boy from the castle fetches them here every day, just as he would fetch the milk, sir, if that was his job."

Mr. Yorke's face brightened instantly. His spirits shot upward with a velocity that left him dizzy for a moment or two.

"Is—is there anything else you would care to tell me in confidence, Sharpe?"

"Of course, sir, it is only hearsay and perhaps not to be relied upon, but I understand Her Highness Princess Virginia has given special orders to the chief gardener to send a gardenia to you every day, Mr. Yorke, as long as they last."

"Hearsay? May I inquire from whom you heard all this?"

"From the gardener's boy, sir."

"Is he in the habit of lying?"

"If I ever caught him at it I'd give him a good strapping," said Sharpe sternly. "You see, sir, he is my son. I have decided to bring him up, in a manner of speaking, to be a gardener. It's not quite so confining an occupation as valeting, you understand; and besides, my wife happens to be the chief gardener's only daughter. I might mention, sir, that only this morning her highness asked me if the gardenias the gardener's boy was delivering were perfectly fresh."

"You saw the Princess Virginia this morning, Sharpe?"

"Quite by accident, sir. Her car bumped into me as I was crossing Castle Avenue. She was driving her father, sir, to the railway station."

"Her father? The Prince of Dawsbergen?" exclaimed Yorke.

"Yes, sir. He has been a guest at the castle for two or three days." A thoroughly human smile illuminated Sharpe's usually sober face. "You may recall him, sir, as the gentleman who lunched at the Tower with you and Baron Gourou quite informally yesterday."

"What?"

"In a manner of speaking, sir, very much after the fashion of the celebrated Caliph of Bagdad," volunteered Sharpe. "Incog, as it were."

Yorke stared.

"You must be crazy, Sharpe. The man you refer to was the chief forester of Graustark, Colonel Baldos. I've never seen the Prince of ——"

"Pardon the interruption, sir, but you have," said Sharpe firmly. "When you come to know royalty as I know it, sir, by means of a more or less personal contact, you will not be surprised by anything they may take it into their heads to do. It pleased his highness to pose as a forester, leggings, shooting jacket, pipe and all—and there you are, sir. If I may be permitted to offer a suggestion, I should say that it was uncommonly decent of him. It is a rather jolly way that royalty sometimes has of putting the—ah—the common people, so to speak, at their ease, sir. Makes them act natural and all that sort of thing, if you see what I mean. I dare say you talked to him as free and easy as you would to me, sir."

Yorke sat down limply on the edge of the bed.

"A damned sight more so!" he exclaimed.

It was true that Prince Dantan had assumed the rather humble rôle of chief forester of Graustark. He had journeyed from Serros in haste upon receipt of a letter from his youngest daughter. A single sentence toward the end was responsible for his sudden unannounced visit: "I know I shall fall heels over head in love with him all over again if I see very much of him, and that would be simply shocking, wouldn't it?" The next sentence, though not quite so flattering to Mr. Yorke, in that it ignored him altogether, was not without its significance: "By the way, before I forget it, I had to borrow two hundred gavvos from Bevra, who is awfully hard up just now, so please advance me a thousand if convenient, because if you don't I shall have to come home much sooner than I expected. Your loving and devoted daughter, Virginia."

Now Dantan was a man of action. More than that, he was a man of vision. So, foreseeing complications, he hurried off to Graustark. There was great commotion at the castle when he turned up one morning in time for breakfast and announced that he was hungry for the sight of his grandchildren. His son-in-law, Prince Robin, was properly deceived and delighted, but his two daughters, possessing that strange gift peculiar to their sex, instantly divined the true purpose behind his visit.

Pursuing a wily course in strategy, he spent the better part of the forenoon romping with the small heir to the throne of Graustark and his even smaller sister.

"And now, my dear," he said to Virginia as the royal family sat down to luncheon, "where am I to find this agreeable ex-husband of yours?"

"So that's why you've come!" cried Virginia, who had known all the time.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Prince Robin, his jaw falling.

"I was sure you were up to something, daddy," said Princess Bevra severely.

"So was I," cried Virginia. "But I thought it was only because you didn't think it would be safe to let anybody else bring me the godsend. I mean the thousand."

"And it wasn't the children at all," pouted Bevra. "You are a dreadfully unreliable grandparent."

"He is at the Regengetz," said Virginia, answering her father's question. "But," she went on, frowning dubiously, "if you want to see him, your majesty, it will be necessary to make an appointment. He is a very busy man and can't afford to waste much time on incidentals."

"Incidentals! I like that!"

"Nothing could be more incidental than you as a parent-in-law, daddy. You are a wonderful grandparent, but as a father-in-law you don't amount to a row of pins."

"Nevertheless," began Prince Dantan firmly, "I mean to have a look at the young man and a chat with him as well."

"If you fancy you can frighten him or bluff him by looking at him regally, daddy, you will have the surprise of your life," announced Virginia.

"What do you think of him, Robin?"

"From all accounts, sir, he is a most attractive chap. I haven't seen him myself, but he has made a very favorable impression on several members of the cabinet. And Sharpe, the shrewdest of Baron Gourou's agents, reports that he is all he claims to be and a gentleman in every sense of the word. And Sharpe has seen a great deal of him. We intend asking him to dinner one night next week, sir."

"Just a little family dinner," added Bevra maliciously.

"Don't be silly, Bevra," commanded her father. "It isn't a subject for jest, you know." He leaned forward, a dark frown on his brow. "I fear we have all been treating the matter too lightly."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Robin, struck by his father-in-law's seriousness.

"I have had Mavorak, of the Department of Justice, go into the question thoroughly. Yesterday he advised me that if this young American should decide to stand upon his rights he can make trouble for Virginia. Mavorak says that they declared themselves to be husband and wife before witnesses in the presence of a notary who held his seal of office under the old régime in Hungary, and who still holds it today. It was not absolutely necessary for the notary to pronounce them man and wife, it appears. Their own declarations constitute a marriage, the pronouncement of justice or priest being no more than a form by which the state or church puts its sanction and approval upon the union. As for the divorce, the facts are these: If proof of marriage be established, a decree of court is necessary to dissolve it. In short, Robin, a man and a woman may be united by God, but they must be divorced by man. A rare anomaly, isn't it? Every country has its own marriage laws, and they are bound to be recognized by all other countries. It seems, however, that the laws regarding divorce are comparatively uniform. There must be an official decree, granted by a person authorized by the state—not by the church, mind you, nor by the individual—to grant such decree. Mavorak has ascertained that at no time was it legal for persons to be divorced in Hungary merely by signifying the intention, not even in Bela Kun's day. He says there is no doubt about that. The people, it seems, assumed that because they could be legally married by declaration they could also be divorced in the same manner. So we are confronted by a very definite situation—Virginia and Yorke were legally married and they are not legally divorced."

The statement was not the bombshell that he may have expected it to be. He had made it to three young people in whose veins coursed a fair share of American blood, unhampered by that sluggish factor known as the imperial strain. His daughters and his son-in-law laughed delightedly.

"What the devil is there to laugh at?" he demanded, more exasperated than astonished.

He had long since got over being astonished by anything these whilom young people did or said. His own wife, the mother of the two girls, had given him many a lesson in deportment. Sometimes, when sorely tried, he threw up his hands and hopelessly but lovingly declared all three of them to be half-breeds.

"I was only wondering, daddy, what Mr. Yorke will say when we break the awful news to him," said his daughter Virginia, her eyes sparkling.

"Now, see here, Bobby, I have a plan. I should like to meet this engaging Mr. Yorke, but I don't want him to know who I am. Can we arrange it?"

"Easily, sir. Leave it to me."

"The sooner the better."

"Tomorrow."

"Do you really believe, daddy, that they are still married?" asked Bevra, her brow puckered.

"We must be on the safe side, my dear. Mavorak advises me to institute proceedings in Serros for a divorce."

"I don't think it is quite fair to drag Mr. Yorke into a divorce court when he only meant to be kind to me," protested Virginia.

"Good heavens, child, what would you have me do? Drop the matter? Let it stand as it is? Why, if it is as Mavorak says, you are married to this man! Don't you realize what that means? Don't you —— And besides," he interrupted himself to growl, "when you have the confounded impudence to say to me in a letter that you are likely to fall heels over head in love with him, I submit it is time for me to take steps of some sort."

"Pray tell me, daddy," said she sweetly, "what would be wrong with my falling heels over head in love with him? Doesn't that sometimes happen even in the best regulated of families?"

"Don't be vulgar!"

"See here, Virgie," put in Robin seriously, "you're not falling in love with this chap, are you?"

"Certainly not!" she exclaimed indignantly.

"Then what do you mean by writing such silly nonsense to me?"

"Father dear, the most important thing in the letter—the only important thing in it in fact—you choose completely to ignore," said Virginia, eying him with cold disfavor. "It seems to me you are doing it intentionally, deliberately."

"What could be more important than your ——"

"You have been here since eight o'clock this morning and you haven't once peeped about the two thousand I implored you to advance against my next year's allowance."

"You distinctly mentioned one thousand."

"Ah, now we're getting somewhere at last. How about it?"

"No wonder the Bolsheviks cry out against the grasping, mercenary upper classes," groaned her father.

Two days later she accompanied him to the railway station. It was early in the morning. She drove the car, the chauffeur sitting behind on the rumble. From time to time Prince Dantan glanced at her tenderly, almost wonderingly, out of the corner of his eye. She was so fresh and exquisite, so joyous, so adorably and so tantalizingly feminine, that he wondered how she could be all these and still be the daughter of a mere mortal like himself. And to make the mystery all the deeper, she was said to bear a pronounced though glorified resemblance to her father. Her sister Bevra was like her mother; it was easy for him to understand why she was lovely. But that this one, who took after her father, should be so superlatively beautiful—well, somehow it did not seem quite right or just that she should look like him instead of like her mother. It wasn't fair.

What was in store for her? What would the future bring to his Virginia? She would marry; but where in all this world was there another Robin of Graustark to whom fate in its rarest mood had given his daughter Bevra?

And as he stole these sly, puzzled glances at her, he realized for the thousandth time that he would never be able to give away the American part of her in any case. She would have something to say about that. He could, no doubt, direct the fate of the Dawsbergen part, but what would be the use? She was unquestionably more than half Dawsbergen; that could be seen at a glance or divined in a second—aye, the blood of her father was dominant—but what chance would Dawsbergen have if it came to a tussle with America? None whatever!

Time and again he had seen American independence triumph over Dawsbergen arrogance in both of his daughters. For that matter, he himself had long ago surrendered to a delicate, far from formidable American, and he had been her slave ever since. Then there was the Princess Yetive of Graustark—hadn't she and all her proud little kingdom fallen before the assault of a single American? What was it in his daughters and in Robin, the son of Yetive and her conquering American—what was it in them that made them so different, so amazingly superior in every way? He knew! The strain of clean, fresh, virile blood that came out of the veins of strong people from across the sea, the beat of a free heart, the glow of renewed vitality.

Prince Dantan, as was often the case with him, sighed deeply—and, strangely enough, contentedly.

This American, Yorke. He had seen him, had spoken with him, and secretly confessed to a liking for him. The young man was as clean as a whistle mentally and physically, and beyond a doubt morally. It was impossible to think of him as otherwise. He looked straight into your eye with an eye that was clear and alert and straightforward. He was a thoroughbred. He was keen, eager, sensitive. There was strength in his lean, handsome face; strength in his fine body. Heigh-ho, sighed poor Prince Dantan, far worse things could happen to his beloved Virginia than going to America to live!

As for Virginia, she was blithe and gay on this bright, crisp morning. The luster of the turquoise was in her eyes, the bloom of the rose on her cheeks; and somehow the air seemed to be filled with the perfume of her. She had her father promise

(Continued on Page 50)

He Leaned Forward, a Dark Frown on His Brow. "I Fear We Have All Been Treating the Matter Too Lightly"

THE BLACK CARGO

V

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

I SHOULD have known better than to suppose Eliphslet Greer would have let me pass safely out his door that night. I should have known I was drifting then, turning slowly in strange and hostile currents. I should have known as soon as I stepped outside his door, for it was a night when anything might happen, a night that changes the most staid New England street into a lane of fantasy. There were heavy Ionic pillars by my father's house, and tall lilacs beside them which sheltered the portico. I did not realize the full force of the wind until I had passed those pillars. It was a northeast gale, such as sometimes comes from our leaden sky to lay our coast to waste. Old Deacon Jesup used to say those winds have the wrath of the armies of the Lord. Once you are unsheltered by a friendly roof you can understand his meaning.

"Lay Hold Now," I Said, "and No Noise. He's Going Out to the Ruth"

There is a clatter of horsemen riding wild above the trees. In the rain is the echo of a myriad of footsteps of a cadence that is never heard on earth. There are voices in the wind, each of a different pitch, the same voices which you hear of a night at sea. For the sea itself comes up to land in the arms of a northeast gale. A port by the water's edge is a port no longer. It is in itself a ship whose timbers creak and groan, whose windows are closed ports, and whose walls are bulwarks under the waves of rain.

Before I was down our stone steps I was shivering and gripping for the railing. The street was a river of sound. Its lamps were out. Its gutters roared like torrents. A shutter had torn loose above me and was battering itself to pieces against the bricks. A limb had snapped and had hurtled down to the pavement, and now it was rolling over and over, scraping at the granite curb. It was still light enough to see, for it was spring, and the days had grown longer. Through the cloud of rain vague shapes were visible, the trunks of the elms, the heavy mass of house walls, steady among the swaying bushes of the gardens. But all those objects were unsubstantial. It was hard even to perceive what they were with senses deadened by the rush of air.

As I paused at the foot of the steps to catch my breath I saw another shape, different from the rest. It had come from under the elms across the street. It was halfway over before I saw it was the figure of a man. He was moving up against the wind with a sidelong motion, planting one foot carefully in front of the other. I never guessed that it was I who brought him wading through the gutter, until he had halted before me, while the rain sprayed off his oilskin coat.

"Hey!" he roared, cupping his hands about his mouth. "You've been a hell of a while!"

There was no mistaking those hoarse bovine tones. His face might be blurred by the rain, but the voice was Captain Murdock's.

"What"—my voice was lost in the wind, so that I had to shout my question—"what are you out here for?"

Captain Murdock laid his stubby fingers on my arm, and raised his face to mine like some fair partner in a waltz. Even with the wind blowing a gale, I could perceive he was well fortified against the rigors of spring weather.

"Ain't you got eyes?" he bellowed jovially. "Do I look like I'm picking pansies?"

Without waiting for me to reply Captain Murdock locked his arm trustfully through mine and squeezed my hand in spontaneous, joyous affection, like a gentleman who is friendly with all the world. He was a short man, and I had to lean down so that he could hear me.

"You better go home," I shouted.

I had no desire to see Captain Murdock then. We had had enough of each other after eighteen months at sea.

"Hey?" roared Captain Murdock.

"I said," I shouted back, "that it's a bad night to be out."

Captain Murdock only stared vaguely up at the swaying elms.

"If your belly's warm," he roared, "everything's warm. That's my motter. Always keep warmth in the stummick!"

"Then why don't you stay at home?" I called.

"Hey?" roared Captain Murdock.

"I said," I shouted desperately, "that you'd better go home!"

My lungs were like leather in those days, but all their power went for nothing.

"You never said a truer thing," roared back Captain Murdock. "Always keep warmth in the stummick!"

"What do you want?" I shouted impatiently. "Do you think I'm going to stand out here all night?"

"Right you be!" he roared back amiably. "What do I want? Lemme see. Oh, yes, that's what!"

The rain was beating through my woolen coat and coursing down my neck. I began to lose my patience as I grew wetter, and to remember that Captain Murdock was not my captain, once we were ashore.

"Have you lost your wits?" I shouted.

At the best of times I had observed he was a stupid man, but I had never seen him so unutterably dull as he was then.

"Yep," he bellowed. "Seems like I do recollect. Wasn't—hic—wasn't there somethin' he told you to tell me?"

He made a sweeping confidential gesture to the bare walls and unlighted windows of the house behind us.

"When you're in your right mind," I replied, "you'll know he'd send for you at home if he wanted to tell you anything."

"I dunno," returned Captain Murdock in a voice of undiminished power. "Seems—like—I was expectin'—he'd tell you—to tell me somethin'. Didn't he—didn't he tell—you—nothin'?"

I attempted to withdraw my arm from Captain Murdock's grasp.

"No—nothing!" I shouted.

"Now ain't that hard?" roared Captain Murdock plaintively. "An' you such a handsome young gent!"

I started down the street, but he clung to me, so that I half dragged him off his feet, and tears of self-pity cracked his voice.

"You ain't going to leave me?" he cried. "Now don'tcher leave me! My stummick's gettin' cold!"

He took a tighter grip on my arm.

"You ain't going to leave your old skipper on his first night ashore when he has a cold stummick?"

Captain Murdock must have been very drunk. For over a year we had sat at the same table, each across from the other, while we ate in stolid silence. If I had any respect for Captain Murdock it was not for his social attainments, and I know he had none for mine. He had reached a curious pass, for now he was pleading with me, weeping on my shoulder, begging me to take him home.

"What you want is something for your stummick," he roared. "Your stummick must be getting cold too."

I tried again to pull my arm away, but Captain Murdock clung to it like a bulldog. I pulled again, but not with so much violence. No matter how uncongenial one may find another, months of proximity form ties which are hard to break.

"Go home yourself," I objected. "I haven't had my supper."

Captain Murdock made a gesture of righteous indignation.

"Hey!" he roared. "Do I look like a man who wouldn't feed a shipmate? Like thunder I look like that!"

And in the agony of being misunderstood he again burst into tears, and I made the best of it. Without the most violent measures there was only one way of getting rid of Captain Murdock.

"All right," I said hastily. "I'll take you home."

We must have made an odd sight walking down the streets in that howling gale. Now that we were headed home together, Captain Murdock was in unaccountable high spirits. He walked along beside me, bouncing from one foot to another like a ball of India rubber, caroling snatches of sea songs of a doubtful though jovial tenor. I wonder what they thought in the dwellings of King Street as we shouldered our way against the wind. Did they hear the captain's voice? It must have pulled them from their wing chairs if they did, and many a lady must have pushed her curls against her ears. For we were a righteous people in those days. Already we had begun draping the legs of our chairs with concealing flounces, and draping our thoughts with similar genteel and effective coverings.

Captain Murdock, however, was in open revolt against prejudice and convention. Though his words may have lacked the grace, they were as undraped as the statues of the age of Pericles. They made shivers of apprehension run up and down my spine. What would old Mr. Brown do if he heard him; or old Robert Green, who used to own the corner house? I half expected to see them come bounding down their steps, but they did not. If they heard at all, they must have thought it was original sin making the most of a violent night.

Captain Murdock lived in the old Dean house on the point. You can still see it with its back roof sloping within two feet of the ground, and its great square chimney breaking through the low ridgepole, and the weeds growing about its picket fence. You can even see the stake by the river where he tied his dory. There was not a hundred yards of water from his front door to where they moored the shipping. The Dean house looked like Captain Murdock. It had the same low squat build and the same uninteresting exterior. It was dripping with water like his oilskin and seemed to exude a similar convivial odor. As we headed for the door we could see a single light burning in the kitchen window. Captain Murdock fumbled for the latch.

"Ain't it never in the same place?" he roared.

He found the latch. The door only creaked, and Captain Murdock kicked it.

"There, b'Gad!" he cried with childlike triumph, and we were in the kitchen.

I had never been inside his house before, and I found it as unimposing as himself. The kitchen was lighted by a sea lantern which hung from a rafter. It was low studded, and filled with an intense genial heat. The smells of a generation were stored within its dingy walls, but I remember they were grateful smells that evening—wood smoke, burned bacon, tea and lemon peel, of drying sea boots and tarred rope. It was before the days of stoves. Instead there was an open fire in the broad chimney, red with embers, and cupboards stood open on either side of the fireplace, with iron pots and china on their shelves. It was a one-story house, and to the left of the cupboards was the door to the back stairs which led to the attic. Rope and sailcloth made up most of the furniture, but there was a table in front of the fire, covered with soiled cups and plates, and there were two chairs, one of which had fallen to its side. Yes, it was a dull-enough room, but for many reasons it is stamped deep on my memory, so deep that I could enter it now and mark the very spot where the table stood, and the very angle of the tongs and fire irons. Captain Murdock ambled over the rough floor and picked up the fallen chair.

"Confound her!" he grunted. "Don't she ever do nothing?"

Our clothes began to steam in the heat-laden air. Captain Murdock removed his oilskins and tossed them in a corner.

"Set down and be easy," he said. "Now we've got here, what you and me need's a drink." And he rubbed his sleeve over his face and stared up at me with his steady bovine eyes. "What good's a fire," he demanded cordially, "when a man can't swaller it? It's licker that puts the heat into you, and what I've always said was if your stummick's hot——"

"Yes, yes," I said, interrupting him rather rudely. "That's all very well, but you said you'd give me some supper, and I'm hungry."

And I was. We had eaten aboard the Felicity at noon, and the fly-blown clock on the chimneypiece pointed to seven.

For some reason the mention of food aroused Captain Murdock's ire.

He uttered an impatient expletive beneath his breath, and assumed a belligerent attitude.

"Eat!" he snorted. "What's the use in eatin'? You won't want to eat after what I give you. The food will just be wasted."

"I'm not thirsty," I answered pacifically; "just hungry. I'm not particular, but you must have some food somewhere."

Captain Murdock rolled his eyes.

"Now ain't that just like one of these gents?" he demanded. "He wants to eat, instead of obliging his skipper with a drink. Is that the way for one gentleman to talk to another?"

The clouds of battle were gathering about his brow. He was puffing his cheeks in a way he had when he was angry, and I did not want to quarrel. Now that I look back on it, it was destiny and not myself that made me answer as I did.

"Murdock," I said, "you're not the man to send a friend out in the rain hungry. Give me some food first, and I'll drink with you all night."

Captain Murdock seemed singularly relieved. Some piece of humor which I could not understand made his stomach shake with merriment.

"All night!" he chortled. "Will you now? Well, it ain't like me to refuse a hungry man. Where's the food? What's she done with it?"

Now that his mind was made up he seemed most anxious to have the eating over. He rummaged hastily through the cupboards, but the food was evidently elsewhere. He hastened feverishly from corner to corner, and as he looked, a just irritation mounted within him. Long ago I had ceased to wonder at Captain Murdock's powers of profanity, but, perhaps from the stimulus of home life, he burst into a surpassing exhibition. Whatever gifts of character a parsimonious heredity and an overworked Providence may have withheld, he had been endowed with a dramatic genius, and he had, besides, a knowledge of holy things that exceeded that of the layman. As he searched for my supper his speech glowed with Biblical allusions. I would not have been surprised if the supper had jumped from its hiding place and hastened out of the door, but it did not. Instead the perspiration rolled in rivulets down Captain Murdock's cheeks and formed in drops about his nose.

"By the million boils of Egypt!" roared Captain Murdock. "Where did she put it?"

He looked about at the end of his exhortation, as though expecting some benevolent sign from the clouds, but none came. Finally with a last desperate burst of energy he strode to the attic stairs and tore at the door.

"Hey, you!" he bellowed. "Show a leg!"

There was no answer.

"Damn you!" he shouted. "Tumble out there!"

I heard a creaking of boards above me. Captain Murdock reached for the fire tongs.

"None of your mouth now!" he continued. "Git down here with you!"

There was a footstep on the attic stairs, and Murdock threw the tongs back on the hearth. There was another footstep, and another. I turned away, feeling both disgusted and sick. Though the last time I had seen Captain Murdock's daughter was before his wife had died, and before she had been sent to board in Boston, I knew what she would be like. I could tell from the way Murdock had spoken. Her face would be pinched, her shoulders bent, her hair unkempt and lusterless, and her eyes would be wide with the terror known to women of brutal men. I could hear her come through the doorway, and though my back was turned I could picture what was going on. Captain Murdock made a puffing sound like a porpoise coming up for air.

"Damn you," he said; "what did you do with the supper?"

Surely it could not be Captain Murdock's daughter who answered. There was no tremor of fear in her voice. It was clear and musical as a bell.

"Damn you yourself," she said; "the supper's where you put it."

I had been looking fixedly at the marks of mold on the opposite wall, but now I spun about. Captain Murdock's daughter was standing directly under the kitchen lantern. She was in a gingham dress. She had an oddly delicate appearance as she stood opposite Captain Murdock's squat and burly figure, but she was standing straight and motionless and looking at him in a curious way, half dreamily, half fixedly. I could tell as much from her gesture as anything else that she was young. Though youth is an attribute which one sees every day, it is too delicate and transient to capture with a word. Perhaps, even if she had resembled Captain Murdock she might have had a certain charm, but she did not resemble him. Even in her gingham dress she seemed aloof from Captain Murdock and his kitchen. Captain Murdock snorted and shook his fist in her face, but she did not move. Instead she spoke again, as though his temper were an everyday affair.

"Remember what I told you this afternoon," she said. "I'll pay you back. The first chance I get I'll pay you back."

"None of that now!" thundered Captain Murdock. "How should I know where I put the supper?"

"Because you have enough sense to know it," she answered. "It's in the beanpot in the ashes."

"Then go get it!" roared Captain Murdock.

Her face went paler, but she did not move.

She Had an Oddly Delicate Appearance as She Stood Opposite Captain Murdock's Squat and Burly Figure, But She Was Standing Straight and Motionless and Looking at Him in a Curious Way, Half Dreamily, Half Fixedly

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 27, 1924

Slaves of the Book

NOW and then we are privileged to hear national politics, economics, big business and the state of the Union discussed in mixed groups of cultivated professional men and women, graduates of first-rate universities, persons crammed to the ears with education and rightly looked up to in their own communities.

One might suppose that their opinions on national problems would be of uncommon value. Sometimes, indeed, they are; but as often as not these highly trained book-learned folk entertain whole sets of conceptions that betray an amazing ignorance of the machinery of present-day civilization. In their own narrow domain they speak with the voice of authority, but once they stray too far afield they become veritable Babes in the Wood. With tragic frequency they are victims of the most barefaced financial frauds. Next to widows they are the pet quarry of bogus-security salesmen. Political hokum they swallow like soothing sirup. They give their votes and lend their respected names to demagogues who have cure-alls for human misery or a new serum against poverty. They believe that legislation, if sufficiently drastic, can supersede economic law, root out original sin and recast human nature in a nobler mold. They move in a world peopled by indigent saints and opulent devils waxed fat by exploiting the poor.

These good people—and most of them are genuinely good according to their lights—commonly profess a humane liberalism that does infinite credit to their hearts but none whatever to their heads. Their gentle natures react so sharply to all the injustices and human maladjustments they see about them that they resolve to set the world right without delay. Methods of reform that consist in easing our slow and ofttimes creaking social evolution by intelligent lubrication make small appeal to them. What they want is action, and quick action; short cuts, spectacular departures from established systems, kill-or-cure social surgery employed at the risk of others. No wonder they revel in the pages of journals of so-called liberal thought. These tendencies account for much of the Marxian patter heard in the drawing-rooms of rich men's daughters and for much of the radicalism apparent in some of our colleges. When such states of mind set up a craving for nostrums and panaceas the political quacks and medicine men always manage to satisfy them. They who ask for such things are never sent empty away.

These learned folk are actuated by such unselfish motives and, within limits, are possessed of such high intelligence that they are able to set in motion considerable forces and to do a deal of harm by their unsteadying influence. Most of them are congenital idolaters, with books for their idols. They have sucked so much truth out of books that they make a fetish of the printed word and forget that truth may reside elsewhere. As they, like the rest of us, find it easier to read than to think, easier to think out jerry-built opinions than to check and verify and if need be start anew, they become proud slaves of the book and bar out all knowledge that does not present itself at the favored door.

Wealth itself is not more unevenly distributed than book learning. Some have too much, some too little. Weak minds often drip with book lore, and vigorous intellects, enriched by vital experience, starve for lack of it or scrape along without it. Nothing can take the place of experience. There is no faculty just as good. And yet some of the book slaves were no doubt impressed by Mr. La Follette's announcement that he would seek the views of "economists" in an endeavor to cure our national ills.

Now if it were our task to put industry, agriculture and the railroads on a sounder basis we should welcome the advice of manufacturers, bankers and railroad executives. But we have not seen their names on any list of these great advisory economists. We are not entirely certain that they could answer, according to the book, all the questions asked college students after a term or two of economics; but we know that we should attach more importance to their opinions than to those of any confirmed bookworm in this or in any other country. They have the education of experience; they have proved that they can take vital decisions year after year with a minimum of blunders and a maximum of correct judgments. They learn by the closest personal contacts with actual conditions and the thousand and one factors that influence and determine them, and not from books or lectures. They are paid not for what they have read but for what they can do; for actually making the wheels go around and the world go ahead. They can and do avail themselves of the services of theorists and specialists; and they are safe in doing so, for they know what counsel to accept and what to reject.

Slaves of the book have no such set of corrections to apply to what they find in the textbooks. Josh Billings summed up their danger when he said that it is better to know less than to know so many things that ain't so.

Phone and Bus

THE English language is an obstinate old thing; it goes its own way; you can't do much to it. In particular, it is hard work to make it elegant.

When a new invention, such as the telephone, has to be christened, and some scholar is called on, he naturally coins a name for it out of the classical roots which are all he knows—for scholarship among us is better at alien fields than at our own. He takes the Greek words for far-off, "tele," and for sound, "phone," and he says to himself: "How shall I combine them? Phontely? No, telephone. Hurrah! That's completely descriptive, and euphonious too. No one could ask more than that. I hereby present a perfect word to the English language to fill this new need."

But the word is from the Greek, and the English language has northern roots, and it keeps going back to its old northern ways all it can. It immediately tries to give this nice Greek word a northern succinctness; it cuts it to phone.

The scholar is horrified at the vulgarity of this; but it is his own fault. He went and chose a source that was foreign to our tongue's ancient bent.

The English especially are horrified when Americans cut things. They feel they are the guardians of this language that both we and they use—they are the old original priests who stand at its altar and attempt to forbid profanations. But what is their own record?

When an older invention, a carry-all vehicle, had to be christened, the inevitable scholar—an English one—appeared as usual and said he would name it. Did he build on the native word "all"? No; that would not have been scholarly. Instead he took the Latin word "omnis"—which means the same thing—put it into the dative plural, meaning "for all," and there he had the word "omnibus." It seemed to him an ingenious invention, and he intrusted it to Englishmen confidently, feeling that they would guard it in the most sacred way. The sturdy fellows thanked him and immediately cut it to bus.

Bus is far worse than phone. Phone, though abbreviated, still means something. But bus! The root's gone. Nothing left but a tail-end inflection, meaning only the dative. Imagine inviting a stately Roman to join us and then getting fresh with him. It was like calling Herodotus "Roddy," and making a kilt of his toga. But our language insists upon making its words short and blunt.

Another point: The complacent scholar who invented the original term overlooked the fact that omnibus could never have a scholarly plural. The word "omnibuses" from the Latin point of view is barbaric.

The scholars of our race once used the Latin tongue and left English to those who weren't educated. But later, unfortunately, they made up their minds to be chummy and marched their Roman battalions right into our dictionary. This is commonly said to have been an enrichment, but it was also a pity. Invaders always assume that they are noble and that the invaded are common; those Roman battalions have claimed a prestige ever since. Because they were all right in the land where they came from they think they are all right for us. But how many a man they have demoralized! Each one of us who now looks into the dictionary must select his own friends. Most of us make a mixed choice. But our solemn and pretentious orators, our overstately persons, consort as exclusively as possible with the Latin nobility; while our rugged downright men cleave to the old Saxon talk we love best.

Bank Policy and Employment

BANKS, like railroads, have long been regarded as free targets by political and social agitators. The so-called third party in the coming election—how can one call a collection of protesters a party!—regards banks and railroads as despoilers and exploiters. In Europe socialists on each side of the reparation issue try to delude the masses into the view that international banking is using the situation for monetary gain. The bank policy was blamed for the decline of prices three years ago; it is blamed for ascending prices now.

Unemployment of workers has been one of the major problems of the world since the war. All studies on current unemployment, whether by labor leaders or economists, seem to agree that the prewar formulas and remedies do not fit the present case. The causes lie deep. The prewar international division of labor had formed such a delicate and complex system of distribution of goods that disruption of trade led to widespread unemployment of labor and capital. Gradually the appreciation of the monetary factors has gained adherents.

One of the contributions of the International Association on Unemployment is devoted to a specific discussion of the relations of banking policy and credit to unemployment. This was issued under the title of Control of Credit as a Remedy for Unemployment, by Bellerby. The thesis runs as follows: Unemployment is reduced when industry is stabilized at a level of activity; stabilization of industry is secured by stabilization of prices; price movements are determined largely by the volume of money; control over the contraction or expansion of purchasing power rests largely on banking policy, public and private. We have here a statement from the labor side, in the interest of labor, of the workers' vital concern in the business cycle and the dependence of the wage worker on constructive banking policy. Judged in this way, the cause of labor needs more banking, and better banking, not less banking. It is a constructive position for labor leaders everywhere to promulgate.

Do You Believe in Witchcraft?

By WILL PAYNE

WHY do sensible people believe nonsensical things? To take a familiar case, the delusion that some benevolent stranger may come along and hand you a bundle of good money is about as prevalent in the United States at this time as the delusion of witchcraft was, say, 175 years ago. There is a mountain of evidence to prove it.

The stock explanation is that these deluded citizens are suckers, which implies that a sucker is set apart from the sagacious majority of mankind by a constitutional defect in his mental apparatus, just as some unfortunate exceptions to the common rule are born with clubfeet and harelips. But the solemn fact is that a sucker's intellectual equipment is not different from yours and mine. There are, of course, rare geniuses of common sense like Benjamin Franklin; but we are dealing with that vast majority of human beings who are not geniuses. A sucker is simply any one of the average lot who has taken into his system what expert salt-water anglers call chum.

Victims of Come-Along Letters

THE expert angler begins operations, to the surprise of his amateur companions, by casting bait into the sea. Every now and then, even when the fishing seems very good to an amateur, he makes another liberal distribution of free, hookless, succulent minnows. This largess is chum. Its purpose is to keep the fish coming that way and to excite them with the notion that effortless feeding is to be had in that locality. Once that idea is established among them, those minnows whose shiny little bodies contain barbed implements of steel will find plenty of takers at par. A vast deal of political activity consists of distributing chum.

The mail brings a well-written, neatly typed letter on distinguished stationery. It is a personal, even an affectionate, letter inviting my attention to the pretty little pamphlet inclosed in the same envelope. With a brotherly arm over my shoulders, it mentions, just between ourselves, that 30 per cent in annual dividends is what I may expect from an investment in the common stock. From the number of similar letters in the course of a year, it is evident that I am on what is known in the trade as a sucker list. Inquiry among my neighbors shows that some of them are similarly favored. In spite of the Government's praiseworthy efforts to get swindlers into the penitentiary, the mails are still heavily burdened with come-along literature.

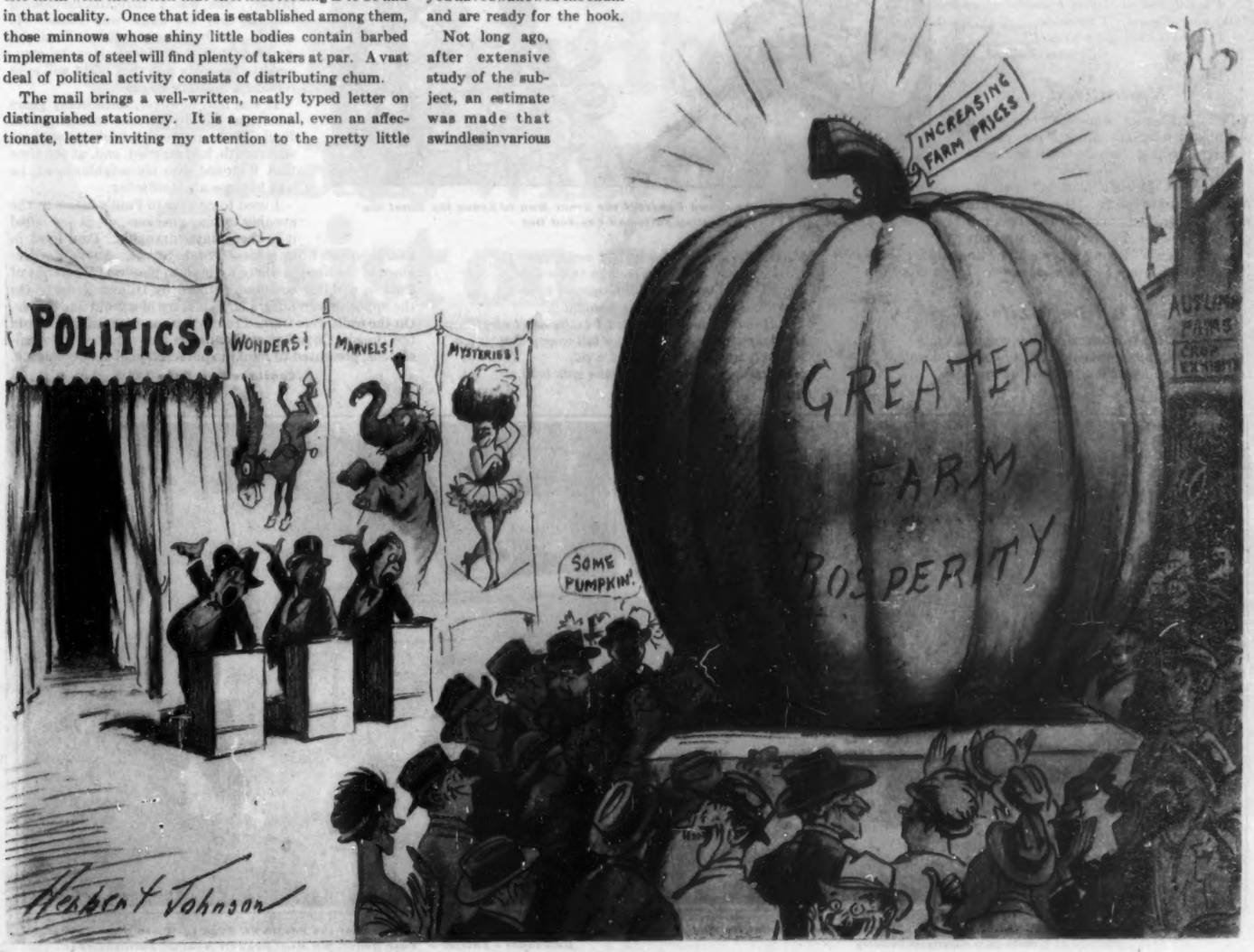
Most of this chum goes into the wastebasket, but on the whole it must yield a profit. Common sense would tell anybody that gentlemen owning a real gold mine, a real oil well or any other 30 per cent proposition would not spend their time and postage stamps persuading strangers to take it off their hands. Anybody can see that. Everybody does see it when in a normal mental condition. But Rockefeller made 30 per cent, Ford made 30 per cent. Neither of them had any capital to begin with. Rosy imagination so easily pictures another Rockefeller or Ford, unknown to fame as yet, and seeking capital. If you let rosy imagination do a little picturing in that line, you have swallowed the chum and are ready for the hook.

Not long ago, after extensive study of the subject, an estimate was made that swindles in various familiar forms took a toll of $1,000,000,000 a year from the great American public. Everybody knows about it. There is not a literate person in the country old enough to have control of property who has not read hundreds of warnings against fake oil stocks, fake mining stocks, fake all sorts of stocks. Nearly every state has passed laws to prevent fake-stock swindling. Every possible agency of publicity has been used liberally for that purpose. So far as I can see, this huge and ceaseless effort to break up the blue-sky business hasn't even made a dent in it. Apparently the crusade has only inspired rogues to think up more ingenious and effectual methods of fishing. So long as people let the 30 per cent notion into their heads the fishing will be good.

The Effortless Life

THAT point at which the specific evidence in a given case is presented to you is not the critical point. The critical point is when you toy with the rosy something-for-nothing idea—or turn your back upon it. The notion of escape from tedious forethought and self-denial by a lucky stroke, the notion of effortless feeding, of beating the game, furnishes the foundation for nearly all

(Continued on Page 122)



Better Than the Side Show

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Ambitious Golfer

GOLF is a game I love to play
No matter what may be the season;
For hying forth on any day
It is not hard to find a reason;
And when I top from off the tee
I often think—ah, vain contriver!—
Oh, what a wonder I would be
If I could only use a driver!

Along the fairway smooth I stroll
And see a lie that looks enticing;
I could be high up by the hole
If I were not forever slicing.
My bosom would be filled with glee,
I should be ranked among the classy;
Oh, what a wonder I would be
If I could only use a brassy!

If I attempt a neat approach
Without intending to, I pivot;
In spite of how my friends may coach
I dub or dig—and there's a divot!
No sixes on my score you'd see,
They would not wear a look that's trashy;
Oh, what a wonder I would be
If I could only use a mashie!

When finally I reach the green
That with its velvet sward lies sunning,
I am too prone to lift my bean,
I'm either short or overrunning.
It's rarely I can sink a three;
I scowl, and in disgust I mutter—
"Oh, what a wonder I would be
If I could only use a putter!"

—Clinton Scollard.

Neutralized

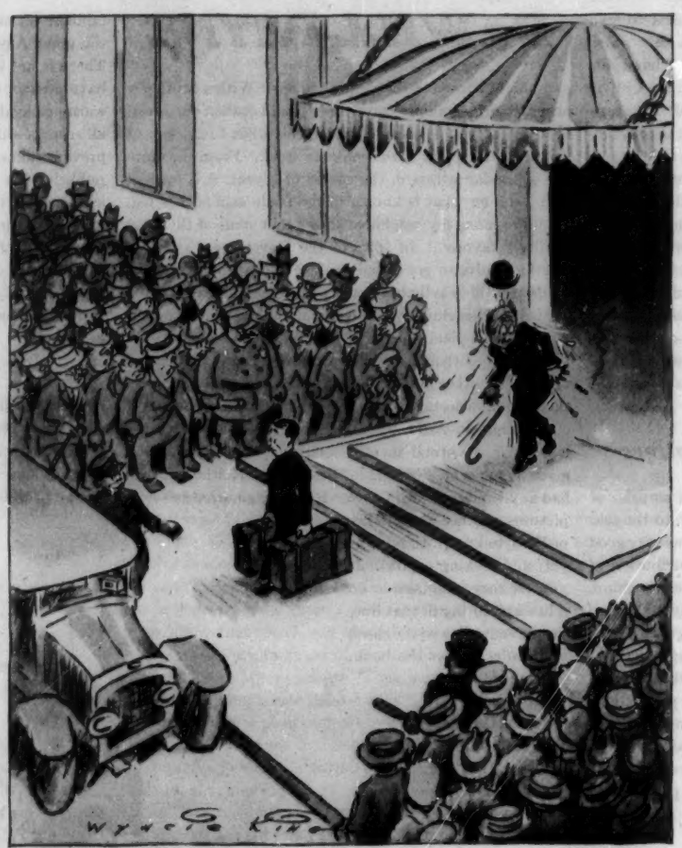
LITTLE Eleanor, who was reared in a liberal religious atmosphere, visited relatives whose creed was decidedly strait-laced.

"In Aunt Maria's church," she announced on her return, "the sermons are much louder and much longer and full of queer words. I didn't like them, but of course I didn't let my expression be impolite; when the minister said things I knew were not so, I just crossed my fingers."

A Dog's Life

WITH yelpings and similar puppyish talk
The puppy announced that he needed a walk,
Presenting his collar, a leash and my stick
To show that he wanted it right away, quick!
He darted ahead through the gap in the door,
Then loitered behind me or swaggered before,
Proclaiming to all by his nonchalant air,
"The Human would come—but I really don't care!"
He stopped with a friend for a tail-waggy chat,
He gayly and amiably hunted a cat,
He barked extra hard at a wagon with bells,
He sniffed at a hundred significant smells,
He bounced from the turf in a way of his own
And brought me a club that just ached to be thrown;
He scampered to catch it with dust in his track,
But took his good time about fetching it back.
Then, wholly exhausted before we were done,
Through roving some eight or nine miles to my one,
He curled up and slept like a bump on a log—
A normal, intelligent, virtuous dog.

—Arthur Guiterman.



DRAWN BY WYNCIE KING

Just About the Time the Crowd Expected the Great Man to Leave the Hotel the Traveling Salesman Checked Out

A Petty Indiscretion

A HAUGHTY young lady of Gizeh
Had a beau who attempted to squizeh.
When asked how he dared,
He was terribly scared
And said he just did it to tizeh.

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

Paul Revere

I WAS just a boy when Paul Revere's famous ride occurred, but I remember the event quite vividly. In fact, the horse that played so important a part in that great historic episode belonged to my father. She was a disreputable-looking old nag and her name was Tessie. It should also be mentioned that Paul was an incredibly poor rider. How he managed to keep his seat that night will ever remain a mystery to me.

It was not, however, until many years later that I really became intimate with Paul. He had become a fairly prosperous silversmith, had married, and, at the time that I moved into his neighborhood, he had become a grandfather.

I used to go over to Paul's house in the evening to play checkers, or, as we called it in those days, draughts. Paul lived in a large square brick house on State Street. Above the fireplace in the library where we used to play was a portrait of Paul in a riding costume, painted by Gilbert Stuart. On the opposite wall hung a large picture of our old nag Tessie. On the walls were framed resolutions and testimonials from the Boston Chamber of Commerce and other civic organizations, presented to Paul in appreciation of his heroic ride.

(Continued on Page 129)

DRAWN BY R. B. FULLER

Chief Blackfoot on a Friendly Visit to Our Great Metropolis Wishes He Was Back in a Civilized Country

DRAWN BY G. S. HIWOOD

Seventh Trial Judge—"The Case of the People vs. Evan G. Wibbs, Infant—" Defendant's Lawyer—"Your Honor, We Must Request Another Postponement. Evan Wibbs is Very Ill at the Home for the Aged"

The American people like their beans Slow-cooked and Digestible That's why they insist on getting

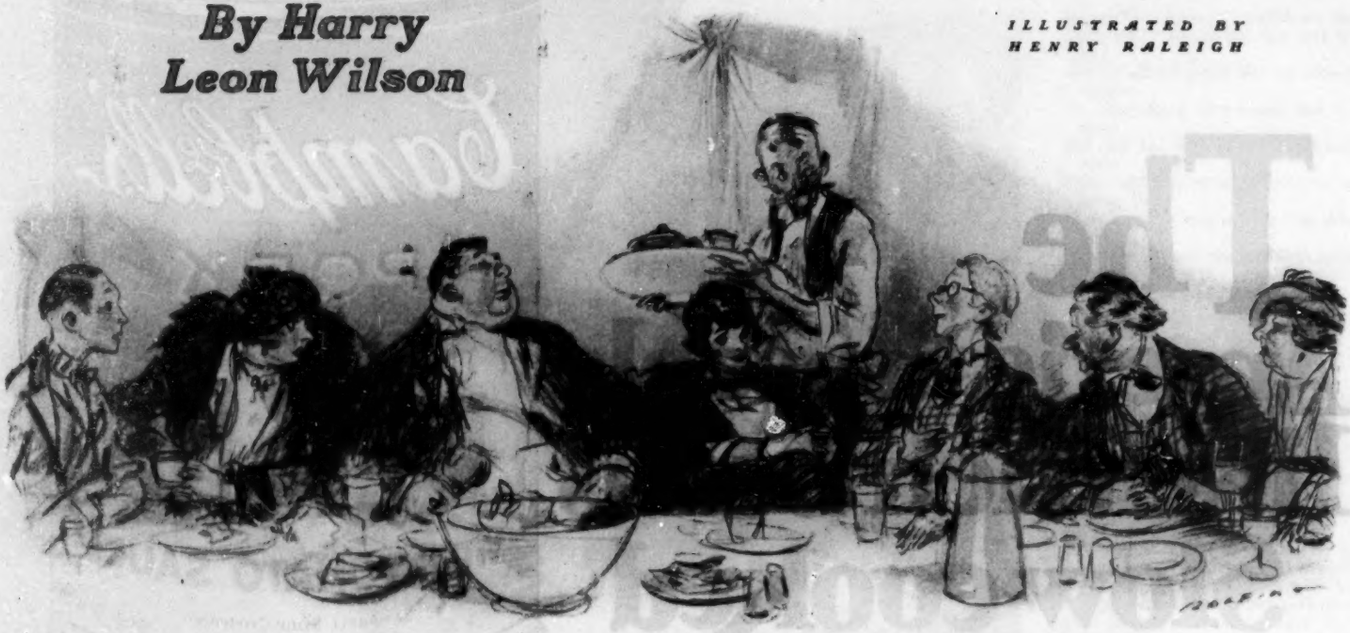
Campbell's

12 cents a can, except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU!

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



I Briefly Sketched the Argument of This Powerful Drama That Had So Ably Stood the Test of Time

XV

THUS began a week rarely illuminating to me as a graduate student of life in the open. Quite early the next morning, after a few hours of needed sleep in my van, which I sought on our arrival at the new town, I was capably assisting my associates in the work of setting up our two establishments and getting the juice joint ready for trade. By nine o'clock, at which time we sat down to breakfast in the rear apartment, all was ready for an efflux of yaps from the surrounding moors.

Roswell was to continue his rôle of Moowoo while Stanley, yet suffering twinges of neuritis, would perform upon the bass drum and deliver the brief oration inside the tent. I, as had been planned, would assist Irene. I was rallied a bit at this meal both by Irene and by James, concerning my eagerness to make acquaintance with the drum, and made to promise that I would be careful not to lose it again. I promised this and readily confessed that I had often longed to learn the technic of so noble an instrument.

"I have not before been so situated," I explained, "that I could yield to this whim, and I admit that last night I was rather impetuous when I saw your drum not in use and found myself with an idle moment. Something barbaric in me seems subtly responsive to its grave measures. It is undeniably a magnificent engine of percussion."

The others seemed oddly overcome by this tribute, which I admit may have been a bit inflated with my very real feeling, but my friend Irene recovered quickly to exclaim, "There, men! Ain't that some snappy billing for one bass drum? Didn't I tell you this boy was a cycle of mirth? I bet he could take that engine of discussion and fill any spot on the bill with a nut act. He certainly is a comic strip, if you ask me."

Divining the general trend of her praise, I was quick to assure her that my ambition was not excessive. "I doubt if I could perform publicly and alone," I said, "though I dare say that as an accompaniment to your wild man I could go past, as you put it. And as to the few words of introduction within the tent, supplementing the song-and-dance of James outside, I am confident I could deliver them acceptably. In fact"—I remembered Sooner's sincere tribute—"I have been told by an excellent judge that I am nothing less than a male soubrette."

At this all laughed heartily, but not at all in disbelief, I was pleased to note, and we went to our different tasks on a cheering word from Stanley that I might be let to take his place at the drum if his malady continued painful.

I should disclose at this point, perhaps, that I came so near the golden opportunity only to miss it—in all human probability forever. Not to this day, at any rate, have I ever struck a bass drum hard and repeatedly. And all because Roswell, an irresponsible cub, lacked a gift for continuous application, professing to find only ennui in his rôle of the wild man. But I should explain.

The week opened most auspiciously, the turn-up, as Irene called it, being all we could have wished and sufficient to keep us both occupied. I fell to my part of the work with a will and found not a dull hour in the day. Either my tasks engaged me or there would be instructive contact with my fellow artists of the Burke Monster Carnival. La Belle Clarine, the Anatomical Paradox, for example, would issue boldly to our counter for her meals, and I had been correct in believing that trickery accounted for her advertised abnormality. Nor was she by any means so fair of face as her banner professed; a rather hard-featured woman of mature years with an elaborate coiffure, who came to us in a tattered woolen bath gown and devoured great quantities of our staple, having talk meanwhile with Irene concerning affairs on the lot.

"I was certain she could not be as advertised," I remarked as she left us the first time, and Irene complimented me on my shrewdness.

"You simply can't keep a thing from him," was her admiring comment, though no one besides myself was present.

Other artists, however, I am glad to say, were on a level, such as the tattooed man with his profusely illustrated torso and limbs, the ill-fated Titanic going down under full steam across his shoulders, while on his chest the Emperor Nero fiddled as his capital burned—the latter, of course, an apocryphal scene, but done with considerable verve. There was also a dwarf, much too small for his age, and an armless wonder, so called, who wrote with a pen between his toes a far better script than I have been able to achieve with my hand.

These three would sometimes in the rest hour engage in a game of dice at which money was staked, and the skill with which the armless marvel tossed the cubes from his clenched toes was truly remarkable. "Read them and burst into tears!" he would exclaim, and rarely did he fail in a calculation that must have been intricate, the dice seeming to obey his lightest whim, to the consternation of his opponents, particularly the dwarf, who swore as maturely as had he been of full stature.

Various slight mishaps, however, at the beginning of the week, brought about a change in my employment. Despite my earnest desire to please Irene, whose mere presence was a boon to me and whose grave scoffing at human foibles never failed to refresh, things would yet go wrong. I need not become too minute of detail, but I did on several occasions forget to return promptly with needed water for the coffee urn, having been distracted once by Lulu, the World's Champion Python Enchantress, and again by the game of skill above mentioned. And later I did rather bungle a job of refilling the oilstove tank, though the explosion was for violence nothing like that occurring at the ill-fated Leffingwell house. Also there was some color of truth in Irene's speech to Stanley about another trifling mishap.

"You should have seen him trip over that first guy rope and do a funny fall with a stack of plates. He's an artist second to none. Talk about your tramp jugglers! Just call his skit Fun in a Crockery Shop and see him get the big-time booking. But it certainly does make a brutal overhead for a snare like this, poppa."

Later she referred to the incident of the oilstove, which I had hoped might be forgotten, still in the vein of droll comment upon my proposed theatrical career. "Give him a plain oilstove with his bass drum—just those two simple props—then turn him loose before an asbestos in one, and all these other nut acts would be lucky to get the small-time opening spot, take it from me."

It should be said, though, that never did I have an unamiable word from the Hamburger Queen, nor did my possibly awkward behavior even slightly ruffle her vast serenity. Thus, at the time of the no doubt excusable mistake about the oilstove, she merely murmured, "Women and children first!" as she extinguished the trifling blaze; and when I stumbled with the plates, over a taut rope that might well have been elsewhere, she contented herself with exclaiming "God help all animal acts at sea on a night like this!" The speech was quite inapropos, to be sure, yet it served to indicate that she had not been annoyed, and she actually came to pat me on the shoulder as I stood up from the wreck.

I was quick with apologies for what might well have been called my carelessness, but she silenced me, saying in a low, theatrical manner, "Remember, Jack Dalton, if this child lives you are a beggar! So meet me at the old skating rink at twenty minutes to seven and see that you have the papers with you. Not another word! Now go!"

It will readily be understood that I was anxious not to try too far such superb good humor, and that, though I would have preferred to play the bass drum when it was suggested that my employment be changed, I yet consented to enact the rôle of Moowoo rather than continue at tasks where the danger of really distressing my employer seemed daily to increase.

Roswell was the first to suggest me in this rôle. "He can put under that stuff," he said. "And me—I'm dog-tired of doing the apple sauce every time a new farmer comes in."

This was at our evening meal, and after a brief consultation it was agreed that I should, the next day, enact the Wild Man from the Madagascar Lowlands.

"It's kind of a shame he can't use some of his talking act," remarked Irene, "though his stuff would probably be over their heads. But at that, he'll show you boys a thing or two. I bet he'll build the part up so you won't know it."

It was this whole-souled partisanship that made me resolve to give my best to the rôle, in which I would otherwise have felt but a languid interest, especially after James had said, "Well, anyway, he can't forget to be on the job, and there's nothing to stumble over and nothing to drop except his accent."

This doubtless worthy fellow with his broad red face, his tilted bowler hat, his shirt of a wide pink stripe with a too

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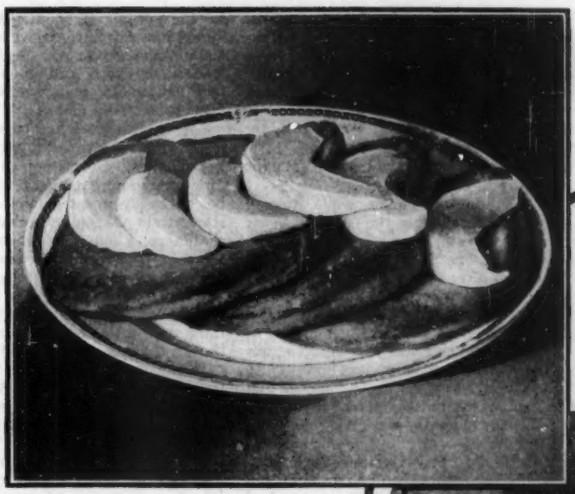


French Toast with Fresh Peaches

Dip slices of dry bread into a mixture of milk and eggs. Fry in Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard until well browned. Serve with fresh peaches which have been sweetened

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

The new "Silverleaf" carton makes it possible for you to measure quantities as needed without the trouble of leveling spoons and packing measuring cups. Simply score the lard as shown in the diagram printed on the flap; cut it; your measurements are accurate. This is an exclusive "Silverleaf" convenience

AT breakfast, when most appetites need to be pampered, fried things must be especially delicate in flavor.

That is why so many experienced cooks prefer Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard for frying French Toast. It heats evenly and rapidly to a high temperature, quickly producing a crust and thus insuring both crispness and delicacy.

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard is always uniform, always pure. Creamy smooth, it is ideal for shortening as well as for frying.

You can buy Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard at your grocer's or butcher's. It comes in sanitary one-pound cartons, with the convenient diagram on the open flap to make measuring easy, or in pails of 2, 4, and 8 pounds.

Swift & Company

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

(Continued from Page 26)

large diamond lighting its front, and his always half-smoked cigar cold and nauseous, had shown a gift for irritating me ever since his cheap banter about my loss of the bass drum. Yet I concealed my annoyance.

"My dear old sap," I urbanely said, "I was engaged in skinning Iowa prettily for some weeks before I met you, and if I cannot go past with this neat hokum skit in one, then I am not the bonehead I have been reliably told I am. Stick around and catch my act tomorrow, you poor fish!"

This sarcastic sally aroused hearty laughter at the expense of James, even the discomfited fellow himself being obliged to join in as he retorted, "Some little wise-cracker yourself, ain't you, Jas? All right, all right, old sportsman!" Though I had felt no compunction in rebuking him, I was glad to note he could take a joke on himself.

Very early the next morning I attired myself in the scanty garb of the wild man and Roswell affixed my girdle of human hair, the frightful wig, the necklace of teeth, and painted my map after the fashion of the lowest Madagascar natives. Almost at once I began to feel myself in the part, as these artists say. I had truly a violent face when Roswell finished with the pigments, and was not surprised when my associates, on viewing me, professed the liveliest admiration for my desperate appearance.

"We better give him a dog tryout," suggested James, "to see if he can put the other stuff by," and, this being agreed upon, we all went into the tent, where I mounted the platform and seized the knotted war club. First, I was asked to make the growling sounds. Being in excellent voice I did this acceptably, even James approving.

But the real enthusiasm was not aroused until, on getting an office from Roswell, I rose to perform the Madagascene dance. I had kept in reserve my knowledge of any language but theirs, and I now launched into the Vedic hymn, which I delivered with the impassioned fervor of a man truly wild, while, in executing the simple dance step I had already learned—believing these yaps of the hinterland would be unable to distinguish it as a dance of the North American aboriginal—I gruntingly chanted Greek iambics as I lifted my feet and brandished the club. The result was even more than I had dared hope. My associates applauded me to the echo, nor was the difficult James less pleased than the others as they all quite overwhelmed me with their felicitations. I had put it under.

"Didn't I tell you," cried Irene, "that he'd build up the part? Look what he's done to it! He's a wilder man right now than Stan ever was, even after he got neuritis. I tell you people, we better put this lad under contract before someone else grabs him."

"Do it again, Jas," requested Stanley, and, nothing loth, I repeated the hymn and recited for the good chap some stirring lines of Greek. "Well, well, I'll be darned," he admitted when I had finished. "That stuff would certainly get me. It sounds like a regular language."

"Ain't it the truth?" agreed Irene. "I bet he's got a lot more tricks up his sleeve too."

"It certainly clicks," admitted James, while Roswell with a winning modesty asserted that the part had never really been done before. With this promising debut I began a new professional career. The flocks of eggs and sailors soon began arriving, and after half a dozen shows I felt at home in my new rôle, being confident that I brought fresh touches to the work that neither Stanley nor Roswell had ever thought of. We truly packed them inside, as James said, and this entirely just critic was even generous enough to admit that he could put more jazz [gravy] into his apple sauce because of knowing that he had back of him a sound attraction that would not disappoint his public. He said it helped a spieler to know he was giving the suckers [poor fish] an even break.

In but one slight detail did I prove remiss—the making of change when money was paid for the photographs—and I readily admitted that fiscal transactions of this sort had ever been beyond me. My shortage at the noon intermission proved to be in the neighborhood of seven dollars and eighty cents; it was supposed I had taken a one-dollar spot for a five, besides giving too many coins back for halves and quarters. It was Irene who solved what promised to be an insuperable objection to my continuance in the rôle.

"Easy," she declared with her wide certainty of manner. "Just lay out a row of chicken feed [fractional kale] on the platform and let the buddies make their own change. It'll look better, too. I never did like the idea of this shaggy bird from the jungle being so hick about everything else and plumb wise about money. And nobody'd have the heart to cheat a poor wild man. Try it out and see if you don't check up proper tonight."

This astute plan was adopted after some demur, and her prediction came true, as the photographs gone were found at night to be exactly paid for by the money left. I was agreeably relieved by the device. In the first place, I did not care for the photograph, as, quite naturally, it did me no sort of justice, and to unbend from my barbaric austerity for the purpose of handing back small silver to my admirers had extremely irked me. Now I could retain my distant manner, appear finely unconscious of the brisk trade at my feet. And no one, as Irene, with her flair for mob psychology, had promised, was base enough to defraud a poor wild man.

Ere my first week had passed, however, I found myself in full sympathy with the attitude of Roswell toward this line of work. It was not only monotonous—I had been forbidden to have a magazine with me—but the actual labor of the oft-repeated dance was fatiguing, while the constant strain of keeping in character, both before and after the dance, I found to tell on my nerves. Stanley, for example, whom I had first seen in the part, would relax during the sale of the photographs; it was at such a moment I had perceived that he could not be really as wild as the banner pretended. But this letting down was something my own artistic standards would not permit, even though the ordeal told after twelve hours.

It was but fair, I thought, that Roswell should spell me the following week while I took his place at the drum, which entailed no mental strain whatever. I was aware that the rôle of the wild man would suffer in his hands, as he had never given it serious thought. But to play it day in and out, from ten in the morning till ten at night, throwing one's best energies constantly into it, was too much to ask of any artist, and I determined to say as much.

On Saturday, our last day at this stand, I received, during the supper intermission, fifteen bucks as my stipend, and went to my dressing room in the van to place the bills in my street clothing. While engaged in pinning them into a coat pocket I came upon an unopened letter from Sooner which had at some time been given to me, and this I lost no time in reading, as I had grown anxious about my friend.

"Dear Al," he wrote: "I am in Minnesota and our trouble is over. Your old college chum has gone home to Chi. At least he said he was, but at that he has a crook's eye and right now I would just as soon trust myself on a cobweb stretched across the Miss. river. But it's our next move, and will state facts in plain words. Well I teased the nut from town to town and every town he did his Fairwater Blues number, me pretending like I never saw him.

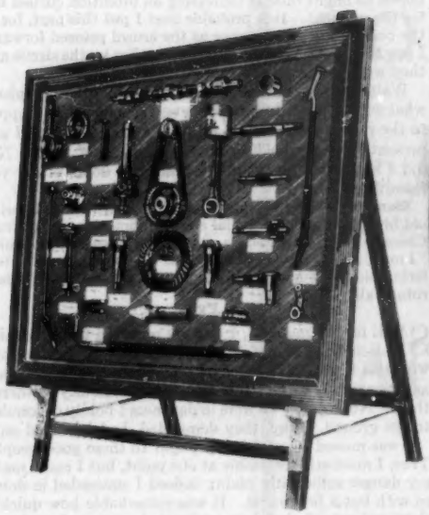
"Then we make this Jay Center and I think it is far enough because these fur-bearing Swedes have been hunted so they are shy. What had ought to be—a two-year close

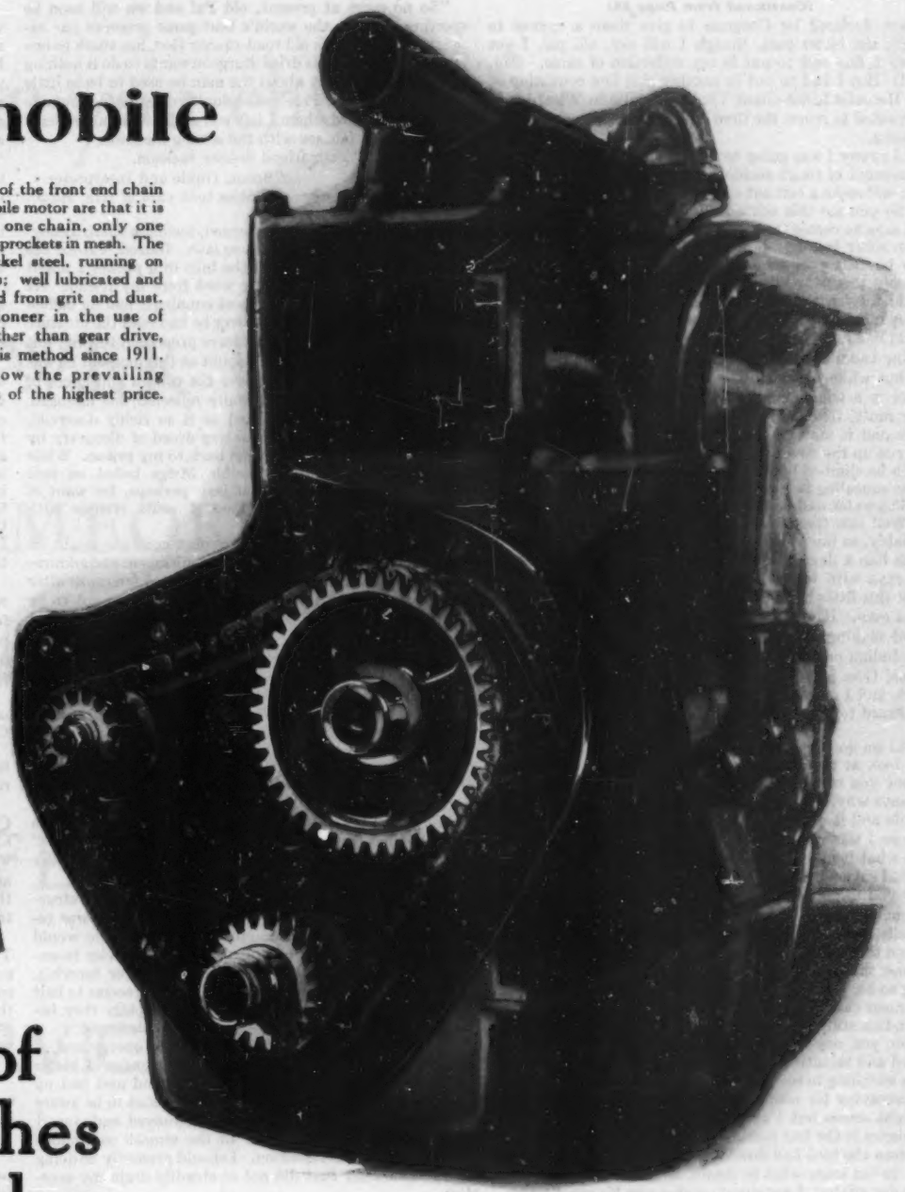
(Continued on Page 30)

I Seized My Club, Recited the Vedic Gem and Performed My Dance, Never, I am Sure, More Effectively

Hupmobile

The big advantages of the front end chain drive in the Hupmobile motor are that it is quiet, there is only one chain, only one adjustment, and no sprockets in mesh. The chain is chrome nickel steel, running on three large sprockets; well lubricated and thoroughly protected from grit and dust. Hupmobile is a pioneer in the use of front end chain rather than gear drive, having employed this method since 1911. Chain drive is now the prevailing practice among cars of the highest price.





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Right there is the vital importance of the Hupmobile parts display.

In this parts display, Hupmobile spreads before you, not a series of sales points, but the cold-steel facts.

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We know, and you know, that one car either has better parts and better workmanship than others in its price class, or it has not.

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So we ask you to go to the Hupmobile dealer near you and examine the parts display.

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You will convince yourself, as thousands have been convinced, that Hupmobile is far and away a better car than its price alone would indicate. You will be absolutely sure of the mechanical superiority of Hupmobile over any other car in the world at anywhere near its price.

Over and over again people have said that these Hupmobile parts displays established Hupmobile superiority so definitely that there was no other car left for them to buy.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 28)

season declared by Congress to give them a chance to forget the bitter past, though I will say, old pal, I got many a fine pelt to put in my collection of same. (Ha, Ha!) But I had to put in another side line consisting of the Hercules Little-Giant Vitalizer or Hindu Wizard Pill, warranted to renew the tired business man after his spring plowing.

"Anyway I was going to stage the blowoff in this town on account of tough sledding even with the Hercules Pill that will make a colt out of you if took often.

"So you see this other Indian, his name is Geo. Cook and says he comes from K. C. and is a good decent tramp when sober but give him enough to wet his lips and the ship has left port to go down with all hands. Well he watches this poor kloof wave his flag at us in disorderly conduct for a thousand miles and listens to what I say about him to myself, and got it into his deformed mind I would like for the scoundrel to be killed or something, and having had a couple of shots this night, he climbed out of the bus while I was closing the show and run across the street in a wild manner, waving his tommyhawk at the poor mutt, like saying he had something of his own to wave and it ain't no flag either. So your sleuth turned and run up the street till he come to a tree by the sidewalk which he climbed like a monkey and straddled a limb and starts squealing it is all for the honor of this flag and good old Fairwater and so forth.

"Well this Geo. Cook cannot shin up a tree too good, probably, so the poor mad inebriate stands at the foot and barks like a dog for this outlaw to come down just once and says with tears running down his face I will throw away this little hatchet and kill you with my bare hands like a man. It was going on good when I got there and a crowd making funny cracks and sicking this Geo. Cook wild Indian on his prey. So I get them both gentled and tell old Geo. he will get us in wrong if he kills any one in public and I make him go back to the car and then I coax this lizard to the ground and tell him to come have a nice talk.

"So we go back to the car and I say now take a good long look at this mangy old road-runner and see if he is anyone you recognize and the fathead looked at old Geo. and says why, I admit I never been more astounded in all my life and it has come on me like a bolt out of the blue because I was certain this was some one totally different from what it undoubtedly is.

"So I says all well enough, Mr. Fairweather, but I don't want you to make any more of these heinous mistakes in personal identity and I had old Geo. tell his name and how he hails from K. C. and the prune says I am convinced beyond the shadow of any doubt that I have been deceived because this is some other party than I was sure it was going to be. Oh, Mr. Fairweather, I says, I see it all now. You must have took him for a poor old fish I once had doing Indian stuff for me at one time.

"Oh, yes, beyond any shadow of a doubt, he says in a refined and talkative manner. You had with you one who I was watching to see if no harm should come to him without betraying his confidence until he should get back to his right senses but I am sorry now I did not betray his confidence in the first instance and get him safely took care of before the bird had flown.

"I do not know what he meant, Al, and I am not prying into your affairs; I am simply giving you his exact words. Well, I says, I guess now you see you have wasted your sweetness on a desert by waving that dofunny at poor old Geo. here till you got him so annoyed he can hardly keep his hands off of you and would not have done so tonight if you had not been a good climber.

"I thank you for your polite interference, he says, and I wish to apologize gravely for the bitter feeling I have caused and could you inform me where this first party that I thought this party was has gone to?

"Why, yes, I says frankly. He become so awfully crazy I couldn't do a thing with him so he got him a mean-looking six-gun and a one way ticket to Canada and say he was going to this here Hudsons Bay to shoot mush rats.

"I wouldn't tell everyone I says but you say you are his friend and well-wisher and I think I know an honest man when I see one. Only one thing, I says, in case you go to this here Hudsons bay looking for him, be very careful, not that you look so much like a mush rat but the old reprobate would take a shot at you at all events because you made him so peevish with your flag and I would hate to see the old toad have murder on his soul even if you was so crazy no jury would hang you but only have a Dr. sentence you to a couple of years for reasonable insanity in some good institute.

"Well the bird promised to be careful but at that, Al, I can't dope him out, because when all is said and done he is nutty clear through and raved on about he being devoted to your best interests on account of some one-cylinder hick college that he is devoted to the best interests of body and soul and his job of hounding you was a sacred commission and he could never forgive himself for letting you escape through his fingers. But I said Cheer up, Roscoe, because anyway the rest of us will forgive you a plenty.

"So no more at present, old Pal and we will soon be sporting again in the world's best game preserve par excellence because this old road-runner Geo. has stuck to one job his limit. All this dried sturgeon wants to do is nothing and then talk all day about the man he used to be in little old K. C. Now for Pete's sake don't you set a foot outside of the pretty yard where I left you and I will soon redeem you from that fair sex with the sewing machine.

"Your friend Sooner Jackson.

"Scout, Guide and Interpreter.

"Parties took care of (Ha, Ha!)"

Twice I read the amazing screed, feeling a sharp annoyance that I had come upon it so late. Indeed, but for the accident of my going to pin the bills in a pocket I might never have had this cheering word from my friend. He had indeed a gift for strategy and cunningly had he baffled the pestilentia! Meigs. Moreover he had read the creature truly. Bertrand Meigs might have proceeded to Chi., but he would not stay there. No doubt at this moment he was intrepidly searching for me over the tundra and igloos of the Far North, where, I gleefully reflected, his insensate persistence would be rewarded as it so richly deserved. At last I was free from a haunting dread of discovery by those who would have haled me back to my prison. While the well-meaning but impossible Meigs toiled on into frozen desolation, perishing at last, perhaps, for want of pemmican or other native food, I could resume with Sooner my chosen career.

Almost any hour, now, this perfect comrade might be along. I delightedly pictured his astonishment and admiration when I should recount my unexpected triumphs after going out on my own. He had believed I was not to be trusted beyond the camp ground. How little he had known my inner resources!

While I thus pleasantly mused I was recalled to the present by a summons from Stanley. It was time for the evening shows. As I paused for a word with Irene at the kitchen door I could not forbear telling her I had received glad news from my best friend.

"That's good, old scout," she replied; then, regarding me humorously, she added, "It's all right to be a swell dresser on and off, but why the cheaters on Moowoo, the terrible man-eater?" Nothing escaped her keen eyes. I had forgotten to remove my spectacles, which I now did as I thanked her for the reminder.

"That's right," she applauded. "Try to grow wilder every day in every way."

As the splendid creature paused there in all her structural magnificence, peering so cordially at me, I was reminded that this was characteristic of her. She would always be flitting from one bit of human behavior to another, observing, praising, deriding, but never tarrying. She was, I thought, like a humming bird that seems to halt in mid-air, its delicate wings beating so rapidly they become invisible, sipping briefly from many blossoms.

To my work that night I brought a new energy and, if possible, a finer interpretive finish. The menace of Meigs had always lurked at the back of my mind and had no doubt hampered my work even when I ceased to be aware of it. Now the obsession had been removed and, too, I need not longer be subjected to the almost continuous strain of my present rendition. I should presently be doing another character that did not so steadily drain my energies.

For some time, at least, I put this new fire into my work. Then, instantly I felt it die out with a sudden pang of realization. How would my friend find me? I had gone and left him no clew. I was already miles from the spot where last seen; tomorrow I should be still more remote. Annoyance and disgust for this contretemps now seized me. There was no one to be blamed, and yet Sooner would have lost all trace of me. Perhaps even now he would have given up in despair and prevailed upon the road runner, old Geo., to continue with him. Nor could I return to the auto camp, where doubtless by this time the genuine Addison Simms—with a quite proper sense of injury—would be awaiting me with his legal representative, who would institute I knew not what mortifying litigation, possibly resulting in my imprisonment.

I was a little cheered by remembering I might venture to write to Sooner in care of Mrs. Pleasant B. Gale and thus apprise him of my whereabouts. This surely would be discreet. Yet even as I convinced myself of the plan's wisdom I could not free my mind of some very sinister foreboding. My finer senses already sharpened by the strain of my part, I seemed to become sickeningly aware that a doom of some sort impended, though I was never, as it developed, anywhere near divining its true and hideous nature.

Distraught now, fearful of I knew not what, I prayed for the evening's ordeal to end so that I might be free to think coolly. The thing seemed interminable; the senseless drum beats so close at hand battered upon my tortured ears with a maddening effect, while from outside, the mechanical speech of James, oily and fatuous, seemed an odious mockery: "Step right in, good pee-pul, and view thees world-famius cur-ee-os-see-tay, thees creecha half an-ee-mal yet half hew-min, cap-chad in the low-lan's of ——"

More than once I determined to endure it no longer, yet was held to my post by that fidelity to an ideal which I dare say ever constrains the true artist. How different all might have been had I not clung to this high standard of loyalty; upon how slender a thread of fortuity swings our destiny moment by moment! My premonition of evil had been sharp, yet I let it pass unheeded; let sheer devotion to my art shackle me too long to my perilous station.

All in an instant I direly knew this—the instant I glanced up to behold in the forefront of a new flock of eggs the vacuous uneasily grinning map of that poor fish, Doctor Hemingway. Even as I blinked at this appalling spectacle there insinuated itself before him from the rear rank of sailors the incredible form and the vilely repulsive pan of none other than Bertrand Meigs.

I still count it an iron devotion to my art that I did not instantly flee. I not only remained but I seized my club, recited the Vedic gem and performed my dance, never, I am sure, more effectively.

The one glance had assured me that both these meddlers were under no least illusion as to my identity. I noted, too, that Meigs, detecting me to observe his presence, at once and with some precipitation shrank again behind the form of the still childishly gaping Hemingway. Without appearing to do so I permitted myself a certain brandishing of my knotted club in the creature's direction, which I hoped he might take as indicating an intention curbed but for the moment. It is probable that I put this past, for at the completion of my dance as the crowd pressed forward, I saw the fiend pluck his senile accomplice by the sleeve and they withdrew from the tent.

Waiting not a moment for the sale of photographs—what was this puerile make-believe to me now?—I dropped to the rear of my rostrum, raised the canvas wall and was presently running swiftly along the backs of tents. Nor did I halt until, breathless, I closed the doors of my van from the inside.

Hemingway, my betrayer! Again I heard the doddering old busybody's feebly genial chatter about his visitor from Chicago who delighted in types—his pleasantly asinine "I must really write to him of you." Too plainly the interfering old mutt had lost no time in writing. And he had ruined all!

XVI

SAFE for the moment, I quickly removed the face paint and changed to my disguise as a rustic. Hardly done with this I heard a discreet tapping at the door of the van, and opened it to find my associates anxiously gathered there. Noting that we were in darkness I boldly descended to the ground. Why, they demanded, had I walked out?

I was moved to confide my plight to these good people. True, I must still dissemble at one point, but I could make my danger sufficiently plain; indeed I succeeded in doing so with but a few words. It was remarkable how quickly they understood that I was a hunted man, and again, as with Sooner Jackson, I perceived how ready the underworld was to protect its own.

"A plain-clothes man, eh?" demanded Stanley.

"I did not note his dress tonight," I rejoined, "though usually it is anything but plain. He runs to loudish checks, and cravats of the flashiest sort."

"From Chicago, you say?" asked James.

"Yes," I replied. "You see, I knocked off a couple of guys back there, but I don't need to tell you they gravely required it. I didn't turn the old staff loose until it had to be done."

I realized that this created rather a sensation. "Mercy!" exclaimed Irene. "But why didn't he make the pinch right there?"

"It's this way," I explained. "He lacks as yet some of the goods on me; meantime he is following my trail in the most vicious manner, and any moment he is liable to come with a couple of bulldogs and pinch me thoroughly. Tomorrow, wherever we are, he will be there watching me."

"You mean he'll follow this show?" she took me up sharply.

"Exactly. He has pursued me over some of the best hunting preserves in this sportsman's paradise. It is impossible to shake him off. One thinks one has—but one hasn't. He is always there."

Irene stood a moment in deep thought, the three others regarding her hopefully. The men, as eager as she to assist me, yet looked up to her, as I saw must be their custom in emergencies. At last she spoke briskly and with none of her accustomed levity.

"Listen, people, I found it out this afternoon; the Gus Reddick show will pass us tonight about two hours up the road. They'll be making their jump. Joe Feiber was by and said we got so close together because Gus got our route wrong; he was nearly playing against us next week. Now this is the dope: Stan, you hustle over and borrow that car of the snake concession a few minutes till I run up to the nearest telephone. While I'm gone you boys get everything struck and loaded. You, Jas, you come into our car and keep the door shut till I get back."

No one thought of disputing or even questioning these orders. After a long time within the dark car, listening to

(Continued on Page 113)

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Ways and Means in Business

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

THE radical changes that are now taking place in commerce and industry will soon make present business practices unrecognizable in the light of tomorrow's management methods. Many transactions today are of such magnitude that they could not have been comprehended by the corporation executive of no more than a decade ago. So rapid has been the growth of various industries in the United States that we can now point to a single corporation having 140,000 employes—a concern that uses 4300 tons of steel, 127,000 yards of cloth and 72,085 square feet of glass daily. In some instances the rendering of decisions has reached such a high degree of importance that the boards of directors of many companies are composed of men of wide experience who have no official position in the actual operating end of the business. The thought is that this avoids the danger of having on the board of directors employes who would be inclined to favor appropriations or courses of action that would be of benefit to their own particular departments, very often at the expense of the welfare of the company as a whole.

No matter how farsighted or vigilant an executive may be today, it is impossible for him always to forecast with accuracy the developments that lie just ahead. The introduction of prohibition into our country has provided a situation that is being watched with the closest attention by the national leaders in other countries. They look upon this question as one that is economic rather than moral, and realize that if we add materially to our efficiency through making the sale of liquor illegal they will be forced to accept prohibition also in order that they may compete with us in industry and commerce.

When automobiles came into use we never dreamed they would cause such traffic congestion, and certainly no one anticipated that it would be only a short time until in our big cities we would have to consider the practicability of installing elevators in our large office buildings so that the roofs of these structures might be used to provide acres of parking space.

When electricity was first introduced for lighting not even the pioneers in the business realized what revolutionary changes this new form of energy would bring about in our everyday life. Now ten cents' worth of electricity will drive a sewing machine for twenty hours, clip five horses or twenty-five sheep, light three cigars a day for five years, heat a flatiron for three hours, incubate 250 eggs, milk twenty cows, chop one-half ton of straw or churn 440 pounds of butter.

Gauging the Bosses

AS A MATTER of fact, there is a growing necessity for acceptance of the view that business managers must be qualified to handle commercial and industrial matters very much as we require proofs of training and ability on the part of engineers, physicians, lawyers and practically all members of professional fraternities. The close relationships in industry and the wide effects on the general public of the exercise of bad judgment in the conduct of everyday business are rendering it more and more necessary for us to eliminate executive incompetence. We invoke the law to protect us from the medical quack. We make our attorneys secure permission from proper authorities before they can go into the business of handing out legal advice. Engineers in various states are being compelled to take out licenses and show cause why they should be allowed to practice, and we even go through the form of demanding that drivers of motor cars prove their fitness to handle safely such machines before being permitted to operate them on the public highways. Why this lack of any measure to determine managerial knowledge and ability?

The safety of our national life and present form of government depends most of all on the degree of prosperity and contentment that is attained by the rank and file of our country's workers. It is an understanding of this truth that is causing the leaders of American industry to seek reliable methods for estimating and evaluating the achievements of bosses, big and little. Though we cannot utilize thermometers, stethoscopes and blood-pressure instruments to determine the managerial ability of an individual in the same way that a doctor ascertains a person's state of health, we can apply statistical tests showing labor turnover, safety records, strikes and other kinds of definite evidence to disclose executive efficiency and reveal to what degree leadership and statesmanship have been exercised in operating a human organization.

It costs thirty-nine cents to distribute a dollar's worth of hardware today, compared with a distribution cost of twenty-seven cents for the same articles five years ago. This is due to the fact that hardware manufacturers and dealers have been slow in recognizing the need for simplification and standardization. In order to prove this statement it is only necessary to point out that the cost of distributing a dollar's worth of groceries is twenty-four cents at the present time, or exactly what it was five years ago. In other words, the grocery people have managed to keep their costs stationary while the distribution charges for hardware have materially advanced. Of course, the grocer's stock turnover is about seven times a year, which compares with two times for the hardware dealer; but the fact remains that the better condition existing in the grocery field has resulted largely from a policy of simplifying details and of throwing overboard many unnecessary adjuncts.

All about us are examples of waste that emphasize the need of standardization. The ideal for which every production manager should strive is small variety and large volume. Increased productive effectiveness is practically always in direct ratio to simplification of output. But this does not mean that in order to simplify, every company must reduce all its products to a common pattern. Standardization can be carried to a foolish extreme that will render injury rather than benefit. However, since it has been carefully estimated that America's avoidable waste is at least 25 per cent, it must be plain that there is urgent need for remedies to reduce this heavy loss.

Savings Through Standardization

THAT considerable progress is being made along lines of standardization is evidenced by accomplishments in many fields. For example, the dealers in underwear are attempting to reduce the number of sizes of hosiery boxes 73 per cent—that is, from 192 sizes of containers to fifty. By merely using a different method or style of folding the half hose, it is possible to add to the strength of the container and save 14 per cent of space. This means also a reduction of storage space in warehouse, mill and store, smaller shipping cases, lower freight and express charges, and a lower cost for hosiery boxes. An old and established bakery in a big Eastern city had built up a large business in two brands of bread. The management decided that it would be advantageous to establish a third brand which would eventually supplant the two others and give the company a single product. A clever advertising campaign was started and the plan worked out successfully. The company now sells but one kind of bread, and the result has been a material reduction in costs.

A large hat-manufacturing concern had established its business on a policy of producing a wide variety of styles, and as a result the company soon fell under the auctioneer's hammer. After reorganization this concern simplified its line, stopped producing untrimmed hats and concentrated all its manufacturing efforts upon the creation of a standard line of trimmed hats, every one to sell at one price, three dollars. Suffice it to say that this departure in practice has given the company a high ranking among businesses whose sales are listed in the $1,000,000 class.

Another company, which manufactures display cases, is running ahead of many of its competitors by adhering closely to standardization of methods and products. It makes only cases of one size, one wood, one color, one quality, one style and one price. When we add to this that the concern is engaged in quantity production, it is not surprising that its workmen are among the best paid in the industry. The company's market is wide, since it includes some 800,000 retailers; but the corporation's fixed principle is never to allow any salesman to overload the dealer. Through continuous advertising the management has largely overcome the belief that plate-glass display cases are not economical for small stores.

Standardization has been applied with benefit to many kinds of business, running all the way from a simplification of styles of steel pens to the standardization of belting for oil wells. However, the field of possible development for this practice is so extensive that it may be said scarcely to have been touched. For instance, let us take the shoe business, where there is said to be a loss of more than 35 per cent as a result of the prevalent idea that the products of our shoe factories must always be novel and different. One investigator says that 80 per cent of the turnover in shoes is in thirty-eight varieties, 16 per cent is in an additional forty-seven varieties, and the remaining 4 per cent adds several dozen extreme styles to the already large total. Another investigation showed that of more than 100 varieties of shoes sold, 70 per cent of the sales were on twenty sizes, while the remaining 30 per cent of sales included a far greater number of sizes. This examination showed that one pair of shoes in any style in size 8 C has an asset value ten times greater than the newest style in size 5 D. All of which makes it plain that much advantage would accrue to the shoe industry from a material increase in simplification of both styles and sizes in shoes.

Never has there been a time when there was such need for brains and ingenuity in management. If we take isolated cases it is not difficult to discover any number of novel schemes and ideas; but the trouble is that this same skill and aptness do not prevail generally throughout the whole field of industry. One manager took hold of a company that used a large number of motor trucks in distributing its products. He found that the company's annual premium for insurance against accident was $24,000, so he undertook immediately to reduce the company's accident record from the operation of trucks with the result that insurance costs have been reduced $10,000 a year. Accident-prevention campaigns hold similar money-saving possibilities for hundreds of other companies that pay heavily for protection against truck accidents.

One progressive manager uses portable electric machines in the performance of much work formerly done by hand. These portable machines can be taken to the work or moved about as required, and operate at top speed the moment the switch is thrown. The use of such machines has also made it possible to do away with considerable shafting and belting, while at the same time they provide a cleaner, safer and more efficient plant. This same executive has largely overcome the disadvantage of specialization by organizing and maintaining a number of trained workers who, in reality, are handy men, having a fair knowledge of practically all phases of the company's general scheme of operations. In building up this corps of utility workers the plan is to have each of these handy men work a short time in one department after another.

A further innovation is a department which performs ever so many personal duties for the workers, thereby making it unnecessary for employes to stay away from work in order to attend to such matters. This service department takes care of the payment of miscellaneous bills, such as the charges for gas, telephone, light, water, taxes, insurance and bills for purchases made on the installment plan. This service is operated on a strictly cash basis. The worker hands the money over to the personal-service department, and the company, of course, makes no deduction from the pay envelope. In settling utility bills, the payments are bunched into a lump sum and the company sends its check to cover the entire lot. Deposits are made for employes carrying savings accounts in different banks, and information is supplied to those seeking to make safe investments. Other help includes notary service, legal advice and aid in all recreational activities.

Finger-Printing Applicants for Work

IN ORDER to have a permanent system of employe registration that is proof against fraud, this concern uses the finger prints of workers to provide records that are infallible. The scheme is in the hands of the employment department and has proved its worth in preventing duplications of workers' records, and has not only fostered high morale but has established the average grade of employes on a higher level. The finger-print system makes it always possible for a company to settle the identity of any employe who is working under the name of another man. Large corporations now require most applicants to pass physical, mental and experience tests, and in a number of instances other workers than those who passed the examinations have reported for service.

Another successful manager says there is no safe short cut to high production. He favors incentive methods of payment for workers, but says that such an appeal will only bring maximum results when the facilities in the shop are such that it is possible for the employe to produce a big day's work, and when existing conditions are of such a character that the worker's mind will be possessed of a real desire to produce. Though incentive methods are essential, it should be recognized that less than 25 per cent of the increase in production resulting from modern methods has been secured through an added effort on the part of the individual. The direct labor cost in most industries represents less than 40 per cent of the total cost. Therefore if the provision of an incentive increases the production of the operative 25 per cent, this means that such a scheme cannot effect a saving of more than 10 per cent. The point is that though incentive methods are splendid, they certainly are not a panacea for all industrial ills.

This same boss warns against the danger of picking men for promotion simply because they have shown brilliance in a certain line of work. He calls such employes special-job men, and asserts that they do not make so good executives as those workers who are less skillful at a single task

(Continued on Page 34)

Beware of Substitutes!

Don't be misled into buying some other material represented as *Gold-Seal* Congoleum. Insist that the Gold Seal appear on the face of the goods you buy. It is the only way by which you can be sure of getting the genuine, guaranteed, nationally advertised *Gold-Seal* Congoleum. And remember, the Gold Seal gives you the assurance of our liberal pledge of "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back."

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They mean such a saving in housework that there's time for the things you really enjoy—for outdoor recreation, the worthwhile book, play with the children.

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These all-round serviceable rugs are made with a smooth, seamless surface which cannot be penetrated by dust, dirt or spilled things. They are waterproof and mothproof. And cleaning them is the work of but a few moments with a damp mop—in a twinkling your rug is as spotless as new.

Elaborate Oriental motifs, delicate chintz-like effects, neat tiles, mosaics or wood-block reproductions—so varied are the charming patterns that you can have these labor-saving rugs in every room in the house.

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs lie perfectly flat on the floor without tacks, cement or any other kind of fastening. They never curl up or kick up at the edges or corners to trip unwary feet. And with all these advantages, the prices are very low.

Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6	x 9	ft.	$ 9.00	Pattern No. 386 (shown at the right) is made in all sizes. The other patterns illustrated are made in the five large sizes only.	1½	x 3	ft. $ .60
7½	x 9	ft.	11.25		3	x 3	ft. 1.40
9	x 9	ft.	13.50		3	x 4½	ft. 1.95
9	x 10½	ft.	15.75		3	x 6	ft. 2.50
9	x 12	ft.	18.00				

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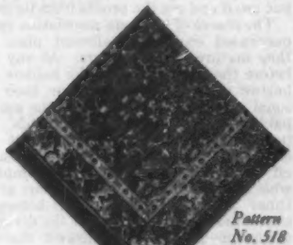
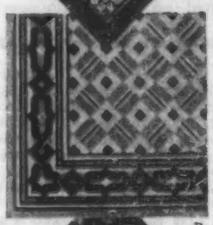


Pattern No. 518



Pattern No. 386

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Gold Seal CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*

(Continued from Page 32)

but have a more general knowledge of a variety of operations. The efficiency of the fellow who has shown a remarkable aptitude for some particular job is usually lowered under responsibility. The men who possess ability to gain a working knowledge of many things are thought to be far less erratic and much more dependable in managerial positions than the special-job or brilliant workers.

It was this executive who inaugurated the plan of using motion pictures to impress his employes with the importance of exercising caution and care in the performance of every task. One picture for salesmen showed how a slip of the pen in filling out an order blank caused a waste of more than two hours and a real money loss to the company of more than ten dollars. In one of this company's big plants a vacation experiment was undertaken and the entire works shut down for two weeks in the middle of the summer. The manager is highly pleased with the outcome of the plan and proposes to extend the scheme to other plants. He says that when employes go away for a vacation a few at a time, those who go early in the summer need another vacation before the end of the hot season. The vacation period is looked upon as an annual shutdown for repairs. Also during this time of idleness the plan is to keep a skeleton force of workers on hand to care for emergency orders. Employes who have been in the company's service for a prescribed length of time receive vacation pay, half of which is advanced to them on the last day of work and the other half upon their return.

One of our most successful industrial leaders has made a careful study of ways and means, not only to persuade his employes to save their money but to use their savings later to the best advantage. In one district he incorporated a savings-and-loan association, conducted in accordance with the state's banking laws, but not serving as part of his company's organization. Of course, only employes of the concern and members of their families are eligible as shareholders. These individual stockholders get the use of the capital at advantageous rates of interest, and finally the profits from loans are distributed as dividends back to the employe shareholders. In this plan they not only save their money but use it and get the profits from its use.

The shares of this loan association can be purchased on the installment plan, and they mature in seven years. At any time before the shares mature the holders may borrow from the association on their personal note up to 80 per cent of the amount paid in plus the accredited dividends. This permits the shareholder to meet any emergency without permanently breaking off his savings program. The employes who hold the stock may draw out at any time; but should they do so before the shares mature, 20 per cent of the dividends apportioned to the withdrawn shares is forfeited and reverts to the association.

Solving the Miss-or-Mrs. Problem

At another plant of this same company a thrift experiment is under way, in which the corporation encourages saving by issuing, upon request, thrift notes to the employes. These notes are printed on stock that gives them the appearance of a valuable and attractive certificate, and they are issued in any amount from ten dollars up in multiples of five dollars. Each note pays 6 per cent interest and is a preferred liability of the company. On its back is an interest table for amounts up to $100 and is figured out for periods of from one day up to ten years. Employes can make withdrawal of their money at any time and receive interest up to the day they draw out. Although no executive pressure has been brought to bear to influence employes to invest their money in these notes, the success of the plan is indicated by the fact that nearly one-third of the workers at this plant now hold certificates. The fundamental thought back of every plan to foster thrift should be that the scheme must be simple and free of complexities if it is to be effective.

In this same office an effort has been made to reduce the lost motion and waste energy of typists by using copy holders that expose as many notes as may be needed directly back of the typewriter with no more effort than the mere touch of a button by the operator. Stenographers who lean over hundreds of times each day to read copy very often suffer from fatigue due to the unnatural twisting of the back and neck and the constant strain upon the eyes and nerves. Such devices undoubtedly will help to relieve a situation that has placed stenography first in the list of harmful sedentary occupations.

The correspondence and accounting departments are conducted with high efficiency. Now that women seldom put "Miss" or "Mrs." before their names, the plan is to use the abbreviated prefix "Ms.," which serves equally well to designate either a matron or a maid, and avoids the possibility of there being a display of indignation on the part of any lady who may be sensitive concerning her matrimonial status. In order to cut the deadwood out of mailing lists, letters are sent at various times to the advertising managers of newspapers in territories where selling campaigns are to be launched, requesting their help in making the campaigns successful by supplying the name of some person in their office or elsewhere who can be depended upon to compile from a telephone book or city directory the names and correct addresses of people living in the best residential streets of the town. This work of collecting names has been productive of results, notwithstanding it has been paid for at a liberal rate.

The Function of Accounting

Extra precautions are undertaken to reduce the annual loss in money from forged checks. All checks are written either with ink or with a machine that shreds the paper, impregnating the amount in ink and filling in all blank spaces. There is a rule that no check shall be drawn with an erasure mark on it. All checks that contain corrections or that are marred in drawing are destroyed. Any check that is sent to the bank in order to get money is always made out in the name of the person carrying it and never to Cash or Bearer. Checks for deposit, in addition to the formal signature, carry the statement "For Deposit Only," which makes it impossible for any thief to cash the check without alteration. Certified checks are never accepted on faith, for certification can be easily duplicated. All blank checks, check books and canceled vouchers are kept under lock and key.

The boss says that a good accounting system is to the managing director of a firm what a chart is to the captain of a ship. But he has also discovered that there are limits beyond which one should not go, for it is possible for the cost of the production of unnecessary statistics to be heavier than the economies they are intended to effect. Nothing is more silly than the belief that the beginning and end of accounting is merely to produce a mechanically precise and correct financial statement. The truth is that the real function of accounting is to show the relation that costs, expenses, charges and gross and net profits bear to sales; what the relation is between net income and capital invested; what was the turnover of stock and capital; how the company stands in relation to creditors and from a liquid standpoint; what is its position with respect to tax liability, and as to proper proportions between fixed and current assets and owned and borrowed capital; and finally how all these things compare with similar periods in preceding years.

Though it is true that finance deals not only with the nature of values, the granting of credits and the creation of securities but also with national tendencies in the progress of civilization, it is nevertheless possible for the master of accounting to acquire a sufficient understanding of finance to enable him to advise and warn on critical occasions. The great new field of accounting includes the duty of explaining to workingmen and their leaders the finance of business. The accountant worth while is the one having ability to act as an intermediary between employers and employed, and to use figures convincingly to show both sides what their real interests are.

No one has greater need for the careful observance of a strict code of ethics than the people who must prepare balance sheets and interpret the meaning of figures in business. The modern accountant must exercise care to see that he is not a party to misrepresentation. He must prevent the use of his name at any time in connection with facts and figures that are misleading. A fuller realization of the importance of accounting is being forced by the requirements of taxing authorities and the problems arising from competition. Proper accounting will largely eliminate the difficulty bankers now have in passing judgment on the solvency of borrowers, and will make possible the negotiation of loans on a knowledge of facts rather than on the basis of a doubtful hope.

No matter whether it is in the big industrial field or in that of the retailer, the opportunity to show originality and exercise ingenuity always exists. The aggressive manager of a department store increased the volume of his business by a system of accommodation. His establishment is located at a busy transfer corner, and he has required one of his clerks to memorize the street-car-service schedule and make announcement a short while beforehand of the expected arrival and departure of cars. This permits customers to shop up to the last moment. A bulletin board is used to record telephone calls and messages for patrons, though most unusual of all is the store's free bus service for customers who find it impossible to park their automobiles in the immediate neighborhood because of heavy congestion and traffic restrictions. A large bus now travels all day over a route covering sections of the city where unlimited parking is permitted. A regular schedule of stops or stations has been arranged and widely advertised in the local newspapers.

The management of the store completed an investigation of the causes that led customers to discontinue their patronage, and the survey disclosed that 10 per cent of the trouble was due to errors in the delivery system. As a result of this examination a report is made of each day's delivery operations, and weak spots in the personnel or the system are discovered and remedied immediately. Whenever possible, the company now endeavors to beat the customer to it and render a reason as well as an apology for delivery errors before any complaint has been made. An original letter is sent to each customer who has not made a purchase within six months. The letter states that the absence of the customer has been noted with regret, and after telling of interesting developments in the store or special opportunities to save money, it is signed personally by the proprietor. The names of patrons who have failed to make recent purchases are obtained by the use of green markers placed in the credit file. The moment that inactive accounts again become alive the marker is removed and the name of the customer is taken off the list of absentees. This plan has been arranged with such care that in order to make customers realize letters are personal, the typist deliberately makes a typographical error or a correction.

An Auto-Accessory Cafeteria

In another company the manager has increased efficiency by having his secretary prepare a weekly report of sales credited to each employe based on data from cards. Every Wednesday the clerks receive reports of their sales for the previous week. The manager adds a notation at the bottom of each report, commenting on the record. When good, the employe is commended and some encouraging word or promise is included.

On the other hand, if the report is below average, a friendly note of advice or warning is added. This method of getting personal messages to employes has been most successful in stimulating sales.

An auto-accessory dealer has built up a profitable business by introducing a self-service system. The different automobile parts are arranged in convenient order on long stands, and customers look over the assortment and pick out what they need. With this plan it is possible for the three clerks to take care of sixty customers. A restaurant manager who experienced difficulty in taking care of his trade because so many patrons lingered to chat or smoke materially improved the situation by simply setting a big clock ten minutes fast. This scheme not only speeded up his regular patrons but proved to be a permanent incentive to quick motion on the part of transients.

A retail store in New England owes much of its success to a live-wire manager. He arranged a prize contest for useful suggestions from employes and secured twenty-one ideas of practical value out of eighty-three plans that were submitted to better the business. Among the schemes were proposals for the appointment of a public-style adviser and lectures on styles in local newspapers, a mailing list of students about to enter college, a searchlight on the roof, free telephone service to customers, electric directories over the elevators and a cage of monkeys to serve as a display attraction.

Low labor turnover has been secured by close adherence to a policy founded on fair play and a common-sense understanding of human nature. The applicant for a position is interviewed by some member of a trained employment staff, and instead of having to follow the stereotyped practice of filling out an information blank, the company's interviewer asks questions prompted by the need of the moment and the general character and appearance of the applicant, and records the answers on a card. At the end of the first day of work the new employe is summoned to the superintendent's office and questioned concerning his or her impression of the job and the existing working conditions. This plan has materially reduced second-day resignations by ironing out any small aggravations that frequently result from a lack of familiarity with surroundings. A similar inquiry is made a week later, at which time the worker is encouraged to adopt and maintain an attitude of frankness in dealing with superiors. No employe can be discharged until the worker has been given a hearing by the superintendent, who must approve the dismissal order.

When Every Day Was Tag Day

In practically every community one is sure to find at least a few people who never hesitate to depart from established custom. In one large town a retailer of hardware has a clerk tie a tag on every battered ash can that is found along the street. The card reads, "You can get a new can at moderate prices from Smith, 84 Main Street." Other tags are tied to the doors of new houses about to be occupied, announcing that Mr. Smith will be pleased to supply the newcomer's hardware needs. Another dealer succeeded in developing a feeling of business reciprocity by having a slip printed and attached to all checks that he sent out in payment of bills. The slip is printed on red paper and calls attention briefly to the fact that the check attached is Proof of Patronage, and represents value received. It further suggests to the person receiving it that if he believes in reciprocal trade some of his business will find its way to the store of the dealer whose check is inclosed.

An automobile agency met with much success through establishing a school for the owners of its make of cars, and for all prospective buyers. A series of lectures was given, and at the close of each talk the owners were encouraged to ask questions. A model car was mounted on blocks, with its working parts exposed. An electric motor was attached to the engine by a drive shaft, giving the audience an opportunity to inspect the mechanism in operation. The direct result of the plan was to bring about a reduction in minor repairs. At the same time the truth was driven home that there are occasions when an automobile needs the service of an expert mechanic. So large was the attendance of both men and women at these free evening meetings that the original plan for the school had to be materially broadened. It goes without saying that the more owners know about their cars the fewer the accidents, and the better will be the reputation of that particular make of automobile.

Fortunately there is a growing recognition of the value of research in practically all lines of business. The day of haphazard guessing is rapidly passing and in its place we are witnessing the advent of a time of scientific investigation and skillful utilization of statistics.

Management today has its feet on the brink of a slippery slope for no other reason than that so many executives seek to close their eyes to waste and follow the methods that are easiest. As one successful leader has said, "The sure way to sweep aside mountains of difficulties is to pick out the hardest job on the schedule the first thing each morning and finish this heavy task before turning to less arduous duties." The fellow who should be Number One on the day's program of every salesman is that prospect who is the hardest to sell. Patient and laborious scientific investigation of every problem must be recognized as the only safe foundation on which we can establish our business practices. There is far less danger of our becoming fatigued from overexertion than of our becoming stale through indolence.

Served with cream or rich milk Grape-Nuts gives you in most delicious form the essentials of a well-balanced ration

Keep your human house in order

DENTISTS AS WELL AS DOCTORS recommend Grape-Nuts. It comes in crisp, golden kernels you must chew.

A prominent dentist says this:

"Soft foods that can be swallowed without sufficient chewing are responsible for much modern tooth and digestive trouble.

"Such foods lodge easily in the interstices of the teeth causing ferments which the mouth glands, through lack of proper exercise, are too sluggish to counteract.

"I believe that the form of Grape-Nuts is particularly fortunate in that it makes proper chewing a pleasant necessity."

Back of the thousands of doctors and dentists who are interested in what you eat are the biological chemists who are devoting their lives to find out just what it is you need.

The government, women's clubs, schools, dietitians, all are fighting against *malnutrition*.

One out of three persons in this country—rich and poor alike—is a victim of *malnutrition*—due not to lack of food but to the wrong *kind* of food.

Grape-Nuts gives you nourishment you need in the form your body most readily digests and turns into strength and vitality.

If you want to keep on having to patch your human house—keep on eating the wrong things.

If you want to get and keep your human house in order—eat foods your body can digest and *transform into nourishment.*

In this delicious food is nourishment you need in the form your body can digest

AT least one-third of your nourishment should come from the carbohydrates—the great source from which you daily renew your strength and vitality.

But the carbohydrates should be prepared right to meet the needs of your body. Otherwise they may fail to give you the nourishment you need and they may be producing instead the poisons and acids that give rise to so many physical ills.

Three-fourths carbohydrates—dextrinized!

Three-fourths of the content of Grape-Nuts (made from wheat and malted barley) are the precious carbohydrates—*dextrinized*—scientifically broken down into the form that will yield the greatest amount of nourishment to your body. No matter how much you have abused your body with difficult foods, you can digest Grape-Nuts easily and quickly.

Daily renews your strength and vitality

There is no other food like Grape-Nuts in form or taste. It will be a revelation to you. Delicious, crisp kernels that invite a thorough chewing. This keeps your whole mouth healthy and starts digestion right.

Served with milk or cream Grape-Nuts gives you just the nourishment you need. Eat it every day and see what a difference it makes in the way you feel.

All grocers have Grape-Nuts. Hotels and restaurants serve it in individual packages of a single portion.

Free—Sample Offer

Send today for four of the individual packages—free. Enough Grape-Nuts for four nourishing breakfasts. Free offer also includes book of 101 delicious recipes selected from 80,000 prepared by housewives who regularly serve Grape-Nuts.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Inc., Dept. S-19
Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me free trial packages and booklet.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

If you live in Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front Street, East, Toronto, Ont.

Why drive a shabby car?

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED
MORRIS BUILDING
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. E. VAN SIBBER
VICE-PRESIDENT

Valentine & Company,
New York City.

July 15, 1924

Dear Sirs:-

I thought you might be interested to know that nearly a year ago I had my . . . . . automobile repainted and revernished using Valentine's Automobile Varnish. Today the car looks as though it had just come out of the paint-shop yet it has been used continuously many months in all kinds of weather.

The durability of your varnish is the best I have ever seen on any car that I have ever owned. There is no comparison between the durability of your varnish and that which was on the car when I purchased it new. The original varnish did not wear at all well, although it probably lasted as well as the varnish on the average car.

I certainly think the manufacturers of this class of automobile would be adding to the quality of their cars, at the same time giving more satisfaction to their customers if they would use your automobile varnishes on their new cars. I have accordingly written the . . . . . Company strongly recommending the use of your products.

Very truly yours,

AEV:E

A. E. Van Bibber

Should the finish of the car receive as much engineering attention as the various mechanical parts?

Mr. A. E. Van Bibber of the Congoleum Company thinks so. And the majority of owners agree with him. For, after all, it's only fair that when a man pays his good money for a car, he's entitled to a finish that will give a service comparable to the engine itself.

Most famous automobile and body builders use Valentine's Varnishes as a matter of course. However, there are some who do not, and that is why there are cars, like Mr. Van Bibber's, that need re-finishing before they are six months old.

Obviously, the proper time to find out about the quality and durability of the finish is *before* you buy your car. However, if you failed to do that and the finish hasn't stood up, let the professional painter in your town re-varnish it with Valentine's Automobile Varnishes and, like Mr. Van Bibber, have a car that looks like new.

VALENTINE & COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832

New York Chicago Boston Toronto London Paris Amsterdam

W. P. FULLER & CO., Pacific Coast

VALENTINE'S Automobile VARNISHES

Postscript

If there is no professional automobile painter near you—or if you wish to finish your own car, use Valspar-Enamels, of course. They are heat-proof, water-proof, weather-proof and easy to apply.

MARY, MARY, NOT SO UNWARY

By SEWELL FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

THE young man with the restless eyes and the confidential voice leaned casually on the hotel register and beckoned the room clerk to lend an ear. "Say, Gus, who's the party of the second part—the one parked over in the alcove behind the book?" he asked.

The neck which carried the head which had inclined the ear, as requested, was instantly stiffened, for the room clerk's name was not Gus—nothing like Gus. It was Wilbur—Wilbur Grant Hinkle. And Mr. Hinkle, though he had not as yet acquired the frosty dignity of the perfect room clerk, was striving to do so. For the middle of his second season as autocrat of the front desk he was doing well. He had learned how to make timid guests cringe in his presence, and on occasions he had crushed impatient transients with a look. Now he paused and regarded his questioner with cold unconcern for a full moment, until, as if remembering, he deigned to reply.

"A Mr. Dean, I believe," he tossed over his shoulder as he turned away.

Taylor Couldn't be Expected to Know it, But When They Start in Straightening Your Tie They Mean Business

But the young man whose eyes were not only unquiet but eager refused either to cringe or to be crushed. He seemed to miss the fact that he was being snubbed.

"Ataway!" he cheered, reaching a detaining hand for Mr. Hinkle's coat sleeve. "Always give 'em the benefit of the doubt and think they're signing the right one. Dean, eh? What's the rest of it, old scout?"

There was an insinuating friendliness about him that Mr. Hinkle could not wholly resist.

"J. Taylor," he added. "Comes from Millport, Connecticut." And before Mr. Hinkle was released he had admitted that Mr. Dean was a banker and had checked in the previous Monday.

"Fair enough, Gus, fair enough!" was the cryptic comment. "And a rainy afternoon like this makes it easy for me to have speech with him. Thanks kindly. I'm off to the races."

Of course, he was not starting for the races. Just another of those meaningless phrases in whose tattered metaphor he wrapped the poverty of his thought. Actually he directed the springy shuffle of his steps straight toward the alcove where Mr. J. Taylor Dean had retired to read his book. There were two chairs in the alcove, but Mr. Dean had thoughtfully preëmpted the extra one by throwing his raincoat over the back and placing his gray fedora hat in the seat, which should have told almost anyone that he was not anxious for company. But you can guess that a young man who had not hesitated to call a room clerk Gus would give no heed to any such mute hint. Hardly. With not the semblance of an apology, he draped himself on the chair arm, hooked an elbow over the back and beamed down at Mr. Dean.

"Another soggy day, eh?" he opened.

Mr. Dean, the banker, was not a user of the frigid stare. True, he was not a great banker. He was merely vice president and acting cashier of a small bank in a small city in a small state. But even if he had been the real head of the biggest bank on Broadway he would not have tried to hedge himself about with the chilly dignity of Mr. Hinkle. His aim rather was a mild affability, and long ago he had attained to it. So he met the beaming eyes of the young man with a kindly glance.

"The third," he agreed. But at once he returned to the printed page.

"Kinda puts a crimp in your golf, doesn't it?"

"It needed a rest—or something," said Mr. Dean, smiling faintly, and again sought the paragraph he was pursuing.

"Not too gooey for motoring, though," suggested the interrupter.

Mr. Dean put a finger on the unfinished line.

"I'm not especially fond of motoring, even in fair weather."

"Huh! Sort of a car do you drive, Mr. Dean?"

Reluctantly Mr. Dean adjusted a wire paper clip to mark his place and closed the book. If he must talk to this young man, why then he must. One couldn't actually be rude. And perhaps, if not encouraged, he would soon go away.

Mr. Dean named the make of his car.

"Well, that's the answer," chuckled the young man, tapping him playfully on the shoulder.

"You—you mean ——"

"Oh, it's a good enough boat for the money. All right for jiggering around—down to the bank mornings, back home for lunch, out to the country club, and so on. Gets you there after a fashion. If you handle 'em gentle and keep 'em tinkered up you don't have to junk 'em until after the second year. But say, Mr. Dean, if you really want to get a kick out of motoring, want to drive something that runs as smooth as a watch and rides as soft as a feather bed, something that's got power and speed and class, and will be just as good at the end of a hundred thousand as it is when it leaves the factory, why, you ought to squat behind the wheel of a regular car once—one of our Luxuro Sixes. Course you know that. But lemme show you our new line of bodies. Here, take a squint at these."

And from somewhere, much as a juggler produces goldfish from a silk hat, the young man whisked out an elaborately printed set of pictures, each plate showing the latest and most expensive development in automobile architecture. Mr. Dean found them thrust into his hands, so he readjusted his bifocals and prepared to submit to the inevitable. Which proves that he was a good-natured banker. As a matter of fact, most of them are, movie traditions to the contrary. Oh, perhaps they do not lavish endearing terms on dubious debtors who drop in to arrange for a fourth extension on overdue notes, and now and then they do foreclose a mortgage on the old home despite the widow's tears; but in the long run they're much more human than they get credit for being.

At any rate, Taylor Dean was a tolerant person. He had no more notion of buying a twelve-thousand-dollar motor car than he had of installing a hot-dog dispensary in the front windows of the Millport National Bank; but he left hero and heroine in the midst of a most romantic love scene and listened with at least a show of interest to the fine flow of enthusiastic patter which came so glibly from the tongue of this youthful salesman with the intimate manners and the confidential voice.

After all, it was a somewhat entertaining and instructive ordeal. Mr. Dean learned more or less about tool-tempered selective gears adjusted to atom-slivered nicety, about supertested cam shafts, about distributive lubrication, total combustion and guaranteed flexibility. At least, he heard the terms mentioned. And though his own mechanical gifts were limited to the occasional use of a spanner wrench on a loose body bolt, he nodded wisely through the discourse. Then he handed back the glossy half-tone prints and gazed at the business card which had been urged upon him. In one corner he read, "Roy K. Barton, District Agent."

"M-m-m-m," he murmured. "Well, if I should ever wish to invest that much in a car, I shall know who to send for. I hope you didn't come all the way up just to ——"

"Don't worry," said young Mr. Barton. "I'm supposed to be on a vacation too. But honest, if I lay off talking up the Luxuros for forty-eight hours I get as restless as a dog with fleas. Just got to shoot it into somebody or it seems to stick in my throat like an apple core. I spotted you for a prospect yesterday noon when the morning papers came in and you turned to the financial page before you'd looked at the baseball scores. Then when I'd made that poor fish behind the desk tell me what your line was, and found you were a banker, why I just naturally hopped to it. Now I can feel easy for another couple of days and try to get some fun out of this joint."

Mr. Dean eyed the young man with amused interest. A likable youngster, with a vivid personality. He had, evidently, the dynamic qualities of which Mr. Dean had read in magazine articles on success and efficiency; qualities which he realized were lacking in himself. As for Taylor Dean, he thought of banks and banking only during business hours. Oh, well, the splendid energy of youth would

slacken pace by middle age. But mere contact with it was almost invigorating.

"This is rather a quiet place," he suggested. "I presume you find it dull."

"Me?" said young Mr. Barton. "Wrong guess. Why say, there's more going on in a dump like this than—well, than two playsmiths could write up in a year. Uh-huh. Comedy, drama and tragedy, I expect; although so far I've only located the first two."

Taylor Dean straightened in his chair.

"Here?" he asked. "In Baldcrest Manor?"

"Absolutely! I can watch the second act of one plot being worked out now without stretching my neck much."

"Really!"

Mr. Dean gazed out across the lobby. He saw Mr. Hinkle, the room clerk, signaling to a bell boy that 334 had rung for ice water and looking very important about it; a tall, sallow-faced man in a golf suit scowling at a framed road map of the White Mountain district, and no doubt threatening to go somewhere else where the weather was better; the head porter, sorting out some baggage checks; a nursemaid helping little Bobby onto the weighing scales for the fourth time that day in an effort to keep him quiet; a full-figured young woman in a knitted sport suit listlessly pawing over the periodicals on the news stand; and very little else worth noting.

Taylor Dean turned an inquiring glance on Barton.

"You caught only part of the sketch," responded Mr. Barton. "More to your right, in the card room."

Mr. Dean did a shoulder pivot. He saw two—no, three—bridge games in progress, one two-handed game, several onlookers, two elderly ladies comparing notes on sweater knitting, a trim parlor maid in gray and white yawning as she stood in a corner.

"Don't get it yet?" suggested Barton. "Listen—beyond the third bridge bunch, the couple letting on to be playing gallery."

"You mean the dark-haired young fellow and the—er—the young lady in black who seems to be rolling her eyes at him?"

"'Seems' is mild and 'young' is a poor guess. She must have tagged thirty-five a year or two ago, but she still puts up a good article of off-side vamping. Got him jumping through the hoop, too. Catch that arm motion of hers? She's slipped her hand over for him to hold and they're both counting on the bridge fiends being able to see nothing but the cards. Now he's patting it. Oh, mush! What slushy looks!"

Led on by his youthful guide, Mr. Dean had become absorbed in the amorous scene, when suddenly came the thought that this was hardly a nice occupation for a man of his years and standing.

Spying on a pair of lovers! Taylor Dean flushed slightly and resolutely turned away.

"I must say," he protested, "that I find nothing unusual in such a case; surely nothing which warrants us ——"

"You don't, eh? But maybe you don't happen to know that the dark-haired Romeo this frisky Mrs. Hilliard is putting the spell on so reckless is the hubby of that young lady who's stalling around by the news stand. Yes. She's been standing there twenty minutes or more, watching their little byplay get bolder and bolder and wondering what she'd better do—crash right in and break it up, or sit tight and lay him out afterward. See, she's chewing her under lip and getting misty in the eyes."

"Well, well!" commented Taylor Dean, shaking his head in disapproval.

"And that only starts the scenario," continued young Mr. Barton. "This Arnold couple have a little three-year-old girl upstairs who's just getting over a hard case of mumps or measles or something—cute little kid, too—and Mrs. Arnold has to spend most of her time up there playing nurse. That's where she was last night when Arnold danced four fox trots running with this cut-up widow."

"Ah, a widow, is she?"

"That's the rumor; but whether she got her decree from a court or a coroner nobody seems to know. Anyway, she acts like a widow. She's a fast worker, I'll tell the radio. This affair with Arnold didn't begin until sometime yesterday, and look where it's got to!"

Mr. Dean looked. He noted that Mrs. Hilliard had snuggled up against young Mr. Arnold's shoulder and that in all probability Mr. Arnold was indulging in a surreptitious side hug.

"That's the way he's celebrating his fourth wedding anniversary," added Barton. "You see, the Arnolds met here one summer and got engaged at the end of the season, and this is their first trip back to the scene of their big romance. I expect she was figuring on a repeat of most of the main points—dancing with hubby, going out to the same old rocks to sit in the moonlight, parading him in front of some of the girls that she beat out, and so on. And here this eye roller from Pittsburgh has to crab the stunt completely and get her biting her lip."

"Dear, dear!" sighed Mr. Dean. "She does seem distressed about something. And I suppose your statements are correct. But—ah—since you've been here such a short time, Mr. Barton, I can hardly understand how you come to be so well-informed."

"That's easy. The prize puzzle is how you missed out on it all. Say, you don't think anybody with such tricky eyes as this Mrs. Hilliard has can drift into a place like Baldcrest Manor and get away with stuff like that, do you? Not with fifty or more nice dear old ladies who've got good eyesight and nothing else to do but sit around and watch what goes on. Why, the minute they spots that snappy little crêpe bonnet and the plucked eyebrows and the retouched lips, they just perked up and watched for her to start something. And you can bet she didn't disappoint 'em. I understand this Arnold party is the third within a week, only the other two didn't happen to be hitched up—one a mere college hick, whose mamma promptly shunted him out of harm's way, and the other an old bach, who got cold feet and beat it after the second day. Then she picks up the next best bet, which is Arnold. Oh, I heard three different sets of the miaow chorus thrash out the details and roll 'em under their tongues, and mainly they seem to agree on the chief points. Course, with broadcasting like that going on, Mrs. Arnold was bound to tune in, even if

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The Sentiment Was About to Flower Into Words When There Came an Interruption—Roy

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the report wasn't carried to her direct by some kind friend. Anyway, she's wise, and is all stirred up over it."

"Too bad," murmured Taylor Dean.

"It's rotten, that's what it is," declared young Mr. Barton.

Mr. Dean glanced at him in mild astonishment. A singularly intense young person, who could talk up the domestic virtues with the same enthusiasm that he devoted to the Luxuro Six.

"You will find as you go along, young man, a lot of wrongs that you'll have to let go without righting."

With a deft movement Barton flipped a cigarette from a silver case, lighted a match by a snap of his thumb nail and drew the soothing incense deep into his lungs.

"Yes, I know," he admitted; "and as a rule I believe in letting things ride. But honest, women like that get my Angora pawing his hind feet. There's always one in every resort hotel—one at least. They're man traps, that's what they are. Ought to be made to wear red lanterns and have danger signs hung on 'em so the poor prunes who haven't any sense would keep off. The management ought to do that much. Look how they bar out dogs! Why, you couldn't even bring in a toy terrier or a pet Peke on a leash without having the house rules flashed on you by the head bell hop. Yet they'll turn loose a chronic vamp like this Mrs. Whosit without so much as ringing a bell. Course she wouldn't bite anybody on the leg; but would the average bulldog or Airedale pup do as much mischief in a week as she can pull off in a day? I ask you."

Mr. Dean's mild gray eyes twinkled with amused interest.

"A—er—a somewhat unique theory," he said. "A menace to unwary males, eh? The primrose path, passable but unsafe."

He shrugged his shoulders in mock terror.

"How about if this Mrs. Arnold was your daughter or—well, suppose the widow took you in tow next?"

Taylor Dean chuckled.

"Frankly, Mr. Barton, I am unable to feel any sense of personal peril."

He reopened his book.

"Huh!" The district agent for the Luxuro Six undraped himself from the chair arm. "You don't know the breed, that's all."

Had the words been a gypsy's warning Taylor Dean would have given them just as little heed. Having lived to turn fifty without being drawn into any disturbing romantic entanglements, he considered himself quite immune. In fact, so far as he could see, he always had been immune to feminine wiles. Not that he conceded himself any great credit on that score. It had just happened that he was that way.

All of which should not obscure the fact that Mr. Dean was a widower and now, after nearly twenty years, was once more engaged to be married. But that first adventure into matrimony had been such a brief and such a sad one, and it had been less of a romance than an arrangement. He had married the girl next door, the daughter of his father's law partner. Poor Luella! He had been fond of her in a way, and perhaps she had really loved him. He had never quite decided. There had been no test of time. But surely there had been no grand passion between them. It had all come about in such a matter-of-fact fashion. Why, as early as he could remember anything he could recall being taken over to see Luella and hearing his mother and her mother make foolish talk about "the little sweethearts." At ten he had rebelled, stuck out his tongue at her behind the maternal backs, called her names. Whereupon she had wept, tattled on him, and he had been taken home and spanked. But at fifteen he had begun taking her to surprise parties and candy pulls and walking home from school with her. His dear little boyhood chums in their innocent glee had hailed these manifestations in the usual manner. They had shouted "Sissy" after him, and had danced around him singing:

"Taylor's mad
And I am glad
And I know what'll please him—
A sugar plum
And a bottle of rum
And Luella Brown to squeeze him."

It was during such tortures that he devoutly wished he could fight like Snub Gallagher, who, alone and unaided, had licked a whole gang of Millenders one historic Saturday afternoon. But Taylor never could fight. He was big enough. At sixteen he overtopped by several inches every boy in his grade and he weighed one hundred and forty. There was, however, little strength in those big arms of his, and small combativeness in his spirit. He had, though, a distinct knack for edging out of squabbles with an "Aw, shucks! I didn't mean anything." Of course he was listed as a coward by the smaller bullies, who pushed him around, knocked off his cap and teased him about Luella. But he was not actually a coward. Rather, he had an innate distaste for practicing the little cruelties, the small barbarities of the young ruffians with whom he was brought up.

They considered him too clumsy for baseball, too yellow for a place even on a scrub high-school eleven. His movements were slow and rather awkward. His mother explained that he had grown too fast. Anyway, about the only outdoor sport in which he performed with any credit was croquet. He could always beat Luella. She was a frail, colorless, timid little thing, Luella; of a blond prettiness and with appealing blue eyes. She, and perhaps she alone, thought Taylor Dean a strong, noble fellow. He was her hero. None of the other girls disputed her claim. She was welcome to "that softy."

But Taylor appeared to be in no hurry to claim her. In fact he could not, for before him stretched the long road which he must travel before he could write Attorney after his name, fulfilling his father's ambitions. So there was high school to be finished, then college, then the law school. And it was not until he had struggled through a whole year as a law student that he was forced to confess to his father that he knew he should never be a lawyer. It was perhaps the bitterest scene of Taylor Dean's whole career.

"Well, for God's sake, what can you do?" the elder Dean had demanded.

Taylor did not know. As a makeshift, Uncle Asa was asked to give Taylor some kind of job in the bank of which he was president. Uncle Asa did, grudgingly, and at twenty-seven Taylor assumed the combined duties of janitor, office boy and subclerk in the Millport National Bank, at a salary which might have been stretched to cover his board and lodging if he had not been living at home. More waiting for Luella.

Just what particular niche in the great cosmos Taylor Dean was best suited to fill is as yet undetermined and probably will so remain. How few of us ever do find the right niche! He knew from the beginning that banking was not his. There were certain features of it which he loathed. Counting soiled paper money was one. Declining to cash checks for strangers of good appearance was another, and this constant vigilance against mistakes in addition wearied his very soul.

Yet he could see no escape. He seemed caught in the meshes of this financial web into which he had fallen. However, he did his best. He mastered the routine, inhibited his dislikes, copied the methods of his superiors, plugged on. It was not so hopeless as the law would have been. And as the business of the bank grew, as vacancies occurred, he was shoved up, step by step, despite his lack of ambition to climb. Eventually he became resigned, actually formed an ideal of what a good banker should be like, and in a measure realized something approaching that ideal. Which would serve as the true story of most careers if such tales were told with honesty.

At thirty-one he married Luella. This was six months after his father had died, and it was subsequent to a long talk with his mother, who had pointed out that now he need wait no longer. Luella could live with them. She did, for less than a year. She was not meant for motherhood. The child went with her. Both slipped away quietly and easily. Within a week Taylor Dean had recovered from the shock. A month later he was conscious of a secret sense of relief.

Then the dull years; not especially dreary, but uneventful, with a comfortable monotony. His mother died. There was old Martha, however, who had always managed the domestic machinery of the big gray mansion on Elm Street. Martha continued in the accustomed way. Taylor Dean followed his usual routine from breakfast table to desk, from desk to dinner. Three evenings a week he went to the City Club, where he played billiards or bridge until 10:30. The four other evenings he settled himself in the big leather easy-chair in his little library and read. He was a novel reader, an indiscriminate devourer of fiction—romance, adventure, mystery tales. He had tried the classics with which the shelves were stocked—Dickens, Thackeray, Dumas, Scott—but they bored him. Chiefly he was fond of love stories, and the more lurid they were the better he liked them. He was a little ashamed of this taste and always took care to slip a stout paper cover over the original jacket. Later he had one made of leather, with the words, Dombey and Son, Dickens, stamped on the back. And only old Jarvis, of the State Street Book and Stationery Store, knew how many trashy volumes went to him every year.

Gradually, too, he began to find a place in the social life of Millport. He came to be a filler-in at family dinners, at anniversary affairs, at evening card parties. As an eligible widower he was angled for by undespairing spinsters, by comely widows. Now and then he nibbled shyly at the bait, but always, as the line tightened, he back-finned away; not because of any shrewd discretion, but more for the reason that he could not believe the angling was meant for him. He remembered how, as a boy, the girls had scorned him, the names he had been called; and how, as a youth, he had been almost wholly ignored by young women. He had not admitted to himself that his somewhat heavy features were actually homely. What male would? Now a woman who is without beauty of face or figure is apt to be fully conscious of her defects. But a man! Yes, every morning for many years had Taylor Dean examined in the shaving mirror the generous proportions of his nose and mouth, the wide flatness of his ears, the untamed bristle of his jutting eyebrows, and he was unconvinced of their general disharmony. He offset, in his estimate, these unfavorable points with some good ones which he had discovered. The deep chin dimple, for instance. It was a nuisance to shave around, but he rather fancied it. And the strong firm sweep of the jaw. His eyes weren't so bad, were they?

Still, he was sure there was something about him which marred any appeal to feminine eyes. Even the unexpressed worship of Luella had not shaken this belief, and at forty it was a fixed idea. Perhaps he came nearest to forgetting this unmasculine complex when he was talking to Esther Manners, a cousin of poor Luella's.

Miss Manners was unlike Luella—quite. A plump, deep-chested, firm-voiced young woman was Esther Manners, with coppery red hair, an amazingly clear complexion and brilliant blue eyes. She had much poise of manner. Esther always impressed Taylor Dean as a young woman who knew exactly what she wanted to do and was about to do it. At first he was rather afraid of her. During the wedding preparations, and afterwards, especially at the time of poor Luella's passing away, he became better acquainted. He admired her quiet efficiency. Later he looked forward to the rare occasions when she dropped in of an evening to see how he was getting on.

He had often wondered why such a thoroughly nice young woman remained unmarried. He had heard vaguely of an affair. He believed the young man had gone to California on business and had married someone else. Esther had continued to be a school-teacher. When Taylor was forty or more she had been made principal of one of Millport's three grammar schools, and retained that position in spite of small-town politics.

Taylor was always more at ease when, at various social functions, Esther Manners was present. He could find things to say to her. They had little jokes in common. He called her Cousin Esther, laughingly at first, then as a matter of habit. They began to be asked out together. "You'll bring Esther, won't you?" the hostess would phone, as if she were actually a relative. He accepted that attitude as an explanation of her friendliness toward him. If others sometimes speculated on the possibilities of a match between them, no such thought occurred to Taylor Dean. There was that fixed idea about the something which barred him from the class of men whom women liked.

As a matter of fact, the barrier no longer existed. Plain-faced and awkward he may have been as a young man, but in middle age he was different. Men with heavy features and large frames often do develop a late flowering grace. Quite without his knowledge Taylor Dean had done this. He had mellowed, ripened, sweetened, like a winter pear. A gentle kindliness glowed in his mild eyes. His once clumsy bulk he now carried with almost a gracious dignity. In deference to his position as acting head of the bank he had learned to dress the part, and a Millport tailor of unusual cleverness had helped him to dress it well. He owned one of the three braid-bound frock coats in town. His hands and nails were well kept. His regular habits gave to his cheeks a clear, wholesome pink-and-white color. Even quite young women smiled pleasantly on him these days. He thought it was very nice of them to do so. Perhaps he had helped their fathers or brothers in some way.

As for Esther Manners, he admired her more and more; but his real sentiment toward her he never stopped to analyze. What was the use?

And then, without much warning, faithful old Martha one day finished her last task. He knew at once that a blow had fallen, for instead of having his coffee and eggs and toast served promptly in his cheerful dining room, he walked six blocks and sat on a stool at the Bon Air Lunch counter, where his breakfast was shoved at him by a frowsy-haired waitress who was mainly intent on exchanging spicy repartee with a traveling cigar salesman. It was not an appetizing breakfast either. And his dinner that night at the Millport House was hardly more successful.

One could not hire a good cook in Millport any day of the week or any old month in the year. As in most New England towns where there are mills and factories, domestic help was scarce, at times practically unobtainable. Marthas were rare treasures, but just how much he had depended on her for his comfortable existence he did not appreciate until he had been a week or more without her.

During that period he had discovered that the frying of an egg was an art, that good coffee was not produced merely by dumping a handful of ground Mocha in a pot, and that a wrinkled sheet added nothing to a night's rest. It was amazing, too, where all the dust came from and how quickly a room could take on a cluttered look. A succession of Millport House dinners had resulted in the first attack of indigestion he had known in years.

So, one sultry night in late August, he was dining in an untidy room on crackers and milk. He was in his shirt sleeves, and against the milk bottle he had propped the Millport Evening Record. It was thus that Esther Manners, back from a month's visit to the Maine coast, found him. She had followed her ring at the front door and walked in with brisk cheeriness.

"Why, Taylor! What a picture of forlorn neglect! I heard about poor old Martha only yesterday and I came straight home. I knew you'd be left stranded, but I didn't imagine you would so quickly get into such—such a state as this. Crackers and milk!"

"Perhaps you've never sampled the meals at the Millport House?" he asked, struggling hastily into his coat.

"Thank my lucky stars, no. But did Martha take broom and dust cloth with her?"

"I'm not sure, Esther. I don't know where she kept 'em. I hate dirt, too, but—well, it seemed such a hopeless job. I suppose I ought to be getting someone to come in and clean up. But they'd have to be looked after, wouldn't they? Perhaps as soon as I feel like myself again I'll ——"

"You'll do nothing of the kind, goosey. There, there! Don't worry about it. I'll send my Thelma in here early tomorrow morning, and while she's putting you to rights I'll see what can be done about a regular housekeeper. Thelma'll have your breakfast ready and you're to come to my little flat for dinner every night, remember. Why didn't you send word to me before, Taylor? You should have telegraphed. Now finish your crackers and milk while I make you a cup of tea and some cinnamon toast. Wait! Let me fix your necktie."

Taylor couldn't be expected to know it, but when they start in straightening your tie they mean business. They have crossed the Rubicon and you might as well throw open the gates. You're a goner. Taylor felt that something queer was happening to him; he didn't know what. His heart was pounding away at his ribs, a tingly sensation was spreading from his spine to his finger tips, there was a choking in his throat. Well, something like that. Anyway, her brilliant blue eyes were very near

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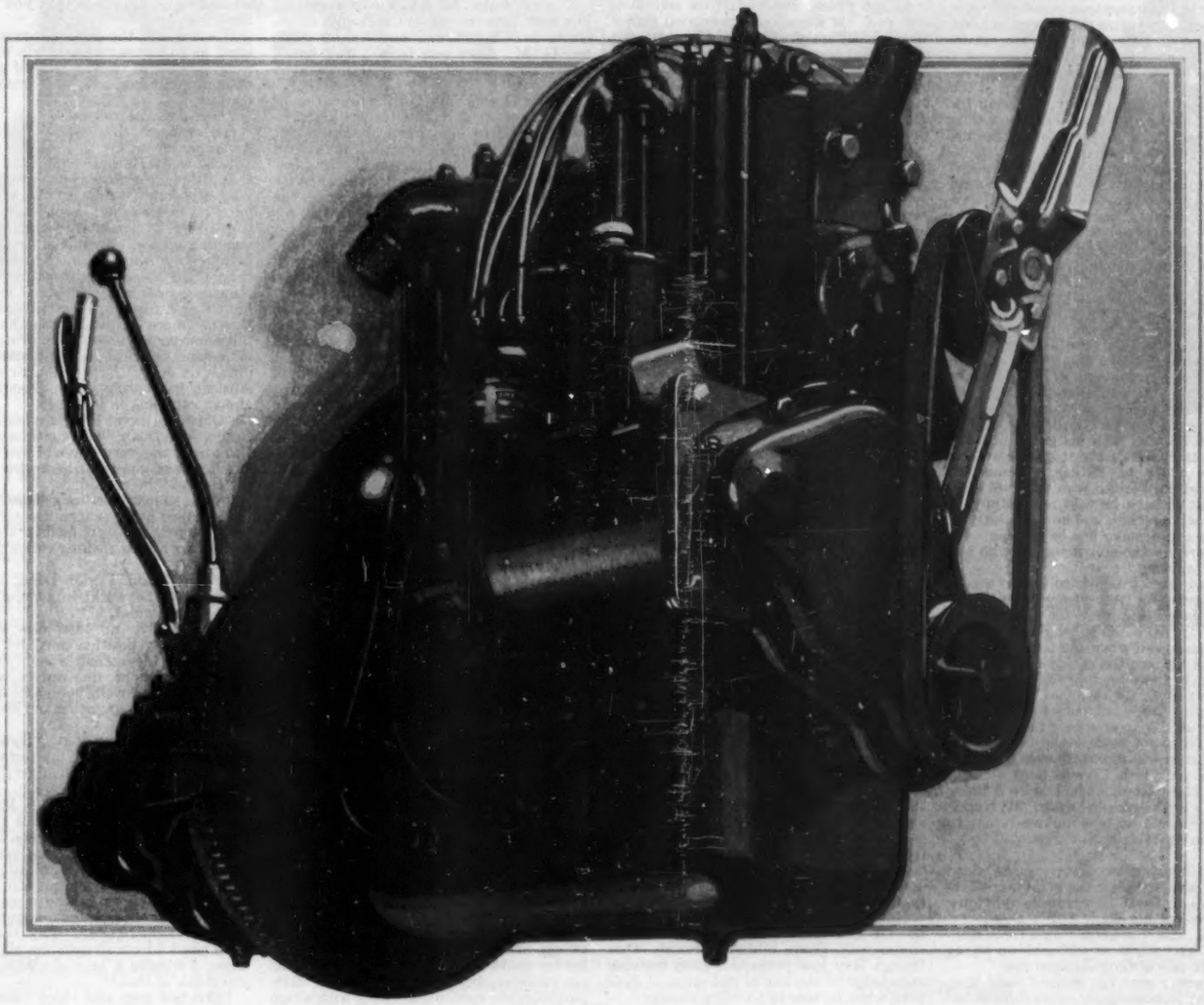
CHEVROLET



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to his, her coppery hair brushed his forehead, there was a tender note in her voice.

"Esther!"

The word came gaspingly, huskily. Just her name, but she seemed to understand.

"Yes, dear?"

"I—I need you so much; I want you; I—Esther—I love you!"

"Do you, Taylor? I am so glad, so glad!"

Thus did their romance come galloping in on them, and before the cinnamon toast was done they were calmly discussing the wedding plans. It should be soon, very soon. Esther would resign her school position at once. The two new members of the board were bent on putting in a man for principal, so they might as well know they could. There should be no big church affair; a quiet ceremony in the parlor of the Congregational parsonage. Taylor thought that more or less ought to be done to the old house before she came to it as his wife—a thorough cleaning, perhaps new window hangings, some of the furniture done over. He must look around and see about it.

"What a kind, thoughtful old dear you are!" said Esther, patting his cheek. "But what a mess you would make of it all! This must be my job. I should like to be right on the ground while I'm bossing it too. Now if you could only run off somewhere for two or three weeks ——"

Having considered this proposal, he decided that he could. He had taken no real vacation for years and he thought it might be arranged. It was. So here he was at Baldcrest Manor, with his golf clubs and four unread novels. Every night he wrote a two-page letter to Esther. Somewhat formal and bankerlike love missives they were; but in each he told how happy he was over winning her, and how earnestly he hoped he could make her happy too. No doubt he really thought it was he who had done the winning.

He had just listened to some urgent words of warning from young Mr. Barton. He had been told that he didn't know women. He, who had so long kept women at a distance, and when the time came had chosen for his own the choicest of them all. How much these youngsters knew that wasn't so! With a smile of self congratulation, Taylor Dean resumed the thread of his story at the point where the scheming countess is about to lure the hero to her much mortgaged villa overlooking the sapphire sea on which Ulysses once set sail. And the young woman who had been biting her lip by the news stand asked Mr. Hinkle where she could leave a night message to be sent to Montclair, New Jersey.

In the lobby after dinner, as he stood smoking a cigar before the great stone fireplace, Taylor Dean once more found young Mr. Barton at his elbow.

"It's no use, you know," said Dean smilingly. "You might as well give up trying to sell me one of those Luxuro cars."

"We never give up, major," said Roy, tapping him impressively on the third waistcoat button. "Once you're card-indexed as a Luxuro prospect, we keep after you until you either buy or die—unless you go broke. But it's too soon for a follow-up spiel. I was just going to give you the latest bulletin from the front. Heard anything, major?"

He seemed to have a fad for conferring on chance acquaintances titles and names of his own invention.

"About what?" asked Dean.

"The second act of the drama. Wifie's wired her folks all about it, and when her gay Romeo came up to dress for dinner she gave him the bawling out of his young life. The people in rooms on either side heard every word and they've been spreading the news. She's up there doing the sob act and he's out on the back veranda lighting one cigarette from another. And shush! Here comes the lady villainess looking for a fresh victim. Better duck behind something."

Of course Taylor Dean did nothing of the kind. He smiled sketchily at his young friend's obvious joke and stared over his shoulder. He was not an incurious man, nor was he above being interested in gossip. Among the younger matrons of Millport were one or two who were said to be rather gay, and he found an interest in watching them at parties and balls.

But at a glance he decided they were quite different from this Mrs. Hilliard. Those Millport semisirens who got themselves talked about were somewhat buxom, bold-eyed young women who dressed strikingly. But here was a person attired simply in black; one with demure, downcast eyes, who walked discreetly, looking neither to right nor left. True, his description of a simple black costume failed to include several items; the black ostrich-feather fan, the jet ear danglers, the open-work silk stockings, the frank revelation of white arms and snowy shoulders. But to Taylor Dean it was just a black dress, rather a charming one.

As she passed she looked up and their eyes met. It was a cool, unhurried glance of appraisal which she gave him. He felt that he had been taken in from his carefully brushed hair to the soles of his patent-leather pumps. Just a flash, and then she had passed on. Instinctively he felt to see if his black bow tie had worked up in the back. Roy Barton nudged him gleefully.

"Got your number that time, major. Some vamp, eh?"

Taylor Dean protested.

"Really now, I shouldn't say so. Seemed real quiet and ladylike. Are you sure there hasn't been some mistake?"

Young Mr. Barton's glee increased.

"Oo-oo la-la! Winged you with the first shot, didn't she, major? Anyway, she got you rushing in with the kind words; and the Lord knows she's gonna need 'em, the way those old dames are panning her. And probably she has you picked out as Number Four on the list."

Dean indulged in one of his rare chuckles. It might be absurd for anyone to suggest that he, a middle-aged country banker, could find favor in the eyes of such an altogether charming person as this vision in black, but the notion was far from being a disagreeable one. He rather liked playing with it for the moment. He was not displeased, either, with the chummy attitude of this youngster who called him major and nudged him in the ribs. In fact he was flattered by it. He countered in kind.

"Me nothing, you young scamp! I'll bet it's you she has her eye on. Come, Roy!"

"Fat chance! Suppose I didn't see who she aimed that look at, major? Besides, I queered myself with Lady Whosit the first night I came. Seems she was shy a dance partner and she'd spotted me fox-trotting with that little Chapin flapper. What does she do but get hold of Gladys and make her trot me over to her corner. Starts right in pawing me on the arm and feeding me the strained honey—what a splendid dancer I am and all that. 'Yes-s-s?' says I. 'Well maybe Gladys and I'll give you another treat.' And as Gladys was willing, we did, leaving her to sit it out by her lonesome. Say, since then all that's passed between us has been chunks of ice, and I hear she's been trying to work up the suspicion that I might be a prohibition agent sent up here to scout out cocktail room parties. She's got claws, that little cat has, believe me!"

However, Taylor Dean couldn't believe it. He and Roy found a couple of easy-chairs and Dean hinted jocularly that though Roy had perhaps a good working knowledge of the habits and ways of flappers, when it came to knowing women ——

"Say, major, don't kid yourself. I haven't been selling Luxuros for two years with blinders on my eyes and my ears full of cotton. Not little Willie. And I'm telling you that when you're sent out with a line like ours—special bodies running up to twenty thousand—you get mixed in with some rare birds. Course, it's mostly the man who signs on the dotted line; but in nine cases out of ten he only does it because some lovely lady is leaning over his shoulder pushing the fountain pen into his hand, and it's them you have to work on first. You can guess the kind 50 per cent of 'em are—opera singers, leading ladies, movie stars, with their broker backers who've been teased into making little birthday presents; new wives of oily richers who've picked something from the Follies, or flossy ex-telephone girls breaking in their heavy sugar babies. I don't know 'em, eh? Then I can't tell a kitten from a canary. And as for spotting a frisky widow who's doing a turn as hotel vamp—why, major, that's kindergarten stuff."

Wide-eyed, Taylor Dean listened to the sophisticated words of this surprising youth. True, he had read of such persons as Roy talked about so glibly, mainly in newspaper accounts of divorce cases; but never before had he known anyone who had actually been in contact with them. He was frankly thrilled by the secondhand glimpses of gilded sinners who tossed pearl ropes and silver-mounted limousines into the laps of their favorites. Well, perhaps they did not exactly toss the limousines.

He settled himself for a long chat. He, in turn, became confidential with this young man whom he was now calling Roy. He told him of the unexpected vacation which he was taking, and about Esther. He was patted on the shoulder, congratulated. He was moved to go into details as to the many excellencies and rare womanly qualities of Esther, when Roy suddenly looked at his watch and jumped up.

"Sorry, major, but it's time I was getting in a long-distance call to the Boston office. Gotta have a half-hour business jaw with our G. M. See you later. And mind, major, Lady Whosit'll grab you if you don't watch out."

Taylor Dean grinned at the repetition of the joke and strolled off to the writing room to begin that two-page letter to Esther. It was getting to be almost a task, for he had not the knack of dashing off chatty paragraphs about nothing at all; and when for the sixth or seventh time he had rung the changes on his happiness and his wish for hers, the subject seemed very nearly exhausted. Besides, it was only by sheer strength of will that he curbed his tendency to open with, "Replying to yours of the 20th inst., in regard to the matter of ——" and so on.

Yet he did manage to set down in his legible precise script that he considered himself the luckiest man in the world, that he thought of her every hour of the day, that he hoped she was not getting all tired out renovating that old house, and more to much the same effect. He had started the second sheet with the statement that among the guests at the Mahor were a few somewhat interesting people. He had tried to sketch for Esther his breezy young friend, the automobile salesman, and he was just writing "Then there is a Mrs. Hilliard," when something distracted his attention and he glanced up to find himself looking full into the calm eyes of that lady herself. She was bending over the low wooden partition separating the two sides of the long writing table, peering at him a little wistfully, a piquantly apologetic smile flickering on her small, tight-lipped mouth.

"I beg pardon, but have—have you a spare pen point over there? This one is simply trying my soul." She exhibited the offending nib.

Hastily slipping a blotter over the unfinished page on which he had that moment traced her name, and blushing guiltily as he did it, Mr. Dean offered his own gold-banded fountain pen.

"Oh, but I couldn't think of taking yours!" she protested. "You hadn't finished your letter."

"It's of no consequence. Any time later—please."

"So kind of you. I merely wish to scratch off a note. Letter writing is such a nuisance, isn't it?"

Only after he had heartily agreed did a twinge of conscience prick him. What if Esther could have heard that? But as he sat there studying, across the silly little partition, the meticulous nicety with which her ash-blond hair was waved away from her white brow, his thoughts of Esther faded out.

"How stupid of me!" he heard her exclaim. "I can't seem to make the ink come."

The next moment he was by her side, showing her how to persuade the gold-banded affair to behave. But there are certain persons for whom even the most expensive and the most widely advertised fountain pens will not work. She was one.

"Bother the old letter!" And she shrugged her perfect shoulders prettily. "I'll tell you, I'll put off mine if you'll put off yours."

"By all means."

"Besides, the music is starting in the ballroom and I do love to watch dancing. Don't you?"

Her calm gray eyes were searching his more wistfully than ever.

"Why, I—yes, yes, I am very fond of it."

"Then let's. See, there's a double seat, just by the doors," she bubbled. "That is"—she glanced about—"unless you mind."

"But why should I—mind?" He asked it as if she had put an absurd question.

"We—that is, you haven't been properly presented. But of course I know who you are. You're Mr. Dean, the banker, from somewhere in Connecticut."

He bowed.

"And you are Mrs. Hilliard, from Pittsburgh."

"How clever of you!" She patted his hand; a light, fleeting pat, but he felt the thrill of it go racing up his arm. "Still, if you've heard that much, I suppose you've heard all the rest of it."

He shook his head, gave her one of his kindly, reassuring smiles—and this was something which Taylor Dean did very well, better than he knew. He was at his best when he smiled thus.

"My dear young lady," he went on, "what I hear is one thing, what I believe is another; and about you—well, all that I am willing to believe is that you are very charming."

It was by far the neatest turned compliment he had ever uttered. He was somewhat astonished to hear himself get it out without fumbling. He was promptly rewarded.

"You dear, dear man!"

He realized that Mrs. Hilliard was squeezing his arm.

Well, well! He was coming on. Perhaps that little joke of Roy's wasn't so much of a joke, after all. Maybe he was, as the boys put it, a fast worker. Soon they were sitting cozily in a painted wicker seat commanding a good view of the nearly empty ballroom. For an instant he realized that they could be seen quite as distinctly as they could observe others. Conspicuous, but he soon forgot. Mrs. Hilliard was expressing more gratitude. She had one of those low cooing voices which rose and fell in regular cadences as she placed an emphasis on every third or fourth word. A musical, fascinating voice, thought Dean; almost caressing in its tones.

"Quite the nicest thing anyone ever said to me, Mr. Dean," she continued. "And I'm sure it was very brave of you to say it. It is brave of you to sit here with me."

"Brave?" he echoed.

"With so many critics around."

She rolled her eyes significantly at three middle-aged ladies grouped in a corner at the left with their rocking-chairs pulled together.

"Pooh!" said Taylor Dean, breathing defiance to the world in general and the three in particular.

"But you've no idea how careful a woman in my position must be. I am a member of the merciless sex, you know. We hunt in packs, like wolves, and when one of us slips—well, you've heard. Give us a chance at a reputation and we tear it to bits."

"No, no!" he protested. "Some may be like that, but not you. I am certain, somehow, that you're different, finer."

Her gray eyes softened.

"You do understand me, Mr. Dean. There are so few who do. But I've been horribly criticized since I've been here. Oh, yes, over nothing at all too. Just because I danced once or twice with Billy Arnold. He's such a nice boy, and his wife is a dear, too, and we were all having so good a time until—until those old cats began running to her with their gossip. Why, there comes Billy now! I haven't seen him all the afternoon. I wonder if he —— Well, what do you think of that?"

Billy had seen and shied—shied off as obviously as a colt at a circus parade when he sniffs his first tiger.

"I know!" she went on. "Someone has been talking to him—about me."

Taylor Dean recalled the story of the bawling-out scene.

"Probably. I shouldn't mind though."

"But only last night he made me promise him another dance, and now he runs away as though I had smallpox. Oh, it's too ridiculous, and it's shameful! I've been so lonely this afternoon. There are so few really nice men here, and I like men. They're so much more generous and intelligent than women. And I do love dancing. But I suppose I must just sit here and be ignored and ——"

"Will you risk dancing with me?"

Dean was on his feet, making his best country-club bow.

"Risk! I should be delighted."

"But I'm not good at it. I may step on your toes."

She trilled a little laugh in his ear as she slid a white arm around his neck and began swaying to the meter of the fox trot. The clinging-vine hold was the one which Mrs. Hilliard employed. It was the most intimate close-contact position which Taylor Dean had experienced in his somewhat limited fox-trotting career; almost an embrace. But then, he reflected, his partners in Millport had been a chosen few from among the older married set, most of them rather stout matrons who had long since passed the clinging stage. He had noticed

(Continued on Page 62)

Balloon Tire Comfort
New Color Charms

Announcing
New Jewett De Luxe Brougham

New Autumn Colors—Balloon Tires

THE De Luxe Brougham *body* is new! Roomy comfort for five. Smart new body lines—quite the last word in style. New finish—a soft, cool Autumn Green, brightly striped in orange. Fine-grain leather finish back, with landau arms. Balloon tires for even *greater* riding comfort. Completely equipped—everything you'd want for a car!

Proved stamina—long-lived performance! For there's nothing freakish, untried, about the Jewett chassis! From the big, Paige-built, 50 h. p. Jewett motor to the all-steel universal joints—it has been tried and tested in over a billion miles of service.

Big Power

The big Jewett motor gives you all the power you want. Power to beat others up hills in high. Power to pull away first in traffic. Power to go through sand, mud and rough roads slowly in high. And because it's a *big* motor—because its power comes from *size* and not from wearing, killing motor speed—Jewett does its job easily, unstrained. So its life is long!

Jewett's motor was first used in a Paige selling for $2000! Then—improved, perfected—it was put in the Jewett. Five years' service—1,000,000,000 miles of travel—prove its staunchness!

Great Strength

Extra deep frame; heavy duty axles; all-steel universal joints; 2805 lbs. of huskiness—all strength for Jewett's big power!

Stop in at the local Jewett dealer's. See this smart new Jewett Brougham. He'll "stand treat" to a ride for you and your family. You drive. Notice the smooth, easy handling. Notice, too, how nimble Jewett is and its substantial "feel." Jewett's trim beauty and easy riding will delight the whole family.

Included at Jewett's low price are: Five balloon cord tires; Duco finish; nickeled radiator, head lamps and cowl lamps; motometer; monogram cap; sun visor; spotlight; stop light; double bar bumpers front and rear; trunk and trunk rack; automatic windshield wiper; rear view mirror; heater; thief-proof transmission lock. All included at $1525 f. o. b. Detroit, tax extra. Steel wheels extra.

Proved JEWETT
PAIGE BUILT SIX

"ONE BILLION MILES BEYOND EXPERIMENT"

The Jewett Drivers' Column

Here's a little praise from the land of the big apples! Mr. S. C. Pier of Portland, Oregon, writes:

"I can say with authority, having owned and driven five other cars, the Jewett is the best of them all. I am willing to go further and say that I don't see how a better operating, or more comfortable or beautiful car can be bought at any price."

You'll still feel the same way 10,000 miles from now, Mr. Pier!

On our way East, let's stop off at St. Louis. Mr. Arthur Fuller has a few kind words to say. He says this:

"I have been a car owner and driver for the past twenty years and know something about an automobile. I consider the Jewett offers more dollar-for-dollar value than any car of its size. It is a real engineering and quality job throughout. The car has a world of power, is a wonder at hill-climbing and quick get-away, steers and handles easier than any car I have owned, and performs in every way like a much higher priced car."

We couldn't ask for more than that, Mr. Fuller. Thank you!

Down in Knoxville, Tenn., lives Mr. A. Gains, who has been driving a Jewett Touring. He casually stepped up to Boston in his Jewett—a 1,000 mile jaunt—and then wrote us:

"I am frank to say it was the first car I ever really enjoyed driving. I believe a ten year old child could drive it anywhere. The proof of the pudding is, I liked it so well, came back home and bought the closed car and have found it just as satisfactory as the touring car."

Welcome to the big family of Jewett boosters, Mr. Gains.

We'll get down East now and listen to Mr. H. H. Robinson of New York City, who broadcasts this:

"I am so darned enthusiastic about the Jewett job that I can't refrain from writing. I had been driving much larger and more expensive cars. I have arrived at the conclusion that my Jewett is the most useful car from every angle built in this country today. Its speed and power are phenomenal and it handles easier than anything I have ever seen with four wheels." He ends up with, "This letter is just the free-will offering of the best satisfied owner in the New York Metropolitan District."

That's just fine, Mr. Robinson! But there are several thousand other Jewett owners around who think *they* are the best satisfied.

Doctor Syntax and the Passion Flower

By Aaron Davis

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

MATILDA DELAFIELD MUNTY, interior decorator from New York City, stretched herself flat in the gleaming grass of the sand bluff above the shore line of the sea, leaned her chin across her arms and regarded the flickering tints of the water. Unaccustomed to these simple ecstasies of a shore village, she felt sure her content in the spring morning wind and dazzling sun could continue thus forever. As a matter of fact, it did continue for almost twenty minutes. Then she raised her head and looked about her, ready for a little action.

Before her the sea slept, beneath her the ground seemed fresh yet sleepy, while behind her the town dozed with its usual persistence, and a striking loneliness settled upon her heart.

"Well," she stated to herself with great positiveness, "the doctor wanted me to get a complete rest and it looks as though I couldn't help it."

She wriggled her body to the edge of the bank and looked over. At once the impression that she was the sole denizen of an uninhabited world was corrected, for ten feet below her lay an unfailing index to a near-by civilization, an absolute hint that other people had trod her earth, in a fair and intriguing rubbish pile.

It was not a large common dumping ground, but a place of considerable exclusiveness, confined perhaps to a score of the leading families. Horsehair furniture relics, tires, both motor and cycle, tin cans and broken china blended into a whole of genuine cosmopolitan interest. The sun twinkled in her eyes from off a piece of blue ware, and interest in life awakened again in Matilda. She cocked her head on one side and gazed more carefully.

"H'm. What in the world is that? Isn't it a marvelous shade of blue? I'll have a look at that."

Down the bluff Matilda slid and seized the flashing bit of blue pottery in her hands.

"Good gracious, isn't it lovely? What in the world is it?" And she searched around for further bits of the broken plate. There were only half a dozen pieces and all in the spot where they had been discarded. Within a minute the entire pattern of the plate was cupped in her palms.

"I do wish I'd studied old china. I know this is something precious. Look at that blue. Pure lapis lazuli."

Turning the pieces she found on the bottom, printed in deep blue, the title, Doctor Syntax and the Bees. There was no other mark.

In spite of her enthrallment by the purity of the blue color of the plate, Matilda felt in no wise drawn to the scene depicted. A clerical gentleman, in the forecourt of an English manor house, was actively engaged in dissuading a hive of bees from swarming on the spot where his wig left his back head open for swarming. There was no doubt about it; his picture was caught at a moment when he was genuinely busy. To his rescue, with mop and pail and courageous heart, were rushing a platoon of household servants, while above him, pedestaled on an upper walk, a plump-figured lady waved her parasol and seemed about to swoon and, swooning, fall on the doctor and crush out his consciousness as well as that of the bees—and away in the distance the smooth lawns and perfect hedges of a fair countryside.

"Good gracious, but that plate must be rare! It certainly is an ugly enough picture to be priceless."

Although Matilda was not bound completely by it, she nevertheless appreciated that principle which governs most decorators in their ratings of value. Nothing which possessed obvious and simple beauty of form and line could be genuinely beautiful. Beauty, that is, the real loveliness, must be a strange and ofttimes concealed quality, a quality which the lay person does not readily understand without the proper interpretation by the decorator who sells the item. It is a grand scheme and a governing factor in the ability of a sales person to damn an article as horrible one day and laud its quaint charm the next.

Matilda sat on the rubbish heap playing with the pieces of colored ware for an hour, like a child tossing gay pebbles on a beach. Her business as a decorator demanded an appreciation of color, and the richness of the somber blue had a more than normal appeal to her. In her it planted seeds of the covetousness which is the hall-mark of the old china maniac and from it she fashioned pleasant stories for herself.

Indeed, at the end of an hour Matilda had visualized a great and varied collection of china—her collection. And experts from the great museums of the world were seeking her opinion and listening with more than a touch of reverence in their attitudes as she spoke lightly of first one rare piece and then another. And always before they left her presence she would graciously open the carved doors of a special cabinet to let them peep at that masterpiece of ceramic color, that mended bit of perfection, the blue plate she now held in her hands.

"Yes," said Matilda with gravity, "I must take up china. It's a branch of my business I've neglected altogether. I'll start right away."

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"Say," He Hollered, Pointing a Shaking Hand at Miss Munty, "Listen Here! Do You Think You Can Get Away With a Job Like That?"

DODGE BROTHERS
TYPE-A SEDAN

The Type-A Sedan invites particular favor as Autumn approaches.

The complete comfort and protection it affords are worth their cost; especially in a car as substantially built and smartly equipped as the Type-A Sedan.

DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

(Continued from Page 44)

To Matilda the problem of her blue plate was an intriguing thing. It was the "go" which came after the "on your mark—get set" in her race as a china collector.

At the village post office she found that Mr. Henry Hobson was the sanitary official of the town. To him she applied for information.

Mr. Hobson leaned down from the seat of his wagon, steadied himself carefully on the stern extension of his soiled black horse, suddenly recollected the butt of a cigar stored under the seat of the vehicle, which he took out and examined but did not light, lowered himself carefully again and remarked, "How?"

"I asked," said Matilda in a louder voice, "if you could tell me where the stuff which you last put on the dump over by the shore came from."

"Oh, yes!" And Mr. Hobson gave a smile to intimate that he, too, was a Christian. "The morning service is at ten o'clock, and then there's the evening hour of song and praise at 7:30 of the clock. Also prayer meeting on Wednesdays at 7:30 sharp. Do come. Welcome to all."

And Mr. Hobson climbed back on his seat and suggested to his horse that it was no longer time for pleasant dalliance along the road. Matilda grasped a shaft and the edge of the cart and drew herself up beside him.

"No, Mr. Hobson, you didn't understand me."

"You'll have to speak louder than that, young lady; I'm deaf."

"Yes," allowed Matilda, drawing a few sample breaths before putting real heart into her voice; "I just learned it. Can you tell me from whose house that stuff over on the shore dump came?"

"Whose house?" inquired Mr. Hobson, seemingly surprised and drawing back his head to gaze earnestly at her.

"Yes; whose house?" Matilda bellowed again, her lips half an inch from Mr. Hobson's ear.

A few shopkeepers stepped to their doors to enjoy this pleasant distraction. Several local dogs, self-appointed guardians of the peace, also found it wise to come from a distance to inspect such goings on. Major, the horse, familiar with the idiosyncrasies of the deaf, seemed the only live thing of the neighborhood whose curiosity was not whetted by this idyl of the dump cart. Major maintained his slow and not overcertain rate of travel and the oblivious Matilda held staunchly on her quest for knowledge.

"Blue china?" shouted Mr. Hobson, whose own voice was spurred on by his companion's example. "You'd like to find some old blue china? Is that what you want?"

"Yes," roared Matilda, waving her hands as an aid to her voice. "Blue. Plates, cups, saucers, teapots—you know. Blue ones. Old."

The wall which protected Mr. Henry Hobson's intelligence was at last completely pierced by the vigor of Matilda's language, but not until a ruling portion of the inhabitants had heard plainly what she wished. A loud voice carries far on a quiet spring afternoon, and the village was not large.

"No," announced Mr. Hobson finally, "I don't know of any. I'm sorry, for I'd like to help you."

"So am I," answered Matilda, climbing down from the wagon rather dispirited, "for I wanted to find some dreadfully."

She had walked scarcely a hundred yards back along the footpath when a lady, who had been one of many pleased listeners to her late ride, spoke to her across the white fence which bounded a yard.

"Didn't I hear you asking Henry Hobson where was some old blue china?"

"Yes," said Matilda, smiling her pleasantest; "can you by any chance tell me? I do want to find some so much. Do you know any place?"

"Uh-huh," admitted the lady.

"Where is it?" asked the excited Matilda.

The lady continued to gaze uninterestedly down the street and merely motioned over her shoulder with a thin thumb.

"What?" shouted Matilda. "You have some, in your house here? Oh, please, may I see it?"

"Uh-huh," answered the lady, moving over to open the gate, while still finding some strong but unapparent interest down the highway.

Through the hushed back kitchen Matilda followed the owner of the house. The musical drip of water from the pump into the sink rose and fell with the unrelated clearness of a xylophone's notes. Through the open pantry door she saw stacks of china in the dim light and a feeling almost holy filled her. She stood on the threshold of she knew not what enormous discoveries. All her life had been a preface to this moment. Just as the sentimental passions of sixteen are more keen and unqualified and soul-torturing yet ecstatic than the maturer ones, so the first flush of a hobby is the most poignant. Knowledge in neither case has had its chance to dull the blazing hope that perfection is readily attainable.

The owner of the treasure broke the spell in a vibrant nasal voice:

"Know anything about old china?"

"No," said Matilda, her words soft with respect; "I'm sorry to say I don't."

"Good!" answered the voice almost gratefully. "I'll tell you about it then. I've got something wonderful here. Willie says it is, and Willie he knows. A Doctor Syntax platter, Willie says it is."

"Doctor Syntax?" questioned Matilda excitedly. "Really? I know the Doctor Syntax pattern. So this is valuable, is it?" And she smiled delightedly to herself at this vindication of her opinion of the morning when she had decided that such color must be rare.

"Uh-huh. But look at the border. That's what makes it valuable. Willie he says that all Doctor Syntax pieces have borders like that. If they don't have borders like that they aren't worth much, they aren't. Willie he says those flowers in the border are called passion flowers. I don't know why, but that's what Willie says. If they haven't got passion flowers in the border they aren't much good. Willie read it in a book, he did. Willie's a great hand for a book."

This first bit of china lore burned itself into Matilda's brain. Already she felt rather advanced in her studies. But the haziness of her memory teased her. She couldn't recall what theme formed the border of her treasured plate from the dump heap.

"But do they ever have such plates without this passion-flower border?"

"Oh, yes; but they aren't worth anything. Here, I've got some. I'll show you."

The lady returned from the pantry with six plates and two small platters and laid them on the kitchen table. The depth of the old blue seemed as rich to Matilda's eyes as that of the other platter, but the owner at once disabused her of any idea of their beauty.

"See, they have oak leaves and acorns in the border, and they can't be pretty unless they have passion flowers. That's what Willie says. He says that one with the right kind of border is worth a lot of money. Fifty dollars, he says."

"It is valuable, isn't it?" exclaimed Matilda genuinely. "Fifty dollars is a lot of money."

"Yes, it is to some people. But, you see, it has passion flowers in the border."

Matilda nodded her understanding.

"And these other ones—what do you think they are worth?"

"They aren't worth much. I'd give them as trade to anyone who bought the good platter. I'd like to get fifty dollars cash, because Willie he wants a loud speaker for his radio."

"I see," said Matilda thoughtfully. "And can you tell me where they came from?"

"The big one belonged to my aunt—the one I was named after. I was supposed to get a thousand dollars when she died, but there was only one hundred and eighty dollars left and I got this platter instead."

"And the other plates?"

"Oh, yes, they were left in Judge Hamilton's place over at Dennis—the one he sold furnished last winter—and the new owners gave them to Willie, who has been carpentering over there this spring. He goes over every day in his flivver and takes his dinner with him. Willie's a great hand for cake and I always have to put a piece in his dinner box." Recollection of this point was the first thing that had furnished Willie's mother with sufficient cause to smile.

Matilda looked at the old blue ware yearningly. She wished she had fifty dollars to humor her new fancy, but money came too hard to be lavishly expended.

"Well, thank you very much," she said slowly, and then added breathlessly, "I'm quite willing to pay fifty dollars for them."

"All right," replied the lady with no change of emotion. "Willie can get his loud speaker for the Saturday-night concert now. The Shannon Stores in Providence broadcast some lovely violin music. You can hear it just as plain. Here, I'll put the plates in a basket for you. If you're passing by, just leave the basket sometime."

"Thank you very, very much. I'm sure I'll love these plates," said Matilda, pausing in the doorway.

"Uh-huh, all right," sighed the lady, bending down to look intently across the back fence at nothing at all. "I'll tell Willie."

Through the lonely wooded short cut back to her hotel Matilda paused three times to make an extensive inspection of her plates.

The more she realized that they were hers the more perfect they became.

Her finger tips, though untrained in sensing the quality of a ware by feel and weight, were soothed with the almost clinging softness of the glaze; and she discovered, through her tender stroking of the old blue surfaces, with what magnetic eloquence a plate can speak to a person.

From the little local library which she passed on her way Matilda obtained a single shabby book dealing with old china and pottery. There was not much to aid her hunt within it, yet she gleaned a few of the fundamentals. She learned to distinguish soft-paste china from hard-paste by the absence of glaze from the bottom ring on which a plate of the latter type rested. And she was immensely excited when she decided that her few pieces, warm and almost sticky to the touch, as the book explained, were of soft glaze. An observer might have thought she had made this difficult decision from among a hundred instead of two choices. To Matilda it was a triumphant moment, and she spoke as though to an important customer.

"Yes, certainly, this is soft-glaze ware." And aside—"Gracious, doesn't that sound technical and educated? I wish there was somebody here I could try it on."

And also she discovered that her pieces were Staffordshire, and that Staffordshire was the generic name for a type of pottery, and that there were many potters whose wares came under that classification. Enoch Wood, Stevenson, Ridgeway, Stubbs, Clews and Adams became names which could thrill her.

But the name Clews stirred her most keenly, for he was the potter responsible for her Doctor Syntax platter, which bore impressed on the bottom, in a circle surrounding an eagle, "Clews, Warranted, Staffordshire," and he had designed that wreath of prime value, the passion-flower border.

She knew about that; in fact she had known about it for almost half an hour, so she felt a trifle blasé over her mastery of the item.

In her hotel room Matilda rushed to compare the border of her Doctor-Syntax-and-the-Bees plate with the proper one on the platter. Disappointment settled darkly down upon her expectations. It was totally different from the passion-flower border, or even from the worthless oak-and-acorn one. Her plate had shells and seaweed surrounding the central cartoon.

Tears were almost in Matilda's voice as she spoke to defend her first love.

"I don't care. It's a lovely blue. I think it's a far more beautiful blue than either of the others." Her attitude became that of a mother defending a deficient child. "Don't you worry," she whispered quite seriously to the plate. "I won't let them make fun of you. I think you are beautiful."

Back to her New York office Matilda returned to take up the activities of her decorating business. And the blue plates and platters, ornamenting an old Welsh dresser in a corner of the studio, were a source of genuine delight for any spare minutes that were hers. In the rush of getting back to work again she found no chance to study up on her new hobby. She postponed that pleasure until she had leisure, and weeks went past and still she learned nothing more concerning them.

On a morning in June came Mr. Harrison St. John to her place of business. Mr. St. John was one of the slick-haired eels of her profession. Twice he had been in London—once when he had leave from the regiment which had forced him over to France after being caught in the draft, and another time for three days. In consequence he was more Oxford than Bond Street itself, and caused considerable trouble among people who telephoned him by insisting that his name was pronounced Sin Jun. It has to be said quick-like. Any balkiness in pronunciation ruined it for his tender liking.

"Good morning, my dear," he said airily, playfully tapping an overstuffed chair with his stick. "Good morning to you," caroled Mr. St. John, who had failed, in his aping of the Englishman, to grasp the essential restraint of the type. To him an English gentleman was an accent, and reversely, gain the accent and you are, presto, an English gentleman.

"Oh, hello," answered Matilda quite sharply. "What do you want?"

"Want?" said Mr. St. John, making his stick whistle again. "Why, my dear, many, many things. Too many to bore myself with telling."

"Well, I wish you'd stop waving that cane around. That chandelier's priced at four hundred dollars."

"Oh, deah!" Mr. St. John liked to say "deah." Substituting an *h* for the *r* was such a simple aid in proving him of British birth. "Let me see, let me see. Yes. It was about that table there. I saw it when you were away. I want it for a room I'm doing for a client, but you must be a good girl and give me some sort of a discount. One must make a few shillings, you know."

"All right," answered Matilda. "Twenty per cent off for cash."

Mr. St. John's attention was focused on the Welsh dresser.

"Good gosh, where'd you get the Staffordshire stuff?" He examined the pieces quickly. "How much do you want for them?"

"One hundred dollars for the big Syntax platter, the good one with the passion-flower border. The others aren't right, you see."

"I'll give you fifteen dollars for them."

"No," said Matilda, "they aren't for sale. I like them because of the color."

"I'll give you a hundred dollars."

(Continued on Page 48)

The Control You Need with Balloon Tires

There are very real reasons why the new Gabriel Balloon-Type Snubbers are needed with balloon and low-pressure tires.

In the first place, balloon and low-pressure tires are made larger and softer so that they themselves will absorb the small irregularities on apparently smooth roads.

Therefore, the new Gabriel Balloon-Type Snubbers are designed with about ¾ of an inch of *free play*. Thus the tires are not in the least restricted or stiffened on a boulevard or smooth road.

Second, balloon or low-pressure tires on rough roads, or when larger bumps are encountered, cause a violent upthrow which of course is transmitted to the springs. Unless the car is equipped with these new Gabriels, the action develops into a galloping, rolling or pitching motion that can only be stopped by slowing up the car.

These new Gabriels have the increased braking action which is necessary to stop that rolling, galloping or pitching instantly.

Equip with these new Gabriels at any Gabriel sales or service station; and experience for the first time the full benefits which balloon tires are designed to give you.

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Gabriel is the only spring control device officially, by patent and copyright, entitled to the name *Snubber*. To make certain that you have genuine Gabriel Snubbers installed on your car, go to the authorized Gabriel Snubber Sales and Service Stations which are maintained in 2200 cities and towns. Motor car dealers who are desirous of assuring their customers of greatest satisfaction recommend Gabriel Snubbers and many install them as well.

New Balloon Type

Gabriel Snubbers

(Continued from Page 46)

"One hundred dollars!" said Matilda, looking at him shrewdly, as he realized his blunder in arousing her suspicions by offering too much.

"Well, yes," continued Mr. St. John, toning down his eagerness. "Although, as a matter of fact, they aren't worth that much. The big platter is, but the others aren't."

"My price is unreasonable then, isn't it?" inquired Matilda gently.

"One hundred dollars?"

"No, three hundred."

"I'll take them." And Mr. St. John pulled out his check book. "Make me a bill of sale."

"Good gracious," thought Matilda to herself, "why didn't I say five hundred? I've got to look into this old-china game. There seems to be money in it if you work it right." Aloud she said, "What in the world do you want a bill of sale for? What's the use? You have the china and I have the money. What more do you want?"

"Ah-hah! That's the point." And Mr. St. John, highly pleased with his insured methods of commerce, leaned forward and crossed his hands upon his stick as he had seen gay and dashing incognito princes do—in the musical comedies.

Mr. St. John inserted the bill of sale with careless abandon in a beautiful wallet, waved his hat jauntily, waved his stick jauntily, bowed jauntily and backed out of the office.

"I hope," said Matilda yearningly, as she eyed the door swinging to—"I hope he backs down the elevator shaft and fractures his neck. Yes, I do—in three places."

When the elevator door had crashed to and she was convinced that Mr. St. John was, unfortunately, descending intact, Matilda drew out from a drawer of her writing table the fragments of the blue plate which had primarily instigated her interest in old china. From a tube of glass cement she moistened one by one the edges of the several portions and pressed them together. Within a few minutes the restored plate, practically flawless to the eye, lay in her hands. She regarded it with a tender glance and spoke softly to herself:

"I don't care what people say, I think you have a much, much lovelier blue than the others. It wouldn't do to admit out loud that I think so, for everyone knows that only the passion-flower-border plates are really fine; but just between you and me, I know you beat them all, right or not. And you're the only one I've got left. That really makes me feel sort of sad." And Matilda took the other plates from their places on the dresser and put her one remaining piece of old blue up in the bare racks. She stood back and eyed it solemnly.

"I wonder what lost artist fashioned you. I don't know much about it, but he certainly knew his business."

The following Thursday, when Matilda returned from lunch, her assistant in the office greeted her with considerable alarm.

"That Mr. St. John has been in here three times since you went out. He's crazy. I don't know what it's all about, but he's gone to get the police, he says; and the police commissioner and the Army and Navy, too, so far as I could find out. Say, he's not talking that funny talk today. He's speaking just the same language I do. I can understand him fine."

Any questions Matilda might have cared to put were prevented by the shouting from the elevator.

"That's him now," remarked the stenographer, who found this brief holiday from routine most agreeable. "I don't see how he can keep it up on an empty stomach, and he never could eat in his state."

The door swung violently back against the wall and Mr. Harrison St. John stood on the threshold.

"Say," he hollered, pointing a shaking hand at Miss Munty, "listen here! Do you think you can get away with a job like that? They get more than ninety days for less than you pulled."

"Why, Mr. Sin Jun," lisped Matilda sweetly, "what is the matter with you?"

"Listen here, what are you going to do about it?"

"Do about what, Mr. St. John? I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about."

"About what! As if you didn't know! Them blue Staffordshire plates, of course. They were stolen, and you're in wrong for passing on stolen goods. Do you know the law in such cases?"

"No," replied Matilda, trembling and really alarmed.

"Well, I do. And they'll do enough, believe me, when I get through with you."

"But, Mr. St. John, I honestly don't think they were stolen. Please, please tell me what I can do about it."

"Do!" roared the decorator. "In the first place you can pay me the three hundred berries I gave for them. After that we'll see what'll happen."

"Naturally I'll do that," said Matilda, relieved; "I'd do that anyway." And she sat down and hurriedly wrote her check. "And you'll give me a bill of sale, won't you? I gave you one."

Mr. St. John observed from the way she clung to the check that she seemed determined. "Well, all right; but I'll wait right here until your girl takes that check down to the bank and has it certified."

In the excitement, the full meaning of his remark failed to impress Matilda. While they waited for the check to return, it gradually seeped in upon her that this man had accused her of premeditated dishonesty. Selling Staffordshire plates that she didn't know were stolen was one thing, but the cheap assumption that she would back down on her word and check was another. The hair at the nape of her neck tingled and slowly the comforting elation which comes with the realization that one is being accused unjustly surged over her spirit.

With each passing minute she held her head a fraction higher, and when the check returned and she had handed it to Mr. St. John in exchange for his return bill of sale for the china her dignity was almost brittle.

It was apparent from that gentleman's relieved manner that the loss of his money was the chief canker in the situation to him.

In fact he became almost jaunty again, and was about to make a few sample swings with his stick when the door opened and a sedate and stately gentleman begged permission to enter.

He nodded graciously to Matilda.

"I'm very sorry, Miss Munty, to intrude, but I was anxious to find Mr. St. John. You will pardon me, won't you? I shall take only a minute."

From his surprise Mr. St. John recovered quickly and hastened forward.

"My dear judge, I'm so glad to see you. It's all settled. I've been talking quite seriously with Miss Munty and she's sincerely sorry for her part in the affair. Truthfully, I don't think she knew the plates were stolen property."

"Plates?" inquired the judge. "Yes, it was about the Staffordshire that I hunted you up. They told me at your office that you'd be here. I'm going West at 4:30 and I felt I must find you to apologize in person."

"Huh?" questioned the decorator, with no trace of Sin Jun in his surprise. "Apologize? What's the matter?"

"It's been quite an absurd mistake." And the gentleman turned toward Matilda. "I'm Judge Hamilton, Miss Munty. Until last winter I've had a place up on Cape Cod, at Dennis. I always kept my Staffordshire collection there. If you're interested in old blue, you've undoubtedly heard of it—my set of Doctor Syntax plates with the oak-and-acorn border."

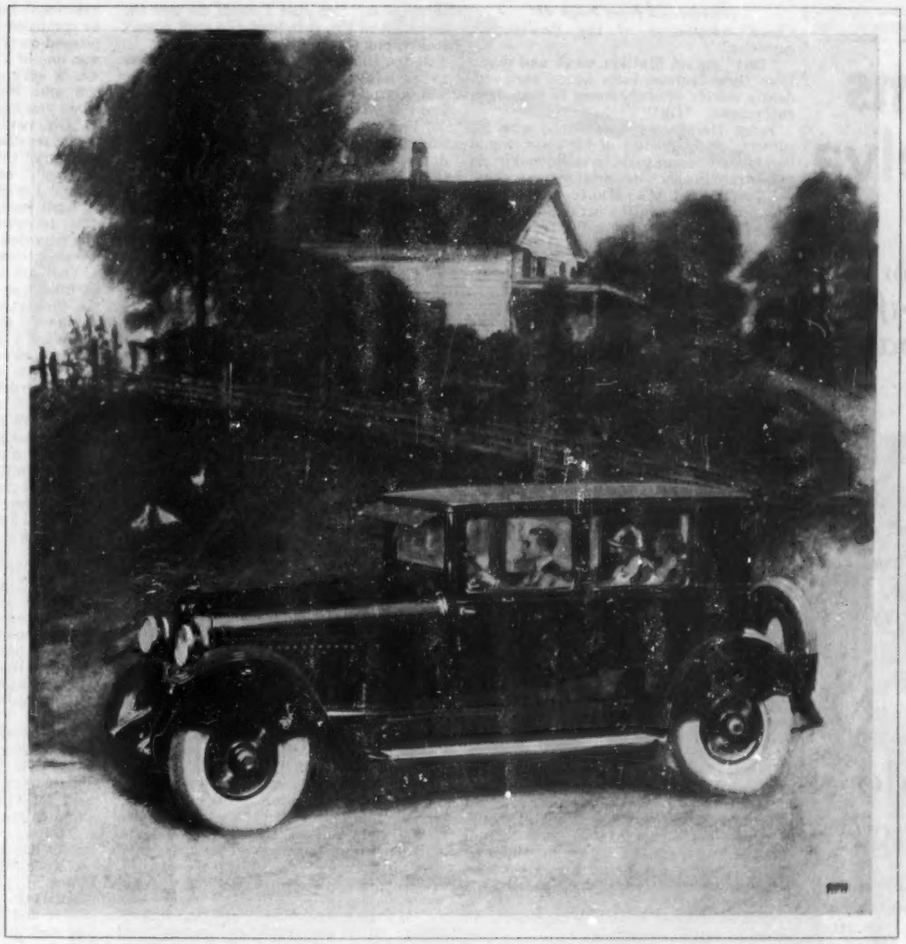
"But I thought the passion-flower border was the right thing for the Syntax pattern."

"So it is, so it is," said the judge, slapping two fingers of his right hand upon the palm of his left. "That's the regulation Clews combination. No one has ever solved the question of which potter made mine. It's the Stevenson and Williams border, but they were too important to plagiarize

(Continued on Page 50)

PHOTO, BY JOHN KABEL, DAYTON, OHIO

Overlooking Many Glacier, Glacier National Park



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Why Buy an Open Car?

(Continued from Page 48)

Clews' adaptation of the Rowlandson cartoons."

"Oh!" sighed Matilda, weak and dumb from these learned facts which were evidently merely primary items to real china enthusiasts. "Oh!"

Judge Hamilton's eyes blazed with his subject. A frequenter of his court would barely have recognized the stolid and frigid magistrate in this hot-voiced man.

"You're right, Miss Munty, you're right. The proper combination is the Syntax cartoons and the passion-flower border. That's the regulation thing. God knows, Miss Munty, they are rare enough. But I go deeper than that. Once in a while in old china a mystery will turn up, and my oak-and-acorn border to the Syntax center is one of them. Who made them? Nobody can say. But occasionally they do turn up."

"Oh," said Matilda excitedly, "and so they have a value then?"

"Value!" shouted the judge, pulling his tie around under his left ear in an earnest effort to ease his collar off his windpipe. "Look here, listen to me. Value? It's taken me forty-one years of constant search to gather together my thirty-five Syntax plates with the oak-and-acorn border. Forty-one years, mind you, of honest as well as dishonest effort."

The judge paused thoughtfully to smile over the memory of his collecting experiences, and Mr. St. John saw the chance to practice his regular line.

"Oh, I say, judge, fawncy your doing a dishonest thing!"

The judge stared at the dealer as though his honor had been attacked rather than upheld.

"Oh, is that so, young man? You don't think I've gathered those plates together without working some tricks, do you?" And he beamed his pride at the multitude of derelictions his hobby had necessitated. "Collections are not governed by the statutory laws—that's what I mean."

"Think of it!" said Matilda, who could conjure up no remark she thought fitting.

"You bet!" cried the judge again. "Forty-one years it's taken me and I've had a hundred dealers on the lookout for those pieces. St. John here is merely one of them."

Matilda clasped her hands together in an effort to be thunderstruck.

"Yes; forty-one years and thirty-five pieces. And last fall, when the plates were packed before my house was sold, those eight pieces were in some way left behind. I just found this out. And the house was sold furnished and of course the plates became the rightful property of the purchaser. And after that they completely disappeared. Well, well," said the judge as though appreciating a capital joke, "it's all right now that I have them back, but I can tell you I was sick over it. Wasn't I, Mr. St. John?"

"Indeed you were, judge, and I can't blame you." And Mr. St. John smiled sympathetically and rubbed his hands together.

Judge Hamilton took an envelope from his breast pocket and handed it to Mr. St. John.

"The check for fifteen hundred is in there. Frankly, I think you should make some profit on the deal though; but if you insist that I take them at the price you had to pay to get them I'm mighty grateful to you."

"Not a dollar, judge," announced Mr. St. John whole-heartedly. "I wouldn't think of it. I'm glad I could do you the favor. And I'm delighted the stuff wasn't stolen, but was merely mislaid."

Judge Hamilton turned to bow his leave to Matilda, who had stepped to the dresser and taken down her plate of Doctor Syntax and the Bees. She spoke rather timidly.

"I'm almost ashamed to ask the question, Judge Hamilton, but may I? You do know such a great deal about these things."

"Tut-tut," said the judge in a manner which hinted that much as he might care to he couldn't in fairness deny her statement of the truth.

"I know very little about old china, but I do know about color; and in my opinion the old blue of this piece far surpasses those you have, or any of the Clews Syntax examples I've ever seen." And she extended the plate toward the judge and stood back in a brave attitude as though she was defending her challenged faith against an expected tide of criticism.

That gentleman examined the plate for a brief moment and laid it with trembling hands upon the table. So great was his excitement that several times he missed the palm of his left hand with the first two fingers of his right. A series of gusty attempts at words came from his lips before she caught the whisper.

"The border—look at the border!"

"Yes, I know it's not right. It's sea shells and stuff, but I do think it's pretty. I don't care what any of you say."

"Sea shells!" And the magisterial voice came back with a crush. "It's Enoch Wood's marine border at his best!"

"Then it is good?"

"Good? It's a miracle! It's the greatest Staffordshire find of years. Enoch Wood and Clews together!"

Matilda tried to shake off the trance of ecstasy over her own unaided discernment.

"And I've decided it's soft paste. Don't you think so, judge?"

Judge Hamilton couldn't be bothered by such obvious elementals of his hobby.

"Why, girl, there's not another one like it known! Feel of that glaze—and the stilt marks are there too. This opens up a new mystery."

"Stilt marks?" asked Matilda. "What are stilt marks?"

"My goodness, don't you know anything? Stilts were little clay gadgets used to keep the plates apart when they were piled up in the kilns. You'll find them on all old wares. What do you know about china anyway?"

Matilda, very dignified, paid no heed to his aspersions.

"And I think it's a soft glaze, too, don't you, judge?"

"Of course, of course. What'll you sell it for?"

"It's not for sale, Judge Hamilton."

"Nonsense! I'll give you two hundred and a quarter."

"No, I'll keep it, judge. I like the color."

"Will you give me a chance at it before you sell it to anyone else? I can't stay now. I've got to catch my train."

Matilda smiled and nodded to him as he quit the office, murmuring, "Enoch Wood's border around a Syntax center. Damnedest thing I ever heard of."

Miss Munty seated herself and sighed long and loudly.

"What does he mean by that, Mr. St. John?"

"Sin Jun, if you don't mind," suggested that gentleman. "You see, my dear girl, all the Staffordshire potters had their individual borders. They were practically as complete trade-marks as the name impressed on the bottom. The passion flower was one of Clews', and the marine border was Wood's, and the oak and acorn Stevenson and Williams'. It's simple enough when you know."

"Oh, really?" answered Matilda, suddenly recalling the fact that she had no opinion of this man.

"Well," said the cheerful Harrison St. John, "I'm glad it's all cleared up. As soon as I get back to the office I'll send over a draft to cover this certified check. I hope you'll pardon me, my dear girl, if I seemed—a—well, brusque."

The back of Matilda's neck again began to bristle as he mentioned the episode of the check, and righteous anger flooded her being once more.

"What I should like to know is, where are my plates?" said she, so stiff with dignity it was necessary to pivot her entire body in order to move her eyes.

"What?" snarled Mr. St. John. "Your plates? Where do you get that way? They're Judge Hamilton's plates."

"No," repeated the stubborn Matilda, "they're my plates. You've got my certified check and I've got your bill of sale for them. They're my plates."

Mr. St. John's eyes crossed with concentration for a moment and the truth became his.

"Now, let's just be calm a minute, Miss Munty. Let's just reason this thing out quietly."

"No," said Matilda, thoroughly in the no-ing mood, "they're my plates. And what's more, you told that old man you wouldn't think of making a dollar on them. You told him they cost you fifteen hundred dollars, and that was what he paid you for them."

"Now wait, Miss Munty, let me explain."

"No, they're my plates. And you either make over his check for fifteen hundred dollars to me or I'll tell him what you really paid for them, and then where will you stand as one of his trusted dealers?"

"But ——" shouted Mr. St. John, waving his hands wildly.

"No," repeated Matilda, "they're my plates."

An hour later Mr. Harrison St. John, a poorer and frantic man, picked up his hat and stick and paused on the threshold for a last stand.

"No!" howled Matilda, shutting her eyes so she need have no distraction. And the door closed slowly upon that most pitiable thing of all time, the man who thought he could out-argue the lady.

Matilda Delafield Munty looked blankly upon the paper indorsed to her order before she shifted her eyes to the blue Syntax plate which, in spite of its illegitimate border, had first intrigued her through its natural loveliness of color.

"I know one thing. I'm through with buying by a formula. If a thing is beautiful, and yet hasn't got the regulation border, why it's still beautiful just the same. H'm!"

She nodded her head as though a fresh and genuine understanding of values had come to her, and reached out her hand for the telephone.

"I want to send a telegram, please. . . . What? . . . Yes: To Mrs. Heman Doane. 'Tell Willie to get the most expensive triple amplification supernitrous oxide transformidable loud speaker and charge to me. Tell Willie I got that from a book. I also am a great hand for a book.'"

EAST OF THE SETTING SUN

(Continued from Page 19)

to take no action in the matter of the silly old divorce until she had consulted with Pendennis Yorke.

Moreover, she did not owe her sister Bevra a penny; she had told Prince Hubert for the tenth and last time that she couldn't and wouldn't marry him if he were the only man on earth; she had forced her father grudgingly to admit that Yorke was an uncommonly attractive chap; and, best of all, the Graustark Minister of Justice had unhesitatingly concurred in the opinion of the Dawsbergen Minister of Justice! It was, indeed, a blithe and cheerful morning for her.

"Why are you so solemn, daddy?" she inquired as they neared the railway station. "You haven't spoken a word in the last ten minutes."

"Neither have you, for that matter," said he. "And God knows, it never would have occurred to me to charge you with being solemn."

"Oh, I never talk when I am driving the car, especially if I have a nice, adorable, paternal old prince for a passenger."

"And I make a point of never talking to the driver, especially if she happens to be a reckless, devil-may-care young princess who has a reputation for not keeping to the middle of the road at any time."

"Sometimes it is much safer to skim along the edge, daddy; and certainly there are turns where one is better off if he scoots clear down into the ditch," said she, smiling, but still with a serious voice. "There are more accidents happening in the middle of the road than anywhere else."

"A fine philosophy!"

"And besides, one is really much more careful when running along the edge or in the ditch."

"You are speaking in parables, I presume?"

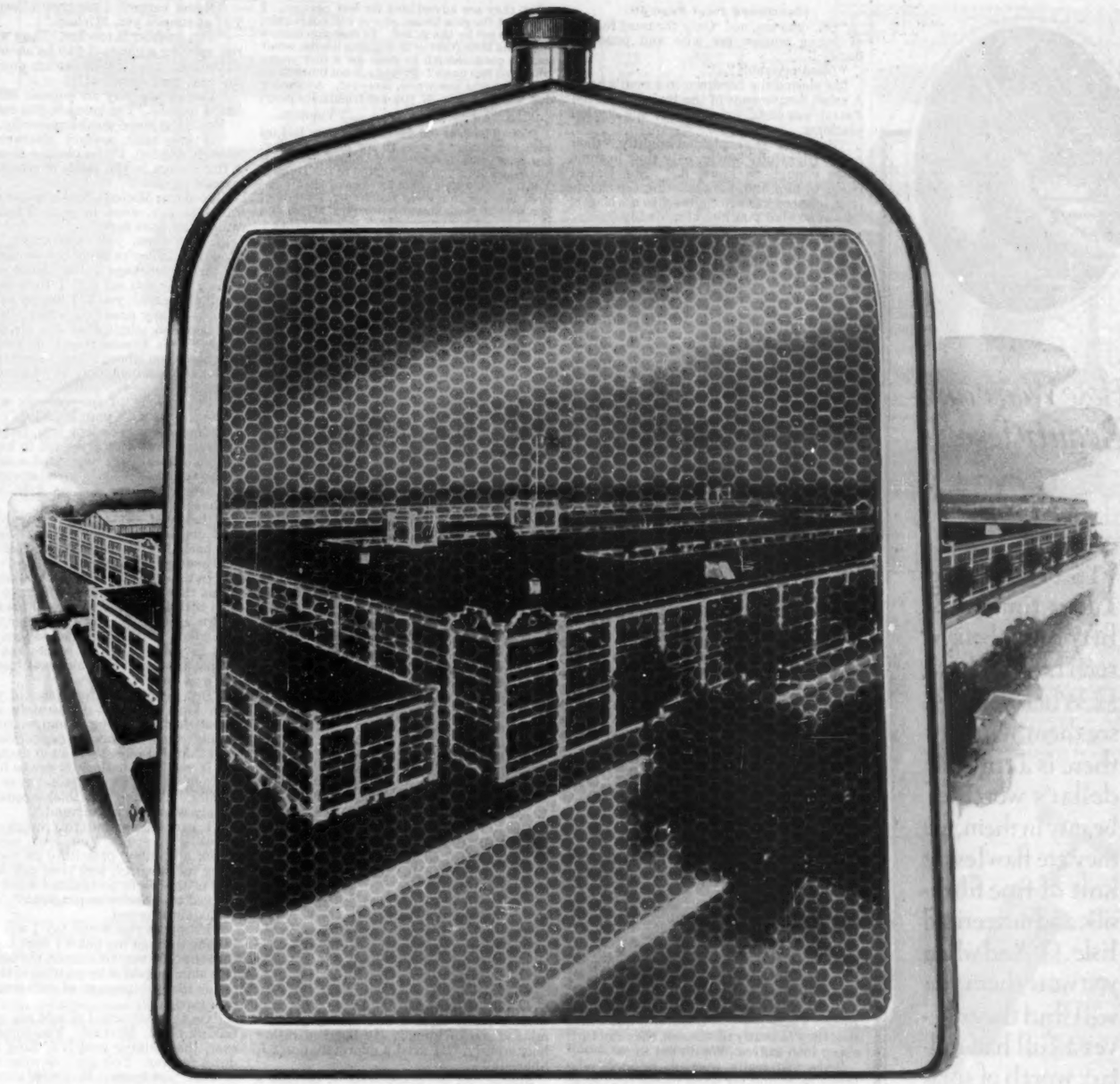
"Robin says that prize fighters manage to escape defeat by side-stepping or something like that," she went on.

"Just what are you trying to get at, Virginia?"

"I am simply endeavoring to get it through your dear, thick old head that I never skip out of the middle of the road unless I see danger ahead."

"You are seeking, I presume, to convince me that you are a very wise and prudent young woman."

(Continued on Page 52)



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THE MARK OF RADIATOR SATISFACTION

(Continued from Page 50)

"Oh, dear me, no! Only the most foolish of young women are wise and prudent, daddy."

"Bless my soul!"

She slowed the car down to a snail's pace. A small detachment of the Royal Mounted Patrol was lined up alongside the station platform.

"Because," she explained brightly, "they are so frightfully lonely, only they haven't sense enough to know it." She leaned closer to him and, remembering the chauffeur, lowered her voice almost to a whisper. "I am so glad you like him, daddy."

He regarded her sternly.

"Watch where you're going, Virgie. You almost ran over that man. He is the second one this morning."

"I didn't come within a mile of him!" she cried loftily. "Besides," she continued, as she turned to look after the pedestrian who had stepped leisurely aside to let them pass and was now regarding her with undisguised interest, "he is one of my most eloquent admirers, although he has never spoken a word to me in his life. His eyes speak for him. That is Michael Rodkin the anarchist, and we should have been blown to smithereens if I had hit him. His pockets are probably full of bombs."

"Rodkin? I have heard Gourou speak of him. A clever and a very dangerous man. What do you mean when you say that he is one of your admirers?"

"Have you never held a piece of meat beyond the reach of a hungry dog?"

"I would not describe the look in a hungry dog's eyes as one of affection," said her father, frowning.

"Well, that's the way Rodkin always looks at me, daddy. I call it admiration."

"The insolent scoundrel!" grated Prince Dantan, clenching his hand.

"I dare say he has already picked me as his own special share of the loot if the Reds ever come into power," she said calmly, even airily.

"And the rascal calls himself an American!"

"Well," she argued demurely, "Hubert calls himself a gentleman, daddy."

A strange haggardness suddenly crept into the rugged face of Virginia's father. His jaw was set, his brow was dark with trouble.

"I am afraid—sorely afraid," he muttered.

The car had come to a stop. She was warming her gloved hands by clapping them together.

"Of the Reds? Pooh! They say there are not more than a handful of them in Edelweiss."

"A pinch of salt will season a whole roast, my child," was his cryptic rejoinder. "A single match is sufficient to fire a forest. A lone wolf may stampede a vast herd of cattle. So it is with your handful of Reds. Those few can transform quiet into riot, they can sway the masses, they can turn sheep into wolves. We do not know ——"

"Are you really worried, father?" she broke in, laying her hand on his rigid arm.

Her thoughts went flying back to those black days in Hungary. She shuddered. He hesitated a moment before replying.

"I wish you and Bevra and your mother were in—in England," he said.

"Or America," said she softly.

IX

THE same day that Yorke's invitation to dine at the castle was delivered to him by a court messenger he also received a brief note from Princess Virginia. The first was presented to him by a liveried functionary and was not in the ordinary sense of the word an invitation; it was virtually a command. Mr. Pendennis Yorke's presence at dinner was not requested, nor was the pleasure of his company desired by their serene highnesses; he was formally notified by the lord chamberlain that on a certain date and at a certain hour he was expected to dine at the castle, the inclosed ticket to be presented in person at the postern gate. The second was delivered by the postman and there was nothing formal about it.

Virginia wrote, in a dashingly upright hand, with steeples and elbows and angles racing in legible confusion across two sheets of note paper bearing the crest of Dawsbergen:

Dear Mr. Yorke: I want very much to see you about a matter which concerns us both. If you can find it convenient to come to the castle tomorrow afternoon at four, you will hear something to your advantage, as they say when they are advertising for lost persons. I will be at the gate house, so you will not require a pass to get by the guard. In case you cannot spare the time from your arduous labors, won't you be good enough to drop me a line to say when you can come? It really is not imperative that I see you tomorrow, however. Any other day will do. I know you are frightfully busy.

Sincerely yours,
VIRGINIA.

P. S. The dear old duchess has been laid up with tonsillitis. I went to see her yesterday. She was quite feverish and out of her head. She asked me if you were related to the Duke of York. Not wishing her to suspect that I noticed how her mind was wandering, I said yes, you do like fresh strawberries very much, and that pleased her immensely.

She is frightfully proud of the strawberries that come out of her hothouses. So I made a little memorandum on a pad she keeps on her night table, just to remind her that she had promised to send you a basket of them in a day or two. They are huge and perfectly delicious. Five or six good-sized bites to each one of them!

I also jotted down a line to remind her that she had asked me to bring you up one day to go through her picture gallery. That will please her, too, when she is able to be up and around, because she is very proud of the Halfont collection and wouldn't in the least object if you were to write something about it for your newspaper. Of course, the poor dear will cudgel her brain trying to recall when she made these promises, but there they are in black and white and she can't go back on them.

Yorke was in a fine humor when he set forth the next afternoon. Acting on Sharpe's advice, he wore his gray tweed suit, his tan shoes and his brown fedora. He also purchased a smart walking stick for the occasion. His brown suit, Sharpe explained, seemed a trifle small for him, due no doubt to the fact that he must have grown considerably since it was made for him back in 1914. The obliging valet also gave him a number of pointers on how to behave in an inhabited castle. Mr. Yorke, who had explored numerous uninhabited castles, confessed to a woeful though wholesome lack of confidence when it came to tackling one peopled by ladies in waiting, gentlemen of the bedchamber, major-domos, footmen, lackeys, pages, nursemaids, warders, dragoons, princes, princesses and suits of armor that might resent being inquisitively tapped in the midriff with a cane.

"Is it your purpose, sir, to walk to the castle?" inquired Sharpe as he helped Mr. Yorke on with his overcoat. It was then precisely five minutes past three.

"I shall take a taxi," replied his master, eying him with considerable severity.

Sharpe merely glanced at his wrist watch and said nothing.

"I'm glad you spoke of it, Sharpe," said Yorke, turning a bit red in the face; "as a matter of fact, I had planned to walk to the castle. But my mind is so full of other things that I completely forgot it."

"Quite so, sir."

"A good brisk walk will clear the cobwebs out of my brain, you see. That was what I really figured on. Lucky you reminded me in time." He laughed rather boisterously. "I need a guardian, don't I, Sharpe?"

Sharpe had the grace to smile, perhaps a trifle too broadly.

"Oh, I shouldn't say you were so bad as all that, sir. Still, a brisk walk will do you good. I shouldn't make it too brisk, however. Might easily arrive half an hour too soon. Have you your gloves, sir?"

Yorke was as excited as any schoolboy as he strode up Castle Avenue. His heart was thumping buoyantly, his blood was singing. He was to see her again—he glanced at his watch—in three-quarters of an hour. "You will hear something to your advantage." "A matter that concerns us both." And she would be at the gates to meet him! He wondered why the birds were not singing in the trees.

He met Michael Rodkin in the avenue. He had not seen him since that day at the Regengetz. Rodkin's face lighted with pleasure, albeit his smile was satirical.

"Behold me, Denny, a varlet poaching on the preserves of the good-godly," he said, as they stopped and shook hands. "I walk here nearly every day, and yet no earthquake follows. My tread is heavy with evil portent, my lungs breathe fire and brimstone; but no one shakes in his boots, so far as I can see. If I were to stamp my feet in mighty anger the complacent earth would not even tremble. All I should get for my pains would be a pitying glance from the passers-by and the mortifying verdict that my shoes were too tight or my toes were cold. . . . Well, old chap, how are you?"

"Never better. I see they haven't shot you at sunrise yet, Michael."

"The weather is too fine. They wouldn't risk spoiling a pleasant day by shooting me at sunrise. . . . Whither are you bound, my gay, gray cavalier?"

"I'm on my way to hobnob with your hated nabobs. I'm going to the castle."

Rodkin grinned good-humoredly.

"If you stick around Edelweiss long enough, old top, I'll be pleased to rent you a front room in the castle overlooking the parade ground."

"See here, Michael, that's rather a stupid thing to say, even in jest. These stone walls may have ears."

"Serve them jolly well right," jeered Rodkin. "They're likely to hear something to their advantage if they listen sharply. . . . Do you mind if I turn back and stroll along with you? I like to be seen in good company once in a while. Besides, I will have to admit that the air is better along Castle Avenue than it is down in the neighborhood where I live. Seems that the nabobs have a monopoly on all the fresh air going."

"Come along. I am perfectly willing to share the air with you, Michael."

"You've got very long legs, remember," protested the other as he fell in beside his tall companion. "I suggested a stroll, old chap, not a race. Slack up a bit, can't you? Or are you late for your date with his highness?"

"Bless you, no! I am interminably early. Not due there till four o'clock. Seriously, Michael, do you really believe this country will ever go Bolshevik?"

"In time," declared the other, conviction in his tone. "Graustark will have to keep step with the rest of the world. As certain as we are walking here together, Denny, the whole world will some day go Bolshevik, as you call it. It is inevitable. The people are bound to squirm out from under the iron heel."

"But, hang it all, why should you and your kind set about deliberately to breed dissatisfaction among a happy, contented people, such as these Graustarkians are? What do you offer them in exchange?"

"It would be useless for me to harangue you as I would a street-corner crowd, Denny. You are too thick-headed. You simply wouldn't understand."

"I can understand this much of your beautiful dream: You first completely wreck a country, prostitute its people, destroy its integrity, and then call upon the rest of the world to applaud what you are pleased to describe as progress."

Rodkin frowned.

"I suppose you would say I was lying or talking through my hat if I were to tell you that the only way to convert the base metal into shining gold is by putting it through a rather drastic process of refinement," he said ironically.

"On the contrary, I should say you were talking sense, Michael. You forget, however, that shining gold is a thing that endures forever. You don't destroy it in the process, you know. But how about these poor, unfortunate, ignorant human beings that you destroy in your efforts to justify the similitude? You don't make them over into new and perfect and glittering men and women, do you? I should say not! You first make fools of them, then fiends, and in the end, skeletons. There is a wide difference between refining gold and starving to death, Michael."

"The end justifies the means," said Rodkin quietly. "A hundred years from now the world will be a paradise."

"At considerable cost to those who at present are finding it a hell of a world to live in."

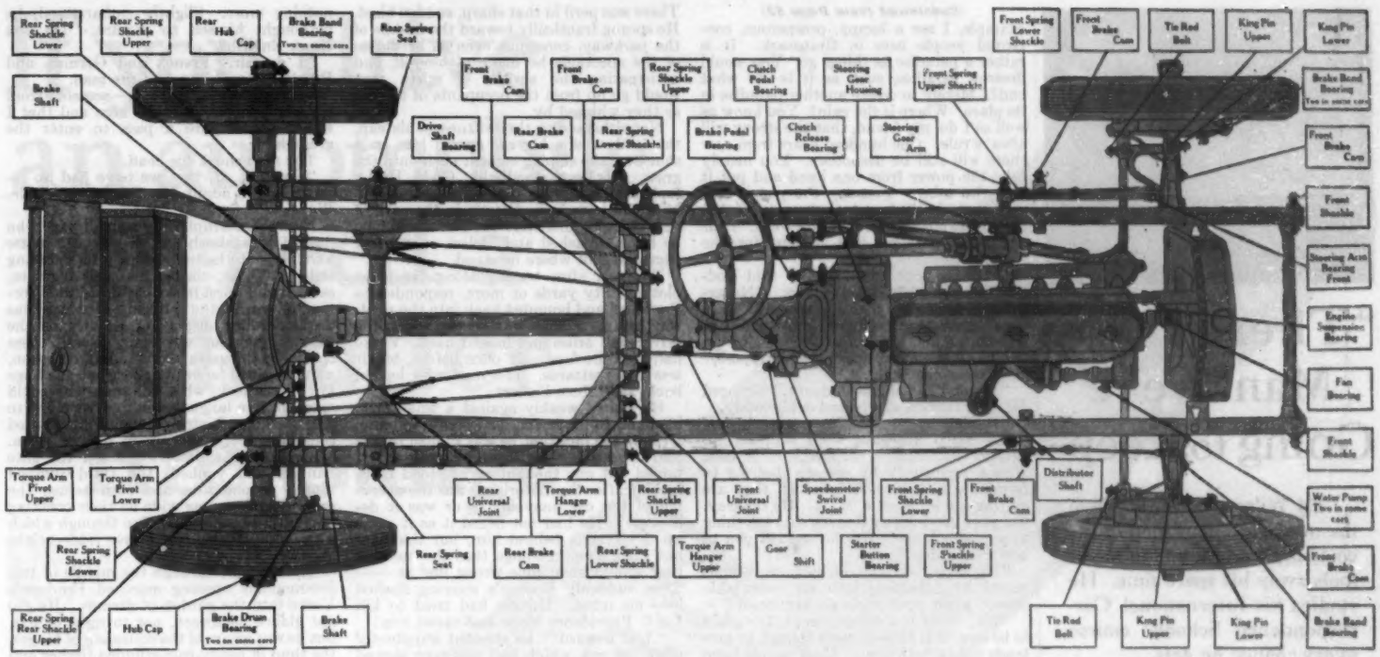
"It has always been a hell of a world to live in. That's the very thing we're trying to prove."

"Well, you are proving it all right, all right," said Yorke, with a bitter laugh. "Does it never occur to your otherwise normal and at times exalted intelligence, Michael, that these poor devils won't be in a position one hundred years hence to enjoy the paradise they now contemplate through a glass darkly obscured by murder, rapine, hate, revenge, greed and all that sort of thing?"

"Their spirits will survive the test," retorted Rodkin patiently. "You give us a lovely vista to look back upon, Denny."

"I am less of a visionary than you, my dear Michael. You are seeing things one hundred years ahead; I am seeing only the things that are about us now. Today, for

(Continued on Page 54)



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Not all cars need lubrication at all these places shown above. But it illustrates graphically just why lubrication has always been one of the most difficult and complicated problems in the upkeep of motor cars. Lack of proper lubrication of these bearings has been found to be the cause of most motor car repairs.

Why Neglected

Your engine is easy to care for. Hence seldom neglected. It's the hidden chassis bearings that suffer most. For they're hard to get at. And with old-fashioned oil and grease cups you never could be sure the lubricant reached actual bearing surfaces. Fully 80 per cent of chassis repairs are due to nothing but faulty or neglected lubrication. And often these repairs, in a year's time, are as costly as scored cylinders.

If your car is Alemite-equipped you can entirely eliminate this kind of expense. And it's easy.

Alemite Invites Lubrication

With the Alemite System you have a fitting with a cross pin on each bearing. Easy to see and find. Your Alemite gun locks on to it with a quarter turn of the bayonet coupling. Then an easy turn of the handle forces fresh lubricant through the heart of the bearing. And as it does, it also forces out all old, grit-laden grease. Pressure over 20 times greater than the old-fashioned oil or grease cup insures this.

The bearings are cleaned. Just as engine bearings are cleaned when you change crank case oil. The pressure puts a film of lubricant over the entire bearing. No metal-to-metal contact. Dust and grit cannot seep in.

Save $70 to $300 yearly

This kind of lubrication every 500 miles takes only a few minutes. It will probably reduce your operating costs 15 to 20 per cent. Frequent, methodical, positive lubrication actually saves the Yellow Cab Co. of Chicago 1¾ cents per mile. Over a million dollars a year on a fleet of taxi cabs. Applied to your mileage this means a saving of $70 to $300 per year.

Send for Free Manual

Most cars now come equipped with Alemite. (Nearly 5,000,000 now in use.) If it is on your car, use it—every 500 miles. Check up on every fitting. If in doubt as to where any are located send today for our free manual "Vital Spots to Watch." It's yours for the asking.

If Alemite is not on your car, it will pay you to have it installed. The cost is only $5 to $20 (Ford $6.25, Chevrolet $3.99, Overland $5.67; Canadian prices higher). It will save its cost five times over in a year. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

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Here are illuminating facts on how to save repairs. If you want to cut your operating costs, write for it today. "Vital Spots on Your Car to Watch." It's yours for the asking.

Note

This compressor with the rigid spiral valve coupling releases lubricant only when attached to the fitting. No hose necessary.

Oil or Grease

Alemite works well with either oil or grease. But for best results, we recommend Alemite Lubricant—a pure, solidified oil, especially adapted for our system—has all the virtues of oil, but is sufficiently solid to "stay put." Comes in auto-loading cans.

Every 500 Miles

ALEMITE

"Reg. U. S. Pat. Off."

High pressure lubricating system

(Continued from Page 52)

example, I see a happy, prosperous, contented people here in Graustark. It is rather a paradise as things go. You would destroy paradise, such as it is—to what end? Merely to create another paradise in its place. Where is the gain? You know as well as I do, my friend, that the strong will always rule. One hundred years from now there will still be despotism. You merely take the power from one hand and put it into the other. You say the people will rule, but don't forget that some of the people are strong and some are weak. Your wonderful paradise will still be for the mighty."

"Have it your way, Denny," said Rodkin, shrugging his thin shoulders. "Nevertheless, I prophesy that there will be a soviet government of the whole world in less than a quarter of a century."

"The United States included, I suppose," said Yorke scoffingly.

"Beyond the slightest doubt," declared Michael Rodkin slowly and deliberately.

"Bunk!"

"A short, inelegant word supposed to express contempt, I believe. It is used almost exclusively by persons desiring to terminate a discussion in which they are getting the worst of it. . . . By the way, has your good friend Gourou said anything to you about me? Has he warned you to beware the dog?"

"He pays you the highest of compliments by subsiding into an inscrutable silence when your name is mentioned."

"Ha! That is a compliment! It's plain to be seen that he fears even though he pretends not to notice me. Most people have eyes only for the mighty oak and none at all for the tiny acorn. Not so Gourou. He keeps his nose to the ground, like a pig, nibbling the acorns. The easiest and simplest way to cut down a mighty oak, according to the astute baron, is to devour it while it is still an acorn. But possess your soul in peace, Denny. The commune is a long way off in Graustark. The people love their prince too well. This is unfavorable soil for the seeds of communism. But the seeds are being sown just the same. Harvest is bound to come. Graustark has survived centuries of blind idolatry. She has had smart, cunning rulers. They have pulled the wool over the eyes of all the people. But just remember what Lincoln said about fooling all the people all the time, my boy. It can't be done."

"Were you in Axphain, Michael, when the revolution came?"

"I was."

"Do you know the conditions there now?"

"I do."

"And yet you have the face to tell me you believe the world would be better off for communism?"

"Hang it all, Denny," said Rodkin with real feeling, "the people of Axphain have lain down on the job. They refuse to work. They feel that communism is something one can eat instead of something that has to be fed. I have no sympathy for the whining fools. . . . Oh, yes, while I think of it, Denny"—he broke off suddenly, his expression undergoing a lightning change from anger to anxiety—"keep your eye cocked for this fellow Hubert. He's got it in for you."

"What do you mean? He doesn't even know me."

"He was pretty well jingled the other night up at Pingari's. Somebody I know overheard him say that you were a cheap adventurer and that he was going to make it his business to show you up in your true colors."

Yorke laughed.

"Gad, Michael, if you tell me such things as that I'll soon begin to believe I am as important a person as you are!"

"It's no joke, Denny. This Hubert fellow is a born conspirator, and he's a dirty coward. He will frame you if it's a possible thing to do. I guess you know why he's got it in for you."

"You mean—the Princess Virginia?"

"Yes. Hubert has always been pretty keen on widows, you know."

"Widows? What's the matter with you, Michael? She is..'t a widow."

"I know she isn't—yet."

They parted, Rodkin sauntering off in the direction from which they came. Yorke was within a few hundred yards of the Gates Plaza, walking slowly along the edge of the grass plot in the center of the street, when he was sharply aroused from his fit of abstraction by the loud snort of an automobile horn, alarmingly close at hand. There was peril in that sharp, sudden blast. He sprang frantically toward the middle of the parkway, conscious even as he did so of the spectacle he made of himself, and anticipating the shrieks of mirth that would go up from the occupants of the car as they whizzed by.

Notwithstanding the swiftness of his leap, the fenders of a big car grazed him as it shot over the sloping cement curb onto the grass. His heart stood still. God! Half a foot, the hundredth part of a second, and he would have been directly in the path of that charging monster! And he would now be lying, smashed and lifeless, many feet from the spot where he stood.

The car, after tearing along the grass plot for fifty yards or more, responded to the wheel and bounded back into the roadway again. A man in the seat beside the driver half arose and looked back. Yorke had seen his face only once before, but it was unforgettable. The man who looked back was Prince Hubert.

He leaned weakly against a small tree, his hand to his heart, his knees trembling. Despite the fact that he was shaken by the narrow squeak he had had, his brain entertained but one thought as he stood there looking after the motorists—was the swerving of the car unavoidable or was it deliberate? He had not heard it as it came up the avenue behind him, but that was not surprising. Strange that the steering gear should have gone wrong just as —— Then suddenly Rodkin's warning flashed into his mind. Hubert had tried to kill him! Providence alone had saved him!

"You coward!" he shouted impotently after the car, which had not even slowed down. It was already crossing the Gates Plaza, and uniformed warders had sprung forward to throw open the huge portals.

Half a dozen pedestrians came running up to Yorke, witnesses to the incident. Two automobiles on the opposite side of the avenue halted and several men jumped out and rushed over to where he was standing. They were all talking excitedly, but he could not understand what they were saying.

As suddenly as his anger rose, just as abruptly did it subside. He realized his helplessness. He could not prove that Hubert had tried to run him down; he could not even accuse him of the intent. He could only complain of the driver's carelessness. So he began to grin sheepishly, as one does who finds himself an object of curiosity or concern. But his face was white and his hands were still clenched.

Someone picked up his cane and solicitously examined it before handing it back to him. Then, apparently satisfied that the gentleman was neither killed nor injured, the rapidly increasing crowd began to inspect the tire-scraped curb and the slithered course of the wheels over the moist soil. Yorke heard the name of Prince Hubert repeated many times, and gratefully took note of dour frowns and portentous headshakings. Presently he resumed his jaunty stroll. The spectators favored him with individual smiles of felicitation and followed him with a collective stare of admiration as he strode off.

Meanwhile Prince Hubert's car had passed through the gates; they were ponderously closing behind him. The Axphainian, apart from that hurried glance over his shoulder, had paid no more attention to Yorke than he would have granted a scurrying dog or a fluttering hen. The American, reflecting somewhat blasphemously upon Hubert's shortcomings, wondered whether he would have paused long enough to do his victim the honor of inquiring what he would like to have done with his remains, now that he was as dead as a mackerel.

It was a significant and a sinister fact that Hubert was not driving the car himself. The man at the wheel, whoever he may have been, was the one to be blamed for the accident; and he, supported by the prince, would have had no difficulty in proving that the car had suddenly become unmanageable—the old story of the faulty steering gear or the skidding fore wheel. In any event, the driver was undoubtedly in the employ of Prince Hubert, and therein lay the sinister aspect of the case.

Coming to the gates, Yorke accosted one of the four warders who stood guard. The princess was nowhere in sight. He had looked at his watch—he was precisely on time.

"I am Mr. Yorke," he said, and at once decided from the expression on the warder's face that he was politely interested, but nothing more. Slightly embarrassed, he bethought himself to inquire, "Do you speak English?"

"I do, sir. French and German and Russian as well," replied the man.

"I was informed that—er—someone from the castle would meet me here and that I would not require a pass to enter the grounds."

The man shook his head.

"I regret, sir, that we have had no instructions to admit Mr. Pendennis Yorke. We ——"

He was interrupted by a small page who dashed breathlessly out of the gate house hard by. He halted abruptly on catching sight of Yorke, clicked his heels together, saluted and burst into a shrill, agitated torrent of words, the outcome of which was an astonishing display of activity on the part of the four warders. Two of them sprang to the gates and stood at attention, a third leaped forward and turned the huge key in the lock, while the man who could speak in five languages bowed very low to Mr. Yorke and, straightening up, shouted something very sharply in one of them. Whereupon the first two seized the gate handles and yanked, the third jumped nimbly to one side, and with a rush the great portals swung wide on their creaking hinges, presenting an orifice through which a troop of cavalry could have ridden eight abreast.

And straight through the middle of this commodious opening marched Pendennis Yorke into the garden of dreams. He did not glance backward, nor to right or left, but he was aware of the squealing of hinges, the thud of heavy iron-studded timber and the grinding of a key. He was locked inside the castle grounds; his own world was locked outside. His gaze, set ahead of him, searched eagerly, perhaps a trifle anxiously, for a figure that was certain to be unfamiliar to him notwithstanding its permanence in his thoughts. She would not appear before him today in the form of Rosa Schmitz, nor as the Princess Virginia of that memorable night at the Regengetz. Instead he must expect a trig young person in furs and boots and one of those snug-fitting little hats of the period—a figure familiar enough on any crisp afternoon in Hyde Park or the Bois de Boulogne, where she was so multitudinous that one met her at every turn. Virginia would be like one of those today. He was rather pleased by the thought. He liked girls in smart out-of-door get-ups.

Far ahead, above the green tops of the firs and spruces, and through the stripped branches of less hardy trees, could be seen the towers of the castle. He trod a winding road bordered by shrubbery; at his side marched the page, whose short legs twinkled in the shadow cast by his own long-striding body. A sharp wind blew out of a distant gap in the mountains and smote his tingling face as it swept by on its way down the valley.

They came to a fork in the driveway. Here the page bounced out in front of him and pointed to the left, uttering at the same time an absolutely unintelligible bit of information—which Mr. Yorke promptly accepted as official. Then, with a fresh salute, a clicking of heels, the youngster proceeded at a swift run down the right fork, leaving his charge alone in a world which became drearily unpopulated the instant that flying figure disappeared around a bend. Following the road to the left, Yorke soon swung around a bend, and there ahead of him, some distance away, stood a man and a woman. Beyond them, motionless at the roadside, was a large green automobile. He recognized the car and the man at a glance, and then he recognized Virginia. She was a trig figure in furs and boots and a snug little hat. He would have known her anywhere. She was precisely what he had expected her to be.

His pace slackened. He had not included Hubert in the mental picture he had been drawing since noon the day before. He had counted on something far more enchanting.

The princess, evidently on the lookout for him, greeted him with a long-range smile, but did not advance to meet him. Hubert, huge and overpowering in his sable coat, had his back to Yorke and was talking earnestly to her. Her smile caused him to turn his head. His queer lightish eyes flew open in a stare of amazement as he beheld the slowly approaching American. Breaking off in the middle of a sentence, he left Virginia and strode toward Yorke.

(Continued on Page 56)

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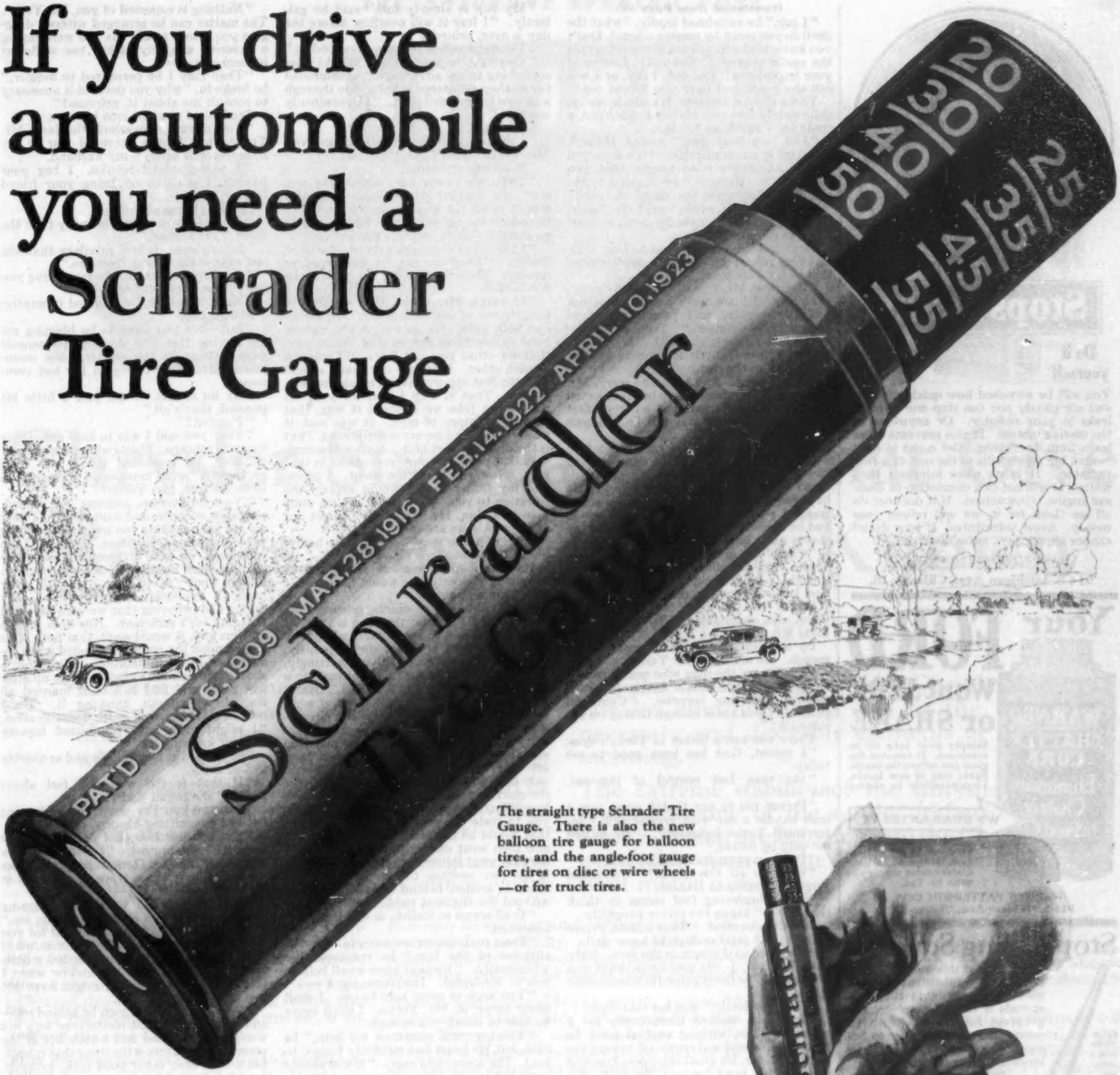

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(Continued from Page 54)

"I say," he exclaimed loudly, "what the devil do you mean by coming—here? Don't you know that you are not allowed to enter the castle grounds? Get out! Confound your impudence! Get out, I say, or I will call the guard and have you kicked out!"

Yorke did not hesitate. He strode coolly, deliberately forward, his hat in his hand, a smile for Virginia on his lips.

"Did you hear me?" roared Hubert, this time in some surprise. "It's time you cursed Americans were taught that you cannot —— Herman," he shouted to the chauffeur, "summon the guard at once!"

"Be careful, Herman," said the American. "Don't run anybody down in your haste to obey orders."

Virginia held out her hand to him. She was very pale and there was angry humiliation in her blue eyes.

"Welcome, Mr. Yorke!" she cried clearly, distinctly. "I am sorry not to have met you at the gates as I promised. I was unavoidably detained." Turning to the astonished Hubert, she said, "Mr. Yorke is here, Prince Hubert, at my request. He is going on to the castle with me—at Prince Robin's request. And I am also sorry, Mr. Yorke, that you should have been subjected to such cavalier treatment on your first visit to us. I hope you will be generous enough to overlook it."

She had turned her back on Hubert, who was speechless with rage. Yorke, looking straight into his pale-blue eyes, experienced a queer, unaccountable shock. He had seen the glittering, unwavering eyes of trapped reptiles in the jungle, but never had he beheld anything so venomous as the steady glare in Hubert's.

"Cheerfully and gladly, princess," said Yorke. "Pray do not give it another thought. I am lucky to be here at all. God has been good to me today."

Struck by the significant note in his voice, she exclaimed, "Why do you say that, Mr. Yorke?"

By this time Hubert had recovered his speech. He answered for Yorke.

"So you are the man who nearly caused us to turn over in Castle Avenue!" he exclaimed, affecting surprise. "Confound you, don't you know enough to stay on the sidewalk?"

There was not a flicker in Yorke's eyes.

"I repeat, God has been good to me today."

"My man lost control of the car. He ——"

"Permit me to say that I never saw a man handle a car with greater skill," interrupted Yorke meaningly. "He missed me only by inches."

"Do you mean to insinuate, sir, that ——"

"What is all this about?" demanded Virginia, turning to Hubert.

"This blundering fool seems to think that I ——" began the prince haughtily.

"Stop!" she cried. "That will do, Prince Hubert! Be good enough to leave us."

He started as if struck in the face. "My dear Virginia, I—do you know what you are saying?" he fairly gulped in his astonishment.

"I do—perfectly," was her cold reply.

His mouth worked fantastically for a moment. Then, without another word, he swung on his heel and strode off toward the waiting motor, his great shoulders hunched forward, his head lowered like that of a tormented bull. They watched him in silence as he climbed heavily, clumsily, into the seat beside the driver. He uttered a short guttural command and the car was off, roaring around a bend in the road.

"I am so sorry," murmured Virginia, as the sound of grinding gears died away. "I am so terribly sorry that this should have happened to you. It was all my fault."

"Let us forget Prince Hubert. You sent for me, princess. On a matter concerning both of us, you said. I am at your service. Command me."

"Very well," she said, her face clearing. "I planned to meet you at the gates so that we could have time for a little talk before going to the castle. We can talk as we stroll, Mr. Yorke, and get it over with," she concluded, in a hurried, embarrassed manner. To cover her momentary confusion she drew his attention to the surroundings. "The park is wonderful in the spring, but isn't it dreary now?"

"I hadn't noticed it," said he, gazing into her eyes.

"We will walk round by the grotto first," she said, looking away; "and down past the barracks and stables. My sister would like us to be in for tea by five o'clock."

"My cup is already full," said he gallantly. "I fear it will overflow before the day is over, princess."

"You do know how to make nice speeches."

"You said in your note I should hear something to my advantage," he reminded her as they sauntered side by side through a narrow hedge-lined path. "I have already heard it."

She sighed.

"I suppose we'd better talk things over, Mr. Yorke. Don't you think so?"

"It sounds ominous."

"Well, it's about our—about you and me," she hurried on, realizing that this wasn't at all the way she had intended to introduce the subject. She had meant to go about it lightly, gayly, even jestingly.

"I think I understand, princess," said he gently. "Pray do not be distressed or uneasy. There is nothing for you to be afraid of."

"It seems, Mr. Yorke, that we are not entirely out of our difficulties. My father has been here. He says that the highest legal authority in Serros is of the opinion that we—that you and I are still married to each other. It is only fair that I should take the first opportunity to break the news to you. That is why I sent for you. It wasn't the joke we thought it was, that strange marriage of ours. It was real, it was binding, and we are not divorced. That is the dreadful part of it. Justice Mavorak says that people cannot be divorced in that way. Now you know the worst. I promised my father that I would explain the situation to you. We must decide on some plan of action, Mr. Yorke, to—to get out of the pickle we are in."

She knew she was doing it very badly. She felt that her face was crimson.

He did not speak at once. His heart was thumping violently—he would have said it was thumping noisily.

"It should be very simple, princess," he said at last. "If what they say is true—it seems incredible to me—but if what they say is true, there is a very simple remedy. We went about it innocently, unwittingly, with no thought in our minds of making a sacred bargain. We were misled. Others are undoubtedly in the same boat, if what Higbee said was true. Under the circumstances, there will not be the slightest difficulty in having the preposterous marriage annulled. I don't know what your laws are over here, but I am sure you would only have to ask a court or a tribunal to set the marriage aside and it would all be over in a jiffy. It would only be necessary for you to state the case exactly as it is and that would be the end of it." He paused, and then went on dryly, humorously: "I dare say your father has sufficient influence in his own country to see to it that the affair is settled behind closed doors and without the slightest publicity."

"It all seems so foolish, so childish," she lamented.

"Even so, princess, we seem to be in the clutches of the law," he reminded her whimsically. "I was of some small help to you in Budapest. Inadvertently I ——"

"You were of great help to me. I shall never forget it, Mr. Yorke. I shall never be able to thank you enough."

"You may still count on my help," he said, but his heart had suddenly turned to lead. The dream was over. "If you should need me in the new emergency, pray do not hesitate to command me. My testimony, or my statement rather, may be necessary."

"You are—very good," she said, without enthusiasm. "I—I assured my father that you would be—that you would be reasonable."

"If your father thought for an instant that I would cause you any trouble or annoyance in your predicament, he did me a wrong," said he stiffly. "Please convey my respects to him and inform him that my support is pledged to any action you may take. Nothing could be farther from my thoughts than the desire to make capital of ——"

"Oh, please don't think for a moment that he ——"

"Nevertheless, I should like you to make my position clear to him. May I ask when and where the next step is to be taken? You may be assured of my coöperation, but I should like to know just what is to be expected of me."

She was silent for a long time. She was, truth to tell, piqued. He was taking it much too unconcernedly to please her. When she spoke again there was a perceptible chill in her voice.

"Nothing is expected of you, Mr. Yorke. The matter can be arranged without dragging you into it at all. As you were saying a moment ago, my father has sufficient influence to ——"

"Then may I be permitted to inquire," he broke in, "why you deemed it necessary to consult me about it, princess?"

She looked straight into his eyes.

"You must not overlook the fact, Mr. Yorke, that I have accepted you as my friend as well as my—my husband."

"A well-deserved rebuke. I beg your pardon, I shall go on being your friend forever."

Her laugh was scornful.

"A far pleasanter responsibility than the other," she scoffed.

"In any case, it is a privilege that the law cannot take away from me."

"Am I to have no thanks for setting you free?" she cried with some heat.

"None whatever," he replied promptly.

She gasped.

"But—but you seem to be blaming me for having the—the decency to consult your feelings in the matter," she stammered, struggling to regain her lost composure.

"By no means. I am just a little bit puzzled, that's all."

"Puzzled?"

"Yes; you said I was to hear something to my advantage. That's what puzzles me."

"Well, for goodness' sake," she cried perversely, "what more could you ask than to be set free, Mr. Yorke?"

"Your forgiveness, princess," he replied, suddenly contrite and humbled. "I fear we are both making too much of a trifling yet extraordinary situation. So far as I am concerned, we were divorced the same day that we were married. I have never been in any doubt as to that. On the other hand, I appreciate your position. My saying and believing that we were divorced that day isn't sufficient. Nor does it help matters any, it would seem, that both of us looked upon the comedy as ended when we said good-by at the station. It's rather a shock, princess, for a chap to wake up after five years and find he's been married all that time without knowing it. Good heavens," he cried in mock consternation, "I might even have committed bigamy without knowing it!"

She glanced at him quickly and as quickly looked away.

"If that is the way you feel about it ——" she began coldly.

"I assure you I've never for an instant felt like committing bigamy, princess."

"But you just now said you might have done it!" she argued. "I don't see how you have resisted temptation all these years." There was a trace of mockery in her voice.

"It is impossible to commit bigamy without the aid of a confederate, you see."

"It shouldn't have been difficult for you to find an accomplice. The world is full of them." She thought that sounded a little spiteful, so she added, "I shudder when I think of all the trouble I might have got you into."

"Well, the peril will soon be behind me—and you, too, for that matter—so let's not worry over the past and what's left of the present. The future is the thing that counts. Let's wish each other good luck, princess. I can't tell you how many times in the past five years I have wished Rosa Schmitz the very best of luck—and, thank God, she's had it."

She lowered her eyes.

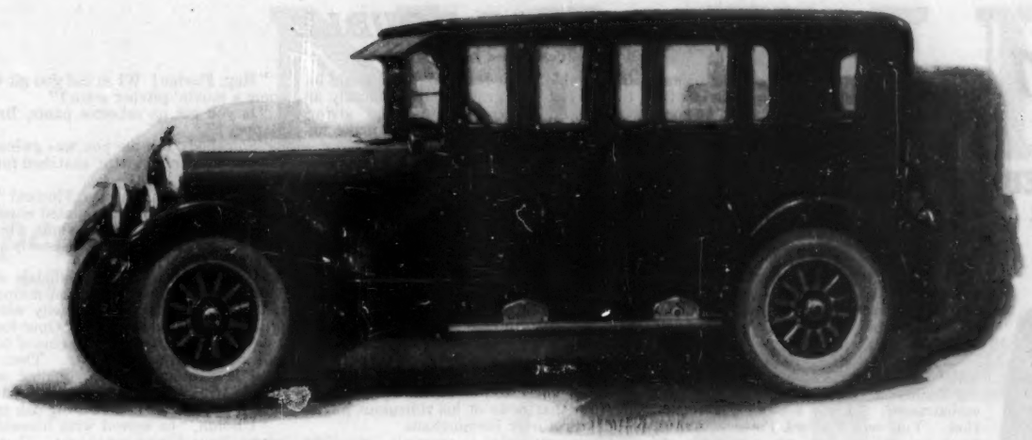
"You were very good to Rosa Schmitz."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"No better than Higbee was to a lot of others. I dare say if it hadn't been Rosa Schmitz it would have been someone else. More than that, I probably would have married a dozen or more harassed young ladies in similar straits if I'd stayed long enough in Budapest."

Then and there, Princess Virginia of Dawsbergen, one of the most assiduously courted young women in the Near East, arrived at the astounding conclusion that Pendennis Yorke did not care a tuppence about her—not a tuppence! And she had been fondly coddling the belief that he cared a great deal. It was really a rather staggering discovery. She was suddenly conscious of a queer little feeling of desolation—and a desire to be alone in her room. For, down in her heart, she had begun to love this tall American on the day that she married him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



The Imperial

All Chrysler Six models are equipped with special design six-ply, high-speed balloon tires.

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Aside from the Chrysler Six, there probably is no car today that can be driven around a turn at anything approaching high speed without side-sway that tends to be alarming.

That disagreeable side-sway is not present in the Chrysler Six—for the first time, we believe, in the history of the motor car.

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If you have ever seen a chassis with the body removed, you have noted that the chassis frame tapers from the rear toward the front.

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That was regarded as perfectly good engineering practice until Chrysler discarded it in favor of something better.

What Chrysler does is to mount the rear springs at right angles to the rear axle, disregarding entirely the taper of the frame.

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Here is a motor which delivers 68 brake test horse-power and on the road has a speed capacity better than 70 miles an hour. Yet it is yielding the remarkable gasoline record of better than 20 miles to the gallon.

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The Chrysler Six

Pronounced as though spelled Cry'sler

DOUBLE DOUBLE

(Continued from Page 15)

"So Welford burns a li'l' mo' an' comes out again, an' Opus busts him back in with that fire hose. Out he comes an' in he goes; he c'n either git burned to death or drowned."

"Sweet pitcher what you manufactures!"

"It's wow comedy; shuah-hit stuff. Is you ever heard anythin' funnier?"

"Not never."

"Well, tha's the big scene, an' I is crazy about it."

"Me too. If I had of wrote that story my ownse'f I coul'n't of thought of nothin' else. Golly, in this weather I bet that water is gwine be cold, too."

"Uh-huh. Freezin'."

"Tha's great! Say, Mistuh Clump, kin I watch 'em take that scene?"

"Well, yes." Mr. Clump seemed a trifle embarrassed. "I was kind of figgerin' on that. You see, Welford Potts is sort of weak an' delicate, an' we was aimin' to have someone double fo' him in that fire-an'-water scene."

"He ain't gwine do it hisse'f?"

"No. We gits somebody to do it fo' him. We's gwine shoot it at night, an' there ain't no close-ups until after he gits half burned an' t'other half drowned."

Mr. Slappey was vastly disappointed. "What durn fool is you aimin' to git to do that dirty work for Welford Potts?"

Mr. Clump saw that there was no sense in longer evading the issue. He met Florian's eyes squarely.

"You!"

"Huh?"

"You!"

Florian's jaw drooped; his head moved slowly from side to side. "Words you says, Mistuh Clump, but they don't mean nothin'. Where at does you git the fool idea that I is gwine do this thing fo' Welford Potts?"

The issue was squarely joined. "You is his size, Florian, an' you looks enough alike to double fo' him, an' ——"

"I ain't gwine do it. Tha's all."

"Yes, you is."

"Guess again. You is a rotten prophet."

J. Cæsar Clump frowned. "I has got yo' written contrac'."

The bottom dropped from under Mr. Slappey. He recalled the document of the previous night. "'Tain't fair!" he wailed. "Doin' that stunt is bad enough, an' gittin' burned is wuss, an' becomin' drowned is wuss yet; but doin' it to save Welford Potts—I refuse!"

"Don't be silly, Florian."

"Never was mo' sensibler in my life."

The director rose. "Ve'y well," he snapped. "We'll see 'bout that."

"You is seein' now all you is goin' to."

"I ain't. If you refuse you have accepted money under false pretensions. Also we have yo' signed contrac'. Ise gwine turn this over to our attorneys fo' immedjit action."

Florian gloomed away. He was woeful of spirit and sick at heart. And that evening he received a call from Lawyer Evans Chew, leading legal light of Birmingham's Darktown. Lawyer Chew talked lengthily, floridly and warningly. Florian was in for it; consequences dire and immediate would follow his refusal to go through with the agreement.

The argument between Florian and Lawyer Chew was acrimonious. Lawyer Chew was Florian's friend and Mr. Slappey knew it, and so eventually Florian nodded affirmation, although he was an ill young gentleman.

"I guess I got to, Lawyer Chew. But gosh knows I would ruther be daid."

"You has yo' choice, Florian."

"I has a hunch I never should of went in the motion-pitcher business."

"But you is in it, brother. Now I goes back an' tells Cæsar Clump that you is agreeable."

"Don't tell him nothin' of the sort. Tell him Ise plumb disagreeable, but also you c'n add that I is goin' th'oo with my contrac'."

Lawyer Chew departed and Florian flung himself across the bed, where he gave himself over to a night of abject misery. This was indeed piling an Ossa of humiliation upon a Pelion of suffering. He despised Welford Potts, and Welford had further abased him that day at the studio; what, then, would be his position when spectators assembled to see Florian perform the noxious task which rightfully belonged to the insufferable movie star? Welford would be there, of course, grinning superciliously at the discomfited Florian—perhaps giving directions which would tend to make his agony more acute.

The prospect was far from alluring, but there was no way out. Florian visioned himself stripped of his pervasive dignity, a laughingstock now and forevermore, and a fierce hatred welled up in his heart against the author of his miseries.

Sleep came to him; and the next day dawned drear and disconsolate. The skies were leaden and overcast with low-hanging, swiftly scudding clouds which charged the atmosphere with chill foreboding. Florian shivered as he dressed, and even hot coffee and fried eggs at Bud Peaglar's place failed to revive his flagging spirits. Two or three of his friends hailed him grinningly; it was obvious that news of his ridiculous plight had spread over Birmingham.

Florian struggled to reconcile himself to the inevitable, but the task was indeed difficult. During the long day he was bombarded by a battery of grins, and in the early afternoon he learned that the thoughtful Mr. Potts had been inviting all and sundry to attend the festivities that night. Not only that, but Welford had also seen to it that the story of the poker session was bruited about; and finally Florian crawled into a hole and pulled the hole in after him. This was shame and degradation beyond bearing, and only fear of the law kept him from declaring a labor moratorium for the night.

The shooting of the scene was to occur at between eight and nine o'clock. During the afternoon Florian spent a miserable two hours on location with J. Cæsar Clump.

The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., had purchased for the roasting process an abandoned and dilapidated cottage near Tittisville, just two blocks removed from Avenue F. This had been scientifically prepared for the spectacle. The house contained two doors, one front and one back, and four windows. Near the front door and beneath the two front windows smoke bombs and fire flares had been planted. According to Clump's directions, Florian was to enter the house at the zero hour, and once inside was personally to ignite the bombs and flares. That would give the house the appearance of a minor-league holocaust.

When the smoke attained its smokiest and the flames their hottest Florian was to make his first sortie into the face of the fire hose which Opus Randall would be wielding.

"An' when the hose hits me?" inquired Mr. Slappey.

"You won't need no mo' directions after that," responded Cæsar cheerfully. "The hose'll show you what to do."

At seven o'clock Florian put his earthly affairs in order and started for the lot. His heart was heavy within his bosom and he railed against the unkind fate which was thus ruthlessly robbing him of his final scintilla of dignity.

But even more overpowering than his dislike for the immediate future was his hatred of Welford Potts, the diminutive author of his manifold miseries.

Florian loathed Welford Potts as he had never believed it possible for one human being to despise another. It was not that Welford had trimmed him at poker, nor that he was doubling for that insufferable person in this ridiculous motion picture, but rather that Mr. Potts was personally distasteful to Florian. Mr. Slappey ambitioned to do murder with Welford in the rôle of murderee, and when he swung in from Avenue F and came within sight of the evening's crematory, that feeling became even more pronounced.

It seemed to Florian that he had been destined to furnish a colored Roman holiday. All Birmingham was there to view the festivities. Worse than all, some enterprising gentleman had erected a hot-dog and soft-drink stand and was doing a land-office business among the hundreds who were braving the decided chill in search of thrills and novelty.

Florian hesitated; then, because he was a philosopher and trained to make the best of bad bargains, he clicked his teeth, threw back his narrow shoulders and strutted crowdward with such insouciance as he could muster from his sadly depleted store.

His arrival was hailed with considerable ribaldry.

"Hey, Florian! When did you git to become a movin'-pitcher actor?"

"Is you got on asbestos pants, Brother Slappey?"

"Somebody tol' me you was gwine play the part of a brand gittin' snatched fum the burnin'."

"Got any fire insurance, Florian?"

Florian waved with simulated cheeriness toward the crowd, but the smile which he plastered on his features was sickly in the extreme.

Darkness was settling; officials of the company were busy with last-minute arrangements having to do chiefly with the fire hose. J. Cæsar Clump and Opus Randall hovered over that wriggly engine of torture and discussed water power. Then they tried it out, and Florian quailed as the terrific stream sizzled from the nozzle and roared against the side of a big oak tree.

"Uh-huh," he agreed with himself. "I guess Cæsar Clump was right. That hose suttinly is gwine give me a clew about what I does after I runs out of the house."

Florian strolled toward the fire hose. His eyes were wide with the fascination which brings a bird into close contact with the consuming jaws of a hungry snake. And then on the edge of the crowd he glimpsed the nobly raimented figure of his *bête noire*, Welford Potts, and heard Welford's nasal drawl.

"An' you be careful not to miss him, Opus. This is gwine be one noble evenin'."

Florian turned away. Welford Potts was the one person in the world with whom he had no desire to hold converse at that particular moment. He started toward the doomed house, but he was not quick enough. Through the fast-settling darkness Welford espied him, and Welford gave chase.

"Hey, you!"

Florian quickened his pace, and, without looking around, knew that he was pursued. He made straight for the cabin. There, at least, his humiliation by Welford Potts could be concealed from the naked eye of the public.

Inside the house he paused. All was dark and gloomy. Mr. Potts stepped inside the door so that the two men were concealed from the curious stares of the crowd.

"What you want?" grated Mr. Slappey.

"I aims to make talk with you."

"Yo' aim is rotten. I ain't got no time ——"

"Now listen at me, feller." Welford reached into his coat pocket and produced a scrap of paper. "Does you recall what this is?"

Florian squinted through the gloom. "My I O U fo' twenty-five dollars."

"Ezac'ly. I craves my money."

"Tha's one cravin' which ain't gwine git salisfied."

Welford's lips curled into a sneer. "You says words, but they don't mean nothin'. I thought you was gwine try somethin' like that, so I has come to inform you what I has done."

"I ain't intrusted in yo' doin's, unless you plans to lead a funeral."

"Cæsar Clump tol' me you had got paid twenty-five dollars adwance fo' tonight's work, an' that another twenty-five is to be paid you immedjitly after the job is done. Ain't that correc'?"

"I ain't sayin' it ain't."

"I know it is. All right; me an' my lawyer is gwine be waitin' outside, an' when the treasury goes to pay you that twenty-five dollars, us attaches it."

"You whiches?"

"Us attaches it. So you don't git nothin' tonight but the honor of doublin' fo' the best cullud movin'-pitcher actor in the world."

Florian stared, appalled. Then slowly the awful fury which had been tumescing within his breast for the past forty-eight hours came to a head. His lips opened, but words would not come—merely a hodge-podge of gasping sounds.

"An' so," finished Welford Potts, "you not on'y don't git nothin' fo' bein' fired an' watered, but you gits twenty-five dollars less than that."

Mr. Florian Slappey felt a sudden and irresistible urge for action. A great electric current shot through his veins and caused the muscles of his puny arms to become as of tempered steel. Flame flashed from his eyes, and for the moment he saw nothing but the leering vapid face of his tormentor.

(Continued on Page 60)

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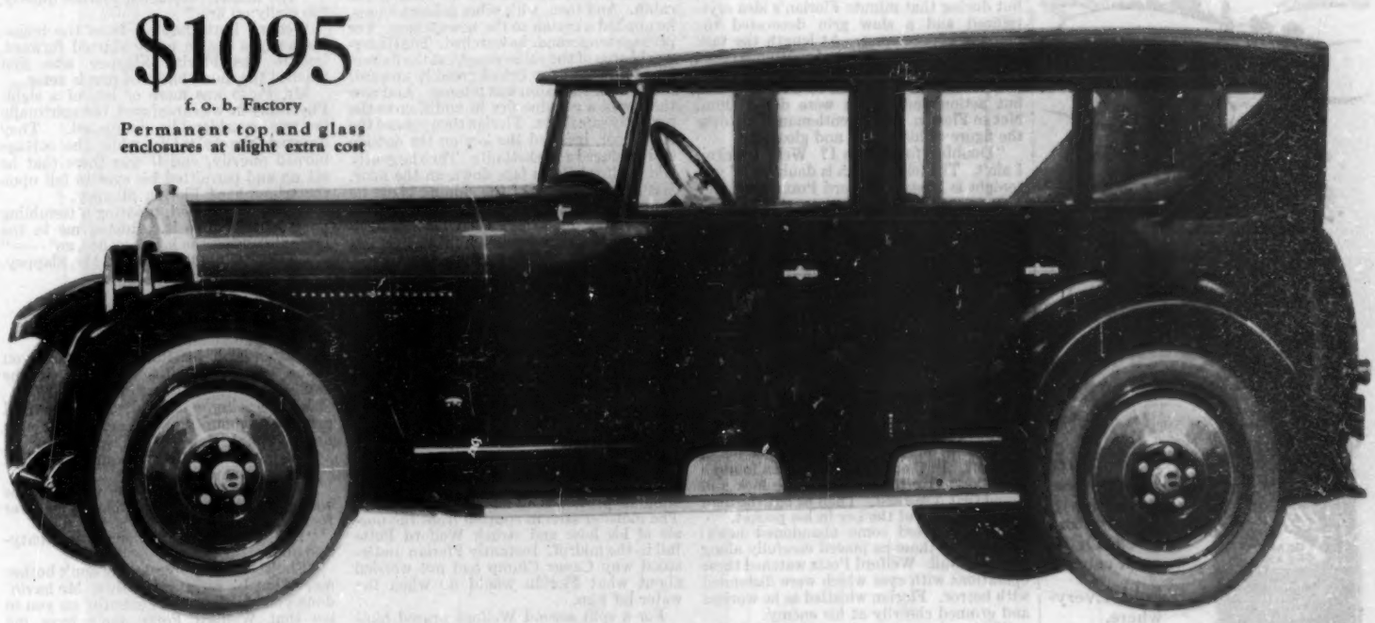

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Then the face disappeared and only the pain in Mr. Slappey's knuckles told him that he had struck. The assault had been reflex—and terrible. Florian gazed down at the elegant prostrate figure and for the first time in his life experienced the glorious thrill which comes to a knocker-out.

The body of the fallen star twitched and a groan broke from his lips. Florian glanced apprehensively through the window. The crowd was huge and restless. J. Cæsar Clump was looking about, evidently in search of Florian.

An idea hit Florian in the brain. As he had struck without forethought, so now he acted on instinct. In a corner he found a piece of rope; the task of binding and gagging Welford Potts took but a minute, but during that minute Florian's idea crystallized and a slow grin decorated the Slappey countenance. At length the task was finished, and by dint of enormous effort Florian hoisted the inert form into a chair.

Consciousness returned to Welford Potts, but action and speech were denied him. Not so Florian. That gentleman stood over the figure of his victim and gloated.

"Doublin' fo' you, is I? Well, I reckon I ain't. The feller which is doublin' fo' you tonight is Mistuh Welford Potts. Git me? You is a actor an' a artist; artists don't leave nobody else do their actin' fo' them, an' Ise gwine do you the favor of makin' you a ginuwine artist. Tha's what kind of a friend I is. Uh-huh—you owes me a heap, Mistuh Potts; a whole big heap. Things is gwine happen aroun' heah pretty sudden an' they is gwine happen to you; an' folks ain't goin' to reckernize you either on account they's gwine be a heap of smoke an' mo' fire than they counted on. Just watch me."

Mr. Slappey walked to the back of the house. The two windows there were equipped with heavy wooden shutters and the task of making them fast took but a moment. In the back door Florian found a rusty key. He tested this in the lock and found that it worked. Then he left the door unlocked and put the key in his pocket.

He discovered some abandoned newspapers, and these he placed carefully along the back wall. Welford Potts watched these operations with eyes which were distended with horror. Florian whistled as he worked and grinned cheerily at his enemy.

"Things is comin' yo' way, Mistuh Potts; b'lieve me, yassuh they is! I maybe ain't much poker player but Ise hell on fires."

From outside came the stentorian voice of J. Cæsar Clump.

"Florian Slappey—where is you at?"

"Comin'," answered Florian. And then, smiling and strutty, he emerged from the cabin and moved forward toward the directorial group.

And now there was no mistaking the jauntiness of his manner. He walked regally, and a gasp went over the crowd, for it was plain that Mr. Slappey was not feigning his enjoyment.

"Is you ready, Mistuh Clump? I craves to begin actin'."

"All ready, Florian. Say—you look awful happy."

"I is, Cæsar. All my life I has wanted to be a movie actor, an' I reckon this is 'bout as good a way to start as any."

"Right you is, Florian. A good sport is the mostest thing you is." He turned toward cameraman and Opus Randall. "You-all ready?"

"We is."

"All right, Florian. You go into the house an' light them bombs an' flares. Ise gwine watch fum out heah an' when the smoke an' fire gits to goin' strong I'll yell at you to come runnin' out. Remember in this pitcher you is cravin' to git at yo' gal, which Opus Randall is keepin' you fum, an' you ain't s'posed to fall until the water knocks you down."

"I remember." Florian turned to Opus. "Be sure you sqush me right in the face with that water, Mistuh Randall. Le's make this scene funny."

Opus grinned. "Don't you worry, Florian. You is gwine git bathed all over."

"Good." Florian waved toward the crowd, turned, and swung jauntily into the house. He smiled beatifically at the imprisoned Welford Potts. "I hopes fo' yo' sake that you is half fireproof an' half fish, Mistuh Potts." Welford gurgled through his gag.

Humming lightly, Florian produced a box of matches. He first lighted the flares and then the smoke bombs. Then he stood back and waited. At length dense clouds of black smoke rolled through the windows, giving the eerie effect of a tremendous fire. From beyond the window came the voice of the director.

"Ready! Cam'ra! Shoot!"

Florian did not hurry. Waiting until the flares were at their brightest and the smoke at its heaviest, he moved to the back of the cabin. And then, with sober deliberateness, he applied a match to the newspapers. For perhaps ten seconds he watched. The tinder-dry boards of the cabin caught at the flames. The tongues of fire licked greedily upward; the heat in the cabin was intense. And now there was a genuine fire in addition to the perfectly safe flares. Florian then opened the back door, inserted the key on the outside and produced a pocketknife. Then he gently laid Welford Potts face down on the floor. With three strokes of the shining blade he cut the bonds which held gag and arms and legs. That done, he leaped for the back door, slammed it behind him and turned the key in the lock.

Welford Potts, motion-picture star, was securely locked in a cabin which was actually burning, and the single mode of egress was through the front door, where Opus Randall stood waiting with his hose.

Florian leaped from the back door into a fringe of trees. He circled swiftly to the front of the cabin and took his place unobtrusively beyond the edge of the crowd where he might miss no detail of the drama.

It was well worth viewing. Even as Mr. Slappey watched, he saw the front door fly open and a dim smoke-shrouded figure emerge. And right there was where Opus Randall proved that his aim was perfect. The monster stream spurted from the nozzle of his hose and struck Welford Potts full in the midriff. Instantly Florian understood why Cæsar Clump had not worried about what Florian would do when the water hit him.

For a split second Welford braced himself against the stream. And then he was picked up bodily and hurled back into the house. The spectators shrieked with laughter and J. Cæsar Clump leaped up and down with enthusiasm. He prophesied in a loud excited tone that this was going to be the funniest scene in all the history of filmdom. Florian agreed with him.

Through the terrific smoke Mr. Slappey saw Mr. Potts struggle to his feet and crouch for another sally. He saw Welford leap wildly through the door, and once again be hurled back by the vindictive fire hose. And then he saw something else.

Welford jumped to the back of the cottage; his efforts to open door or windows were fruitless. Instantly he ripped off his coat and attacked the genuine flames. He worked with fierce desperation, while Florian silently encouraged him from outside. But finally his fingers were scorched and he dropped the coat into the fire and once again dashed out through the smoke which screened the front of the cottage.

Once more he was hurled back, but this time he did not bother to rise. He crawled forward desperately on hands and knees. Opus didn't miss him by so much as an inch. The powerful stream flattened the unfortunate picture actor, and for a few seconds he lay there, drenched and writhing. The crowd howled encouragement.

"C'mon, Florian! Come on out! Water never hurt nobody!"

"Swim, Florian! Le's see you swim!"

"How you like actin', Brother Slappey?"

Welford made the mistake of rising. Water, smoke and flame had rendered him unrecognizable. Opus Randall caught him on the shoulder with the hose, spun him around and sent him whirling into the burning house. Another wild leap for safety met with even more disastrous results. The crowd was cheering loudly, and it was then that Florian Slappey moved magniloquently forward to the group about the camera. He touched J. Cæsar Clump on the shoulder and murmured gentle advice into his ear.

"Mistuh Clump—I woul'n't kill my best actor, was I you."

Cæsar turned. His jaw dropped. "Florian Slappey!" he gasped.

Florian bowed. "Hisse'f—in person."

"B-b-but—yonder—who is that?"

"That," explained Florian suavely, "is Mistuh Welford Potts!"

"Cut!" The voice of the director rose shrill above the clamor. "Leave off that squirtin', Opus!"

"The house," explained Florian quietly, "is really on fire."

Welford Potts lurched from the house. Instantly a rescue party started forward, but it was Florian Slappey who first reached the much-battered movie actor.

Mr. Potts was more or less of a sight. Physically he was uninjured, but spiritually he was considerably dampened. They dragged him to safety while the cottage burned merrily, and it was there that he sat up and permitted his eyes to fall upon the triumphant Florian Slappey.

"Him," he gasped, pointing a trembling finger. "He done it. Busted me in the jaw an' then set the house on fire, an' ——"

J. Cæsar Clump whirled on Mr. Slappey. "Is that true, Florian?"

"Mos'ly."

"We'll put you in jail fo' this."

"Go to it. Jails don't burn."

"But I don't understand ——"

"Listen heah, Mistuh Clump—ain't you got a wonderful pitcher? Ain't it the swellest pitcher that was ever made?"

J. Cæsar Clump nodded. His directorial pride was mounting. "There never was nothin' funnier, an' tha's a fac'."

"Well, who done it?" inquired Florian.

"You. But ——"

"Ain't no buts. I done you a favor which makes the best pitcher you ever took, an' ——"

"But you ain't earned that other twenty-five dollars."

"Shuh! Twenty-five dollars don't bother me. What Ise astin' you is this: Me havin' done you this favor, Ise countin' on you to see that Welford Potts don't have me arrested."

Mr. Clump deliberated. After all, this picture was to prove his making as a director, and besides, he liked Florian and despised Welford Potts. His hand came out.

"I promises. Shake."

Florian shook.

"And now," advised Mr. Clump, "you better git out of Welford's sight while he's so hot."

Florian moved away. "Hot is right," he murmured happily.

On the outskirts of the crowd he discovered Lawyer Evans Chew. He linked his arm in that of the great colored attorney and together they moved off. Into Chew's ear Florian poured the story of his triumph. Lawyer Chew roared with laughter.

"Well, dawg-gone yo' time, Florian—if you ain't the beatinest man! I suttinly has got to hand it to you. You shuah is even with that uppity actor, an' on'y fo' one thing I'd say it was a puffec' revenge."

"What's that, Lawyer Chew?"

"You di'n't git the other twenty-five dollars the company promised you."

Florian chuckled. "Yes, I did."

"You did?"

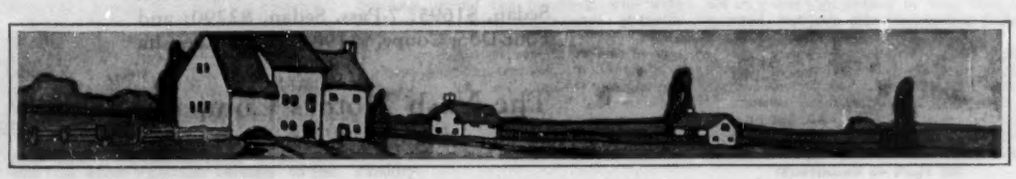
"Uh-huh."

"How come?"

"This-away," explained Florian Slappey confidentially. "When Welford Potts was trapped in that house he took off his coat an' tried to beat out the real fire with it. He didn't hurt the fire none, but he burned up his coat complete an' absolute."

"Yeh, I understan' that. But I don't see ——"

"Maybe you'll see better," explained Florian gravely, "when I explains to you that in the pocket of that coat was my I O U fo' twenty-five dollars!"



billiards

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MARY, MARY, NOT SO UNWARY

(Continued from Page 42)

that the young people danced clingingly. It must be all right. But his head was rather in a whirl as he felt this graceful figure held so closely, and to follow the syncopated intricacies of the melody he needed all his faculties. By a supreme effort he ignored other sensations and concentrated on keeping step. There is that saving quality about jazz.

"I just knew you danced well," she murmured up at him.

"M-m-m!" he replied vaguely, too busied for conversation.

As they completed the first round of the ballroom floor he noted young Mr. Arnold watching them. It was just then, too, that Mrs. Hilliard broke into most vivacious chatter which fortunately called for no reply. She was telling him what a dear he was.

As they reached the farther end of the hall Dean was conscious of someone else who had become an interested onlooker—Roy Barton. He was grinning. He was actually waggling his head. Dean hoped that Mrs. Hilliard had not noticed.

At the end of the number they reclaimed their cozy seat. Mrs. Hilliard told him that he was a perfect partner. She snuggled, became confidential.

"It is delightful, knowing a man like you," she cooed. "Do you know, I feel as if I had always known you. Perhaps, in another existence, we were—well, who knows? Do you believe in that sort of thing, Mr. Dean?"

"Why, I—er—I am perfectly willing to now, Mrs. Hilliard."

"Then why don't you call me Mary?"

"I will, Mary."

"Not before people, though. Just between ourselves. They—they wouldn't understand."

Taylor Dean nodded. Perhaps they wouldn't. But if he called her Mary, she must call him Taylor, just between themselves. They made a bargain of it, sealed with a sly hand squeeze. So it was with something of a shock that presently he heard her let slip some remark about Mr. Hilliard.

He stared at her.

"Not your—your ——"

"Oh, yes," she assented brightly. "My stupid stockbroker husband."

"But I thought—I understood ——" He touched the black frock.

"For my dear daddy," she explained. "Of course, it's been nearly three years, but how I miss him! He understood me, as he did all women. Poor daddy! He wasn't a saint—hardly. He was a man of the world. So he didn't raise a row, as some of my family did, when I left my first husband for Ned Hilliard. There! You're shocked. I shouldn't have told you that. Do you think I am a dreadful woman, Taylor dear?"

Taylor dear insisted that he thought nothing of the kind.

She resumed.

"Daddy and I had the same temperament. He always said so himself. 'You're a little devil, Mary,' he told me once, 'but you're easy to look at, and a pretty woman who doesn't get what she thinks she wants is a fool.' Well, I thought I wanted Ned, and I got him." She sighed. "It hasn't been such a success. Oh, we keep on. He hasn't been actually brutal to me as yet, and he does seem to think a lot of my little Peggy. But some day I may meet a man who will simply sweep me off my feet and—well, who can tell?"

She spread out her hands in a fluttery little gesture and looked wistfully into Taylor Dean's widened eyes. He had nothing to offer. In fact the vice president of the Millport National Bank was somewhat dazed by these intimate disclosures. No woman had ever talked to him like that before. Still, perhaps none had had a chance. There might be something about him that compelled such confidences. He was not a little thrilled at the thought. Anyway, here was a fascinating person who, on the briefest of acquaintanceship, was pouring out to him the story of her life. He felt a warm sympathy for her.

The sentiment was about to flower into words when there came an interruption—Roy. With a grin only half concealed, he was standing before them.

"Beg pardon, major, but here's that address you wanted." He put a folded slip of paper into Dean's hand and was gone.

"Now there's the sort of young fellow I can't like at all," whispered Mrs. Hilliard. "I couldn't trust him. He—he's not a friend of yours, is he?"

"Friend? No; just met him today."

Taylor Dean was trying to think what Roy could have meant. He did not recall asking for an address. He put on his glasses and opened the slip in his hand. Then he crushed it hurriedly, flushing. This was the message he had read:

You're skidding, major. Watch your step! And if you want any expert help just give me the signal.

So Roy had been watching them. Perhaps others had too. Somewhat uneasily, Dean glanced around and either caught, or fancied he caught, an exchange of amused looks between some bridge players back of them. There was that young Mr. Arnold still hovering about. Was it a case of the moth and the candle? He wondered if Mary had noticed him.

Had Taylor known better the owner of those calm gray eyes he would not have wondered. He would have been certain that Mrs. Hilliard seldom missed a trick in the one game at which she was an expert. Briefly, Mary had seen young Arnold—all the while.

"Taylor dear, don't you want to get my wrap? It's on the rack in the lobby—the one with the monkey fur on it."

Obediently he went after the wrap. It was odd, too, but once away from the spell of Mrs. Hilliard's eyes and voice, he began to ask himself if he was not being just a bit silly. Why, here he was, already trained to fetch and carry by a woman who had been an utter stranger two hours ago; a woman who had confessed to having more than one husband, as well as an ambition to choose a third at almost any time. He had another twinge of conscience as he felt in the pocket of his dinner coat that unfinished letter to Esther.

Perhaps he had carried this little affair quite far enough. Not that he felt in any danger of skidding. No, that wasn't likely; not at his age. He hoped he was able to talk to a woman, no matter how fascinating, without losing his head. But considering the amused glances he had noted perhaps it would be just as well to give Mrs. Hilliard her wrap and bid her good night.

When he returned, however, she was not there. The wicker seat was empty. He had stood, staring, puzzled for a minute or more before a half-smothered snicker from one of the bridge players told him that he must look rather absurd, standing there with a lady's wrap on his arm and his mouth open.

He must find her, though, and complete his errand. She was not dancing, nor in the card room. He explored the parlor beyond. No Mary in sight. Then she must have wandered out on one of the verandas. So back through the ballroom and lobby he trailed and out on the west veranda. At the extreme end, in a shadowy nook, he saw her. Only when he was within a few feet of her did he discover that she was not alone. Sitting beside her in the gloom was young Arnold. They seemed to be discussing something quite earnestly—perhaps the bawling out. Taylor was about to retreat when she discovered him.

"Oh, you dear, kind man! So good of you!"

She got up and offered her shoulders for the wrap. He draped it about her hastily.

"No, don't go," she went on. "And do forgive me for running off, but Billy had something he wanted to tell me. You know Mr. Arnold, don't you? Then you must, Taylor. And I want you two to be great friends. Come back in a little while, please!"

Though he realized that he had been deftly shunted, he was rather relieved to escape forming a trio. Somehow he did not feel like beginning a beautiful friendship with this silly young fellow who seemed bent on making bad matters worse. Not a little embarrassed and confused, Taylor Dean backed away, retrieved his novel from the lobby hatrack and reëstablished himself in his favorite armchair. But it was difficult for him to pick up the thread of romance from the printed page. The lovely adventuress in the villa by the sapphire sea had become a mere puppet of fiction. Now Mrs. Hilliard was real. She had asked him to call her Mary. As he tried to follow the lines he saw before him her calm eyes, her piquant lips. What if she had left him for young Arnold? Perhaps she was only telling him that he must forget her; perhaps she ——

"Well, major! Been making yourself useful, haven't you?" It was Roy, with his ingratiating grin.

"Useful? I don't quite see."

"You're the only one then. Why, Lady Whosit was playing you against young Romeo, and I see she won. Maybe it'll be your turn again tomorrow, after he's heard from home."

"I rather think not," said Taylor Dean, with a confident shake of his noble head.

There was much, however, that Taylor had still to learn about the way of a woman with a man; especially such a skilled campaigner as Mary Hilliard. He did manage, by having an early breakfast, to get in a round of golf; but as he finished he found her waiting for him on the clubhouse steps. He was appropriated, captured, carried off. He walked back to the Manor with Mary clinging to his arm. He was marched past a whole row of knitters on the front porch, and in the lobby he was dragged right up to a family group consisting of Billy, young Mrs. Arnold and an older woman who was evidently Mrs. Arnold's mother, while Mrs. Hilliard cooed anxious queries about "the dear little girl upstairs."

"She's better," curtly replied Mrs. Arnold, and signaled something with her eyes to mother.

"Isn't that perfectly splendid!" said Mrs. Hilliard. "I've been so worried for you and Billy. Come, Taylor, if you insist on having luncheon with me I suppose I'll have to let you. We'll just hope that people will not talk though."

For an uneasy few moments Taylor suspected that he was being useful again, but soon he was mazed in following the brilliant turnings of her cheery chatter. She was not particularly witty, certainly not deep, nor sincere. But she could juggle trivial personalities, whisper little confidences, convey subtle flattering meanings, and greet his responses with most appreciative trills of laughter. Under such encouragement he did say some rather clever things, told a few local Millport anecdotes somewhat effectively. One almost sent Mrs. Hilliard into a fit of hysterical giggling. She abandoned half her fillet of sole to give way to it. Anyone in the dining room could see that they were having a merry time. Billy Arnold was one of the observers. Roy Barton was another. And afterwards, as Taylor escorted his charming companion off towards the Eagle's Nest outlook, so that she might join him in an uncensored cigarette, there was more than the usual spring in his step. Almost he walked with a strut.

It was a delightful afternoon that they spent, gazing out over the blue hills and up at the blue sky. They talked and talked—mainly about Mary. True, Taylor told her something of his own life, about Luella. He did not mention Esther. She flickered into his thoughts now and then, but flickered out. And when they wandered back, part of the way hand in hand, they were like old, old friends. It was at Mary's suggestion that they parted just before they reached the Manor. He felt a distinct thrill of adventure as he took a roundabout path to the hotel. But as he dressed for dinner he decided that he would spend the evening with his book. Perhaps people might get to talking.

Yet it was a listless reader who tried to become absorbed once more in the doings of the countess. Over the top of the leather cover stamped Dombey and Son strayed watchful eyes, and when Mrs. Hilliard emerged from a late dinner, gowned in another simple dress of black velvet trimmed with white fur at the top and bottom, Taylor Dean noted every detail. She seemed to be looking for someone. For him? Taylor was starting to rise when she glanced into the alcove, gave him a friendly little nod and walked on, still looking about. No, not for him. She had taken a strategic position at the entrance to the ballroom, where she could see anyone who came in from the lobby. The dancing had begun. Roy Barton was fox-trotting with the little Chapin flapper, the two or three rather youngish men had found partners, several middle-aged golfers were executing duty dances with their wives. Still no one claimed the fascinating Mrs. Hilliard, either for that number or for the next. She tapped the toe of her satin slipper as her gray eyes watched all who came or went.

At last Billy Arnold appeared—with Mrs. Arnold. They danced together, but it was rather a sullen performance, and after the first encore they stopped. Mrs. Hilliard smiled sweetly at them as they passed. Mrs. Arnold went to the writing room and seated herself at a desk. Billy strolled out—and straight past Mrs. Hilliard. Two minutes later Dean found Mary tapping him on the shoulder with her fan.

"Is it such a wonderful story?" she asked.

"Not half so interesting as real life, when you are around," he countered, rising.

"It must be fearfully dull then, for I find life stupid tonight. I wish, Taylor—I wish you'd take me out of here—away somewhere."

"Why, surely! I should be delighted to, Mary. Where?"

"There's a moon. Why not to the Nest again?"

With just the slightest hesitancy he repeated, "Why not?"

"You dear!" she whispered. "But we mustn't be seen leaving together. I'll meet you where the paths join."

He bowed as she walked away. Then he strolled, yawning a bit ostentatiously, into the lobby. Once, as a boy, Taylor, had followed the lead of Snub Gallagher and sneaked under a circus tent before the show began, to hide under the blue seats. Now his heart beat almost as wildly as he started to meet Mary. He was almost certain that Mr. Hinkle was staring suspiciously after him, that the sleepy elevator boy was smirking, that a group of old ladies on the front porch whispered as he passed.

Mary was waiting for him in the blue-black shadow of a pine tree. She took his arm cuddly without a word. They climbed the winding trail. The night was one of those rare ones when September is reminiscent of August, mild and still, with a sky full of cotton-wool clouds behind which the moon dodges in and out. Halfway up the side of the hill they came to the Eagle's Nest, a rustic summerhouse with seats around the inside.

"Isn't it sweet to be here—together?" asked Mary. "And I was so blue tonight—so wretched and lonely. I'm apt to have these moods, you know. You mustn't mind. I felt that I just had to talk to someone, to some good friend."

And soon she had swung into her usual topic—herself. He listened to more disclosures about Ned Hilliard; his cold neglect of her, his fits of unreasonable jealousy, his failure to make allowance for her temperament, for her inherited tendencies. As she cooed on and on he was conscious of a growing suspicion that in time the cloying sweetness of her voice might become wearisome. The caressing cadences were almost monotonous. Mary, though, seemed not displeased with her efforts.

"I don't know why I am telling you all this, Taylor," she said, "unless it is because I saw at once that you, too, were a man of the world. That is why I've been drawn to you. These mere boys that I sometimes play around with—what can they know of life? You see, I need all kinds. I've always been that way. Some women dole out their affection in little bits to one man. But I—I have oceans of love, just oceans. I have poured it out here and there, only to be disappointed bitterly. But some day I may find the real man, the perfect lover; and when I do I shall give him all, everything, even if we are both drowned in the flood of it. Does that sound mad to you, Taylor? What can you think of me?"

She was sitting beside him, close, her gray eyes rolled up at him, and in the moonlight they looked full of hidden fire, like morning mists with the sun behind. Then it was that he noted her lips. They were thin, piquantly pursed, perfect in their arched symmetry, glowing with warm tints. Alluring lips, they were, provocative, and quite near his. He swayed towards her—but stopped. He was listening. So was Mary.

No wonder, for mounting up the hillside in a penetrating nasal singsong came a call—the unmistakable call of a bell boy.

"Miss-us Ed-war' Hill-yar'! Miss-us Ed-war' Hill-yar'!"

"Why," gasped Mary, "I am being paged!"

(Continued on Page 67)

AND NOW—DUCO FOR FURNITURE

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Furniture Electric Parts
Gasoline and Oil Pumps
Bath Fixtures and Accessories
Toilet Seats Typewriters

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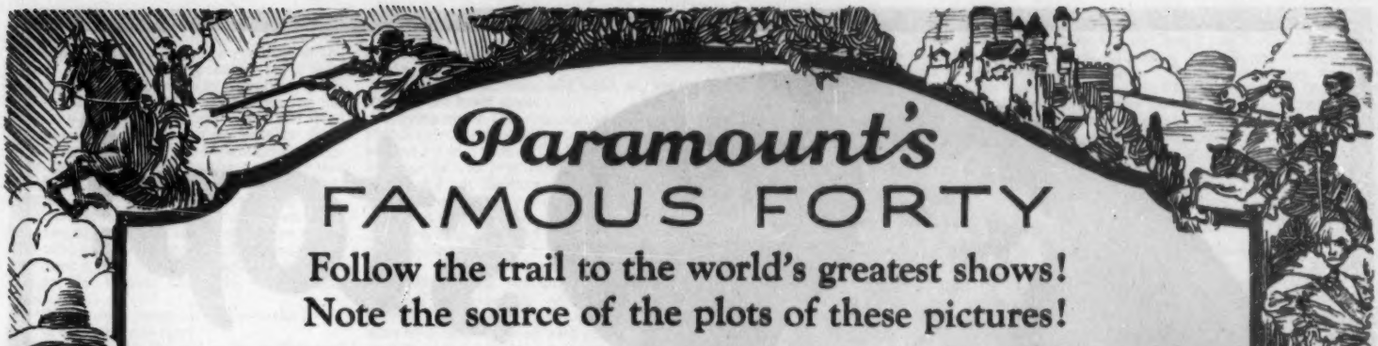


Paramount's FAMOUS FORTY

Follow the trail to the world's greatest shows! Note the source of the plots of these pictures!

SATURDAY EVENING POST STORIES

"The Covered Wagon"
JAMES CRUZE Production. By Emerson Hough.

"Merton of the Movies"
A JAMES CRUZE Production. Starring GLENN HUNTER, with Viola Dana. From Harry Leon Wilson's novel and the play by Kaufman and Connelly.

"North of 36"
With Jack Holt, Lois Wilson, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery. An IRVIN WILLAT Production. From the story by Emerson Hough.

"Changing Husbands"
With LEATRICE JOY. From the story "Roles," by Elizabeth Alexander, directed by Frank Urson and Paul Iribe.

"Unguarded Women"
ALAN CROSLAND Production. With Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Mary Astor. From the story "Face" by Lucy S. Terrill.

"Interlocutery"
Starring Agnes Ayres. From the story by Charles Brackett. (Title to be changed).

"Manhandled"
Starring Gloria Swanson
ALLAN DWAN Production, from the story of the same name by Arthur Stringer.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE STORY

"The Story Without a Name"
With Agnes Ayres and Antonio Moreno. An IRVIN WILLAT Production. From the story by Arthur Stringer.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE STORY

Zane Grey's
"Wanderer of the Wasteland"
An IRVIN WILLAT Production, with Jack Holt. Filmed in Technicolor.

BOOKS

"Monsieur Beaucaire"
Starring Rudolph Valentino
A SIDNEY OLCOTT Production, from Booth Tarkington's famous novel, and the play by Tarkington and E. G. Sutherland.

"The Side-Show of Life"
HERBERT BRENON Production. With Ernest Torrence, Anna Q. Nilsson. From William J. Locke's novel, "The Mountebank."

"Sinners in Heaven"
With BEBE DANIELS and RICHARD DIX. From the British Prize novel of the same name by Clive Arden. An ALAN CROSLAND Production.

"Dangerous Money"
Starring BEBE DANIELS. From the novel "Clark's Field," by Robert Herrick.

"The Wages of Virtue"
Starring Gloria Swanson
An ALLAN DWAN Production. From the novel of the French Foreign Legion by Percival Wren.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL STORIES

"Feet of Clay"
A Cecil B. De Mille Production
From the story of the same name by Margaretta Tuttle. With Rod La Rocque, Vera Reynolds, Ricardo Cortez, Julia Faye, Robert Edeson, Theodore Kosloff and Victor Varconi.

"Worldly Goods"
Starring AGNES AYRES. From the story of the same name by Sophie Kerr. Directed by Paul Bern.

HARPER'S BAZAR STORY

"Empty Hands"
With JACK HOLT, supported by Norma Shearer. From the story of the same name by Arthur Stringer. A VICTOR FLEMING Production.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING STORY

"Jungle Law"
Starring RICHARD DIX. Directed by Paul Sloane. From the story by I. A. R. Wylie. *(Title to be changed.)*

PICTORIAL REVIEW STORY

"The Golden Bed"
A Cecil B. De Mille Production
From the serial, "Tomorrow's Bread," and the book entitled "The Golden Bed," by Wallace Irwin.

ORIGINAL SCREEN STORIES

"Locked Doors"
A WILLIAM de MILLE Production. By Clara Beranger.

"The Man Who Fights Alone"
Starring WILLIAM FARNUM. A WALLACE WORSLEY Production, with Lois Wilson and Edward Horton. By William Blacke and James S. Hamilton.

PLAYS

J. M. Barrie's
"Peter Pan"
A HERBERT BRENON Production. From the immortal story and play. Roy Pomeroy, co-director.

"Lily of the Dust"
Starring Pola Negri
DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI Production. From a novel by Suderman and play by Edward Sheldon.

"Forbidden Paradise"
Starring Pola Negri
An ERNEST LUBITSCH Production. From "The Czarina," by Biro and Lengyel.

"The Garden of Weeds"
A JAMES CRUZE Production. Starring Betty Compson. By Leon Gordon and Doris Marquette.

"Miss Bluebeard"
Starring BEBE DANIELS. From the play "Little Miss Bluebeard," by Avery Hopwood and Gabriel Dregely. Directed by Frank Tuttle.

"The Fast Set"
A William de Mille Production
With Betty Compson, Adolphe Menjou, Elliott Dexter, Zasu Pitts. From Frederick Lonsdale's play, "Spring Cleaning."

COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE STORIES

"The Female"
Starring BETTY COMPSON. From the story, "Dalia, the Lion Cub," by Cynthia Stockley. A SAM WOOD Production.

"Her Love Story"
Starring Gloria Swanson
An ALLAN DWAN Production. From the story "Her Majesty, the Queen," by Mary Roberts Rinehart.

"The Enemy Sex"
JAMES CRUZE Production with BETTY COMPSON. From a novel by Owen Johnson.

James Oliver Curwood's
"The Alaskan"
Starring Thomas Meighan
HERBERT BRENON Production. From the famous Curwood novel of the same name.

Rex Beach's
"A Sainted Devil"
Starring Rudolph Valentino
A JOSEPH HENABERY Production. From the Rex Beach novel, "The Rope's End."

McCALL'S MAGAZINE STORY

"The City that Never Sleeps"
A JAMES CRUZE Production. With Louise Dresser, Kathlyn Williams, Ricardo Cortez, Pierre Gendron, Virginia Lee Corbin. From "Mother O'Day," by Leroy Scott.

HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL STORY

"Tongues of Flame"
Starring Thomas Meighan
From the last novel of Peter Clark Macfarlane.

COLLIER'S STORY

"Bed-Rock"
Starring Thomas Meighan
From the story "Half-Gods," and the book "Bed-Rock," by Jack Bethea.

BOOKS

Zane Grey's
"The Border Legion"
With Antonio Moreno and Helene Chadwick. From the famous novel by Zane Grey. Directed by William Howard.

"Manhattan"
Starring RICHARD DIX. An R. H. BURNSIDE Production. From the novel "The Definite Object," by Jeffery Farnol.

"Argentine Love"
With Bebe Daniels, Ricardo Cortez. An ALLAN DWAN Production. From the novel of the same name by Vicente Blasco Ibanez.

"Open all Night"
With Viola Dana, Jetta Goudal, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith. By Willis Goldbeck, suggested by Paul Morand's stories. Directed by Paul Bern.

"A Woman Scorned"
Starring Pola Negri
A JAMES CRUZE Production. *(Title to be changed.)*

Ask your theatre for date of showing!

Pictures

TRADE Paramount Pictures MARK

PRODUCED BY
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP
ADOLPH ZUKOR—PRESIDENT
NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from Page 62)

She was. If it seemed odd to her that she should be paged about the grounds of the hotel at 10:30 in the evening, there were numerous other persons in and about Baldcrest Manor to whom the search for her was no mystery, at least, for Mr. Ned Hilliard had arrived unexpectedly from Pittsburgh on the White Mountain Express. He had made his connections only by two wild taxi dashes across cities and by sprinting some fifty yards after a moving train, but he had made it. He usually did. And having arrived at this remote resort where his wife had elected to spend several weeks without him, he naturally asked where she was. Mr. Hinkle, the room clerk, shook his head.

"Not in her room, sir. Here's the key."

"Then where is she?"

"Might be in the ballroom or the card room, sir. Shall I send a boy to see?"

"Of course."

The boy reported that Mrs. Hilliard was in none of the rooms indicated; also that she was on neither veranda.

"But she must be somewhere about."

Mr. Hinkle shrugged his shoulders.

"Most likely, sir."

"Then find her," ordered Mr. Hilliard. "I have some wires to send out. Gimme some blanks. I'll be in there."

He was a sturdily built, square-shouldered person with stern eyes and a heavy bluish chin. He spoke as one who is used to giving orders and having them obeyed. Mr. Hinkle recognized the type—the sort of man who gets what he wants.

"Very well, sir. Boy, page Mrs. Hilliard. Find her."

"I guess I can," said the bell boy, giving Mr. Hinkle a sly but impudent wink. An alert youth, he was, with red hair and many freckles. He had done numerous errands for Mrs. Hilliard and he considered that he had been inadequately tipped. More than that, she had snapped at him only last night. Also, he had not been sitting on that lobby bench all summer with his eyes shut.

He began, quite uselessly, to page Mrs. Hilliard through the card room. "Mis-sus Ed-war' Hill-yar'! Mis-sus Ed-war' Hill-yar'!"

Bridge was suspended, while the players listened. Some smiled, some nudged one another.

Out around the verandas went the boy, sounding his nasal call. One of the lady knitters dropped seven stitches. By the time he had completed his futile round none who were still awake were uninformed that Mrs. Edward Hilliard was wanted, or that she was not being readily discovered. The easy conclusion was that she was missing. Billy Arnold heard and stared wonderingly after the boy. And Roy Barton came out of a phone booth from one of his long-distance sessions in time to hear the voice trailing off into the semidarkness at the front of the hotel.

For an instant Roy listened to the paging of Mrs. Hilliard with an amused grin on his face. Then he sobered and glanced at the lobby alcove where Mr. Dean was accustomed to read. He saw the vacant chair. Next he shuffled springily to the desk and examined the register.

"I say, Gus, when did Mr. Hilliard blow in?" he asked.

"Just arrived," said Mr. Hinkle.

"And he's having Mrs. Hilliard paged?"

"Sounds so, doesn't it?"

"Where is this Hilliard person? That him at the writing desk?"

Mr. Hinkle nodded.

"Zowie!" said Roy, and went abruptly toward the front door.

Having noted the wide shoulders and the bluish chin, it seemed to Roy that it would be best for him to find Taylor Dean at once. Perhaps he was prompted only by instinct, but he did not hesitate; and his method of finding Dean was by following the bell boy who was paging Mrs. Hilliard. He was planning to dash ahead and find Dean first.

Following the boy was not difficult, for his cry was shattering the night. Roy heard it echoing out among the winding paths of the flower garden and against the hillside. He broke into a lope. A moment later he almost collided with another young man who came in from a converging walk. It was Billy Arnold.

"What's all the row about Mrs. Hilliard?" asked Arnold. "Is she lost?"

"Where'd you collect that hunch?"

"Heard women on the porch say so."

"Huh!" said Roy. "Maybe she is."

Together they plunged on after the voice. Presently, as the upgrade began, they heard heavy breathing just ahead and came upon two women. They were a pair of the porch knitters who had first heard the call; two somewhat stout middle-aged matrons who as a rule went in very little for hill climbing at any time, but who were quite ready to exert themselves in any cause worth while. Evidently they considered this such a cause.

"Oh!" said one of them. "You're hunting for her, too, are you? I hope nothing serious has happened."

"Might have," said the other. "Remember that Miss Leslie who came up here and turned her ankle last summer, and lay here for two hours before anybody found her?"

"Who said Mrs. Hilliard was up here?" asked Roy.

"Well, the boy seems to think she may be," answered one. "We—we thought he might need help."

Roy tried to edge past them, but it was a narrow path cut through dense underbrush, and the knitters were wide females. He was kept behind, fretting at the slow pace.

"Do you mind if I push?" he asked.

"Certainly I do," said the nearest knitter. "You might go ahead and pull, though. We're getting left. Here, we'll let you by."

He squeezed past and took the first knitter by the hand. Billy Arnold lent similar aid to the second. Thus assisted, the volunteer rescuers made better time. They overtook the boy, who had been stopping to make his call.

"You're going toward the Eagle's Nest, aren't you?" said one of the knitters. "What makes you think she's there?"

"I gotta hunch," said the boy.

Meanwhile Dean and Mrs. Hilliard were listening to the ever-advancing cry. There was nothing else for them to do. The path ended at the Nest and the hill was far too rough and steep to afford any other way of descent. They were trapped.

"Who can be paging you?" asked Taylor.

"It must be Ned. He wasn't coming until next Monday, but you never can tell about him."

"Do—do you think he's with the boy?"

"He might be."

Taylor Dean shivered. He had heard only too recently about Ned's violent fits of jealousy. What if he should come and make a scene? How humiliating! And how unlucky! For his first reaction, as they waited there in the shadowy summerhouse, was not one of fear. Rather he was indignant that he should have got into such a scrape just because he had been kind to a pretty woman. Other men did far worse and got off scot-free. But he, at his first misstep ——

"There is someone with the bell boy," whispered Mrs. Hilliard. "I hear other voices."

"What—what are we going to do?"

"Sh-h-h! Keep quiet, can't you? Perhaps they'll not come clear up." She said it peevishly, almost waspishly. Then she added, "You were an old fool to bring me up here."

If she had suddenly produced a pail of ice water and thrown it on him Taylor Dean could not have been more astonished—or more quickly cooled.

"You are quite right, Mary. And now the old fool is going to take himself off."

With that he climbed over the rustic railing, balanced for an instant on a rock, and then plunged crashing into the bushes. Whether he had broken his neck or only an arm or leg, or had managed to escape unhurt, Mrs. Hilliard did not stop to inquire. She stepped forward and answered the call. As they came up and stood around her, gazing curiously about the otherwise empty summerhouse, she explained vivaciously.

"Why, I climbed up here to see the moonlight on the hills. How sweet of you all to be worried about me, though! Perhaps it was silly of me to venture here all alone, without telling anyone. I hope dear Ned hasn't been anxious. Do you care if I hurry down? I'm just crazy to see the darling boy."

The red-headed bell hop stared after her resentfully, with something of disappointment in his look. The knitters did not seem quite satisfied with the result of their climb.

"Funny, isn't it?" said one to the other.

"Coming?" asked Billy Arnold of Roy.

"Now that I'm up here, I think I'll stay and have a smoke," said Roy, settling himself on the seat.

But when the little procession had wound down the hill and out of earshot he leaned over and called into the bushes, "Major! I say, major!"

"I'm here, Roy," came the answer, almost at his feet.

"Hurt any?"

"A few scratches. Lend me a hand, will you?"

He was helped over the railing, somewhat dishevel'ed as to collar and necktie, his hat out of shape, a scratch across one cheek.

"Well, you're lucky out of it, at that," commented Roy. "How does it feel, major, to be a cornered Romeo?"

"Much as I look, I suppose—like an old fool."

"Oh, come, major, don't be rough with yourself!"

"I am quoting Mrs. Hilliard," said Taylor, with a grim smile.

"Oh, boy!" ejaculated Roy. "Handed you that, did she? Say, I guess you're cured of that disease, major!"

"Fully. But I don't think I shall care to convalesce here, at the Manor."

"I'll say not! You got eased out of this mess tonight, but if you'll take my tip you'll keep right on going. Bound to be more or less gossip. Those two women are keen guessers. So I'll tell you what: I've got to take a run down to Boston. I'm starting in half an hour in my car. You pack up and come along with me."

"Now? At night?"

"That's when you can make speed, and with that bus of mine I'll show you some fancy rolling. That is, unless you want to face the folks at breakfast and explain how you got scratched."

"I'll come," said Dean, "providing you'll go back to Millport with me and help me tell Esther just how silly I've been."

"To her? Good Lord! Say, that would be a sap act! See here, major, you skidded a bit, but you didn't skid far; and anyway, it wasn't your fault. Why bother her describing your close shave? Only one you ever had, wasn't it? Well, forget it, wipe it off. You're all the safer for it; and you're going to think more of Esther than ever, aren't you?"

"I do now—I do!" said Dean. "But all the same ——"

As they went roaring along in the path of the headlights over mile after mile of winding mountain roads, Roy elaborated his theory. As you may have gathered, he was a persuasive, a convincing young man. And when, three days later, Taylor Dean was dropped in front of the cleaned and renovated mansion on Elm Street he had agreed to let the Mary incident slide into oblivion. Also Roy had promised to look in on them on his return from New York, a few days after the wedding.

"And I've about decided," added Dean, "that, afford it or not, I shall let you sell me a Luxuro."

"What?" said Roy. "One of those gas and tire eaters? Why, say, major, do you know how much per mile it costs to run a big dray like that? Besides, I've quit 'em. Uh-huh! Shifted lines. That's what all the phoning was about. And now I'm handling the slickest, most economical medium-priced high-quality car on the market. What you really want is one of our sport coupés, the best buy of any covered wagon you can find. I'll run one up when I come. You can make it a wedding present to Esther, eh?"

He was as good as his word. Roy was their first dinner guest. They had gone into the immaculate little library for coffee and cigars as Esther—a fresh-cheeked, clear-eyed Esther, who already seemed quite at home as mistress of the great house—came smiling in to them.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Taylor," she said, disclosing two sheets of note paper held in her hand. "In getting out your dinner coat I found that letter you started to write to me from Baldcrest Manor."

"Well, well! Did you?" A pink flush mounted on Taylor's cheeks.

"You had got as far as, 'Then there is a Mrs. Hilliard.' What about her?"

"Why—I—er ——" Taylor floundered. Which was where Roy broke in.

"Sure, major! I remember. There was a Mrs. Hilliard. But you didn't know much about her. I did. Almost met her husband too. Mrs. Hilliard? Oh, yes! As I was telling the major, there's one in every resort hotel."

"Really!" said Esther, busy with the silver coffeepot. "One lump, Taylor?"

DRAWN BY PAUL REILLY

Old Dobbin Used to Know the Way Home. But an Automobile Can Only Guess at It

PARTY DISCIPLINE

(Continued from Page 4)

And by the same token I believe that the will of the majority should rule in the party as in the nation. The will of the majority is the corner stone upon which the whole structure of this or any other free and self-governing people must rest to the end of time.

The principles and policies for which each party stand are determined in a representative council of the party. These are submitted in the name of the party to the votes of the country and the people make their choice. The will of the majority is registered at the polls and the party receiving the majority approval is definitely committed to putting those principles into effect in legislation and in executive acts. The line of responsibility is clearly established and definitely maintained. In my opinion it can be established and maintained in no other way. But it cannot be maintained unless the designated leaders of the party in Congress and in high executive offices, the business agents selected by a majority of the people to make the will of the majority effective, exert the discipline necessary to do the business which the party has been empowered to do by the mandate of the majority.

The United States is the greatest business corporation in the world, and its Congress is its board of directors, selected by a body of shareholders having equal voting power. In voting, each shareholder has a choice of definite policies and of candidates committed to those policies. The largest private business corporation in America is a pygmy compared with the great public corporation of the United States Government.

Its shareholders, the voters of this country, would feel very differently about the necessity of party discipline if they had any clear idea of the vast physical proportions and complications of the job of carrying out the will of the majority in actual legislation. If voters generally had in mind a clear picture of the physical proportions of the task of national legislation in this board of directors they would never question the necessity of strict party discipline in Congress.

The present Congress contains 531 members—96 senators and 435 representatives. The United States Steel Corporation has only 14 directors, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey 12, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company 17.

The work handled by the board of directors of the biggest corporation in America is small and insignificant compared with that handled by the Congress of the United States. When I was Speaker of the House of Representatives more than 30,000 bills and resolutions were introduced in one year, of which less than 1000 were passed. This statement suggests roughly the labor of elimination necessary in the House of Representatives.

Potential Conflict and Chaos

Today the House has 435 members, each with his own individual ideas of what he wishes to accomplish for his constituents and for himself. Here are potential conflict and chaos on a huge scale. The only possible way by which the immense volume of legislative business can be handled is to settle things first in the party councils. This must be done by the recognized leaders of the majority party in power, by those who will be blamed and held responsible if the party fails to make good its platform pledges. Responsibility should always carry authority; it always does when it is fairly and effectively placed.

The new member—or the old one, for that matter—who really wishes to accomplish anything, and who has a sensible idea of making personal progress as a legislator, will realize that his hopes lie in his relations with the recognized and responsible leaders of his party. In short, if he wishes to get ahead he will go with his party instead of against it. If his conscience does not permit him to go with it he should get out of it.

I have less use for the man who obtains votes from the people under false pretenses than I have for the man who obtains money under false pretenses, for the political trickster who uses the name and the traditions of a great party to get himself elected to office and then repudiates the pledges and responsibilities of that party cannot be punished by law. Without party discipline, he knows that he can escape scot-free of any punishment whatever. But not so the party under whose name he secures election. The party must take the punishment for his failure to do his share in redeeming its pledges to the people and carrying out the expressed will of the majority. The people, the voters, have a habit of rebuking the party which has not made good its promises.

In 1864 thousands of Democrats voted for Lincoln because Lincoln stood for the Union while the Democratic convention declared the war a failure and demanded the cessation of hostilities. That was a rebuke of the Democratic Party by the loyal Democrats. In 1872, thousands of Democrats voted for Grant because the Democratic convention indorsed the candidate and platform of the so-called Liberal Party, which was an aggregation of Democrats, Republicans and Independents who were ready to indorse anything to defeat President Grant.

Thousands of Democrats voted for McKinley in 1896 because Mr. Bryan swept the Democratic convention off its feet, secured a platform demanding the free coinage of silver at a ratio of sixteen to one and procured the nomination for himself. In 1920, thousands of Democrats voted for Senator Harding and rebuked their party leaders, who were insisting that this Government join the League of Nations. These are the most conspicuous and significant rebukes that any political party or any set of political leaders has received in the last century, and in the last analysis it is a rebuke of the voters themselves that tells. The rebuke of party leaders and managers is of little consequence as compared with the rebuke of the American people.

Rescuing Political Chestnuts

The insurgents in the Sixty-eighth Congress now call themselves Progressives, but they were retroactives in the first session of this Congress, using their powers for negation and obstruction of affirmation. They had enough votes in both House and Senate to prevent the Republicans from organizing both branches of Congress as Republican, although the voters in 1922 elected officially a majority of the House and the Senate.

The insurgents refused to permit the Republicans to pass tax legislation in harmony with the President's recommendations as embodied in the majority report of the Committee on Ways and Means. They also refused to coöperate fully with the demands of either House or Senate; they used their balance of power to advantage also to prevent legislation to aid the farmers whom they professed specifically to represent. Their whole attitude was one of negation and obstruction, which is the equivalent of reaction. And they were elected as Republicans.

In commenting on the rebuke which the voters administered to Horace Greeley and his fellow insurgents in 1872, the late Emory A. Storrs declared:

"An attempt to organize a great national party on the basis of mutual antipathies and hatreds, on a platform of common grievances and disappointments, met, as it deserved to meet, a disgraceful and wretched failure."

Not bad reading, that sentence, for the present day and hour.

My definition of party insurgency is, fighting between the lines. In the last analysis that is precisely what it amounts to. How does it work out? Take a look back to 1910, when the big break in party discipline occurred. Senator Norris, then a charter member of the insurgent group in the House, offered a resolution creating a new Committee on Rules, which provided that the Speaker should not be a member of the committee, which was to be elected by the House. By a combination of insurgents and Democrats, the resolution was passed. What followed seems to me to point the weakness of insurgency.

Immediately after the adoption of that resolution the Speaker asked the insurgents of the House for a few moments and proceeded to say that the vote just taken showed that a new majority had been created by the alliance of the Democrats and the insurgents; that power and responsibility should go together and the new majority should assume its due burden of responsibility by electing a Speaker of their political persuasion. I then invited any member, regardless of party, to move to declare the chair vacant and proceed to elect a new Speaker, who would represent the new majority. Mr. Burleson, of Texas, then one of the Democratic leaders, rushed forward, escaped the Democratic hands that reached for his coat tails, and made the motion. He was recognized at once and the motion put to a vote.

But on the roll call the insurgents deserted their allies and voted no with the Republicans. They did not care to share with their Democratic allies the responsibility for the official control of the House! I assume they saw that they would have to vote for a Democratic Speaker or deadlock the House indefinitely if they voted for one of their own number. They chose rather to continue the Republican control in name and continue their irresponsible action of fighting between the lines. They voluntarily voted to continue Cannon as Speaker after three days of hysterical denunciation of Cannonism.

They knew that the Democrats would not trust one of them in the chair; that they could not be depended upon to observe law, order or discipline which interfered with their individual desires. On the other hand, they saw a chance to dodge responsibility and still play the bull in the china shop by leaving the Republican Speaker in the chair. I had, with the advice of the responsible leaders of the Republican majority in the House, set some of them back a notch or two in committee appointments when the appointments of committees was in the hands of the Speaker. Of course this infuriated them. The Democrats were glad to use these insurgents to pull Democratic chestnuts out of the fire and the new Committee on Rules opened the way for this. In a word, they preferred to continue to hide under the Republican tent and keep on raising hell and fighting between the lines.

The majority of the voters of this country elect the Congress; they decide whether Congress shall have a Republican or Democratic or some other kind of majority. After that, under our representative government, the people decide whether to approve or disapprove of the acts of Congress. If they disapprove they rebuke the responsible majority by electing another kind of a majority. That has been the custom of the American people under this representative government ever since it was created.

Operating Between the Lines

But the insurgents do not play the game in that way. They operate exclusively between the lines of the two responsible parties. If they did that between the lines of two armies they would be shot at sunrise. In politics today we have just that kind of insurgency that Victor Hugo described in his Battle of Waterloo, where the men between the lines preyed upon both armies, robbing both the dead and the wounded.

Why, there are today members of Congress who insist that they are Republicans and at the same time are openly opposing the Republican Party and trying to hamstring it.

That kind of politics does not square with any politics I have ever known before or that I learned under Abraham Lincoln.

When men claim officially and unofficially to belong to one party, and appeal to the voters of that party to elect them to office, and at the same time oppose the leading candidates of that party and trade with the enemy, they are something more than inconsistent. In my experience of threescore years in politics I have never before come in contact with a kind of politics so degenerate and shameless as this.

Here is a so-called independent party claiming to represent the farmer and appealing to the farmer vote. The same men who are organizing and recommending this new party, by holding the balance of the party, controlled the legislative program of the last session of Congress, which did nothing for the farmer. They were elected as Republicans and still claim to be Republicans. The Haugen bill for the relief of the farmer was reported to the House by a Republican majority of the Committee on Agriculture. The insurgent member of that committee, Mr. Voigt, of Wisconsin, made the minority report opposing the bill and led in the opposition on the floor of the House. The insurgents and the Democrats, combined, accomplished its defeat.

Sticking to the text of party discipline, let me express a personal conviction which I do not expect any of my friends who are still active in politics to indorse—publicly, at least. I believe that the so-called popular primary laws are about the saddest failures in the way of legislation enacted within recent years. They are inventions of the insurgents, as I see it, have accomplished nothing for the liberties of the people and have been highly subversive of party discipline, party responsibility and constructive legislation.

It was supposed by most of those who voted for them that they would give the people better and more direct representation; that "God's patient poor," to quote a pet La Follette phrase, would get more power and more intelligent leadership than they were able to obtain under the old caucus and convention system. Though I have no wish to insult or offend any citizen who has been put in office under the new system, I am obliged to believe that the average of selections is lower, not higher, now than when all candidates were chosen by the caucus-convention method.

Tests of Party Loyalty

To me it seems clear that the reason for this was because the backbone of the old system was party responsibility, and this developed leadership of the ablest kind. Then there was real party cohesion and discipline.

Every issue put forth in the name of the party had the consideration and approval of the ablest and most devoted men in the party, who realized that the party would be held responsible for them. Every candidate for an office of any consequence was selected on the same basis—that of his effect on the standing of the party with the voters. I admit that the leaders, being human, sometimes made mistakes. But I am willing to leave it to any man, Republican or Democrat, who has been active and influential in politics for thirty years or more whether the percentage of party traitors was not trifling and insignificant then compared with what it is today.

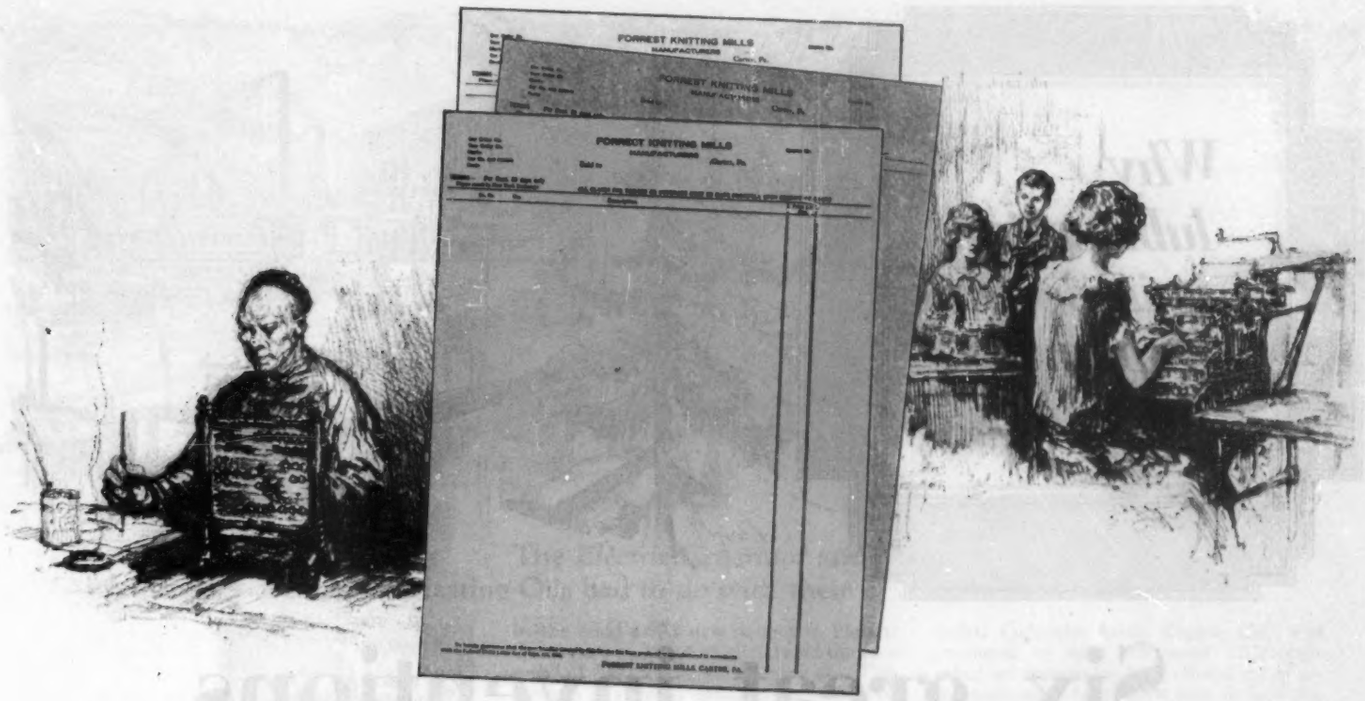
The old system, under which the good of the party rather than the good of the individual politician was the supreme consideration, produced virile men with a strong sense of responsibility; men who were marked for preferment because they showed capacity for united action in a common cause; men who held themselves subject to discipline, if necessary, for the common good. That system bred a race of good Indians, as we called them, who didn't do their fighting between the lines. If they didn't get what they wanted when they wanted it—because the best interests of the party demanded that they wait—then they swallowed their disappointment and waited.

How is it today under the boasted "popular primary" system? As it operates, the idea and the force of party responsibility are virtually lost. There is no test of party loyalty involved which amounts to more than an idle gesture. Under it a man can snap his fingers at the whole rank and file of the very party under the banner of which he may be voted into office. When that happens he naturally holds the party in contempt and is inclined to consider himself greater than the party. At any suggestion of responsibility to the party he feels himself in position to retort that he owes the party nothing, conveniently forgetting that he borrowed its banner to procure his election.

The claim that the popular primary election system gives the poor man a better chance to send one of his own kind to the Senate or the House of Representatives is amusing to any man who knows the cost of a state-wide campaign under that system. If I were a multimillionaire, with an ambition to go to the United States Senate, and had never done my party any real service and had never demonstrated that I possessed either experience or ability of the kind needed in that position, I should consider that the popular primary election law was a providential interference in my behalf.

From all of which it is easy to gather that I hold this new system in small respect. I regard it as subversive of party

(Continued on Page 72)



From abacus to printed form

THE Chinese laundryman uses the ancient counting-frame, or abacus, to total up shirts and socks he has washed.

Compare that with modern methods.

Compare a modern hotel bill with an innkeeper's slate of a century ago.

The printed form is quick, specific, direct. It leaves nothing for the memory. It can't be ignored.

The printed form is initiative in that it starts things. It is administrative in that it sees them through. It is history in that it serves as a record.

The printed form never wastes time. Every business man knows that the sure way to delay a job is to start it without an order and attempt to complete it without using forms. It seldom gets finished right. It never gets billed right.

You may say, "Yes, that's right. I use printed forms. I believe in them. Why should I use Hammermill Bond?"

The reasons are many and good. Hammermill is a standard quality bond paper at a low price. Prove this if you want to by shopping a little. When you order Hammermill Bond you can get it without delay or explanation. Stocks are carried in eighty cities, and printers are quickly supplied.

Also, you can get Hammermill Bond in the color or colors you want—twelve colors and white—and the colors are uniform, the strength is uniform, and the weight is uniform. You can get your choice of regular weights—heavy stock for letters and original sheets, lighter stock for carbons, pending copies, and duplicates.

There are three finishes of Hammermill Bond, giving a bond, a ripple, and a linen effect. Hammermill Ledger is provided to go with any standard type of accounting or billing machine and in fillers for loose-leaf ring books.

Hammermill Papers have been patiently developed in manufacture and distribution, so that the executive who buys carefully and with judgment must inevitably arrive at the conclusion to buy Hammermill. This is so today. Many large firms and small have standardized on Hammermill Bond for all office, store, or factory printing.

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Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

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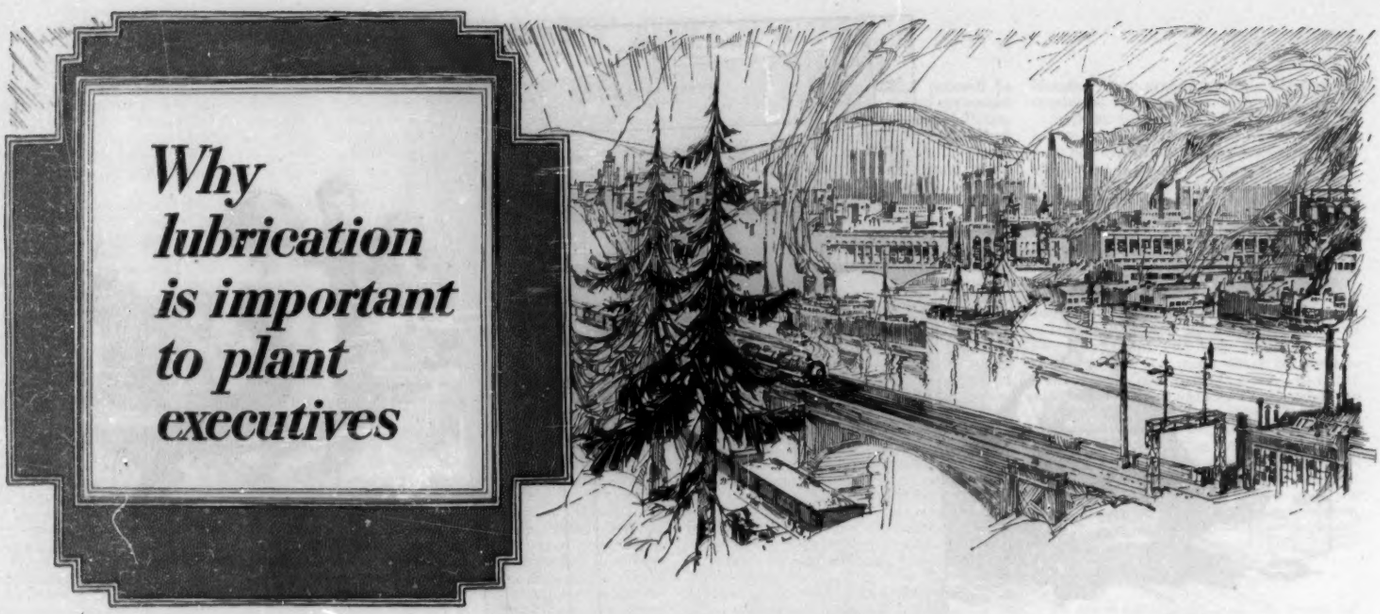
The Utility Business Paper



Six great inventions

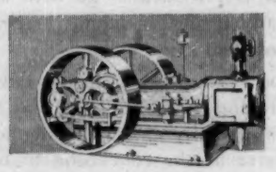
How Gargoyle Lubricating Oils cleared the way for their development—and made modern plant operation possible

IN 1866 Hiram Everest erected in a back yard in Rochester, New York, a small still to distill kerosene from crude petroleum. The residue, which at that time had no commercial value, troubled him. But further examination disclosed rich lubricating qualities. From this discovery was produced the first mineral lubricant.

At that time, only animal lubricants —sperm oil, tallow, lard and suet— were used. Machinery was slow moving. It yielded absurdly little power. Efforts to increase that power by speeding operation demanded a more effective lubricant. Mineral oil solved the problem. Mr. Everest, first President of the Vacuum Oil Company, lived to see petroleum lubricants revolutionize the design and operation of all modern high-speed machinery. These lubricants are known the world over as Gargoyle Lubricating Oils.

One of the greatest sources of pride to Vacuum Oil Company representatives is the part their company has played in quickening the development of great inventions and making modern plant operation possible. Six instances follow:

What does the *Stationary Steam Engine* owe to Gargoyle Lubricating Oils?



PRIOR to the production of Gargoyle Cylinder Oil 600-W, stationary steam engines were lubricated with tallow.

Gargoyle Cylinder Oil 600-W was the first successful petroleum lubricant used for steam engines. Its success was so marked that a large number of imitations soon appeared—many of these imitations even adopted the name "600-W." But to this day no other cylinder oil is so well adapted to the wide range of steam engine conditions as Gargoyle Cylinder Oil 600-W.

What does the *Automobile Engine* owe to Gargoyle Lubricants?

IN 1872, Mr. George B. Selden set out to invent a mechanically propelled wagon.

In 1877, with high heart he looked upon his finished engine. Then came a setback. He found that none of the animal or vegetable lubricants then in use would give adequate service on this new kind of internal-combustion engine. So great was the inefficiency of these oils that Mr. Selden practically gave up the idea of perfecting his engine for road service.

Later in the year he learned that the Vacuum Oil Company had produced a new, clear petroleum, lubricating oil. He secured a few gallons. The turning point was reached. Wiped out were the problems of oil decomposition and highly offensive exhaust smoke. The new oil lubricated his engine with high efficiency. He went ahead with his work.

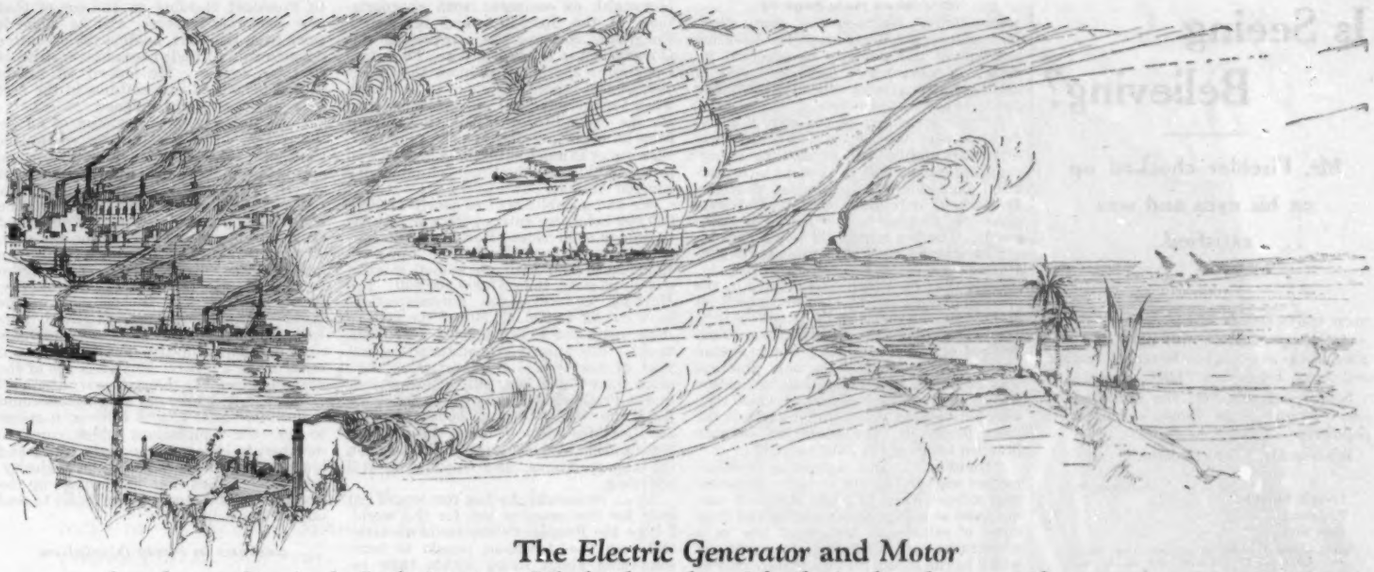
Mr. Selden paid that oil the following tribute:

"It is beyond doubt that the Vacuum Oil Company was the first to make a suitable pure mineral oil that would lubricate a gasoline automobile, and I was the first one to make use of it."

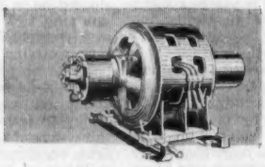
Today, several grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil supply scientifically correct lubrication for each make and model of automobile, motor-truck, farm tractor, motor-cycle, and motor-boat.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils
***for* Plant Lubrication**

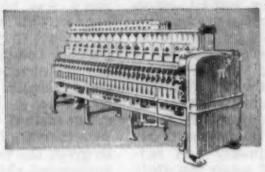


The *Electric Generator* and *Motor* —what have Gargoyle Lubricating Oils had to do with their development?



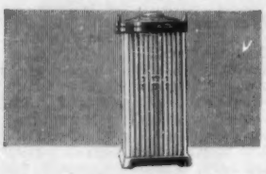
IN the middle 80's new designs in Electric Generators and Motors introduced the new speed of 1000 revolutions per minute. This brought up a fresh lubricating problem. The Vacuum Oil Company turned to meet it. Gargoyle Vacuoline Oil Extra "A." (formerly called Gargoyle Arctic Engine Oil) was produced to meet this need. Although other oil companies later offered oil of almost identical laboratory tests at half the price, users found the Gargoyle product far more economical.

What does the *Textile Industry* owe to Gargoyle Lubricating Oils?



IN the early 80's a relatively thin oil was used for spindle lubrication. The Vacuum Oil Company's engineers, however, believed that the oil was unnecessarily heavy for the work—resulting in an unnecessary waste of power. After a period of experimentation the Vacuum Oil Company produced Gargoyle Spindle Oils. Textile mills reported a marked saving in coal bills on changing to these lubricants—frequently as great as 40%.

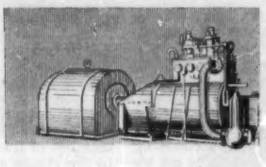
How did the Vacuum Oil Company make possible the modern *Electric Transformer?*



THE first transformers handled currents from 2000 to 3000 volts. The higher the voltage the greater the heat. A petroleum product is here used as an insulating and cooling medium.

This new problem was met when the Vacuum Oil Company, working with the electrical companies, produced for them distinctive grades of Transformer Oils specially adapted for their appliances. Manufacturers were thus enabled to raise the early voltages higher and higher.

How was the development of *Steam Turbines* dependent on Gargoyle Lubricating Oils?



STEAM TURBINES presented two new lubricating problems:—

1 They operated at speeds of 1800 to 3600 r. p. m.

2 Water tended to get into the system which, when churned with oil, formed a sludge. This sludge would often choke the oil pipes.

The turbine problem centered about the production of lubricating oil which would not sludge and which would readily separate from water. After extensive research and experiment, this problem was met through the production by the Vacuum Oil Company of three grades of Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils.

SUCH later inventions as aeroplanes, motorships, the gyro-compass, telemotors, pneumatic tools, refrigerating apparatus, paper making machines—in fact practically all high-speed machines afloat and ashore—have encountered serious lubrication problems. In the solution of the problems, the Vacuum Oil Company has played a notable and conspicuous part.

The future of invention will doubtless present fresh problems in lubrication. The Vacuum Oil Company pledges its resources to meet these requirements as they arise.

In the meantime, Gargoyle Lubricating Oils remain the standard by which all high-grade lubricants are judged. They insure smoother running machinery, less wear, fewer interruptions of operation and increased production from all machinery in all industries.

A Broad Service to Industrial Plants

OVER 85% of the leading builders of all prime mover engines recommend or approve the use of Gargoyle Lubricating Oils, made by the Vacuum Oil Company. The majority of builders of the many other kinds of industrial machinery recommend or approve Gargoyle Lubricating Oils

Take the leading industries and the ten leading manufacturers in each industry, and you will find that the Vacuum Oil Company will be lubricating important units in the large majority of them.

In thousands of plants in all lines of industry the Vacuum Oil Company is today solving lubricating problems and bringing about improved operating results

Vacuum Oil Company

NEW YORK

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New York *(Main Office)*	Buffalo	Des Moines	Kansas City, Mo.	New Haven	Philadelphia	Rochester
Albany	Chicago	Detroit	Milwaukee	Oklahoma City	Pittsburgh	St. Louis
Boston	Dallas	Indianapolis	Minneapolis	Peoria	Portland, Me.	Springfield, Mass.

(Continued from Page 68)

responsibility, destructive of party discipline and an able instrument for defeating the will of the majority in practical results—in constructive legislation and in administrative acts for which the party was put in power by the voters.

All this is the personal opinion of an individual who has been in Congress nearly fifty years and has had at least fair opportunities for observation. I make no insinuation that this is a Republican doctrine. It is wholly individual opinion. If I were given to prophecy, I would add these words: The pendulum will swing back!

I have never known the principle of government by party to be more clearly expressed than by President Coolidge in the opening words of his recent speech of acceptance, in which he declared:

"Very early in their search for a sound method of self-government, the American people discovered that the only practical way to secure responsible political action was by the formation of parties, which they adopted because reason pronounced it the most promising, and confirmed because practice found it the most successful.

"Underneath and upholding political parties was, and is, the enduring principle that a true citizen of a real Republic cannot exist as a segregated, unattached fragment of selfishness, but must live as a constituent part of the whole of society, in which he can secure his own welfare only as he secures the welfare of his fellow men. Party means political coöperation, not as an end in itself, but a means, an instrument of government."

Coolidge and Economy

There speaks a man who understands the principle of government by party, who knows the meaning of party responsibility and who has always held himself as under party discipline. There isn't a drop of insurgent blood in his veins. He has always been regular, in the party sense, and has always recognized, in actual practice, the doctrine which I have quoted.

The record shows that, as a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and later of the Senate of that state, he never pushed for place or asked for desirable committeeships. He waited his turn and took what the recognized leaders of the party organization apportioned to him. To my sense, Calvin Coolidge stands as the best living definition of a party man. Certainly there is none better. The reason for this lies in his sound common sense and the fact that he understands the value of discipline, which is only another term for law and order. As a boy he submitted to it, and he has done the same thing in all his political life. He is under discipline now—self-discipline of the strictest sort.

One reason, I am sure, why President Coolidge is so firm a party man is because his understanding of the principles of practical government is deep and fundamental, because the doctrine of party responsibility is almost as strong with him as his religious and moral convictions, and because he has the horse sense to know that the only way by which party pledges can be fulfilled in actual legislative enactments is by complete party coöperation, which can never be maintained without strict party discipline. This is especially necessary when it comes to matters of governmental economy.

I once had some reputation for trying to economize in government expenditures and appropriations. I must, however, acknowledge that President Coolidge has done more in that line in one year than I did in the ten years of my chairmanship of the Committee on Appropriations of the House. With a budget law authorizing the President to make the budget through his Bureau of the Budget and one Committee on Appropriations in the House authorized to report appropriation bills, President Coolidge has been able to cut the expenditures by $1,000,000,000 this first year of his administration, and he proposes to cut deeper and deeper while he continues in office.

The Fifty-first Congress, when I was first chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, appropriated $1,000,000,000 for two years, or $500,000,000 annually. Through the press and in the political campaign that followed, we were denounced as having created a billion-dollar Congress. Speaker Reed retorted that this was a billion-dollar country.

That $1,000,000,000 in 1890 seemed to be a tremendous amount of money for government expenditures, but it now looks picayunish as compared with appropriations of the Sixty-fifth and Sixty-sixth Congresses covering the expenses of this Government in the World War. Those two Congresses appropriated more than $40,000,000,000—more than our total wealth when I was elected to Congress, more than all the expenditures of the Government from its beginning down to the year 1917, three times as much as all the gold produced in the world from the time Columbus discovered America down to the present.

We had a public debt of nearly $1,000,000,000 before we entered the war. At the beginning of President Harding's Administration we had a public debt of more than $25,000,000,000, with an annual interest charge of more than $1,000,000,000. The Harding and Coolidge administrations have cut off $3,000,000,000 of the debt in three years and $120,000,000 a year in interest. The annual expenditures the last year of the Wilson Administration were more than $6,000,000,000. The last year under President Coolidge the annual expenditure was $3,000,000,000. Harding and Coolidge whittled down the expenditures and enabled Congress to whittle down the appropriations, and Coolidge is still whittling.

As an economist, he has the record not only for this country but for the world. I hope the President's success in economy will lead the American people to learn something about living within their incomes and saving something for an emergency. By the way, the Liberty Bonds which the people bought at par in a spirit of patriotism went down to eighty-five cents on the dollar during the closing years of the Wilson Administration. Under this Administration they are now at a premium.

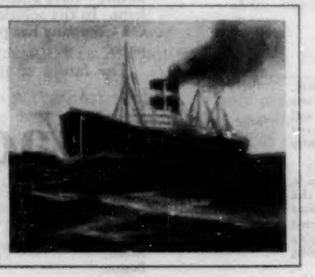
President Harding was fortunate in selecting his director of the budget. I have known Charles G. Dawes for nearly thirty years; I knew his father before him, who served in Congress with me more than forty years ago; I knew his brothers and knew his family. The general has good blood as well as good training and experience. He can play the political game, but he always plays it on the square. In the preliminary campaign in Illinois in 1896 I did not know that Charlie Dawes had become a citizen of Illinois. But I discovered that he was on the ground all right when I found that he had committed the Republican organization of the state to McKinley against Senator Cullom, who was our favorite son. He had located in Illinois quietly and canvassed the situation, and when the state Republican convention met the poll was for McKinley. Charlie Dawes had done that!

A Good Congressional Show

When President McKinley appointed him Comptroller of the Currency some of the older heads wagged uneasily. He was too young to control all the national banks! But he made good and was soon recognized as an authority on finance as well as on banking. After the death of McKinley he resigned as comptroller and again demonstrated his ability by establishing a bank of his own in Chicago, which soon took a commanding place in the banking world.

But when war came, without a thought of those great interests under his control, he passed them on to others and joined Pershing in France. There, coördinating the purchase of supplies and other expenditures for the army, he saved billions and billions for the Government. He saw the economic and military necessity for cutting red tape and he did it like Reed counting a quorum. That helped Pershing to get his men to the front and drive the Germans back and back until they saw the end and sued for peace.

As an advocate of the national budget, I was one of those who recommended Dawes to President Harding as director of that new economic machine, and he made it work from the start, holding the executive departments to their necessities instead of to their desires. He lopped off nearly $1,000,000,000 of expenditures in the first year, and then again resigned.



General Dawes was a victim of an investigation by a Democratic committee that went to France to inquire how he spent the money and whether he kept strictly within the law. But in Paris the committee discovered that Dawes was one of the most popular men in all France and they did not care to put him on the grill. They waited until he came back to Chicago and then they called him to Washington to explain. His explanations were so emphatic and so clear to the man in the street—although at times not strictly parliamentary—that he became the whole show and the committee quit in disgust and never made a report. That was one of the best congressional shows I ever attended!

No man who ever sat in Congress could appreciate better than I can—so it seems to me—the temptations which come to members to kick over the party traces and insurge against the will of the majority. As Speaker, when that officer made up the committees, it was my responsibility to deal out party discipline.

Lessons in Party Discipline

There was one member—now a star performer in the insurgent circus—who was elected as a Republican, but insisted on jamming the Republican program whenever it pleased him to do so, which was rather often. He wanted things his way, party or no party. And when he couldn't get what he wanted he had no hesitation about fighting between the lines. After trying to reason with him, I called about thirty-five of the real leaders of the Republican organization in the House into consultation on his case.

It was decided that he was not to be trusted and that the legislation to which the party was pledged was not safe in his hands. This was a vital matter by reason of the fact that the chairmanship of an important committee in which he was the ranking member was, we knew, soon to become vacant. By right of seniority he would have the chairmanship. The decision of that conference was that this insurrectionary representative would have to be given the woodshed treatment. When I announced that committee he found himself demoted well down in the list. It was a hard blow and he took it hard. As he was a personal friend of mine—I was fond of him, and still am—I said to him substantially this:

"You seem to have the notion that I'm above party discipline and don't have to answer to anybody; that I just wield the strap and probably enjoy it. Let me tell you what happened once. When the Lodge Election Bill was in the Committee of the House I fought it tooth and nail. I was against it and a majority of my constituents were against it. They gave me good proof of that in the following election. It was repugnant to me and I believed it was well calculated to fan the flame of sectional hatred between the North and the South.

"But in spite of all I could do in the committee it carried by one vote. McKinley was chairman of the committee and he was too busy with his tariff bill to give any attention to this matter. The result was that Speaker Reed drafted me, as ranking member of the committee, to report it out to the House and defend it on the floor. I never wanted to buck, balk and kick over the traces so badly in all my life as I did then. But I believed in the will of the majority within the party as well as at the polls, and so I stood pat and swallowed my medicine and became the champion on the floor of the special rule which involved the passage of this measure in the House. It was a bitter pill, but I gulped it down because it had been made a party measure and I believed in the will of the majority and in strict party discipline."

This statement, however, didn't heal the wound of the lost chairmanship, and the man to whom it was told has kept on insurging ever since—always securing reëlection under the Republican banner.

It is recorded that the first great insurgent of the universe declared that it were better to rule in hell than serve in heaven. That seems to me to be the real inspiration for insurgency now as in all time since history began.

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IN the manufacture of telephones, switchboards and telephone cable, Western Electric looks to the mines of Missouri for millions of pounds of lead each year.

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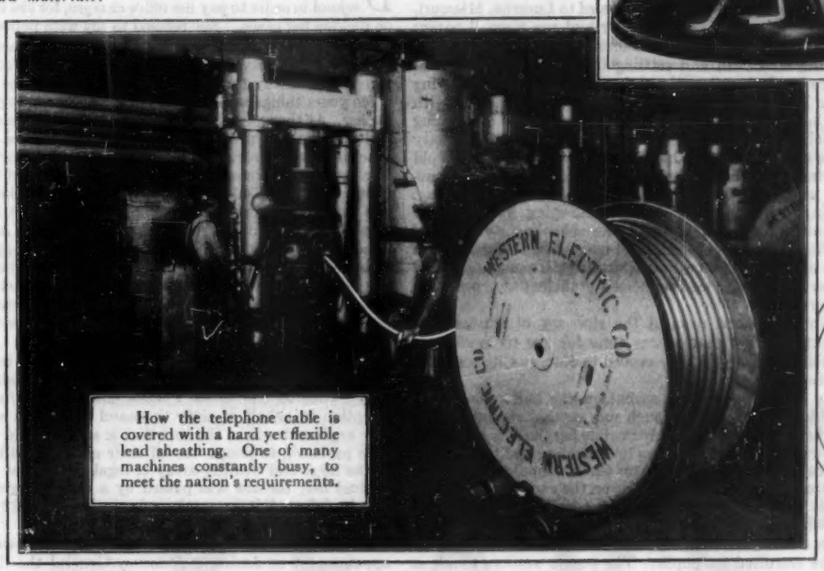
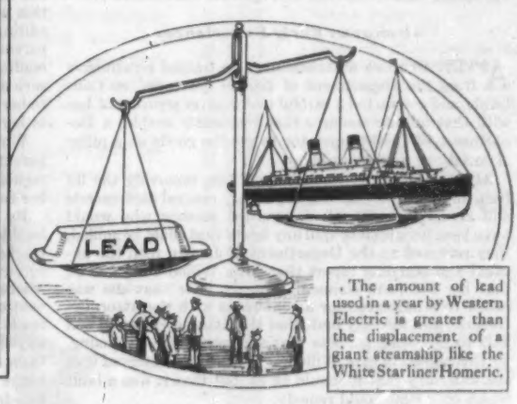


How the telephone cable is covered with a hard yet flexible lead sheathing. One of many machines constantly busy, to meet the nation's requirements.



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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

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Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Certain Lady

THERE is a somewhat widespread opinion that when the poet took his pen in hand and set down the widely circulated words to the effect that woman, as a sex, is uncertain, coy and hard to please, he had written what is technically known as a pageful. This particular poet may have come in contact with a number of ladies who were uncertain, coy and hard to please, of course; but it seems a fairly safe bet that if the poet had been anything of a realist and had ever come in contact with Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, during business hours, he would have hastened home and sent a brusque note to his publishers requesting that steps be taken to insert a footnote on the proper page of his selected poems specifically stating that there is about as much uncertainty and coyness to the said Mrs. Willebrandt as there is to a rifle bullet en route to its destination. He might further have added that criminals, liars, sentimentalists and cheap politicians find her hard to please, but that she reacts to most honest and common-sense people and their activities with all the pleased enthusiasm of a child receiving his first pink lemonade at a one-ring circus.

Nor should it be supposed that Mrs. Willebrandt, having attained to high estate through a noticeable lack of coyness and uncertainty during business hours, and through the extension of these business hours to what might seem unreasonable extents to those who are troubled with that dragging-down sensation after a mere ten or twelve hours of work, is noticeably afflicted with the sour features and the angular physique which are popularly supposed to be the distinguishing characteristics of ladies who devote themselves assiduously to work. In fact, sour features and angular physique are so far lacking in her make-up that when the average male caller enters her office on business and gets a quick and unobtrusive look at her lace waist, her suède pumps and her gray silk stockings, he is moved by an almost uncontrollable impulse to straighten his necktie.

It is also apparent that her appearance doesn't militate against her; for when the President and the Attorney-General of the United States were casting about for a woman attorney to fill the place that she now holds, indorsements of Mrs. Willebrandt came not only from some fifty or sixty thousand women of California, which is her home state, but also from every member of the bench in Southern California, most of the Appellate Court judges and most of the judges of the Supreme Court of California, as well as from the two California senators and most of the California congressmen—practically everyone in California, that is, except tourists, real-estate dealers and moving-picture people, who would probably have indorsed her if they had known she was open for indorsements.

Strenuous Early Experiences

AFTER all these indorsements two trained scrutinizers from the Department of Justice descended on California and conducted a careful under-cover scrutiny of her with that infinite resource that frequently enables a Department of Justice operator to get the goods on a pillar of society or a teething baby.

After prying deep into her past life, removing the lid from all apertures that might possibly conceal dark secrets and conferring with all disgruntled persons who would have been delighted to spill any beans that could be spilled, they returned to the Department of Justice with the unusual and startling report that Mrs. Willebrandt was all that her indorsers claimed. Shortly after that she was called to Washington for a conference with the Attorney-General, and the only fault that the Attorney-General was able to find with her was that she seemed pretty young. To this objection Mrs. Willebrandt sapiently observed that she was sorry that it should be so, but that it was a fault which only time could remedy.

Those gay young moderns who scream with mirth over the old-fashioned notion that success in any line of endeavor is best attained by applying the nose to the grindstone and leaving it there until the grindstone is worn out, and who lean toward the theory that the best way to get ahead in the world is to sit around and laugh merrily at the dreary old mid-Victorian folk who advocate the ten-hour day and such-like nonsense, will find little or no nourishment in the struggles of Mabel Walker Willebrandt.

She was born in a splendid frontier mansion, built partly of sods and partly of boards, in the No Man's Land section of the Texas Panhandle—a section that was

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Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt

a part of Kansas at her birth. Her father was addicted to running country newspapers and her mother was a schoolteacher; and both of them had the pioneering fever, which is a recurrent affliction and causes those who suffer from it to leave any home in which they are beginning to be comfortable and hasten to a section of the country where there are no comforts whatever.

Thus we find her spending her earliest days in the Texas Panhandle, and then drifting onward to Lucerne, Missouri, where her father was postmaster and ran a small paper; and then pushing up to Oklahoma in a covered wagon in the big land rush and settling in Blackwell, Oklahoma, where her father started another paper; and then moving on to Powersville, Missouri, where her father dallied with another newspaper and joined with her mother in teaching school, while both of them farmed one hundred and sixty acres on the side. By this time she was thirteen years old and had never been to school. She received some instruction at home; but owing to the inroads which farming, editing, schoolteaching and housekeeping made on her parents' time, most of her home schooling consisted of reading large piles of books and magazines to herself, with such occasional dissipations as reading the newspaper aloud to her parents and making herself proficient at typesetting in her father's office.

When she had reached the ripe age of thirteen her parents decided that it was time for her to have some regular schooling, so they moved to Kansas City and sent her to school.

By the time she was seventeen she had pursued the bubble, knowledge, with such success that she passed her teacher's examinations. Meanwhile her parents had again succumbed to the pioneering fever and moved to Buckley, Michigan; so she started to teach school in the conventional little red schoolhouse on the conventional crossroads in the middle of a forest nearly two miles from anywhere—the anywhere, in this case, being a lumber town from whose lumberjack families the little red schoolhouse recruited its pupils. The pupils were as tough as sun-dried shark skin; so tough that when she undertook to apply the corrective rod to one of the larger undergraduates he pulled a knife on her. It might be remarked in passing that although he was about her height, and considerably heftier, her skill in the administration of the rod resulted in her getting the knife and in the tough young man getting an enthusiastic licking.

In Buckley she became engaged to the principal of the Buckley High School, who contracted pneumonia and was threatened with tuberculosis. So she married him and they went to live in the middle of the Arizona desert, where she went on with her teaching and tended her husband, and at the same time managed to keep on studying at the state normal school at Tempe, Arizona. She received her teacher's degree from Tempe in 1911.

Having finished that stint, she went to Big Rapids, Michigan, taught school during the seven winter months and went to school at Ferris Institute during the five summer months; and by going to school both day and night during the five months, she received credit for more than a year's work.

From Big Rapids she went to Los Angeles and took the principalship of a school in Buena Park. Since she had acquired the taste for extra labor, she promptly enrolled herself in the law school of the University of Southern California, taking what classes she could after school in the evening. To save time in getting to her law courses, she took rooms in the foreign quarter of Los Angeles, which happened to be on the car line to the university; and there she became somewhat fretful over the manner in which scavenger attorneys preyed on the foreigners who needed legal assistance. The attorneys found out the amount of the foreigners' savings, and those amounts were usually the price of fixing the cases. Since the foreigners came from countries where official corruption was the rule, they endured the extortion without complaint.

As a result of this she joined a movement to establish the post of public defender of the city of Los Angeles, to whom poor people could take their legal difficulties. The post was finally established and she was asked to organize the women's end of the office. Since she had nothing to do but teach school all day and go to law school all night, she only needed to get the coöperation of the judges of Los Angeles and the school board in order to find the time to take on the extra work. The coöperation was forthcoming, and she gayly took on the task. She organized the office, interviewed and kept accurate data on two thousand and thirty-five women charged with various crimes, and kept right on with her teaching and studying; so that after seven years, composed almost entirely of one fifteen-hour day after another, she took her law degree and plunged into the practice of law.

No Desire to be a Figurehead

DURING the first year she was obliged to teach night school in order to pay her office charges, for she insisted on picking her cases. She refused to toy with police-court stuff or criminal cases—outside of the criminal cases that she took for charity—and she fought shy of divorce cases, which come easily to good women lawyers. At the end of three years things were, as the saying goes, coming nicely for her. At the end of five years her practice was such that at least two vice presidents rose to their feet and bowed graciously whenever she entered her pet bank. During the war she was chairman of the legal advisory board in connection with the draft, with thirty lawyers under her. She was a member of the Republican State Committee, legislative chairman of the largest women's club in Los Angeles, a member of the bar association and a frequent appointee to important committees by the president of the bar association. Show her a piece of work and she would climb up one side of it and down the other before other diligent workers could flex their muscles. She was what the wise ones of an earlier day sometimes referred to as hot stuff.

In 1918 she appeared before the joint houses of the California Legislature, presented bills giving back certain property rights to California women, and argued for their adoption in behalf of sixty thousand California women. Her argument was of the sort that is supposed, in vaudeville parlance, to knock 'em off their chairs; and in spite of the large and wealthy array of legal talent that argued against her, the law was passed by a close margin. The people defeated it in a referendum; but in 1922 it was again taken up and is now a law.

So when she was called to Washington to consider her appointment as Assistant Attorney-General the line was forming at the right of her office door for the purpose of handing lucrative cases to her, and she was not all girlish eagerness to give up her practice in order to receive a sentence to several years of hard labor at small pay in the Department of Justice—especially if she was going to be regarded as Woman, Lovely Woman and permitted to occupy a proud position merely to make lots of women voters feel that mere man isn't so much after all. So she said to the Attorney-General, in a smiling but meaning manner, "Will you do me the courtesy of not appointing me unless you are willing to place in me as much authority as you would place in any assistant you might appoint?"

(Continued on Page 102)

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The Lanchester Balancer is the invention of Dr. F. W. Lanchester, F. R. S., one of the foremost automobile engineers of Great Britain, and builder of one of the most expensive motor cars in the world.

Willys-Knight brings the Lanchester Balancer to America by special arrangement with the inventor—a move that is just one more indication of a policy dedicated to making Willys-Knight the supreme value at or near its price.

As the name of the Lanchester Balancer implies, this device achieves **positive smoothness** of engine-running by harmonizing the forces of all cylinders into a symphony of perfect balance.

With this new Lanchester Balancer, the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine has absolutely no period of vibration at any speed.

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This new smoothness—plus the far-famed endurance for which the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine has always been noted! Willys-Knight owners frequently report 50,000 miles and more without spending a penny for repairs or adjustments to the engine. This is one engine that requires no nursing along. No wonder Willys-Knight sales increased 238% last year!

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This smoothness—**continuous at all engine speeds**—surpasses any effort that might be made to describe it in words.

Read what some of the leading authorities of America say about this great new invention. It is endorsed by the greatest engineering minds both here and abroad.

A ride is a revelation. If you think you know smooth-running motor cars, try ten miles or so in a Willys-Knight today! It will be a brand new experience in motoring—a new thrill—something to talk about and remember. Don't miss it!

The New Willys-K

GLENN CURTISS PAYS TRIBUTE

After a demonstration in the new Willys-Knight Sedan, fitted with the Lanchester Balancer, the famous aeroplane authority says—"It is surprising. I drove the car at all speeds up to fifty miles an hour and found absolutely no engine vibration."

"We Expected Vibration"

But Editors of American Machinist Couldn't Find Any

K. H. Condit and F. H. Colvin have the following to say regarding this remarkable new invention:

"We have just had the pleasure of examining carefully your new Willys-

IGHT NEWS

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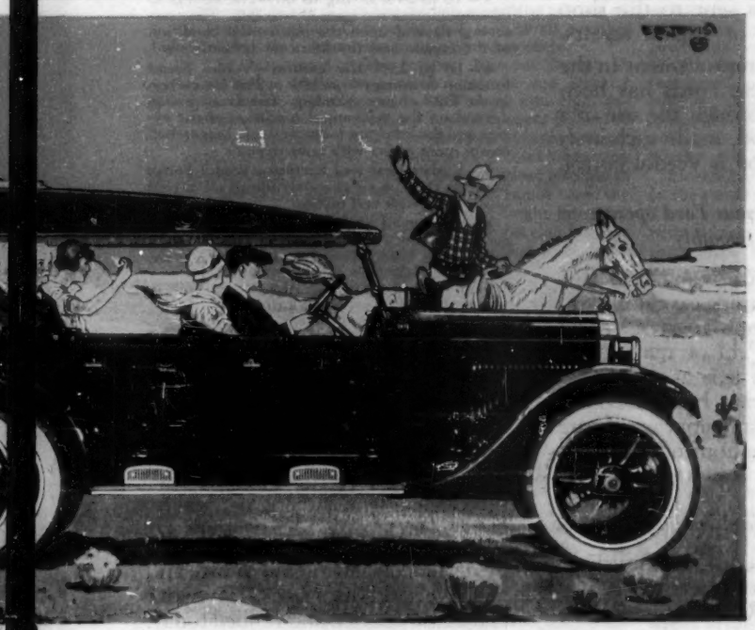

Knight Sedan, equipped with the Lanchester Balancer.

"At 20 miles an hour we find the car as smooth as an electric. At 35, where we expected the vibration point to be, there wasn't any. So far as we could tell, the performance of this car was quite as smooth as that of any six-cylinder car we have seen."

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Says W. E. Best, Works Manager of Remington Cash Register Co.

"The smoothness of the motor was a revelation to me.

"The driver increased the speed from 15 miles an hour to approximately 45 miles, and as far as I could detect, with no vibration, and it would seem that the Balancer is doing the trick and gives six-cylinder operation as far as smoothness is concerned."

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This new smoothness—plus performance that never suffers from carbon. The combustion chamber in each Willys-Knight cylinder is so shaped that carbon cannot cling and collect there. Big exhaust openings expel all burned gases quickly and completely.

What little carbon that can adhere to the sliding sleeve-valves is in reality an advantage—sealing compression better than ever and giving more power. We never recommend the removal of carbon from the sleeves.

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This new smoothness—plus a front axle design that makes the Willys-Knight the easiest of all cars to steer. Eight Timken bearings are used in this axle and steering mechanism. You can actually guide a Willys-Knight over very rough streets with only the thumb and forefinger of your right hand on the wheel!

Hiram Percy Maxim Lauds New Balancer

President of Maxim Silencer Co. Has Interesting Comment

"The Lanchester Balancer certainly takes out the vibration. It makes the motor smoother than most of the six and eight-cylinders on the road today."

"Eliminates Vibration"

Says Maurice Olley, Production Engineer of Famous Rolls-Royce Plant

Of especial interest is the comment of this high official representing a world famous automobile builder:

"From the demonstration there is no doubt that the elimination of the inherent harmonic vibration, by means of the rotating balancer, has been attained in practice to a degree which is very satisfactory to the passenger."

KNIGHT ENGINE IMPROVES WITH USE

Grows Quieter and Gains Power Year After Year

This **new** smoothness—**plus** the immeasurable satisfaction of an **engine that actually improves with use**—an engine that wears **in** instead of wearing **out!**

The simple design of the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine gives it fewer wearing parts—and eliminates the pop, pop, popping clamor and clashing of cams, pushrods, springs and other mechanism that go with poppet-valves.

Positive lubrication is another thing that contributes to the long life and efficiency of the Willys-Knight engine. As you press the accelerator, oil pressure is automatically increased—lubricating the pistons and other engine parts by a **forced** spray, not by a splash.

It is a fact that at 15,000 miles the Willys-Knight engine is even quieter and more powerful than when new. It is the only type of engine in the world that **improves with use!**

It is easy to see why Willys-Knight owners keep their Willys-Knights 4, 5, 6 years and more—keeping and enjoying them while other automobile owners are everlastingly trading and buying, selling and losing.

The total life of a Willys-Knight? Nobody knows! In all the ten years that Willys-Knights have been piling up, collectively, millions of miles—**no Willys-Knight engine has been known to wear out!**

Why thousands of Fords now run more smoothly

A new economy oil made exclusively for Fords has made this possible

WHEREVER you drive now, you will meet Ford cars that have acquired a new ease and efficiency of operation. They run more quietly and develop more power. There is a complete absence of jerky chatter when they start, stop and reverse. They are seldom sent to the shop for overhauling or engine repairs.

This marked improvement in the operation of these Fords has been made possible through the use of a new economy oil, made *exclusively* for Fords. This oil is Veedol Forzol.

How to make your Ford operate more smoothly

Your Ford, too, can have this same smooth running ease and economy of operation, if you use Veedol Forzol. Veedol Forzol makes this possible because it is especially designed to lubricate both the Ford engine *and* transmission, which are combined in one housing and must be lubricated by the same oil.

Made for Fords exclusively

Veedol Forzol does *both* these Ford lubrication jobs perfectly. It was created by Tide Water engineers only after 4 years of thorough scientific experiment, supported by hundreds of practical road tests. Veedol Forzol is made for Fords exclusively. It gives 8 economies in operation.

The 8 Economies of Veedol Forzol

1—10 to 25% saving in gasoline—Hundreds of tests have demonstrated that Veedol Forzol saves 10% on gasoline consumption. 25% to 33% have been developed repeatedly.

2—Eliminates costly chatter—Veedol Forzol lengthens the life of Ford brake and transmission bands by properly lubricating them. Chatter, a result of faulty lubricants, is entirely eliminated.

3—10 to 25% saving in oil—The savings in oil consumption run from 10% to 25%. The exact savings depend upon the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used.

4—10 to 25% less carbon—Veedol Forzol forms on an average from 10% to 25% less carbon in the Ford engine cylinders. The exact savings depend on the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used. Less carbon means more power with fewer repairs.

5—Resists heat and friction—Veedol Forzol possesses the famous characteristic of all Veedol oils to resist heat and friction.

6—Increased ability to coast—With average lubrication, a Ford will only coast down steep hills. With Veedol Forzol, you coast down the slightest grades.

7—Resists fuel dilution—Even with poor fuel, Veedol Forzol maintains its lubricating value longer than other oils. Result—more miles per gallon of gas and per quart of Veedol Forzol.

8—Fewer repairs—Because Veedol Forzol masters the lubricating problem of the Ford power plant, it gives a new freedom from repairs.

You are not taking a chance in using Veedol Forzol. It is an established success. Let the "8 Economies" be your guide in judging its quality.

Veedol Forzol is sold everywhere, by dealers displaying the orange and black Veedol Forzol signs. Have your crankcase drained and refilled today.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, N. Y.; Chicago, 3433 South Racine Avenue; San Francisco, 414 Brannan Street.

VEEDOL FORZOL

is the identical oil formerly known as Veedol Fordol, a name which could not be registered or protected. The name **Veedol Forzol** is a trade name registered by us in the United States and foreign countries as a protection to the motoring public, the trade and ourselves.

Tide Water Oil Company.

Ford Owners in the Middle Atlantic and New England States can secure additional power and protection through the use of Tydol Economy Gasoline

VEEDOL FORZOL

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The economy oil for Fords

INDUSTRY, THE SUBTERFUGE

By FRED F. SULLY

THE average American citizen, whether he be a frequenter of resorts where gayety revels unchecked by conventions or an occasional visitor to the home of hospitable friends who are able to find in the recesses of their cellars an odd bottle of preprohibition beverage, cannot reasonably deny that the prohibition law is the most difficult of enforcement of any that has ever been written into the Federal statutes. It will always remain so so long as men of influence use the violation of its provisions as a stepping-stone to the ready and rapid accumulation of wealth.

It is to these men, the so-called higher-ups, rather than the bootlegger who dispenses his wares by the quart and case, and the moonshiner who operates his still in the cellar or attic, that Uncle Sam must devote his energies and his vigilance if he would throttle the liquor traffic at its source. It is a Herculean task, this of enforcing the prohibition laws, and unfortunately Uncle Sam has begun at the wrong end.

Just as wheat is the basic element in bread, so is alcohol the basic element of liquor. Without alcohol the liquor traffic could not thrive nor exist. The uses of alcohol during the past decade or so have been manifold, but since the passage of the Volstead Act they have increased surprisingly; and curiously enough this country did not apparently awaken to the real value of alcohol in industry until after the passage of the prohibition law. Then the sudden realization that the wheels of commerce could be kept running only with the use of it in tremendous quantities dawned on a thirsty people. Companies and individuals needing alcohol in their enterprises sprang up everywhere.

The department of the Internal Revenue Bureau at Washington dealing with alcohol permits was literally flooded with applications. In 1907 there were eight denaturing plants that produced 3,084,950 proof gallons of denatured alcohol. During the fiscal year 1923 the number of plants had increased to seventy-six and total production to 105,819,404 proof gallons. Upon the great increase in the production and the release of alcohol can be based the prosperity of the bootlegger, who has brought into play all the craftiness and scheming known to his clan in order to outwit the internal-revenue officials. That he has been largely successful is evident from the extent of his activities, known to those who are familiar with the inner workings of the industrial-alcohol business. The bootlegger does not derive his supply from the moonshiner; neither does he smuggle all of it into the country; and yet he is able to supply the demand without much trouble. The quantity of alcohol that is made available for beverage use with industry as the subterfuge is astounding.

Where the Bootlegger Gets It

IN 1920 the total amount of denatured alcohol released was 18,933,551 proof gallons. In 1921 it rose to 85,000,000, and by 1923 it reached 122,402,859 gallons. In 1918, 90,644,722 proof gallons of alcohol were withdrawn from United States bonded warehouses for denaturization. The quantity used in the manufacture of explosives and other war commodities amounted to 52,487,117 proof gallons, and the difference of 38,157,605 proof gallons supplied the industrial needs of the country. The amount of pure alcohol withdrawn solely for export in 1923 amounted to 866,304 gallons, of which 246,816 gallons were shipped to Canada, 246,304 gallons to "ports not known" and 89,239 gallons to bonny Scotland.

An interesting feature of our Scottish alcohol trade is that prior to the enactment of the prohibition law in this country, Scotland imported no alcohol from us and Canada very little. It might be surmised that Scotland is using our alcohol to blend its "genuine Scotch whisky," which has been rather plentiful in the United States for the past few years. Nineteen other countries, with Turkey in the foreground, took the remainder of the exported spirits last year. These figures have a direct bearing on the bootlegger, because they indicate very clearly the source of his supply.

When 246,304 gallons can leave our shores for ports not named, it is not unwarrantable to assume that part at least of these consignments finds its way by some subterfuge back into the country. And then when one considers that the daily consumption of the United States is more than 290,000 proof gallons of denatured alcohol, there is little wonder that the liquor traffic has involved so many men of prominence and resulted in the accumulation of wealth by people whose earning capacity would otherwise have been little more than nil. At the beginning of 1923 there were 6,202,560 gallons of alcohol in bond. During the year 122,402,849 gallons were produced. Withdrawals for removal to denaturing plants amounted to 104,067,016 gallons—a rather impressive figure when one considers that alcohol is taken from government custody under the assumption that it is to be made unfit for beverage purposes and used primarily for various kinds of drug and toilet articles.

The Government takes as its basis of determining the taxability of alcohol the proof gallon. To the average person the designation "proof gallon" carries no impression different from the wine or ordinary four-quart gallon, yet it is possible for the ordinary wine gallon to contain as much as 1.9 proof gallons. Absolute alcohol, which can be obtained only in a vacuum, is 200 proof. Upon exposure to the atmosphere it absorbs sufficient moisture to reduce it to 192 or 190. This is known as high-proof, or neutral, spirits. Ordinary and commercial alcohol ranges from 186 to 190 proof. Alcoholic content upon which proof is based is determined by a mathematical formula, taking as its basis the specific gravity of the liquor and the temperature of the liquid when the test is made. A solution of half alcohol of 190 proof and half water would give a resultant proof of 95, which is considered less than a proof quart or a proof gallon, as the case may be.

The Bogus-Permit Scheme

IN THE determination of the proof gallon, 100 is taken as the standard of calculation. The wine gallon of whisky of 125 proof is 1.25 proof gallons, or five proof quarts. All whisky, gin and other distilled spirits are released from government custody on the proof-gallon basis. Where the proof is less than 100, it accordingly requires more than four liquid quarts to make a proof gallon. This makes alcohol especially valuable to the bootlegger, who can make from a gallon of the pure liquid and a gallon of water, and added oils and coloring matter, two gallons of synthetic whisky of 95 proof.

Alcohol has for many years been a source of great revenue to the country. As a result it has had close supervision. There has been no laxity during the past few years; but with industry as the subterfuge, countless thousands of gallons have been diverted into hands that have built up the bootlegging business to a point where its money-making possibilities have attracted men of means and influence. These men have been and are still today in many instances true captains of industry, and it is because of their inherent commercial instincts, their money and influence, that the great alcohol syndicates operating in the East have become potent factors in the life of the workaday world, employing thousands of people, most of whom believe they are engaged in legitimate and lawful occupations. This is because the true purposes of the enterprises have been so carefully camouflaged and concealed. The leaders who have devised and perfected the *modus operandi* of the alcohol rings have laid out a network of subsidiary enterprises that form the outlet for their illegal product under the guise of being strictly legitimate businesses.

A group of seven men operating on a large scale in three Eastern states made net profits of more than $5,000,000 within the past three years with a comparatively small amount of invested capital. Their activities were confined largely to one territory in which they so systematized their operations that even the conscientious workers of the Government have not detected or even suspected their subterfuge. The traffic in alcohol had its inception after the passage of the Volstead Act, but it began in a modified form.

The bogus whisky prescription showed the possibilities of the illicit liquor traffic. Soon after the act became effective a group of Eastern capitalists sold fake prescriptions signed by doctors who had been dead for years, and whose names had been taken from old telephone books. These prescriptions were sold in small or large quantities at $1.50 each. Druggists who bought them were able to sell whisky to their customers without the formality of having them bring prescriptions. This meant, of course, advance in price to the customer; but it resulted apparently in no waning of the volume of business. Prescriptions calling for liquor were retained by the druggist for inspection by government officials, who would check up the amount of liquor withdrawn under the provisions of their permits and the amount sold according to prescriptions filled.

In some instances the manufacturers of prescriptions would take the entire stock of the druggist, giving him enough prescriptions to cover the quantity on hand, blend the whisky with alcohol and water and resell it at a big advance in price. As the scheme prospered and became more successful, the workers became more daring and courageous, and signed names of prominent active physicians to hundreds of blanks calling for sixteen ounces of spiritus frumenti. Operations took a still bolder aspect when permits to withdraw brandy and whisky from United States warehouses were counterfeited and forged. Before the scheme was finally discovered by the revenue department, thousands of barrels had been released. Portions of the country, especially Pennsylvania, were flooded with genuine liquor that had been released through trickery; but by the time it reached the consumer it had been doubled in quantity through the addition of alcohol and water.

It was not until the bogus-permit scheme had been in operation several months that it was detected. Then the source of supply was immediately cut off, compelling the liquor syndicates and their agents to devise other ways and means to obtain a supply for their trade. Wholesale prosecution against these conspirators was started by United States attorneys in the South and in Pennsylvania. A jury has recently sentenced some prominent men to two years in the penitentiary for being parties to a conspiracy unlawfully to withdraw liquor from bond. The Government, after the discovery of the forged-permit scheme, had a general housecleaning in its prohibition department, and as a result lids were clamped down in many sections. Operations became more difficult and more capital became necessary on the part of the bootlegging syndicates.

From this situation evolved a scheme that has thrived the longest and has been the most difficult to detect of any of the multifarious methods used by the bootleggers and their silent partners. In some communities prohibition officials were in league with the liquor interests. In other places state authorities shared in the profits. An amusing situation grew out of the arrest of a sheriff by Federal authorities who charged him with conspiracy with liquor dealers in violating the Volstead Act. A judge, sitting in a United States court, promised immunity to those liquor dealers who testified against the sheriff. Evidence was sufficient to convict him, and he was sentenced to two years in Atlanta.

State authorities immediately started prosecution of the bootleggers who had been promised immunity by the Federal courts, on the strength of testimony given at the trial, for violation of the state laws.

A Well-Organized Ring

THE possibilities of the denatured-alcohol field, being, as it is, the most fertile in which to operate, made a strong appeal to the liquor syndicates that had had their sources of supply curtailed by the discovery of the forged-permit scheme and other methods they had used to obtain genuine whisky.

Denatured alcohol is of two kinds, viz., that which has been completely denatured by the addition of wood alcohol and from which the pure product cannot be recovered, and the specially denatured alcohol, which may be redistilled and the pure spirits salvaged. The law requires companies engaged in the manufacture of articles in which specially denatured alcohol is used to be registered and to make their withdrawals from the denaturing plant under the provisions and stipulations of their permits. Obtaining a permit is not always an easy matter. Cash bonds must be posted, based on the monthly withdrawals of the denatured product, and formulas must be submitted showing the amount of spirits to be used with the other ingredients. In short, all the details must be furnished the Internal Revenue Bureau before the permit is granted.

This procedure makes it difficult for the user of alcohol to obtain it in quantities in excess of his actual needs. These drawbacks, however, have been successfully overcome by the organized alcohol dealers. The evasion of government regulations has been no easy matter, and their paths have been beset with many difficulties, but these have been overcome.

Organization, coöperation and precaution have made a combination that has up to the present time successfully evaded departmental investigation. A syndicate operating in the East offers the most interesting example of a well-organized bootlegging ring. In order to carry on its business, it has been necessary to camouflage its real objective by subsidiary organizations, which serve supposedly for the outlet of their products, while the alcohol that was to have been used in them was diverted into other channels. For identification one might give to the various companies the letters of the alphabet.

A company applied to the Internal Revenue Bureau for a permit to withdraw, say, 6500 gallons of denatured alcohol a month, for which it posted a bond of $15,000 as being indicative of its intention to operate lawfully. Under the provisions of the permit the bond would be forfeited on the discovery by the department of any illegal practices or the improper disposition of the alcohol. The company was to market a disinfectant and a variety of other articles. The formulas were submitted to and approved by the department. A plant was equipped and began to function

apparently in the most natural and legitimate way. Quantities of denatured alcohol were withdrawn from the denaturization plant in accordance with all the rules and regulations of the department. As a permit holder, the operations of A company were constantly subject to inspection by government officials.

Users of completely denatured alcohol are not required to take out a permit, and neither is the Government concerned in the uses to which the completely denatured product is put after it leaves the denaturization plant. But in the case of A company, where there was a possibility of recovering the real product the Government was naturally interested.

The quantity of specially denatured alcohol withdrawn by A company was governed very largely by the quantity normally used in preparing the quantity of product that the books and records showed had been sold during the interval between government inspections. Officers of A company organized and financed B company, C company, D company and E company. C, D and E companies purchased their disinfectants and similar articles from A company. The parent company's books showed orders accepted and filled, checks received, credited and deposited, and shipments made through the usual and everyday channels. These companies drew checks and sent them to A company's offices. The bookkeeping of A company and its customers, which were of course subsidiaries, reconciled to the penny. There was not a discrepancy anywhere.

Distribution Schemes

A company also controlled B company, which supposedly supplied the raw material used with the denatured alcohol in the manufacture of the articles sold to the various subsidiary companies. The whole was a well-devised cycle. The raw materials were never bought, although the books of the two companies indicated that the transactions had taken place. The goods were never manufactured, although from all appearances they had been. The customers never received the finished product, yet there was nothing to indicate that it had not been properly delivered. There was not a flaw in the whole plan of operation, and the scheme has defied detection up to the present time. To all outward appearances, every step in the manufacture of the product had been taken. Bottles of goods were always found on the shelves; crates were always to be shipped and some materials were always in the process of manufacture whenever a government representative made his visit, and customers were found to have received their goods. For the sake of having the means of disposing of some of the finished product that it was really necessary to manufacture, the company had a few bona fide customers. Goods sold to both the subsidiary and the bona fide customers did not come within the scope of government inspection.

With the source of supply legitimate and the methods of consumption apparently legal and proper, the operators had only to divert their denatured alcohol into the hands of a group of individuals known as chefs, who redistilled it and recovered the pure alcohol, which is put on the market today, with water and coloring matter, as pure rye whisky. The original cost to the company withdrawing alcohol from the denaturing plant is approximately sixty cents a gallon. Sales to the chefs are made generally at $3.25 a gallon. The difference represents the gross profits made by A company. Through proper channels pure grain alcohol would cost $6.25 a gallon, including government tax. Figuring on this basis, the company withdrawing the denatured alcohol resells it at a gross profit of $2.65 a gallon. Amounts available for illegal sale would vary in quantity from 6000 to 20,000 gallons a month, depending upon the class of permit held by the manufacturer. The immense profits are measurable at a glance.

There is little wonder that the illicit alcohol business has attracted hundreds who have patriotically styled themselves good citizens. Under the pretext that it has been used in the manufacture of products which are never made or sold, alcohol is released to supply the bootleg trade. The problem of getting it from A company's plant to the chefs who redistill it is not a difficult one. Distillation might, were it not for the periodical visit of government inspectors, be worked out on the premises, and the liquor concocted then and there. But it must be removed to other quarters where the recooking can be done in comparative safety.

Motor trucks are used to transport the containers from A company's plant to the chefs. Before leaving the premises, however, the containers are for safety's sake labeled and consigned to one of the subsidiary companies. In the event that the general conditions are not favorable to deliver it to the men to recook it, it goes on to the original consignee and is removed later.

Considerable caution is exercised in the delivery of alcohol to the chefs. It is generally done under the cover of night, and the distillation apparatus is, as a rule, set up in some remote or secluded building, where the possibilities of detection are small. Transactions between the syndicates and the chefs are on a strictly cash basis. All goods are sent out C. O. D. and delivery of any quantity of alcohol is contingent upon payment to the driver. A company is thus relieved of its alcohol, which it has not been obliged to touch, at a very small expense and with comparative safety. The chef, as he assumes possession of the alcohol, is the first in the cycle to assume any great risk. The possession of the alcohol by A company is apparently proper and legal, but the moment it leaves the company's plant it is subject to seizure. The chef assumes responsibility in the possession of even the specially denatured alcohol, and this is increased after the product has been redistilled and the pure spirits recovered. Here in the establishment of the chef the alcohol is blended with the water and coloring matter, added generally in the form of caramel, and a few drops of bead oil is put in each container to give it the bead when it is tested in the bottle by the prospective buyer. Good whisky will generally form a bead around the edge of the glass or bottle. The addition of bead oil to the alcohol is one of the subterfuges to give synthetic whisky the same appearance and characteristics as the genuine article.

After bottling, the liquor is ready for distribution to the bootleggers. Prices to them are governed by whether the commodity is delivered directly or whether they call for it. Every vender of liquor in large or small quantities attempts to minimize the element of risk that is contingent upon transportation. The purchaser does not wish to assume the risk of possession until it is actually on his property. The few bootleggers who make their deliveries direct from their chef to their customers generally call in touring cars under cover of night and make their deliveries at that time, avoiding daylight transportation as much as possible.

Bootleggers' Camouflage

Cost to the individual bootlegger, if he is not one of the salesmen of the chef, is generally $50 to $65 a case of twelve quarts. He in turn sells it to the consumer for $75 to $110 a case. Methods used to transport the liquor without detection are numerous and ingenious. Where there is a short haul, the venders generally put the bottles in ordinary suitcases or small trunks. Others have false bottoms in their gasoline tanks and extra tanks under their front and rear seats, in which they carry the whisky in bulk. Tires carried as extras have been found to contain from ten to fifteen gallons of liquor. Special metal containers have been fitted into the inside of the tire with provisions for pouring it into the top and drawing it off at the bottom. Only thorough investigation will reveal the means employed to conceal the cargoes in many bootleggers' vehicles. Upholstery behind the rear seats has been stuffed with pint and quart bottles, and false floors have been used to provide additional space to carry large quantities.

A bootlegger clever in the art of camouflage can readily carry in bulk 100 gallons of liquor in the average touring car. This would represent approximately thirty-three cases, which of course could not be carried in that form without detection. With such provisions the bootleggers bottle and label the liquor in their own establishments. In large cities where a bootlegging group may operate on a large scale, they have established quarters in large office buildings and conduct their business under a firm name that is entirely misleading as to their business. A few such concerns guarantee delivery within four hours after the order is received. The goods, of course, are not kept on the premises, but are usually located in some isolated building in the suburbs and so camouflaged that they can be transported during the day with little likelihood of detection.

Business with these people is on a strictly cash basis. They supply rye or Scotch on short notice. Most of the whisky obtained in the Middle Atlantic States is smuggled into the country through New Jersey. Transportation across the state has been found a hazardous undertaking, owing to the activities of the state police, and for this reason those who buy the case goods direct from the vessels offer a big inducement in price to those who will come for their own stock.

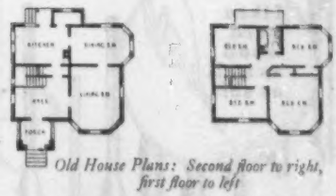
A Mecca for Raiders

Not a few gallons of genuine liquor have been salvaged from the barrels used in pre-prohibition days. Unscrupulous dealers have bought up the empty whisky barrels and removed them to a special distilling plant and recovered by distillation the liquor that had been absorbed by the wood over a period of years. One empty barrel produces from two to three gallons. The distilling process also drives off a certain amount of tannic acid, a compound natural to the wood itself, which is slightly poisonous and gives to the liquor a peculiar taste. This is softened and disguised by the addition of prune juice, but the harmful effects are not altered. The availability of alcohol has also made it possible for bootleggers on the small scale to operate at a tremendous profit. Keepers of corner saloons and "blind tigers" obtain their pure whisky by purchasing a prescription from their family physician, taking it to a drug store and having it filled, and then adding to the pint a gallon of pure alcohol and seven pints of water, making in all two gallons of whisky, which, when sold at from twenty-five to fifty cents a drink, nets about 2,000 per cent profit. Were it not for the fact that alcohol is so readily obtainable from legitimate sources, the keepers of the few remaining corner saloons could not cater to their trade.

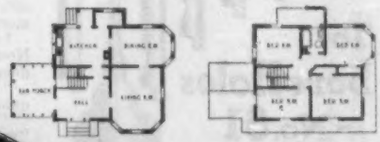
Raiding of the United States bonded warehouses has thrived during the past few years. In 1923 the number of proof gallons of whisky lost by casualty was given by the Internal Revenue Bureau as being 61,014. Of this amount, 45,797 gallons were stolen. The First District of Pennsylvania seemed to be a Mecca for warehouse raiders. In this district alone 14,000 gallons were stolen. In the First District of Illinois 7000 gallons mysteriously disappeared, and Kentucky, Virginia and New York followed as centers of whisky robberies in the order named. In 1918, losses by casualty, including theft, totaled 1559 gallons.

It is not difficult, with these facts and figures before one, to judge who is directly responsible for the existence of the bootlegger today. The retailer, though he is the only one who perhaps is in direct touch with the consumer, is no more responsible for the manufacture of the commodity than the commercial salesman may be concerned with the actual production of a cigar or a plow for which he may be finding a market. Indications are that Uncle Sam has been barking up the wrong tree almost since the passage of the prohibition laws. He has concerned himself with the small fry rather than with getting the larger fish in the pond.

The Government's resources are too vast, the conscientiousness and determination of its workers too great, to permit such a condition to exist in spite of their efforts; and in fairness to the revenue department it might be said that though the majority have taken up their task with a wholeheartedness that has begotten results, a few unscrupulous ones who shut their eyes to the activities of certain rum cliques have permitted more liquor to get into circulation than the many others could stop in twice the period of time. All the ammunition that the Government has fired against the liquor interests has seemingly for the most part been blank cartridges. Though thousands of gallons of illicit and poisonous liquor have been confiscated, many more thousands of gallons have supplied the wants of the consumer; and the consumer could not in turn have had his beverage had it not been for the operation of the alcohol rings, which get their product from Uncle Sam himself, who releases it in good faith, believing that it is necessary to the proper operation of the industry of the country.



Old House Plans: Second floor to right, first floor to left



Remodeled House Plans: Second floor to right, first floor to left

Yes! Your unattractive old house can easily be made charming

"For years we did nothing but apologize for our old house. Well-constructed and comfortable, it was built in a style of architecture that went out with the ark. And when we put a 'For Sale' sign on it we didn't get an offer that would cover the land alone!

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Barrett ROOFINGS

THE BLACK CARGO

(Continued from Page 21)

"Didn't I tell you that I'd never raise a finger for you again?" she inquired. "Go get it yourself, you swine."

There was a silence. Captain Murdock's face took on a familiar purple hue and I stepped toward the hearth.

"Never mind," I said. "The supper's for me. I'll get it, and be glad to."

Captain Murdock raised his hand to his close-cropped hair.

"Now," he said, "ain't that a tough way to treat your old man in front of company?"

With another snort he turned on his heel and began fumbling under a piece of sail in the corner.

"Go upstairs," I whispered, for she was still staring at him. "He'll be better in the morning."

I hardly think she had noticed me before. Now she looked at me in sudden astonishment.

"Please go," I said. "I don't want to quarrel with him in his own kitchen."

"You mean," she said in a low voice—"you mean you wouldn't let him ——"

"Of course not," I answered shortly.

"You can't be much of a friend of his," she said.

"I'm not," I replied; "I'm sorry I ever came."

I must have said a very astonishing thing, for her lips fell half open. Her face flushed, and she trembled.

"Sit down by the table," she said, "and I'll get your supper, as long as it's not for him."

Captain Murdock in the meanwhile had pulled a jug from under the sail, and now he was beside the cupboard, fumbling with two crockery cups. He seemed to be having difficulty, I thought, for he was a long while. His back was turned toward me, and I could hear the clink of thick china. His daughter had placed a plate of beans on the table, and was cutting a thick slice of bread.

"If I had known there would be so much trouble ——" I began awkwardly.

"Nonsense!" she answered shortly. "Who are you?"

"My name is Jervaile," I said; "Charles Jervaile."

She glanced at Captain Murdock. He had reached down for the jug. I could hear a comfortable gurgling sound as he lowered it over the cups.

"Not ——" she asked, and hesitated.

"Don't be afraid to ask," I answered. "Everybody knows."

Yet involuntarily the blood started to my cheeks and I lowered my eyes.

"I didn't mean to be rude," she said, "but I see why you have good manners now."

It was a strangely courteous reply for a room where a jug of rum was gurgling out its contents. I felt myself sitting straighter in my wooden chair.

"They are all that are left," I said, and to my surprise I found myself smiling, but she did not smile back. Instead she caught her breath, and looked at Captain Murdock's bent shoulders.

"Look!" she said softly. "He has filled the other cup!"

Captain Murdock had placed the jug on the floor with a solid thump, and had turned toward us with a cup in either hand.

"Well," he said, "here's how!"

With a steadiness that his condition rendered surprising he stepped to the table and placed a cup beside my plate. Then he drew the other chair opposite and seated himself with the other cup raised before him.

"Licker never hurts food," he said suggestively.

Of all the men I cared to drink with just then he was the last, but I knew there was nothing else for it. I was just about to lift up the cup he had given me, when his daughter uttered a low cry.

"Be still—you!" thundered Captain Murdock, half rising from his chair. "Do you want to spoil the gentleman's good time? Git upstairs where you belong!"

But she did not seem to have heard him. Instead she was pointing over his shoulder.

"Listen!" she whispered. "There's someone at the door."

Captain Murdock uttered a low exclamation, and looked sharply at me, though I could not tell why. Muttering something, he set his cup down and walked across the kitchen. He stopped in front of the door with his head cocked to one side, but except for the wind there was no other sound.

Suddenly I heard a sharp indrawn breath. Captain Murdock's daughter had leaned over the table. The two crockery cups were on it, one at either end. Before I had time to utter a word or understand what she was doing she had whisked them around, so that Captain Murdock's cup was at my end of the table, and mine at Captain Murdock's.

"Here ——" I began, and then a quick noiseless motion of her lips made me stop.

"There ain't anyone there," grunted Captain Murdock, and slumped back to his chair, and picked up the cup that stood in front of him.

For the first time I noticed that Captain Murdock appeared unnaturally excited for such a trivial performance. He was raising his cup with undue care and solemnity. The light from the kitchen lantern shone darkly on its contents. It was strange how a simple action such as the changing of those two cups altered the appearance of that whole kitchen also. Nothing about it remained commonplace. It was filled instead with an ominous sort of magic lurking in the rattle of the window sashes and in the hissing of the fire. I could feel my muscles draw taut across my shoulders. Captain Murdock licked his lips expectantly.

"Drink up," he said. "Ain't you going to drink?"

My voice when I answered was wonderfully steady.

"Murdock," I said, "nothing will give me more pleasure."

Captain Murdock's eyelids twitched.

"That's it!" he cried heartily. "Something warm in the stummick! That's how a young gent should act. Do like me now, and take it all in one swaller!"

"Very well," I said. "Is there anything you'd like to drink to?"

Captain Murdock was in high good humor. He shook with bubbling genial laughter.

"Ain't there someone you love?" he asked. "Nothing helps it like a wish in licker."

Captain Murdock was as blank and guileless as a fair sheet of paper, but he no longer seemed so drunk as he had seemed before.

"Or mebbe there's someone you hate," he continued obligingly. "It'll do just as well. Either way makes the world go round."

But already I had drunk deep of another draught that stands ready to every hand. My faculties were never so alert. I seemed possessed of an ungovernable unimagined strength. I hardly knew my own voice it rang so clear and bitter.

"So it's just as well, is it?" I heard my voice saying. "Then get up! Get up and drink it on your feet. Here it goes—every drop of it! Every drop to Eliphalet Greer."

Captain Murdock's jaw fell open.

"Drink up!" I cried. "Do you want me to pour it down your throat?"

Captain Murdock broke into a hoarse chuckle.

"Well!" he said simply. "Here's one to the old man."

Captain Murdock was always adroit with a glass. He contrived to toss down the entire contents of his cup in a single gulp, and the cup itself to the hearth before I placed mine, also empty, back on the table. Then he began to laugh in a way that sounded oddly like the crash of the heavy china.

"Now, wasn't that comical?" he inquired, rubbing his eyes. "You drinking to him like that! Many's the time you'll think of it where you're goin'."

Again Captain Murdock burst out laughing with all the side-splitting delight which arises from a pointed jest.

"Ha!" shouted Captain Murdock. "Feelin' dizzy, be you? Well, you'll be dizzier in a minute, and mebbe you won't be dizzy as hell when you wake up between decks in the morning."

Captain Murdock's face suddenly became expressive. His jaw shot forward, and he half closed his eyes.

"Keep away, you swab," he roared, "unless you want your skin broke. Feelin' weak on your pins, do you? Hold tight, my boy, you're as good as goin' now."

"Going where?" I demanded.

Captain Murdock grinned derisively.

"Where the old man's sendin' you," he said.

"You mean Eliphalet Greer?" I asked, but there was no need for him to answer my question.

"Ain't you got eyes?" Captain Murdock was still grinning. "Didn't you see the Ruth waiting when she might have gone on the tide? Now, who do you think she was waiting for? She was waiting for you; waitin' for you all afternoon."

"And he told you to do this?" I asked.

Captain Murdock puffed out his cheeks and sank back into his chair.

"That's what," he said huskily. "Down in the cabin he told me—unless he sent out word by you."

His voice, I noticed, was getting less distinct, but he was still laughing.

"And you drank it down to him. Now isn't that funny?"

"So you were going to crimp me," I said. "So that's what you were going to do."

"Was?" cried Captain Murdock with more animation. "Am. What did you think was in that cup—water?"

I heard a voice at my shoulder. Captain Murdock's daughter was speaking.

"Mr. Jervaile is right," she was saying. "You were going to do it, but you're not now."

With an effort Captain Murdock struggled out of his chair.

"Let me hear another peep from you ——" he began. "Hey! What are you laughing for?"

"Because I changed the cups," said Captain Murdock's daughter.

Captain Murdock's face grew purple. He clenched his fist and drew back his arm, but his eyesight must have been bad then, for she was far out of reach.

"Damn you!" he roared in his old familiar way, but his voice was vague and slow, and lacking its old power.

She did not move away. She only stood watching him in an interested impersonal fashion, but her eyes had a singular glitter.

"There are other people who hate," she said. "Have you forgotten that?"

No, Eliphalet Greer and I were not the only ones who had drunk deep of the elixir that night. We were not the only ones who felt its fire run through our veins. Even Murdock, wavering on the fringe of a land of shadows, felt its reviving strength. Mechanically he raised his fist again.

"Put down your hand," said his daughter evenly. "You'll never hit me again. Don't you feel a little shaky? Well, you'll feel shakier in a minute."

Captain Murdock tried to speak, but his voice only rattled in his throat. He staggered, lost his balance, and snatched at the back of his chair. His legs were giving way beneath him. He was sinking to the floor.

"He's poisoned!" I gasped.

"Only drugged," said Captain Murdock's daughter, raising her hand to her hair.

But I hardly heard her. I was staring at Captain Murdock as he settled to the floor in a round still heap. His face, which had assumed an expression far more vacant than any it had worn in its conscious hours, was turned upward toward the blackened ceiling, and his stubby fingers lay open, groping limply at nothing.

VI

I WAS used to violence, as everyone was then who followed the sea. More than once I had seen men fall from the royal yards to the deck. On the Felicity herself I had seen them spread-eagled in the sun while Captain Murdock stood by and smoked his pipe. I had seen the blood run in half a dozen ports during a night ashore. Nevertheless, my brow grew moist in Captain Murdock's kitchen. There was a premeditated swiftness about it which made me faint and sick, but Murdock's daughter was cool enough. First she stepped softly over and gave him a little prod with her toe, then she looked thoughtfully at the clock on the chimneypiece.

"And now," she said, "you might as well finish your supper."

I gave a startled glance at the table.

"Yes," she said; "I should eat something if I were you. They'll be coming any minute now."

"Coming?" I asked blankly. My mind was still full of what had passed. "Who'll be coming?"

She made an even, impersonal gesture toward Captain Murdock with a hand that was white and delicate.

"They'll be old acquaintances," she said, "from what I could gather this afternoon. He told them he'd have you ready by now."

(Continued on Page 85)

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Have you ever blamed your eyes for your headache?

ALL set for a full day's work! You feel fine. And then—somewhere in the back of your head—

A vague little pain. It grows. It takes possession of your entire brain. Most of the day is lost in fighting a headache. In the evening, you're unfit to do anything. No wonder the experts say that the greatest loss of time in modern business is caused by minor ills—little colds and headaches.

So many headaches come on toward the close of the day—after your eye muscles have been exhausted by close work. You know how one strained muscle can make your whole arm or leg sore and tender. Thus, any *one* of your several eye muscles can cause an intense headache.

These headaches force their way into your brain at its two most exposed points—your two eyes. With their complex muscular systems, these two eyes—really end-organs of the brain—are the source of nine out of ten headaches.

Hence a headache is literally the poorest excuse in the world—*poor, because often it can easily be avoided.* Attack your headache at its source. Have your eyes examined!

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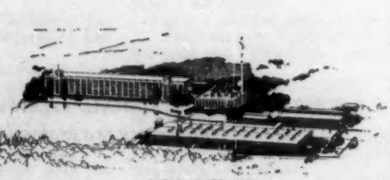

THE WORLD'S GREATEST FOUNDATION FOR BETTER EYESIGHT

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Without answering I picked up Captain Murdock's discarded oilskin coat.

"Here," I said; "put this around you."

She only raised her eyebrows.

"Why?" she asked. "It isn't cold."

"It will be outdoors," I replied grimly. "And it will be too warm if we stay here."

Captain Murdock's daughter did not move. Though browbeaten men on a night watch, reveling in their days of freedom, had often told me you never could tell what a woman would do, I never knew how right they were before.

"Do you think I've finished, now that I've changed the cups?" she asked.

She was staring straight at me, and her lips were twisted in a curious crooked smile.

"Do you think I'm going to go without seeing it through?"

"But what are you going to do?" I asked.

Her fingers were straying lightly over her hair, patting it gently into place, in that deft manner which women sometimes have.

"You can stay and see if you like," she said.

"But you don't understand!" I cried. "You ——"

My voice died away. She had taken the oilskin coat from my hands and had tossed it back on the floor.

"It's too late for supper now," she said. "Listen."

For an instant we both stood perfectly silent. Then I took off my heavy woolen coat and stepped toward the fireplace.

"Yes," I replied, "it's too late for supper. It's too late for everything."

Dimly but unmistakably I had heard the sound of voices outside, and the splashing of heavy feet. I was strong in those days, and now that it was too late for anything else, I was almost glad for what was going to happen.

"Get upstairs!" I whispered, and strode to the center of the room, with the fire tongs in my hand.

And then, almost before I had finished, the silence of the room was broken. Someone was knocking on the kitchen door.

"Hurry!" I whispered. "Don't let them see you!"

But instead she snatched at my arm.

"Put down those tongs and tie him up in that canvas."

"Not—him?" I stammered.

"Do you think I want him here when he wakes up?" she whispered. "They won't know who he is when you tie him." And before I could answer she had raised her voice. "Just a minute," she called. "Just a minute and he'll be ready."

It was one of those occasions when the weight of humanity is negligible in the scales of circumstance. I had Murdock by the scruff of the neck, and was dragging him over the floor like a bag of oats. It hardly seemed any time before I was standing up and dusting my hands.

"There," I said.

Captain Murdock was a neat canvas bundle, tied about the middle and open at the ends.

"Open up that door," came a voice outside. "We've seen what you're doing."

Captain Murdock's daughter gave a startled cry which was almost like a sob.

"Oh," she moaned, "it's no use. Why didn't I think?"

It was the first time I had seen her frightened, and she was badly frightened then. I know how she must have felt, now that her plan had crumbled like a pillar of sand. The kitchen was reverberating with a renewed pounding on the door.

"Why didn't I think?" she sobbed. "They've been watching us through the kitchen window; watching all the time!"

The pounding on the door stopped.

"You can't fool us," came a voice. "Let us in or we'll smash in."

My thoughts had been whirling in a futile desperate circle, but now they stopped and fitted together in a pattern of their own.

"Never mind," I said. "We're not through yet." And I pulled open the kitchen door.

There was a rush of wind, and three men stamped into the kitchen and slammed the door behind them. They were standing side by side, breathing loudly and dripping with the rain. There was only one thing to do. I spoke to them with harsh authority.

"Do you want to wake up the town?" I asked. "There he is. Take him away."

Then I stopped. We were staring at each other in silence. I had thought there was something familiar about them. I could see there was now, for the wick of the kitchen lantern, which the wind had blown to a faint blue flame, had kindled again and threw its yellow light on their faces. In front of me, clad in their oilskins, were standing three members of the Felicity's port watch. A little pool of water was forming about them, trickling across the floor.

There they were, standing with their hands half open and their faces shining with the wet. I might have known that Murdock would choose them. Their faces are before me still, distinct as thought itself, stolid, coarse-grained features of men who live at sea.

Nearest me was Jim Young, a yellow boy from Mobile, whose eyes were wide open like a cat's. Next him was Joe Harper with a mat of red hair covering his forehead, and nearest the door was Tom Stevens, tall and meager with a hatchetlike face characteristic to New England. He was chewing rapidly on a quid of tobacco, and I could see his Adam's apple dance nervously up and down his throat.

"It's him," muttered Joe Harper, staring at me. "Yes, it's him, by thunder!"

"And who'd you think it was?" I demanded harshly. "Lay hold of that bundle! You haven't got all night!"

They were still bound hard by habit. When I spoke they all three gave a simultaneous galvanic start, but a second later they were stock-still again, and Tom Stevens was spitting indecisively.

"There's something wrong, somehow," he said. "Yes, something's wrong."

I began to wish I had the fire tongs in my hand again, but I spoke without hesitation.

"Tom," I said, "you always were a numskull. Why should I have let you in if anything was wrong?"

Tom Stevens and Joe Harper and Jim Young glanced uneasily at one another.

"But we wasn't going to take him, Mr. Jervaile," replied Tom Stevens. "It was him who gave the orders."

"No," said Joe Harper, moving his left foot forward; "we was going to take you."

I have seldom felt less cheerful than I did then, but I looked at them and contrived to laugh.

"Did you ever hear of Eliphalet Greer? It's his orders you're minding now."

All three of them moved uneasily.

"And I'm here to see you mind them," I added. "Stand quiet now, and listen. You all saw what happened between them when we came in today. Well, who do you want to mind now—that roll of canvas there or Eliphalet Greer?"

There was a gulping sound. Tom Stevens had swallowed his tobacco.

"Yes," I said. "He's had enough of Murdock, and he's sent me down to see him off—sent Murdock out to catch himself. You know the way he does."

Without waiting for them to answer I drew a roll of bills from my pocket and placed them in Tom Stevens' hand.

"Here," I said. "This is for you now, and there's more if you do it right."

Tom Stevens fingered the bills.

"I might of known it," he said; "I might of known. He always was a deep one."

"Lay hold now," I said, "and no noise. He's going out to the Ruth. Tell them to keep him tied, and tell them to keep him quiet, and if you do this quick and clean I'll tell you what I'll do." I paused impressively. "I'll say a good word for you to Mr. Greer himself. Now lay hold of him, men."

Tom Stevens grinned.

"Sort of comical, ain't it?" he said.

"Lay hold," I answered. "We've made enough noise already. Easy with him. I'll close the door."

"Yes, sir," Tom Stevens reiterated; "it is sort of comical."

As I look back on it through the dim glass of years, I can see it was a savage jest. Yet even now I still think he was right in his observation. Captain Murdock, having finished one journey that day, was going out of the door, feet foremost, on another. He was a heavy man, and they had to bend their backs to hold him.

I held open the door, and followed them out. It was so near to the river that in ten seconds they were stumbling and slipping down to the water's edge. A longboat was hauled ashore with two men standing by. Into it went Captain Murdock. I could hear the plopping noise of water as he fell between the thwarts. They were shoving her off. They were in the water beside her, turning her nose toward the dark. The sea was running high and slapping angrily against the bows. There was a thumping of wood on wood, that dull hollow sound which you can hear only by the water. The oars were between the tholepins, and Captain Murdock and his crew were nothing more than a shadow, scarcely darker than the water itself, as they bobbed from wave to wave toward the center of the stream, toward a light that curved and jumped about a hidden mast.

In those days when the sea seemed nearer than it ever will again, we used to speak of our ships as we would of people, and gossip of their foibles and eccentricities. We could name a ship in those days from the cut of her sail or from the way she stood to the wind. I knew the ship beneath those riding lights. I could tell her from their very motion, for the Ruth had an unmistakable way of rolling when the wind was high, even when she was loaded to her water line. Was Eliphalet Greer watching also? Though his eyes were dimmer than mine, he knew the motion of the lights far better. They were his lights, and the ship was his ship. The wind was already moderating. The tide would be turning by the early morning. Before the town was astir the Ruth would be slipping away, a speck on the horizon curve.

VII

CAPTAIN MURDOCK'S kitchen was very still when I entered it again. Its stillness was more than a contrast with the noise of the night outside. When I closed the door I remember that it seemed to have the same shocked silence of Eliphalet Greer's own dwelling.

She was at the window when I came in, looking out at the black, and when she turned to face me she was tired and white.

"Is—is he gone?" she asked.

"He's gone. I saw him go," I said.

The excitement which had been with me till then seemed to have blown away with the wind outside. My feet felt heavy, my hands were cold and sodden with the rain.

"I"—her voice faltered—"I never knew it would be like that."

We stood looking at each other in a strange impassive way.

"Was it true," she asked—"was it true, what you told them? Did he really send you here?"

I felt my blood running faster.

"No," I said; "he didn't send me. I was the one he wanted to get rid of!"

I stood up straighter. My breath was hot between my lips.

"And he hasn't got rid of me," I added. "He'll find out he hasn't!"

"And what are you going to do?" she asked.

She was looking at me curiously, but my thoughts were so black that I scarcely noticed.

"I'm going to stay here," I said.

I was so immersed in myself then that I was surprised when she misunderstood me. She did not move, but she cried out, and the color came back to her cheeks.

"I might have known you'd be like all the rest of them!" she exclaimed hotly. "Do you think that was why I changed the cups?"

"I know you didn't change them on my account," I said more gently. "That is not why I'm staying. I'm only going to wait until ——"

"Until when?" she interrupted.

"Until Eliphalet Greer arrives," I answered, and sat down before the fire. There was a moment of silence, and then I heard a soft footstep beside me.

"So you weren't thinking of me at all?" she said.

It is curious how we can go through the world and only give half a glance at the people and things that surround us. I had never more than glanced at Captain Murdock's daughter. I seemed never to have seen her till then. Until then she had been nothing but a part of that indefinable curtain of words and faces which forms the background of our lives, and now, though I can never explain why, she had moved forward, and had assumed a definite and tangible shape. I had never realized before, the striking quality of her beauty, or how oddly it fitted with the thing that she and I had done. Her forehead was high. Her chin and mouth had an even grace and strength of line. Her hands were thin and tapering, like the hands in some fine lady's portrait. Her voice had the modulation of a lady's voice, unlike the heritage of a Murdock strain.

She drew the other chair to the fire, and sat with her chin resting on the palm of her left hand.

"I'm sorry ——" I began, and stopped.

"I can't leave you here alone," I ended.

"I wish you hadn't said that," said Captain Murdock's daughter. "I was just beginning to hate you, and I can't hate you now."

"Hate me!" I exclaimed.

"You'll understand some day," she said, and her voice had grown soft and low. "Sooner than you think perhaps. When you have been hating someone, it's lonesome when he goes away. I almost wish he were back, because there's nothing now."

"If that's the way you feel," I said, "you couldn't have hated him at all."

Her eyes flashed, and her lips grew thin and white.

"Only God knows how I hated him!" she cried. "You don't know what it is to hate!"

I stretched my hands toward the fire and listened to the wind.

"But I'm learning," I said, "if you give me time."

I remember thinking then that something was the matter with Murdock's daughter. I wonder why I was so obtuse as not to see the trace of affectation in her cold indifference, but I never did see it. I never knew how deeply she had been stirred till then. There had been something repellent about her before, an unnatural harshness to her voice, an unyielding, expressionless hardness about her face, but she seemed quite different now. She seemed younger. Her lip was trembling, and a pulse was throbbing in her throat.

"Yes," she said, as though she had only half heard me, "you'll learn. I know you will if you wait for Eliphalet Greer."

"What makes you so sure?" I asked.

"Don't you think I know?" Her hands were playing nervously with a fold of her dress, and her words were hot and quick, as though they had broken through some barrier. "Don't you see what it does? Don't you see what it's done to me? How it's made me forget everything I should have remembered? You wouldn't be looking at me the way you are now if you didn't know it."

We are used to hiding our emotions in New England. I still remember the shock it gave me to have her speak so.

"Please," I said, "please don't think I blame you."

"But you do," she went on. Then her voice broke, and she buried her face in her hands. Something which I could not understand had sapped her strength of will. "I couldn't let him do it!" she sobbed. "It was too hateful a thing to watch. I never hated him so, until I saw you standing there."

For a moment I could only stare at her without speaking. Of all the things I had thought, I had never thought of that.

"Good Lord!" I gasped. "Do you mean you did it on account of me?"

She looked up at me. Her face was wet. Her hair was disheveled, and her eyes were wide and brimming with tears.

"Don't try to feel kindly toward me," she replied. "I never should have done what I did if I hadn't hated him."

"It's been a long while," I said slowly, "since anyone has thought of me at all."

I never thought how long it was, until I began to remember with a surge of bitterness and self-pity. She was sobbing again, and staring wretchedly at the fire.

"Yes," I said, "you're the first one who has thought of me kindly since I came ashore."

She did not answer. A gust of wind blew against the house, so that the timbers creaked and groaned, almost like the timbers of a ship at sea. Though I began to feel how far at sea I was that night, I felt strangely peaceful. I was no longer thinking of Eliphalet Greer, and my mind had ceased to run through rough and turbid channels. Her glance was friendly, and her voice was very gentle.

"Will you promise me something?" she asked.

I forgot—quite forgot that she was Murdock's daughter then. It would have been hard to remember, for there was a peculiar dignity in the way she spoke, quite as some fine lady might in the days when I met fine ladies.

"Anything you ask," I answered. "You know I owe you that."

"Then promise me you'll go," she said. "You mustn't meet him when he comes, and make things worse than they are."

"But I can't leave you alone," I objected.

"I'm not afraid," she replied. "I've been alone before. I've been here alone so often that I can tell the way the wind is blowing from the sound of the waves."

"These men may come back," I objected.

"If they were coming," she answered, "they'd have been here before now."

"You'll let me see you in the morning?" I asked. "You know I haven't thanked you yet, and I have a good deal to thank you for."

She turned her head away, and her voice sank almost to a whisper.

"You won't want to see me when you wake up tomorrow; not after what I did tonight."

"I don't forget as quickly as that," I said. "Believe me, I'll be here."

"No," she answered, "it will only be a bad dream tomorrow."

"But still," I replied, "I would rather have dreamed it than not."

And strangely enough I meant what I said. She was standing beside me. A window rattled from the impact of the storm. The sound made her catch her breath.

"Don't be afraid," I said; "it's only the wind."

Suddenly she clutched at my arm.

"No," she said, "it's not the wind." And we both stood still and listened.

"Promise me," she said suddenly, and she spoke in a low voice, as though she was afraid someone might hear—"promise me you'll leave this town the first thing in the morning."

"And run away?" I shook my head. "Do you really think I'd run away?"

"No," she said; "I might have known you wouldn't. Only women know when it's time to run."

I don't know what I was going to answer then. I only knew that I had just begun to speak when I heard something which cut me short. Somewhere outside there was a noise louder than the storm, and then a confusion of noises charging after each other down the wind. First there was a rending of wood, which made me think a tree had snapped, until I knew it was not a tree because of a shouting from somewhere on the river. Then there was a snapping booming sound, which made me start to the door. Faint as it sounded on the wind, it was still clear enough for me to tell it. Only slack canvas could make a noise like that, only the canvas of a vessel in irons. Outside there was a sudden scurry of footsteps and voices.

"It's on the river," I said, and I opened the door.

The rain was on my face, but the wind was slacking as I thought it would, and the sky was clearer. I stared out toward a black oddly shaped mass in the center of the stream. The lights of the Ruth were there, but the Ruth never bore a hull like that, and there were other lights, lanterns dancing here and there about the decks. Not a dozen yards from the house I could make out a knot of men struggling through the mud and water grass. I ran toward them and seized one by the shoulder.

"What's wrong?" I shouted.

"Wrong?" It was the voice of Stephen Wright, the harbor master, who answered me. "A ship's bore in clean over the bar and rammed into Greer's Ruth. They're afoul of each other now. Is Murdock inside? Bear a hand on this boat."

Without answering I turned away and scrambled up the river bank. Murdock's daughter had followed me to the door, forgetful of the rain as she peered out across the water.

"Is it the Ruth?" she asked.

I strode into the kitchen and stamped the mud off my shoes. For the first time I was shaken by a sense of superstition, a feeling of some power beyond ourselves. I had a feeling that it hardly mattered what I said or what I did just then.

"A ship's run afoul of her," I answered. "She won't move out tomorrow."

"A ship?" Her voice sounded strained and unnatural, like the voice of a sleepwalker almost. "What ship? Where did it come from on a night like this?"

I stared out the open door, fascinated somehow by the mystery of the dark.

"She came from God knows where," I said.

"Then he won't be gone tomorrow?" she asked suddenly. Her voice became alive again, filled with new energy. "He can't be coming back! He can't be coming back!"

"When he wakes up in the morning," I answered, "they'll find out something's wrong. We've cast our bread upon the waters. According to the Scriptures he will return a thousandfold."

I can never tell why I spoke so confidently, for I hardly knew; I had hardly more than guessed what had happened on the river, but somehow I knew already that it was the beginning and not the end. The ironic order of things was enough to tell me that it was not yet Murdock's time to go to sea, not while the storm waves were making a rumbling sound like the wheels of fate.

"Yes," I said, "he'll be back again."

"Yes," she whispered, "he'll be back." Then her voice broke. "Please—you mustn't leave me now!"

She had seized my hand, and hers was as cold as ice. I had forgotten about Eliphalet Greer when I answered.

"Don't look that way," I said. "I'll stay if a thousand of him breaks through that door."

VII

NOT so long ago my life had seemed cast on simple curves. Since my father's death I had followed the sea, obeying orders on ships which were not my own. It had taken the luster from my manners and had blunted my speech. Yet there I was in a knightly rôle, a protector of Captain Murdock's daughter. There I sat at Captain Murdock's table, watching the clock move on. There I sat among Captain Murdock's sea boots in front of Captain Murdock's fire, eating Captain Murdock's food without a qualm; eating, and talking to Captain Murdock's daughter.

I wonder what made me speak of my life as the night passed by. I remember that I was sorry for her, and that I wished to take her mind off the night and the storm. I made her sit by the fire, and threw on an armful of driftwood. I remember speaking as courteously as I could of many things. As I talked the strained expectant look finally left her face and gave way to candid interest. Once she asked me a question, and then another, and then I remember being glad of someone to talk to who could understand me and who cared to listen.

It did not seem strange that I should be saying what I did. I found myself telling her of my father's house, and of the horses and of the garden, and of the guests who came to see him from Boston and New York. As I went on I began to recall many things which I had come near to forgetting—how my father took his wine on the terrace of a spring evening, and would sit until it was dark enough to see the harbor lights; and how he played at his cards with gold pieces on the table. Memories were coming back to me as they always did when I came home, memories made alluring by the time which closed them off. I found myself telling her how he taught me to ride, and to shoot, and to sail a boat, until I checked myself at length, in sudden embarrassment, as I became aware how strange a time and place it was to speak of him.

"But what difference does it make?" I said. "Everyone knows what happened, and here I am, and there's no use speaking of it, now that it's all over."

Then I was telling of what we always spoke of then, of the ships and of the sea. I told her of the first time I had sailed before the mast, when the shutters of the house were up, and what clothes I owned were in a wooden chest; of the forecastle and the tobacco smoke, and the clothes hanging out to dry; of the grease of the cook's galley; of the gulls which followed in our wake, like feathers in the air, gliding on motionless wings with never a need to rest; of all the commonplaces of a voyage at sea. I told of a storm in the Indian Ocean, and of the porpoises that leaped before our bows, and the fight between the port and starboard watches one evening at Singapore. It is very hard to stop talking when you are talking of the sea. I told her of the coral islands and of the mountain I had seen which rose smoking from the water.

In those days of sail and shifting winds the world was a stranger place than it will ever be again. Yet how near it seemed then, when the ships sailed in and out, when there was a smell of spices on their decks, and we filled our houses with dragon-studded vases and our cups with the best of tea, when there was hardly a man of us but had felt the sun of the line, and had seen the holds loaded by dull-eyed men with yellow skins.

"Was your father fond of the sea?" she asked.

"He would have been," I said, "but he never had to know it as well as I do."

What a little while ago it seemed that the Felicity had plunged her way through waters as blue as blue, while the sea air was soft with the land breeze and we had awnings out upon the deck! It was not so far away, once you crossed the bar. I had only to close my eyes to see it again.

"Tell me something more," she said. "Tell me about some other fine houses with hedges and lawns. Sometimes when I was in Boston I used to pretend what was inside, the way the stairs looked, and the carpets and the chairs and the tables."

But I only half heard what she was saying. The wind was veering toward the east and the sound of the surf was louder. It made a pleasant somnolent sound which was pleasing to the fancy. It brings me the same picture as I listen to it now—glimpses of lead-colored water more desolate than any land I know, all flecked with changing lines of white. Once over the bar there was a world of that, and what did it matter what was on land, once it lay astern? I seemed to be sailing out again, out and out, sailing with a strange company. Eliphalet Greer was at the helm, holding the wheel steady with his long hands, his face devoid of all expression while the wind played through his long gray hair; and aft by the rail was Captain Murdock, standing as I had often seen him with his cheeks puffed out like some god of winds, and his face turned toward the sails. There were others aboard whose faces I could not see, and forward in the bows a girl was standing. I thought it was strange a woman should go to sea, until she turned her head, and I saw it was Murdock's daughter.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A minute and a mop

will make the Bird's *Neponset* Rug as clean and bright as ever!

WHAT does it matter if Bobby spills things—or if the favorite puppy sneaks in with muddy paws? The mop to the rescue!—and every trace is wiped up as quick as you can say "Bird's *Neponset* Rugs".

And happily, these rugs, work-saving as they are, are *handsome* too! There are fine mosaic and tile patterns, and also designs in rich, true colors, derived from Oriental masterpieces.

Another thing: Bird's *Neponset* Rugs are waterproof, not only on top, but on *bottom* as well. Their Red Waxed Back, which prevents their sticking to the floor, is a patented, exclusive Bird feature.

Bird's NEPONSET *Rugs are not expensive—*

There is no home too modest to afford one; no home too fine to need one. Prices: $9 to $18 for standard sizes.

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BIRD'S NEPONSET RUGS Satisfaction Guaranteed

Look for this trademark

Bird's *Neponset* Rugs

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

Always sold in the Yellow Box

Eight reasons why the Pro-phy-lac-tic is the *world's standard tooth brush:*

1 The large end tuft, which reaches and cleans the backs of the back teeth—and the inside surfaces of all teeth—*originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.*

2 Saw-tooth bristle tufts arranged to fit the curve of the jaw—*originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.*

3 The curved handle, with the tapered and beveled end, which enables the Pro-phy-lac-tic to get behind the teeth and clean all teeth—*originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.*

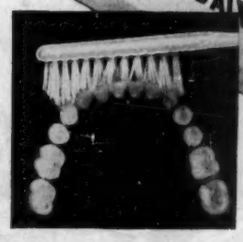
4 Dependable markings on each brush, so you may rely on getting hard, medium, or soft bristles—*originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.*

5 The use of a symbol to mark each brush, so that every individual may know his own Pro-phy-lac-tic—*originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.*

6 The hole in the handle and the hook to hang the brush upon—*originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.*

7 The sanitary yellow box that brings your tooth brush to you clean, untouched by any hands since it left the sanitary Pro-phy-lac-tic factory—*originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.*

8 Made in America by Americans—*originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.*



Pro-phy-lac-tic

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Tooth Brush

How to keep teeth beautiful

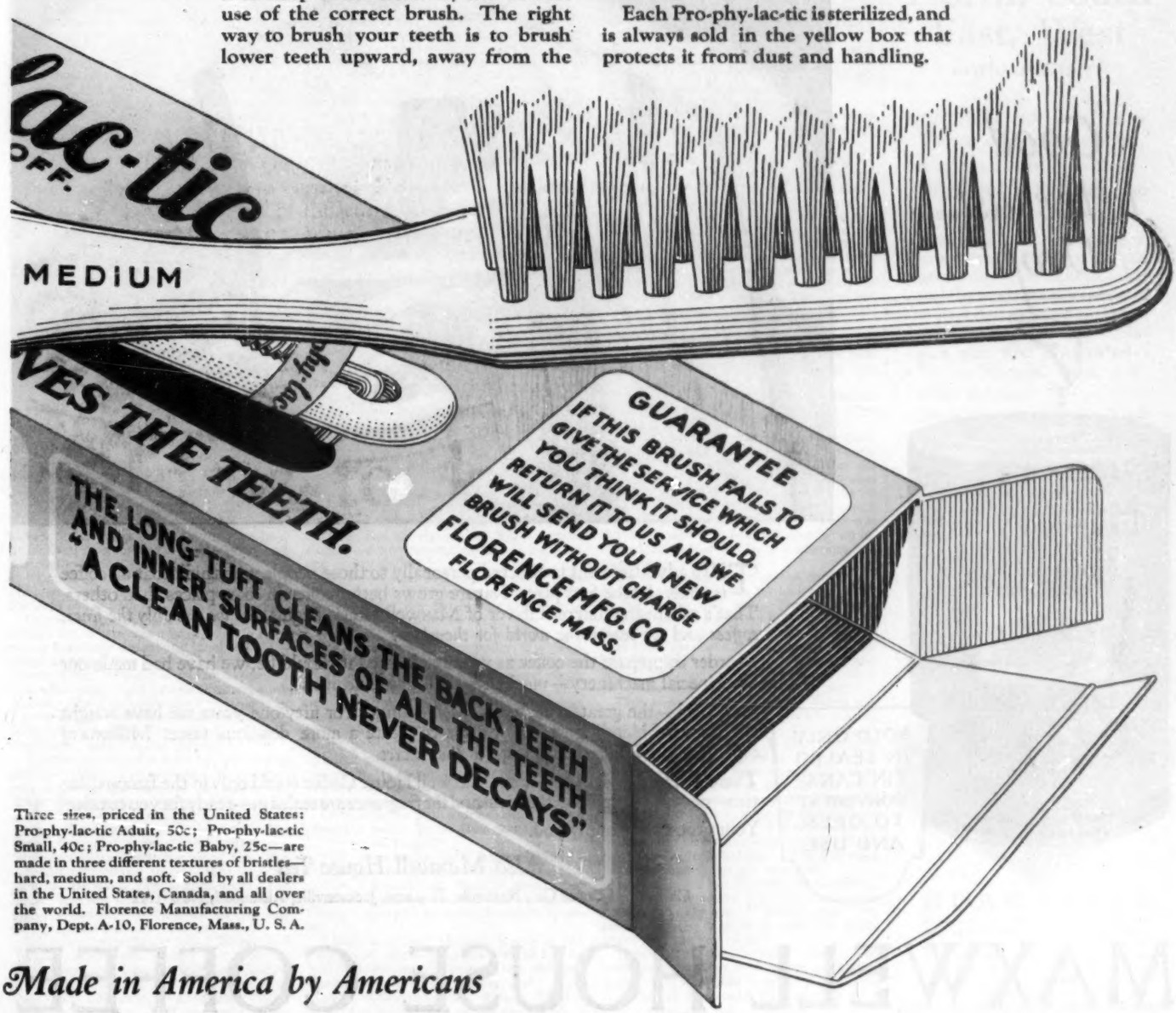
Keep them clean by the correct use of the correct brush

THE difference between the Pro-phy-lac-tic and the ordinary tooth brush is the difference between cleaning your teeth and merely brushing them. Its merit is shown by the fact that there are more Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes sold than any other make.

The way to keep your teeth beautiful is to keep them clean by the correct use of the correct brush. The right way to brush your teeth is to brush lower teeth upward, away from the gums, and to brush upper teeth downward, away from the gums. The correct brush is acknowledged by the world to be the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Its separated tufts of bristles clean between the teeth. Bristles are arranged in a curve to fit the shape of the mouth. They penetrate the crevices and angles almost entirely untouched by ordinary brushes.

Each Pro-phy-lac-tic is sterilized, and is always sold in the yellow box that protects it from dust and handling.

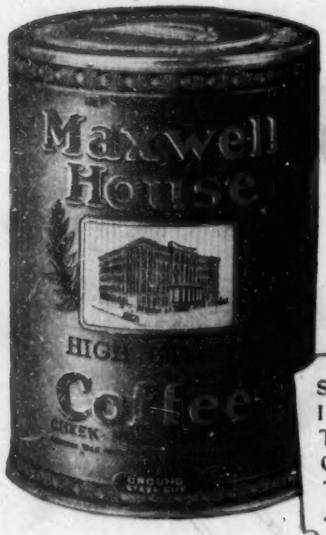


Three sizes, priced in the United States: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c—are made in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium, and soft. Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world. Florence Manufacturing Company, Dept. A-10, Florence, Mass., U. S. A.

Made in America by Americans

Taste Maxwell House Coffee—shut your eyes to every consideration except that mellow fragrance—that more delicious coffee-taste.

"Good to the last Drop"



SOLD ONLY IN SEALED TIN CANS—CONVENIENT TO OPEN AND USE

THIS advertisement is directed personally to those people who think that all coffee is alike. In the first place, Nature grows better coffee in some places than others. That's where the different flavor of Maxwell House begins, *for we use only the finest coffees and we search the world for them!*

In order to prepare the coffee as we have learned it should be, we have had made our own special machinery—*machinery that only we can use.*

And then—the greatest factor is the blending. For fifty-one years we have sought the secret of blending the fine coffees to create a more delicious taste. *Millions of coffee drinkers say we have mastered that secret.*

There is yet another distinction. Maxwell House Coffee is sold only in the famous blue tins—never in bulk. *Thus, the flavor and the fragrance are sealed in*—ready for you to taste!

Your grocer can supply you.

Also Maxwell House Tea

Cheek-Neal Coffee Co., Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

WOLF CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 13)

hold of someone with a lot of money, and when the deal is all over they pay you a fine commission. Good healthy outdoor work too."

"Yes," said Tommy, "you do seem to have a nice lot of time for golf."

"That's just it." Roger's brow was wrinkled up as though he were struggling. "Golf is a wonderful business asset. Nobody minds spending money out in the open. Behind desks they just naturally hate to."

"Well, what are you worried about then, Roger?"

"Worried? I'm not worried. I tell you, Tommy, I've just discovered how the thing is done, how everybody makes money. They get hold of something good and they squeeze it hard. They pump it 'til it pays."

"Well, you needn't look so mad about it, Roger."

Socially they were equally successful. They went out nearly every night, to the Winklers' or the Bowmans' or somewhere. Twice Roger had been tight, and once he had threatened to knock Fred Hawkins down for patting Tommy's hand, but Tommy promised him that Fred didn't mean anything by it. Roger swore terribly when he got tight.

"Well, a fellow's got to drink with this gaudy trash," he said to Tommy the next morning. "It's part of the game. Besides, you couldn't stand them if you didn't. Let's go find a farm in Virginia, Tommy, and be poor white trash in comfort."

The next day Roger drove over to the famous Engineers' course with a group of his business friends and brought back eighty-six dollars and an aroma of pseudo Scotch which blew in when he opened the front door. He'd put over another deal with a millionaire named Barker, right while they were playing golf. "You've got to take a highball with 'em, Tommy, or they get sore."

Tommy had spent the morning organizing an elastic budget. "The trouble with most budgets," she explained, "is that they smash the minute they get the least bit out of shape." Hers was a system of labeled cardboard boxes into which she would deposit everything Roger earned.

Roger went to the budget closet and read over the labels: Rent, $250; Food, $150; Cook, $80; Laundry, $30; Ice, phone and all those things, $40; Clothes, $50 (the ones we have will do); Automobile, $30; fares to New York, $20 (but we won't go); Pleasure, $50 (will have to practically give up pleasure); Entertaining, $50; Flowers, $15; Tailor, $10 (cook will have to press some of them); Barber and Hair Dresser, $15 (maybe we could cut each other's hair); Golf Club, $25; Drug Supplies, $7. The total was pasted on the door, $822.

"Not a thing," said Tommy triumphantly from behind his shoulder, "that isn't an absolute necessity. And look, Roger. If I have to spend four instead of two-fifty for chiffon stockings, all I do is take a dollar and a half from the food box, order fried ham instead of lamb chops, and the elastic budget goes on."

"You ought to patent it," said Roger. He kissed her. Well, he might make $822. He went to the phone and called up Barker.

Of course Tommy had a secret. Tommys always do. There was a box in that budget which bore only the mental label My Winnings, and in it was sixty-eight dollars and fifteen cents. Nothing novel can happen to you when you've got practically sixty-nine dollars. She'd thought about putting it in a bank at first, but she remembered hearing once about a bank that failed. "Boxes don't fail," said Tommy grimly.

Another month of it went by, exciting at first and then not so exciting. The budget was straining the sides of its boxes but Roger didn't seem to worry. Although his deals were not so frequent, he still made them. Tommy did the worrying. She wasn't happy, in spite of the hundred and fourteen dollars now in her secret box. She couldn't understand Roger; that was the trouble. He was always so glum around the house, and she didn't like the way these men slapped him on the back all the time as though he were one of them.

Of course everybody called Roger and Tommy, Roger and Tommy now, and the Knowltons had become Bill and Gladys. Winklers, Bowmans, and Hawkinses were Pete and Charlotte, Walter and Patty, Fred and Minerva. And one night Roger and Tommy's little red car poked its nose through the arched entrance to Big Bend Estates, Incorporated, and sent the faint glow of its feeble headlights up the slow curve of road. They had run away from the Winklers' cocktail party, and Tommy had remembered she wanted to stop in the village for a can of that heat stuff. But Roger couldn't remember exactly where he had left his hat.

The men's grill of the Big Bend Country Club was crowded Saturday noon. Everyone was threatening par with every bite of luncheon, fixing up games, arranging to match cards later on over their after-shower highballs; and in the mind of each was that mashie pitch, that spoon shot into the wind, that long curving putt, the one perfect shot of last time.

Roger was at table with Paul Jenkins, attentive to every detail of his surroundings. It was his sport, golf, a wonderful sport. He loved the first hole and the last, the crowd in the clubhouse, the tournament score board, the talk, pulls, slices, par, brassy, chip shot, dormie, all of it. It was all his, the field of his superiority since boyhood, his challenge for respect. And now it was gone. He'd sold it, and he'd never be able to buy it back. "Well, they made me sell it," he muttered. "It was all I had."

"What's that?" Jenkins looked up.

"I didn't say anything, did I? Here comes Barker and Fred."

"Say, you couple of sports," Fred hailed them from across the room, and they came and leaned confidentially over the table. "How about a real game? Old man Barker here wants ten bucks a hole syndicate, carry on halves. You game?"

A few minutes later they started off. Old Barker wasn't so old. He was big and brown, and he scrutinized you from under pushing brows and a pulled-down cap before he spoke.

"Hello there, young man," he said to Roger; "I'm out for blood today. Get ready to hand back that thousand you've taken off me this summer." He laughed, put the tip of his tongue between his teeth and got off a vicious hook.

Fred Hawkins won that first hole, and the second too. The third, a hundred-yard pitch, Roger ought to have halved with Jenkins. But Roger had never heard that Jenkins had any vast wealth and perhaps he wouldn't look so worried if he won a syndicate or two. So Roger's ball rimmed the cup. They all thought it was going down, but it kicked off.

It isn't easy to make your ball do that. A whole morning's practice wasn't too much. Over on Number Seven green Roger had practiced, twelve balls at five feet, the first six down, the second six almost down, not quite. He had stayed there until he had done it.

Back in the clubhouse again they called Roger a luck horse. His card was eighty-six against only eighty-eight for Fred and Jenkins, and ninety-one for Barker. But Roger had won nine syndicates, a hundred and eighty dollars.

"If I had your luck, young man," protested Barker, "I'd be a—a millionaire." It must be terrible not having anything to wish for. Jenkins broke even.

While he dressed, Fred Hawkins was being tormented by a memory, the faint recollection of a father-and-son tournament at Pinehurst years ago, when a blond youth had excited the club with a near-par score and some mighty drives. But what had that to do with DeWitt, except that one iron shot on Number Fourteen, when Roger had cut his ball from the rough a hundred and seventy yards over a ditch to the green. It wasn't the four syndicate on the hole, or the shot itself; it was the daring, the sureness, the unmistakable form.

Outside in the grillroom he said, "You've played a better game than you do now, haven't you, Roger?"

"Oh, some better," said Roger. "Why?" He thought Barker was looking at him too.

"Oh, I don't know. They're picking one five-man team for the club match against Oakdale, and you were mentioned for Number Five."

"Number Five," thought Roger on the way home. How many club teams had he led! But that was the price of this business. He had to think of Tommy first. He'd have to throw the match if they did pick him. And no one who at the first break of spring has not planted his feet in the soft green turf and swung his pet driver at the head of a dandelion can know the torture that was in Roger's breast.

But Tommy was delighted to get the hundred and eighty. "Gee-whiz, Roger," she said, having perched herself in his lap while they waited for dinner. "Gee-whiz. I can't figure where it's all gone. You haven't taken any out, have you? Have you, Roger? Honest? Well, eight bills came in yesterday and today, and what are we going to do?" She had audited the budget and found the sum total in all the boxes—except, of course, the secret box—as sixty-two dollars—sixty-one and twenty cents, really. "We're broke again, Roger," she said tragically; "even with this hundred and eighty. We're frightfully broke. After all the work I spent on that budget too!"

Of course they'd had a party which cost three months' entertainment fund, besides the dinner-theater-dance affair in town they all went to. That cost a pretty. And Tommy's very simple dress or two, or three, amounted to a little. But how can you talk clothes at the bridge table unless everybody knows you do buy a dress once in a while? Roger's club bills too.

Tommy's nose gathered all its purpose puckers. That leathery Mrs. Beach, who played bridge with some man over at the golf club for a ghastly stake, asked her to fill in once. "A killing," thought Tommy; "an honest-to-goodness killing. That's what I got to make to get us out of this!"

"Forget the confounded bills," said Roger. He blew two tiny curls away from the back of her neck. "I'll put over another deal with Barker tomorrow."

"Is he so very rich, Roger?"

"Is he rich! He builds half the bridges and tunnels in the world. One of the biggest contracting engineers there is."

"Well, make it a nice deal then, Roger."

But Roger didn't make any kind of deal the next morning. A pale sun leered down at them out of a yellow-gray sky and in half an hour it was raining. It rained intermittently for six days, clear in the morning, gradually thickening, and then rain. Roger paced the house like a tiger longing for the jungle. He wanted to fire the cook for burning his toast. He was furious at Tommy for leaving him every afternoon. They had but ninety dollars left in the elastic budget and a new stack of bills.

"Well," asked Tommy, "can't you put over deals in the rain? Or do people hate to spend money except when the sun shines?"

"More or less," said Roger shortly. "You going out again? Where? Is there anything to read in this blame house?"

The following day was blue and cloudless, packed with sunlight. Roger went out early and left Tommy fixing her dress for the club dance that evening which inaugurated a sort of gala golf celebration reaching its peak with the interclub, five-man match with Oakdale on the morrow. There was much talk about it, heavy wagering, an intense rivalry fostered by the previous annual contests.

On the bulletin board at the club Roger found his name, chosen for lack of a better as Big Bend's fifth man. For just an instant there was a tingling in his fingers and then there was heaviness in his heart. Oh, if he could only let out just once, could just burn around that course as hot as he could go! "But you've got to pump it 'til it pays," he said. "Par golf doesn't pay."

This morning he was alone, dared not even take a caddie. He was going to play as well as he could this once. Yet it wasn't the same, playing alone. It didn't seem to count for anything. Besides, he couldn't seem to get going. His drives lacked that touch of hook at the end, and his iron shots were getting too much turf. Even his putts began to rim the cup when he meant them to go down, and at the end of nine holes he quit in disgust. "It's cost me a lot," he said, waiting for luncheon. "It's cost me a lot more than I thought it would."

Barker joined him at table, the same cap, the same aggressive pushing brows, the same small gray eyes. "This is great!" he said. "We'll get an early start this afternoon, just the two of us."

Later, on the tee, he said, "How about twenty-five a hole and carry on halved holes? It'll take that to get any money on it with only two. And you can give me a

(Continued on Page 93)

You young folks are great discoverers

Some say you are so far ahead of the times that you won't have anything to do with things that the older generation chummed with in its youth. We don't believe it!

For right now we are selling tons of Lowney's to young fellows and young girls who have discovered that for right up-to-the-minute enjoyment Lowney's can't be beaten!

Next time ask for Lowney's. Though the name has been known for more than 40 years it is accompanied today by the newest, most interesting chocolates obtainable. Simple, inexpensive packages—elaborate gift boxes—and every step between. *The more you know about fine chocolates the more you will appreciate Lowney's.*

LOWNEY'S
FINE CHOCOLATES

and—

Lowney's Cocoa shows you how cocoa *ought* to taste.

(Continued from Page 91)

stroke on the four longest ones, can't you?"

"All right," said Roger absently. Old Barker reminded him of his father sometimes, and he was thinking about that. His drive was a half-hearted sky rocket. He lost the first hole, and the next three were halved. Barker won the fifth by sinking an approach shot.

Roger was startled. He had noticed the old man's game improving lately and, funny, but he thought Barker's stance and form for getting his short chip shots up to the pin were almost exactly like his own. His field irons were getting distance too. "A hundred and twenty-five dollars down," thought Roger, but he smiled. There were thirteen holes left and plenty of time to take the rich old devil into camp. Tommy was expecting him to make a really good deal today. Soon he forgot about it again, listening to Barker tell about one of the Bagdad Railway bridges he'd built.

On the thirteenth tee Roger woke up. He was still down a hundred dollars, and Barker was shooting out of his head. "Going great guns today, DeWitt. You'd better step out."

That's just what Roger meant to do. He won Thirteen; and Fourteen and Fifteen were halved. So were Sixteen and Seventeen. Number Eighteen stretched away to the clubhouse over a low depression, soggy now with the rains. Suddenly Roger was almost cold. He'd wasted a great chance. There was a hundred and twenty-five on that hole, and he was already three down. What if he should lose?

His drive was pressed, only half hit, and it fell into the low ground. Barker played short, but his second, a sort of freak affair with a cleek, almost reached the green. Barker hurried on and Roger went down into the ditch, sending his caddie on ahead. For a moment he stood still looking down at his ball, half buried in a chance furrow. Almost in a panic he stood to it with a deep-faced mashie, cutting hard into the soft turf. A chunk of sod tore away and the ball moved two feet.

Roger looked about him dizzily. He was completely out of sight, alone with that ball, a clear missed shot, the god of golf, and a frightened Tommy waiting for him to provide. The caddie had left him the Number One iron. Roger took it blindly. It was a beautiful shot, just high enough to clear. It reached the green.

He got there just in time to see Barker's chip shot, a mimic of himself, and eight inches from the pin—a four. Roger studied his putt, a long one, and missed it close. Barker took out the score card. "Well! Two fours. We'll have to go another."

Roger was pale. He forgot to give his putter back to the caddie. "I guess not, Barker," he said. "Mine was five. I missed one clear, back there in the ditch."

Barker didn't say anything for a moment. He stood there with the pencil stub poised. "Is that so?" he said finally. "Then that's two hundred even that you owe me."

Back in the locker room Barker sat on the bench before starting to change. "Well, that beats me," he muttered. "That completely and absolutely beats me."

On his way out Roger stopped by. "Barker," he said, "I haven't as much as that with me. But if you'll be around to the dance tonight ——"

"Sure," said Barker. "That's all right. Any time."

Roger walked out through the lounge. Over in the corner were a group of people, a bridge game and a crowd watching. He'd heard about those bridge games, five cents a point. He was wondering how ninety dollars could possibly become two hundred by evening. Some sound of voice took his eyes to the card group again. Yes; he stopped and stared. Oh, it couldn't be! Yes, there was Tommy at that table playing with three of the sharks of Big Bend.

She saw him then. The game was breaking up, and she came running over. "Roger—Roger, have you seventy-eight dollars with you? I lost, Roger." She had hold of his lapel and he knew that tears were very near. "I had seven, Roger, seven spades to the ace, king, queen. How could I guess five of the others were on my left. And even the sixth made against me, Roger, on a pure short suit. Have you—have you got it, Roger?"

Roger patted her shoulder. "Who gets it, Tommy? It's all right."

"That Mr. Edwards. Take me home, Roger."

He went over and spoke to the man. "This evening, Edwards. All right?"

Neither of them spoke until the little red car pulled up at their door. Roger drew in his breath. "We're in trouble, Tommy. I lost on a deal today; two hundred dollars. I've got to get it for Barker this evening or ——"

Tommy seemed almost glad. "Two hundred even, Roger? And my seventy-eight? Everything's all right, then. I got a surprise!"

In the living room she brought out the secret box. "There's ninety in the budget, you see? And I got most two hundred. See? A hundred and ninety-one, or really only a hundred and ninety and thirty-five cents." It was in small bills mostly. "That's how much, Roger?"

"It's two hundred and eighty, Tommy," said Roger. "It leaves us two dollars. But, Tommy, where did you get a hundred and ninety dollars?"

"I won it," she said proudly. "I won it playing bridge."

"You won a hundred and ninety dollars from these women?"

His severity checked her exuberance. "Yes, Roger; isn't it fine?"

Roger was staggered. Tommy a gambler? Oh, she mustn't! What he did was different, because he was rotten anyway. "I guess I don't want to use it, Tommy," he said. "You take it and do what you want with it."

Tommy couldn't stand very much of that. She was quickly in tears, a storm of them. "I don't see why," she got out. "Didn't I do it honest? Didn't I do it just to help? Didn't it take me all summer?"

And Roger could stand very little of that. He picked her up and kissed her wet eyes. "All right, sweetheart. We'll use it. We'll give them all we've got, and we'll get out of this hole as broke as we came into it. Now stop it, Tommy!"

The golf club was brilliant. The driveway, the trees all around, the spaces surrounding Number Eighteen green were threaded with Chinese lanterns. The drumming of a popular tune touching a Spanish note floated through the open windows. When it stopped, a wave of voices broke, a little too loud; and laughter, a strain too shrill. The party was already hours old.

Things had happened. Roger had found Tommy's Mr. Edwards practically waiting for him at the door. "The little lady had a bad break of luck," he explained as Roger gave him the seventy-eight dollars in the grillroom. "But she's a genius, DeWitt."

"Thanks," said Roger. Somebody put a highball in his hand, and he drank it down quickly. He couldn't find Barker.

A group around the bulletin board were reading the pairings with the Oakdale players. Someone raised a wail. "Oh, boy, there goes my hundred! All matches played out. Total holes to count. Delaney'll trim Roger twelve up."

It was Bowman talking. When they had left, Roger went to look at the board. Delaney? He seemed to remember hearing that he was Oakdale's scratch. Well, what did it matter to whom he threw a match. "But I'd like to see Delaney trim me twelve up, or two up, if ——"

He found Tommy in the midst of a hot argument, with Fred Hawkins hanging over her shoulder.

"Come here, Roger. Listen to these people saying Delaney will beat you. Tell 'em, Roger. Tell 'em who you are. I don't care if he is a par shooter. So is Roger. Tell 'em, Roger."

Everybody laughed and Roger took Tommy out to dance.

An hour later he stood watching her, like a flower hung on a Christmas tree, he thought. It was all so noisy and jammed, everybody falling over everybody else, wives trying to flirt, devilish husbands, too free, too brassy, too loud. Somehow he hated to have that maudlin crowd lay a finger on Tommy.

He went and cut in. "Fred Hawkins has had too much to drink, Tommy," he whispered; "keep away from him."

"Oh, he's all right, silly. Everybody's had too much to drink. I had a drink, Roger. Aren't I bad? And pretty?"

Roger missed her later on. He'd been looking for Barker again. There were more drinks and he was flushed. Where was Tommy? He asked Pete Winkler.

"Oh, Tommy's taken care of, old boy. Got in the game. You'll get yours tomorrow. Fred Hawkins has her in tow."

Roger stepped through the open French window, which opened upon a terrace. He had heard Tommy's voice, angry. "You let me alone, Fred! I'm going in."

Roger reached them in two bounds, his head spinning. "I've had enough of you, Hawkins. You have been earning this all summer."

Tommy shrank back, white under the Chinese lantern. "Don't, Roger!"

The two men came together like bulls, and in ten seconds, a cracking blow, Hawkins rolled in the grass. He was up instantly, cursing, brushing himself. He followed Roger and Tommy in through the windows.

"Yes, you're a saint, DeWitt. You've been making a living off this club for months, faking your game, crooked gambling; and, by thunder, I'll have you up before the governors tomorrow."

Tommy turned around, white to the lips. "Knock him down again, Roger. Don't you let him say that!"

Roger didn't move. His eyes turned away from her.

"No, you bet he won't," said Hawkins. "He knows blame well it's the truth!"

"Roger?" Tommy touched his arm. "Roger? You couldn't do a thing like that. Could you, Roger?"

He didn't reply. Everything seemed to be falling all about him. "I did it, Tommy," he said finally. "That's what my deals were. I had to, I guess."

She wasn't beside him when he looked up again. Across the dance floor, in the doorway of the grillroom, he saw Barker standing, watching him.

Roger crossed the room and they sat at a small table. "Wild party," said Barker.

"Yes," said Roger. "Here's the two hundred." He pushed the roll of small bills across the table and started to go.

"Wait a minute, Roger." The older man motioned him to sit down. "I see you're matched against Bob Delaney of Oakdale tomorrow."

"I'm not going to play," said Roger. "I'm leaving town. Got to go away."

"Oh, no," said Barker. "You're going to play and you're going to trim Delaney, Roger."

Roger met those peering gray eyes. What did Barker mean? "Why, Delaney's a par man, Barker."

The other laughed shortly. "Now, listen, my boy. Lots of people have tried to make a fool of me, and very few have done it. Aren't you tired of this trickery? Do you suppose I haven't seen through it for weeks? The second time I saw you play I knew you were a crack; and you interested me. I studied you and I studied your form, and I'd have given ten thousand instead of two for what I've learned from you. My game is six or eight strokes better."

Roger started to protest, half rose from his chair. Then he sank back and bent his head.

Barker went on. "What you've done is little better than thievery. In business we may do that sort of thing because everyone is on guard. But golf is a sport, a great sport. Treat it square or let it alone!"

"I'm going to quit it," said Roger. "I'm no good at anything else, but I ——"

"You're not going to quit it," said Barker. "You're going to beat Delaney tomorrow—if you have the nerve. If you have the nerve, first, to beat him, and second, to take that means of admitting what you've been doing."

Roger got up. "Just whom do you think you're talking to, Barker? I'm a crook, all right, but I'm no baby. I'll beat Delaney if I feel like it, and if I don't I won't." He turned abruptly and left the room.

Barker sat there thinking. Finally he laughed. "I like that," he said. "He's a sportsman too. He might have said four this afternoon just as easy as five." He looked at the roll of bills. "Their last cent, I guess."

The doorman told Roger that the Winklers had taken Tommy home. Well, that was better. He didn't want to face her.

He didn't face her that night. Tommy's door was locked and by the time he was dressed in the morning Tommy had a trunk half packed. "I'm going away, Roger," she told him. "It's all arranged. I've phoned my uncle, and he's going to meet me in New York. Please don't say anything."

"There's nothing to say, Tommy. Shall I drive your trunk down?"

"Put it in the car. I'll drive it down myself. You'd better go over to the golf club."

"Yes, I'm going," said Roger. "I'm going away too, but I've something to do over there first."

Roger and Delaney started off last. A small gallery waited to watch Delaney get off, and when his heavy shoulders got behind a low straight ball there was a little flutter of excitement. Roger's drive was hit with apparently little effort, but it went away like a rifle bullet, thirty yards longer than Delaney's. Someone in the watching group smiled, Barker's gray eyes. Roger could have won the hole if he hadn't missed an easy putt. He was wondering if Tommy got the two dollars he left on the living-room table. She hadn't come down to say good-by.

He missed his drive on the second, and at the fourth tee the dozen people who were following left them. All but one left. Barker went on. Roger was already two down.

Something had happened to him. He knew it. He wasn't going to quit golf. It had quit him. He wondered if Tommy would ever hear about the match. Tommy would be miserable with her uncle. She didn't like her uncle. His second shot on the fifth hole went out of bounds. His irons were wild. He lost the eighth hole too. Maybe Tommy would write. But where to?

Delaney was a veteran, taking it easy, smiling, polite, affable, never giving an inch. Barker left them on the ninth green and they went on alone. Roger was still four down. His caddie gave him his driver for the next. "But you're playin' fine, Mr. DeWitt," he said.

Cutting across the fairway behind them Roger saw a slight gray figure, running. Yes, it was Tommy, running. Well! That made everything different, now that Tommy was here.

"Go ahead and shoot, Delaney," he said. "Here comes a real gallery."

"Roger!" she began talking before she even got there. "Roger, you got to beat him. You just got to, because I bet our two dollars on you, and we need gasoline. The car's back there with my trunk and your bag, and we're going away, Roger. We'll just leave."

"Hush!" he whispered. "I'll beat him. I'm four down, but ——"

A big crowd was gathered around the eighteenth greer and the tournament board. The first four matches were in. Big Bend had won three matches, but the holes were even. Oh, if they'd only had someone to play Delaney! It might have been a good match.

Far away on the tee they saw them start home. What system of telegraphy is it? What code of wigwags do the caddies work. A whisper started. "My Lord, they say DeWitt has him even!"

The talk, laughter, excitement hushed when a ball dropped on the edge of the green and rolled on.

"It's Delaney," said someone. "DeWitt is in the ditch."

As the remark was made a tiny spot of turf seemed to float up down there. "Here it comes. Look out! He's overshot."

But Roger hadn't overshot. His ball dropped dead on the pin from a hundred and sixty yards. It rolled about eight feet.

There is no silence like the silence of a deciding eighteenth green, more difficult to stand than bedlam. Delaney played safe. His third hung over the cup and he was down in four. He waited while Roger studied his putt.

Something was beating in Roger's mind. It sounded like a golf ball hitting an ash tray. Clink. "No harder than an ash tray," he was saying over and over. It wasn't. His ball curved smoothly and surely toward the cup—down!

There was no silence then. There was hullabaloo. Everybody was shouting. Delaney walked toward the clubhouse. "Excuse?" he said, flushing. "Gentlemen, I have no excuse. My opponent did the last nine in two under par."

Roger broke away from the congratulating mob. Someone had him by the hand. "Wait a minute, Tommy. I want to tell 'em. I want to tell 'em what I've done this summer and that they can take their town and go to blazes."

"Tell 'em nothing, Roger. You told 'em. Come on, let's go!"

Their little red car jerked around the circle. A boy dashed out and threw a paper into Tommy's lap. "Go on, Roger," she said. "We'll go until we run out of gasoline. This is probably from the board of governors. But it was all for me, wasn't it, Roger? You'd even be a crook for me, wouldn't you, Roger? That's why I came back."

At a gasoline station in Jamaica, Roger thought about the paper. "Give me the thing, Tommy."

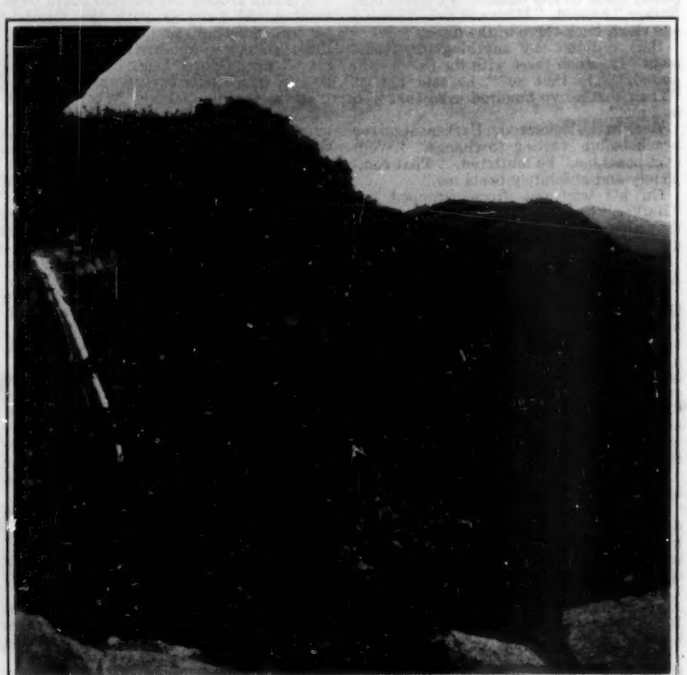
He tore it open and read it through. A note written quickly on club stationery:

"*Dear Roger:* In the handling of secret bids for large contracts involving vast sums of money, I can use the services of a man who wouldn't lie or cheat for a million dollars, a man who can say five instead of four if it breaks him cold. As for the future, that is what we make it. I inclose my check for five hundred in advance, and will expect to see you in my office day after tomorrow.

"Yours very truly,

"ROLAND K. BARKER."

"Good Lord, Tommy," said Roger, "here I was, a natural-born contracting engineer all the time, and didn't know it."



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As soon as Pebeco enters the mouth, you can feel your salivary glands begin to flow more freely.

Your teeth are freed from the acids of decay. Your whole mouth is invigorated, revitalized by these protective fluids Pebeco has started.

Soon your glands are flowing continuously and in this clean, healthy mouth your teeth are kept really safe. Start now to get your mouth and teeth into a healthy, safe condition. Send today for a trial tube of Pebeco. Made only by Lehn & Fink, Inc. At all druggists'. *Canadian Agents:* Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Ontario.

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THE RUMMY AFFAIR OF OLD BIFFY

(Continued from Page 9)

"Thanks," said Biffy wanly, and there was rather a weighty silence.

"Bertie," said Biffy after the silence had lasted about three minutes.

"Hullo?"

"Is it really true?"

"What?"

"Oh, nothing," said Biffy, and conversation languished again. After about a minute and a half he came to the surface once more. "Bertie."

"Still here, old thing. What is it?"

"I say, Bertie, is it really true that you were once engaged to Honoria?"

"It is."

Biffy coughed.

"How did you get out? I mean, what was the nature of the tragedy that prevented the marriage?"

"Jeeves worked it. He thought out the entire scheme."

"I think, before I go," said Biffy thoughtfully, "I'll just step into the kitchen and have a word with Jeeves."

I felt that the situation called for complete candor.

"Biffy, old egg," I said, "as man to man, do you want to oil out of this thing?"

"Bertie, old cork," said Biffy earnestly, "as one friend to another, I do."

"Then why the dickens did you ever get into it?"

"I don't know. Why did you?"

"I—well, it sort of happened."

"And it sort of happened with me. You know how it is when your heart's broken. A kind of lethargy comes over you. You get absent-minded and cease to exercise proper precautions, and the first thing you know you're in for it. I don't know how it happened, old man, but there it is. And what I want you to tell me is, what's the procedure?"

"You mean, how does a fellow edge out?"

"Exactly. I don't want to hurt anybody's feelings, Bertie, but I can't go through with this thing. The shot is not on the board. For about a day and a half I thought it might be all right, but now —— You remember that laugh of hers?"

"I do."

"Well, there's that; and then all this business of never letting a fellow alone—improving his mind, and so forth."

"I know. I know."

"Very well, then. What do you recommend? What did you mean when you said that Jeeves worked a scheme?"

"Well, you see, old Sir Roderick, who's a loony-doctor and nothing but a loony-doctor, however much you may call him a nerve specialist, discovered that there was a modicum of insanity in my family. Nothing serious. Just one of my uncles. Used to keep rabbits in his bedroom. And the old boy came to lunch here to give me the once-over, and Jeeves arranged matters so that he went away firmly convinced that I was off my onion."

"I see," said Biffy thoughtfully. "The trouble is, there isn't any insanity in my family."

"None?"

It seemed to me almost incredible that a fellow could be such a perfect chump as dear old Biffy without a bit of assistance.

"Not a loony on the list," he said gloomily. "It's just like my luck. The old boy's coming to lunch with me tomorrow, no doubt to test me as he did you. And I never felt saner in my life."

I thought for a moment. The idea of meeting Sir Roderick again gave me a cold, shivery feeling, but when there is a chance of helping a pal we Woosters have no thought of self.

"Look here, Biffy," I said, "I'll tell you what. I'll roll up for that lunch. It may easily happen that when he finds you are a pal of mine he will forbid the banns right away and no more questions asked."

"Something in that," said Biffy, brightening. "Awfully sporting of you, Bertie."

"Oh, not at all," I said. "And meanwhile I'll consult Jeeves. Put the whole thing up to him and ask his advice. He's never failed me yet. All brain, that chap. His head sticks out at the back and he feeds entirely on fish."

Biffy pushed off, a good deal braced, and I went into the kitchen.

"Jeeves," I said, "I want your help once more. I've just been having a painful interview with Mr. Biffen."

"Indeed, sir?"

"It's like this," I said, and told him the whole thing.

It was rummy, but I could feel him freezing from the start. As a rule when I call Jeeves into conference on one of these little problems he's all sympathy and bright ideas; but not today.

"I fear, sir," he said when I had finished, "it is hardly my place to intervene in a private matter affecting ——"

"Oh, come!"

"No, sir. It would be taking a liberty."

"Jeeves," I said, tackling the blighter squarely, "what have you got against old Biffy?"

"I, sir?"

"Yes, you."

"I assure you, sir!"

"Oh, well, if you don't want to chip in and save a fellow creature, I suppose I can't make you. But let me tell you this. I am now going back to the sitting room, and I am going to put in some very tense thinking. You'll look pretty silly when I come and tell you that I've got Mr. Biffen out of the soup without your assistance. Extremely silly, you'll look."

"Yes, sir. Shall I bring you a whisky and soda, sir?"

"No. Coffee! Strong and black. And if anybody wants to see me, tell 'em that I'm busy and can't be disturbed."

An hour later I rang the bell.

"Jeeves," I said with hauteur.

"Yes, sir?"

"Kindly ring Mr. Biffen up on the phone and say that Mr. Wooster presents his compliments and that he has got it."

I was feeling more than a little pleased with myself next morning as I strolled round to Biffy's. As a rule the bright ideas you get overnight have a trick of not seeming quite so frightfully fruity when you examine them by the light of day; but this one looked as good at breakfast as it had before dinner. I examined it narrowly from every angle, and I didn't see how it could fail.

A few days before, my Aunt Emily's son Harold had celebrated his sixth birthday, and, being up against the necessity of weighing in with a present of some kind, I had happened to see in a shop in the Strand a rather sprightly little gadget, well calculated in my opinion to amuse the child and endear him to one and all. It was a bunch of flowers in a sort of holder ending in an ingenious bulb attachment which, when pressed, shot about a pint and a half of pure spring water into the face of anyone who was ass enough to sniff at it. It seemed to me just the thing to please the growing mind of a kid of six, and I had rolled round with it.

But when I got to the house I found Harold sitting in the midst of a mass of gifts so luxurious and costly that I simply hadn't the crust to contribute a thing that had set me back a mere elevenpence ha'penny; so with rare presence of mind—for we Woosters can think quick on occasion—I wrenched my Uncle James' card off a toy aëroplane, substituted my own, and trousered the squirt, which I took away with me. It had been lying around in my flat ever since, and it seemed to me that the time had come to send it into action.

"Well?" said Biffy, anxiously as I curvetted into his sitting room.

The poor old bird was looking pretty green about the gills. I recognized the symptoms. I had felt much the same myself when waiting for Sir Roderick to turn up and lunch with me. How the deuce people who have anything wrong with their nerves can bring themselves to chat with that man, I can't imagine; and yet he has the largest practice in London. Scarcely a day passes without his having to sit on somebody's head and ring for the attendant to bring the strait-waistcoat; and his outlook on life has become so jaundiced through constant association with coves who are picking straws out of their hair that I was convinced that Biffy had merely got to press the bulb and nature would do the rest.

So I patted him on the shoulder and said, "It's all right, old man!"

"What does Jeeves suggest?" asked Biffy eagerly.

"Jeeves doesn't suggest anything."

"But you said it was all right."

"Jeeves isn't the only thinker in the Wooster home, my lad. I have taken over your little problem, and I can tell you at once that I have the situation well in hand."

"You?" said Biffy.

His tone was far from flattering. It suggested a lack of faith in my abilities, and my view was that an ounce of demonstration would be worth a ton of explanation. I shoved the bouquet at him.

"Are you fond of flowers, Biffy?" I said.

"Eh?"

"Smell these."

Biffy extended the old beak in a careworn sort of way, and I pressed the bulb as per printed instructions on the label.

I do like getting my money's worth. Elevenpence ha'penny the thing had cost me, and it would have been cheap at double. The advertisement on the box had said that its effects were indescribably ludicrous, and I can testify that it was no overstatement. Poor old Biffy leaped three feet in the air and smashed a small table.

"There!" I said.

The old egg was a trifle incoherent at first, but he found words fairly soon and began to express himself with a good deal of warmth.

"Calm yourself, laddie," I said as he paused for breath. "It was no mere jest to pass an idle hour. It was a demonstration. Take this, Biffy, with an old friend's blessing, refill the bulb, shove it into Sir Roderick's face, press firmly, and leave the rest to him. I'll guarantee that in something under three seconds the idea will have dawned on him that you are not required in his family."

Biffy stared at me.

"Are you suggesting that I squirt Sir Roderick?"

"Absolutely. Squirt him good. Squirt as you have never squirted before."

"But ——"

He was still yammering at me in a feverish sort of way, when there was a ring at the front-door bell.

"Good Lord!" cried Biffy, quivering like a jelly. "There he is. Talk to him while I go and change my shirt."

I had just time to refill the bulb and shove it beside Biffy's plate, when the door opened and Sir Roderick came in. I was picking up the fallen table at the moment, and he started talking brightly to my back.

"Good afternoon. I trust I am not —— Mr. Wooster!"

I'm bound to say I was not feeling entirely at my ease. There is something about the man that is calculated to strike terror into the stoutest heart. If ever there was a bloke at the very mention of whose name it would be excusable for people to tremble like aspens, that bloke is Sir Roderick Glossop. He has an enormous bald head, all the hair which ought to be on it seeming to have run into his eyebrows, and his eyes go through you like a couple of death rays.

"How are you, how are you, how are you?" I said, overcoming a slight desire to leap backwards out of the window. "Long time since we met, what?"

"Nevertheless, I remember you most distinctly, Mr. Wooster."

"That's fine," I said. "Old Biffy asked me to come and join you in mangling a bit of lunch."

He waggled the eyebrows at me.

"Are you a friend of Charles Biffen?"

"Oh, rather. Been friends for years and years."

He drew in his breath sharply, and I could see that Biffy's stock had dropped several points. His eye fell on the floor, which was strewn with things that had tumbled off the upset table.

"Have you had an accident?" he said.

"Nothing serious," I explained. "Old Biffy had some sort of fit or seizure just now and knocked over the table."

"A fit!"

"Or seizure."

"Is he subject to fits?"

I was about to answer, when Biffy hurried in. He had forgotten to brush his hair, which gave him a wild look, and I saw the old boy direct a keen glance at him. It seemed to me that what you might call the preliminary spade work had been most satisfactorily attended to and that the success of the good old bulb could be in no doubt whatever.

Biffy's man came in with the nose bags and we sat down to lunch.

It looked at first as though the meal was going to be one of those complete

frosts which occur from time to time in the career of a constant luncher-out. Biffy, a very C-3 host, contributed nothing to the feast of reason and flow of soul beyond an occasional hiccup, and every time I started to pull a nifty, Sir Roderick swung round on me with such a piercing stare that it stopped me in my tracks. Fortunately, however, the second course consisted of a chicken fricassee of such outstanding excellence that the old boy, after wolfing a plateful, handed up his dinner pail for a second installment and became almost genial.

"I am here this afternoon, Charles," he said, with what practically amounted to bonhomie, "on what I might describe as a mission. Yes, a mission. This is most excellent chicken."

"Glad you like it," mumbled old Biffy.

"Singularly toothsome," said Sir Roderick, pronging another half ounce. "Yes, as I was saying, a mission. You young fellows nowadays are, I know, content to live in the center of the most wonderful metropolis the world has seen, blind and indifferent to its many marvels. I should be prepared—were I a betting man, which I am not—to wager a considerable sum that you have never in your life visited even so historic a spot as Westminster Abbey. Am I right?"

Biffy gurgled something about always having meant to.

"Nor the Tower of London?"

No, nor the Tower of London.

"And there exists at this very moment, not twenty minutes by cab from Hyde Park Corner, the most supremely absorbing and educational collection of objects, both animate and inanimate, gathered from the four corners of the empire, that has ever been assembled in England's history. I allude to the British Empire Exhibition now situated at Wembley."

"A fellow at the club told me one about Wembley yesterday," I said, to help on the cheery flow of conversation. "Stop me if you've heard it before. Chap goes up to deaf chap outside the exhibition and says, 'Is this Wembley?' 'Hey?' says deaf chap. 'Is this Wembley?' says chap. 'Hey?' says deaf chap. 'Is this Wembley?' says chap. 'No, Thursday,' says deaf chap. Ha, ha; I mean, what?"

The merry laughter froze on my lips. Sir Roderick sort of just waggled an eyebrow in my direction, and I saw that it was back to the basket for Bertram. I never met a man who had such a knack of making a fellow feel like a waste product.

"Have you yet paid a visit to Wembley, Charles?" he asked. "No? Precisely as I suspected. Well, that is the mission on which I am here this afternoon. Honoria wishes me to take you to Wembley. She says it will broaden your mind; in which view I am at one with her. We will start immediately after luncheon."

Biffy cast an imploring look at me.

"You'll come, too, Bertie?"

There was such agony in his eyes that I hesitated for only a second. A pal is a pal. Besides, I felt that, if only the bulb fulfilled the high expectations I had formed of it, the merry expedition would be canceled in no uncertain manner.

"Oh, rather," I said.

"We must not trespass on Mr. Wooster's good nature," said Sir Roderick, looking pretty puff-faced.

"Oh, that's all right," I said. "I've been meaning to go to the good old exhibish for a long time. I'll slip home and change my clothes and pick you up here in my car."

There was a silence. Biffy seemed too relieved at the thought of not having to spend the afternoon alone with Sir Roderick to be capable of speech, and Sir Roderick was registering silent disapproval. And then he caught sight of the bouquet by Biffy's plate.

"Ah, flowers," he said. "Sweet peas, if I am not in error. A charming plant, pleasing alike to the eye and the nose."

I caught Biffy's eye across the table. It was bulging, and a strange light shone in it.

"Are you fond of flowers, Sir Roderick?" he croaked.

"Extremely."

"Smell these."

Sir Roderick dipped his head and sniffed. Biffy's fingers closed slowly over the bulb. I shut my eyes and clutched the table.

"Very pleasant," I heard Sir Roderick say. "Very pleasant indeed."

I opened my eyes.

There was Biffy leaning back in his chair with a ghastly look, and the bouquet on the cloth beside him. I realized what had happened. In that supreme crisis of his life, with his whole happiness depending on a mere pressure of the fingers, Biffy, the poor spineless fish, had lost his nerve. My closely reasoned scheme had gone phut.

Jeeves was fooling about with the geraniums in the sitting-room window box when I got home.

"They make a very nice display, sir," he said, cocking a paternal eye at the things.

"Don't talk to me about flowers," I said. "Jeeves, I know now how a general feels when he plans out some great scientific movement and his troops let him down at the eleventh hour."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes," I said, and told him what had happened.

He listened thoughtfully.

"A somewhat vacillating and changeable young gentleman, Mr. Biffen," was his comment when I had finished. "Would you be requiring me for the remainder of the afternoon, sir?"

"No. I'm going to Wembley. I just came back to change and get the car. Produce some fairly durable garments which can stand getting squashed by the many-headed, Jeeves, and then phone to the garage."

"Very good, sir. The gray-cheviot lounge will, I fancy, be suitable. Would it be too much if I asked you to give me a seat in the car, sir? I had thought of going to Wembley myself this afternoon."

"Eh? Oh, all right."

"Thank you very much, sir."

I got dressed, and we drove round to Biffy's flat. Biffy and Sir Roderick got in at the back, and Jeeves climbed into the front seat next to me. Biffy looked so ill attuned to an afternoon's pleasure that my heart bled for the blighter and I made one last attempt to appeal to Jeeves' better feelings.

"I must say, Jeeves," I said, "I'm dashed disappointed in you."

"I am sorry to hear that, sir."

"Well, I am. Dashed disappointed. I do think you might rally round. Did you see Mr. Biffen's face?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then."

"If you will pardon my saying so, sir, Mr. Biffen has surely only himself to thank if he has entered upon matrimonial obligations which do not please him."

"You're talking absolute rot, Jeeves. You know as well as I do that Honoria Glossop is an act of God. You might just as well blame a fellow for getting run over by a truck."

"Yes, sir?"

"Absolutely yes. Besides, the poor ass wasn't in a condition to resist. He told me all about it. He had lost the only girl he had ever loved, and you know what a man's like when that happens to him."

"How was that, sir?"

"Apparently he fell in love with some girl on the boat going over to New York, and they parted at the customs sheds, arranging to meet next day at her hotel. Well, you know what Biffy's like. He forgets his own name half the time. He never made a note of the address and it passed clean out of his mind. He went about in a sort of trance, and suddenly woke up to find that he was engaged to Honoria Glossop."

"I did not know of this, sir."

"I don't suppose anybody knows of it except me. He told me when I was in Paris."

"I should have supposed it would have been feasible to make inquiries, sir."

"That's what I said. But he had forgotten her name."

"That sounds remarkable, sir."

"I said that too. But it's a fact. All he remembered was that her Christian name was Mabel. Well, you can't go scouring New York for a girl named Mabel, what?"

"I appreciate the difficulty, sir."

"Well, there it is, then."

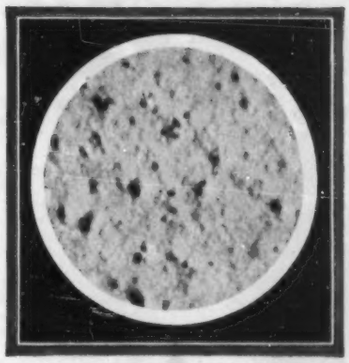
"I see, sir."

We had got into a mob of vehicles outside the exhibition by this time, and, some tricky driving being indicated, I had to suspend the conversation. We parked ourselves eventually and went in. Jeeves drifted away, and Sir Roderick took charge of the expedition. He headed for the Palace of Industry, with Biffy and myself trailing behind.

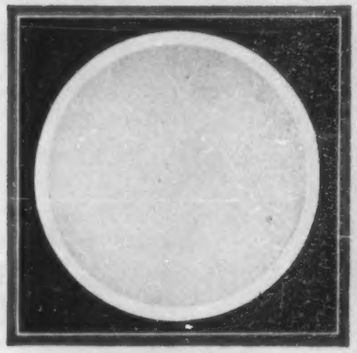
Well, you know, I have never been much of a lad for exhibitions. The citizenry in

(Continued on Page 101)

This white paint *can't hold dirt!*



Ordinary flat finish white paint



Barreled Sunlight

NO MATTER *how dirty the smudges are—a damp rag removes them quickly and easily from the smooth, lustrous surface of Barreled Sunlight.*

WHAT PAINT LOOKS LIKE THROUGH A MICROSCOPE

These photographs were taken through a powerful microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, even and non-porous. It resists dirt and can be washed like tile.

A SURFACE so smooth that the finest particles of dust or dirt *cannot sink in!*—

That is why Barreled Sunlight won't "hold the dirt"—why it can be washed clean as easily as white tile.

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The astonishing photographs above tell the story of Barreled Sunlight clearly.

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It is ideal not only in homes but in hotels, apartment houses and in business and industrial interiors of every type.

MADE by our exclusive Rice Process, Barreled Sunlight is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

Barreled Sunlight costs less than enamel, is easy to apply and requires fewer coats. One coat is generally sufficient over a previously painted light surface. It flows freely without leaving brushmarks. Where more than one coat is required, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat.

Barreled Sunlight comes ready mixed in cans from half-pint to 5-gallons—and in barrels and half-barrels. Where white is not desired, it can be readily tinted.

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2. Easy to apply
3. Costs less than enamel
4. Requires fewer coats
5. Possesses a soft lustre peculiar to itself
6. Can be tinted any color
7. Guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

"Save the surface and you save all" Mary's Lamb

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Barreled Sunlight

THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

IN the practical idealism of this great American, performance outran promises, resulting in public service, which left its everlasting imprint on the nation. It is in the "square deal" principle associated with his name that the Management of New York's latest hotel finds inspiration for its own service to the public.

THE ROOSEVELT

A great hotel dedicated to the American People

Where the Essentials of Good Living are not forgotten amidst the splendor of Appointments

The Roosevelt occupies an entire block in the heart of New York. Its majestic façades dominate Madison and Vanderbilt Avenues at Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Streets—the choicest and most convenient location. A private passageway gives covered access to Grand Central Terminal.

Mr. Edward Clinton Fogg—formerly Managing Director of The Plaza, New York, and The Copley Plaza of Boston, will give his exclusive time and attention to The Roosevelt as Managing Director.

The Roosevelt has 1100 guest rooms. Special suites on upper floors open into private gardens, far above street level.

The Roosevelt is the last word in fire-proof construction, artistic environment and luxury of equipment. It is more.

It is a public trust, no less than a private enterprise, based on these fundamental ideas:—

That brick and stone and fine frescoes do not make a home, nor yet a hotel. They are but the setting for a hospitality which should be a pleasant memory.

That coffered ceilings and Jacobean panels are, after all, poor substitutes for cheerful, attentive, yet unobtrusive service. That the travelling public has become sophisticated and demands realities.

That, to be worthy of its name, The Roosevelt shall be first and last an agreeable "other home" for every man, woman and child who enters its portals.

This hotel is the 25th in the United Hotels System.

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THE DURANT, Flint, Mich.
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(Continued from Page 98)

the mass always rather puts me off, and after I have been shuffling along with the multitude for a quarter of an hour or so I feel as if I were walking on hot bricks. About this particular binge, too, there seemed to me a lack of what you might call human interest. I mean to say, millions of people, no doubt, are so constituted that they scream with joy and excitement at the spectacle of a stuffed porcupine fish or a glass jar of seeds from Western Australia—but not Bertram. No, if you will take the word of one who would not deceive you, not Bertram. By the time we had tottered out of the Gold Coast village and were working toward the Palace of Machinery, everything pointed to my shortly executing a quiet sneak in the direction of that rather jolly Planters' Bar in the West Indian section. Sir Roderick had whizzed us past this at a high rate of speed, it touching no chord in him; but I had been able to observe that there was a sprightly sportsman behind the counter mixing things out of bottles and stirring them up with a stick in long glasses that seemed to have ice in them, and the urge came upon me to see more of this man. I was about to drop away from the main body and become a straggler, when something pawed at my coat sleeve. It was Biffy, and he had the air of one who has had about sufficient.

There are certain moments in life when words are not needed. I looked at Biffy, Biffy looked at me. A perfect understanding linked our two souls.

"?"

"!"

Three minutes later we had joined the Planters.

I have never been in the West Indies, but I am in a position to state that in certain of the fundamentals of life they are streets ahead of our European civilization. The man behind the counter, as kindly a bloke as I ever wish to meet, seemed to guess our requirements the moment we hove in view. Scarcely had our elbows touched the wood before he was leaping to and fro, bringing down a new bottle with each leap. A planter, apparently, does not consider he has had a drink unless it contains at least seven ingredients, and I'm not saying, mind you, that he isn't right. The man behind the bar told us the things were called green swizzles; and, if ever I marry and have a son, Green Swizzle Wooster is the name that will go down on the register, in memory of the day his father's life was saved at Wembley.

After the third, Biffy breathed a contented sigh.

"Where do you think Sir Roderick is?" he said.

"Biffy, old thing," I replied frankly, "I'm not worrying."

"Bertie, old bird," said Biffy, "nor am I."

He sighed again, and broke a long silence by asking the man for a straw.

"Bertie," he said, "I've just remembered something rather rummy. You know Jeeves?"

I said I knew Jeeves.

"Well, a rather rummy incident occurred as we were going into this place. Old Jeeves sidled up to me and said something rather rummy. You'll never guess what it was."

"No. I don't believe I ever shall."

"Jeeves said," proceeded Biffy earnestly, "and I am quoting his very words—Jeeves said, 'Mr. Biffen'—addressing me, you understand ——"

"I understand."

"'Mr. Biffen,' he said, 'I strongly advise you to visit the ——'"

"The what?" I asked as he paused.

"Bertie, old man," said Biffy, deeply concerned, "I've absolutely forgotten!"

I stared at the man.

"What I can't understand," I said, "is how you manage to run that Herefordshire place of yours for a day. How on earth do you remember to milk the cows and give the pigs their dinner?"

"Oh, that's all right. There are divers blokes about the place—hirelings and menials, you know—who look after all that."

"Ah!" I said. "Well, that being so, let us have one more green swizzle, and then pop off to the amusement park."

When I indulged in those few rather bitter words about exhibitions, it must be distinctly understood that I was not alluding to what you might call the more earthy portion of these curious places. I yield to no man in my approval of those institutions where on payment of a shilling you are permitted to slide down a slippery runway sitting on a mat. I love the jiggle-joggle, and I am prepared to take on all and sundry at skee ball for money, stamps or Brazil nuts.

But, joyous reveler as I am on these occasions, I was simply not in it with old Biffy. Whether it was the green swizzles or merely the relief of being parted from Sir Roderick, I don't know, but Biffy flung himself into the pastimes of the proletariat with a zest that was almost frightening. I could hardly drag him away from the whip; and as for the switchback, he looked like spending the rest of his life on it. I managed to remove him at last, and he was wandering through the crowd at my side with gleaming eyes, hesitating between having his fortune told and taking a whirl at the wheel of joy, when he suddenly grabbed my arm and uttered a sharp animal cry.

"Bertie!"

"Now what?"

He was pointing at a large sign over a building.

"Look! Palace of Beauty!"

I tried to choke him off. I was getting a bit weary by this time. Not so young as I was.

"You don't want to go in there," I said. "A fellow at the club was telling me about that. It's only a lot of girls."

"I want to see girls," said Biffy firmly. "Dozens of girls, and the more unlike Honoria they are, the better. Besides, I've suddenly remembered that that's the place Jeeves told me to be sure and visit. It all comes back to me. 'Mr. Biffen,' he said, 'I strongly advise you to visit the Palace of Beauty.' Now, what the man was driving at or what his motive was, I don't know; but I ask you, Bertie, is it wise, is it safe, is it judicious ever to ignore Jeeves' lightest word? We enter by the door on the left."

I don't know if you know this Palace of Beauty place. It's a sort of aquarium full of the delicately nurtured instead of fishes. You go in, and there is a kind of cage with a female goggling out at you through a sheet of plate glass. She's dressed in some weird kind of costume, and over the cage is written Helen of Troy. You pass on to the next, and there's another one doing jiujitsu with a snake. Subtitle, Cleopatra. You get the idea—Famous Women Through the Ages, and all that. I can't say it fascinated me to any great extent. I maintain that lovely woman loses a lot of her charm if you have to stare at her in a tank. Moreover, it gave me a rummy sort of feeling of having wandered into the wrong bedroom at a country house, and I was flying past at a fair rate of speed, anxious to get it over, when Biffy suddenly went off his rocker.

At least, it looked like that. He let out a piercing yell, grabbed my arm with a sudden clutch that felt like the bite of a crocodile, and stood there gibbering.

"Wuk!" ejaculated Biffy, or words to that effect.

A large and interested crowd had gathered round. I think they thought the girls were going to be fed or something. But Biffy paid no attention to them. He was pointing in a loony manner at one of the cages. I forget which it was, but the female inside wore a ruff, so it may have been Queen Elizabeth or Boadicea or someone of that period. She was rather a nice-looking girl, and she was staring at Biffy in much the same pop-eyed way as he was staring at her.

"Mabel!" yelled Biffy, going off in my ear like a bomb.

I can't say I was feeling my chirpiest. Drama is all very well, but I hate getting mixed up in it in a public spot; and I had not realized before how dashed public this spot was. The crowd seemed to have doubled itself in the last five seconds, and, while most of them had their eye on Biffy, quite a goodish few were looking at me as if they thought I was an important principal in the scene and might be expected at any moment to give of my best in the way of wholesome entertainment for the masses.

Biffy was jumping about like a lamb in the springtime, and, what is more, a feeble-minded lamb.

"Bertie! It's her! It's she!" He looked about him wildly. "Where the deuce is the stage door?" he cried. "Where's the manager? I want to see the house manager immediately."

And then he suddenly bounded forward and began hammering on the glass with his stick.

"I say, old lad ——" I began, but he shook me off.

These fellows who live in the country are apt to go in for fairly sizable clubs instead of the light canes which your well-dressed man about town considers suitable for metropolitan use; and down in Herefordshire, apparently, something in the nature of a knobkerrie is *de rigueur*. Biffy's first slosh smashed the glass all to hash. Three more cleared the way for him to go into the cage without cutting himself. And, before the crowd had time to realize what a wonderful bob's worth it was getting in exchange for its entrance fee, he was inside, engaging the girl in earnest conversation. And at the same moment two large policemen manifested themselves.

You can't make policemen take the romantic view. Not a tear did these two blighters stop to brush away. They were inside the cage and out of it and marching Biffy through the crowd before you had time to blink. I hurried after them, to do what I could in the way of soothing Biffy's last moments, and the poor old lad turned a glowing face in my direction.

"Chiswick, 60873," he bellowed in a voice charged with emotion. "Write it down, Bertie, or I shall forget it. Chiswick, 60873. Her telephone number!"

And then he disappeared, accompanied by about eleven thousand sight-seers, and a voice spoke at my elbow.

"Mr. Wooster! What—what—what is the meaning of this?"

Sir Roderick, with bigger eyebrows than ever, was standing at my side.

"It's all right," I said. "Poor old Biffy's only gone off his crumpet."

He tottered.

"What!"

"Had a sort of fit or seizure, you know."

"Another!" Sir Roderick drew a deep breath. "And this is the man I was about to allow my daughter to marry!" I heard him mutter.

I tapped him in a kindly spirit on the shoulder. It took some doing, mark you, but I did it.

"If I were you," I said, "I should call that off. Scratch the fixture. Wash it out absolutely, is my advice."

He gave me a nasty look.

"I do not require your advice, Mr. Wooster! I had already arrived independently at the decision of which you speak. Mr. Wooster, you are a friend of this man—a fact which should in itself have been sufficient warning to me. You will—unlike myself—be seeing him again. Kindly inform him, when you do see him, that he may consider his engagement at an end."

"Righto," I said, and hurried off after the crowd. It seemed to me that a little bailing out might be in order.

It was about an hour later that I shoved my way out to where I had parked the car. Jeeves was sitting in the front seat, brooding over the cosmos. He rose courteously as I approached.

"You are leaving, sir?"

"I am."

"And Sir Roderick, sir?"

"Not coming. I am revealing no secrets, Jeeves, when I inform you that he and I have parted brass rags. Not on speaking terms now."

"Indeed, sir? And Mr. Biffen? Will you wait for him?"

"No. He's in prison."

"Really, sir?"

"Yes. Laden down with chains in the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat. I tried to bail him out, but they decided on second thoughts to coop him up for the night."

"What was his offense, sir?"

"You remember that girl of his I was telling you about? He found her in a tank at the Palace of Beauty and went after her by the quickest route, which was via a plate-glass window. He was then scooped up and borne off in irons by the constabulary." I gazed sideways at him. It is difficult to bring off a penetrating glance out of the corner of your eye, but I managed it. "Jeeves," I said, "there is more in this than the casual observer would suppose. You told Mr. Biffen to go to the Palace of Beauty. Did you know the girl would be there?"

"Yes, sir."

This was most remarkable, and rummy to a degree.

"Dash it, do you know everything?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Jeeves with an indulgent smile. Humoring the young master.

"Well, how did you know that?"

"I happen to be acquainted with the future Mrs. Biffen, sir."

"I see. Then you knew all about that business in New York?"

"Yes, sir. And it was for that reason that I was not altogether favorably disposed toward Mr. Biffen when you were first kind enough to suggest that I might be able to offer some slight assistance. I mistakenly supposed that he had been trifling with the girl's affections, sir. But when you told me the true facts of the case I appreciated the injustice I had done to Mr. Biffen and endeavored to make amends."

"Well, he certainly owes you a lot. He's crazy about her."

"That is very gratifying, sir."

"And she ought to be pretty grateful to you too. Old Biffy's got fifteen thousand a year, not to mention more cows, pigs, hens and ducks than he knows what to do with. A dashed useful bird to have in any family."

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me, Jeeves," I said, "how did you happen to know the girl in the first place?"

Jeeves looked dreamily out into the traffic.

"She is my niece, sir. If I might make the suggestion, sir, I should not jerk the steering wheel with quite such suddenness. We very nearly collided with that omnibus."

WHO'S WHO AND WHY

(Continued from Page 74)

That is how she comes to be in complete control of that section of the Department of Justice which has charge of the institution, the direction and the dismissal of all cases relative to the violation of the liquor laws and the smuggling of liquor, together with the deciding of all policies concerning them, as well as of all cases relating to corporation, income and excess-profits taxes and excises of all kinds. And on top of it all—since she is a good speaker and something of a curiosity—she is constantly and passionately urged to attend banquets of organizations all the way from Spokane, Washington, to Eastport, Maine, and speak for thirty minutes on any subject that can be barely outlined in a two-hour talk.

As a speaker she is frequently something of a disappointment to some people; for she carries her courage with her and mislays it even less frequently than careful women mislay their purses. She had no hesitation, for example, in defending ex-Attorney-General Daugherty before large audiences when public sympathy, to put it mildly, was not with him. And she distresses the more ardent prohibitionists by refusing to join in the official chorus which declares that the prohibition laws are being more effectively enforced each day.

"Two sorts of people have crept into the prohibition-enforcement ranks," says Mrs. Willebrandt. "Some are well-meaning, sentimental and dry; and they can't catch crooks. Others are wolves in sheep's clothing whose sole object is to clean up all the graft in sight; and they won't catch crooks. These two classes have obtained their positions because prohibition-enforcement officials are largely appointed at the instance of senators, congressmen and political leaders in various states. The average senator or congressman recommends a man because he has been politically useful, or because he is an Anti-Saloon Leaguer, a confirmed dry or a widely known Sunday-school teacher—and none of these people make good detectives. When we throw politics to the winds and build up a force of officials who are trained detectives, and again throw politics to the winds and order them to go in and apprehend the biggest law violators they can find in their territory, and to get the big ones first, then the prohibition laws will settle into their natural relations with the other laws of the country."

Those who think there's anything uncertain or coy about Mrs. Willebrandt or her remarks on prohibition enforcement need only to seek the opinion of some prominent bootlegger, who will frankly and profanely remark that if any real attention is paid to her ideas he will probably have to get a job driving a truck.

MAGNAVOX

This trade mark guarantees satisfaction in radio equipment

TRF-50

THIS new cabinet receiver includes 5-tube tuned radio-frequency circuit with special features. The built-in Magnavox Reproducer unit consumes no battery current.

The cabinet is beautifully carved, with hand-rubbed antique finish: height, 14¾ in.; length, 20½ in.; depth, 18¾ in.

TRF-5

THIS model embodies the same circuit in a simpler cabinet with space for "B" batteries but without built-in Reproducer unit.

The cabinet measures: height, 9⅝ in.; length, 20½ in.; depth, 14¾ in.

A highly desirable accessory for TRF-5 is the Magnavox M4 Reproducer, insuring clearest tone for every class of program.

The tuned radio frequency circuit designed by Magnavox engineers for these receivers is an important development, greatly enhancing the enjoyment of broadcast programs.

IN designing these new Broadcasting Receivers, Magnavox has successfully interpreted the radio needs of the American home.

Three decisive advantages go with the Magnavox: *unequalled simplicity of control—reproduction of exceptional clearness* in any desired volume—*a handsomely carved period cabinet* designed for quiet dignity and convenience without burdensome cost.

The Magnavox *Unit Tuner* does away with all complicated dialing, and places the novice on the same footing as the radio expert. In point of *selectivity* and *distance*, Magnavox Broadcast Receivers also satisfy the most discriminating.

TRF-50 illustrated above—a 5-tube tuned radio frequency receiver in carved cabinet with built-in Magnavox Reproducer unit and space for "B" batteries. Magnavox Tubes Type A are highly recommended.
Without tubes or batteries . . . $150.00

TRF-5 illustrated on left—identical with the above but encased in smaller cabinet without built-in Reproducer. Vernier condensers make Magnavox Radio universal for all types of tube and all antennae.
Without tubes, batteries or reproducer $125.00

Magnavox Radio Products (Broadcast Receivers, Vacuum Tubes, Reproducers, Power Amplifiers and Combination Sets) are sold by reliable dealers everywhere. If unacquainted with the Magnavox store in your vicinity, write us for information and literature.

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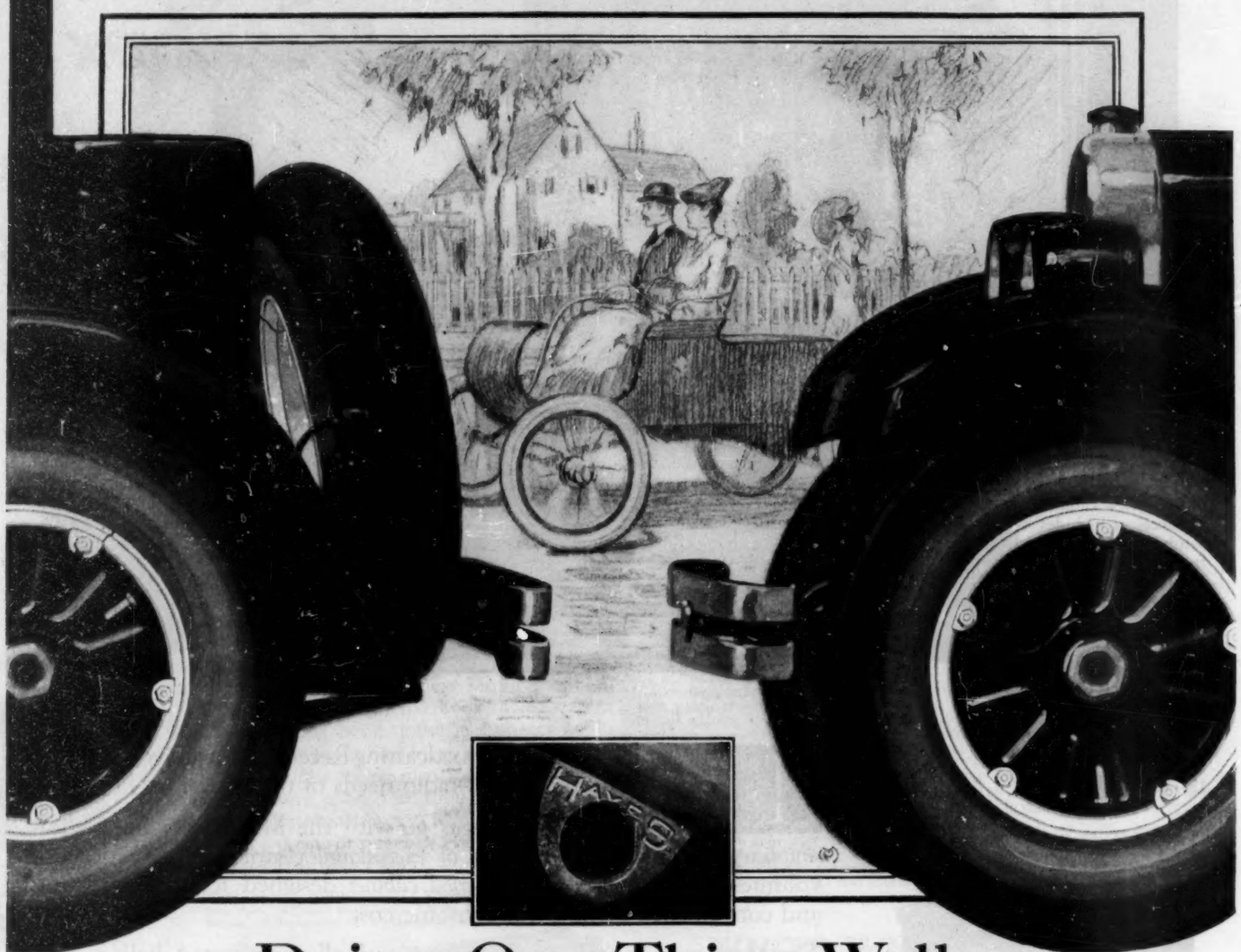
Sixteen Years of~



Doing One Thing Well

With the present Hayes organization, the manufacture of wheels—better wheels—has been an all absorbing task for sixteen years.

Even further back—in the days of '98, C. B. Hayes, then Vice-President and General Manager of the Imperial Wheel Company (now a subsidiary of the Hayes Associated Industries) began making wheels for some of the very first cars. Among these were Cadillac, Oldsmobile, Ford, Overland, Hupmobile, Buick, and Durant.

Today's Hayes organization is an outgrowth of the early company; inheriting its traditions; expanding, progressing; practically undisturbed in policy and personnel.

Sixteen years of doing one thing well—and doing it continually better—have brought a reward beyond which no institution can aspire. Demand has increased, responsibilities have multiplied, but those years have resulted in ripened confidence on the part of manufacturers and motorists which stands as a bond of trust.

—And today, the greatest tribute to Hayes quality, Hayes leadership and Hayes progressive development, is found in the fact that—*practically 50% of all motor cars manufactured in America are equipped with Hayes Wheels.*

HAYES WHEEL COMPANY, *Manufacturers*, Jackson, Michigan

Factories: Jackson, Albion, Flint, St. Johns, Mich.; Anderson, Ind.; Nashville, Tenn. Canadian Plants: Chatham and Merriton, Ont. Export Office: 30 Water Street, New York City

HAYES WHEELS

WITH ATTACHED LUG RIMS ~ STANDARDIZED IN WOOD, WIRE AND DISC

HIGH COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 11)

made in the distant past by some prospector and his pack train, and lasting unmolested, except by deadfalls and seepage from the snowdrifts, throughout the years. A country which towers above the mountains about it, bare and gaunt and grim, like a surly giant above dwarfs, to be invaded only by fishermen in search of the lakes which glisten in every saucer of the mountains, by forest rangers, by sheep herders for the big packing companies, taking their charges by the thousands for a six weeks' fattening process on the succulent grasses which abound for a time after the timber growth ceases, by governmental hunters of predatory animals, and others of their ilk. A country which is a thing of opposites, especially to those who know it only through their imagination.

For to the ordinary person, timber line, or anything approaching it, brings immediately visions of physical danger, of mountain lions hiding behind every jutting rock, bears wabbling forward to crush out one's life, wolves gnashing their teeth and the fabled catamount doing whatever a catamount is supposed to do, since, like the story about the giraffe, there ain't no such animal; to say nothing of rattlesnakes infesting every cleft in the rocks, and with anything from tropical to arctic beasts of prey dogging one's steps.

The truth is far from the vision. The mountain lion is down in the aspens, waiting for a deer or hanging about the cattle and sheep being ranged in the mountains by watchful cowpunchers and herders, whose favorite remark is that "mount'in lions ain't nothin' anyway; shucks, you could kill one of 'em with a club." The catamount is yet to be seen, heard or catalogued, while the wolf has disintegrated into the coyote, which spends its time, when not killing defenseless smaller animals or feasting upon those already dead, in howling, screeching, dodging the poison and traps of pelt hunters and running from the scent of a human. The bears are in the berry brambles or service brush. The rattlesnake prefers more warmth than is afforded in the bleak stretches of timber line and rises no higher than that area of comfort.

In fact, there is little more than an occasional mountain sheep, glimpsed for just an instant on a distant crag, the white fluttering of the imported and foolishly tame ptarmigan, the piping of curious ground hogs, regarding one from their rocky fastnesses or wabbling across the road, the scampering of chipmunks, the sweep of the magpie and the cocky approach of the camp robber—these and the flowers, growing and blooming as though fighting against time, the snowdrifts and the rocks and crags and wind and blue-green lakes where the trout leap; that is timber line, and the person who knows it carries a rifle only for the food it may bring him. There is no beast to fear. But there is something else, something more overpowering, against which the human being is far more defenseless. It is the supernatural.

A Creepy Country at Night

One hears voices when one is alone in the high country—whispering voices. Or someone moaning. Or men talking not fifty feet away. But it is only the shivering of a half-foliaged pine, its trunk twisted and knotted and bunched with pitch, its branches extended away from the almost constant wind as though in pleading. Or the murmurings of a trickling stream, bubbling down to a lake from a concealed snow patch far above. One steps hurriedly aside at the whirring of a rattlesnake, when he knows full well that it is only a grasshopper trying its wings. Or halts at the scampering sound of a chipmunk, simply because it has been a sudden noise.

For this is silent country, lonely country, where at night one sees meteors flashing across the sky, never visible to those in the lower altitudes, the ball white hot, the sparks trailing in a cometlike tail across the sky and so low that it seems that the dust would settle on one's shoulders; where the sun does not grow red with its sinking, but remains white-yellow to the very edge of the hills, hovers there for an instant, then drops—and it is night; where the wind moans and circles, then blusters and roars, to sink into strange whinings and screechings, as of souls in torment, while the half-bare trees groan their agony and afar off a rock, loosened at the top of an enormous slide, starts downward with jolts and scrapings, gains the company of dislodged pebbles, stones and bowlders, and then, like the snowball, growing in strength every moment, tears downward, to splash into a lake—and then, with the sudden dying of the wind, comes silence again.

Silence until it seems that one can hear the stars twinkle, until one talks to oneself simply because everything is so silent, then hushes as a coyote, miles away, strikes a scent and signals to his pack, then, with his eerie companions screeching in return, goes onward. And silence again, and things all about—things which are nothing; things which haunt and follow and retreat and die, which assume strange shapes that become only trees when one approaches; things which are only loneliness and the imaginings of a brooding, majestic, beautiful country. And those who know it love it in spite of all that.

But they don't like to stay in it alone, once the sun begins to sink. For then there are shadows. The drifts assume shapes, surprisingly human, plastered as they are in a perspective which seems only a short distance away, but which, owing to the clarity of the atmosphere, may be miles. An innocent stone across the gorge, shapeless in the daytime, becomes a horrible gargoyle, to grimace and mock until the shadows block it out. The willows, fighting upward along the seepage waste below a glacier, become a herd of elk grazing, and one finds himself wondering why in thunder they never move. Creepy country. Like the sea. One never seems to know.

Simple Rules of the Hills

Nor is this merely a personal reaction. It seems to be the same with everyone who knows the land. Once upon a time I stood at timber line with George Kent Shuler, now state treasurer of New York. Mike, as he is known, has been a bit of an adventurer most of his life. He was one of the first to drive a motor car across Death Valley. He was at Vera Cruz with the Marines. He has fought spicks in the tropics. He was a major of Marines in France, and for what he did there got plastered with medals, including the Legion of Honor.

As the sun sank, I asked him, "Mike, how do you think this country would strike you at night?"

"Don't have to think," came the reply. "I know. Had a touch of it one time out in Nevada. They had me staked out at a silver claim there—eight miles from town. Well, I stayed three nights. After that, I walked eight miles to work in the morning and eight miles back to town at night. That country had got me to talking to myself."

Yet we both agreed, as we viewed the matter, that there wasn't a thing of which to be afraid. The mountaineer needs to know but few rules. He needs no weapon unless it be a small rifle for equally small game, or a hunting knife, which is more of utility than anything else. Time was when a hunting knife was a thing of defense or for skinning game. Now it is a combination pocket knife, can opener, wood shaver, pitch cutter for the starting of a fire, bread knife and what not. There is nothing in an outdoor man's kit more practical or more useful.

But the old days in which the hunting knife filled in as a life-saver after your last shot was exhausted and the grizzly kept coming on are gone. There is always dry wood for a fire, in the deadfalls which abound everywhere, for trees struggle only so long at timber line, then die and tumble in the high winds which sweep, winter and summer, over the barren land. There is always pitch, bubbling from the trunks of living trees, which can either be picked off with the fingers or scraped off with a knife, and which will start a fire quicker than any paper ever manufactured.

And if caught shelterless, it is possible to crawl under the heavy fronds of creeping juniper or low-slung branches of bent pines, and there sleep, at least fitfully, with the certain knowledge that no wild beast is to attack one. Or if lost, there is one sure rule—to find the first stream and follow it downward, and not go gallivanting from hill to hill with the hope of finding some

habitation haphazard. Or if befuddled by a sudden realization of trouble, merely to sit down for a moment, pick up a handful of grass and run the blades, one by one through one's fingers, by which time the brain is cleared and sensible thinking permitted. Or if on the upgrade, to remember that altitude is a hard master, that the lungs are working overtime, and that a slow pace is faster than a quick one, because the minutes pass rapidly when one sits down to rest. Or that camphor ice or a white lip stick, rubbed on the lips at the beginning of the hike, will prevent them from cracking or blistering from the sweep of wind or intense heat of fast-working breath. Or that the smaller the pack, the lighter the burden, and that a half hour of planning beforehand, with a view to what is to be eaten at each meal, does not consume so much time as a half dozen rest stops because of a foolishly arranged burden.

These and little else are the rules of the hills; granting, of course, that one knows that the temperature drops with practically every foot of rise in altitude; that night at 11,000 feet is fully twenty degrees colder than at even 5000; that there is always the danger of storm or of high, piercing wind and that preparations should be made for it. But these are all merely natural rules. There is nothing in them that has to do with the fear which seems to invade one without one's knowing why, especially when night comes in the high country.

It's the solitude, the loneliness, the aloofness of the hills as though they were backing away from you, resenting your interference; the white of the snowdrifts. And again, the solitude and the loneliness. Because of this, the high country breeds a strange people, and to those who know the land, a meeting with a person touched with insanity is little to comment upon. It is merely a loneliness complex, and the very loneliness has given a surcease, for he has become happy through the very thing that has taken happiness from him. To a normal person, he's insane. To himself, he's merely gained that thing which one craves so much when one strikes the barrenness of altitude—he's found company.

Company! Nor is it entirely a human trait. I have a giant police dog, afraid of nothing, it seems. In fact I have a smaller dog, a sort of roughneck canine general, which, when he sallies forth to look the town over, takes his big pal along to do his fighting when the opposition gets too strong; a dog which in town doesn't seem to care much whether I am afoot or on horseback, regarding me with a sort of dog disdain as he busies himself with the multitudinous affairs of a canine existence. But when we go into the high hills, and the wind begins to whistle through the chinkings of my little log cabin, when the night birds begin to sing—and it seems natural that in that country there should be a bird which cries plaintively all night long—when the coyotes howl over the ridge, old Rex lumbers to my side and licks my hands and snuggles against my legs. For he is lonely too.

The Loneliness Complex

Company! And the lack of it breeds insanity. There are still in these mountains men who went there years ago, men seeking gold, and who perhaps have found enough of it at least to furnish them a living from year to year. But to gain that livelihood they must remain there short summer and long, bleak winter—and the result is disastrous. Nor is it much better if there is another to share the months.

"See that cabin up there?" said an old prospector on Strawberry Flats one day as we talked of this particular phase of things, and he pointed upward to a leaning, roofless log structure, high above. "Fellow went in there about twenty years ago. Thought he'd beat the loneliness and took another man in with him. Hard winter that year. Along about February he came down—on some homemade snowshoes. Gave himself up. Killed the other man—couldn't stand him any longer. Just too much of each other. Know how it is. Had to stay six months over by Craig with a fellow once. Snowed in. By the time we got out o' there he'd read the Bible eight times an' I'd pretty near memorized a whole mail-order catalogue just to keep from talking to each other. Nope, you can't do without company and you can't do with it. Funny that way, these hills, when they snow you in."

The result is that for the hill-billy, alone in the high fastnesses, there almost invariably comes the time when he is granted imaginary company. Time passes and he begins to talk to himself. More time goes by, and he finds himself humanizing a chair or a table or the stove or his dog or a picture. I knew one who talked by the hour to a picture of a girl on a four-year-old calendar, and buried with genuine sorrow the untouched half of her when one day she fell on the stove and was semi-incinerated. To say nothing of old Crazy Bill Robinson, whom they found up Spring Gulch after the big snow three years ago, imprisoned by the drifts which had piled upon his cabin, with nothing left to eat but the tail of a mountain squirrel, out of which he had figgered t' brew a bit of soup, perfectly at peace, perfectly contented, because his mother had been there the night before and told him that as soon as the snow went off she's bake him a couple of cakes!

It's a loneliness insanity, harmless, different from any other sort of insanity that one could experience. A breaking of the mind simply through the strange, supernatural air which seems to pervade everything and which at last attunes the human brain to a like condition. An insanity in which the world becomes peopled with only those that one desires about one, and a very happy sort of a derangement it would seem at that. A humorous insanity to normal folks, rather than a thing of which to be afraid. It is not at all unusual to see some grizzled man treading a high mountain trail, talking and arguing at the top of his voice, swinging his arms in gigantic gestures—the only trouble being that he is talking to himself.

One evening at sundown, for instance, Joe Mills, the brother of the late Enos Mills, the naturalist, was making a trip through the high hills, sleeping where dusk found him; and on this occasion had discovered an ancient discarded wagon, under which he had lain down for shelter. Evidently other mountaineers had used the same haven, for cans were strewn about, reminders of past meals, and the ground was smooth from blanketing. Joe reclined—only to half rise in a listening attitude.

The Last of the Log Cabins

"An' I'm tellin' you jest this," came a voice: "I'm tellin' you thet it ain't in thet ledge at all. What we've got t' do is crosscut through thet footwall, then drift on th' vein, an' right there's where we'll find ore an' plenty of it too."

Then came silence. Joe awaited an answering voice, but none came. He looked out beneath the wagon, saw a pair of legs, looked higher and discovered one man, who had halted there, apparently listening, as though to an argument. Then the stranger exploded again, fist banging into open palm, asserting anew where the riches of his mine were sure to be found. It was a prospector, talking to an imaginary companion which loneliness had given. Joe grinned to himself, reached quietly backward, found an empty tin can and threw it into the air so that it alighted practically at the prospector's feet. Immediately the argument halted. The grizzled old veteran poked the can with his foot, backed away a few feet, regarded it again, then turned to his companion.

"Funny about thet can, wasn't it?" he asked. "Humph! Funny about thet can. Jest reminded me. Remember thet time we was prospectin' along Chicago Creek an' we had to live on thet same brand o' beans for six months? Tough winter, thet winter. I rec'lect thet you wanted t' follow up thet piece o' float thet we found at th' foot o' Devil's Cañon, an' th' more I think about it, th' more I figger we might've done better if we'd follered your advice."

Then, without more ado, he returned to his original argument and walked on. Empty tin cans, dropping from the sky, were nothing in his life. He had more important matters, like mines full of gold—and ghosts.

But one by one these old prospectors are passing. And with them is passing a thing that is little short of an art—a knowledge which began with the founding of this country, grew, prospered, and then faded. I refer to the art of building that typically American edifice, the log cabin.

You'll find them dotting the high hills, the only structures possible, for the roads will permit little else, and as consistently falling to pieces, with now and then a columbine growing out of what is left of the sod roof, the chinking gone from between the black logs and a snowdrift still seeping

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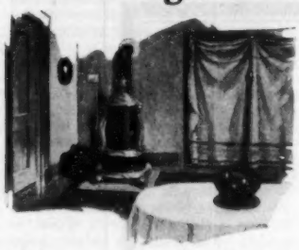
"We had a stove in the dining room-



and we were cooped up in three rooms with a blanket over the door"

"That was the only way we could keep warm, and even then we were uncomfortable. Half our home was useless and even the three rooms in which we lived were drafty and unevenly heated."

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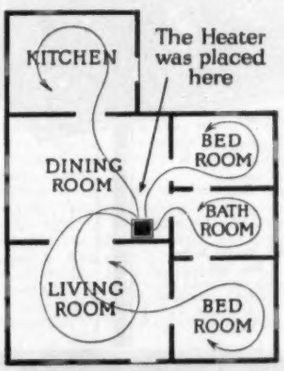

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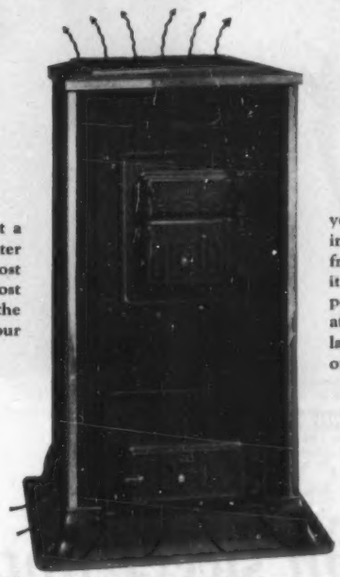

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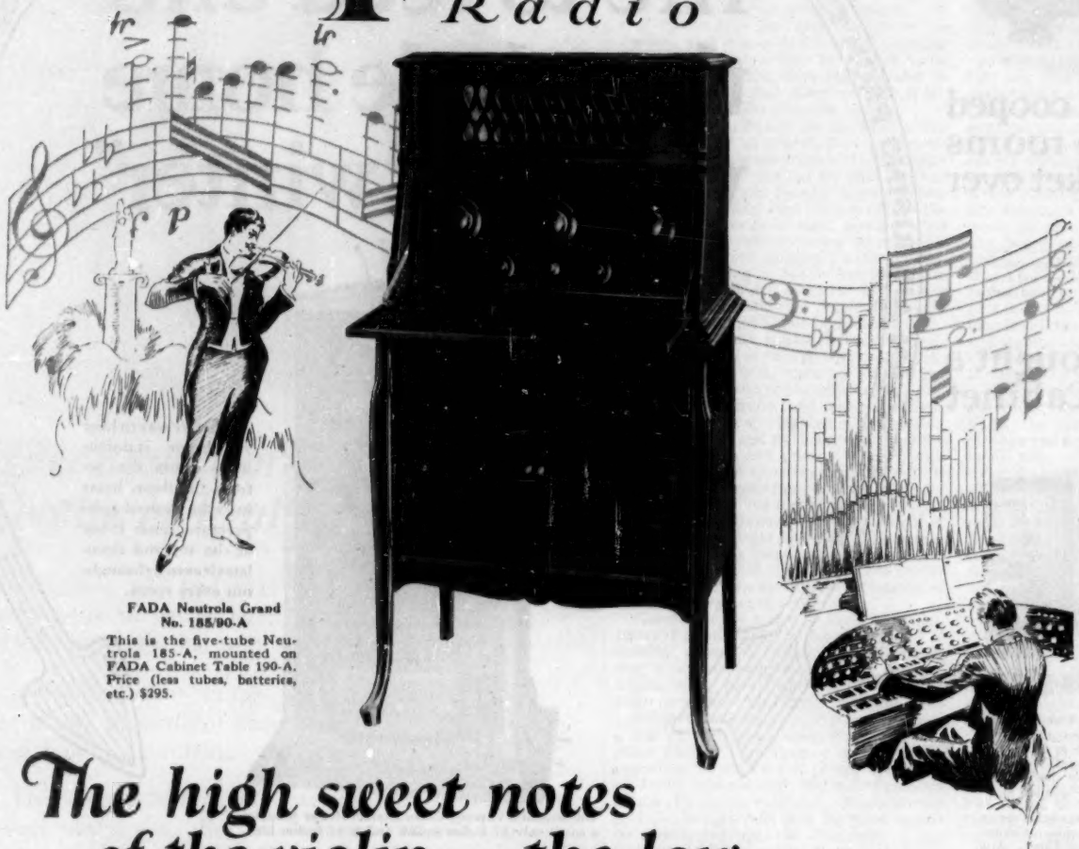

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See your dealer. He will show you a FADA Neutrodyne that will delight you—in appearance, performance and price.

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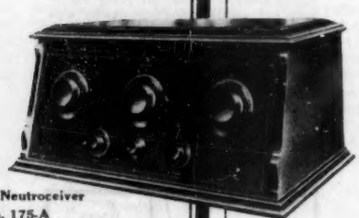

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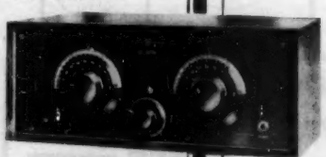

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water from a corner where it has packed itself within during the long months of winter, for spring does not come in the high mountains until mid-June, summer does not arrive until July, there is no autumn, and winter blusters back again in September.

You'll find these rotting places everywhere; but seldom, indeed, is it that you will find a new log cabin. The art is dying. Year by year those who know how to splice the logs, how to gauge by a glance which tree will form a good mainstay for the heavy walls and which will not, how to raise, alone, logs many times a man's weight to the very top of a structure to form the eaves and ridgepole—this knowledge is nearly gone. I wanted another room upon a cabin at timber line. It took weeks to find the man who could build it. And when he finished his task, lonely, eager for lights and comforts again, he who once had trod every foot of the Rockies in search of gold, at last to give it all up for a job at which he could make a living, he scrawled upon the fresh-hewed logs: "T. B. Puderbaugh built this cabin in this God-forsaken place, and he won't build any more."

And that cabin is the only one to my knowledge that shows new logs in a radius of twenty miles! The others are falling apart, with the flowers growing unnoticed in the sod which formed their roofs.

Unnoticed for two reasons. First, because few persons pass them any more; second, because the true mountaineer is not much of a hand for flowers. The professional summer-resort guide can tell you the name of every bloom which crowds the snowdrifts in the summertime; he'll even go so far as to tell you which is the boy flower and which the girl. But ask the mountaineer the name of that little blue flower growing over beside those rotten logs and he'll inevitably reply:

"I dunno. Jest some little blue flower, I guess."

True, he knows the columbine and the wild rose and the Indian paintbrush, or bloody nose as he calls it, and the fragile white of the strawberry, which blossoms bravely but rarely bears, even to the last strip where the wind-beaten pine struggles against wind and snow and altitude; but these are only four out of scores of varieties that flourish in every seepage-softened spot when the drifts go out. His mind simply doesn't seem to run to flowers; they're pretty and all that, and he likes to sweep them with a glance, but he goes no closer. He rarely picks them, simply because he sympathizes with them; and perhaps, too, because he sympathizes he lets them alone in their every respect. But ask him what that rock is just ahead and he'll tell you at a glance whether it's ore bearing or not.

When Off the Trail—Sit Down

In fact, there is a different sort of woodcraft in the high country from that which exists in the lower altitudes. The mountaineer may know how to guide himself by the North Star; but he doesn't depend upon it any too much, because, if the day has happened to have been warm in the lower altitude, the scraggly mountain tops may be screened in fog that hides every star. He looks for no moss on the sides of trees, because the country is too dry for that sort of thing.

Nor does he follow the hundred and one other things that have existed so patently since the days of The Last of the Mohicans. He has his own particular little ways, and he uses them.

The other day Jack Nankervis passed the house and sat on the porch to chat. Jack knows the hills; he's lived them, almost eaten them. And I asked him a question.

"Jack," I said, "suppose you should be lost in the mountains, with fog everywhere and night coming on, could you get out? That is, of course, providing that you knew the direction you wanted to go?"

Jack grinned.

"I know what you're driving at," he said—"these people that get lost and keep walking in a circle all the time. Well, they do it, don't they? Yep," he mused, "they all do it. Seems just human nature to start walking in a circle when you get lost. Now let's see if I get that straight." And he repeated the question, then rested his knee in his cupped hands. "Well, I guess I'd do just about the same thing that I did when I got caught that way once.

"Jim Kent—think that was his name—and I were hunting deer over on Bear Mountain. Had plenty of time to get to Mill Creek and follow it down before night came on, but we hadn't counted on fog. Know how it rolls up in the high country—you look up and think somebody's set the mountain on fire and that the smoke's coming straight at you, then you realize that it's fog rolling up. Well, that's the way it came at us. Had us caught before we could say Jack Robinson. And the first thing we knew I stopped.

"'Jim,' I said, 'we're going in a circle.'

"'No,' says he. Then he gets down on the ground and crawls around on his hands and knees and then straightens up, sort of pasty-faced. 'Jack,' he says, 'you're right. You're right,' he says. 'I found our tracks not twenty feet away.'

"Well, that didn't look any too good, especially with night coming on, so Jim and I jest looked at each other for a minute. Then I says, 'Jim,' I says, 'let's sit down.' So we sat.

"You see," he continued, "that's the first thing you want to do when you're lost in the mountains—sit down and think. Folks are funny about getting panicky when they've found out something is going to happen to 'em, especially in the high hills—and I don't care how often you've been there. If you get a bad cold, it's pneumonia and you're going to die before the night's over—simply because you know you're so far from a doctor. If you get a stitch in your side, it's appendicitis, and so on. You see," he said as he changed knees, "it's because the fellow that goes into the high country knows the minute he steps in there that the hills have got the drop on him. They're bigger than he is, and they can beat him if he don't watch out. That's what scares a fellow. It's all right as long as everything goes nice and the sun's shining, but when night sets in everything changes, and you don't just know what to do about it. So, as I say, we sat down."

Losing Your Way and Your Head

"That's the thing to do—sit down; count to a hundred; or throw rocks; anything just to clear your brain. You've got lots of time. You're going to be there a long while if you're lost and a few minutes more or less don't make much difference. So after a while I said to Jim, 'Jim,' I says, 'the cardinal rule about finding your way out of the hills is to strike a stream and follow it on down, because sooner or later you're going to run into a house, simply because people have to have water and so they build their houses close to streams. That's right, ain't it?'

"Well, that sort of made Jim mad and he asked me if I thought he didn't know anything about mountains. But I stopped him.

"'Just hold your hosses now,' I says. 'We want to find Mill Creek, don't we? Well, it's a cinch we're still on Bear Mountain, since we've been walking in a circle. Now, which direction is Mill Creek from Bear Mountain. East, ain't it?'

"'Of course it's east,' he says.

"'Then just wait a minute,' I answers, and gets up. A minute later I says, 'Come on, Jim.' And a half hour more we were on Mill Creek.

"You see," he continued with a grin, "there's another infallible rule about the high country. That is that the wind, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, blows from one direction, from the top down; on this side of the range it blows from the west. Well, if the wind blows from the west, it'll push things east, won't it? Of course it will. So you'll always find the branches of the trees pointing pretty near due east, and you'll find the roots of the deadfalls showing to the west, because when they've fallen, the wind's pushed the tops of 'em in the other direction. So if you've got east and west, what more do you want? Or north and south; 'cause all you have to know is the general direction of the top of the range. But, you see, even Jim and I, seasoned as we were, had forgotten that, simply because we'd got panicky. Might've still been walking in that circle if we hadn't sat down to think."

Which, however, is a thing seldom done by the inexperienced person lost in the hills. The first impulse is to rush on, to hurry before night comes, or to keep going ere possible rescuers give up their search. And there are only mountains, more mountains and more mountains, once one is crossed,

only something to lead one on farther and finally to ——

The Rocky Mountain Ski Club holds a tournament on the Fourth of July each year at St. Mary's Glacier, a bare fifty miles from Denver, yet thousands of feet above sea level. To it flood persons who have had but little experience in high altitudes, and year before last one of these went for a little walk. They are still searching for his body in the hope of gaining a reward offered by his family, but in vain. For the high country is greatly like the sea; it does not readily give up its dead. There are too many cliffs, too many crevices, too many rushing streams, hedged in to a point of invisibility by clinging willows in the summer, crusted twenty feet deep by drifts in the winter, for searching to be made easily. The unfortunate man had lost his head, perhaps a quarter of a mile from his starting point. And then he did not sit down to think.

Incidentally, in this case, another bit of woodcraft came to the surface. Posses had searched the hills in vain. And while they searched, I happened across Pete Sweeney, the "mayor" of Alice, a tiny town near the glacier, sitting on the edge of a deserted cabin just below timber line.

"Looking for the body, Pete?" I asked.

"Nope," he answered; "just thought I'd come over here and work my mine awhile. But," he added as his keen eyes swept the valley for a distance of some two miles, "it ain't anywhere around here."

"And how do you know?"

Pete lit his pipe.

"No magpies," he answered. "You'll always find 'em by the hundreds when something's died."

Evidently Pete was right. For that was open country and the posses scoured it in vain, as they often do when the dread word comes filtering through the mountains of a lost inexperienced person.

Beaten by the High Country

To repeat—the high country is like the sea: immutable, mysterious, grudging of invasion; treacherous, petulant, yet calmly lovable and alluring, carrying one on and on, to enjoyment or oblivion as the case may be. And when the news arrives, the posses start forth with but little hope, for the quest is usually fruitless.

Simply because, as Jack Nankervis said, the high country has the drop on its victim, just as the sea has the advantage over the sailor who falls from his ship. There is the power of it, the overtowering strength of the giant cliffs, the knowledge that in crossing a tremendous drift the added weight of a human being may cause that tremendous mass of snow to go plunging downward, for in the spring especially, when all the mountains are shrouded in white, there is little way to tell which is a slide drift, or one that becomes an avalanche after a certain time of melting, and which is a permanent one, lying in a cup of the hills and, like the glacier of which it forms a miniature counterpart, moving slowly downward inch by inch and year by year. There is the insensate fear that this is the time when the high country will beat you, and once that impression becomes fastened in a human brain the mountains usually come forth a victor.

Not so many years ago a man who had lived in the mountains all his life started forth across them from my little town to see a friend ten miles away. In starting, he made one mistake—that of not asking how the snow lay in a certain stretch of timber some four miles long. He got into it and there was no crust. They found his body four days later where he had floundered like the maddened thing he was, striving vainly and foolishly to go onward and failing to turn back until his strength was exhausted. There he lay, face down in the snow. The hills had beaten him, largely because his own mind had beaten him. He knew in his heart that if those high hills once got him he was whipped. He knew that soft snow would sap his strength. And because he knew it, he had fought like a crazed thing, consuming the only element which could have saved his life. Calmness had deserted him. He had not sat down to think.

Young Enough to Think

And so, with this as the last experience, it brought a bit of a chill last spring, when from practically the same country and at practically the same time of year, there came the news that a six-year-old child from Denver had become lost in the high country. Torches blazed that night, and wearied men plowed the hills, the rocks and brambles tearing at their rough boots and heavy clothing—a search which traveled for miles without results. But in its fears, the posse had forgotten one thing—that this was a child, who did not know its dangers, and therefore simply because it did not realize might be able to think.

Morning came. Gaunt-eyed men came straggling back toward town. And a half mile from the city one of them halted, staring with surprise. There, coming out of a gulley, was the youngster, apparently fresh, unhurt, not even frightened.

"How—how on earth did you get through the night?" the searcher asked when at last, his surprise over, he had gathered the child in his arms and started toward town.

"Oh, I just did what papa told mamma," said the child quietly. "He told her when we went up there and she wanted to take a walk that if she got lost to find a stream and follow it down. So when I got lost, I looked for a stream; but I couldn't find any because it was dark. And then I knew I couldn't find any until morning, and I got tired, so I just laid down under a Chris'mus tree and went to sleep. Then I woke up this morning and came on down. What made you so scared when you saw me?"

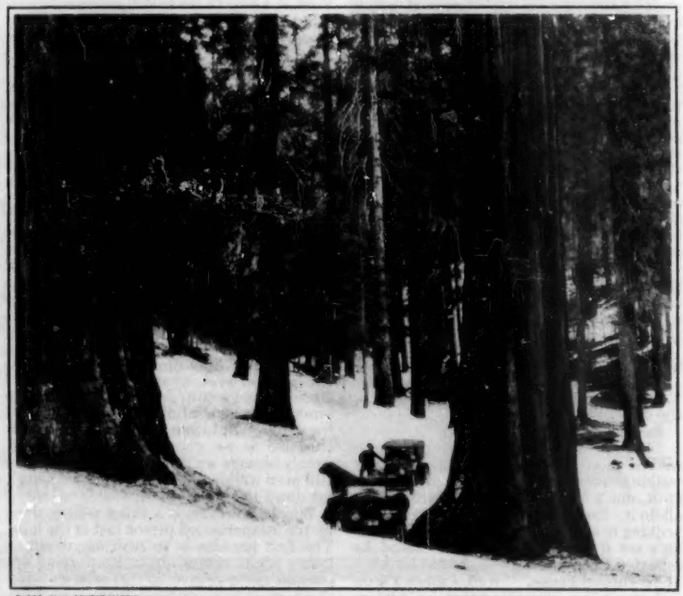

PHOTO. BY V. COVERT MARTIN

Winter in the Calaveras Grove, Sierra Nevada Mountains, California

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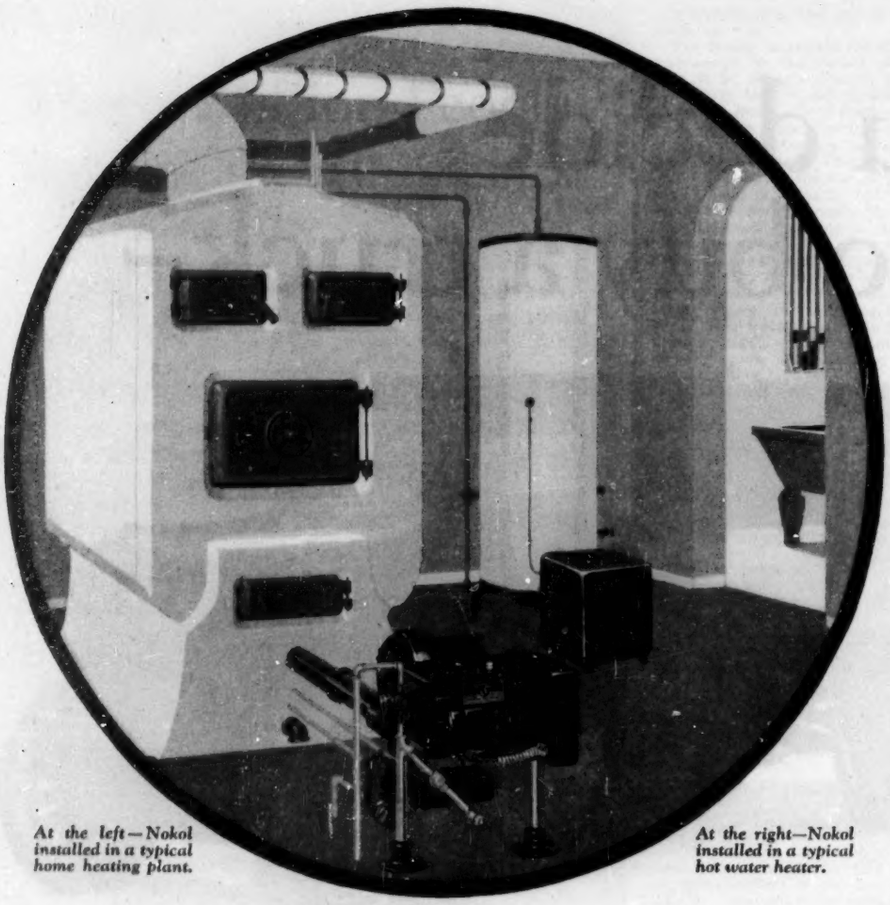

At the left—Nokol installed in a typical home heating plant.

At the right—Nokol installed in a typical hot water heater.

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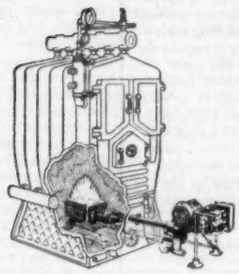

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PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU!

(Continued from Page 30)

the men load our gear into the van, my ear caught the note of Irene's car returning, and when I opened the door she was already telling Stanley that her mission had been successful.

"I had an awful time getting anyone," she said. "They were just striking. But at last Gus himself come to the phone and I had him send over Vera to talk and it's all fixed. She and Clyde are together again and they're to park this side of a bridge where we both broke down one time, and wait till we come."

She seemed content with what she had arranged, and I wondered what new adventure might be mine. But this was no time to ask. After cautioning me to retire once more within the car she moved off with her husband, saying as she went, "We couldn't turn the poor old fluff [sap] loose—he's too helpless. Just a human blur [an unlucky guy]!"

The loading done, she returned, telling me to lie down on one of the couches and sleep if I could.

"We'll be about two hours getting to this place where Vera's to be," she added as our car moved off; "so take it easy, old boy. They haven't yet got you inside looking out, and we're certainly going to fool this dick tonight by one clever switch. Tomorrow he'll be up in the air again. I hope he chokes when he gets wise."

The kindly soul now seated herself on the couch opposite me, and while I lay at ease she spoke again of our switch or deception. "This Vera La Montagne is a good pal of mine ever since we was both out with the Sporting Paris Widows—that was before I kind of matured. She's all white; she'd do murder if I told her to. So you stick by Vera. Then this husband of hers that is with her again, he's a hell-diver [an aquatic bird]. He comes up for a spell and then goes under again. Just now he's up, but he's all right, at that, so take any steer he gives you. He plays the piano with Reddick, and he's some Humpty-Dumpty on it too. If that boy had kept up his music he'd be drawing top money. But he wants it to come easy. What he really aims to be, as near as I can dope him, is one of these gentleman crooks. Anyway, you'll know how to handle him, and these two will put you on your way, especially Vera. The show's working south and we're working north, so pretty soon you'll be hard to find."

As I listened to the low murmur of her voice I was soothed to rest and presently lost consciousness.

I awoke, aware that our rather bumpy progress had ceased. The thoughtful Irene had flung a rug over me as I slept, and I was again drifting off into a fantasy of unrelated visions when the door of the car opened and the good woman stood beside me gently twitching my shoulder.

"All ready, Jas," she told me in hardly more than a whisper. I sat sleepily up, groping in the darkness for my hat. "Here!" She handed the hat to me and clutched one of my arms as I stumbled away from the car.

Once outside, the cool night air brought me awake and I was again alert. Our two vans were halted by the roadside and loomed ghostly in the moonlight filtering through the rising mist.

"Everything's gone as per schedule," said Irene, still in tones cautiously muffled. "Vera and Clyde are parked just ahead; I've put them wise and you'll be as safe with them as if you was in a church. We'll wait till the rest of the show gets by."

I now saw that other heavy vans lumbered past us. There was something grim about these tremendous phantoms looming briefly out of the darkness, a shrouded form crouched dimly at the wheel of each. They were like monsters from an old day searching under cover of night a fresh lurking place, or, more terrifying, the caravan of an invading army that day would reveal intrenched somewhere. At the moment I felt little zest for this new adventure; the ghostly procession seemed to rumble the most sinister portents. I would have been glad to stay by the Hamburger Queen and let Meigs do his worst. It was now, I believe, that I felt the first great letting-down from my falsely stimulated elation. There in the mist I had, I think, my first glimmerings of an ineluctable and all too devastating certainty that was presently to lay me low.

As we waited three muffled figures approached, and while I speculated if any one of the three could be Meigs, my hand was being shaken by James, Roswell and Stanley. "Good luck, old boy!" they hoarsely whispered, and James warmly admonished me, "Never lay down your hand; keep on rising just as if you were in possession of them."

I thanked the loyal fellows for their help and, the vans seeming all to have passed, I was conducted by Irene to a darkened car farther up the road.

Two heavily wrapped forms occupied the front seat of this, and to these my guide presented me. Vera, who apparently drove, briefly flashed a small light over my face, exclaiming "Hello, pop! Climb in back and cover up with those rugs and coats." Her husband, Clyde, after a nod to me, had engaged Irene in talk.

"I'm hep [helpful]," he at length told her. "We'll have him setting pretty—see what I mean?"

Irene now came to shake my hand, saying, with a faint flash of her gayety, "Don't forget your little school friend, Jas."

Eagerly I sought to let her know that through all my days she must be a lovely memory, but at this moment of our actual parting I found I was oddly affected by an incoherence of speech—a disability from which I rarely suffer. I yearned to utter so many fine, warm, queer things that suddenly overran my mind in the rankest disorder as this woman enfolded my hand in a gentle but stirring clasp. Yet I made a mess of it.

"I am sure ——" I mumbled, and broke off in a confusion that I could feel hot in my face. I wanted to say she would ever to my last moment—until darkness came over the sight of the fallen warrior—be a trove of memories all golden, things light and with wings, to be endlessly cherished. But I said nothing of the sort and felt myself shrug with disgust at what I did say—some futile try at her own airy style to the effect that our act would have stood them on their feet had we been let to continue it in one or even in two. "We could have had all the books we wished on the big time," I assured her with this assumed lightness.

"Right you are, Jas," she replied. She strengthened her clasp on my hand. "Do you know what you are, Jas? You are just a wistful old bearcat. But don't let down. No matter if you happen to strike a sour note, keep on with the music. Maybe we'll team up again sometime. I hate to trust you out of my sight; but you may make the grade, at that. Even a blind hog gets an acorn now and then."

"Thank you," I stupidly said, and saw her great dark outline fade into the mist—as if this alone could fittingly embrace her.

Our own lights flashed on and with no other word we took the road. There were rugs and coats cluttered about my feet; adjusting some of these to protect me from the damp air I relaxed with a bag for a pillow, saying to myself perfectly what I should have said to the Hamburger Queen. I said it over and over until my tired mind revolted and my half-dreaming reverie became oddly filled by concepts of pure dimension wholly dissevered from substance and even from shape. I pictured vastness as tangible and endowed it with a native nobility. I thought of beautiful great shapes waveringly vague, tremendous phantoms of loveliness at last defining themselves against their background of a golden mist.

Then the brute male in me grew lawless. I saw myself no longer plain, dull, elderly, but a handsome, dashing gallant, a veritable Addison Simms, not only successful but famous, widely respected as he whose name I had so clumsily chosen, one in whose near presence women might feel troubled, at least beyond a calm that would permit them to call him a wistful old bearcat; one, in short, with a magnetic personality whose power over such as won his notice would be found all too plausible by casual reporters.

This, to be sure, was lunacy, yet of a not unfamiliar type. Has not each of us his own secret Addison Simms—even the most humble-minded his conquering other self who again and again he stubbornly asserts he truly is, and never so brazenly as in the face of icy frustration? Now in a lawless interlude I was this superb other self. Yet these lifting raptures so quickly fade; presently I drowsed, thinking to the last of large

and noble shapes. I thought of the splendid great drum—of the Rocky Mountains—of Irene Wisenheimer.

Again I was brought from sleep by the kind hand of a woman on my shoulder. The car had stopped and my eyes opened to the friendly face of Vera, who stood beside it. "Are you all right, pop?" she inquired. I assured her that I had rested well. Moving to descend from the car I heard her counsel me to remain where I was. "Stick there," she said, "till Clyde gets the tent up. Then we'll fix you out with a new make-up. It's better to change because your gentleman friend back there"—she gestured significantly over her shoulder—"must be wise to this one."

I thanked her and settled back in the car as she bade me, observing that her husband was busily fixing a sheet of canvas from the car's top to the ground. He seemed a personable youth in a cap and rough sweater, and was wholly absorbed in his task. Vera, enveloped to the chin in a coat of rich fur, was now removing chests and bags from the running board and rear of the car and placing them within the canvased inclosure. Looking out about us I observed the pale fires of dawn to light a busy scene. On every hand vans were unloading and near us an immense tent was being raised into position by men who chanted at their work, while several lesser tents were already erected.

One of the largest vans stood broadside to me and across it in great letters of gold on a dull-red ground ran the inscription Gus Reddick's All-Star Theatrical Aggregation. In smaller letters beneath were the words, Living Actors in Latest New York Drama Successes.

On several occasions Mrs. Copplestone and I had gone to the city to witness eminent players in Shaksperean rôles, but I had never, to my knowledge, seen a late New York success. Now I was not only to see many but I had actually crossed a boundary into that magic world beyond the footlights. All about me living actors were engaged in driving stakes or hauling on ropes to elevate sheets of canvas, and I presently threw off my dejection. I was one of a band of strolling players, mountebanks, drolls, mimes, merry andrews, and I reflected a pretty while upon the new excitements doubtless in store for me. A number of the artists presently began to erect, at the still open end of the big tent, a platform or stage upon which I divined they would later perform.

Clyde, having finished the canvas structure of which our car formed a side, opened several of the bags within it and now called to me. Descending, I saw that he held some clothing before him as he ran his narrowed eyes over my form.

"These ought to do," he said, and while my glance questioned him he continued "Now, pop, get out of the Tad production and put these on," at the same time laying the garments he held on a folding chair and leaving me to change.

The suit he offered me I saw would be one of his own. Assuredly it was not one I would have chosen for myself, a thing of striking black-and-white checks with a short belted coat that gave the whole an air of frivolity. I reflected as I changed, however, that it would inevitably disguise me to all who had associated me with sober attire, and I saw that Clyde had been right in believing the things would fit me. In addition to the clothes, he had also laid out a shirt of loud stripes in lavender together with a collar and a strikingly scarlet cravat.

Completely dressed in this noticeable raiment I stood looking down at myself with mingled emotions when Clyde raised the tent flap and entered, followed by Vera. Both exclaimed at the change wrought in my appearance, and Vera remarked, "Pop, if your camera-eye friend met you now he wouldn't know you from a bar of soap."

"Wait till you see the thatch, though," urged Clyde, who had brought, I saw, a wig. It was a blond wig, rather long and wavy, and the good chap proceeded to pull it over my skull, after which he arranged the hair about my ears and above my brow in such a manner as to deceive, I thought, the keenest eye.

Vera, who had watched the process, now took a hat from an open trunk and fixed it to my head. It was a flat-crowned straw hat with a band of three lively colors, a hat such as Meigs might have selected for himself. Indeed my whole appearance, I saw, would rather suggest his own—one of fate's little ironies, I thought.

"Perfect!" cried Vera, standing off to view me, then coming to tilt the hat to ever so slight an angle. "Pop, you are now a leading juvenile, if anyone should ask you. Ain't he, Clyde? All he needs is a stick and yellow gloves and a field glass over his shoulder, and he could walk on in the big race scene. But you are sure going to remain at liberty, pop, as we say in the profession."

"He looks a million to me," agreed Clyde, favoring me with another critical survey. "But the cook tent is open. Let's go tune in with the good old catfish and cornbread."

The three of us were presently seated in one of the larger auxiliary tents partaking of an appetizing breakfast, though the particular edibles named by Clyde were not served.

The latter was still in cap and sweater, but Vera had doffed her splendid fur coat and revealed a gown of ruby lawn that emphasized her dark beauty. For the woman was beautiful with her stormy eyes and delicately modeled contours of face and form. Her dusky hair was short and curled closely to her small head, which tossed freely as she talked, suggesting a person of independent judgments.

She was not, to be sure, of Irene's striking loveliness, lacking her gracious amplitudes and robust frame, yet she had her own merit.

As we ate we were joined by other artists, who sat about the long crude table, and from the talk I learned that this being Sunday, our dramatic performance would give place to a sacred concert. I saw quickly that my attire excited no comment among these people, who were all given to curiousness of dress and ornament; my own suit was but a device of protective coloration.

To our fellow artists Vera presented me as her cousin, Hector Montague, and one of them, a sad-eyed man of middle age, wished to know if I were any relation to a certain Musical Montague.

"No, Hector is not the same family as that pickled walnut," Vera quickly replied for me.

"He may be all you claim," rejoined the speaker—who was rather more soberly garbed than his fellows and seemed, indeed, to have long lived a life of genteel poverty—"but all the same he has saxoed his way to top money. He had forty weeks with the Real Guys Company last season, and he's got a park job for all this summer."

"I can see him from here," remarked Vera severely and with one of her emphatic head-tossings. "That big quince three-sheeting himself all over the place!"

"Top money, just the same, dearie," replied the other. I thought his address offensively familiar, but no one else seemed to, and he was presently complaining that recent audiences had not applauded him with the right fervor. "I got a good line of stories, most of them clean," he submitted, "but they don't seem to get my stuff."

He was here annoyed by the languid drawl of a dashingly handsome youth at the lower end of the table who interposed "They might get it if it was yours."

"Say not so, Lucile," acidly returned the other. "I originated every gag and bit of business I use."

"Possibly, possibly," retorted the caustic youth as he carelessly held up a hand and seemed to scrutinize his polished nails, "but I'd never have taken you to be that old. They were having to beg bows for a lot of your stuff when the elder Booth was in his cradle."

"Back up, Claude, or you'll meet Number Nine at the grade crossing," replied the sad-eyed man in a surprisingly good-natured tone, for it was plain the younger chap had sneered at him. "And kidding aside, I'll wise you to what's jolted our profession. It's the movies. We get over all right, but the folks out front don't make the old-time fuss because the movies have got 'em mitt-bound."

"Right you are, Sam," agreed another artist, who had not yet spoken. "At that last town we played there was hicks that thought all shows was screen shows and had never heard of talking actors. They didn't seem to get the idea at all."

This, to me, cryptic talk was interrupted by the approach of one whom Vera announced with "Enter the big boss, smiling."

"Good morning, children," the new arrival greeted cheerfully. "This here is one tent show where the turn-up is always good at mealtimes." And he laughed huskily at his own speech.

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"Now he'll have to go into his dance," remarked the sad-eyed Sam. "You can't hardly call it a talking act, because that's the only line he's got."

"Kid me, children; kid the old man along!" replied the newcomer in the same husky rich tone as he took a seat next to Vera. He was thickly built with a great round chest and a heavy beardless face tanned and mottled. His dark wiry hair stood up from a low brow, his eyes were but small shrewd gleams set deep in the encroaching flesh, and the collar of his white shirt fell back to reveal a massive neck.

"Gus, shake hands with my cousin, Hector Montague," said Vera, and the other cordially did so, saying, "In the profession, too, I see," as his little eyes ran me over.

"I have had a short season with the Wisenheimers, of the Burke Carnival," I answered.

"Sure, they're all Wisenheimers with that outfit," he remarked as he fell to his breakfast. "I wish they'd quit dutching my route."

"Hector is resting just now," Vera said, and the talk was diverted from me by the handsome youth, who still lingered at the end of the table.

"Mr. Reddick, just because I have a frock coat and a gray wig is it fair to make me play lawyers and ministers all the time? Don't I get a chance at the real gravy?"

"But you're learning your art, my boy, don't forget that. And try to make your bits stand out. That's the way I got my start. I never measured a part's importance by its sides. I'd study, study—see what I mean—work and then work, even on a bit part. I pledge you my word it ain't the size that counts. How about it, Montague?" he demanded, turning to me.

"Vergil toiled seven years on his Georgics," I replied, "yet they could doubtless be printed in as many newspaper columns."

"There you are, Claude. Seven years this guy worked till he made his hit. And you with the show seven weeks and expecting to hog all the fat. You trust your Uncle Gus, boy."

"Even with a small part," I suggested, "one is constantly surprised to find new points that may be elaborated. I have built up parts in my time in a quite astonishing way."

Mr. Reddick attempted to comment on this, but, his mouth being full at the moment, he merely waved to the young aspirant that he should note my corroboration.

Presently when he could speak he said, "I got a repertoire that's a liberal education to any young actor that will take his work seriously—see what I mean?"

I asked if the repertoire comprised Hamlet, this being the last play I had witnessed.

"Not in the sticks," Mr. Reddick answered. "The fact is, I have to meet the rabble halfway."

"I dare say, however, your repertoire includes Œdipus Rex," I said, recalling the production of this noble work by our senior dramatic association.

"I didn't quite get the name," replied my host. "Is it a hit?"

"One of the greatest," I replied. "Œdipus Rex has won the plaudits of the world's greatest critics. It is a masterpiece, a sure-fire hit, as we say in the profession."

Mr. Reddick seemed to search his mind in some perplexity. "Funny—and I get Billboard and Variety every week too. I can't remember anything about this Rex piece. But maybe they panned it. When either of them pans a show I forget it. What's the idea of it anyway?"

Perceiving that Vera and Clyde, as well as my host, were interested, I briefly sketched the argument of this powerful drama that has so ably stood the test of time. I had barely finished when Mr. Reddick frowningly shook his massive head.

"It's got an idea," he admitted. "The hokum is sound, but, my word, Montague, the sticks wouldn't ever stand for sex stuff as raw as that. I suppose there's a snappy bedroom scene and so forth."

"There is but one setting or scene," I explained.

"Well, that cuts down the production costs, and so far so good. But we got to draw the line somewhere. This wouldn't do for us—too strong entirely. I'll tell you where it would go, though, if you're interested in the piece. It'll go in these intimate theaters—what they call Little Theaters—and I know the man for you. I got a brother in the business out in Los Angeles that's gone into the Little-Theater line, and he says the rawer the stuff the better they like it. He says next year they're going to have the biggest Little Theater on the Coast—everything runs to size out there—and I bet his public would eat up this stuff you're telling about. Of course he'd probably want to change the name; I can't give that title anything. You want something like Purple Passion. Mother Love might do—only that's just a little bit to the Edam, considering the stuff."

"Edam? But it's not a Dutch play," I objected. "It's Greek."

"Funny thing I never caught the notices," he replied, "but I'll give you a letter to my brother; he's the boy can shape it up if he likes it, even if it is Greek."

I saw how impossible it would be to give this man any adequate understanding of the great drama in question, and as our meal was finished I left with Clyde and Vera. Once outside, Clyde turned to me with sparkling eyes.

"Monte, I've just made you! I've got a part that was simply written for you, a great part you couldn't fall down in, with a flag finish—a green flag finish—see what I mean?"

"No, what do you mean?" I asked.

"It's so good I can't tell you now," he answered evasively. "But it's a simple plot with one prop, and you'll love it. You'll be able to go on and stop the show after one rehearsal; but first we got to make sure your friend has left. I don't want to get you in bad, of course."

I was not averse to trying another part, and wondered what Clyde would have for me, but he remained reticent until late that afternoon, when Vera came to us with a beaming face.

"Irene promised to call me up at four," she said, "so I was at the phone, and pop is sitting pretty. She says his friend with two other plain-clothes boys come along this morning and simply combed the carnival for him before they'd believe he wasn't there. Irene told them from the start that pop had taken a night train for Omaha, and at last they believed her and went their way. Nifty work, what?"

So my annoyers were at least a hundred miles distant and I might again breathe freely. Clyde, too, rejoiced. "Now," he told me, "I can begin to lay out our route for one of the best skits I ever wrote. And it opens this way: You're standing right there thinking about nothing and I come up and say, 'It's like this, pop. I got a boy friend that's in the grocery business in this town and I want you to help me play the dandiest practical joke on him that anyone ever thought of. It's just simply ridiculous.'"

At this he laughed aloud, leaving me still no wiser about the part I was to enact.

XVII

EARLY that evening a throng of helots from the surrounding pastoral colony, garbed in all manner of Sabbath finery, began to stream through the door of our snare or dump, as the artists variously called the big tent; many rows of the seats were filled when I entered with Clyde. We stood a moment at the rear of the auditorium, chattering with Mr. Reddick, who took the tickets that had been purchased from his wife sitting in a small inclosed booth just outside the door. The big boss professed himself pleased with the turn-up, though admitting a worry about the weather.

"Rain is the only thing that kills us," he said, "and I don't think so much of tomorrow. A red sun has water in his eye and the old ball was certainly red tonight."

"You are," I said, "presenting a sacred concert this evening, I believe."

"Well, sacred to a reasonable extent," he replied. "Of course, not too d——d sacred. Just enough to get by." And he chuckled shrewdly as we left him. Among the auditors already assembled several actors were passing with baskets of prize packets, so called, which they urged upon the throng and which contained, in addition to bonbons, certain trifles no doubt of small intrinsic worth but yet appealing to the assembled bums, who purchased them eagerly. Clyde directed my attention to these hawkers.

"Vera thought you might do an audience act with that junk," he told me, "but it ain't such a juicy grift. And anyway I thought up this other sketch that I believe you got a unique talent for. If you can put the stuff over, why, you can simply write your own ticket. We'll have it slathered on us."

"If the part you speak of demands skill in calligraphy, I ought to tell you that I write an execrable hand," I warned him. "I doubt if I could write even a ticket legibly."

"There, that's the stuff I mean!" he exclaimed delightedly. "You certainly have the line. I'd fall for it myself."

When I would have questioned him further he demurred, saying, "You'll see tomorrow when we set the plant. Now I got to go make a piano talk." And he stepped over quickly to one of these instruments just below the stage, seated himself and made it talk, indeed. He was beyond any question a superb musical artist and must have devoted years of study to the difficult art. Never had I heard a piano played so rapidly.

Taking a chair at the rear I studied a program that had been thrust into my hands by one of the actors doing an audience act. Grand Sacred Vaudeville Concert, it announced, the first item being The Granite City Four. Four what? I was wondering when Clyde brought his selection to a noisy and skillful close, the curtain parted centrally and four actors marched out in single file. They were arrayed in evening dress, though this was not too well pressed and showed luminously in places as if from long use. But I instantly forgot this minor defect when they sang with blended voices that fine old song known as The Lost Chord, following it after hearty applause with another favorite of mine, Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep. The actor who sang bass was particularly effective and our audience was deeply impressed, applauding most respectfully; indeed they were almost solemn in their acknowledgments.

The four still in line, the bass, adopting a light conversational tone, remarked to his fellows, "Well, that's over. Now come on, boys, and let us sing some of them good old college songs of ours." On this they dashed with the most rollicking abandon into what was indeed a college song, though I gravely doubted if the bass were a university man. Our audience, however, vastly enjoyed it and the ensuing selections, all of which were of a light character and seemed to me out of place in a sacred concert. Then I recalled Mr. Reddick's admission that this entertainment would be sacred only to an extent. He had spoken truly, for not again during the evening was there any number that could be called sacred in the true sense of the word.

Next came my friend, named on the program as Vera La Montagne, America's Queen of Jazz. With her complexion made brilliant by artificial means, her strikingly cut evening gown and her careless, wicked look, there was, as she sang, a sort of dark daring about her, a diablerie emphasized by the song, which was full of the most wanton implications, made even more pointed by the continuous play of her stormy lawless eyes. The song itself was of a curious structure, full of broken rimes and apparently meaningless repetition, as:

"I want someone—someone—in the moonlight,
I said moonlight, in the summer night,
Someone—someone—to hold me tight,
I said tight ——"

Those at least were the approximate words, half sung, half chanted to a quick little tinkling accompaniment played by Clyde. And yet, throughout the performance, despite the boldest eye play, the shrugging scorn for convention, the explicit warning that here was a creature willing to forget all in one mad moment, I subtly felt that Vera was, at heart, a good woman, an impression strengthened by one of her later selections, in which she sang of her staunch regard for a dear old mother in the sunny southland. Vera, I saw, might indeed fill a big place in America's heart.

A nimble youth now came out and danced excessively about the stage. I was unable to see that he achieved anything definite or worth while by his exertions, though the audience applauded briskly, being doubtless stirred by a rhythmic patter of the feet that left me quite unmoved.

He was followed by a child artist, La Petite Dorine, the Première Rosebud of Radiance, and although I felt certain she would be the slight but obviously middle-aged woman I had noticed in the cook tent at luncheon, she gave a really convincing imitation of a miss of seven or eight with her white knee-length skirts, her baby socks and sandals, and her sunbonnet with its blue bits of ribbon that fell carelessly from her golden curls. After a song about a childish playmate she spoke intimately to the audience in her artless infantile dialect with a lisp, chiefly of the peccadillos of her father. These were of such a nature that only her childish ignorance could have excused her relating them, particularly his amatory passages with a maid, of which, in all innocence, she had frankly spoken to her mother. It was not in the best of taste, I considered, though again the bums about me applauded it to the echo.

Now appeared Mr. Reddick himself to announce a succeeding bill. "Tomorrow afternoon and evening," said he affably, "my company of world-famous stars will have the honor of presenting to your notice that great emotional drama entitled East Lynne, which will be staged with all the effects that marked its metropolitan production and with the original New York cast. I hope none of you will miss this thrilling heart-drama and that all of you will tell your friends. Don't fail to see this greatest of hall shows with a punch. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you."

When Mr. Reddick had gone the piano sounded some loud chords and there shambled onto the stage a grotesque creature whom I did not at first identify. Scanning the program I saw announced, Sam Herk and Will G. Feiber, Those Different Dogs, Fresh from New York, in Their Unequaled Comedy Surprise Entitled Bits of Bits.

Now I recognized the merry-andrew before me as the sad-eyed person who had that morning complained that his stuff was not had. He was curiously dressed, all his garments being much too small. His trousers revealed a length of red hose above his immense shoes, his coat sleeves were short, showing that he wore but one cuff loosely on his bare wrist, his linen the flimsiest pretense, consisting of but a stiff shirt bosom which constantly escaped from his narrow coat to his great annoyance when he was obliged to replace it. His face was painted in a crude manner, and upon his head a tiny hat was fastened by elastic. At intervals he would lift this hat and allow it to snap back into place.

"As I was walking across the Atlantic Ocean this morning ——" he began, only to be interrupted by loud guffaws from the hicks before him. Pretending to be disconcerted by this reception, he lifted and released his hat, exclaiming, "Who is it you lost your dog?" This aroused more of the boorish laughter, the fellow grimacing violently while it lasted, and inquiring with a leer when he could be heard, "Is it not impossible?" Then his manner became confidential. "Listen, folks," he began, "I was down to a party the other evening and I enjoyed myself very nice. Just as I entered a fat man got up ——"

He wandered into a series of humorous anecdotes which he related not without finesse, and I saw that he was, indeed, a competent droll, particularly by reason of his absurd mannerisms. For example, at each point he made he would, after the ensuing laughter, snap his little hat on his head and comically demand, "Who is it you lost your dog?" More than once I found myself chuckling at the senseless antic.

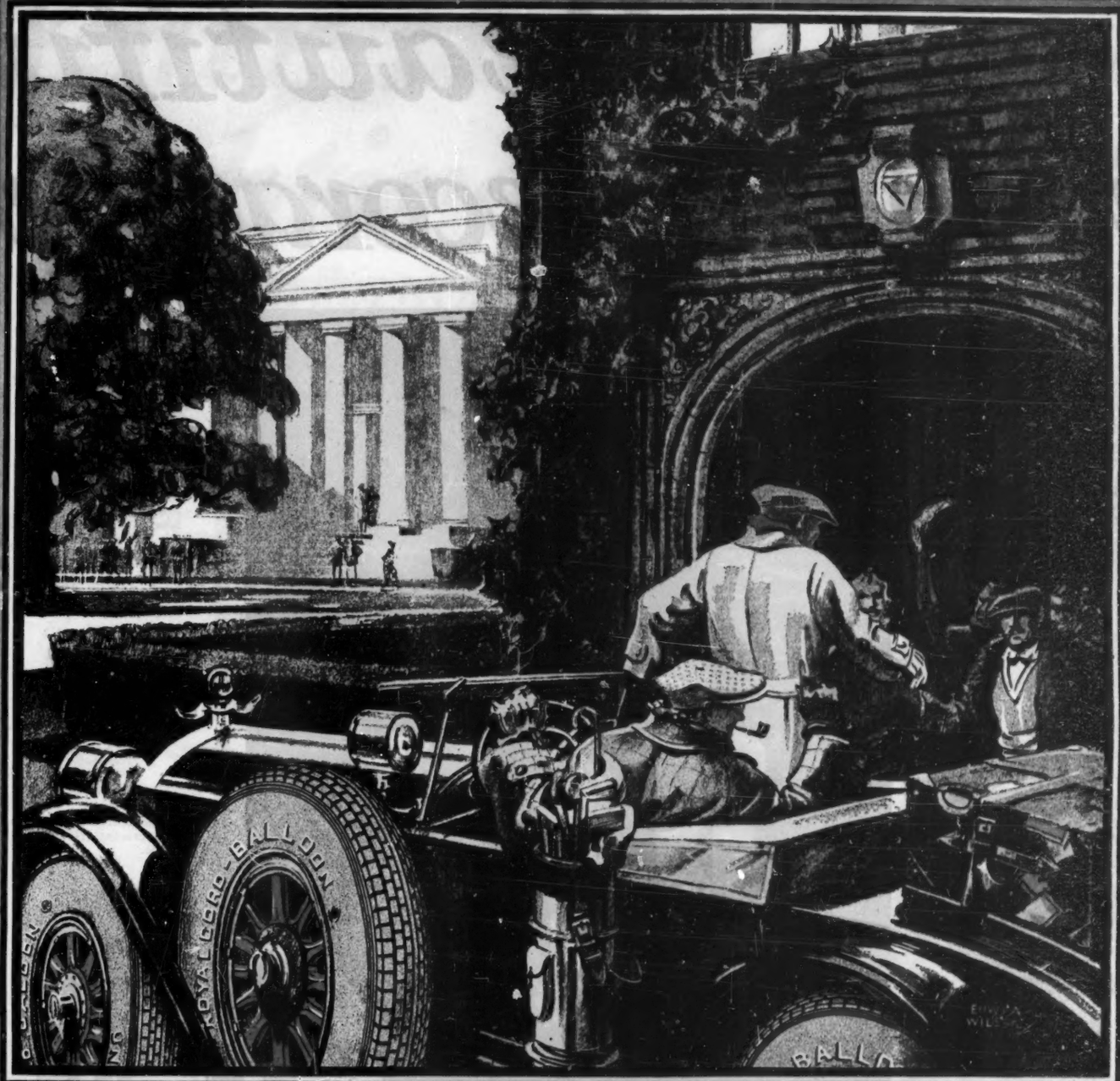
And now he was interrupted by a properly and indeed rather elegantly dressed young man carrying a stick, gloves and newspaper, who hurried across the stage behind him, apparently unaware of the droll's presence. Just as he was about to disappear the latter called, "What, ho, Mr. Feiber, are you training for a race?" Instantly the other halted his swift pace and, turning about, crisply replied, "No, I am racing for a train."

"Who is it you lost your dog?" retorted the droll, with the familiar snapping of his little hat, and I detected that the whole scene had been devised merely for the trifling play on words. Loud laughter ensued, however.

The second actor now approached his grotesque companion and, after scanning him closely, appeared to consult the newspaper he carried. Suddenly he glanced up from the sheet, and to my horror said, "Tell me—tell me, are you not the long-lost Addison Simms?"

The appalling byplay that followed is deeply graven on my memory. The grotesque fellow first looked about him as if in alarm, which he expressively pantomimed,

(Continued on Page 121)



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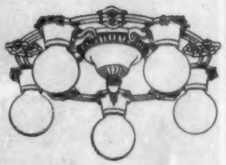

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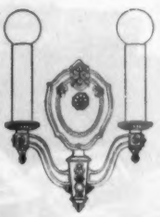

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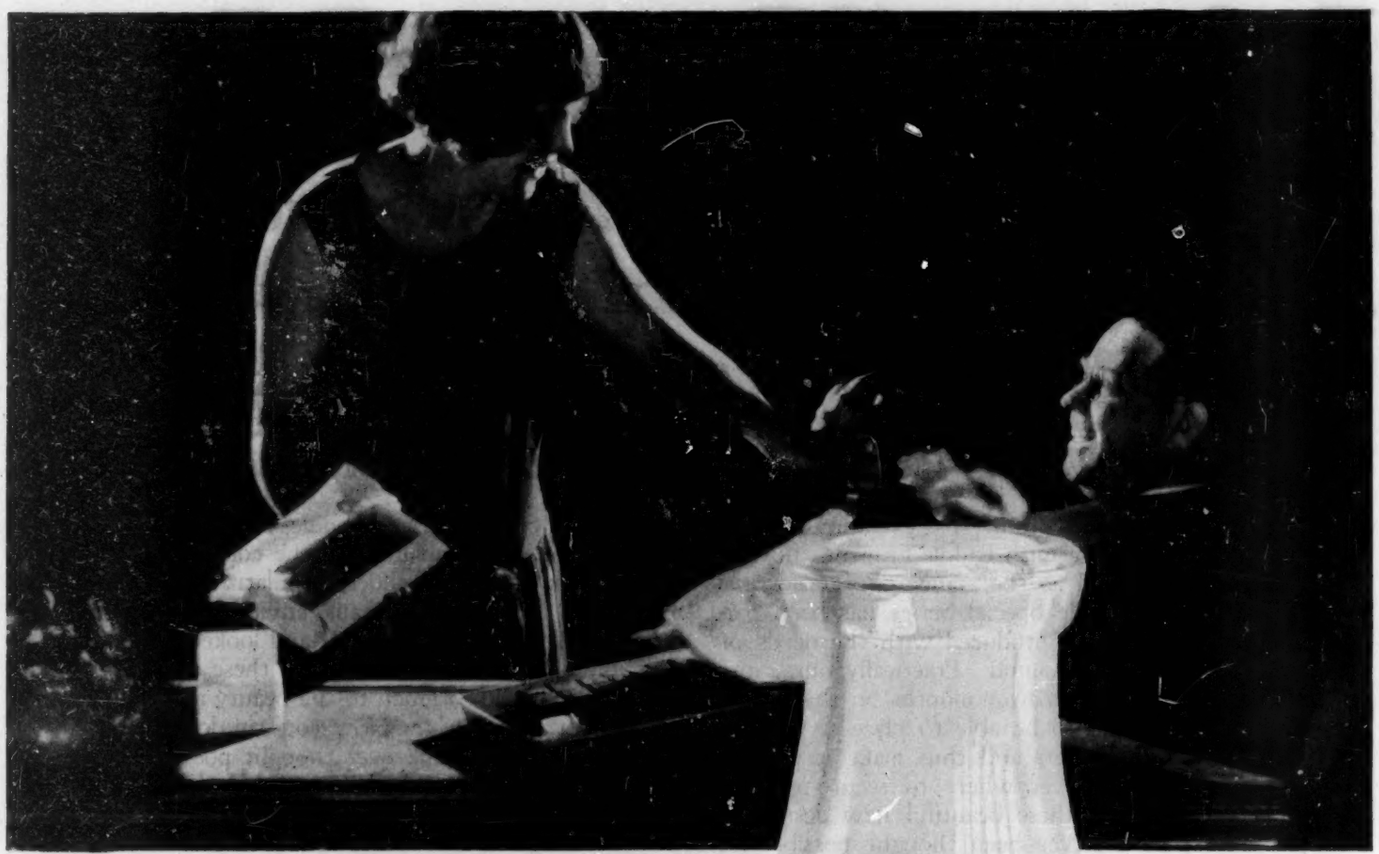

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Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

(Continued from Page 116)

then clutching his questioner by the arm said in a hoarse whisper, "Come over to this side where the audience can't hear me." Together, then, with elaborate airs of precaution, they tiptoed across the stage, where the droll, after another glance about him, placed his lips to the other's ear. But instead of the secretive whisper one naturally anticipated he loudly yelled, "Yes—why not?"

"But tell me, tell me, Mr. Simms," the other began in his more polished manner. "The paper says you have decamped to parts unknown."

"I was blown out to sea by a gale," retorted the buffoon, and then, turning to the audience with an evil leer, he demanded, "Any of you ladies want a nice house guest that's out of work?"

"Ha! I guessed as much," retorted his companion with another cheap wordplay.

To my stupefaction the hicks tittered and guffawed throughout this unparalleled exhibition of bad taste, seeming quite to understand the malicious allusions. I could bear the thing no longer and quietly stole out into the night, hearing another roar of coarse laughter as I went, aroused doubtless by some fresh bit of the impertinence. It was plain that my affair had become rather a *cause célèbre*, and yet, I was cheered to reflect, not one of these people could suspect me to be the pseudo Simms. I was still safe. I had no heart, however, for more of the so-called sacred vaudeville, even though the following number on the program had piqued my curiosity, this being Helene Latour, the World's Foremost Lady Barytone, Fresh From European Triumphs. Secreting myself in the tent of Clyde and Vera I could surmise that the scandalous pair within were still making game of the man I had so unwittingly brought into disrepute, for the gusts of hick laughter and applause were well-nigh incessant.

Presently, too, I did hear the low, stern notes of the lady barytone in some ballad rich with a saddened longing. It came appositely to my mood; I was beginning to feel a curious despair. From the moment of severing my relations with the Burke Monster Carnival I seemed to have been steadily aging into a conviction that I could no longer struggle against brutal and overwhelming odds. I doubted now if even the inveterate optimism of Sooner Jackson could again stimulate me to the carefree heights I had reached when he left me. Some corroding acid of disillusion insidiously gnawed at my spirit.

That "sacred" flouting of all the decencies came at last to an end and the arrival of Clyde and Vera after their evening's work sufficed to raise me a little from this depression, especially as Clyde was now vivacious about the new part I was to play. When he showed me to my pallet in one of the vans he directed me to take along my disguise as a rustic and to don this on the morrow. "For," he explained, "that glass-crash [Meigs] is miles from here and your Tad make-up is exactly what the part needs. You'll laugh your head off when you see what we're going to pull."

Early the next morning I arrayed myself once more in the dingy garb of a not-too-prosperous hick, taking care to have one trouser leg caught at the top of a boot. Truth to tell, I felt rather more assured in this unpretentious raiment than in the somewhat flamboyant disguise of an actor.

Clyde hailed me from his tent with a light of joyous anticipation in his eyes—a rather impish anticipation, I thought—and we breakfasted together before any of the other artists appeared. Then we returned to his tent, where he brought me a basket which for some reason I was to carry—one of those familiar affairs so commonly used for shopping expeditions. With a final sweeping survey that took in every item of my apparel, he nodded approvingly and conducted me to a near-by motor car.

As we moved off toward town he instructed me, "Now, pop, this first act is simple. You are in to buy a few groceries, see what I mean? You want a loaf of bread and a bunch of celery or any green stuff you see. Then you say, as if you just remembered, 'Oh, yes, I want a can of peaches and a can of tomatoes,' just like that—see what I mean? And the grocer puts them into your basket for you and you pay him and walk out after a little chatter about what good weather we are having and will it rain pretty soon, and so on. Only one thing you got to remember: There's a boy in this store, but don't let him wait on you. Do business with the old man himself, see what I mean? He's an old rummy in a Lincoln make-up, except his hair is plastered down over what little forehead he's got and he looks like someone that would cut your eye out for a dime or the two of them for fifteen cents, see what I mean? He's the one you want to talk to. And just use your own line of talk, you know, sort of innocent, with big words here and there. Do you get me?"

"I have you," I replied. "I am to make these purchases of the proprietor and in our casual chat about weather and crop conditions I am to employ my own natural speech—not the farm or yap dialect."

"That's right. Don't try any stunts. Just use your own dialect."

I smiled to myself at the ingenuous belief that I used a dialect, but forbore to enlighten him, for we now came to a halt in one of the town's business thoroughfares.

Clyde here gave me a quantity of bank notes loosely rolled, saying, "When you pay for the stuff be sure to let old Gaspard see all this. It'll make him mad to think anyone else has so much money and he'll remember it in Act Two. And the store is the first one around this corner—Ezra Marsh, Cash Grocery—you can't miss it. I'll wait here."

Although this new part seemed to promise not the least artistic thrill, I resolved to give it my best effort, and I was presently chatting with the grocer who had been described to me, while he placed my purchases in the basket, including the tin of tomatoes and one of peaches. As I paid for the stuff from my crumpled roll of money I was aware that the fellow's eyes did glitter with sharpened interest, since he was doubtless astonished to see one of my mean appearance in possession of more than a usual quantity of money. He gave me my change with a final comment on the weather—he was of the opinion that it would rain or would not rain very soon, I forget which—and I left him with a "Good morning!" pleased at having carried out my very curious instructions.

Around the corner I went to our car, where Clyde expectantly awaited me, with words of praise when he learned that all had gone well. I restored to him the bank notes, placed the basket with my purchases in the car's tonneau and was about to take my seat beside Clyde when I was startled by a vaguely familiar voice calling from a little distance, "Mr. Simms—just a moment, Mr. Simms!"

I glanced uneasily about to observe a young man walking swiftly toward us from the corner I had so swiftly turned. At first sight I did not identify him, but as he came on I recognized the infernal degenerate who had written of me in the public press. Aghast at his odious effrontery—he had actually a glad look on his face as he approached—I turned coldly away, resolved to cut him dead, and took my seat in the car. Nothing daunted he came up to its side, again saying, "Mr. Simms—just a moment, Mr. Simms!"

At this I quite lost my temper with the blackguard and cried sharply to him, "Be off with you, sir!" Clyde quickly started our car so that the scoundrel was left there on the curb with a quite comic look of bewilderment on his foolish but evil face.

"Say, that wasn't one of the lads looking for you, was it?" demanded Clyde with deep concern.

"Not anyone of the slightest importance," I replied. "He is an unspeakable nobody, a detestable trickster who once played me false. At present I am not in the least concerned about him. I ignore him."

"That's good," Clyde answered. "I was afraid for a minute he might be someone."

"He is less than no one," I said.

"All right, pop. And now I'm going to rehearse you in the lines and business of our second act, which will be played in that same store tomorrow morning before the banks open."

"I hope it may prove more exciting than the first act," I told him languidly.

"Wait till you see," he rejoined. "If you don't say it's about the best two-acter ever written you can have my head for a football."

Back on the lot, however, the promised rehearsal was delayed while the confident Clyde did mysterious things with the tomatoes and the peaches. Fetching a pail of water to his tent he plunged both tins into it and left them there, directing me in the meantime to change back to my disguise as an actor, which, indeed, I thought it wise to do in case the reporting reptile should persist in his monstrous design of seeking further talk with me. Having resumed this flashy make-up I returned to Clyde and found him working with the tins. The gaudily printed labels had now been soaked loose from them and these he spread out smoothly on a board and placed in the sun. Yet he seemed to have accomplished nothing by his maneuver, for when the labels had dried he merely brought out a pot of paste and affixed them once more to the tins, using great care to have them precisely in place and smooth.

He now held out to me the tin of peaches and directed my attention to a tiny scarring of the label about midway of the richly colored fruit there pictured.

"Get that little spot in your mind," he directed, "so you'd know that same can if you saw it in Egypt or some place."

"That is not difficult," I replied, still puzzled. "The defacement is minute but unmistakable. I could easily recognize this tin in Egypt, as you put it."

"Keno!" he exclaimed. "And now comes the plot. Shut those tent flaps so we can rehearse in peace."

The next two hours revealed Clyde to me as a person of the most thorough methods. About the minutest details of the simple scene I was to enact on the morrow he was, in his coaching of me, conscientious to the last degree. Over and over I was obliged to repeat my few lines, with especial attention to the business, or pantomime. I was to have a scene with Mr. Ezra Marsh, the grocer, and in this Clyde took the grocer's part in a most lifelike manner. There was also to be a scene with Clyde himself, though this was rather difficult for me, since I was not to recognize him as Clyde, but to pretend that I thought him a drummer or traveling salesman.

Again and again we rehearsed in the hot closed tent, until my coach pronounced me letter perfect. Yet he was not content with this and at every spare moment during the day he would insist on going over the lines or putting me through the simple pantomime. I saw how superficial Sooner Jackson had been in his rehearsals of me as Chief Ugwalalla. He had been content with a few careless directions; but here was an artist who would be satisfied with nothing less than perfection. I was glad to relax from the strain of these incessant rehearsals at the time of the afternoon performance.

The play of East Lynne, I may say, proved to be all that Mr. Reddick had promised, and I found myself profoundly affected by the gripping tragedy it unfolded. It was easy to believe that it had been a metropolitan success; easy, also, to believe that Mr. Reddick had brought out the original New York cast, for the acting of these people was capital. Vera quite surprised me by her gifts in the part of the too impressionable wife who in this drama falls a victim to the wiles of Sir Francis Levison, a despicable English nobleman utterly without principle, and my eyes were more than once moist in a terrifically heart-shaking scene where she returns in disguise to the home she has left, in order to be near her ailing child. No longer the wanton of the too-daring moonlight song, she was here finely the repentant wife and anguished mother, and I could not wonder that such powerful renditions had made her New York's favorite emotional actress.

My change to the actor's costume had been well advised. During an intermission while I stood chatting with Mr. Reddick at the door of the auditorium, I was startled to see the journalist stalking about outside as if in search of someone. Restraining my instinct for flight I saw his eyes flit blankly over me as he passed near. My disguise had served; this was no Meigs of the camera eye. Nor did I actually fear an encounter with the fellow; no longer could he harm me, for no longer did I assume the name by which he had known me.

The evening performance over, Clyde had a final word with me and gave me the stock of bank notes I would use in our act the next day. As the amount was considerable I suggested pinning the bills into my farm suit.

To this he delightedly agreed, applauding, "A good bit of business! Sure, we'll keep that in the skit—and I would never have thought of it!" Together we pinned bills into several pockets and Clyde declared that all was now in readiness for the morning show. "Put that coat under your pillow," was his final word as we said good night. "We don't want our most important prop lifted."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

DO YOU BELIEVE IN WITCHCRAFT?

(Continued from Page 23)

monetary swindles. Nearly all political quackery tills the same fertile field, offering government help as a painless substitute for self-help.

The specific evidence in a given case is much less important than the state of mind you are in when the evidence is presented. When a man's emotions are already engaged, to convince him of what he wants to believe takes an ounce of evidence and to convince him of what he doesn't want to believe takes a ton. Sometimes it is necessary that the ton should fall on his head before he is really convinced. In his obduracy he may be technically a sucker, but almost anybody else in the same emotional condition is equally a sucker. His error really consisted in getting all het up, and not in judging wrong after he was het.

I was once well acquainted with a Nebraska town of 7000 or 8000 inhabitants. It was as reasonable a town as any other in that latitude, going sensibly about its business of buying grain, cattle and hogs from the farmers thereabouts and selling them lumber, dry goods and groceries. Then Omaha became infected with a real-estate boom of great virulence. A man who had been employed in the circulation department of a newspaper received the first revelations. His brass bands paraded the streets, his advertisements filled newspaper pages. Within the memory of that generation Chicago had been no bigger than Omaha then was, and look at Chicago now! Scores of assistant prophets sprang into action. Pretty much all Eastern Nebraska was laid out in new subdivisions with mellifluous names. The lots sold. They resold and sold again, at a profit.

Concussion of the Omaha explosion set off one at Lincoln. For a time my town observed these frenetic metropolitan doings with indulgent amusement. Then, overnight, it awoke to true visions of its own future. Theretofore it had been just a good country town. But that chrysalis stage had obviously passed. This was the moment when the wings were about to appear. There were going to be more railroads and many factories—specifically, I remember, beet-sugar factories and cotton mills. At this distance in time I cannot recall the chain of impregnable reasons advanced by which it appeared that Nature and Providence had foreordained that particular spot—on a wide plain, many hundred miles from the nearest cotton field and even farther from all big cotton-goods markets—as the site of a flourishing textile industry. But almost anybody could see it plainly at the time.

A Boom That Expired

Patient kine were chased from pasture to pasture as overworked surveyors laid out the ground in town lots. Almost everybody was buying lots and selling them again at a profit. The community temperature rose to 150—for a time. In Omaha and Lincoln there was absolutely a lot of money and credit. By circulating them briskly from hand to hand, the game of buying parcels of real estate at one price this week and selling them at a higher price next week could be kept up for quite a while. But our resources were pathetically limited. We were like the boys' baseball game when, if the one ball gets lost, the game has to stop. Our boom rose, flourished and expired in only a few weeks. Before it happened and afterwards, the town was sensible enough. Its mental apparatus was like any other Western town's. At normal heat it functioned very satisfactorily. At a temperature of 150 it wasn't worth shucks.

For a more celebrated illustration, look in upon this packed and breathless court room where the Rev. George Burroughs is on trial for his life. The accused is a graduate of Harvard and a duly ordained minister. He has been married three times, his first two wives having died; but heretofore no crime or other moral dereliction has ever been charged against him. There is no stenographer, but extant longhand reports enable us to reconstruct the scene sufficiently.

Several girls are present. When Burroughs is brought into the court room, they shriek and fall in fits. The old record says:

"Susan Sheldon testified that Burroughs' two wives appeared in their winding sheets and said that he killed them. He was bid to look upon Susan Sheldon. He looked back and his look knocked down all—or most—of the afflicted who stood behind him.

"Mercy Lewis' deposition going to be read, and she fell into a dreadful and tedious fit.

"Mary Walcott, Elizabeth Hubbard, Susan Sheldon, } Testimony going to be read and they all fell into fits."

Ann Putnam, aged twelve, swore that Burroughs' first two wives appeared to her, "pail as a white wall," and said that he had killed them. "One told me she was his first wife and he stabbed her under the arm and put a piece of sealing wax on the wound, and she pulled aside the winding sheet and showed me the place." Also, Burroughs himself appeared to her one night and confessed that he had bewitched his first two wives to death.

How Goody Nurse Was Convicted

Mercy Lewis, seventeen years old, a maid in the Putnam house, swore that on the night of May ninth Burroughs carried her up to a high mountain and showed her "all the kingdoms of the earth and told me he would give them all to me if I would write in his book, and if I would not he would throw me down and break my neck." But Mercy replied she would not write in his book if he threw her down on a hundred pitchforks. This book, be it understood, contained the compact by which witches bound themselves to the devil.

Another witness against Burroughs was Benjamin Hutchinson, who testified to meeting Abigail Williams, aged eleven, on the street about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. At that time Burroughs was 100 miles away, but Abigail said she saw him. Hutchinson asked where.

"There," she replied, pointing to a rut in the road.

Hutchinson thereupon threw an iron fork toward the spot and Abigail fell in a fit.

Coming out of the seizure, she said, "You have torn his coat, for I heard it tear."

They then went to the house of Lieutenant Ingersoll and in the great room Abigail said, "There he stands!"

Hutchinson said, "Where? Where?" and drew his rapier.

Then Abigail said, "He is gone, but there is a gray cat."

Hutchinson again cried, "Where? Where?"

"There!" said Abigail. "There!"

Hutchinson struck with his rapier and Abigail fell in a fit. Coming out of it she said, "You have killed her."

Hutchinson further testified that he could not see the cat, but Abigail told him the specter of Sarah Good had come and carried away the dead animal. All this is part of the court record.

Several adult male witnesses testified that they had seen Burroughs lift a barrel full of molasses by inserting one finger in the bunghole; that he had held at arm's length in one hand a gun so heavy that the witness could barely lift it with two hands; that a man in Sace said he had seen him carry a large canoe out of the water and set it on shore.

Upon this and other like testimony the Rev. George Burroughs was duly convicted of the crime of witchcraft and hanged at Salem, Massachusetts, August 19, 1692. Salem then contained about 1700 inhabitants. During that spring, summer and fall, some 259 men and women were formally arrested on a charge of witchcraft. Nineteen of them were hanged. Two died in jail, and Giles Corey, eighty years of age, was pressed to death for "standing mute." That is, when arraigned he refused to plead either guilty or not guilty. Whereupon, according to an ancient English law, he was bound, laid on the ground and a plank put across his chest. Heavy rocks were piled on the plank, one at a time, until their weight finally crushed his bones and ended the affair. That amiable proceeding appears to have extended over most of two days.

The chief accusers were a group of girls in their teens who said they had been bewitched. The contemporary record usually refers to them as "the afflicted." They were present at all the trials and the record is thickly sprinkled with their convulsions, fits and shrieks. At times they made such an uproar that proceedings had to be suspended. Rebecca Nurse, seventy-one years of age, was the wife of a well-to-do farmer in Salem Village. She had lived in that neighborhood at least fifty years, not only with a blameless reputation but notable for charity and piety. She was arrested on a charge of "having committed sundry acts of witchcraft upon Ann Putnam and Abigail Williams"—the same girls who accused the Rev. Mr. Burroughs. Here is an excerpt from the notes of her preliminary examination made by the Rev. Samuel Parris, pastor of the Salem Village Church:

"Abigail, have you been hurt by this woman?"

"Yes."

Ann Putnam, in a grievous fit, cried out that she hurt her.

"Goody Nurse, here are two, Ann Putnam and Abigail Williams, complain of your hurting them. What do you say to it?"

"I can say before my Eternal Father I am innocent."

Several more accusations followed.

"What do you say to them?"

"Oh, Lord, help me"—and spread out her hands, and the afflicted were grievously vexed.

Finally her hands were tied, for it appeared that whenever she moved them the girls suffered fresh torments. She was convicted and hanged July nineteenth. Most of the accused were perfectly respectable citizens. One of the first to be arrested was Sarah Good, who was convicted mainly on the testimony of the afflicted girls. She had a daughter named Dorcas, five years of age. This infant was put on the witness stand against her mother. According to the record, she testified that her mother "had three birds, one black, one yellow, and these birds hurt the children and afflicted persons." Sarah Good was hanged July nineteenth.

Witchcraft and Hysteria

But before her execution, the infant Dorcas was duly arrested, charged with being a witch. Mercy Lewis, the Putnams' maid, deposed that "the apparition of Dorcas Good, Sarah Good's daughter, came to me and did afflict me, urging me to write in her book; and several times since she hath afflicted me, biting, pinching and choking me, urging me to write in her book."

Other witnesses testified to the same effect. Five-year-old Dorcas was put in jail, but there is no further report of her. At any rate she was not hanged.

The afflicted girls were not the only witnesses. A great many adults gave in damaging testimony. Mainly this testimony was to the effect that after a visit from the accused a cow had suddenly and mysteriously died, or a hog had expired in an unaccountable manner. The witnesses were convinced that the accused had practiced witchcraft upon them.

It appears now that the trouble started in the house of the Rev. Samuel Parris, previously mentioned. His family included a daughter, aged nine; a niece named Abigail Williams, aged eleven; and a female servant, half Indian and half negro, named Tituba. The Rev. Mr. Parris had lived in the West Indies and brought Tituba with him from that region. No doubt she was acquainted with voodooism or other forms of sorcery then current among West Indian negroes. Tradition says that the two white girls of the Parris household and some others about their own age used to meet in the kitchen and receive instructions from illiterate half-savage Tituba in some sort of incantations. Ann Putnam, aged twelve, and seventeen-year-old Mercy Lewis, the Putnam maid, both of whom figured largely in the witchcraft trials, are believed to have been of this circle. Presently their elders discovered these girls, or some of them, in strange and alarming actions, such as creeping under chairs, assuming grotesque postures, uttering gibberish. A Doctor Griggs was called in, but could make nothing of their singular disorder. Then the girls themselves produced an explanation. They were bewitched, they said, naming Tituba, Sarah Good and Sarah Osborn as the guilty

(Continued on Page 124)

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(Continued from Page 122)

persons. Other accusations quickly followed and pretty much all Salem went off its head.

One must remember that in 1692 practically nobody, high or low, learned or simple, doubted the reality of witchcraft any more than we doubt the reality of murder. The criminal code of every country in Europe and America contained a section describing the crime of witchcraft and prescribing the penalty therefor just as our codes prescribe penalties for treason or homicide. The essence of the crime, as learned persons had pointed out, consisted of a compact with the devil. Every now and then, for centuries before 1692 and for a generation thereafter, some unfortunate old woman was burned at the stake or hanged for witchcraft in England or Scotland. Before 1692 there had been at least half a dozen executions for witchcraft in New England. But all these cases were individual and isolated. The singularity of the Salem affair is that practically a whole community of a sudden went mad on the subject.

All proceedings in Salem in 1692, however, were by due process of law. The accused persons were arrested on warrants charging the specific crime of witchcraft. They were then arraigned for a preliminary examination and held for the action of the grand jury. All cases were presented to the grand jury as in any other criminal proceeding. An indictment being voted, the accused were finally brought up for trial.

Governor Phipps, finding the Salem jails choked with suspects, followed an ancient English custom by appointing a special court of oyer and terminer to try the cases. William Stoughton, the deputy governor, presided over the court. The eight men associated with him to form the bench were among the ablest and most reputable in the colony—the sort of men whom a careful President or governor would pick now to form an important public commission. On the kind of evidence I have indicated here they passed sentence of death on more than a score of men and women. While they were about it they believed they were performing a necessary public duty.

Witchcraft, as practically everybody believed in it at the end of the seventeenth century, was a fearsome thing. If anyone had cause to be displeased with you, and had made a compact with the devil, he could kill you or any member of your family, or bring any infirmity or calamity down upon you by merely squinting. That idea was enough to give anybody the creeps—in an imperfect world where most of us have some little jangles and disagreements. For some months almost a whole community went loony and became no more accessible to reason than bedlam. Two hundred and fifty arrests on charges that involved death, in that scantily populated region, show the state of mind.

The excitement of the crowd reacted on the witnesses, especially the adolescent, unstable girls who were the mainstay of the prosecution. It is impossible to suppose that these mere children concocted a diabolical plot to murder half the neighborhood by perjury. They went along with the hysterical tide. Most of the other witnesses believed, at the time, what they swore to. Hysteria is capable of believing anything. The magistrates, in spite of the bullying zeal for hanging which some of them displayed, acted in good faith.

Confessions and Recantations

There is no doubt now that if somebody in authority had stepped forward at the beginning of the affair with words of caution and sanity the scandal would have been prevented. But at that crucial moment when the atmosphere was full of chum nobody did step forward. Afterwards no one would listen: protests from uninfected communities were swept aside.

First and last, a good many people made formal confession that they were witches and furnished circumstantial evidence of witches' meetings. Some of these confessions, under the fury and terror of the time, were for self-preservation. That was the case with Margaret Jacobs. At the height of the delusion her grandfather, near seventy, "with long, flowing white hair," was brought to trial. Margaret confessed herself a witch and testified against him. The day after he was hanged she addressed to her father, "from the dungeon in Salem prison," a letter which remains one of the most pathetic documents of the affair.

"Having," she writes, "through the threatenings of the magistrates and my own vile wretched heart, confessed several things contrary to my own conscience and knowledge, to the wounding of my own soul, the Lord pardon me for it. O, the terrors of a wounded conscience, who can bear? . . . God knows how soon I shall be put to death. Dear father, let me beg your prayers on my behalf and send us a joyful meeting in Heaven. My mother, poor woman, is very crazy, and remembers her kind love to you and to Uncle A—— So leaving you to the protection of the Lord I rest your dutiful daughter."

At the next session of court Margaret presented a formal recantation of her confession of witchcraft and of the testimony against her grandfather. It is agreeable to know that she escaped the gallows.

When the World Did Not End

The insanity subsided almost as rapidly as it had risen. Nearly all those who were hanged had lived a long time in that locality. Many people must have known them as neighbors and felt some qualms at their taking off. Human kindliness began to assert itself. At the trial of Rebecca Nurse, with at least fifty years of blameless living in that neighborhood behind her, the jury at first refused to convict. But the afflicted went into fresh fits, the court frowned, and the jury reconsidered, bringing in a verdict of guilty. More juries began to wabble, then to return verdicts of acquittal. Governor Phipps issued an amnesty freeing about 150 persons under arrest who awaited trial. The nightmare was over. Nothing shows its true nature better than the confessions and repentances which followed. Members of the jury, members of the court, witnesses for the prosecution and others were presently making public and humble petitions to the throne of grace to be forgiven for the sad delusion into which Satan had lately misled them. The child, Ann Putnam, had played a leading rôle in convicting nineteen persons.

Sixteen years later, as a mature woman, she signed a confession, "that it was a great delusion of Satan that deceived me in that sad time, whereby I justly fear I have been instrumental with others, though ignorantly and unwittingly, to bring upon myself and this land the guilt of innocent blood; though what was said or done by me against any person I can truly and uprightly say, before God and man, I did not out of any anger, malice or ill will to any person."

They were children and lunatics—for the time being. But before that and afterwards Salem was as sensible as any other New England community. Its history in the spring, summer and fall of 1692 remains proof that, at the right emotional pitch, otherwise sensible people may believe anything. It remains also as a solemn warning to feel your pulse before you pass judgment. Incidentally, belief in witchcraft began to decline after this Salem eruption. By the middle of the next century that belief was probably not more prevalent in the United States than belief in get-rich-quick investments and get-rich-quick politics now is.

Turn forward 139 years and westward 150 miles to the village of Low Hampton, New York. Here lived William Miller, born forty-nine years before on a small farm not far away. Except for a few years in the army, he had lived on one small farm or another in this neighborhood all his life—a very honest, earnest, devout man who had spent his spare time for years poring over the Bible, especially the prophecies of Daniel and John. With endless poring and calculation he had worked out an interpretation of these prophecies according to which the world would come to an end in 1843. So far he had done no more than talk to his neighbors about this discovery. But he had repeatedly heard a voice saying, "Go and tell it to the world!" and been tormented by the thought of all the sinners who might repent and be saved if only they knew that the day of judgment was so near. However, as a humble, modest man with no experience in public speaking, he shrank from putting himself forward.

Then one Saturday morning in the autumn of 1831 a young man called at the house. There was nobody to preach in the Baptist church at the near-by hamlet of Dorcas next day. The young man invited Miller to fill the pulpit. Miller accepted that as a divinely inspired call. Next day he expounded his interpretation of the prophecies to a handful of people in the little frame structure at Dorcas.

The news spread by word of mouth. Miller was invited to preach in other country churches over a gradually widening area. He constructed a chart containing images described in the prophecies and many numerals representing dates before and after Christ, and lapses of years. By various operations in addition, subtraction or multiplication, these groups of numerals yielded the sum of 1843. The year 1833 was notable for the number and brilliance of its meteoric showers, which unquestionably helped to spread the cult.

For six years more William Miller continued to be a modest farmer of Low Hampton who spent much of his time traveling from village to village in New York and New England, holding revival meetings and preaching the end of the world in 1843. The circle of interest was gradually widening, however, and in 1840 the Rev. Joshua V. Himes, pastor of the Chardon Street Baptist Church in Boston, invited Miller to that city. The Rev. Mr. Himes, a convert to Miller's doctrine, was a man of boundless energy, with a knack for managing things. He launched the simple Low Hampton farmer on a far wider field, advertising him, publishing books of his sermons—not only publishing them but selling them—starting a newspaper in the cause, finally building a big frame tabernacle in Boston. Under his management, Miller preached in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and many lesser cities. Also, many disciples began to preach. The great comet of 1843 heightened the excitement.

Miller had fixed the year 1843 as the end of the world, but without naming a particular day. Then toward the end of that year he found that he should have used the Jewish year, which would extend the limit of terrestrial existence to March, 1844. That month came and went. William Miller—bedridden now, worn by toil and excitement—acknowledged in writing that he had been mistaken. But the number and zeal of his followers increased rather than diminished, for some of his disciples discovered that a mistake had been made in the calculation and October 22nd was the true date of the end of the world. They had hard work to persuade the enfeebled old prophet, but finally succeeded.

Rocked to Sleep by Reason

There is no record of the number of believers, but apparently there was hardly a community in the eastern part of the country that did not have its devoted band of Millerites, and in a somewhat thinner stream the cult spread far west and south. As the dread time approached hundreds gave away their earthly possessions. Others had refused to gather the harvest that fall. On the appointed night, all over the country people gathered on hilltops, usually in white ascension robes, or went up on the roofs or climbed as high as possible in trees. Here and there at midnight a man jumped from a tree or roof. They were all honest people and on other subjects about as sensible as their neighbors.

Once a lot of people—a crowd, a community—are excited by a common emotion of hope, fear or anger, they are ready to believe almost anything. It often looks as though the more obstacles common sense presents to a particular belief the more eagerly they swallow it.

Broadly speaking, if you want a lot of people to believe a thing, you shouldn't try to be reasonable. The less you have to do with reason the better your chances of success. Convincing anybody by reason is a dry, laborious process.

To a layman, there can hardly be a duller place than the Supreme Court at Washington. There is something soporific in the mere look of those grave, black-robed justices in a row, learned counsel in front of them droning monotonously on, or now and then reading a long quotation out of a big book. You notice that there are only a few spectators, and mostly they remain only a few minutes—hastening out in a panicky apprehension that if they stay two minutes longer they'll go to sleep, fall off their chairs and get drawn and quartered for contempt of court. It is not natural to like being reasoned with. Every observant parent has noticed how restive it makes little children. Apparently most normal little children would rather be spanked and have it over with.

A banker of my acquaintance had a client in whose welfare he was particularly concerned because she was a widow and her husband had been his friend. Liquidation of some items in the estate left her with thirty-odd thousand dollars on hand in cash. She sought the banker's advice about investing it. He wanted not only to find a prime security for her but to impart some useful instructions on the general subject of investment. So he reasoned with her, going patiently into the comparative merits of various bond issues, explaining why some were more desirable than others. He wanted her to learn how to exercise her own judgment. Three very educational conversations took place between banker and client—while she balanced the attraction of a somewhat higher interest rate in the case of A, B and C against the attraction of a somewhat wider margin of security in the case of D, E and F.

Investing in Chinaman's Chance

Then, so to speak, she dropped out of school. Presently the banker learned, with consternation, that she had invested the whole thirty-odd thousand in Z, which was a highly speculative come-along stock that he would instantly have classed as a wildcat. But two women friends had invested in Z, and the same plausible salesman who had done the business for them got her check in half the time the banker had used for his painstaking lessons. The salesman did not reason with her. He offered her no tiresome and confusing balancing of one point against another. He made assertions with the greatest positiveness.

Reason is a slow, laborious sort of implement. To operate it requires effort and patience. That is why politics, by and large, has so little to do with it. On the other hand, emotions act spontaneously. If you can get a crowd mad at somebody it will accept very questionable evidence as a reason for being mad. And if you analyze it you will perhaps be surprised to find how large a part of the current political output consists of an effort to get you mad at somebody. Dogmatic statements of a kind likely to provoke anger have always been politics' chief reliance for carrying an election.

Believing anything depends first on the state of mind in which you approach it. If you are het up you can hardly avoid erroneous judgments. But you can often avoid getting het up. If you are toying with the notion of getting something for nothing out of the stock market, you will, in due time, find cogent reasons for going long of X Y Z stock, or short of it. If you are receptive to the idea of 30 per cent, somebody will probably convince you that Chinaman's Chance is a fine buy. The only way to keep reasonable about those things is to turn your back on them to begin with.

Working upon emotions is vastly easier and more effectual than working upon reason. Every criminal-court lawyer knows that, and acts accordingly in presenting his case to the jury. Politics knows it too. There isn't much use in saying, "Avoid the hook!" The thing to avoid is the chum—the idea, that is, of effortless feeding, of something for nothing, of help from a fairy godmother at Washington or elsewhere instead of self-help. Nothing is clearer from the record than that, as to a considerable portion of mankind, once you get them tilted to the right emotional angle there is little difficulty in getting them to believe anything.

Beware of the tilt!

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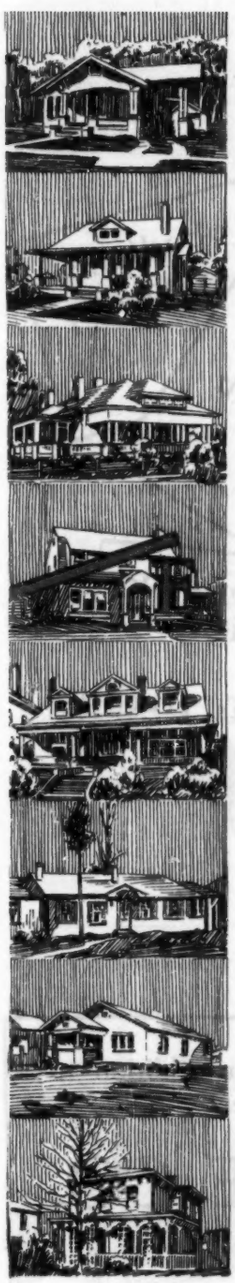

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HEATROLA

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

As I write, the scene comes back to me quite clearly. Paul and I are seated at the checker table. Mrs. Revere is reading the evening newspaper. Young Otto Revere, Paul's youngest son, and his wife Gladys have dropped in to spend the evening with the old folks.

"Papa," says Mrs. Revere, "I see in the paper that rain is predicted."

"Ah, yes," says Paul, looking up from his board. "But we'll never have rain like we had the afternoon before I took my famous ride. It started with a light drizzle about three o'clock in the afternoon, and I had arranged to have the lights hung in the tower ——"

"Yes, we know," says Otto.

"Your move," I murmur.

"Ha, my move," chuckles Paul. "I don't move as fast as I did in those days. I can remember as I galloped through the streets men and women rushed to the windows in their nightgowns ——"

"Paul!" exclaims Mrs. Revere in a shocked voice.

"I can't help it," Paul replies doggedly. "I'm just a blunt old soldier and, begging your pardon, nightgowns is what they wore."

"I know, Paul," says his wife. "But such language before the children."

"I'll take your king," I say, moving my piece on the checkerboard.

"That's what I did to the Britishers," says Paul gleefully. "I took their king; old King George the Third. Did I ever tell you about that ride of mine?"

"Often," says Otto with emphasis.

"I think there's something wrong with this lamp," says Mrs. Revere, tactfully trying to change the subject. "I'll have to get a man in tomorrow to fix it."

"Speaking of lamps," says Paul, "it reminds me of the time they hung those lamps in the tower of old North Church. I don't know that I ever told you ——"

"Yes, you did!" says Gladys quickly.

"Frequently," says Otto.

"Children, children!" says Mrs. Revere.

"Leave them alone," says Paul petulantly. "They don't appreciate how lucky they are to have a genuine hero for a father."

"That's all right, pop," says Otto. "But we've heard that old yarn a million times."

"Old yarn!"

"Sure. I was brought up on it. I don't remember ever hearing anything else since I was born."

"Besides," says Gladys, "I don't think it was so much of a stunt. Anybody with a horse could have ridden through the streets yelling 'The British are coming!' Where was the risk? Now if you had ridden in the opposite direction, through the British lines, shouting 'Down with King George!'—that would have been something to get cocky about."

"Great guns! Must I listen to this from my own children!" sputters Paul. "One of the greatest historic achievements of all time ——"

I try to quell the disturbance.

"Come on, Paul. Let's play another game."

Paul subsides a bit, but I can see that he is still boiling inwardly.

"You take the red," I suggest.

A contented smile lights up his face. "All right, I'll take the red," he says. "It reminds me of the time we took the Redcoats. Did I ever tell you that story? You see, we didn't know whether the British were coming by land or sea ——"

Otto and his wife tiptoe softly out of the room.

A faint snore issues from Mrs. Revere's chair. The poor woman is asleep.

—NEWMAN LEVY.

Translating the Spellbinders

THE Democrapublican candidate
Bellows and thunders and waxes irate
In propounding the following reasons with vim
Why intelligent people should all support him:
"I discountenance negation to my solemn declaration
That the next administration must be picked with proper care,
For the slightest indecision due to faulty improvision
Will precipitate derision, as you doubtless are aware.
To the thinking upper classes and the worthy working masses
Opportunity now passes for you all to do your share.
Though I'm certain of election, I must warn you that defection
Would bring ruin and dejection to the race, beyond compare."
Which in plain American seems to be:
"I hope to the Lord that you vote for me!"

The Republimocratic electioneer
Mounts to the stand in the midst of a cheer—
Which is bought and paid for—and then goes on
To draw at will from the lexicon:
"With no fear of contradiction I will voice my firm conviction
That a nation-wide affliction would indubitably rise
Should a citizen surrender one vote to this rank pretender,
As he would thereby engender dangers to this land we prize.
'Twould cause fearful retribution, threaten us with persecution,
Bring us nigh to dissolution, you may readily surmise.
Come! There must be no dissension; let me call to your attention
His name—nay, it needs no mention—here he is, before your eyes!"
Which is, translated and in a word:
"You'd better not vote for that other bird!"

And the public takes all down its gullible throat—
Then decides it will be too much trouble to vote.
—*Tip Bliss.*

Local News

BEDIVERE BLIVINS of Lynn
Believes he is Lucifer's twin
And won't be contented
Until he's invented
A wholly original sin.

Wordsworth Magee of Biloxi
Is fearless, outspoken and foxy;
With vigor and fire
He'll call you a liar
By letter, by phone or by proxy.

Senator Phlam of Zenobia
Is blue as a true Della Robbia:
His friends and abetters
Are burning his letters;
They think he has oleophobia.

Somerset Wiggins of Nome
Is back from a visit to Rome.
He spent lots of cash there,
But couldn't get hash there
The way that we make it at home!

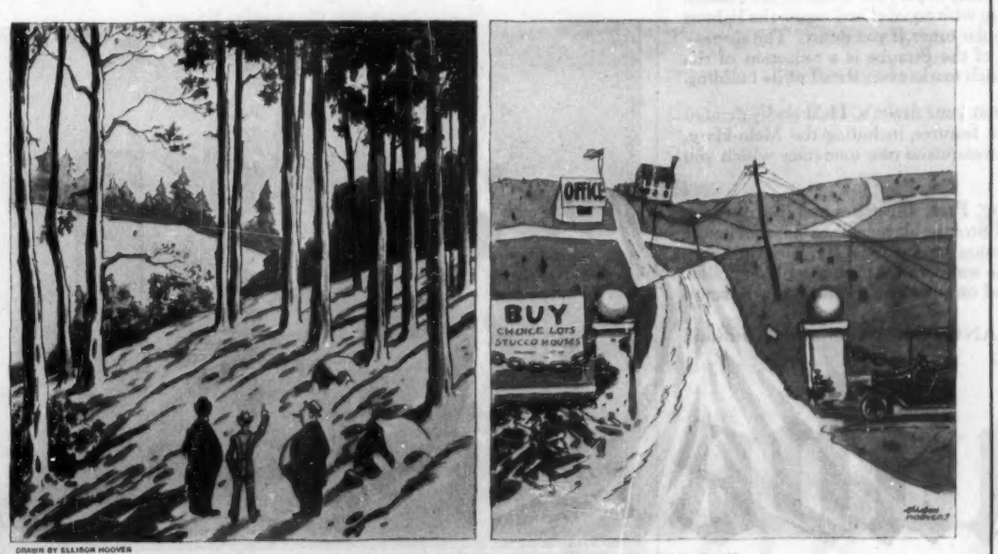
The tribes of the tropic savannas
Are raising exultant hosannas
And trebling their prices;
From recent advices
They learn that we have no bananas.

Addison Sims of Seattle
Remembers your dealings in cattle,
Your name, and the place
Where he last saw your face;
So we run when he starts in to prattle.
—*Arthur Guiterman.*

The Elevator Uplift

ELEVATOR etiquette ought to be more generally observed. There seem to be very few fixed rules at present, and the few that we have need to be standardized. For example, the Supreme Court has never decided whether a man must remove his hat in the elevator or not, so it is always about fifty-fifty in this respect. Like every other evil here in America, the trouble may be traced to the home. Home training is the only thing that will ever solve the elevator-etiquette problem. The great need is for more elevators in the homes. Let the slogan be, "Have you a little elevator in your home?"

It is a regrettable fact that our elevator manners are unpardonably rude, and we do



DRAWN BY ELLISON HOOVER

Ourtown Improvement Co., Real Estate Executioners, Do Their Stuff

not have to seek far for the cause. It arises from the fact that we have no home elevator training. Bring a child up in the home elevator in the way he should rise, and when he gets to be a bank president or a big executive his elevator manners will be as perfect as his table manners. Plainly the fault is with the home, and there let the reform begin.

What cultured Englishman will volunteer to start the lift uplift movement here in America? —*George W. Lyon.*

Concerning Our Contributors

(Reprinted From Practically Any Monthly Magazine)

PROF. J. SHADROW MCHOOEY (The Fiscal Policy of German Southwest Africa, 1841–1842) is Professor of German Colonial Finance in the University of Indian Territory. He is probably the world's greatest authority on the fiscal policy of German Southwest Africa in the years 1841 and 1842.

JANE and PRUDENCE SKIMPWORTH (Byways and Back Yards of Old East Lynne) are sisters who have spent 75 and 80 years, respectively, in their decaying old home in this decaying old New England village, where, as they whimsically put it, "even the fish are decaying." Their thirty-page article describes with delicate grace and sprightliness the happenings of their village, where, as they say, "Nothing ever happens." Our readers may look soon for another article from their pen, "Our Trip to New York."

We take pride in introducing EMIL ZWIEBELRAUCH, of Grandview Flats, Kan., to the reading public. His story, The Last Amour of the Duc de Majolica, is, for one who has never been out of Kansas, a remarkable achievement, picturing as it does the courtly life of the aristocratic drawing-rooms of Buckingham Palace, Versailles, Monte Carlo and Montmartre.

DR. LEDBETTER WHYMPER (Does Disarmament Disarm?) will be remembered for his striking series: Does Armament Arm? Does Inflation Inflate? Does Deflation Deflate? and Does Stabilization Stabilize? He informs us that he can keep up the series indefinitely.

MISS MARY HOLYOKE (Co'n Pone 'n' Fatback) sends us this delightful story from the Tennessee mountains, where she has spent many years teaching the mountaineers Community Dancing as an antidote to the murderous feud spirit. Her story reproduces exactly the almost unintelligible dialect of the mountaineers, and will prove fascinating to those who like to work puzzles.

THE HON. J. FIZZWATER EVELYN-VILLIERS (Was Germany Beaten?) is the famous English radical peer. He is the son of Lord Eggharbor, himself the son of the Marquess of Kaltwasserbad, whose father was Sir Gregory Grope. We must assure our non-English readers that English peers never have the same names as their fathers. Our contributor was imprisoned for opposing the War, and later for opposing the Peace. His previous articles, The Menace of Ethical Morality, America's Responsibility for the World War, Lenine the Modern Messiah, have brought us a good many interesting letters from our readers. We can only repeat that we are not responsible for anything we may print.

BONIFACE BULKHEAD (The Charm of Colonial Slop-Jars) has the largest and choicest collection of Colonial slop-jars in this country. His lyrical treatment of these little regarded *objets d'art* will awaken a new appreciation on the part of many readers.

DIABOLUS (Is Our Crude Sauerkraut Supply in Danger?) is the pseudonym of a Washington journalist of long standing, the author of books on a variety of subjects, including: Secret Memoirs of the Court of Marie Antoinette, How to Speak Swedish in Twenty Minutes, Practical Deep-Sea Diving, How to Behave in Society, Confessions of a Lady's Maid, The Romance of Rum Running, and The Autobiography of a Prize Fighter. —*Morris Bishop.*

The Tragic Humorist

Thomas L. Masson Declares That a True Humorist Must Have a Background of Melancholy

I MET a Tragic Humorist
Of character contrarious,
A happy-hearted gloomerist
Despondently hilarious.

I asked him, "Why this gravity
Of levity lugubrious?"
He cleared his vocal cavity
And shed a tear salubrious.

"In sackcloth I am reveling,
Repenting fun deplorable,
My festive locks disheveling
In dark despair adorable.
This melancholy merriment
My cheerful soul is harrying
Because of an experiment
On mother-made-by-marrying.
I sought a row provocative
Of misanthropic mania,
Whose product might seem joke-ative
In Phila., Pennsylvania (Office of S. E. P.)
But ma-in-law, refractory,
Upset all rules conventional
And met my gibes detractory
With silence three-dimensional.
She smiled amid my mockery,
Mild as a pink geranium,
Nor cracked one piece of crockery
Across my pericranium.
Wherefore I weep deliciously
For that she did this robbery
Of what had been, auspiciously
A background for glad sobbery."

He moaned in jovial dolesomeness,
Then shrieks of laughter blighted him
Because the bitter wholesomeness
Of suffering had slighted him!
—*Frederick Moxon.*

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

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TOURING . . . $540
ROADSTER . . $540
COUPE $750
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THE steady increase in the use of closed cars is due to recognition of their superior ability to provide comfortable transportation twelve months in the year.

The sedan is cooler than an open car in summer and warmer in winter. In less than a minute it can be converted from a closed to an open car or vice versa, making it most adaptable to sudden weather changes.

The Star Sedan seats five average people comfortably, is fully equipped, finely upholstered and its engineering quality is unsurpassed in the low-priced field. See it at the nearest Star dealer's and learn why it offers the most for the money.

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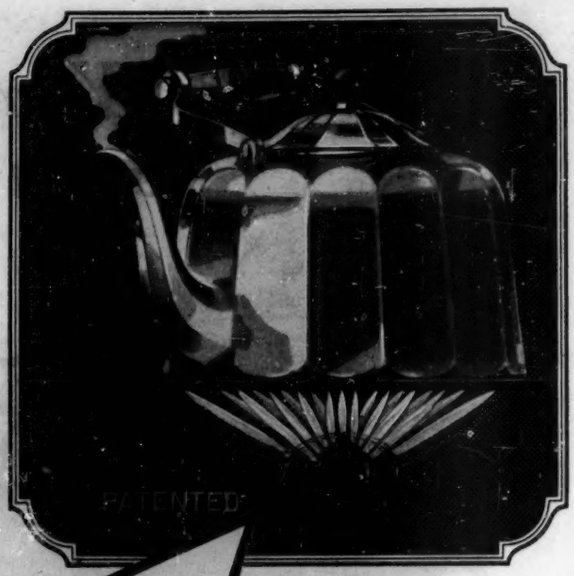

This is the Garland Heat-Spreading Burner that cuts your gas bills at least 10% and saves your time. Forty-five flame jets make up each burner and each jet is on a different angle. The outer flame jets are larger than those in the center, which brings the tips of all flame jets on even plane. This spreads the heat evenly over the entire bottom of the cooking utensil. The bottom of the container can be placed seven-eighths of an inch from the top of the burner, and the combustion is so perfect that kettles and pans do not need exterior scouring after use over a Garland Heat-Spreading Burner. This is an exclusive Garland feature.

Garland's Patented Heat Spreading Burner

This Garland range, one of one hundred styles, also available for electricity—write us.

GARLAND STOVES AND FURNACES The World's Best

Those three meals a day are prepared with far less effort, in far less time and with at least 10 per cent less fuel, when cooked in Garland advanced ranges.

Never was food cooked so deliciously, or with so little trouble or with such a degree of scientific accuracy. Never before was it cooked with such an economy of gas.

Garland products are in 4,000,000 American homes where they are perfecting cooking processes and lightening labor. But in all Garland's 50 years of progress it has never made a greater contribution to housekeeping than the patented heat-spreading burner and gas economizer.

This burner speeds up cooking because its special design causes the flames to spread equally over the entire base of the cooking utensil. There is no cold spot. Complete combustion gives you the full value of the gas and leaves kettles and pans clean on the bottom.

The Garland patented oven, with its specially constructed perforated bottom, guarantees complete circulation of heat to every section of the oven. It makes no difference where you place the food to be baked. The results are always perfect, uniform and effected in the shortest possible time.

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GARLAND

COOKING AND HEATING

GAS—COAL—ELECTRICITY

THAT BROADER OUTLOOK

(Continued from Page 7)

"My daughter-in-law has just told me I'm a dreadful woman," she greeted him in a voice that was surprised by its own words.

"All interesting women are," agreed the doctor. He settled down on the footrest of the neighboring steamer chair with a gasp of relieved exasperation at having eluded his seasick clientele for a few minutes. He was a crabbed man with a Roman nose and a tattered gray mustache which he constantly fretted with his lower teeth. His white uniforms were always the least bit too tight, so that he looked as if he might have grown slightly stouter overnight.

On every voyage he discriminatingly selected one passenger to amuse him; the other passengers he ignored, except for those five who were apportioned to him as table companions, and these he admitted into a temporary *entente cordiale* which endured only so long as they maintained their health.

A strange paradox of dissimilarity amounting to similarity attracted him to Abigail Stafford. For the doctor had been hurt by his life contacts into disillusioned bitterness; while Abigail Stafford had been left wholly unhurt in illusioned intolerance. Their difference was a kindredship.

With a little grunt and a long stretch the doctor rescued Susan's Tolerant Thought magazine from under her chair and began turning quizzically through its uplifting pages.

"I'd never have accused you of subscribing to this," he said.

"I don't. I've never stopped being a Congregationalist. But four years ago, when Susan came back from Los Angeles to live in Orange Center, she gave me a life subscription for a Christmas present. That's how it happens to come in my name. There's a Tolerant Thought Society in Orange Center now. It took quite a lot of the church members; I must say it's grown like a weed; you can spot the members anywhere because they're all the time shouting out pleasant remarks about people you know they can't bear. But it just doesn't come natural to me. I may be dreadful, but these newfangled notions don't pull the wool over my eyes. I wish they did."

"We-ell"—he folded the pamphlet and spanked the palm of his hand with it—"in my opinion the people who take up all these creeds and cults only do it to find justification for some trait they're ashamed of. Study human nature and apply common sense—that's the medicine to make success. I didn't do it in time. That's why I'm a ship's doctor. Honesty is a hard enough creed to satisfy anybody, if they want something to live up to. It isn't one trip in ten that I find an absolutely honest person."

"We-ell, my husband was an honest man if ever there was one," she said.

The doctor nodded. In almost a week of experimental conversation with this sternly self-satisfied woman he had failed to introduce one topic in which she had not found a tendril of association with her dead husband. But her references held nothing of lamentation; her grief for John Stafford was a strong companion who walked with her sustainingly. The serenity of her sorrow fascinated the doctor because it bewildered his faith in human frailty. Curiosity teased his almost convinced credulity.

"I imagine your son's a good deal like his father, isn't he?" he asked. "Always a good fellow and open and aboveboard?"

"In most ways he is," said Abigail Stafford. "He'd be more so if—if he'd been managed differently."

The doctor said nothing. Well-timed silences were a part of his system.

"There's no use talking, women aren't the wives they used to be," she said, expecting his agreement and needing it. But he surprised her.

"Nope, I think wives run on pretty much the same principles that they always did," he said decisively. "Human nature's my specialty, and I've done a heap of research in it on this boat. It's the men who muck up marriage. I did it myself, and I've watched thousands do it. They give out on the fool little things that mean so much to women; little attentions like whispering 'dear' and 'sweetheart' at 'em every now and then, and buying 'em no-account jimcracks, and telling 'em how charming they look, and ——"

"My husband never stopped doing those things," said Abigail Stafford in a proud, firm voice.

"Well, that's just the point; that's why you're such a reviver of faith in matrimony. But when a man—as most of 'em do—begins to neglect those things and take his wife for granted it invariably leads to one of two things—it'll freeze her into a whipped-dog faithfulness which bores him to death or it'll turn her into a Delilah whom he deserts or divorces."

"Great stuff, doc," applauded an amused ironic voice from the air above them.

"Hello, Simpson," said the doctor, without turning to see who might be descending the steep stairs above their steamer chairs. "Couldn't you coerce any victims?"

"Don't embarrass me," cautioned Simpson, waiting to assist his descending companions. "You've the true Prussian instinct for motivation."

Abigail Stafford's upturned eyes were surprised to identify the trim gray legs scintillating youthfully down the ladder as Susan's. What on earth was Susan hobnobbing with this Simpson man for? Close behind Susan came Judge Jenny, with slower feet and loud lamentation about the rough sea.

"Never saw such a ship; no more stability than a leaf in the wind," he sputtered, fighting for his equilibrium.

The judge was a man from whom the tight chains of domesticity had suddenly dropped asunder, leaving him to discover youth at the age of sixty-two. He sat with the Staffords at the doctor's table in the dining room. And he was frankly delighted with Susan. Abigail Stafford, though far from approving, felt obliged to give him credit for at least taking up with somebody his own age and not ogling young girls. The fourth member of the party was a colorful blond and ageless woman, permanently waved and violently perfumed. They were a bridge-game cohort. Misery may acquaint strange bedfellows, but sea voyages congregate stranger bridge partners.

"Well, now if that isn't a great note," said Abigail Stafford, staring after her sister-in-law with no less than wonder in her eyes. "Susan does take the cake for getting acquainted with outlandish people."

"It's a privilege of the rich to play bridge with Simpson," commented the doctor.

"Then Susan's in the wrong pew. She's as poor as a church mouse." It always irritated her when people got the impression that Susan was rich.

"Who's as poor as a church mouse?" demanded a jovial voice, and Jack's head, as youthfully bald as a baby's, appeared from the lower-deck stairway.

"Susan," said his mother; "and she's gone off to play cards for money with some disreputable-looking people."

"Oh, Aunt Sue can take care of herself, don't you worry. She won last night, the judge said. She's nobody's fool. Oh, Lord, doctor, this chairman stuff's the bunk. I'll never get roped into it again. Don't go."

But the doctor went. Abigail Stafford had gestured gently for her son to sit where he was sitting. Jack had been elected chairman of the entertainment committee for the voyage. This was the night of the captain's dinner in honor of the passengers leaving at Honolulu. He read his mother parts of the program from the penciled sheets in his hand.

There were to be an Oriental pantomime; a ukulele chorus; Susan and Judge Jenny were to lead a Virginia reel; there were to be shadow movies thrown on a sheet to depict deck life after dark; Mrs. Darling was to be a gypsy fortune teller.

"Can't you leave her out of anything?" Abigail broke in. "I'm sick to death of the sight of the woman."

"Oh, she's a good scout, mother," he carelessly defended her, running busily through his sheets of paper. "She's just not the type you're accustomed to, that's all. When you're traveling you don't want to be old-fashioned and narrow-minded about ——"

Again Abigail Stafford took the bit in her teeth. "Narrow-minded, nothing! If you're tired of Jane, get a divorce and marry somebody else. But don't disgrace yourself and waste my money on flibbertigibbets like this Darling woman."

"Great guns, mother! What's exploded? Who wants a divorce? Why, you're wild! You mustn't take things so seriously." His smile recovered itself. "And you haven't begun begrudging me money, have you, you old miser?"

He was half laughing, disconcerted between irritation and amusement. His pleasant, likable face squinted up at her as the sun struck into his black eyes, so like her own. His other features were John Stafford's merry ones. She loved him; selfishly, because he was part of her; unselfishly, because he was a living memory of John Stafford. And, as always, chagrin and resentment melted under the spell of him. "Jack can twist you round his little finger," Susan always said. But it was not Jack's strength that did it; it was the weakness of her helpless love.

She put her hand out on his shoulder. "Just the same, dear, I don't think it's very nice for Jane—the way you're carrying on."

This surprised him. "Huh! Well, mother, don't you worry. Jane and I understand each other all right. You don't realize that people look at things differently than they used to. Jane's no end highbrow and prosy. Now don't misunderstand what I mean—I wouldn't have any other wife in the world, and she's a wonderful mother; you know that. But we've each got to interest ourselves in our own way. We're an institution, not a jail. Now let's see."

He went brightly back to the evening's program. "I think I'll put the Virginia reel along toward the last. I think the old judge's got quite a case on Aunt Sue."

"Yes, both of them act sixteen instead of sixty. Heaven knows what old age is coming to. But, Jack, I want you to warn her about taking any more of those cocktail drinks. I'm just ashamed to death when she gets so loud and giggly as she did last night. And if I say anything she thinks I'm too narrow-minded to pay any attention to me. I don't want her to do some outlandish thing at the party. Somehow I kind of dread this party."

As captain's dinner parties go, however, this first one of Abigail Stafford's experience approached perfection. She was proud of Jack, who so prominently conducted the festivities. With his tall red paper hat he was like a firefly, now here, now there, dancing with Jane, leaping up on a chair to call commands, dancing with the gypsy; after a time this last occupation became continual; everywhere she saw him he was dancing with Dagmar Darling.

"Dear Lord, I'm glad she's not stopping off at Honolulu," she took time to remark to the Lord.

And Susan, not content with leading the Virginia reel, her pink paper cap coyly over one ear, had even tried a fox trot with the inscrutable Mr. Simpson. But the fox trot proved a little too much for her, and soon the same bridge-game cohorts of the morning began departing for the card room. Then Abigail Stafford missed Jane.

"Susan!" she called to her sister-in-law, who was edging by the dancers with Judge Jenny on her way from the deck. "Where's Jane?" Susan did not hear. It was necessary to yell. "Susan! I say where's Jane?"

Susan did not stop, but yelled her information en route, with a gay wave of her handkerchief and a toot of a little red whistle. "Oh, she's gone down to fix the trunks, I guess. You see, she's got to pack all over on account of Jack's deciding not to stop in Honolulu with us. Don't stay up too long, Abigail dear."

Little unimportant resentments chased through Abigail Stafford's mind—that Susan should know Jack's change of plans before she, his own mother, did; that he would make any plans without consulting her; that he would want to leave his mother behind, to go on with Dagmar Darling. Then she thought of Jane. Oh, yes, Jane had said how relieved Jack would be to be rid of the Darling woman. Oh, yes! Except for her own motherly apprehensions she would have gloated over this. Jane had called her a dreadful woman, and then the rest of the day had acted as if nothing at all had happened. It served Jane right.

With feet that found the stair steps by themselves she went down to the lower deck. Yes, she would just call to Jane's attention that, though she might be dreadful, she wasn't such a fool, after all. The moon made mysterious and beautiful lights on the smooth blue water. A few lovers in the making were utilizing this narrower quieter deck.

Abigail Stafford walked directly to the porthole of her son's cabin. The curtains were drawn, but not closely. She looked in. Jane knelt on the floor in front of an opened wardrobe trunk, confronting a neatly hung and folded gray coat of her husband's. Her hands rested on its shoulders where she had adjusted it to the hanger. The long braid of blond hair had slipped from her head and hung, with its clinging hairpins, crookedly down her back. Her small ears were as pink as coral. But her face was pale, much paler even than usual. And quiet, fast tears ran down her cheeks and dropped, dropped, dropped.

Once before Abigail Stafford had seen Jane cry. Jane had lost her third baby, after he had become three years dear, and just before the coffin left the house Jane had leaned low over him, and her tears had dropped, like this, on his little dead body.

Then Abigail Stafford had felt a great sympathy for her, near to affection. But now she felt only a queer hard satisfaction that her son should be loved enough by this woman so that he could hurt her like this. She had never been quite sure before that Jane did love him as wives should love husbands. But she did. And why? Abigail Stafford did not need to wonder. Love is the only thing in all creation that can exist without a reason.

Something kept her from speaking to Jane. Perhaps it was the surprise of it. She didn't seem to know what to do. She went into her own cabin and lay down for half an hour, thinking Jack might perhaps come to tell her about it. Then she went back to the upper deck, where thinning but riotous ranks of merrymakers were carrying on the bacchanalian festivities—shouts and laughter and jazz music, and multicolored paper ribbons flying and fluttering everywhere. Jack and the gypsy were dancing together. Abigail Stafford stood in the saloon doorway, like a being from another world in her snug black silk dress and cameo earrings, and gestured patiently to Jack with her index finger. Finally he saw her. They came to her together, Jack mopping his forehead with his large damp handkerchief. She ignored Mrs. Darling.

"Jack, what does this mean about your going straight through to Shanghai?"

"Oh, hasn't Jane told you? Why, you see, we got radio news tonight about a lot of fresh trouble right in the Szchwan district we're interested in. It may make a lot of difference in how we'll have to proceed, so I decided not to waste any time, but ——" His eyes greeted a newcomer. "Hello, Jane. Say, I thought I commissioned you to break the news to mother."

Mrs. Stafford slowly turned. There was Jane—no trace of tears, only a little tired looking in her well-cut, slightly crumpled gown, but self-possessed and entirely cheerful.

"Guilty, my lord. I had just started on my quest when the steward accosted me and demanded immediate possession of the Honolulu trunks. He felt so abused and so sleepy that I did the repacking first." She returned her mother-in-law's scrutiny with smiling composure. "Isn't it wretched that he can't stop over with us?" she said.

Abigail Stafford threw her disgusted glance, like a scythe, over the three of them, turned abruptly, and left them.

"I guess it isn't wretched for Mrs. Darling," she said distinctly.

"Oh! Doesn't she hate me perfectly?" followed Dagmar Darling's laughing words.

"Not at all." She turned at the head of the stairs, stolid with sarcasm. "I'm getting so broad-minded that I admire you because you've got spunk enough to get what you want."

Jack started to follow her, but, laughing and shaking his head, went back again.

Her cabin was hot, and the hours were long as she lay waiting for Susan. Finally voices stopped at her door. Judge Jenny's voice—"Goo' night," he kept saying. He said it three times. Susan seemed to be having difficulty stepping over the doorsill. At last she got in. She began singing. Of all things—singing! At such an ungodly hour! She fumbled about on the wrong side of the door for the electric button.

"Susan! What ails you?"

"Oh, I'm roamin' in the gloamin'," sang Susan, aptly adapting her melody to the occasion.

John Stafford had used to say that a glass of soft cider went to Susan's funny bone quicker than a quart of rye went to most people's. Mrs. Stafford stretched stiffly to turn on the light at the head of her bed and pulled herself up into a sitting posture against the stiff pillows, staring at her sister-in-law. Susan, plainly, was not herself. Havoc reigned among the dozen usually precise little puffs, and one escaped strand of permanently waved gray hair rioted down her cheek. Her face had found color,

(Continued on Page 137)

BULOVA WATCHES

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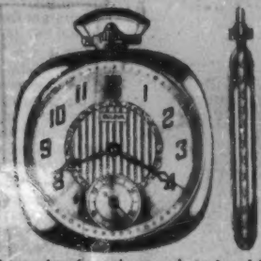
6724—18 kt. solid white gold case, hand carved; 17 jewel movement . . . $50.00
15 jewel BULOVA quality filled . $35.00



6714—18 kt. solid white gold case, hand carved; 17 jewel BULOVA movement $45.00
15 jewel BULOVA quality filled . $27.50

414—18 kt. solid white gold case, handsomely carved; 21 jewel BULOVA movement . $110.00
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3976—14 kt. solid gold case, handsomely carved; 17 jewel movement . . . $80.00
In Sterling Silver (plain case) . . $55.00

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Quality for quality, CLOTHCRAFT *Tailored Clothes cost less for obvious reason that they are made by the oldest men's clothing manufacturers in America . . . in a tailoring plant so famous for its origination of methods to improve the quality of tailoring and reduce the costs, that manufacturing authorities say it is "twenty years ahead of the times"!*

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Go to the CLOTHCRAFT Store in your town . . . *and save money*

(Continued from Page 134)

but her eyes had lost alertness behind their bone-rimmed glasses. Abigail Stafford struggled with a desire to clutch the vacuum bottle off the wall and hurl it at her. But Susan, safely anchored against the foot of the bed, was smiling at her with tender concern.

"Oh, Abigail, what a pity I've waked you up! Never mind the light, Abigail dear. I can undress in the dark just as well, just as well."

Abigail smiled and swallowed—a mechanical triumph. She had always heard that one must never cross intoxicated persons.

"Oh, I haven't been asleep, Susan. This hullabaloo's enough to wake the dead. Have you been playing cards all this time?"

"We-ell, up until half an hour ago, I was," said Susan coyly, her manner suggesting that the last half hour had been spent in pursuits indigenous to starlight and moonlight and enchanted decks.

"Ugh!" thought Abigail Stafford, but said only, "Did you win again?"

"Oh, Abigail, Abigail, Abigail!" Cautiously freeing her right hand from the footrail of the bed, she wabbled her index finger at the scrutinizing Abigail. "I told the judge you wouldn't be asleep; yes, I told him you wouldn't; I really ——"

"I take it you didn't win," said the undiverted Abigail.

Surely this was a strange Susan. The wabbling finger was pathetic in its uncertainty. Susan was measuring the distance to the middle of her bed, computing possibilities, but each time deciding on safety and remaining where she was. A sudden tremble began to steal the smile from her lips.

"Abigail, please don't be very cross with me; I don't know what I'll do if you're too cross with me; I truly don't, truly I don't ——"

"Stop repeating things at me, Susan! I don't care if you lost your money. After I give you your check every month, the money's yours to do as you please with. But I do think it's disgraceful for a woman of your age to drink those cocktails till you can't walk."

Susan was unresentfully thunderstruck at such accusation. "Can't walk, Abigail dear? Can't walk? Why, I just walked down here, didn't I? Didn't I just walk down here, didn't I?"

"Maybe you did, but I doubt it. You don't dare leave go that rail."

"This rail?" Susan regarded it interestedly. Then she demonstratingly loosed one hand, put it back, and triumphantly loosed the other one. "See!" she said.

"Oh—Susan, you're awful! This whole trip's awful," said Abigail Stafford despairingly.

"Oh, it is awful, Abigail; I know it is. But if you'll just loan me my usual amount before the first of the month, this one time, Abigail, just this one time, I'll never play bridge any more."

"Why, for heaven's sake, Susan, how much did you lose? It can't be so terrible. You only played a few hours."

It was, however, on the verge of terrible.

"Nearly—nearly—nearly three hundred dollars!" Susan's voice was a dirge of disaster. Abigail stared at her, surprised out of speech. Susan's allowance was only four hundred dollars, and she had spent nearly every cent she had for clothes to wear on this trip.

"Oh, Abigail, just this one time!" Susan went on with her plea. "I know just how awful it is. I told the judge it was awful; and he said it was awful; he said Mr. Simpson should have made it clearer to me about the higher stakes; but if you'll give me the money ahead of time I'll tell them all that you did it. I'll tell them right out that I haven't any money at all except what you give me if you'll ——"

"Why, great land, Susan, I don't care what they think about how you get your money. Get undressed. I'll give it to you. I've got six hundred dollars sewed inside my corset right under this pillow. You can take that Simpson thief his ill-gotten gains the first thing in the morning. It's no wonder the doctor called you his victims."

She rose briskly, a severe, competent figure in her high-necked, long-sleeved muslin nightgown. She led the compliant Susan to the opposite bed and sat her, sacklike, in the middle of it. And Susan, lips trembling, eyes grateful, glasses awry, clung to her with moist, suppliant hands.

"Oh, Abigail, you're a good woman. John always said you were a good woman. And he knew. But it's hard not to have any money of your own, Abigail; really it is. I just couldn't bear to have these strange people know I'm a beggar, just nothing but a beggar. That's what I've always been."

"There, there, Susan. There, there." Abigail Stafford's voice was almost tender. Never before had Susan appealed to her like this. By some strange quirk of personality Susan had always managed to make an independence of her very dependence. She had shut herself away from Abigail's opinions by something mysterious, but as definite as a closed door. Now she seemed to be opening that door. Abigail Stafford felt strangely excited. "There, there, Susan. For mercy's sake, stop crying. You're sick and sleepy, that's all the trouble. Great lands, there's no call for you to feel like a beggar. You know very well John Stafford always considered you a part of the family."

"But John never was fair to me, for anybody who pretended to love me so much," astoundingly sobbed Susan. Cocktails and catastrophe and Abigail's generosity were throwing wide this closed door that had always been between them. Abigail's efficient fingers stopped abruptly in their search for Susan's hairpins. "You know he wasn't fair, Abigail," the amazing voice went on. "The least he might have done was to leave me a little money of my own; it wouldn't have looked queer to anybody. But no!" Her voice rose hysterically. "He wanted me under your thumb! He salved his conscience by making me dependent on you for the rest of my life. Why, I could have married half a dozen men if it hadn't been for him. Of course I could. And I've still got to be a beggar because I wasted my life on him."

Abigail Stafford lifted her hands from Susan's head and looked at them. They had no weight. They did not seem to be hers in any way. The right hand held hairpins and the left one held several of Susan's expensive little puffs. They stayed, motionless, above Susan's disheveled head. Susan was evidently sobbing, because her shoulders shook, but Abigail Stafford heard no human sound. She was knowing mental pain for the first time—pain; for her ears were beating with the pain of truths that Susan's telling had left untold, and her eyes were piercing the darkness of that black room which Susan had unconsciously opened to her—the room in which John Stafford had locked away his infidelity.

"I hate him!" said Susan in a high, different voice, naked of dissimulation. "I used to think you were a fool to be so sure of him, but I was a bigger fool still. Don't you hate him, Abigail? Don't you hate him?"

"No-o," said Abigail Stafford, but she was not speaking to Susan. The word was only a hollow sound, like a groan, yet it held triumph.

The effort of Susan's anger exhausted her. She crumpled down into an insensible heap on the bed, her glasses falling to the floor. But Abigail stood rigid and unmoving. She had lost John Stafford once—to death. But there had been pride and courage in that loss to strengthen her. What was to strengthen her in this new, far greater loss, with all the beautiful sustaining deceits of the many years creeping out from their secrecy on furtive feet to betray the dead man who had hidden them?

Oh, the arrogance of satisfaction that had been hers; she was mercifully stunned at first as truth shamingly stripped her of it.

"Oh, John, it can't be true, it can't be true!" she kept whispering while she stumbled about the cabin. But she knew it was true.

She put Susan's puffs and hairpins on the high chiffonier between the two beds. She wanted to get away, away from Susan. She put on the stylish black satin slippers Jane had given her, and got, somehow, into her new corduroy kimono, buttoning it close and carefully to her chin. Before she left the cabin she reached down and lifted Susan's feet up on the bed, but she did not attempt to straighten her cramped body. Her heavy braid of silver-threaded hair swung down over Susan's face. She went back to the chiffonier and pinned the braid into a proper knob on top of her head. She could not see clearly in the mirror.

The deck was dim and apparently deserted. She went to the bow of the ship, lifting and lowering into the wonderful moon-glistening water. The fine mist pushed against her face like a dead hand. She shivered, and the sudden relaxation set her whole body trembling so violently that

she could scarcely stand. Staggering and stumbling, as if her feet found obstacles on the smooth, wet deck, she sat down heavily in one of two close-drawn steamer chairs left by some lingering lovers. Terrible little tongues were whispering in her ears, testing her strength, turning old prides into punishment. Many years forgotten were some of the things they whispered, whispered in John's voice.

"Susan'll be an eternal nuisance here in Orange Center, Abby; what d' you think about renting her a place of her own in Los Angeles?" And she had been glad that John wanted to be rid of the giddy Susan whom his brother had deserted. Queer that she had been glad; she had never known jealousy; it must have been an instinct of pride. And, oh, Susan's place of her own. Susan had not liked hotels; she had wanted a place of her own, with a little housework to keep her busy.

"Susan's house looked like the old scratch," John almost always said when he returned from a business trip to Los Angeles, and she had been pleased that he had seen Susan's inefficiency. Pride again. Now Susan's place of her own, modest and four-roomed, loomed into a palace of disillusion, and a myriad mysteries she had not known as such unfolded into comprehension.

There was the time she and John had gone unexpectedly to Los Angeles and found Susan's little place of her own closed, and Susan in San Francisco. John's surprising anger—"She can't be trusted round a corner!" His violence had pleased while it puzzled her.

"Why, I guess she can be trusted in San Francisco as well as here," she had said in behalf of Susan. "We can't expect to own her just because we support her." John had kissed her. "Why aren't your kind of women the only kind in the world?" he had said. Oh, he had not wanted to love Susan; he had not wanted to!

There was the time he came home from Los Angeles, so angry because Susan had refused to go to the theater with him in his everyday suit of clothes, even though he had bought the tickets. She, Abigail, had shared his anger when he told her about it. "She was ashamed of me just because I wasn't dressed up. I'm not good enough for her stylish friends!" he had declared.

"Appearances count a lot with Susan; you ought to have taken your other suit," she had told him; it was always easy to stick up for Susan when John was aggravated with her; this was long before they were rich, and she was dishing up the creamed new potatoes. "Just because I'm proud to go anywhere with you, even in your overalls, is no sign everybody is." Quickly, tightly, roughly he had hugged her; his face was hot even against her stove-warmed throat—hot with his shame. "You're a fine woman! I'm not half good enough for you!" he had said.

Oh, wizardous truth—making things that were beautiful, barren; and turning barren grief into surviving comfort. The agonizing days before John's death when she, so competent and strong, could avail nothing, had stayed like a wound in her heart. Now they were the solace that sustained her.

"Nobody but you, Abby; nobody but you." He had said it again and again, wanting not even his son, petulantly refusing to see Susan. "Nobody but you, Abby"—reaching always for her hand, pulling it weakly against his face. She had been too bowed in grief to know any pride in her absolute possession then. And this thing was to become her surviving comfort.

"Oh—God!" said Abigail Stafford, terrified, for a soft, unsteady touch, like that of John's feeble falling fingers, fell on her hands. She looked down at them. It was only the touch of splashing tears that had so startled her. Tears. Tears. Whose tears? Not hers surely, who had stood dry-eyed beside John Stafford's coffin. Whose tears?

Her tortured mind went into a haze of bewilderment. Tears? Yes, she saw them plainly in the moonlight, falling on her nerveless hands. Perhaps they were Jane's tears. Why, yes, of course; there was Jane, kneeling in front of Jack's gray coat with her long blond braid of hair falling crookedly down her back, and her tears dropping, dropping. These must be the silent, secret tears of Jane who took her hurts from the man she loved unflinchingly, and kept her love aloof from the soil of bitterness.

"Poor little Jane," said Abigail Stafford, softly, pityingly, to the woman who knelt in front of her. But at the sound of her exhausted voice the figure vanished. Jane was not there. Why, no. Reality established itself, but Abigail Stafford lifted her head to meet it with a courage that came, unasked, because she had not failed the love that had lived so long, of its own placing, unreasoned and unwilled, in her stern, proud heart. Susan had cried of John Stafford, "I hate him, I hate him!" but Abigail Stafford took her hurt with humility and opened for herself the healing vistas of compassion. It was a strange, exalted power which strengthened her—the inevitable compensation paid by that Something which is greater than we know to those who rise above disillusion by sheer spiritual gallantry, and make for themselves that strongest human bulwark—a heart barred against bitterness.

"Poor little Jane," said Abigail Stafford, and as the words crossed her lips the sound of low laughter brought the world of reality again about her. It was silly, teasing laughter, and from a stairwayed nook beyond her, two figures emerged and none too steadily took their way down the deck.

"You little devil!" said the man in the provocative voice which always freshens this ancient tritism. The little devil, her long gossamer cape winged by the wind, eluded him prettily and ran ahead of him past Mrs. Stafford's chair.

"Jack!" said Abigail Stafford in a voice that steadied as well as stopped the legs of the little devil's pursuer.

"Mother! What in the ——" He came close and peered down at her in faint, soft light. "Are you sick?"

His companion floated through a doorway. "Good-by, little boy," she called back. "I'll save some cookies for you tomorrow if mother won't let you come out and play." But Jack was not hearing.

It was pleasant to Abigail Stafford to see the affectionate consternation which swept the silliness of intoxication off his bland, good-natured face.

"Mother, what's the matter with you?" he demanded, slightly shaking her shoulder. "I'll get the doctor."

He started away, but her voice held him. She did not move nor raise her tear-wet hands from her lap.

"There's nothing ails me that a doctor can fix." Her voice sounded strange, even to her own ears. "Sit down there."

He pulled out the other chair and sat, tense, on the edge of it, staring at her.

"I—I love you, my son," she said. She had not said such a thing since his babyhood.

"Wh—why, mother!" His voice broke.

But hers continued in its same steady monotone. "You may not think so when I get through, but I've just made up my mind to something. And you'll have to abide by it. Your father didn't trust your judgment in business affairs; you know that. That's why he fixed his will so I'd have every cent of the money. Of course he expected me to leave it to you when I go, but I guess he thought you might improve by then. I don't know as you have, nor in your judgment of women, either, but I'm going to make you improve in that or I'm going to stop your allowance this very next Monday, and I'm going ——"

"Mother! Now this is ridiculous! What in the ——"

She turned her head slowly and looked full at him.

"Keep still," she said. There was an obeying silence. She cleared her throat. "From this minute, my son, you get no more money from me, while I'm living or when I'm dead, unless you can mend the error of your ways; and I'll be keeping a mighty close watch on you. You're to get off this ship tomorrow with the rest of us like we'd planned. And you're to leave women like this Mrs. Darling alone for good and all. And beginning with tomorrow morning you're to commence acting to Jane just exactly like you did the first month you were married; and you're to do it smoothly enough so she won't smell a mouse or think you've gone plumb crazy either. And it isn't ——"

"Well, she'd know I had, mother! I tell you this is nothing but antediluvian damn foolishness! I tell you Jane and I understand each other."

She lifted a heavy hand to silence him; the white weariness which replaced her old domineering quality made her more impressive than ever.

"Go on down to your cabin. You ought to know that arguing never does any good

(Continued on Page 141)

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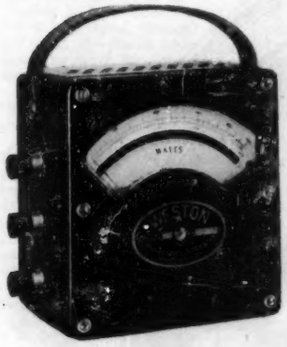

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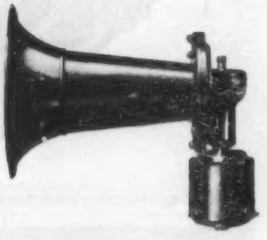

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SELLERS
KITCHEN CABINETS

(Continued from Page 138)

with me. I've said all there is to say, and you can do what you see fit in the morning, but don't forget that I've never changed my mind, once it's made up, in sixty years. Go on. I'm—I'm all tuckered out. I want to sit here alone a spell."

After he had sullenly gone she sat there for a long time, struggling to formulate her great lie—the lie which must be told to Susan as much for John Stafford's sake as for her own.

Susan would try to deny in the morning the long-prisoned truths she had unconsciously liberated.

"You didn't tell me anything new, Susan," she would say. She would say it gently. After all, John had never wanted to love Susan; he had hated her when he died. "I haven't held it against you all these years, and I'm not going to begin now. John Stafford was one man in a thousand, and it was pretty certain whom he loved—when he died." She wouldn't be able to resist saying that. It was her stronghold; the thing that saved her.

But never had she dreaded anything, not even John's death, as she dreaded the words that must be spoken between her and Susan. But when morning came and she lay in the hot cabin with her face to the wall, waiting for Susan to get up, Susan only moved and moaned and made smothered sounds. Groups of eager-to-disembark passengers began going to breakfast, talking excitedly on deck. Abigail waited.

Finally the reason that Susan did not get up became unmistakably evident. Susan was sick, very sick; helplessly, shamelessly, sickeningly sick. She did not care that the ship was late or if they ever reached Honolulu. Abigail Stafford rose at last and grimly gave assistance.

"Why, I don't dislike her as much as I used to," she discovered with deep astonishment. After half an hour of undiminishing ministrations, Susan evolved from a suffering animal into an exhausted, corpse-colored, humble human being who had been got with difficulty into her nightgown and properly between the sheets.

Abigail's every breath caught like a knife in her throat waiting for Susan's recollection of what she had done. But Susan's mind held no memory of the night before, beyond the tragedy of the bridge game; she had expurgated herself of all the mental as well as of the physical indiscretions of her intemperance. Her first coherent words were a frankly catastrophic confession of her bridge losses.

"Susan Stafford, don't you remember telling me all this last night?" demanded Abigail tensely, gazing at her incredulously. This time it was she who clung to the rail at the foot of Susan's bed. Her knees were queer.

Susan did not remember. Plainly she did not. "O-h, God," said Abigail reverently out of an immense gratitude. Now, of the two, it was she who possessed the greater knowledge; possessed it with humility, not with pride.

"Well, don't worry," she said, so gently that Susan sank back on the pillow relievedly, crying her easy tears. "I guess we've got plenty of money not to let three hundred dollars worry us. Come in, Jane. Susan's got a stomach upset."

Jane stepped lightly over the sill, an elation about her like the eagerness of a child. She started to speak, closed her lips on the words, and said, instead, "Mother Stafford, what is the matter? You're ill!"

"Poppycock!" said Abigail Stafford. "I'm no iller than you are. I'm a mite tuckered out with the heat and no sleep. Did you want something?"

But Jane came quickly close to her. She put her hand on her arm.

"I just came up to tell you that Jack's going to stop in Honolulu with us, after all. I knew you'd be glad. And—and I want to say, too, how sorry I am to have spoken to you the way I did yesterday—how very sorry."

Something happened. Susan, magnetized, sat up in bed and leaned forward, staring; for Abigail Stafford put out her arms and took her slender fair-haired stately daughter-in-law close to her heart, and Jane's face was hidden between her mother-in-law's cheek and shoulder. To Susan it was like seeing water come from a rock to see tears fall from Abigail Stafford's eyes.

"You're a fine, splendid woman, Jane," said Abigail Stafford in a shaken voice, sweet with a tenderness that no one except John Stafford had ever heard. "Now you just forget all about what you said to me, same as I do, because I deserved it, for nobody knows better than I do that you're a blessing from God that Jack'll do well if he ever deserves."

"Why, mother!" Jane raised her wet flushed face and kissed her on the lips, and fled.

And there was beauty on Abigail Stafford's stern, shining face as she stood, motionless, looking out the door after her.

"Why—Abigail," said Susan in a hushed, wondering voice, "what in creation's come over you?"

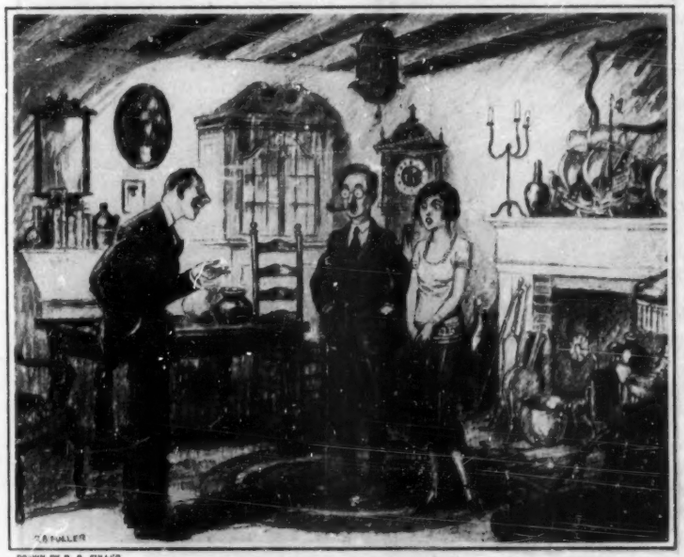
Abigail Stafford did not look at her. With a little start she turned and began calmly going through the chiffonier drawers to see that nothing had been forgotten. In the bottom drawer was a copy of Susan's Tolerant Thought. She left it there.

"Humph! Maybe I'm getting broad-minded," she said.

Note to enduring readers: Follows the corrected register *raisonné* of the home-coming voyagers after three months, having decided to fatten their fortunes at home instead of in China.

JACK STAFFORD. Abigail's only child; a good fellow; forty; delightedly, if a little breathlessly, occupied in keeping up with his wife, who has developed amazing fascinations in the sun of his attentions.

JANE STAFFORD. Abigail's daughter-in-law; cultured and colorful; rather like a rare plant that, having been suddenly released from under a board, becomes the loveliest flower in all the garden.



DRAWN BY R. B. FULLER

Guest (to Antique Collectors)—"Jolly Little Museum You Have Here"

The Poets' Corner

To a Ship's Mast

YOU did not dream of ships, O mountain pine!
No small wind whispered
To you of a sail;
Or gossiped to you
Of a great sea gale;
Or brought to you the biting tang of brine.

No tale was wafted to you of far lands;
Of crowded waterways
Where Commerce plies;
Of burning islands
Under blazing skies,
Where golden sunlight lies on golden sands.

Ah, no! No rumor reached you of the sea!
You knew not,
As against the sky you grew,
Of that for which the Fates
Were fitting you.
So much we mortals know of Destiny!

—*Roselle Mercier Montgomery.*

The Mended Heart

NOW that my heart has gone away,
You take my hand—you smile and say

"I love you!" Can love give commands?
Or can a heart be touched with hands?

Or can I say "Here! Take it now!
My heart was yours, and still, I vow,

It is all yours—break it again"?
Ah, no! For it is quite in vain,

When hearts have healed, to ever try
To pierce them with a glance—a sigh.

A healed-up heart is very cold,
And skeptical, and
stiff—and old!

—*Mary D. Thayer.*

Be Selfish With Your Worries

BE SELFISH with your worries.
With the troubles Fortune sends;
Don't share them with your relatives
Or friends.

Be selfish with your worries.
Just pack them on a shelf;
Don't serve to guests, but keep them for
Yourself.

Be selfish with your worries.
Don't give the least away,
And you'll be glad you kept them all,
Some day.

Be selfish with your worries!
Be generous with your fun!
But never lend a worry out
To anyone!

We all have worries, but, some way,
The ones who hoard them greedily
Are better liked in life than they
Who, out of generosity,
Give them to friends, who if 'twas known
Are apt to have some of their own.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

Recrudescence

I HEARD a song, a foolish air,
Whose melody I couldn't bear;
It was so flat and so inane,
I tried to like it, but in vain.

I told a joke, with merry air,
But only got a stupid stare;
For nobody could see the point.
Alas, the times are out of joint.

Years later, by a silly bloke,
I heard, told as his own, that joke.
And the song, from beginning to end,
I heard on the radio
of a friend.

—*Carolyn Wells.*

Trees at Night

DRAWN BY ART YOUNG

Last Appeal

One-quarter of all our school children have defective vision.

Glaring or insufficient light in the home is a primary cause of eyestrain and children are the chief sufferers.

Will improper lighting place glasses on your children's eyes?

***REMEMBER:** To enter the Home Lighting Contest, your child must obtain a copy of this "Home Lighting Primer" from school or your local electrical people.*

INTERNATIONAL PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE—
$15,000 Model Electrical Home
(To be built on lot provided by winner)

TWO SECOND PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
$1200 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

TWO THIRD PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
$600 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

TWO FOURTH PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
$600 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

TWO FIFTH PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
$300 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

TWO SIXTH PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
$300 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

PROPER lighting is essential to good eyesight.

Children who do their home studies under lights that glare or are improperly placed, suffer eyestrains that weaken their sight and impair their health.

The Home Lighting Contest

This is a coöperative activity by the entire electrical industry. Its purpose is to inform you and your family, through the school children, in the proper use of electric light in the home, so that in future years there shall be less eye trouble.

The Home Lighting Primer

This free primer contains a complete series of illustrated lessons on good home lighting and will be distributed to the children, at school, or by local electrical people. The free Home Lighting Primer fully explains the Home Lighting Contest, both local and international. Scholarships for prize winning essays will be awarded in addition to the first international prize—the $15,000 model electrical home.

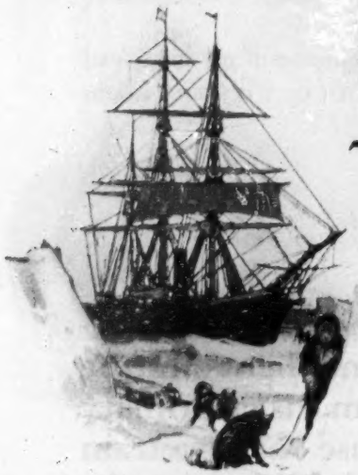
Watch your newspaper for announcement of the contest and see that your children enter and get a copy of the free Home Lighting Primer.

The
LIGHTING EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE
680 Fifth Avenue · · · New York, N.Y.

HOME LIGHTING CONTEST

Primeval Jungles - Bleak Far Eastern Plains Freezing Arctic Wastes

—in the World's furthest retreats the Savage Rifle is dropping big Game



The MacMillan Expedition, when outfitting for Arctic exploration, chose Savage .300 caliber rifles for use in hunting polar bears, seals and walrus.

Gorilla—the greatest of all the apes—half human in intelligence. So great are his strength and concentrated ferocity that no living beast—not even the lion—dares face him. When Charles Cottar, the American big game hunter, went into the African jungles for gorillas he carried with him the Savage Hi-power rifle.

POLAR bears of the frigid North—
Elusive big-horn sheep in China—

The hideous four-hundred-pound gorillas of the Dark Continent—

Even the tawny African lion and the man-eating tiger of India have been dropped in their tracks by the Savage Hi-power rifle.

That is why world famous authorities—men such as Roy Chapman Andrews, Charles Cottar and many other celebrated hunters, naturalists and sportsmen carry this clean-cut powerful weapon with them into the most remote corners of the globe.

For into every inch of the Savage are built strength and accuracy. The powerful lever action of the Model 99 never fails—you can pump six smashing shots into your game with never a chance of a jam.

And when you are using soft nose bullets, the Savage Rotary magazine supports them *at the base*—no battering from recoil—no missed shots caused by blunted points.

You can carry a Savage all day over the roughest trail without fatigue—for there is not an extra ounce of weight in the trim lines—yet when the moment comes to shoot, your rifle will hold steady as a rock on your target.

There is a Savage team, rifle and cartridge, for every kind of American game, from the tough little woodchuck to the giant moose of New Brunswick and great brown bear of Alaska.

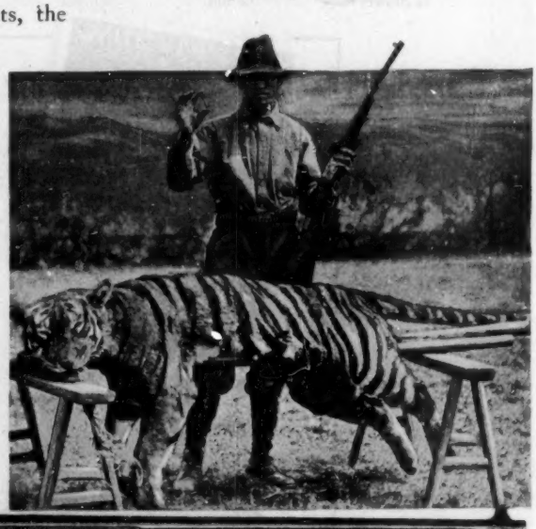
Ask to see the Savage at your dealer's or write us for a complete illustrated catalog.

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION
Dept. 1 *Utica, N. Y.*

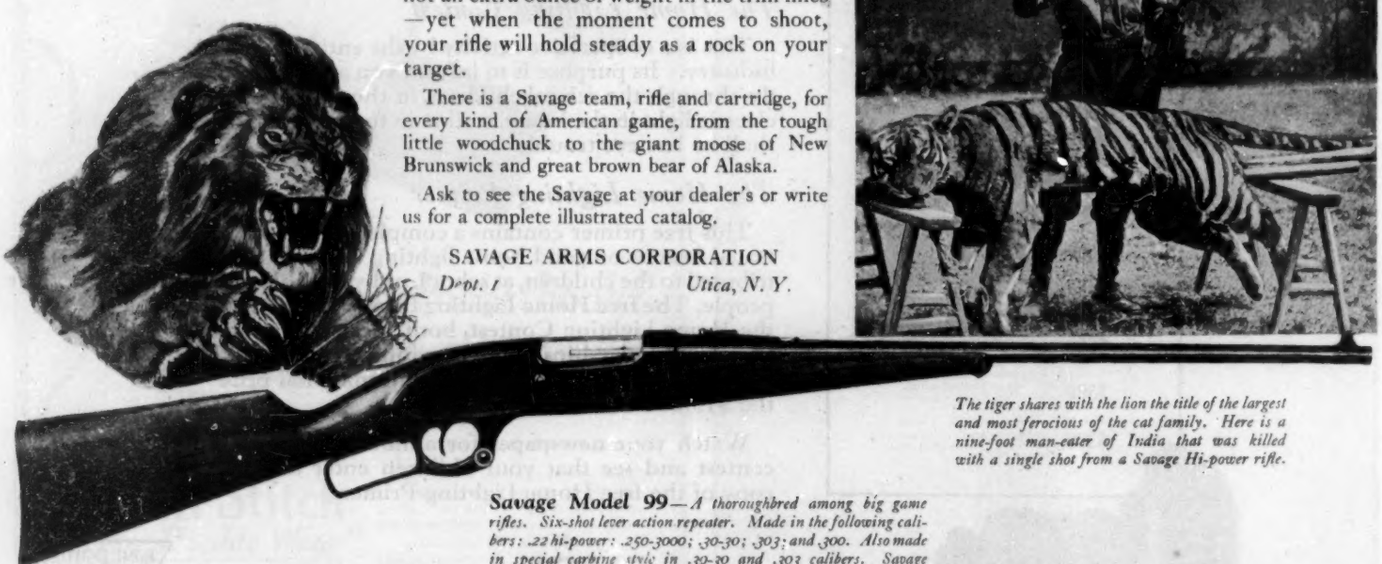
Photo by Courtesy of Asia Magazine

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews, leader of the Third Asiatic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History, with a Mongolian sheep which he shot with a Savage Model 99 rifle in the Altai Mountains. Mr. Andrews, who has just started again for Asia, writes us "the whole party was equipped with the .250-3000 hi-power Savage, and we found it absolutely ideal for the long range shooting we have on the plains. The trajectory is so flat that it makes practically no difference whether we are shooting at 100 yards or 300. I think you have the best cartridge that has ever been developed—certainly the best sporting cartridge that I personally have ever used."



The tiger shares with the lion the title of the largest and most ferocious of the cat family. Here is a nine-foot man-eater of India that was killed with a single shot from a Savage Hi-power rifle.



Savage Model 99—*A thoroughbred among big game rifles. Six-shot lever action repeater. Made in the following calibers: .22 hi-power: .250-3000; .30-30; .303; and .300. Also made in special carbine style in .30-30 and .303 calibers. Savage Model 20 Bolt-action—Made in .250-3000 and .300 calibers.*

SAVAGE-STEVENS

THE STEERAGE PUTS ON A WHITE COLLAR

(Continued from Page 17)

but the show and the excitement are the same."

"I don't care," insisted the wife. "I've heard about the night life of Rio, and now we're here I'm not going home until I see it."

That night they stepped into one of the most notorious clubs, with an American friend to show the ropes. Several gaudily painted women were singing, and in one corner of the room a gambling device was in operation. The American woman had barely entered the door when two of the artists rushed toward her, crying excitedly, "First-class cheep! First-class cheep!" One wore a stage costume very much abbreviated at both ends and the other was in man's evening dress. They were two friends from the second cabin, French cabaret artists of not very great ability, heartily glad to see their old shipmate.

Everybody sat down. The music crashed, the spotlights were turned onto the center of the floor, and an elaborately painted singer, wearing a costume made up chiefly of toy balloons, circled around the tables as she sang. The sport was to explode the balloons with a lighted cigarette end—all-night wickedness in New York a dozen years ago.

"She seems to have quite a pleasing voice," ventured the American woman, anxious to root for the poor little show in which her ship friends appeared. But the latter made eloquent gestures and, leaning over, whispered warningly, "Not a nice girl. Not a nice girl."

Rates of Bygone Days

Let's look into the dolled-up steerage itself. The steamship men are trying to get rid of the word "steerage." It doesn't mean anything anyway, being a relic of days when immigrants actually traveled aft, where nowadays the steerage is forward. It may be well to go back a little and see how the steerage evolved, and what it is becoming under the new conditions.

In the days when your forefathers came over on the Mayflower or in one of the old sailing ships of the '40's and '50's, the immigrants took their own bedding and food aboard and, being mostly Irish, Scotch and English, speaking the same language, got along very well together. The ship provided a great kettle in which each family dropped its net of potatoes, holding them by a string until they were boiled. For the children, cows were taken aboard to provide milk, but it was of such poor quality that many infants died. In pity for immigrant children on the ship in which he was returning from England in 1851, Gail Borden started the experiment that led to the invention of condensed milk. Charles Dickens tells in American Notes of the milk being brought aboard in the form of a cow, and by his description of a trip to America in the '40's, first-class accommodations on the best steamship of that day were decidedly cruder than the new white-collar steerage.

Then followed the open steerage, with immigrants herded aft, and an improvement on that came in the dormitory steerage, with separate bunks for men and women, the girls going with the mother at night and the boys with dad. This was shifted forward as steamship design developed, and the company provided bedding and food. But the latter was largely stew, served out in pannikins and eaten wherever a place could be found to sit down, while the bunks were piled tier on tier. The immigrant selected his boat on the other side according to the number of stacks of bunks, choosing the ship that had the least number.

"It was always one stack until we got outside," said a veteran steward, "and then they were stowed away in three or four tiers."

That was the old steerage. Uncle Sam stepped in and began regulating it in 1882, prescribing the minimum space per passenger on American vessels, the maximum number of third-class passengers that could be carried, and regulating the air, light, provisions, medical attendance, sanitation, privacy, and so forth, as well as providing inspection. In this he was followed by other governments.

Competition brought about improvements too. The passenger-traffic man discovered that this most profitable kind of business could be increased by picturing the wonders and opportunities of America on the other side, and worked it up so successfully during the '90's by providing better food and quarters that between 1900 and the outbreak of the World War, steerage travel grew amazingly. It was undoubtedly headed for the 2,000,000-a-year mark, when the war changed everything. Steerage traffic collapsed like the figurative house of cards. Which isn't just the right figure either, because it was really a building on which the traffic manager had spent twenty or thirty years of hard salesmanship. The European peasant couldn't come to America. He was in the army, and the foreign-born steerage passenger couldn't go home to visit his relatives, for he would have been clapped into the army too. In the slump after the war, with three times the number of ships needed for the world's business, empty steerages were simply incidental. The upper cabins and the cargo holds were just as empty.

When the shipping business began to come back two or three years ago, the traffic manager turned his attention to developing new kinds of steerage passengers. He was hit not only by our new restrictions on immigration but by the high steerage fares made necessary by increased cost of operation. You could go to Europe first class before the war, on a fast ship, with the best table, for $100 if you waited until the season of light travel and didn't demand a suite with private bath. Rates eastward were usually lower about the middle of August. If you were going steerage, the fare was twenty-five or thirty dollars. Now the steerage fare is little below the first-class winter rate of bygone days.

Finding himself between the devil and the deep sea, the traffic man set about attracting new kinds of passengers with better accommodations. Dormitories were remodeled to provide private rooms for families, and this was followed by rooms for four, three and two passengers. The kitchen, food and service were graded up in keeping, so that when you stepped into the present-day steerage here is what you found:

A private cabin where two or three passengers traveling together, or congenial to each other, are as much to themselves, when they want to be, as the honeymooners in the Imperial Suite. No stacks of bunks, but roomy berths with springs, mattresses, sheets, pillows, blankets and bedspreads bearing the company's monogram.

One-Class Ships of Tomorrow

"Don't forget the embroidered bedspread, sir," said the steward. "Bless you, we couldn't do business without it. It's in great demand. Third-class passengers hear about it before they come aboard, and look for it the first thing, and if it should be missing, they'd complain of clawss discrimination."

Along with this badge of equality, there is a washbowl with cold running water from a tank, hot water to be had outside, steam heat and electric light. If you remember the first Pullman berth in which you found a reading lamp, you can mentally put yourself in the place of the immigrant embarking on the other side still worrying about the number of stacks.

"They comes aboard over there, from those European countries, expecting to be packed in like sardines," explained the steward. "And when they're shown to a private room—my word, they pops into it and shuts the door and bolts it and doesn't want to come out even for meals. Afraid if they does, somebody else'll take it away. Possession isn't nine points of the law to them, sir; it's all ten. Why, they'd rawther have the private room and eat black bread and salt fish all the way across than good meals in the dining 'all and the old bunk dormitories."

Instead of the tin pannikin and the stew, there are now three real meals, and even a choice from a bill of fare. The steward gave me the menus for the first day out on his voyage beginning that afternoon. For breakfast there were to be grapefruit, prunes, oatmeal, flaked breakfast food, fried sole, finnan haddie, lamb's liver, grilled bacon, poached and fried eggs, rolls, coffee, muffins, preserves, tea and cocoa; for lunch,

mixed relishes, soup, boiled salmon, chicken in casserole, roast beef, corn fritters, French beans, boiled and baked potatoes, apple pie, ice cream, bananas, oranges and coffee; and for dinner, sardines, pickled herrings, cod steaks, ragout of lamb with vegetables, grilled beefsteak with French fried potatoes, cold meat, liver sausage, ham, tongue, lettuce, tomato and beet salad, compote of peaches and rice, preserves, tea and coffee. Greatly increased refrigerating capacity makes it possible to serve such meals in the steerage, and in remodeling, the companies have paid particular attention to bathrooms, hospital and other accessories.

Really, it all fits into a trend that began before the war, toward plainer accommodations and lower fares; but the improvement then was chiefly in second-class quarters, and the operation of one-cabin ships which carried people at second-cabin rates with corresponding accommodations, without a first-cabin to lord it over them, and full run of all decks on their carefully budgeted trip to Europe. The steerage also was being divided into two classes, one for immigrants and another for those willing to pay something extra for privacy in a cubicle, which is a great institution in England, found in police stations and barracks—a small bedroom with four walls and lockable door, but no ceiling, being part of a block of such rooms in a large room. Steerage passengers taking these accommodations also had their separate dining room and baths.

As the new steerage traffic grows, say steamship officials, we shall see all-steerage liners on the transatlantic route. They won't be called that, of course, but one-class ships, or ships of democracy, yet they will be third-class ships in accommodations and table, with present-day steerage fares of about ninety dollars to England or France. As they will carry nothing but third-class passengers, these will have the run of the whole vessel.

"There is one such ship already," said a steamship official. "We spent $750,000 refitting her for this trade. She was a freighter during the war. She is large, carries 2150 passengers, with a dining-room seating capacity of 700 and plenty of deck room, open and covered. The fittings are plain—no frills—designed for comfort and cleanliness, not show. She isn't a five-day ocean greyhound either, taking between eight and nine days to cross. But she saves the passenger money at the rate of fifteen to twenty-five dollars a day over first class for every day it takes, and every day is part of the passenger's vacation. For the visitor to New York unable to afford the high-priced hotels, there are many smaller and less conspicuous hotels at reasonable prices, quite respectable, comfortable and clean. This ship corresponds to the reasonable-price hotel, and no one accustomed to the latter will find himself out of place on it."

Old-Home Tours

The immigrant is a quantity-production proposition, profitable when you can carry a full steerage every voyage, as was being done by ships running between New York and European ports before the war. The traffic is still profitable to Canada, Cuba, Brazil and Argentina, countries glad to get settlers or harvest hands for the sugar, coffee and grain. Give him time, the traffic man says, and he will put white-collar steerage traffic on a volume basis. There is a solid foundation to build on.

To begin with, there are nearly 14,000,000 foreign-born people in the United States to draw upon for old-home traffic. If one in ten takes a trip yearly, there will be volume equal to incoming immigration in peak years; it will be greater volume, because most of the westbound immigrants remain in the United States, while foreign-born Americans will make the round trip. The appeal of a trip to the homeland is also strong to many children of foreign-born parents.

Under the former immigration laws, the alien who wanted to go back home for a visit was handicapped; he was counted as a new immigrant in his country's quota, and might have to wait if it was exhausted. Under the new law, however, he can make a temporary visit abroad for as long as one year and return without being counted in the quota or interfered with in any way. Uncle Sam issues to him, upon application, a permit to reënter the United States, and extends it beyond the year for good cause. The alien in fact has an advantage over the naturalized foreign-born citizen, because the latter must take out a passport, paying a ten-dollar fee, while the alien's permit costs only three dollars.

Naturally, it is the alien who has been in the country a short while who makes the best prospect for an old-home trip. Memories of his native land are still vivid, family ties strong. So he responds to the traffic man's suggestion of an excursion back to the fatherland to see his folks and lets them see what he has become in America. The personally conducted steerage tour is becoming very popular, especially around Christmas. Fully 20,000 aliens have taken old-home tours since the new law went into effect, and the traffic is growing with the slackening up of employment, many foreign-born workers who have saved money going back for visits.

No timid old maid traveling around the world on a personally conducted tour appreciates being chaperoned more than the foreigner lately within our gates. All he has to do is buy his ticket and everything else is done for him. He travels on a schedule of so many days each way and so long in his native land. His guide is a man of his own nationality, Americanized by long residence here, at home in both countries and languages.

Exclusive Steerage Parties

Look at it through the eyes of an Italian track laborer who wrote this letter after a personally conducted trip to Rome last Christmas:

"When I read in the paper that I have time yet to go home for Christmas I sitting in railroad bunk car very lonesome. I speak not well yet the English, and everything in American very different from Italy. I think not so good as Italy and am very homesick to see my dear Roma and my pa and ma and brothers and sisters and my friends. I hurry to my foreman to get permit and was in three days on ship departing from New York and reach Roma as you say in ten days. It was to me wonderful experience, for besides I see my parents and native city I realize that America is great, that I have changed in two years here and I would be lonesome in Italy if I could again not come to America. It is a fine thing that you take care of me with papers talk for me to officials. I tell you why. When I come to America two years ago speak no English not a word and officials on other side say Come here you Ginnee, go there Wop. I say to myself you wait big bluffer some day I come back from America speak the English good and I give you hell in English you very much swelled up man. With your company all was different. No need to obey officials and they much more polite."

Outside tourist agents are helping the traffic manager by organizing old-home parties. It was a crowd of that kind, conducted by a Chicago agent who takes a party to Ireland every year, that gave the press agent a dandy story last summer.

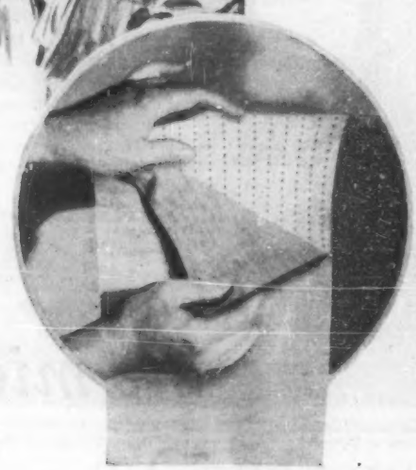
A merry crew of 200 Irish folks, on the way to Queenstown, left Chicago in a special train, traveling in sleeping cars. Incidentally, the traffic manager takes great pride in the fact that his American tourists come to New York in Pullmans and step into the new steerage. The sleeping-car conductor on this train was not Irish, but he had an Irish-sounding name. So the home-going Celts adopted him as a fellow countryman, invited him aboard the ship and entertained him so well that he was out at sea before he realized it. As he had only seven dollars in his pocket, the party took up a collection to pay his fare, and promised him a grand time when they got to Cork. On the other side, however, he could not land, being without a passport. So the steamship company entertained him at one of its hotels until he could get another one of its liners back.

A different kind of personally conducted party is the one that charters the whole steerage, provides its own manager and guide, and goes over with 500 or 600 persons living in the same locality, or of the same race or from the same educational institution. College parties made up of professors and students are beginning to appreciate the opportunities offered by the white-collar steerage. They lay out their routes to see and study certain things in Europe, and besides broadening their college course have a wonderful lark as well. This kind of steerage party is already beginning to affect our invisible imports.

Every year, after June ends, Uncle Sam sends out optimistic figures from Washington indicating that we have sold more

(Continued on Page 149)

Rare Comfort!



—the two-layer idea in Underwear

gives you Warmth and Health Protection without Weight

Dampen one end of a piece of cloth. Thrust it out of a window into cold air. Feel of the dampened part—then of the dry part.

The damp part feels much colder.

Damp cloth chills more suddenly and to a much greater extent than dry. And it's the sudden, sharp chill that's one of the dangers to health and one of the disagreeable experiences in winter.

Duofold Health Underwear protects you against such chills and discomfort. Its fabric is in *two thin layers*, separated by a film of air. The inner layer, which absorbs perspiration, is completely covered by the outer layer, which is *always drier*. Cold air *cannot* come in direct contact with a *damp* surface.

Furthermore, Duofold is *warm* but *not* heavy. Its two-layer fabric makes use of the same warmth-retaining *principle* as that of the storm window or double walls of a house. Two thin layers, separated by an air space, are much more effective in keeping warmth *in* and cold *out* than a single layer thicker than the two combined.

Duofold's two *thin* layers of finely knitted fabric combine *warmth* and *protection* with the *comfort* of light winter underwear.

This fabric comes in two combinations—

1. Both layers of cotton.
2. The outer layer made with wool for extra warmth and the inner layer made of cotton for comfort. For those who prefer the added protection of wool, this fabric is ideal, because the wool *can't* touch the skin.

Try Duofold this winter. Feel the difference! Let it guard your health.

Sold by good haberdashers and at department store underwear counters.

Send for free samples of fabric and names of local dealers.

DUOFOLD HEALTH UNDERWEAR COMPANY
MOHAWK, NEW YORK

Duofold

Health Underwear for Men, Women, Children and Infants

The Amplifying Transformer *is the* Magnifying Glass *of* Radio

like the microscope

THE scientist peering thru his microscope gazes upon a fascinating world of cell and germ life so tiny as to be invisible to the naked eye. The microscope magnifies them.

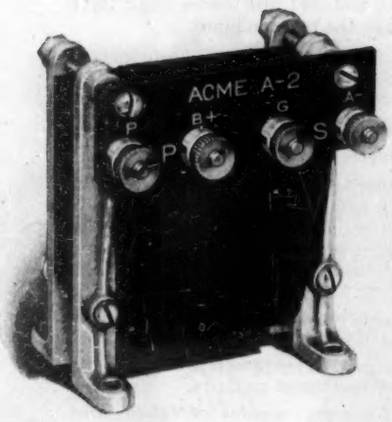
Just so, the Amplifying Transformer magnifies, or amplifies, faint sounds to clear distinct volume so that a whole roomful of people can hear them on a loud speaker. Amplification is the key to radio.

But it is very important that the Amplifying Transformer does not distort the sounds at the same time it increases their volume. A Transformer that distorts is like a microscope that blurs the vision. The Amplifying Transformer must not only increase the volume but must also give it to you exactly like the original sound—pure in tone and quality, loud and clear in volume.

The Acme Apparatus Company, Pioneer Transformer and Radio Engineers and Manufacturers, are known everywhere radio is used for "Amplification without Distortion." That's radio in a nutshell.

Send 10 cents to Dept. 173 for booklet "Amplification without Distortion."

Use Acme Transformers in the set you build. Insist on them in the set you buy.



ACME A-2
Audio Amplifying Transformer

Nationally Distributed

ACME APPARATUS COMPANY, Cambridge, Mass.
Transformer and Radio Engineers and Manufacturers

ACME ~ *for amplification*

(Continued from Page 146)

abroad than we have bought. "Abroad" always owes us so many hundreds of millions of dollars—presumably. It is a statistician's holiday, and he points with pride to our favorable trade balance, and John Citizen, reading, feels that all is well with the country.

"Abroad" always owes us money at the end of the fiscal year—yet we never get the money. We get invisible imports instead, and our largest item of invisible imports is money spent abroad by tourists. Secretary Hoover estimates that it was $400,000,000 last year. Some of this is taken back by emigrants returning in the steerage, but is only a small fraction. Most of the money is spent on the other side by well-to-do tourists traveling first class. They have been so liberal that the European shopkeeper, hotel keeper and guide regard all Americans as rich and extravagant, and have set up accommodations for them accordingly. This invisible import item of $400,000,000 has been chiefly spending for pleasure. For those who can afford it, there is no particular objection, and a good time is certainly had by all. Nevertheless, it brings into the United States no value comparable with $400,000,000 worth of British woolens or French gowns or Italian paintings.

Now our friends on the other side have begun to wake up to the fact that Americans are not all millionaires, and are taking steps to attract tourists of moderate means, with serious purposes, and give them something really valuable in the way of invisible imports to bring back in the steerage.

The party of several hundred students and professors, chartering the whole steerage, and carefully planning, may spend several weeks in England or on the Continent, taking advantage of educational opportunities. Instead of joy-riding around London, they go down to Oxford or Cambridge for special lectures, and in Paris attend classes at the Sorbonne instead of doing the regular tourist stunts at Montmartre. Summer schools are being held in many of the universities abroad, and as fast as the authorities find out what the American student wants, facilities will be extended, not only for the student but for the professional man desirous of brushing up on his specialty or investigating things in which Europeans excel.

Veterans as Potential Tourists

"If you want a good illustration of that, take fermentation," said a chemist. "In this country there is not a single professional journal devoted to the subject, though in Germany there are half a dozen, and two of the highest scientific honors in recent years have been awarded to a fermentation chemist, Prof. Eduard Buchner, the discoverer of zymase. Since prohibition, there is a tendency in the United States to regard fermentation as unconstitutional.

"Some forms are even regulated by government ruling. But quite apart from brewing, distilling and wine making, fermentation is important in many industries, quite within the law, and benign. Without it, no cigars, dill pickles or sauerkraut. That is the constructive side of the subject, while on the destructive side fermentation is even more important, because pernicious bacteria are constantly attacking products in new ways and must be met with new scientific knowledge.

"Some of our own fermentation industries are decidedly behind European practice through lack of recent knowledge. There is no reason why a chemist, student or manufacturer should not go over for a short course from specialists, nor is there any objection to going in the steerage if it enables him to economize and spend more time on the other side. A tourist of that kind might bring back very valuable invisible imports, and what is true in chemistry also applies to science generally, and art, architecture, engineering—all professional fields."

The veteran is also going over in the steerage, and traffic possibilities are shown in the fact that there are between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 potential tourists of this kind, with their families, as well as workers who went over in auxiliary war services. If he was in France, the ex-soldier will eventually want to go again. If he didn't get across before the war ended, he wants to go all the more. "Save five dollars a week and see France" is the idea, and excursions every two weeks the past summer were so well patronized that they may be run weekly next season. By going during or after July, when the summer rush is over, and taking advantage of certain economies made possible by the United States and the French government, a veteran may spend fifteen days in Paris with tours of the battlefields for as little as $300. The French government looks after the veterans on the other side, and they get reasonable rates for board and battlefield tours.

Travel Dreams Coming True

"I see no reason why the new steerage business shouldn't exceed the old immigrant traffic," says the traffic manager. "At its peak, in 1913, immigration reached 1,500,000 arrivals, and there were 600,000 departures in the steerage. That was 75 per cent of all the westbound passenger traffic from Europe, 65 per cent of the eastbound, and 73 per cent of the total. The new immigration laws made a big hole in the traffic, but the hole can be filled, because at least half the people in the United States are logical prospects for an economical trip to Europe.

"There are the homesick aliens, recently arrived, who can now go back without danger of being excluded. There are the aliens of longer residence here, and the foreign-born citizen who, realizing that no miracle will get their relatives into the United States under the new law, will go home to see them. There are the children of foreign-born parents who have a sentimental interest in the old folks' native land, and the veterans and their families, and the students, teachers and other Americans whose intellectual interests are larger than their bank account, and the plain unclassified American to whom a European trip has long been an unrealized ambition. The sudden change in immigration makes it necessary for us to help his dream come true."

Plain living, high thinking and a little hardship for the sake of seeing Europe are nothing particularly new to the young American of the white-collar class. For many years before the war students made a small bank roll do the utmost in foreign travel by shipping as tenders on the vessels carrying live cattle from New York to England, getting free passage both ways. But the college girl and schoolma'am couldn't work their passage that way, and now it is difficult for the college boy to do it, unless he is a Canadian or a British citizen. For John Bull has almost 1,000,000 unemployed workers and is carefully excluding all aliens likely to land and compete with them in hunting jobs. Exclusion extends even to the American jazz band, and France has gone even further, deporting American jazz musicians.

Insignificant things start war. There is every probability that the next will be started over American jazz players or English lecturers in the United States. Should an American succeed in shipping as a cattle tender out of New York, he would not be permitted to land on the other side, and the penalties imposed by the British government on shipping companies when a cattle

tender succeeds in sneaking ashore are so severe that they take no chances, but employ men who work regularly at the job, and can be depended upon. Much of the live-cattle trade to England has been shifted to Canada, where such complications are eliminated by the common citizenship of Briton and Canadian.

Although the war has been over nearly six years, passport regulations and expenses are still virtually on a war basis—and with Uncle Sam on a luxury basis. Gone are the days when a tourist stepped on a liner as casually as onto a street car and passed freely across most European boundary lines. The latter were then literally, as an export salesman has put it, imaginary lines drawn on maps to make them look pretty. Unless he was going to a country like Russia, passports were unnecessary.

"Passports are now dispensed with in France," said Mr. Baedeker in his prewar guidebook of Paris, "but they are often useful in proving the traveler's identity, procuring admission to museums on days when they are not open to the public, obtaining delivery of registered letters, etc." Of England he said, "These documents are not necessary, though occasionally useful in securing delivery of registered and poste-restante letters; a visa is quite needless." And of Germany, "Passports are now unnecessary in Germany except for students who wish to matriculate at the German universities, but they are frequently useful in proving the identity of the traveler, in procuring admission to collections and in obtaining delivery of registered letters." In those happy days, Uncle Sam issued a passport for two dollars. Today he charges ten, and ten dollars more for each visa executed by an American consul. This is about five times the fee charged by other governments, and on the principle of tit for tat, foreign consuls charge Americans ten dollars per visa.

Therefore, after the trip to Europe has been planned and financed in the white-collar steerage, the American traveler may be charged twenty to fifty dollars in passport fees before he leaves his native shores, about 10 per cent of the cost of an economical trip. Handing over ten dollars for the passport itself, he sets out to collect consuls' visas for the countries he wishes to visit. First he parts with a ten-dollar bill at the British consulate in New York, and then another ten dollars to the French, unless he is simply going through France to some other country, in which case a visa is not required; nor is any required on Belgian, British, Czecho-Slovakian, Dutch, Swiss or Luxemburg passports, should he be an alien. Likewise with Germany and other countries.

Besides the cost, there is much red tape involved in proving citizenship. People who have lived in the United States for years, voted and even held public office, sometimes find on applying for a passport that they are not citizens at all, through some unsuspected quirk of the naturalization laws. There is a new law emancipating woman from her husband's citizenship and making it necessary for her to prove her own citizenship whether applying for a passport herself or being included in her husband's. Various foreign countries have special requirements of their own, such as that of Argentina, which demands besides the passport a certificate from the traveler's local chief of police testifying that he has not been in jail or prison.

Governments give up war regulations and fees most reluctantly.

Part of the traffic manager's new job of building up white-collar steerage travel is the cutting of this red tape. Thus far, all protest against our own Government's continuance of passports have been fruitless. Uncle Sam goes right on collecting his ten-dollar fee for the ten-cent job of affixing stamps and initials on passports. There may be something in the fact that only about 125,000 Americans take out passports yearly. One traveler in a thousand cannot register much of a kick in Washington. But if steerage travel grows up to the traffic man's dream, Washington will certainly hear from it.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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September 27, 1924

Cover Design by Norman Rockwell

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

The New Ingersoll

Improved Model Yankee $1.75

THE New Ingersoll Yankee appeals to men. It is a man-type watch: sturdy, strong, reliable, yet with its smart new design, clean-cut and good to look at.

Tens of thousands of men in every station of life have already bought it—men who want Ingersolls as "knockabout" watches and those who want them for day-in and day-out use, as well as those who because of its sturdy qualities and low price use an Ingersoll as their work watch.

The New Ingersoll Yankee comes also with a Radiolite dial, that tells time in the dark—at $2.75.

Ingersoll Watch Co., Inc., New York—Chicago—San Francisco

Ingersoll

The New Ingersoll Yankee is smart looking

Notice the antique bow and crown, the graceful new hands and dial, and the general smart "get-up" of the whole watch. It has a specially damaskeened back plate, it is more closely cased and in general it has the appearance of a higher priced watch.

Reliable Watches at Low Prices

Mind-health, first

DO you know about the new phase of warfare against disease called Mental Hygiene? It is teaching people to guard their *mental* health—just as they have been taught to guard their *physical* health.

Physical health depends to a great extent upon mental health. Excessive anger, hatred, envy, jealousy, fear, revolt, malice—a hundred and one mental conflicts—if persisted in often cause serious mental and physical trouble. With continuing wrong thoughts and emotions we can't be well. That is one of the first things that Mental Hygiene teaches. Its underlying idea is as old as Time. The only new thing about it is that it has now been developed into a science that can be used to prevent mind-sickness and to solve individual mental problems.

Frequently people who are ill take remedy after remedy, travel north, south, east and west—all to no avail. Why? Because the *source* of the trouble—wrong thinking, false beliefs, distorted imagination, misdirected emotion—never has been touched. Such illnesses are not physical diseases although they may be accompanied by physical pain and may be manifested by sleeplessness, nervousness, indigestion and many other physical symptoms.

If you were physically ill—if anyone in your family were threatened with diphtheria or scarlet fever—you would do something about it. Mental sickness is quite as real and likewise should have prompt attention.

Perhaps the old Quaker was wiser than he knew when he said, "Everybody's queer except thee and me—and sometimes I think *thee* is a *little* queer."

Modern science agrees with the Quaker. *No one* has a mind that runs continuously with clock-like precision. All of us are *a little* queer at times. What mental hygiene does is to minimize our individual queerness.

There are men and women—graduate physicians—trained especially to treat troubles of the mind and to teach Mental Hygiene. Their work is known as psychiatry and all over the country wise and successful physicians are practicing it. At the first sign of mental disorder it is the part of wisdom to consult a doctor who understands psychiatry.

Wrong thinking and feeling frequently lead first to unhappiness—then to illness and sometimes even to insanity and criminality.

Dr. William J. Mayo, of the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minn., says that mental ailments are the cause of more misery than tuberculosis or cancer.

If you are feeling ill and find no physical reason for your discomfort, your doctor may discover that the real trouble is with your mind. This may be true, also, of those who have difficulty in maintaining a happy personal relationship with family, friends or business associates. Chronic worriers and pessimists show evidence of unhealthy mental operations. The million little demons of discontent, fear, disappointment, depression and all the rest are powerless against a healthy mind.

Frequently it is possible to straighten out your own mental difficulties. Sometimes talking them over with some wise man or woman who is by nature a mental hygienist will help to solve the problem. If you have a serious trouble do not keep it bottled up. Repression often is harmful.

Associate with happy, normal people. Exercise and have all the fun you can. Don't devote every minute to work. Take time for recreation—*re*-creation.

For centuries religion, philosophy and inspirational writings have helped men and women to gain poise and mental control—to know themselves. Healthy-minded people who have learned how to plan and direct their lives harmoniously are consciously or unconsciously employing Mental Hygiene.

Mental Hygiene is needed to help millions of people to think right, act right and feel right.

The time has come when Mental Hygiene—the science of mental health—should take its place with other major activities in the great field of preventive medicine. As the work of prevention progresses, much of the mental suffering, mental deficiency, criminality and insanity in the world will be reduced.

The cost of caring for the patients in mental hospitals alone is nearly $75,000,000 a year. The economic loss, because of their disability, is more than $200,000,000 annually. In several states, one out of twenty of all people who die in adult life dies in a hospital for the insane. The number of beds in public hospitals for the insane in this country equals those occupied by all other sick persons combined.

In 26 states in the Union, in Canada and in many European countries Mental Hygiene Societies have been formed to help those who are mentally troubled. It will be worth your while to get in touch with them. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly tell you where they are located and will mail you a list of books relating to Mental Hygiene if you will ask for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY - NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

This waxed and polished floor is Armstrong's Jaspé Linoleum. It may be had in Green, Brown, Gray, or Blue.

Yes, it is a Beautiful Room

THIS bedroom is attractive because the colors of its walls, its furniture, its hangings, are all in harmony. Even the floor is a part of the color plan.

What an improvement on the kind of rooms where floors of yellow wood "swear" at the color of everything else about them.

How was this decorative result secured?

It all commenced on the day its owner read Mrs. Wright's book, "Floors, Furniture, and Color," and learned the possibilities of linoleum for decorative color use in the bedroom. Then her imagination commenced to work. She had a natural taste in these matters, and the book gave her just the things she needed.

She devised a color plan

She would have a bedroom in fresh, cool green and rose. Then things moved fast. She went to a good store, and the store decorator made suggestions. He showed her the new Armstrong's Jaspé Linoleum, which she immediately saw would "go" with the new, pale green-gray wall paper and the rose draperies she already had.

In a few days the linoleum layer came. He first put down a lining of warm, builders' deadening felt, pasting it to the harsh yellow floor boards. He then pasted the linoleum over the felt, waterproofing it with cement around the edges.

When this floor was finished, she had the room you see. An artistic room—from floor to lamp shades. And a warm, easy-to-clean, sanitary, practically one-piece floor—a smooth, easy-on-the-feet floor—a silent, permanent floor that needs only a thorough waxing, once or twice a year, and an occasional wiping with a dust-mop to keep it clean and new-looking.

All floors of Armstrong's Linoleum have these qualities—and all your rooms can have linoleum floors. But the true beauty of linoleum depends on these things: first, you must get genuine linoleum. You can identify Armstrong's Linoleum by the Circle "A" trademark on the burlap back.

Second, your linoleum floor must be properly laid (cemented, not tacked); and, finally, the color and pattern you choose must harmonize with the other colors in the room.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration" (Second Edition)

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. You can get a copy of this book with de luxe colorplates of home interiors for only twenty cents. It tells how to use color effectively in home furnishing and decoration. Send for it today.

Our Bureau of Interior Decoration will give you helpful advice in planning individual rooms, with suggestions for color schemes. There is no charge for this service.

Look for the CIRCLE "A" *trademark on the burlap back*

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY. *Linoleum Division*, 819 Liberty Street, LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

The Foundation of a Clean House

Old Dutch Cleanser is the foundation of true housekeeping cleanliness.

There is nothing like it for quick, easy housecleaning. Old Dutch "chases" away grime and dirt, relieves you of the hard work and makes everything clean, sanitary and hygienic, bringing you the real comfort and satisfaction of spick and span cleanliness everywhere.

Upstairs and downstairs—in fact, all through the house Old Dutch does the work thoroughly and speedily. It is most economical too because it goes farther; the fine flaky particles, being flat-shaped, cover more surface and do more cleaning. Its quick action and extraordinary efficiency make Old Dutch the greatest cleaning value.

For quick, safe, economical housecleaning, use Old Dutch. "There's nothing else like it."