

With a Dash

Major Forester learns a bit



I HAD very little warning of the impending cataclysm which was to disintegrate my orderly life. I had indeed barely done more than glance through my sister's letter, dated from San Remo two days previously, when the concierge of the hotel where I am in the habit of staying at Monte Carlo approached me respectfully. I fancied that there was a curious gleam in his eyes as he made his announcement:

"There is a young lady outside asking for you, Major Forester."

It seemed incredible that my niece should have arrived already, but I hastened out. I am glad to say that I have never looked with a censorious eye upon the extravagances of youth. The young woman, with her short skirts, her lipstick, her cigarettes and cocktails, may not have altogether met with my approval, but I have never been among the front rank of her detractors. At the same time it was a shock to me to find sitting there in the person of my sister's daughter one of the most advanced and, I must add, attractive types of the modern flapper which it would be possible to conceive. Her costume struck me as curious. She was wearing one of the fashionable type of pull-over hats and a leather coat, which, however, was of no great length and inadequately concealed her long, silk-clad legs and patent-leather shoes. She had just lit a cigarette and, seated a little sidewise, was superintending the unstrapping of a trunk from the rear of the car. At my approach she left the driving seat and stepped out on to the pavement to meet me.

"You dear thing!" she exclaimed, putting up her lips in most engaging fashion. "How sweet of you to have me!"

I MUST confess that I was taken aback. The greater part of my sister's letter was as yet unread.

"Is that your-er-trunk?" I inquired idiotically.

"Rather!" she answered. "It contains pretty well all I own in the world. They can take it up to my room any time. I shan't need to change for lunch."

"I must just speak to the manager,"

I said. "Come in with me, will you, Joan?"

She passed her arm affectionately through mine.

"I say, you got Mum's letter all right, didn't you?"

"To tell you the truth," I explained, "it arrived five minutes ago. I was just reading it."

"You don't know that I've come to live with you, and that I've been sent away from San Remo in disgrace, and all that sort of thing?" she exclaimed.

"I hadn't the faintest idea of anything of the sort," I assured her.

"If that isn't just like Mummie," Joan sighed. "Takes it into her head that I must be packed out of San Remo at a moment's notice, and lands me on the first harmless person she can think of. I suppose you are harmless, aren't you?"

"I want a room for my niece," I announced in my most dignified fashion—"with bath."

The manager bowed, glanced at Joan, and bowed again. For a moment he looked away into an unfathomable distance.

"Certainly, Major Forester," he acquiesced. "On the same floor as your own, I imagine."

"Not necessarily," I answered. "Anywhere, so long as the room has a pleasant aspect and a bathroom."

"I should like to be on the same floor as Major Forester," Joan interposed, smiling at the manager. "I don't like to be miles away from everywhere. You will find me a nice room, won't you?"

She looked at the manager, and I knew very well that she would get what she wanted.

"Would you like to come upstairs and select for yourself?" he invited.

"I'll leave it to you," she decided. "Uncle," she went on, "don't you think a cocktail is indicated?"

I was on the point of summoning a passing waiter, but she checked me.

"Not here," she said. "There's a jolly good bar up on the hill there."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, I've been here before. Come along and I'll drive you up. To tell you the truth, that's why I kept the car."

I stepped in by her side, and received an impression of being whirled through sunlit spaces, round a corner and up a hill, until finally we came to a standstill exactly opposite the Royalty Bar. Francis himself came hastening out to greet us. I should be expressing the situation mildly if I said that the general attitude of the little company of apéritif seekers, among whom were many of my acquaintances, was one of surprise, when we entered the place, Joan with her arm through mine. Francis led us to my favorite table, fortunately at that moment unoccupied.

"What sort of cocktail would you like, Joan," I inquired—"a Bronx?"

She shook her head. Francis, suave and ingrati-

I saw Joan shiver for a single moment, but immediately afterward the fear had gone

ating, stooped down to receive her order.

"A dry Martini—with a dash," she added confidentially. "And a packet of cigarettes—you know the kind."

The light of complete understanding passed between the two. I gave my own order.

"A dash of—what bitters?" I asked.

She patted my arm.

"Stupid man! Absinthe, of course. Haven't you tried it? . . . Here, Francis!"

The latter returned hurriedly. "Major Forester will try the same," she directed.

FRANCIS disappeared with a smile upon his lips. I leaned back and looked around, exchanging greetings with my friends. I was conscious of a general air of amusement tempered with a considerable amount of surprise. So far as I can remember, during the three years of my patronage of the place, the only ladies whom I had escorted there were the wife of my old friend Admiral Conyers, a lady of sixty years of age, and Lady Craston, whose pretensions to good looks disappeared with the marriage of her granddaughter.

"I like this place," my niece declared, spreading herself out and disclosing more than ever her silk-clad legs. "I think we are going to have a lovely time, Uncle, don't you?"

about young love

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

"I am sure of it," I mumbled. "If you will excuse me, I will finish your mother's letter."

I drew the closely written sheets from my pocket, and perused them. I gathered that Joan's conduct in San Remo had been so atrocious that her mother considered an instant change advisable. At her wits' end to know where to send her, she suddenly remembered that I was staying in Monte Carlo. She prayed me to give shelter to Joan for a week or so, until she could come over and explain. The great thing was that Joan must be got out of San Remo within twenty-four hours. . . . I folded the letter and put it in my pocket.

"You appear to have been giving your mother a certain amount of trouble," I remarked.

She flicked the ash from her cigarette, and nodded tolerantly.

"I'm afraid they're rather a rapid crowd there," she admitted, "and you know how old-fashioned Mum is."

"I'm considered to be a little that way myself," I ventured.

"You won't be any longer when I've finished my visit," she assured me calmly. "You don't mind having me, do you? I'll be awfully good, really, so long as you always let me have my own way and don't grudge me the primary necessities of life."

"As, for instance?"

"Oh, cocktails and cigarettes, and dinner not before half past nine, and always lobster for lunch."

I VIEWED with some dismay this sudden disruption of my usual habits, but on the whole I was surprised to find myself so resigned. She looked at me with a twinkling light in her brown eyes.

"So that's all right!" she concluded, with a sigh of relief. "The next question is what I'm going to call you?"

"Uncle Henry" would appear to me to be suitable," I suggested.

"Rotten!" she retorted. "I shan't tell a soul you're my uncle. You don't look

He was paler and pudgier than ever, and he leaned heavily upon two sticks

old enough, for one thing; you're much too nice-looking, and it wouldn't be any fun at all. What's your other name? Oh, I remember. David! I shall call you David!"

"But, my dear child," I protested, "don't you realize that you are—let me see, how old?"

"Eighteen."

"And I am forty-four."

"Just the right age," she observed cheerfully. "You appear to me to have been leading too sedate a life, David. We must see to it."

"Now I'll drive you down to the Café de Paris, and I'll garage the car while you order luncheon. Lobster, for me, please, a baby lamb cutlet, and some peas. Nothing to drink, unless you'd like another cocktail."

"Certainly not," I declined hastily. "I very seldom take anything in the middle of the day."

"We'll see about a liqueur," she said as she led me to the car.

We lunched out of doors, as Joan had suggested, and she ate everything that was placed before her with hearty appetite, and, to my secret horror, commanded a *fine de maison* with her coffee.

"David, my dear," she said, patting my hand, "I am sure we are going to be very happy."

I SHOULD have withdrawn my hand at once, but, as a matter of fact, the touch of her slim, cool fingers was very pleasant, and I was anxious not to hurt her feelings. I saw another man whom I knew well look away with a smile.

"I'm afraid you will find it dull," I warned her. "My friends are rather an elderly crowd. I don't know any young people for you to dance or play round with."

"But you dance, David, don't you?"

"Er—a little."

"And you play tennis?"

"Yes, I play tennis."

"And golf?"

"And golf."

"Why, David dearest, I don't want to know another soul," she declared. "Besides," she added, with a little sigh, "they'll all be over from San Remo in a few hours' time."

"And who are 'they'?"

Joan ejected the cigarette stump from her holder, blew down it meditatively, selected another one, and fitted it in.

"Well, David dear," she admitted, "I'm afraid there are rather a lot of them. First of all, there's the man I made my dancing partner, who's really the cause of all this trouble."

"And who is he?" I inquired.

"He has a funny name," she replied thoughtfully. "Adrian Christianopolis."

"A Greek."

"Some people say that he is a Greek," she confided, lighting her cigarette, "some people call him an Armenian and others a Turk. Most of them—especially the men—insist upon it that he is an insufferable bounder."

"What do you think of him?" I asked. She looked at me with the most innocent light in the world shining in her beautiful eyes.

"I don't know," she answered. "He dances divinely."

"H'm! I don't fancy that I shall like him much," I said. "Tell me about the others."

"Well, there is Philip Rothbury," she mused. "He wouldn't be so bad if he hadn't got the crazy idea that he was terribly in love with me. Do you know, David," she went on, "if there's anything in the world I dislike in a man it's sloppiness. You're not likely to fall in love with me, are you, David?"

"Not the least in the world," I assured her hastily. "Besides, I hope you won't forget that I am your mother's brother. And, while I am on the subject, I think it would be better if you called me 'Uncle David.'"

She shook her head.

"Not a chance!" she replied. "It would spoil it all too. I told them in San Remo I was coming over here to stay with a man. I said he was a little older than myself, but I had loved him all my life. I am so glad you look as you do, David. You just carry out the idea. You don't look a day older than thirty-eight, and there is something Mephistophelian about the curve of your mouth."

I opened my lips in indignant protest.

"Of course," I said, "I shall at once explain to any of your friends who may arrive the exact nature of the relationship."

"You won't do anything of the sort," she asserted, "and if you do they won't believe you. Besides, what's it matter about your being my mother's brother? I don't believe there's anything in the prayer book shutting you out from my heart because you're my mother's brother. I think I might get very fond of you, David."

I changed my tactics. Protest I could see was only an incentive.

"I'm sure that I could easily adore you, Joan," I whispered.

She smiled ecstatically.

"It's experience that does it," she

declared. "Now, none of the boys can get just that note into their tone, and when they try to look like that—well, they make me froth at the mouth. You can hold my hand if you like, David."

"This being a public place—" I began.

"Hold my hand, please," she insisted.

I touched her fingers for a moment under the tablecloth, and was instantly conscious of the half-reproachful, half-smiling regard of the chief steward, one of my friends.

"Joan," I said sternly, "you will be the death of my reputation."

"David dear," she rejoined, "if you really meant to have a good time, you ought to have lost it ages ago. . . ."

DURING the afternoon I was allowed a couple of hours' respite while Joan unpacked her clothes and wrote some letters. About four o'clock, however, she sailed into my room—only a door or two away from her own—in a green silk negligee, which I had a horrible suspicion was practically the only garment she was wearing.

"My dear Joan!" I ventured.

She sat on the edge of my bed.

"David dear, don't be silly!" she begged. "Of course I shall come into your room whenever I want to. How nice it looks—a real man's room. Such a good smell, too, of soap and shaving things. David, I want to know what we are going to do—what sort of clothes to put on? There's a *thé dansant* at the Metropole. What about it?"

"Well, sooner or later," I replied, "I shall have to prove my incapacity."

She swung herself off the bed, came to where I was sitting, put her arm around my neck and deliberately kissed me. I was so startled that I dropped the book I had been reading.

"Aren't you a dear, David!" she exclaimed. "I'll be ready in ten minutes."

At the Metropole—where, for some reason or other, we were given the best table—we danced for an hour and a quarter. I am really a very ordinary performer, but the child was so wonderful that it was easy to believe that she was telling the truth when she flattered me. At half past six she looked at her wrist watch.

"Time for our first cocktail," she announced.

"Here?" I inquired.

"No, pay your bill—just wait while I run back to the hotel—and we'll go and get my tickets for the club, and have them there."

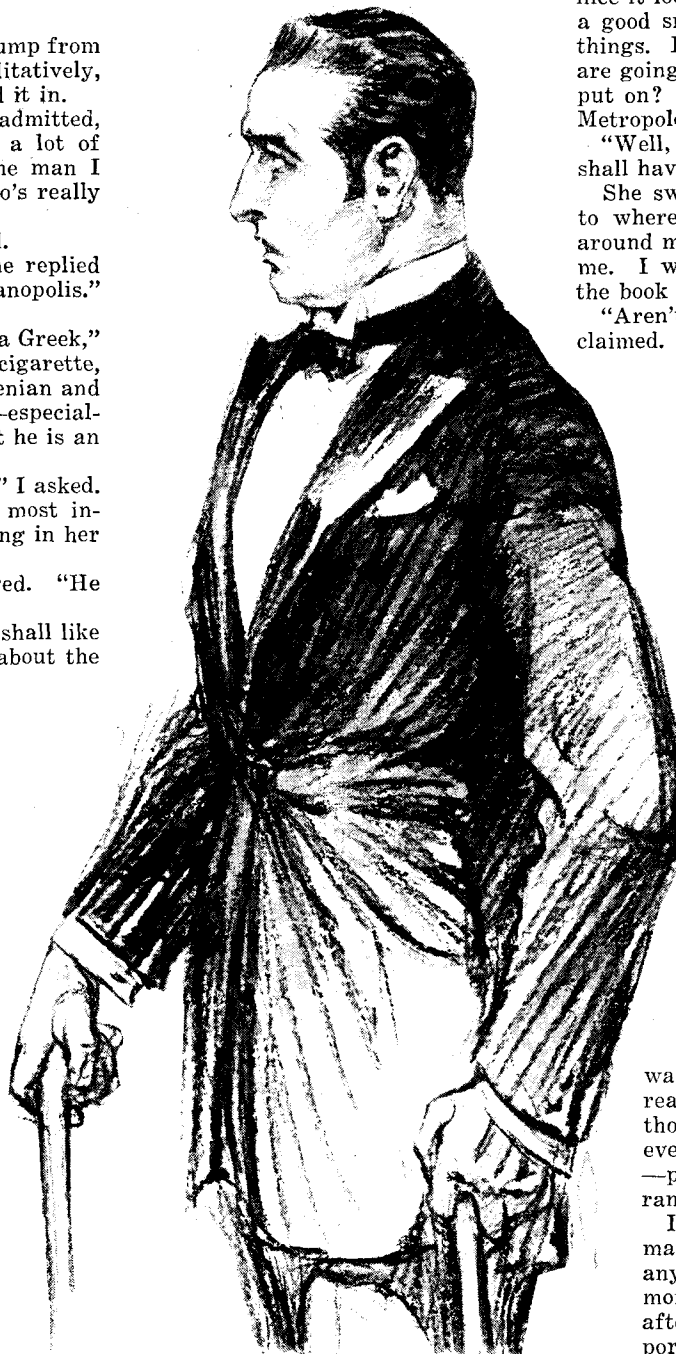
"But, my dear Joan," I warned her gravely, "they won't let you in there. You're not old enough."

She smiled as she watched me pick up my change.

"Wait," she murmured.

We strolled back to the hotel, where she kept me waiting ten minutes. When she reappeared, somehow or other, although she was as attractive as ever, she seemed slightly different—possibly owing to an altered arrangement of the hair.

I led her to the desk, and the man there smiled back at her, as anyone in the world would. In a moment or two, to my surprise, after a brief glance at her passport, he was making out her card.



She signed it. I watched her count the change from a mille note—she had insisted upon paying for herself—and we once more set out toward the Sporting Club.

"But how on earth did that come about?" I gasped.

"Never mind," she replied.

The same performance was gone through at the Sporting Club. Afterward we made our way upstairs into the little bar, where Joan insisted upon sitting upon a high stool with her arm through mine. She superintended the making of the cocktails, and there seemed to exist between her and Arnold that perfect freemasonry common between people of a similar bent. Later on we wandered through the Rooms, made a few bets, and at half past seven found ourselves in easy-chairs in the bar again.

"I must know why those men issued you your tickets," I told her.

She looked absently across at the wall.

"David dear," she said, "I'm afraid, if you have a fault—and I haven't found one yet—that you are just a little what the old world used to call conscientious. Are you?"

"I hope so," I answered.

"Then I'd rather not explain, if you don't mind," she begged.

"Don't be silly," I rejoined. "I may be conscientious, but you're in without my aiding or abetting you."

"If I tell you," she pleaded, "you won't do unpleasant things?"

"I promise."

"You see, my sister Mary is twenty-one," Joan explained, "and she's the image of me—especially with my hair drawn down like this—so just when I'm in Monte Carlo I'm Mary. She doesn't want her passport. To tell you the honest truth, I've been Mary before."

Well, it wasn't my affair, or if it was I didn't feel in the least inclined to complain. On the other hand, it was rather pleasant to think that she might be my companion in this, my favorite lounging place.

"You're the dearest thing on earth, David," she whispered, boldly taking my hand in hers.

She beckoned to a footman.

"Take this gentleman's order," she directed. "I am standing cocktails. Now, David," she went on, "we've reached the very important question about what we're going to do tonight. I suggest a little dinner in a quiet place where I can really try you out. Then, after dinner, we dance a little, and after that we come back here and gamble for an hour. Supper at the Carlton, of course."

"But, my child," I protested, "do you know that I usually go to bed at twelve o'clock?"

"Terribly bad for you," she retorted. "You're lucky if you get to bed before three during the period of my disgrace. . . . Oh!"

I LOOKED up, and I realized at once what had happened. A young man was approaching us—a perfectly dressed, olive-skinned, rather fat-faced young man, good-looking except that his eyes were set a trifle too close together, with masses of sleek, black hair, and a walk notably un-English. He bore down upon us.

"This is a great pleasure, to have found you, Miss Joan," he said. "But what a desertion!"

Joan nodded at him in friendly fashion, but without overmuch enthusiasm.

"I had no idea that you were coming to Monte," she observed.

"I decided only at ten o'clock this morning, after I had strolled the promenade," was the suave reply. "Why did you leave all your friends so unexpectedly?"

"Because I was bored with them all," she answered bluntly. "I thought I should like a change of life. Besides I heard that a very dear friend of mine—Major Forester—was here, and I was dying to see him. David, this is Mr. Christianopolis—Major Forester."

I contented myself with a nod and a perfunctory invitation to sit down, which the young man promptly accepted.

"Miss Heveringham is—" I began.

"You mustn't let Mr. Christianopolis into my secret," she interrupted. "Mr. Christianopolis knows a good deal about you already, although not by name. I am so honest," she went on, with a little sigh, "I have always told him that there was someone I was very fond of coming soon to Monte Carlo."

THE perfect serenity of the young man's expression was beginning to disappear. The half-masked scowl on his face made me dislike him, if possible, more than ever.

"You are staying at what hotel?" he inquired.

"I am staying with David," Joan replied. "We are at the Hotel Maurice."

"But, my dear Joan," I exclaimed, a little shocked, "you ought to tell—"

"There's nothing we need tell," Joan interrupted, taking my case from my pocket, and lighting a cigarette.

"Miss Heveringham," the young man said desperately, "may I have a word with you alone?"

"If ever you're fortunate enough to find me alone," Joan assented. "As a matter of fact, I don't often let David out of my sight. There are too many beautiful women about in this place."

The young man was fuming. After all, although I disliked him, I thought the situation might possibly be relieved by my temporary absence. I rose to my feet.

"Your opportunity has arrived," I told him. "There is a friend in the baccarat room I want to see. I shall find you presently, Joan."

She made a little grimace at me.

"I shall wait here until you come back," she promised.

I wandered through the Rooms, greeting a few acquaintances, and was standing by one of the roulette tables when I felt a touch upon my shoulder. I looked round and was confronted by a tall, very good-looking, sunburnt young man, whose face was somehow familiar to me.

"It is Major Forester, isn't it?" he asked.

I admitted the fact.

"My name is Rothbury," he went on eagerly—"Philip Rothbury. You know my father, I think."

"Quite well," I told him, shaking hands—"and your uncle."

"By the bye," he inquired, with elaborate nonchalance, "is your niece Miss Heveringham staying with you?"

"At the present moment," I said, "she's in the bar, talking to a young man by the name of Christianopolis."

My companion's face darkened.

"That infernal bounder!" he muttered.

"I'm inclined to agree with you," I admitted. "Why don't you go and break up their tête-à-tête?"

He accepted the suggestion, and disappeared. I found a seat and played trente et quarante for half an hour. Afterward I strolled back to the bar. There was no sign of Philip Rothbury, but Christianopolis was still sitting talking to Joan. She welcomed me gayly, but I thought she looked a little tired. Christianopolis rose to his feet, and deliberately, in my presence, leaned down and whispered in her ear.

She answered him with her tone a little more raised than usual.

"Nothing in the world would induce me to dine with you tonight," she replied. "You should have better taste than to ask me when my dear friend David is here."

The young man's lips moved, and I am perfectly certain that his unspoken words consigned me to the nethermost regions.

"At the Carlton tonight, then," he suggested.

She turned toward me.

"I have told Mr. Christianopolis that if he happens to be at the Carlton tonight, I will dance with him twice," she said. "Do you mind, David?"

"Of course not," I answered.

He left us then, with a little bow. She looked after him, and there was something in her eyes which troubled me.

"I rather wish you had minded," she sighed.

I tried hard to get Joan to allow me to invite Philip Rothbury, to whom I had taken a great fancy, to dine with us that

night. She refused, however, firmly.

"Our first dinner together, David dear," she protested—"I won't have it spoiled. I know exactly how Philip would try to make love to me. I haven't the faintest idea as to your methods."

"You shameless little hussy!" I rejoined. "I tell you, I am your uncle. I'm inclined to think you're a wicked and troublesome child, and I am as likely to want to make love to you as I am to your mother—my own sister."

She laughed in my face.

"We shall see," she murmured. . . .

I TOOK her, as she desired, to a restaurant of an intimate character, and, despite the fact that my niece made the most flagrant efforts to flirt with me, the evening was, I think, a success.

"Don't let's go back to the Rooms at all," Joan suggested, when eleven o'clock came. "Let's stay here and talk until it's time to go to the Carlton. Perhaps he won't come then."

"But don't you want him to come?"

"I don't."

"But you like dancing with him."

"I like dancing with him better than anything in the world," she admitted, with sudden emphasis. "Don't you see, David dear, that's just it? I wish I didn't."

"Why not?" I was constrained to ask.

"Because he's a brute," she answered simply.

That was all the mention that was made of Christianopolis, but on our way up to the Carlton she suddenly put her arm round my neck, and in the most brazen way kissed me.

"Joan!" I exclaimed. "My dear child!"

"Oh, shut up!" she insisted. "I want to kiss you, David. Don't you understand? It's a safety valve, and you are about the one man in the whole world I could kiss. Kiss me back again, please, and look as though you wanted to."

I did the best I could to invent and deliver an embrace suitable to the moment and the circumstance. Joan laughed at me but approved in modified fashion.

"With a little practice, David," she (Continued on page 32)

Illustrated by
T. D.
SKIDMORE



"Oh, you dear David!" she murmured. "If I hadn't found you! Oh, if I hadn't found you!"

The Valley Girl

By ALBERT
PAYSON
TERHUNE

*A sleepy valley is fraught
with dangers and strife*

Illustrated by
HAROLD
VONSCHMIDT

*Fight after fight
between the rival
syndicates' gangs
featured the
whole roaring
night of each pay
day*

The Story Thus Far:

GAVIN COLE, a young engineer, and Wilgus Bett, his employer, are working on a land-development project in the Reginskill Valley in New Jersey, against Jeff Christie, who claims to be working out a similar plan but Bett says that Christie is working in the interests of a big water company.

Gavin's own childhood home in the Catskills was demolished in the interests of water and he feels very strongly on the subject.

There promises to be bitter war between the two camps even though Gavin is in love with Jeff's sister, Faith. Faith and her collie, Heather, had at one time saved Gavin's life when an escaped convict was attacking him. But now Jeff has forbidden Gavin to see his sister.

TWO things of note had happened in the Reginskill during the 217 years since the last Iroquois war party drove the Lanape from its surrounding hills and scalped, by way of good measure, nineteen of the valley's Dutch settlers.

The first of those happenings was when a battalion of Cornwallis' Hessians raided the valley from end to end, driving off cattle and looting silver spoons and featherbeds and burning farm ricks.

Then for nearly a century and a half the region slept cozily and fatly, with no livelier incident than the coming of the motor car and, latterly, the far-above droning flight of an airship.

Now, when the twentieth century was in full swing and in its third decade, the valley woke with wildly blinking eyes from its slumbers, to find its land values mysteriously soaring and a le-

gion of mad rumors rushing from end to end of it.

First young Jeff Christie had gone about among his neighbors offering fancy sums for options on tracts of boggy or stony meadow land and useless hillsides. Before the natives could grasp what he was about, another option buyer appeared, in the artist chap who had been camping for his health up on the side of Reginsberg.

Gavin Cole was offering and actually paying more for his options than was Christie. Also he had those options all nicely printed on regular forms, just like land deeds, and he was handing out actual cash for signatures.

Farmers who had been talked into giving options to Christie were sorry they had done so, because Cole was paying more. Then the Cole optioneers regretted they had been coaxed into signing on the dotted line of the printed forms, because Christie advanced his own prices.

COLE met the advance, and the contest went on merrily.

Farmers began to wax coy and to coquette with one and then the other of the bidders. Then Cole created a diversion. Hottest raged the fight around the land which would be covered by the Bett Syndicate mile-wide and two-mile-long lake.

At Bett's bidding Cole ceased to dabble with options for this key spot. He bought outright, paying prices which

for the most part.

Then came a squad of engineers and surveyors and the like, working under Gavin's command. Followed a horde of day laborers who swarmed and toiled and sweated and drank and fought and shoveled and blasted in a frantic effort to establish a core wall for the dam at the valley's bottle neck.

A flood of unprecedented wealth gushed into the valley. So did an unprecedented population. Regin and Woollet and lesser hamlets were choked by newcomers. Speak-easies sprang up overnight. Women swarmed in from nowhere like buzzards to a carcass.

And now Jeff Christie had a swarm of workers, following his own syndicate's invasion of engineers and surveyors. Fight after fight—single combats, multiple brawls—between the rival syndicates' gangs featured the whole roaring night of every pay day. Troughs seeped into the valley, drawn like the cheap women by the presence of many laborers and much loose-flung coin.

Hitherto the Reginskill country had been as safe ground as any on earth. Now, natives forbade their womenfolk to stir abroad alone after dark or to loiter unnecessarily on their shopping tours.

Men of the region took to carrying weapons when they must be on the roads or in the boom townlets by night.

The valley's entire police force, comprising nine men in all, resigned in a

body—this after they had been summoned by hurry call to Regin on a payday evening to squelch a brawl of two rival section gangs and had been beaten up themselves instead.

But presently appeared a platoon of armed and grimy businesslike men in khaki—detailed by Bett from a private police agency—who restored and maintained outward order.

MEANWHILE, every day and all day, work went on. In shifts the laborers were kept toiling at top speed from gray dawn until strings of glaring electric lights must illumine their sweating labors.

Speed—speed—SPEED! Speed was the watchword of the gang foremen, of the blaspheming division superintendents, of the engineer forces, of Gavin Cole. Cole passed on the word for speed, and scourgingly he enforced it on those who in turn enforced it all the way down the line.

Banner wages were paid, but banner work was demanded. Did a digger lay aside his pick to light his pipe, did a concrete mixer cross from his own machine to another to borrow a chew of tobacco, did a man scamp his task under crafty cover of energy—swift was the nearest foreman's eye and as swift was the same foreman's raucous dictum:

"Get your time and clear out!"

Even as Gavin drove his men, so Wilgus Bett drove him. Cole was in charge of the whole local field of operations now and was held responsible for everything done or undone. Nor was he allowed for an hour to forget his stark responsibility.

He was proud and not a little perplexed at his promotion from mere scout to commanding field officer. Yet he recognized therein his life chance, and he threw himself into the job with all his steel-spring vigor.

Bett was back and forth nowadays from New (Continued on page 26)