

The Horseshoe Nails

By GEORGE WESTON

The Story Thus Far:

VAL WILLOUGHBY, a statistical clerk in the firm of Trevelyn, Welles & Co., asks for a raise and is rudely turned down.

Very much in the depths of despair he goes home to his boarding house, where he and three friends hold down the Stags' table.

After supper he goes for a walk hopelessly planning some way to get out of the humdrum of always being a small hired man. Suddenly he realizes that a taxicab ahead of him is being held up. He rushes to the rescue of the passengers, a lovely young girl and her escort; knocks out one of the robbers but fails to catch the other. When he turns again to the car, its occupants have fled.

Next morning the story of the holdup and Val's part in it is in the paper and there is quite a stir in Mrs. Murcote's boarding house. While the Stags are at breakfast the girl of the taxi calls Val up and they arrange to meet for lunch at the Langham.

Val tells his friends a story which sows the first seed toward hitching to the wheels of fortune

"I ought to tell you first," she said, "why I didn't stay to thank you last night. Dad doesn't approve of Ted—the man who was taking me home. He's a cousin of mine, in a way, and you know how it often is with relatives. And you'd understand this better, I think, if you knew Dad—as I hope you will some day," she ingenuously added.

"Starry-eyed . . . Starry-eyed . . ." Val was thinking, but he nodded in a very earnest way.

"He could make it terribly hard for Ted," she as earnestly continued—"and I suppose that's one reason why Ted didn't stop last night—because both of our names would have been in the papers, and somebody would have told Dad about it, even if he hadn't read it himself. But, all the same, I'm sorry that Ted didn't do more to help you."

Even Val could see that she didn't think much of her noncombatant cousin.

"Never mind," he said. "You helped enough. The way you cracked him over the wrist—"

"Oh, did you see that?" she breathlessly asked—evidently proud that Val knew about it too.

"You bet I did," he told her. "And a good thing for me it happened—or I probably wouldn't be here today."

She was so pleased—so pleased, indeed, that a suspicion of tears appeared for a few moments in her eyes.

The conversation turned to pleasanter things: the Ophelias in the vase between them, old-fashioned flowers in country gardens, Val's six months in France, Rheims before and after, French girls, American girls, the people at the surrounding tables, character as read by the shape of hands, Val's hands, her hands, the scratch on Val's cheek and whether or not it would leave a scar. . . .

IN SHORT, before they knew it, it was a quarter to three, and they probably wouldn't have known it then if it hadn't suddenly occurred to them that they were the only ones left on the balcony.

"I never, never knew the time to go so fast!" she said, hurriedly gathering her pocketbook and gloves and scarf together, "and—the worst of it is, I'm to meet some friends at the Grand Central at five minutes to three. But if I'm not held up again in a taxi—"

So Val paid the check—which was only \$3.10 after all, with fifty cents for the waiter—and they hurried to the elevator and were down in the lobby again in no time.

"I'll see you to your taxi," said Val, adding in a voice not altogether untouched with mournfulness, "I shall be with you that much longer, at any rate."

"You may come to the station with me if you like," she said as they hurried down the stairs.

If he liked! He was in the taxi after her like a shot.

"You're awfully quiet," she gently

TREVELYN, WELLES & CO. closed at noon on Saturdays, so Val had time to hurry uptown to Mrs. Murcote's before setting out to keep his engagement at the Langham. Heretofore his lunches had been confined to those crowded establishments where you either sat at a counter and tried not to get your sleeves wet from the liquid refreshments of those who had been before or to those more exciting maelstroms where you fished for your own and presently fought your way with whatever you had caught to a low chair—one of the arms of which had been ingeniously fashioned to serve as table.

And yet if you had seen Val as he entered the lobby of the Langham at twenty-five minutes past one that pleasant June day, you would have been pardoned for thinking that he always lunched in some such fashionable environment—that every day he met a starry-eyed goddess under a palm and carried her off to such caviare joys as the workaday world never knew.

TALL, young, eager, and unmistakably good-looking in his new blue serge, he might have been to the Langham born, and more than one waiting girl looked up first with hope and then with interest as he strode up the carpeted stairway which led to the lobby. For this perhaps his color was partly responsible—excitement and shyness together giving him a shade which might have made you think of yachts and Bar Harbor and shooting on the Scottish moors. And this too is rather rich. Sometimes the sergeant sported a cane when his knee reminded him too sharply of old campaigns, and just before he left Mrs. Murcote's Val had borrowed Tony's cane and was carelessly carrying it now as he strolled through the public rooms of

"I knew this morning I was going to have a happy day"

the Langham—and probably finding the same comfort in it that a small boy finds in his whistle when hurrying home at night.

"I wonder if I walked right past her and didn't know her?" he anxiously asked himself after he had completed the circuit of waiting beauty. "I'd hate to have them think I was staring, but I guess I'll have to go round again."

It was then that he caught sight of the sergeant, majestically keeping watch from near the cigar counter—like a faithful, deep-chested sentry whom nothing could move from guard.

"Good old Tony!" thought Val. "I mustn't look at him, though, or it will spoil his game." So he looked at the clock over the desk instead. "There!" he added. "Just half past one—the time she said—"

And then all at once he saw her coming up the carpeted stairs—a graceful figure, her eyes already searching the lobby in suppressed excitement. Val hurried forward to meet her, and she greeted him almost gayly, quite as though they had been old friends.

"I was so afraid I'd be late," she said. "Isn't this exciting? I can't begin to tell you how I'm thrilling inside. Shall we lunch upstairs?"

Following her lead, they strolled to the elevators together—a stroll which

carried them not far from the cigar counter—and you ought to have seen the impassive look on the sergeant's face as they passed him. . . .

"He knows it's the right girl now," thought Val. "Because if it hadn't been the girl in the taxi, I wouldn't be going to lunch with her."

They went up to the roof restaurant, and the head waiter, giving them one quick look, immediately led them to a table on a glass-enclosed balcony—a table with such a far-flung view of the city below that if Val had been in any other company he would probably have stood and stared at it. But

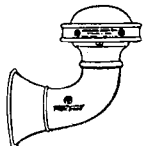
that noon at least he had eyes only for another picture, and if you had been there you probably wouldn't have greatly blamed him.

She was, he guessed later, about twenty, but figures didn't occur to him at the time—possibly because of the smile she had waiting for him every time their eyes met. They ordered lunch—fillet of sole and Langham salad, for those who are curious—and then she leaned forward in her chair and laced her fingers together, and for some foolish reason it pleased Val to see that there was neither wedding nor engagement ring on the third finger of her left hand.

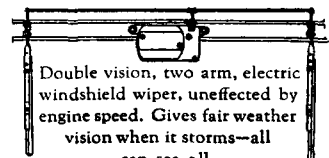
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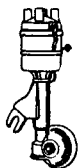
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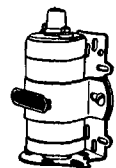
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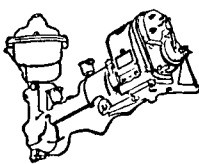
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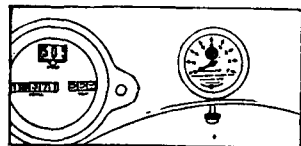
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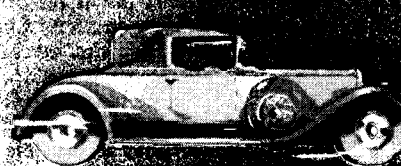
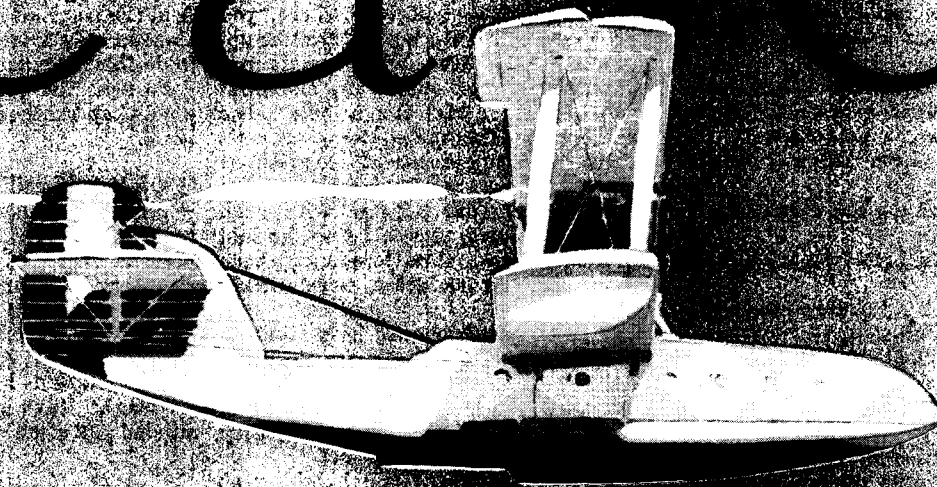


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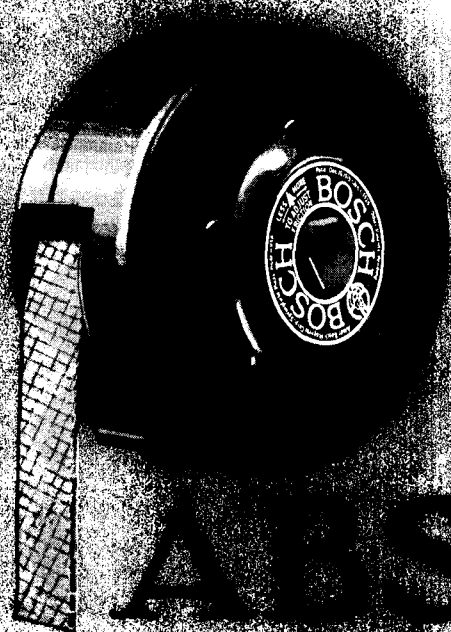


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BOSCH SHOCK ABSORBER

teased him, after they had ridden the first block in silence.

"Yes," said Val, who for the last half hour had been asking himself whether he could afford a girl after all—especially a girl who rode in taxis and lunched at the Langham. "... I feel quiet."

"Cheer up," she said. "The world's just full of the nicest of things; I'm sure that all men should be happy as kings."

Val said rather a bold thing then—his boldness tempered, however, by the hollow tone in which he spoke:

"You're the nicest thing I've ever known," said he.

For which perhaps she didn't exactly hate him.

"Perhaps you'd better be quiet, after all," she smiled.

"Starry-eyed . . . Starry-eyed . . ." dreamed Val to himself.

Indeed, if he had dreamed less and talked more he might have been better off, for it wasn't until he was alone in the taxi at the Grand Central that he suddenly remembered that he hadn't asked her if he could see her again . . . that, worse than this, he hadn't even learned her name . . . !

MEANWHILE the sergeant's afternoon was not altogether devoid of incident. After making sure that no one was following Val at the Langham, he strolled over to Broadway, glorying in the June sunshine—big, broad, handsome, wise and sporty.

"It must have been the right girl," he told himself, "or Val wouldn't have gone with her. But I'll have to talk to that young man when I see him again—pinching my stick like that!"

The sergeant too was wearing a spring suit—a brown and gray check known to the sporting world as the Prince of Wales pattern—and more than one admiring glance was directed to him as he strolled along the sidewalk, towering nearly a head above the crowd.

He continued his stroll to the Giffen Theatre, where Tut-tut, Tessie! was on its last two weeks. There he stood importantly in the lobby till half past two, when he bought a general admission for the matinée and took his station back of the rail in time to applaud the opening chorus.

Indeed, if you had been there, you probably would have noticed that he applauded the chorus whenever it appeared, and when one of the end girls said, "Listen, girls; it's a joke"—her only line in the play—the sergeant's laughter drew glances of surprise or irritation from nearly everyone near him: glances that he met with such minatory frowns, almost before he had finished laughing, that the glances, both of surprise and irritation, were quickly withdrawn.

After the performance he waited on the side street for the girls to come out of the stage entrance, and one of these—the girl who had said, "Listen, girls; it's a joke"—joined him, and they walked away together.

"I thought I heard you laughing at my line," she began.

She was a brunette—one of those rare specimens with a saucy nose—and although she was down on the program, Lucille La Motte, under "Ladies of the Chorus," the sergeant could have told you that she still dreamed of the time when she would be starred in musical comedy and have her name emblazoned in the immortality of electric lights.

"And, believe me, I'm glad you were there," she continued. "I needed somebody to laugh at my jokes today."

They pushed along through the after-theatre crowd—a tidal wave of heads and faces—a wave which seemed to have neither beginning nor end.

"What's the matter?" asked Tony.

"Same old story," she told him. "They

gave Dad the gate again because he was all wet. Dropped the cannon ball twice in Philadelphia yesterday; and the second time it went over the footlights and put the drummer out of business."

"Been drinking?" frowned the sergeant.

"Drinking? Sure, he'd been drinking. And the worst of it is they're broke, and Heaven only knows what they're going to do this summer."

So near the Fifties they turned east until they reached a small professional hotel.

TONY and Lucille inquired at the desk, and then walked upstairs to a small room on the back of the second floor—a room where Flip, Flop and The Dog, Jugglers Extraordinary, had temporarily pitched their tents.

Flip, as you may have guessed, was Lucille's father, and if you had seen him he might have reminded you of an old

Shakespearean actor on the end of a spree. He was known among his friends as the Doctor, and when he was right he could do more things with a cannon ball than the army ever knew.

Flop was Lucille's mother—a faded blonde—rather stout and rather deaf, but dressed remarkably young.

And the dog was Napoleon—a wire-haired terrier who sat up and barked and wagged his tail the moment he saw Lucille. She and Tony stayed nearly an hour. At first the Doctor had started a dignified tirade against the movies; but soon, breaking off and trembling a little, he asked Tony if he had anything to drink. The sergeant talked to him then in his huskiest voice, and the Doctor gradually became maudlin and wept at the sadness of life. Over in the corner, Tony noticed, Lucille slipped a small (Continued on page 47)

Illustrated by
JOHN H.
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"Starry-eyed . . . Starry-eyed . . ." Val was thinking, but he nodded in a very earnest way

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A Primer for Dressmakers of Both Sexes

By H. I. PHILLIPS

WHAT is this? *This is a girl. The girl's name is Jane. But not necessarily.*

Is she going swimming? *No, Jane is not going swimming.*

Then why is she in a bathing suit? *She is not in a bathing suit, ninny. That is her 1927 street frock.*



Lesson II

Who is this? *This is a lady. She looks just like the other lady. Yes. Is she the other lady's sister? Omigosh, no! The resemblance is very strong. True, but you never can tell these days. She may be her grandmother.*

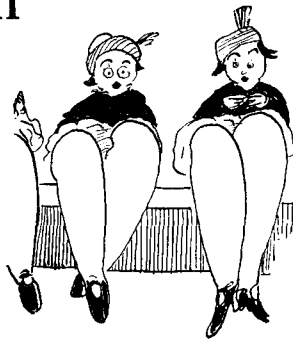


Lesson III

What is this? *Guess. A scene from the Ziegfeld Follies? No. Ziegfeld has reformed and is going straight. Guess again.*

A cover design for a French magazine? *No.*

Then what is it? *It is a scene in any hotel lobby.*



Lesson IV

What is this? *This is a man. The man's name is Paul.*

Paul who? *Never mind, Paul who. It is Paul, the Parisian style czar.*

What is Paul doing? *Paul is frowning. He is in despair.*

Why is Paul in despair? *He can't think of any way to make them shorter and still keep out of jail.*



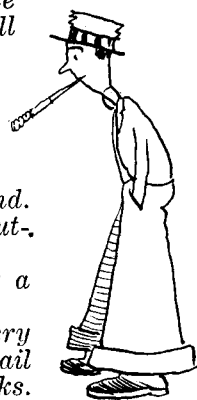
Lesson V

This is John. Who is John? *John is Jane's boy friend. Is he in the navy? No: the tailors are cutting the trousers that way this season. Is John a good boy? No, John is not a good boy.*

Has he done anything very bad? *Not very bad. He has merely held up a mail truck and robbed a couple of banks.*

Where is John going? *He is going to a hardware store.*

Why is John going to a hardware store? *See next picture.*

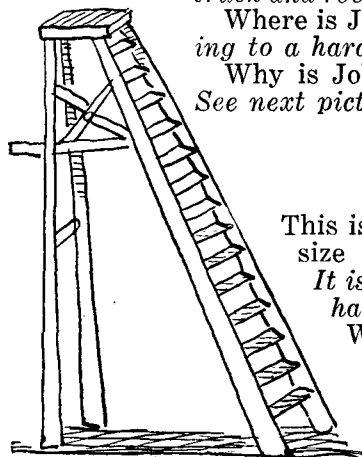


Lesson VI

This is a stepladder. It is the largest size stepladder sold. What of it? *It is the reason John is going to the hardware store.*

Will John buy the stepladder? *Absolutely.*

What does John want with the stepladder? *He is going to hide behind a woman's skirts.*



Twin Wives

Continued from page 7

contemplated marriage on the morrow were nervous. And her condition was peculiar in that she knew that she could never achieve that romantic love for her husband which is a maiden's natural hope. But there was no use in dwelling on the frustration of her romantic dream. She had finally accepted Dean, and in twelve hours she would be his wife.

Out upon the stage pranced the chorus again. Once more she studied the face and form of the girl who had attracted her attention. The apprehension left her, dismissed by an effort of will. Now her attitude was one of curiosity alone.

What sort of girl was this? What was her name? Reference to the program would not identify the girl, for the "ladies of the ensemble" were grouped together on the program with nothing to indicate who was who. She might be Lorna Fadette or Gwendolyn Mannering or Mercedes Lagoya or any other of the fancifully named young women.

But what was she like? Did the fawn-like grace of her body indicate a blithe heart? Did wit accompany the curved lips that looked as though they might so easily be provoked to smiles? Were the black eyes, somewhat incongruous with the blond hair, shallow or deep?

Eleanor felt a wish to meet the girl. A fleeting envy of the chorus girl possessed her. Probably she was happy, heart-whole and fancy-free. Or perhaps she was attached to some young fellow of the theatre, and they planned mutual success. She wasn't married; there was, for all her nearly nude body and its sometimes suggestive posturing, something virginal about her.

What an advantage such a girl possessed over Eleanor Sanver! This girl's parents probably would not object to her marrying any decent young fellow. There would be no inquiries as to his social and financial rating; there would be no ugly hints as to the mercenary quality of his love.

How she, Eleanor Sanver, would like to change places with this pretty but obscure chorus girl!

She laughed quietly at herself and dismissed her vagaries. Dean had managed, in the interval between acts, to edge Rannie Curwood forward in the box until that buccaneer of finance sat beside the prize he had won.

DEAN'S hand fumbled for Eleanor's fingers. After all, there was something satisfying, solacing, in his strong clasp. If ever Dean came to the belief that Eleanor could never give him more than comradeship, Dean would accept the situation like the chivalrous gentleman he was.

He would never reproach, never whine, and never humiliate her by taking to himself a mistress. Dean was one thing that Phil never had been—a gentleman.

Zogbaum paid the most distinguished party in the house the tribute of a call during the last act. The whole company was going on to The Keyhole, New York's latest fancy in night clubs. He was asking a few guests to go along. Carey turned questioningly to Eleanor. She didn't want to go, but the pleading light in her father's eyes caused her to accept the invitation. Dear old Daddy Tom! He fancied himself as a first-class performer of the Charleston, and hated to forgo any opportunity to display his agility. He had suffered from insomnia for more than fifteen years, ever since Mrs. Sanver's death, and the advent of night clubs had been a boon to him. He was a conspicuous figure in them, and yet Eleanor knew that his name had never been connected with any woman of the half-world, and that he was not derided as a "sugar papa." Bless his heart, if he wanted to Charleston, he should do so.

As for the Curwoods, nothing could make Tessie go to bed except the clos-

ing of all places of entertainment. And Dean was willing enough. So the party pressed its way through the mob of the curious that had stood in a drizzling rain, soaked and chilled, but warmly happy in the realization that it had seen scores of celebrities enter and leave New York's newest playhouse. Photographers who had missed some faces before the performance cannonaded the street with their flashlight explosions, and fashion reporters made final amendments to their notes of the women's costumes.

The Keyhole was jammed. Word had mysteriously gone forth, as word always does on such occasions, that Zogbaum's entire cast would appear, and everybody who could afford to bribe a head waiter seemingly was present when Eleanor and her party entered the place.

SHE was used to a buzz of whispers on her appearance in any public gathering. She knew, without too great vanity, that she was above the average in good looks. She did not know that her beauty alone would have marked her, entirely aside from the fact that she was the daughter of Thomas G. Sanver, heiress to one of the great American fortunes.

She was not extraordinarily beautiful according to conventional standards. True, her hair was black, with a lustrous sheen that suggested color, and it was bobbed most becomingly. Her black eyes, with the well-defined brows that curved quizzically upward; her strong nose, with the sensitive nostrils; the short upper lip; the mobile mouth, with the faintest hint of a dimple; the firm chin, and the lovely body were all beautiful enough, but not so much so as to satisfy the tastes of those who are wedded to conventions. For the eyebrows weren't matched, and the nose was not flawless, and her shoulders were a trifle too wide. But there was something about her manner, her bearing, something defiant and proud, that differentiated her from other women. One versed in reading countenances would have found in her features the attraction which belongs only to persons whose next action is unguessable.

And everyone on The Keyhole floor united in exclaiming that she and Carey made the handsomest couple present. Had she cared anything about this sort of triumph, she would have been gratified beyond measure, for she was the most-sought-after woman in the place, and this despite the fact that Zogbaum's actresses were present.

But finally Daddy Tom had Charlestoned enough. To her suggestion that they go home he made willing assent, so Eleanor went to the cloakroom to reacquire the wrap which she had left there earlier.

As she stood before a mirror in the dressing-room, a gayly metallic voice burst into loud speech:

"Well, if our little touch-me-not Cynthia ain't grabbed herself a John after all! And what a boy he must be! Did he borrow the pearls from his wife or did you pick them out yourself?"

Curiously, Eleanor glanced in the direction whence came the voice. She saw a rather too-brazen beauty, who eyed her grinningly. At the moment there was no one else in the dressing-room.

"Thought you wouldn't go to the party? Thought you never did go on parties? Thought you didn't have anything fit to wear, even if you did want to go? And here you are dressed like a million, with another million around your neck!"

Eleanor's brows drew close together. Quite obviously the speaker had mistaken her for someone else. She had called her by the name of Cynthia, and Eleanor remembered that there had been a Cynthia Brown in the list of names of the chorus at tonight's show.

(Continued on page 34)