

The Bathing Beauty

By Elsie Singmaster



"I sent for them boys to hunt for the murderer," answered Milton in a shout. "She told me she knew he'd kill her"

A mountaineer's love for art finds a simple expression which stands him in good stead in an emergency

DRESSED in the suit which he wore for his work of road making, a brown corduroy stained with earth and out at elbows, Allen McIntyre stepped from the bedroom of his cabin into the kitchen. He was twenty-three years old, of dark complexion and slender, wiry figure. When his face was not clouded by unhappiness he was attractive, and even with his present look of anxiety he was handsome. His great-great-grandfather, a Scotchman, had settled in South Mountain, and here the family had remained until the present generation, when roads were opened and messengers from the world showed the way out.

State employees came and went—rangers who guarded the woods from fire; officers of the court who compelled stubborn parents to send their children to school; even nurses who, according to one's point of view, were angels of mercy or prying devils.

Of Allen's family only a sister survived. To Grace the state nurse had been an angel of liberation; with her aid she herself had entered the profession, and now served as a visiting nurse in Harrisburg, fifty miles away.

When she went Allen was courting—or to speak exactly, being courted by—Erma Hough, a neighbor, older than he, taller than he, whose blood was diseased. To Erma he had been married for five years. Love was long dead between them; he felt in its place pity and irritation, Erma jealousy and hatred. She was ill, never to be better, but likely to live many years; she was slatternly and fiercely quarrelsome. In the remnant of the McIntyres there was possibility of attainment; in the numerous Houghs there was none: evil was their heritage and their practice. They were owners of stills; they set the forests on fire; they knew no moral and kept no civil law.

Allen was dressed in his working

suit, but he expected to change. The making of the road five miles away, upon which he was employed, had come to a pause for lack of material, and he intended to go to Harrisburg to see Grace—to this no decent wife could object.

The ultimate aim of his journey was not so innocent. He meant to ask Grace to suggest some way by which he might escape his loathsome and degrading existence. He would continue to supply Erma with money if he could earn it, but he would never return to the cabin alive. He had not seen Grace for two years. Then she had talked to him, against his will, of finding work in the city and attending night school. He had been angry because her concerned and affectionate eyes saw his desperation, but now his broken spirit knew no anger.

Erma was in the kitchen. Standing in the garments in which she had slept, she bent over the stove, enveloped in the smoke from frying bacon. Smoke covered the windows and darkened the room. The house was almost hermetically sealed; it was difficult to tell whether the season was winter or summer. Erma had, like many mountain people, a horror of night air; to Allen, who breathed the fresh air all day, the closed atmosphere was asphyxiating.

Erma spoke without turning from the fire. Her malady made her voice hoarse. A physician would have listened, startled, and veiled the expression of his eyes. She would not consult a physician, but consumed bottle after bottle of patent medicine.

"You bring me a new spider or you don't get another meal cooked for you in this house. This one is fried almost through. I won't take no excuses. You have money, you know you have money."

SHE began to scream, though screaming was perilous for degenerating blood vessels. Regardless of danger, she sometimes screamed for a long time, even when she was alone. "You want to go away in your car and take a woman with you!"

Allen made no answer. There was at this moment a sound from without, the measured tread of a horse's feet punc-

tuated by a clear whistle. Ranger Yellis was going to the fire tower to relieve Ranger Hough. Yellis was a student at the Forestry School, studying at the age of thirty after years of hope and effort: a tall, blue-eyed, silent man who seemed to be forever gazing at the distant scene in search of ominous puffs which indicated danger.

Ranger Milton Hough was Erma's brother: tall, low-browed, dull and vicious like Erma herself. He spent long periods at the cabin when Allen was away. Between him and Yellis there was no communication except what their duties made necessary.

Erma's cries grew louder. "I say I know what you want a car for!" she screamed.

"Do you want Yellis to hear you?"

"I say I know what you want a car for!" she screamed again. "You want to get away, that's what you want. You want to get away and take a woman with you!"

"What woman?"

"I know!" screamed Erma vaguely. "I'll get Milt after you! You'll see what he'll do to you!"

Having finished his breakfast, Allen opened the door and looked out—into paradise.

The May sky was blue; the May air fresh as the morning of creation.

ACROSS the narrow grass-grown track white blossoms drifted from a tall shadbush; above its delicate white crown showed the bright red seed vessels of the hard maples; beneath swung its yellow tassels. Still higher on the rising mountain gleamed the delicate gray of young aspen leaves against walls of pine and hemlock.

"Go in or go out!" shrieked Erma. "Do you want to kill me?" Kill was a word beloved to Erma.

Allen turned back into the room and closed the door behind him. "I'm going to Harrisburg to see Grace," he said.

His face grew deadly pale, and so also did Erma's. His remained pale, but hers turned a brilliant red.

To his astonishment and relief, she said nothing. His eyes avoided her; he opened the door again and went round to the side of the house. There in a shed stood his most valuable possession,

a small worn car in which he went to and from work.

The car was not alone a necessity for the earning of his living; it had upon it recently acquired decorations which satisfied the demand of his soul for beauty. Pasted on the windshield was the likeness of a young woman, dressed only in a red bathing suit, her hands clasped in the position of a diver. On the rear window was a similar picture, turned upside down, so that while she plunged into the waves in the front of the car, she floated upward toward them in the rear.

These were merely minor ornaments, like tiny landscapes set playfully along the margin of an etching. The real ornament was on the roof, a bathing girl of large proportions, almost as tall as Allen himself. Presented to him by the clerk in the drug store from whom he had bought her small sisters, and pasted on carefully, she had delighted his soul for a week.

The sight of his car cheered his heart. He began to work, tightening the nuts, brushing off carefully the mud accumulated for days, and at last washing the car. He grew anxious once more when he remembered that he must bathe and dress. Fortunately the shed door was in plain view from the bedroom window, and Erma could not approach the car unseen. It was likely that she would refuse to heat water for him. Then he must bathe in cold water: he would engage in no bodily struggle for possession of the stove. He began to mutter, as though he were Erma herself, "I must go! I must go!"

TO HIS astonishment, Erma made no further objection. When he entered she sat rocking back and forth. She turned her head to look out the window; she did not look back when he was in the room. To his further astonishment, he saw a kettle filled with hot water steaming on the stove. He lifted from the floor the wooden pail which was the family bathtub and carried it and the steaming kettle into the bedroom and came back for cold water. Erma still sat rocking. She looked deathly ill, but the vigor of her motions showed abundant vitality.

Refreshed by hot water and rubbing, Allen stepped across the room and lifted a curtain behind which hung what were called "Sunday clothes," though Sunday was regarded in no other way. His body was as yet unaffected by his hard labor; unclad, he looked even younger than twenty-three. Keeping his eye on the door of the shed, his ear alert toward the kitchen, he lifted down the brown suit. Something odd in its appearance startled him and, shaking like a leaf, he carried it to the window. A triangular patch had been cut from the back of the coat, and the trousers had been almost divided in half.

For a moment he stood still. Repair was impossible, even for an expert with ample time in which to work. He had feared a punctured tire, but he had not anticipated this. He heard a sound in the next room; he listened earnestly and heard it again. It was a soft but dreadful sound—the chuckle of hatred become insane.

Stooping, he gathered from the floor his wet, earth-stained, ragged suit and put it on. Like a child in an ogre's cave, he looked up at the ceiling, round

at the walls, down at the floor. He looked last of all at the door into the kitchen. He was now weak with fear—Erma might wait for him on the other side. He saw himself struggling with her, overpowered, or—what was more hideous—overpowering her, a woman. He felt the impact of her body falling upon him.

He heard again the low chuckle, then a footstep, and instantly he turned and lifted the window sash and scrambled out. He leaped across the intervening space and into his car. It was in order: there was water in the radiator; gas in the tank. He turned the key, pressed the throttle; there sounded the familiar snort and roar. Driving out of the shed, he saw the house door open and heard a scream. Erma stationed herself in the middle of the road: he must run her down or stop.

Instead he turned upward on the track which had as yet been traveled by no car, his act that of the sailor who plunges from a burning deck into the sea. The motion of his car was not unlike that of a boat in the sea. The right wheels rose, the left wheels sank, the left wheels rose, the right wheels sank. He knew little of prayer, but he began to pray: "Oh, God, let me through! Oh, God, let me through!" He caught a glimpse of the fire tower high against the sky. It seemed to typify Deity, and he directed his thoughts toward it, "Oh, help me! help me!"

The car continued to ascend. It careened now against a bush of wild azalea; now it crushed coiled ferns. But it persisted bravely until Allen halted it so that it and he might breathe. He wiped his brow; he heard the song of a bird, smelled the delicious perfume of wild crab. His prayer was answered, he was safe from pursuit. From now on he would descend, coming out in the neighborhood of Shippensburg, and from there he would go to Carlisle and thence to Harrisburg. He was glad Erma had stood in his way and driven him up the hill; if he had descended, he would have passed the house of her brother. His heart leaped. He was free, he would never go back.

HE WAS on the lofty plateau on which not far away, but now hidden from him, the tower lifted its slender height.

He eased the car carefully down the hill, on a road like the dry bed of a creek. He found that he was holding the wheel with a hard grip. He loosened his grasp, and immediately a strange thing happened, yet not strange. His breakfast had been unfit for a human being; he had since been shocked, horrified, enraged, excited. He found that he was violently ill, and he got out of the car and lay for a long time upon a mossy bank. A half hour passed, another and still another. When he climbed back he was muttering again, this time his sister's name. . . .

He saw at last beneath him the roofs of houses, the spires of churches and the large buildings of a school—he was approaching Shippensburg. He was suddenly on a macadam road, oiled and hard as concrete. He saw a sign: "Sandwiches." That was what ailed him—he was hungry! He drank a cup of coffee, ate a sandwich and climbed back into the car. The proprietor of the refreshment stand made admiring and even envious comment upon his mammoth bathing girl, and he smiled wanly.

While he ate and drank a change came over the sky and air. The sky was no longer blue: it was dimmed, and here and there it was gray. The drought was past, the men would come down from the tower, their watch ended until autumn. His thoughts were still the thoughts of home. Henceforth Yellis would not hear Erma scream, and Milt

Hough would work on the roads and not idle in the cabin.

The road bisected lengthwise a broad valley, set with limestone barns and houses. The wheat was green; farmers were planting corn. Following his sense of direction alone, disobeying traffic signals which he did not recognize as such, he drove through Carlisle, and again entered another wide valley. He traveled slowly and many times, racked by illness, he stopped and waited until the qualm had passed. Had he looked upward, he might still have desecrated the tower against the sky.

HE SAW no tower, but drove without thinking conscious thoughts until rain drops began to sprinkle on his windshield. An early twilight was at hand, but he did not think of turning on his lights until a passing driver shouted at him.

He began to bite his lips. By and by a little drop of blood appeared upon his lip, then another. He lifted his hand absently and brushed them down across his chin.

He saw on one side an iron railing, on the other passing cars, and between the two he must make his accurate way. His eyes grew more wild, his look more dreadful. The car before him halted; he halted also. The driver handed a coin into an outstretched hand. He saw on both sides beyond the railings and the cars vast spaces of glittering water. He knew where he was. This was the Susquehanna: when he crossed it he would be in Harrisburg.

"How much?" he asked, speaking loudly in order to speak above his fright.

"Nickel."

He gave the toll keeper the coin and drove on. They were not yet across; not yet, he believed, half across. He followed the rear light of the car in front of him; it was his only guide. It turned to the right; he turned to the right. It turned to the left; he turned to the left. He saw the colored lights of business streets, the flaring head lamps of trolley cars. If the car before him had driven into the river, he too would have driven into the river.

The driver in front of him put out his hand and drew to the side of the street. He also put out his hand and followed suit. The driver got out of the car, and he called to him faintly.

"What did you say?" The driver returned. "Sixteenth Street? Next block. What's the number? That's just around the corner."

Peace came into Allen's heart. He stumbled in the darkness, but found the house without difficulty.

As he climbed the steps he shivered. When approaching his cabin in the evening he had felt the same chill, not knowing what horror of hysteria or rage might greet him. He reminded himself that it was not savage Erma but kind Grace whom he should see. He stepped into the upper hall and walked toward the open door of a room. Within was a bright light.

"Grace!" he called faintly.

There was no answer. He took a faltering step and found himself inside. He saw in the bright light two men

dressed in dark gray uniforms with side arms. One of them held his revolver in his hand.

"We want you," he announced. "Better come without making any fuss."

Allen's mouth opened wide. In the bright light, with the stain of blood across his chin, he looked not only forlorn but desperate, even criminal.

"Where?" he faltered.

"Back home," answered a grim voice.

"Where's my sister?" asked Allen stupidly.

"Don't know," said the officer. "Where's your car?"

"Out there."

One of the officers took him by the arm and led him down the steps.

"What's the matter?" asked Allen. "What have I done?" his voice rose hysterically.

"Enough," answered the officer beside him curtly.

The officer on the front seat drove the car at its full speed, down upon the viaduct, through the town, across the bridge which spanned the water, not even stopping to pay toll. He drove toward Gettysburg, the shortest route to the mountain.

A bright yellow car sailed by and vanished.

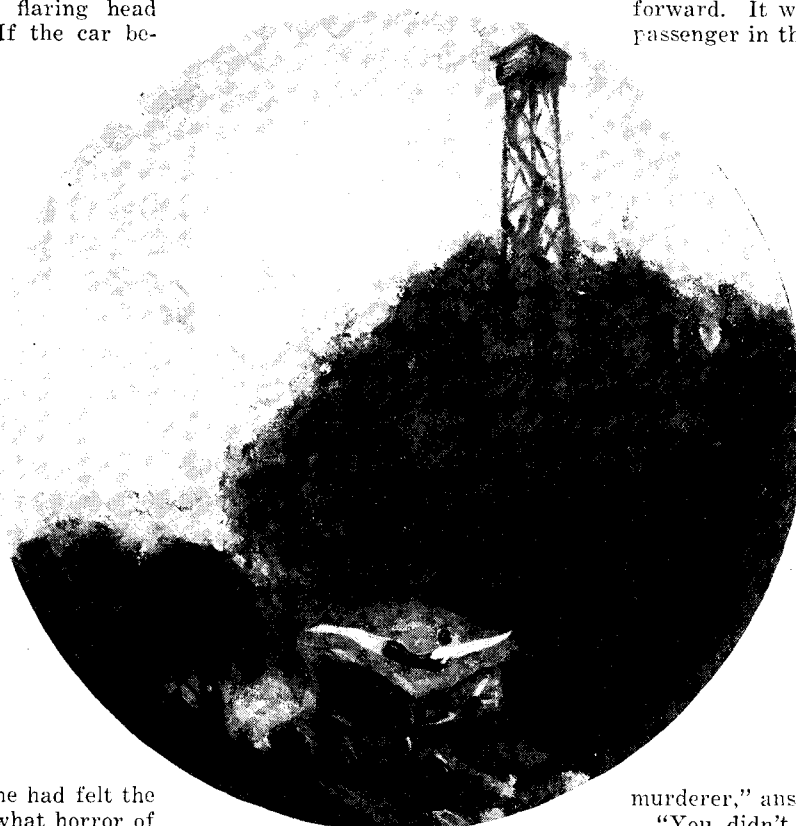
"Queer!" said one of the officers. "A taxi!"

"What have I done?" asked Allen again, his voice now faint as well as hoarse.

"You'll soon find out."

He sat erect; it was not only rain and the voices and lights which wakened him; it was a gnawing pain in his stomach. He clasped his hands across his body and bent forward. He felt the car bump over the tracks at Sevenstars; he felt the road rise at Cashtown. The pain in his body dulled his alarm; he did not know who or what he was, or ask again where he was going.

When the car left the concrete and climbed roaring upward into the black, dripping woods he was aroused by its



The huge, red bathing-beauty poster was the envy of all who owned cars

rough motion and looked out into the darkness. In the house of Milt Hough a dim light burned, but no one appeared, though a car in the road at night would naturally bring Milt and all his family to the door. At the house of Jim Hough, who was a cousin of Erma's, he saw another dim light, but

there were apparently no inhabitants. The car climbed on, taking first this side of the road; then that. He smelled the odor of slippery elm impregnating the damp air. The tall trees stood at the last bend of the road: in another instant he would see his cabin.

The car stopped, and both officers stepped down. They pressed him closely, the hand of one at his holster.

"What on earth's that taxi doing here?" he asked.

"Search me," said his companion.

With a show of authority and a pretense of force, they led Allen in the rocky path to the door. He saw, astounded, the bright lights of the yellow car illuminating the front of the house and shining in the open door, adding to the lights of the smoky lamp within. He saw the glowering face of Jim Hough, the vicious face of Milt, the faces of curious children, who were, alas, not greatly shocked! All looked from him to an object far beneath the level of their eyes—Erma, lying prone upon the floor in the shadowed corner beyond the stove.

"What's the matter?" he asked faintly; then, seeing blood, began to shudder.

A snarling voice mocked him. He turned his head. Men had hold of Milt as though to restrain him.

"Look at your work!" he shouted. "There she lies, hit on the head, and you off! Who else would have hit her in the head? Tell me that!"

ALLEN lifted his free hand to his lips. It covered the blood stain on his chin, a fact not unobserved. He was smitten not so much with terror as with a paralyzing horror. They were like wolves, these men and women and children; no, they were worse: they were like Erma. They were Erma. He grasped his throat, his eyes turning from their eyes, from the body on the floor, out into the black shadows of the woods.

From there, to his unspeakable amazement, a strange woman stepped forward. It was she who had been the passenger in the taxicab.

Again Allen pressed his throat, his eyes aflame.

"Grace!" he cried hoarsely. The officer who held his wrist felt him quiver, and grasped his arm more firmly.

Grace looked not at him, but at the officers of the law.

"I'm Grace McIntyre," said she. Her voice was soft, yet deep and firm. The sound increased the tension in Allen's throat; he heard his mother's voice, his grandmother's, other voices of his childhood. "I understand you came to my apartment and lay in wait for my brother. Who sent you?"

"I sent for them boys to hunt for the

murderer," answered Milton in a shout.

"You didn't send for a doctor? A doctor would have told you that she fainted and that falling she struck her head."

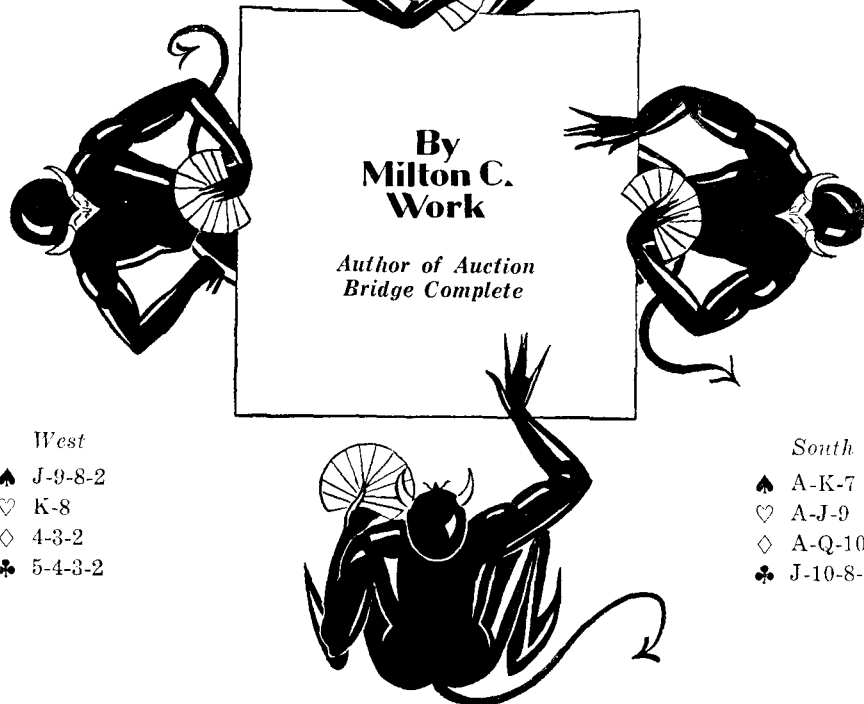
"She was felled by a blow!" shouted Milt. "I can swear she told me many times she knew he'd kill her. I have folks that heard her screamin' early in the afternoon. Yellis heard her screamin' something fierce. You get Yellis: he'll tell you; he'll—"

Appearing as (Continued on page 44)

How would You play it ?

North
 ♠ 10-6
 ♥ 6-5-2
 ♦ 9-8-6-5
 ♣ A-K-9-7

East
 ♠ Q-5-4-3
 ♥ Q-10-7-4-3
 ♦ K-J-7
 ♣ Q



West
 ♠ J-9-8-2
 ♥ K-8
 ♦ 4-3-2
 ♣ 5-4-3-2

South
 ♠ A-K-7
 ♥ A-J-9
 ♦ A-Q-10
 ♣ J-10-8-6

THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; a play-by-play description follows:

The Auction

South opened with a bid of one No Trump and everyone else passed. At Contract Bridge the bidding would vary to this extent: South, having a count of 19 with four suits stopped, would bid two No Trumps; 17 is the minimum for that bid with four suits stopped, so South is two over the margin.

North, with a count of 7, would jump South's two No Trumps to three.

The Play

West's opening lead was the fourth best of the stronger of his two four-card suits; and when the Deuce of Spades was led, the Declarer with Ten and one small in Dummy and Ace-King and one small in Closed Hand, hoping that the lead had been from Queen-Jack, played the Ten from Dummy. But when East played the Queen, Declarer won the trick in the Closed Hand. He could see that he wished to lead Clubs from Closed Hand, Hearts and Diamonds from Dummy, and of course started by leading his Clubs toward Dummy. In selecting the Club to lead, he picked the Jack because it might induce West to cover with the Queen if he had it; and in that event Dummy would have four Club entries.

West, however, played the Deuce and the Declarer refused the finesse, playing the King from Dummy. When a finesse can be postponed it is always foolish to take it on the first round. Furthermore, by covering, the making up of Dummy's entries could be facilitated. The dropping of East's Queen was of course a piece of rare good luck.

To trick 2, Declarer led a Diamond from Dummy because Dummy had four Diamonds and only three Hearts, and the Closed Hand was stronger in Diamonds than in Hearts. When East played a small Diamond, Closed Hand, having A-Q-10, made the double finesse, playing the Ten. This is the correct way to handle the double tenace whenever the total holding of the combined

hands in the suit is eight or less. The Ten of Diamonds won.

The rest of Declarer's play was clearly marked. To trick 4 he led the Ten of Clubs from Closed Hand, overtaking with the Ace in Dummy so as to put Dummy once more in the lead; and then, to trick 5, a second Diamond from Dummy and, the Jack falling, he won with the Queen. Now the equal division of the two remaining adverse Diamonds was clearly marked, and the dropping of them on the Ace was assured; so Declarer led the Ace of Diamonds.

Trick 7, the Declarer's Eight of Clubs was won with the Nine in Dummy.

Trick 8, Dummy cashed his thirteenth Diamond, and Closed Hand discarded his Seven of Spades.

To trick 9 Dummy of course led a Heart; and when East played small, the Declarer had a real problem to solve. He had no way to place the Heart honors, although he could count that West originally had held but two Hearts. This he could figure because West had held four Spades, four Clubs and three Diamonds. What those two Hearts were, however, he had no idea. The best chance for a Small Slam was to play the Nine, hoping East had the Ten. Dame Fortune smiled again and the Nine forced the King.

Trick 10 was a Spade, won by Closed Hand; trick 11 Declarer utilized Dummy's last Club entry. Then came trick 12, and the final Heart finesse (not unattended by risk because West with King-Queen probably would have false-carded). It won and South scored a lucky but well-played Small Slam.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North
 S. A-Q-4
 H. A-5-3
 D. K-J-2
 C. 7-6-3-2

East
 S. K-10-9-8
 H. K-9-8-7
 D. Q-7-5-3
 C. 10

West
 S. J-7-6
 H. 6-4-2
 D. 10-9-8
 C. J-9-8-4

South
 S. 5-3-2
 H. Q-J-10
 D. A-K-1
 C. A-K-Q-3

It's Your Own Fault

Continued from page 29

compete with other individuals can usually work with other individuals.

To hear the so-called "character analysts" talk, one would think that they were able to "read" personality at a glance. These charlatans are preying on manufacturers and employment managers generally. They maintain "institutes." They advertise—violently, even ridiculously. Chief among them are the so-called "head hunters."

There is at least one big institute in New York that takes annually out of industry a comfortable fortune for selecting men on the basis of head measurements! But put these measures to a test. Ask any of these gentlemen to go with you to the places where immigrants are tested. Ask them to pick out the defectives from the normals from head measurements.

Pictures Show Character!

Dr. Yepsen of the Training School at Vineland, N. J., wrote me not long ago: "We would like to have a little money to take a series of motion-picture photographs to show that it is utterly and absolutely impossible to pick out even the feeble-minded from the normal because we feel it would be a good thing if industry actually knew these facts."

The next type of expert is he who claims to be able to read the personality and character of individuals from photographs. You don't actually have to bring the applicant in front of him; all you need to do is to show him a photograph. Think of that!

Let's challenge these experts to a photographic test to be made under these conditions: Let one of these gentlemen go to the home for the friendless and pick out a half dozen bums who have been bums since they were five years of age, men with known records. Then let him go to Sing Sing and pick out six prisoners, persistent criminals from adolescence. And then let him pick out 12 of the finest men he can get in science or in academic or business life. Let him take them all to the barber shop for a clean shave and a fashionable haircut. Next put them all in evening clothes. Then photograph them.

Then let him pick out the six bums and the six criminals from the 12 very famous men!

I have tried unavailingly to get these men to accept this eminently fair set of conditions and put their skill to the test.

There is another group of fakers who will agree to pick your employees on the basis of hair color, texture of the skin, and color of the skin!

Some of our large experimental laboratories have been trying for years to correlate general intelligence, special abilities and the like with color of the individual's skin, the texture and color of the hair and the like. All the findings show that there is not the slightest scientific evidence supporting any of these claims.

The phrenologist is another rapid personality reader. The bumps on your head, he says, reveal everything to him; a bump means a development of a certain part of the brain in which a certain capacity or vocation resides. By charting the bumps, therefore, he charts the individual's abilities.

Unfortunately, the bumps on the skull have nothing to do with the shape or the size of the brain. Indeed, a bump on the skull may mean a slight constriction of the cranial or brain cavity, because a bump sometimes works both ways—pushes both out and in.

Phrenology passed out of the interest of scientific men many, many decades ago.

Then we have the graphologists, those who would tell us by our handwriting what our potentialities and characters are. Let us not be too hard on them. It is an amusing avocation, this reading of character by signs. Certainly we can get something from the handwriting of an individual—whether he is so extremely careless (or so emotionally disturbed) that he doesn't finish his words, whether or not he writes hurriedly and so on.

The correlations psychologists have found to exist between one's handwriting and one's ability have been very sketchy and very insecurely grounded.

Therefore I think we can lay it down as established that there is not one grain of truth in the claims that the head hunters, skin and hair searchers, bump measurers and handwriting experts can make a proper selection of personnel.

The psychologic fakers disturb the worker himself. I cannot tell you how many times I have had individuals come to me seriously distressed about their vocation. They were doing well in their work, but some characterologist had informed them that their future lay in grand opera, in diplomatic work or in some field other than the one in which they were working, and they felt that they ought to give up their present jobs to seek this unknown, untried and therefore roseate future.

Industry has no ready-made tool the exclusive use of which will enable it to select and promote its personnel with any degree of surety. Unquestionably, where psychologists have come into organizations which have to select yearly a large number of individuals, their intelligence and performance tests have been helpful, but the conclusions of most manufacturers have been verified. Their own experience has taught them that THERE IS NOTHING LIKE DAILY OBSERVATION OVER A PERIOD OF SOME MONTHS FOR MEASURING THE CAPABILITIES, THE ABILITY TO LEARN AND THE EMOTIONAL MAKE-UP OF THE APPLICANTS. Many great industries run training schools. I don't believe the psychologists have anything better to offer than these schools.

The Limits are Narrow

There is no scientific reason why personality cannot be changed, but the practical limits of change are usually narrow indeed. Think of the millions of habits that become set and fixed during the first 30 years of life. Then remember that personality is a cross section of all these habits. Can you change all this in a few short days or weeks?

Theoretically you can change a personality as long as the individual can LEARN. But, as a rule, we do not have sufficient control over the life of the individual, even if he were to put himself in our hands, to set up reconditioning processes. Possibly if we had absolute control over FOOD, SEX, SHELTER—if we had some great reconditioning laboratory where the individual could be brought for a year for rigorous study and experimentation—we might be able to undo for him in a year what home nurture had done for him in 30 years.

But, with humans as lazy as they are about themselves and lacking this experimental set-up, the zebra can as easily change his stripes as the adult his personality.