

And So to Bedlam

Continued from page 30

The stage manager returned with her, wearing an unhappy expression. "What's the matter out there? Why are they keeping me waiting?"

"The difficulty is, Miss Joy, that Mr. Andrews—"

"Say it! Say it!"

"Well, I asked him about the new set, and he says it's out. He says—"

"Ben Andrews tells you my scene is out? Without a by-your-leave?" She swallowed convulsively. "Where is he? Where is he?"

She rushed from the room. Miss Hatfield looked despairingly at Jim. He compressed his lips.

"Been going on long?" he asked.

The girl nodded. "Quite a while. And it gets worse. She simply won't rest."

Again Jim remarked, "Well, I'll trot along." This time he did.

THE actress descended upon Ben Andrews, back there in the shadowy depths of the auditorium, like an avenging fury. "What do you mean by cutting out my new scene!"

Ben didn't remove his hat. Or his cigar. Just talked around the latter. He'd slouched down comfortably in the seat.

"It's out, Mimi," he said laconically. "It's in!" she cried, not caring who might hear.

He moved his head in a slow, firm negative. "It's out. We won't spend another cent. That's that."

Miss Joy, catching her breath, considered. Ben didn't often show his hand. When he did he meant business. Heedless, in her genuine excitement, of the unconvincing abruptness of the transition, she tried wheedling: "Ben, now really . . . you can't spring a thing like this on me. Sending word by the stage manager too. Look at the position you're putting me in. It's not fair, Ben. It's raw."

"Sorry, Mimi. But that's how it is."

"But, now, Ben, really, there's Mortimer Dewey. He's actually here, waiting for work."

"He's out too."

A heavy silence fell. Miss Joy sighed. Tears glistened in the dark mystery of her eyes. Her posture suggested a pleading femininity.

"Ben, you could buy the new set for what this delay is costing us."

His jaw set grimly. "Nothing doing, kid."

She stared down at him. For a nickel she'd stage a scene that would make the little flare-up in the dressing-room look like summer stock. But she reconsidered. Scenes were wasted on Ben.

"All right," said she acidly. "I'm going to see that it costs you a lot." And left him.

She tore back to the dressing-room, freshened her make-up, got into her street things, and marched out through the stage door, to the taxi stand. She waved a graceful hand at the taxi driver.

"I've got to have some air," she said sweetly. "Somewhere . . . I don't care . . . oh, through the park."

They were passing the obelisk when she remembered that Jane Jones was throwing a tea. She rapped sharply on the glass and called out the address.

It was just the thing to buck up her drooping self-respect. All of them at Jane's would be lesser folk than she. She could stage an entrance. Dominate.

It wasn't difficult. The little pause in the doorway was enough. They squealed at her. People were brought up and introduced. Swiftly her spirits rose. A good hunch, this. Tonic. Better than a bath and a massage.

Her sloe eyes rested on a man. One who hadn't been brought over. A number of the women were fussing about him. Indeed, he appeared to be staging a little party of his own, over there on the other side of the fireplace. That rather nettled her. He was tall, blond, handsome in a way, a little bald, with fine eyes and a sensitive mouth.

The tall Jane came hurrying up with a cocktail. They chatted brightly.

Great girl, Jane. Had the comic spirit. Doing very well too, in her musical-comedy way.

Miss Joy, who had decided to break up that party beyond the fireplace, asked, carelessly, "Who is that man? Do I know him?"

"Sidney Sloane? If you don't, you shall . . . Sidney! Sidney Sloane! Break away from those designing females and come straight here!"

Sidney Sloane. The novelist. Hm! . . . Miss Joy had just enough of a flair for writing to feel a touch of awe in the presence of a real craftsman. She'd never really outgrown that girlish feeling toward intellect.

He proved surprisingly nice. She liked the way he started when his eyes rested on her. Real admiration in that long look. And a delightful frankness. The man, apparently, was simple and real. And more than a little abashed. She liked that. He didn't look a day over thirty-three or -four. When she did finally get him to talking—about his books, of course; she'd read two or three of them—he exhibited a boyish eagerness that was really rather stirring. And he simply couldn't keep his eyes off her. She maneuvered him to a sofa in a corner. A little later, when some of those women came over with, "This won't do, Miss Joy. We simply can't let you have him all to yourself," she coolly replied, "Run along, now! We're busy getting acquainted."

He said, soberly, "Thank you."

"Then you do really want to talk with me."

"At this minute more than anything else in the world. You don't know it, Miss Joy, but I'm a devoted admirer of yours. You're such an artist! Oh, I do wish we could get away from all this gab. Look here . . . it may sound a bit sudden . . . but could you, possibly, slip off and have dinner with me?"

She gave an honest little gasp of delight. "My word! You do move rapidly."

"Apparently I have to. Yes or no?"

"Well . . . yes."

She laughed softly, and their eyes met. He didn't laugh.

"What I can't seem to believe," said he moodily, "is your amazing youth."

She actually colored a little. This was stirring indeed.

"Look here, if you don't want these people to know, we could meet somewhere. Say Voisin's, at seven."

"Not for a minute," said she happily. "Do you think I'd miss this chance to carry you off from all of them!" Another exultant thought was of the hard-boiled Ben Andrews waiting. Just waiting. With expenses piling up. Nobody'd know where she was. She'd just let 'em all wait!

He colored now. And lowered his eyes. Her breath went a little short. He was acting like a man in love. Incredible! And tinglingly delightful. "My word!" said she. "It's almost like love at first sight."

"It isn't first sight," he muttered. "I think I saw your Rosalind twenty times."

SHE wondered if he'd try to kiss her in the taxi. But he didn't. Didn't even reach for her hand. In a way she liked his somber restraint. It put her almost in the position of a virginal girl. She began to feel like one. A fascinating part to play! And who, in all New York, could play it better, if she really worked at it?

Side by side, against the wall, looking out at the crowded restaurant, they fell silent. He was like a man in a dream.

So she murmured, in her softest, covered voice, "I wonder if you realize what a thrill you're giving me."

He made a queer little sound.

She lowered her eyes demurely.

"You're unbelievable!" It was a bit of an outbreak; low-voiced, husky. His intensity made her shiver. She hadn't supposed she'd ever again feel like this.

(Continued on page 34)



The Feminization of Germany

By
EDWIN E. SLOSSON
Director
Science Service

ONE of the most striking—and doubtless one of the most important—results of the World War is the rapid fall in the German birth rate. For instance, in Baden before the war an annual crop of 68,000 babies could be counted on. Now the number has fallen to about 48,000. In Germany as a whole there were half a million more births a year before the war than now.

The German birth rate, which stood at 33 per thousand in 1908, is now down to 21. In Berlin it has gone as low as 9.5. The death rate is also falling, but not so fast as the birth rate. Still greater reduction in the birth rate is to be expected in the future until the population of Germany, which was increasing rapidly before the war, comes to a standstill or even begins to fall. The cause is apparent when we look at the last census, that of 1926. There were 2,230,000 surplus females. The disproportion is still more disquieting when we see that the inequality is greater among men and women of 30 to 35 years of age. In this age group there are 1,325 women to every 1,000 men.

No such social situation as this has been known in historic times, and the effects will be worth watching. The women of Germany cannot only vote like the men, but they can outvote them. In France the women cannot vote and apparently do not want to.

In the wild surmises made in America after the war it was often prophesied that polygamy and concubinage would be officially recognized and reinstated in Germany. But no such results appear in the statutes or statistics. The marriage rate remains at about the same point as before the war.

The Aura of Onions

FROM the growing tip of the onion plant an invisible radiance, discovered by Professor Alexander Gurwitsch of Moscow, has the remarkable property of stimulating the growth of living tissue at a distance. He found that if the tip of one of the rootlets of the onion bulb in water is fixed so as to point at right angles toward the side of another rootlet, though not quite touching, the part of the root at which the root tip was directed grew more rapidly than the other side or than the section of the root above or below this point. This effect could be observed when the root tip was more than a quarter of an inch away from the root affected.

A thin sheet of glass interposed between the roots prevents the influence, but a sheet of quartz permits the passage of the activating agency. This indicates a similarity to the ultra-violet ray and Gurwitsch proved that the rays can be reflected and refracted like light rays but have a wave length shorter than any we receive in sunshine.

Hitherto such ultra-violet rays have been known to be thrown off only by intensely hot bodies. The Russian experiments have been repeated, confirmed and extended by German chemists. Beans and turnips act the same as onions.

Bacteria exposed to the radiation from the points of growing roots multiplied more rapidly than before. This shows that the growth stimulant acts the same on all kinds of plants, though the effect varies greatly with the age of the cells. Cells that have become old and ceased to grow are rejuvenated by the rays, but the young and active cells are little affected, doubtless because they are growing as fast as they can already. It may turn out that all actively growing cells, animal as well as plant, are giving off these growth-stimulating rays.

Sugar from Coal

TAKE a ton of coal. Burn it. Add water. Expose to light and you can get two and a third tons of sugar. No, no! Not yet: perhaps some day.

Maybe all sugar is made that way. But chemists who have watched the green sugar factories at work (cane, beets, etc.) could never discover how they did it.

Recently however, chemists are getting a clue. Professor C. C. Baly of Liverpool has found it possible to make sugars of several sorts by running a stream of carbon dioxide through a vessel of water illuminated by a common tungsten lamp, provided—and here is the new trick about it—a colored powder is suspended in the water. Carbon dioxide is the gas you get when you burn coal. Dissolve the gas in water and you have plain "soda water." The light supplies the energy necessary to accomplish the conversion of the soda water into sugar.

In this experiment Baly gets a mixture of sugars. Among these sugars are glucose and levulose. Combine these two and you get the ordinary sugar that we extract from cane or beet. It is easy to break up our ordinary sugar into these two components. You do it unconsciously by the pleasant process of eating candy. But nobody was able to reverse the reaction and make ordinary sugar artificially out of glucose and levulose until this year, when a couple of chemists in the University of Geneva, Ame Pictet and Hans Vogel, announced that they had accomplished the feat.

They did it by making compounds of all three of the sugars with acetic acid, the acid of vinegar, a difficult, roundabout and costly process.

But it is something to know that every step of the transformation of the black carbon of coal into a white lump of sugar has actually been accomplished in the laboratory, even though it cannot be done as cheaply as in the field.

And So to Bedlam

Continued from page 33

He went on. Poured it out, really. "Probably you think I'm mad to talk this way. . . ."

"Oh no, Sidney!"
". . . And maybe I am. I don't seem to care. I'm perfectly wild about you. You see, I never dared dream you'd be so nice. So young and keen. So fine. So real. That's the word—you're real! It's too much. I've dodged a hundred chances to meet you. Afraid of some possible disillusionment, I suppose. Even today I didn't want to come over to you. But now that I've met you it's all over."

"What's all over, Sidney?"
"I'm a lost soul, that's all. Mad about you. And I don't care who knows or what happens. All I know is I'd go plumb to hell for you."

WHEN they left the restaurant he gruffly ordered a taxi man to head up Riverside Drive. And then, before they were round the corner, he kissed her. No doubt about him now. He was quite as mad as he'd intimidated. She really had to fight him off.

"Please, dear—we mustn't lose our heads. I'm going to ask you to take me home."

"But I can't let you go now."
"Really, you must. Just for tonight. I'm all in. You don't know what a strain I'm under. An artist's life isn't easy. I've been through weeks of battle, and I'm unstrung. We can meet again."

"When?"
She didn't reply then. But in front of her apartment building, after he'd handed her out of the taxi, with an Old World courtliness that was the pleasantest touch of all, she stood looking up at him, with a breathless little smile. "How about tomorrow? For dinner."

"Wonderful, Miriam!"
"I'll meet you at Voisin's. Seven o'clock." Impulsively she kissed him. "It's the way love should come," said he. "Sort of a blow."

She ran into the building like a girl. Head high, eyes snapping, she breezed into the apartment. Helen Hatfield sat there, sewing.

"Well," Miriam said, throwing her hat on the couch and energetically stripping off her gloves, "what happened?"
"Nothing, really. The people just stood round for a while, and finally the stage manager sent them all home."

"Hasn't Ben called up?"

"No."
"He hasn't even tried to find me?"
"No." The girl put down her sewing now and looked up, meaningly. "Miriam, the telephone hasn't rung once."

Miss Joy knit her brows. This wasn't flattering. What could Sam and Ben be up to, anyway? They'd always hitherto seemed interested and friendly. They'd better be, considering the money they'd made out of her. She stood there, swiftly thinking, a vital, beautiful creature. "I'm going straight down there. I'll show them they can't ignore me."

"I don't know as I'd do that," said Helen. "Maybe it's just what they want you to do."

"I'll show them they can't play fast and loose with me! Believe me, I know him!"

"Yes, but he's pretty keen. If you—" "He's not too keen for me!" The famous eyes snapped angrily. "We'll have this out now, tonight!" She was a blaze of fury. Helen sighed. Couldn't the woman even stay tired? What could have happened to key her up like this? ". . . I'll buy 'em out! That's what I'll do! Buy their damn' show! Then where'll they be!"

She pulled on her hat with a jerk and rushed out. And, sitting nervously erect in the taxi, holding on, she experienced a wholly new thrill. A title for the play suddenly hopped from nowhere into her head. Ben had growled a lot about *The Lady of the Island*. It was rather long. She'd have to admit that. But . . . *The Siren*! There, now, was a title: simple, direct, packed with lure. Just the two words. In her mind's

eye she saw in lights—"MIRIAM JOY IN THE SIREN."

Of course! She chuckled aloud. How she was going it! She'd show 'em. It meant new paper, but what of that! They hadn't had much made for those weeks on the road . . . One thing, she wouldn't tell Sam and Ben; she could be as cagy as they.

The K. & A. offices were busiest in the evening. Sam and Ben seldom left before midnight. The dragon of a boy let her in with a grin.

The pair of them were in Ben's office. And the grave, quiet-spoken Kerstow, too, sitting on a corner of the desk.

"Hello, Mimi! Have a chair!" said Ben, pleasantly enough. Not a word about her walk-out. Which was puzzling. She decided to be very guarded. "Ben," she said crisply, "what'll you take for your half of this piece?"

"Oh, come, Mimi; we're not selling a Joy show."

"That for the contract!"

"Oh, I guess we could hold you."

"Try it!" Wonderful, this glow of exuberant power! She could sway men as well as crowds.

"There's such a thing as the law, Mimi. I guess we could hold you. Anyhow, we could stop you making a cent anywhere else. And I guess that would slow you up a little."

Their eyes met. Hers were as hard as his. Sam's cigar was bobbing about between his wide lips. The imperturbable Kerstow quietly watched.

Ben, then, caught her by surprise. He grinned, not unpleasantly. "Look here, Mimi," said he; "your heart's set on producing this thing yourself, ain't it, now?"

"I'm going to produce it."

"Yeah. That's how it is. Now, listen here, sweetheart. I know what's in your mind. You've got an idea that all we're thinking about here is the money."

grinned shrewdly at Miss Joy, and went out.

Ben, when the door had closed, resumed: "Just to be human, Mimi, I think we'll let you have it. Understand, it's a gift. As a business proposition the thing's absurd. But a favor to Mimi Joy—that's something else again. Understand, there'll be other charges. The cash we've put up already. And all the bills payable."

"I'll take care of all that," said Miss Joy. "I've got money enough."

"That's the point. Why, dearie, if I thought you'd be risking all you've got, I'd never let you try it. We've always taken care of you. Now, haven't we? . . . Just have a chair, kid. We're all friends here. I'll see if Izzy Green's in his office. It won't take twenty minutes to fix things up. And if you want to put in your rehearsal calls from here, Kerstow'll be delighted to look out for you. We want to do everything we can to help you. Never forget that."

Before another half hour had turned she was gone; sailing out on a radiant wave of success. The freshly signed contract lay on the desk.

Kerstow said, "That author's still hanging round, you know. Wants his name taken off the piece. Seems to think we can do something for him. Queer bird."

"Let him rave," said Ben, studying a backstage plan.

"Think he'll make trouble?"

"Who in thunder cares! Let him sue Joy. The more trouble she has the sooner she'll be back with us. Let her go broke. When women get all hell-bent, like she is now, the only thing you can do is let 'em have their head. She's going to give a rotten performance. And, anyway, Heaven itself couldn't put over a piece with that title. She'll never carry it through. Too vain. And too crazy in the head. She'll drop what little money she's got, and then she'll be back."

MONDAY and the New Haven opening were only three days off. Three chaotic, brimming, appalling, wonderful days! With the thrill of unlimited power to carry Miss Joy to the heights! There was a business organization to be created. Jim really helped with that. A dogged, faithful soul, Jim. And by no means a fool. Publicity work had to be pushed at desperate speed. Rehearsals, with the new scene and all, ran from ten in the morning to midnight and after, with costumers, photographers, designers, and all the ragtag and bobtail of a theatrical enterprise hovering in the wings and clattering the dressing-room.

The Sunday dress rehearsal in New Haven lasted twenty-two hours. One of the two baggage cars of the scenery went astray. And some of the stuff was too big for that New Haven stage. The work was endless and frantic. But everybody said Miss Joy was wonderful. She simply drove it through, somehow, anyhow.

And *The Siren* opened on time to the minute, before a packed house, and went across with a great big bang. That was the unanimous feeling backstage. And the facts seemed to bear it out.

After the final curtain they came thronging back. Two or three of the critics, even, made obeisance. The house manager actually had to call for extra policemen to clear the alley. And there was a thrill! Miss Joy was in heaven. Glowing with that amazing vitality: sweet to everybody; the light of acknowledged genius in those wonderful eyes!

Suddenly, through the encircling throng—this was out on the stage, for her dressing-room didn't begin to be big enough for them all—she reached a friendly hand, crying, "Why, Ben! How awfully nice of you to come up!" And she drew him to her and kissed him.

The whisper ran around the circle, "It's Ben Andrews! Andrews, the producer!"

(Continued on page 37)

NAMEOGRAPHS

PRY apart the letters in any word. Make an appropriate picture of them. And what have you got, Magnolia? A Nameograph! We pay \$5 each for acceptable ones. Address Nameograph Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. You can get a book of hitherto unpublished Nameographs from your bookseller or Reilly & Lee, Chicago, for \$1.35.



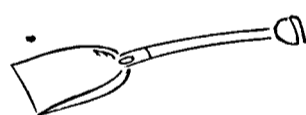
"Goose," by C. F. Treager,
514 Thompson Street,
Ann Arbor, Mich.



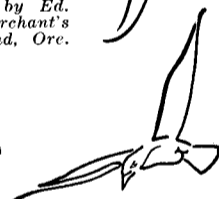
"Polly Parrot," by Ed.
Bush, 313 Merchant's
Building, Portland, Ore.



"Bridge Lamp," by
Janet L. McElaney,
194 Arborway, Bos-
ton, Mass.



"Shovel," by W. R. MacDonald,
457 Abbotsford Road, Phila-
delphia, Pa.



"Sea Gull," by F. R.
Jensen, 3506
Avenue, Everett, Wash.



"Bugle," by G. D.
Leyenberger, Bain-
bridge, Ind.



"Cat," by Katherine
Lowry, 865 Park Ave-
nue, Hot Springs, Ark.

"What'll you take? I've decided I want this to myself."

Ben turned to Kerstow. "What'd we make outa Winter Sun last year?"

MISS JOY, who hadn't sat, tapped the floor with a prettily shod toe. "Oh, come, Ben, you know perfectly well you don't believe in this piece. It isn't worth anything like that to you."

"You'd carry any show for a while, Mimi, and you know it. It's worth something. But what do you want to buy for?"

"Because I don't propose having more of the sort of thing you did this afternoon. I won't have you changing my plans without even consulting me. It's humiliating. I won't stand for it! Come, name a price!"

"Well . . . I guess we could let you have it for fifty thousand, Mimi."

"Don't be silly, Ben! I'll give you ten. Take it or leave it."

"If we don't take it, what'll you do?"

"Walk out. For good."

"How about your contract with us?"

Well—he brought down his flat hand emphatically, convincingly, on the desk three times—"well, that—ain't—so! Let me tell you, I don't care one sou about the money. Friendship's got to count for something. If this was nothing but a business proposition, I'd show you the door. But what is it that I say to myself? I say to myself, 'Here's Mimi with her heart set on running her own show.' That's all I need to know. If Mimi wants something, and if there's any way we can help her to it, we're there, kid. We ain't all business, you know. Not by a damn' sight."

"Sure!" Sam put in doubtfully. "We stand by our friends. Every time we do this! Maybe you succeed. Maybe the customers they like this funny stuff. How do I know? Maybe you play a year on Broadway. And where are we then? I ask you!"

A boy poked his head in at the door, saying, "Mr. Silberstein's here now, Mr. Sam."

Sam got up, hesitated a moment; glanced uncertainly at his partner;



Long Beach, Calif.

"I am eleven. Nearly all my life I had a breaking out on my skin—it was awful because I couldn't swim much—and we lived just two blocks from the beach.

"But now that I've been eating Fleischmann's Yeast my skin trouble is practically gone and I have lots of pep and feel fine. Now we go to the beach every day—my dog and I—it's great fun. I won't forget that Yeast made me well."

ROBERT S. SWANSON

"They thought I couldn't keep the job"



Plymouth, Mass.

"My family thought that business was the last thing I should go into, in my run down condition. But at that time (shortly after my mother's death) I never needed anything so much to occupy my mind. So finally the doctor said that if I was determined I should at least build myself up

by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating it every day.

"Well, I got the position I had set my heart on and was later made manager of the office. Thanks to Yeast, I have energy enough to work all day and go to lots of dances in the evenings."

OLIVE A. WILSON

EVERY time you resort to drugs and exhausting cathartics you merely put off the day of reckoning. All drugs are a temporary measure at best—that is how they differ from Fleischmann's Yeast. Yeast is a *food*—fresh as any garden vegetable.

As your intestines are strengthened by eating yeast, food wastes are got rid of promptly, completely. Digestion has a clear track ahead! Appetite revives. Your very complexion—now radiant, smooth—proclaims a body internally *clean*.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool, dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Address Health Research Dept. E-57, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.



Milwaukee, Wis.

"For seventeen years I was in such a condition from constipation and stomach trouble that every part of my body seemed affected. I was weak from the pains and dizziness—and steadily growing worse. Fleischmann's Yeast seemed such a simple means of relief that I had little confidence in it. But a friend's urging finally induced me to try it. In three months' time my elimination was regular. My appetite is now very good, and I am again able to sleep well."

MRS. ENNIE C. CLEVELAND

(RIGHT)

Cleveland, Ohio

"After years of suffering, I was finally being compelled to take a laxative every day. I did this to reduce as much as possible the frequency of my attacks of indigestion and headache.

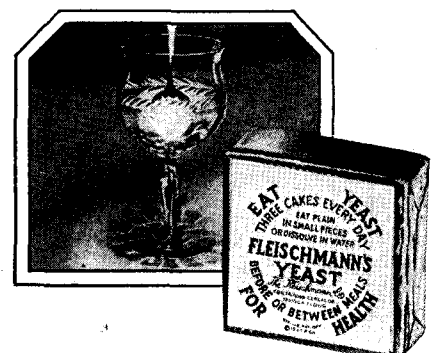
"Naturally, with my condition as deeply seated as it was, I waved aside the advice of friends who urged me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. But nine months ago I was prevailed on to try it. Three weeks later I was able to discontinue laxatives. My indigestion has disappeared. Headaches likewise."

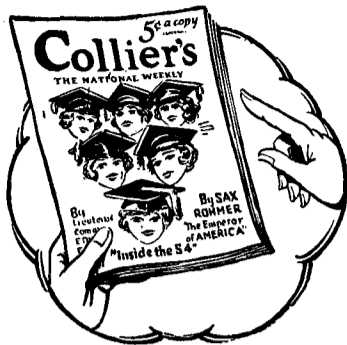
JOHN V. ROWAN



So simple—this new way to health:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals: just plain, or in water or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit. Harsh, habit-forming cathartics can gradually be discontinued.





A MANUFACTURER TO HIS DEALERS

The manufacturer of a high-grade motor oil was convinced that the best way to help himself was to help his dealers. As he put it—

"We owe it to our marketers to place (our) advertising in magazines that reach motorists of the type who realize the economy of buying the best motor oil available.

"Investigation showed that the more than 1,600,000 families reached by Collier's are ideal potential users of (our) Motor Oil. They are families of proven intelligence. They accept high-grade products and are influenced to a great extent by the messages found in their chosen magazine—Collier's.

"In 1928 we have placed the main burden of our selling on the able shoulders of Collier's, knowing that it could carry (our product) to a dominant position."

This manufacturer, like many others, recognizes that Collier's editorial policy automatically weeds out the haphazard, "give-me-a-quart-of-oil" type of buyers. Its brief but widely varied articles, fiction and short departments appeal to vigorous, fast-thinking people, who buy intelligently—whether the purchase be made at the filling station or at the newsstand. And acceptance by the leaders means dominance for any product.

Manufacturers say Collier's vitality is proved by its growth to over 1,600,000 circulation—with a 357 per cent increase in newsstand sales in less than three years.

And they testify to Collier's value in reaching the people who set the pace of national life... men and women who crave new ideas and new conveniences... the doers, the sellers and the buyers... Collier's—for ACTION!

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

"Collier's ~ for ACTION"

Now more than 1,600,000

And So to Bedlam

Continued from page 34

"Mimi," he said—and he was frankly excited—"you've got a knockout. It's immense. I'll give you two years in New York. And the title's a wow."

Miss Joy beamed, and kissed him again.

Finally Helen Hatfield, who had been anxiously hovering, reached her and fairly pulled her aside. She had in her hand a card and a letter.

"You may have to take hold of this. The man seems pretty desperate."

"But, child, I can't be bothered now!"

"Here's his card."

Miss Joy took it. Glanced at the name, Sidney Sloane. A thoughtful pucker appeared between her brows.

All she said was, "Oh!"

"Now look at this. You simply must! There may be trouble, for all we know."

Miss Joy took the letter and glanced at the signature, "Esther Sloane." Who could that be? . . . Oh, the man's wife!

Or so she said in the letter. What was all this? Offering to give him up. "He has frankly told me that he is mad about you. What can I do? He has always been honest and fine. I must face it."

Helen Hatfield was saying something: "The letter came Saturday. In that last mail before we went to the train. I felt I oughtn't to trouble you with it then. You were carrying so much."

Miss Joy said, "Quite right, Helen." Her brows were still puckered. After a moment she saw her way. Called: "Jim!"

Jim came over.

"Talk to this man for me." She gave him the card, but not the letter. "He's under some hallucination. Seems to think I'm in love with him. Handle him somehow, there's a dear."

A moment later she heard his voice—heard it somehow, faintly, through all the babble: "Is this Mr. Sloane? Well, I am"—a clearing of the throat—"I am Miss Joy's husband. . . ."

BEN got into New York at noon on Tuesday. When he reached his office Miss McGarry, his secretary, remarked, "Mr. Sam's been in half a dozen times looking for you, Mr. Ben."

Ben grunted, and settled himself at his desk.

Kerstow appeared. "That damn' author's round again, Ben. Getting wilder every minute. Says if you won't ask him in here he'll force his way in. Perhaps we'd better just throw him out."

"No. Wait a minute!" Ben was thinking intently. "Better go out and

see if you can't do something for him."

"You saw the opening, Ben?"

"New Haven? Yes."

"I see she's changed the title."

"Yeah."

"How'd the thing look?"

"Good. Great. You could 'a' knocked me down with a wave of the hand."

"You don't say." With which Mr. Kerstow slipped out toward the reception-room.

A moment later Sam came hurrying in, a morning paper in his hand. His cigar was bobbing about. Beads of sweat stood on his forehead. His eyes shone with excitement.

"Maybe you see this!" he cried, striking the paper with a trembling hand.

"Joy, she is a knockout! The Siren, it is. And you tell her maybe we sell Friday night so you tell her."

"Oh, sure!" Ben was studying those plans. "Let her have it for ten thousand."

"Ten thou—!" Sam sank into a chair. Pressed his hands against his anguished temples. "You sell . . . two hundred—three hundred thousand we give up! For ten! Oh! Oh! Oh! Soon I am in Bellevue!"

"Miss McGarry," said Ben. "Let me have the agreement with Joy. The new one . . . There you are, Sam." He resumed his study.

Sam, as his quick brain devoured the familiar legal phrases, relaxed perceptibly. He nodded as he read. "I see. If it is a hit, we buy it back."

"What's that? Oh, sure! For ten thousand. Any time within three months after the New York opening. And no bills to pay. She stands all the expense. She didn't have a lawyer along, you see, and I knew she'd never read it through. Too impatient. So I slipped that clause in."

Sam's cigar bobbed about. He nodded approvingly.

Kerstow came quietly in. "Well," said he, "I fixed that author bird, Ben. Bought him out. He was too mad to think. If he ever does think. And he hadn't seen the report from New Haven." He added impressively, "One thousand. I thought you might find it amusing to have Joy paying all his royalties to us." He chuckled.

Sam blew out a long arrow of smoke. Watched it break up and drift around the room. Settled himself comfortably.

"Yeah," said he. "That ain't so bad. She pays the bills. We get half the piece and half the royalties. That ain't so bad."

Ben grunted, and settled himself at his desk.

Kerstow appeared. "That damn' author's round again, Ben. Getting wilder every minute. Says if you won't ask him in here he'll force his way in. Perhaps we'd better just throw him out."

"No. Wait a minute!" Ben was thinking intently. "Better go out and

Alien

Continued from page 23

fire, there was hate in the old woman's voice. But when Lumo interrupted her, her eyes widened with amazement. And Elsa knew the talk had to do with her.

"Tell me, Lumo," she broke in. But he ignored her till he had finished. Then he said, "I am commanding that no one interfere with you; that you do as you like. And I am telling about customs in your country." Presently Rok spoke to Djania. "He is telling her," Lumo explained, "to teach you our language. When you can talk, things will be easier."

True, it began at once to be a little easier. Djania was such a dear little thing, with her grave "this is salt," "this is lamb," "this is fire." Elsa had a knack for language; it was not long before real conversation became possible.

But this brought disadvantages too. "Freedom for women," said Lumo's mother one day, "perhaps in your country it is good. But do you know what people whisper of your husband? That you have brought bad luck upon him; that you rob him of the confidence of the authorities for this hospital he would start; that you must be a bad woman to go so shamelessly unveiled."

"It's not true, is it!" she had appealed to him.

"Ignorant gossip must not disturb you," he replied. And she knew it was true.

When next she went out she wore the thick ugly veil. "My portable lattice," she laughed mockingly. "But you need not!" he had exclaimed. Yet she saw that against his own will he was pleased.

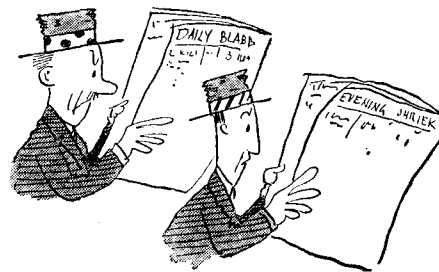
THEY talked often of the progress of women, Lumo and Rok and Elsa. Djania listened wide-eyed, carmine lips apart. Their mother's lips were shut tight over her contempt. Rok—plump, eager, jolly—made Elsa think of a Newfoundland puppy, the way he rushed after a new idea, tumbling over it, but after a clumsy scramble getting it between his teeth. He could even foresee the day when women would vote. "Why not after they become intelligent? Ah, you will see reforms, my sister, in our free country! Progress—just wait!"

"Shall I, Rok? Why not begin your reforms at home? Little Djania here, do you know how pretty she is when

(Continued on page 38)

McGoofey's First Reader

By H. I. PHILLIPS



WHO are these men? They are fight fans.

What are they doing? They are reading the announcements of a Tunney-Heeney fight for the heavy-weight championship of the world.

What do they think of the match? They think it is poisonous to contemplate. "It is a colorless, one-sided, unappealing match," they are declaring, "and nobody will go to see it."

Lesson 2. Who is this? This is a sports writer.

What is he writing? He is writing that "unattractive as the bout may seem at first thought, Heeney is a much-underestimated fighter and may spring a surprise."



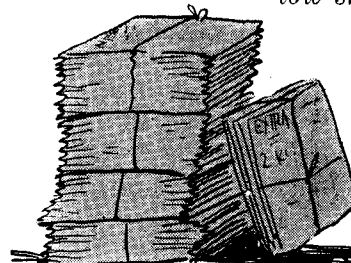
Lesson 3. Who is this? This is an "expert."

Where is he going? He is going to a newspaper office with an article intimating that Tunney will be unable to enter the ring in his best form after his long lay-off and predicting that Heeney, on the other hand, will be in amazing shape for a grueling battle.



Lesson 4. This is another "expert."

What will he sell? He will sell the idea that Tunney has become a hollow shell.

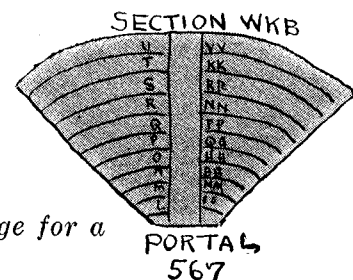


Lesson 5. What are these? These are piles of American newspapers.

Where are they going? They are going to the public with big sports-page headlines such as "Irish-Australian Tiger Man May Topple Mauling Marine from Throne," "New Zealand Assassin Plans Quick Finish for Doddering Champion," etc.

Lesson 6. What is this? This is a section of the seating plan in an outdoor arena where the bout will be staged.

What is the price of tickets? You can get one a mile and a half from the ring in exchange for a touring car.



Lesson 7. Who are these men? The same pair you saw in Chapter 1.

What are they doing? Running.

Where? To "The Battle of the Century," determined to get in early or die in the attempt.

Didn't they say nobody would go to such a fight? Yes, but that was before the ballyhoo.

