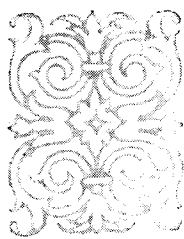
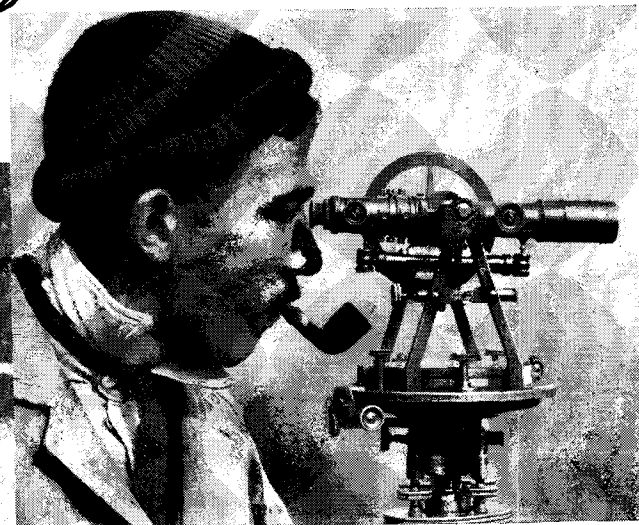


# Dig Your Own

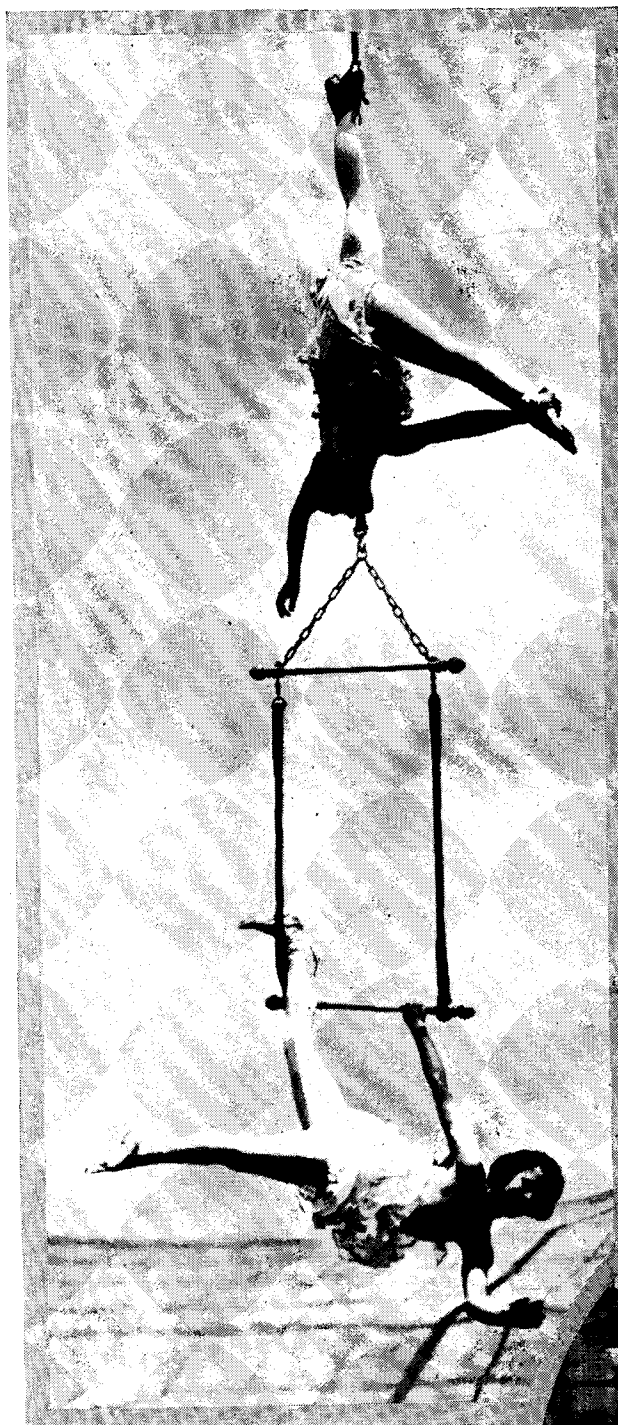


3



2

*The initial letters of one of the subjects on this page will give the clue to the names of the other objects. They form the first two letters of each name. If you're in a hurry you'll find the answers on page 47*



1

5



4



6





# Captions



7



8



12



9



10



11



# The Thunder God By PETER B. KYNE

## The Story Thus Far:

JULIAN GRANNIS, electrical engineer, loves Gloria Justin, but, during the war, marries Mercedes Lindberg, Y. M. C. A. entertainer, cold and calculating. He is a scientist to whom money means nothing but opportunity, his ambition being to harness the lightning for the benefit of mankind.

Julian inherits from his uncle Jarlath more than \$600,000, and he and Ben Whitton, his closest friend, form a partnership, telling Mercedes nothing about the inheritance because Julian wants to use it for experiments and realizes Mercedes's extravagant ideas.

Ben and Julian are driving one Sunday when another car runs into them. Ben sees that Mercedes and Jake Brander are in the other car and, pretending to be hurt, urges Julian on to fighting Brander, thereby giving Mercedes a chance to get away.

Later Brander's wife tries to make trouble but Ben, impersonating Julian, calms her down and assures her that the friendship will not continue. Then Ben gives Mercedes her orders.

Julian knows nothing of this friendship of Mercedes's and is still in love with his wife though he half unconsciously realizes her shallowness.

Ben and Julian go to a party at Ben's apartment. The party is a great success. Julie spends the night. And Ben tells him a few facts straight from the shoulder about his wife and his life.

In the meantime Jacob Brander and his wife quarrel and decide on a divorce.

TEN o'clock Monday morning Julian Grannis got up in Ben Whitton's guest chamber, went out and strolled downtown to Ben Whitton's tailor, where he ordered such a wardrobe as he had never dreamed of possessing.

Next he went to a haberdasher's shop and with ruinous prodigality ordered a dozen fine shirts made to order—something he had never done before. He reveled in the purchase of new and expensive ties, socks and handkerchiefs; in a shoe store he purchased six pairs of shoes, and, in the knowledge that he could do all this without a thought for his bank account or his old age, he gleaned a thrill of juvenile delight.

His purchases completed, he went back to his hotel, arriving there about 12:30. Mercedes was still abed, reading a novel, and the remains of her breakfast occupied a portable table by her bedside. He looked at her with frank disapproval and thought that she reminded him of a well-fed and contented cat, basking in comfort. But there was about her too an atmosphere of carelessness, of indolence, and he resented this. Why did she have to let herself go this way?

She read the disapproval in his silence, in his all-encompassing glance about the room. "Your eye is worse, darling," she reminded him casually. "Have a good time at Ben's?"

"Wonderful. Met some delightful people there."

"Who were they?"

He enumerated them. At mention of Gloria Justin and her mother his wife's face clouded a little. "I wonder why Ben will be so commonplace as to have his secretary a guest at his parties," she mused.

"MY DEAR, Gloria Justin was never reared with the expectation that she would have to work for a living. She was a friend of Ben's years ago, and so was her mother. When she had to earn her own living and support her mother, Ben was kind enough to give her a job in his office. If he had not had the job to give and if she had not made good in it, she would not be in his office. But the fact that she is doesn't appear to Ben to offer grounds for depriving her of his respect and friendship or of depriving him of the privilege of being kind and hospitable."

"Well, I think it's awful funny, Julie."

"Your thoughts on the subject are in such a pitiful minority among those who know Gloria and Ben that I'm not even interested in discussing the matter. You know how I dislike to hear you criticize my friends."

"Oh, you and your friends! What friends have you? I haven't seen more than two or three since we married, and I must say they didn't impress me."

"I know that," he replied sadly.

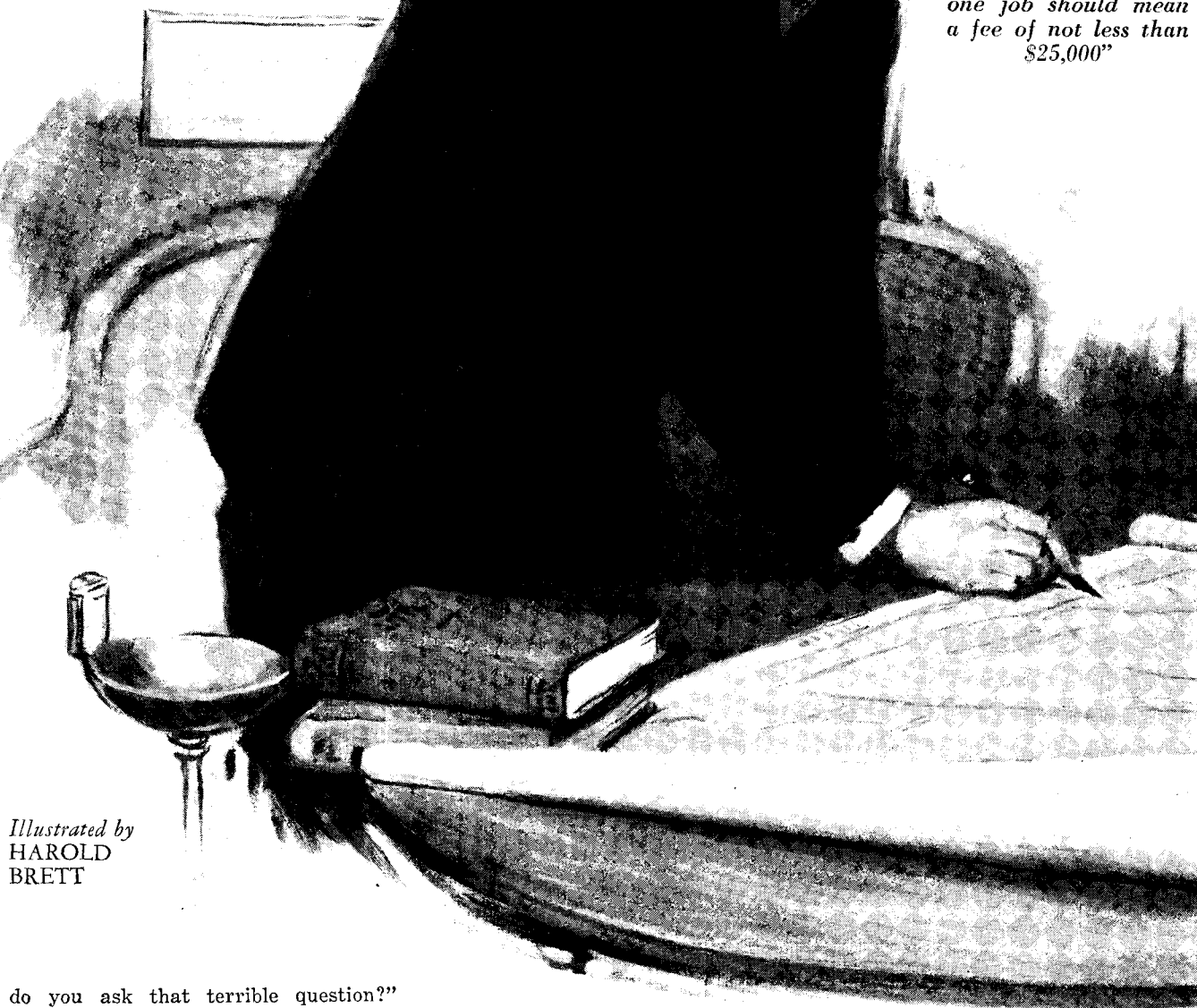
"And I greatly fear you did not impress them." He dragged the breakfast table across the room and sat down on the side of her bed. "Let's have a little plain, friendly discussion, Mercy," he began. "You're not very happy with me, are you?"

"Why, darling! How can you say such a thing? Of course I am. Why

"Yes, you said you were quite happy with me, Mercy, but sometimes it seems to me that you are merely putting up with a bad bargain, tolerating me. Really I fear you find me a most uninteresting husband."

"You are provoking at times, Julie,

"Isn't it wonderful?" said Ben. "Why, this one job should mean a fee of not less than \$25,000"



Illustrated by  
HAROLD  
BRETT

do you ask that terrible question?"

"Because it has seemed to me that you aren't happy with me, that I bore you, that we haven't an interest in common, except a mutual love for good music. When a little patience and bravery was expected of you, you quit. You wouldn't be bored living up in the mountains with me, although your place was with me—"

"Julie, dear, please do not preach. I can stand anything except being talked at—talked down to, as if I were a mischievous child."

"Don't evade the argument, Mercy. Please do not beg the question. You ask me why I ask you an extraordinary question and when I attempt to answer you truthfully and the answer hurts, you interrupt and beg me not to preach to you. Now, I asked you if you were quite happy with me—"

"But I answered your question, darling."

but on the whole you are a most likable, lovable, loyal man and much too good for me."

"Oh, don't say that," he pleaded generously.

"Kiss me," she commanded.

HE KISSED her—with a sense of appalling futility in the caress. Then, knowing from past experience that he would get nowhere in an argument initiated by himself, he went to the desk in the next room and wrote her a check for \$1,000.

"I'm shooting that little old savings bank account all to pieces," he warned her. "I've ordered at least \$1,000 worth of clothing for myself—"

"But, Julie, won't that leave us terribly short?"

"Perhaps. I don't care any more. I'm tired of being a miser, tired of being cheaply clad, tired of repression and scheming in pitiful ways to save a dollar. That sort of thing robs a man of his self-respect, so I'm going to try appearing opulent."

"But why did you order your wardrobe without having me with you, darling! You know your taste is atrocious."

"No," he countered gently, "I do not know that. On the contrary your taste is not agreeable to me; that is, in the matter of my wardrobe."

"Are we going to live in this third-class hotel forever, Julie?"

How adroit she was at changing a topic of conversation once she realized she could not dominate it!