

## Nobody Knows the Answers

THOSE who have got tired of cross-word puzzles and information tests, where they must be secretly conscious all the while they are working that their labor is in vain since the answers will appear in the next number, may like to exercise their wits for a change on some of the puzzles to which nobody knows the answers, such as the effect of weather on human conduct. For instance, the following seasonal variations in the affairs of civilized man have been found to hold in general for most European countries for as many years as statistics have been kept:

Deaths are most apt to occur in the period from January to April; fewer in the summer and fall.

The maximum number of births comes also in January to April and the minimum in the months of November, December, June, July and August.

Suicides are at their height in May, June and July and at their lowest from November to February.

Crimes against the person, such as assault, are more common in summer and less frequent in winter.

Crimes against property, such as theft, are, on the contrary, more apt to occur in winter and less in summer.

### Scented Butterflies

BUTTERFLIES and blossoms are bound together by the bond of perfume. It is scent rather than sight that guides to the flower the particular insect which serves as a pollen carrier. "The hawk moths will fly direct to a scented flower in the dusk from a distance of a hundred yards or more and dart from blossom to blossom with almost the busy precision of a bee." So says F. A. Hampton in his book on Flower Scent, and he adds, "The earth was flowerless until bees and butterflies appeared."

But scent not only serves the butterflies in their search for food; it may also assist them in seeking their mates and in captivating them. For butterflies as well as blossoms are often perfumed. Hundreds of species are known to be odorous—in some cases the males, in others the females—sometimes with scents pleasant to our noses, sometimes repellent and nauseating. The wings of the fritillary butterflies common in New England carry a fragrant dust smelling like sandalwood and cedar.

Austin Clark describes, in the latest Smithsonian report, their courting process as he witnessed it on the upper surface of a leaf one summer. The female sat crouched motionless while the male danced an inch or so behind her, opening and closing his wings with quick jerks that showered her with his scent scales. Carpenter watched the mating of a pair of African butterflies where the male hovered in the air above the female while he scattered perfumed powder over her with his plummy and conspicuous scent brush. He was following in his own way the slogan of our florists, "Say it with flowers."

Oil of citronella, which campers use to keep away mosquitoes, has, on the contrary, an attraction for some insects. In the case of one of the fruit

flies the female is scented with citronella while the male is destitute of odor. If a handkerchief perfumed with it is spread in their vicinity, it will soon be covered with ecstatic males.

This summer, when you have the time to lie on the grass and watch the habits of the bees, bugs and butterflies about you, you might find it amusing to try the effect of various scents and saviors. And when you catch a butterfly, or accidentally crush one, don't forget to smell it, for you may find that it has an odor as characteristic and perhaps as pleasing as that of a flower.

### Does Rest Increase Production?

WILL more work be done in the course of a day if a brief period of rest is interposed in the forenoon and afternoon? The British Industrial Fatigue Research Board has been studying this question for seven years.

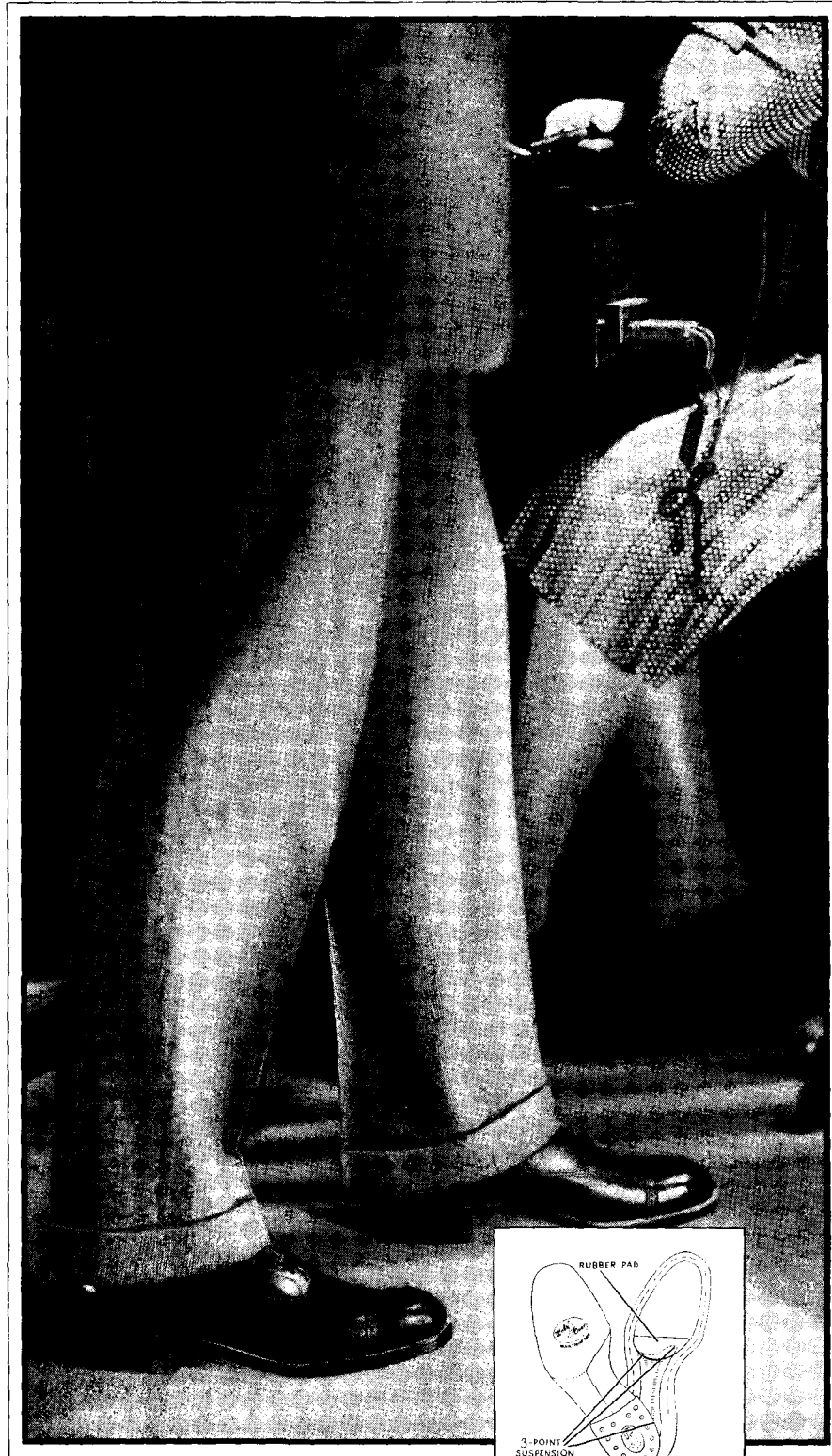
It depends chiefly upon the kind of work. In all forms of repetitive hand-work suitable rests are generally found to result in an increase of total output varying from 2 to 5 per cent, and usually in an improvement in quality. In factories where the hours run from 8 to 12 and from 1 to 5, the maximum of efficiency comes about 10 A. M. and 2:20 P. M. Here the recess is most advantageously inserted.

The rest system has been found profitable in work requiring heavy muscular exertion or a continuous standing or sitting posture or close attention or high speed. In semiautomatic operations, such as tending a machine, there is no economic gain to compensate for the idleness of the machinery. But in a shoe factory an increase of output of almost 50 per cent was obtained by assigning three girls to presses formerly worked by two, so that each girl rested 20 minutes in every hour.

There is a marked difference in individuals: some work faster after the rest spell, some the same, some slower. The value of rests is greater with the less efficient employees. To get the greatest benefit out of the rest there should be a complete change of posture and action. Sedentary workers gain most by standing and movement; those engaged in heavy muscular work by entire relaxation. In many cases there is a gain in speed and accuracy just before as well as just after the recess. Irregular and unexpected cessation of work, like that due to accidental stoppage of machinery, does not have the same beneficial effect as regular and anticipated rests. To try out the plan in any establishment a rest period of five minutes should be introduced in the forenoon and afternoon work, and if the results are favorable the time can be extended minute by minute till a ten-minute period is reached. A trial of at least three months is necessary.

Operatives generally like the rest system when they get used to it, for they find that it improves their health and relieves the monotony. They often protest at first that they would prefer to work continuously and get off ten or twenty minutes earlier at the end of the day, but this does not have the same recuperative value as the recess.

# WALK-OVER SHOES



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Why shouldn't he, when the aches and tired feelings that he could not trace are now relieved? Many men who frequently felt fatigued have donned a pair of Main Spring\* Arch Shoes and found their trouble gone—because their feet had been causing the trouble.

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A session of the New Devices Committee of General Motors. Thousands of inventions and suggestions are submitted to the careful consideration of this Committee every year. They come from every state in the Union and every country in the world.



# GENERAL

# AN OPEN MIND TO NEW IDEAS

THERE are more than 1,000 engineers in General Motors; and more than twenty years of specialized experience lie behind the engineering staffs responsible for Cadillac, LaSalle, Buick, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, Chevrolet and Fisher Bodies. It is natural that important inventions and improvements are developed inside the organization itself.

But thousands of alert intelligences all over the world are busy with thoughts about automobiles, and to any one of them an idea may come that is well worth while.

So General Motors has its New Devices Committee which meets at frequent periods. It includes the head of the Patent Department, the directors of the Research Laboratories and Proving Ground and engineering representatives of the car divisions.

Out of the thousands of ideas and suggestions laid before it every year, relatively few can be finally adopted. General Motors cars must be built for service in Siberia as well as in American cities, and amid the rarefied air of mountain peaks as well as on the burning sands of deserts. Many ideas that appear practical under local conditions fall down before the requirements of universal use. Many suggestions, of course, have been previously considered and found impracticable.

Though the percentage of usable ideas is small, the Committee meets always with enthusiasm. It is part of the machinery of constant improvement in General Motors. So long as this spirit of improvement persists, an organization must keep growing; for, however old it may be in years, it will be always youthful in mind.

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# MOTORS



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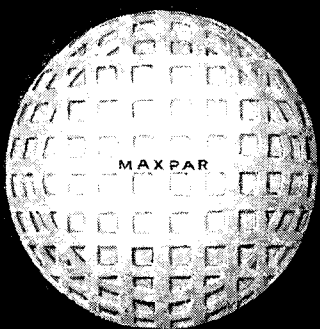
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MAXPAR

## A Nursemaid for Marcus Aurelius

Continued from page 15

Bradshaw talked about business. "Law?" he said. "Dry as dust. Tell me about yourself."

To her surprise, Myra Down found herself telling him. It was oddly easy—probably because he was a lawyer. "I'm only staying out my year, just to prove I can," Myra explained. "After that I'm going to be married."

Alan Bradshaw looked at her keenly over the top of his glass. She noticed the certain movements of his thin, long fingers as he set it down.

"That's the second time you've said that," he pointed out. "There must be something in it."

"About fifty thousand a year in it," said Myra. She added composedly: "You see, I have to marry money, because I've always had it and I don't like going without."

"But I haven't any money!" cried Alan Bradshaw.

"But you're not the one I'm going to marry!" cried Myra Down.

They both laughed very merrily over this, and Alan Bradshaw ground his cigarette out very hard against the edge of his plate.

"Who, then?" he asked.

"Mr. Nicholas Hooper."

"Who's Mr. Nicholas Hooper?" This was provoking of him—because, of course, he must have known.

"Oh, he's a rising young lawyer," said Myra pertly. It had never struck her before that Nick was a lawyer. He must be, though; he had a degree in law.

Suddenly right after that it was time for them to go.

"Don't forget to call by for Marcus Aurelius at five," Myra cautioned him at parting.

Instantly the rising young lawyer who laughed so engagingly was gone again, and in his place was the young man of the school waiting-room, flushed and ill at ease. It was always like that. However efficient he might be at the law, Alan Bradshaw remained to the end of time but an indifferent nursemaid. "Stop?" he repeated. "Five o'clock. Don't you keep 'em nights?"

"We certainly don't."

"But I can't come then!" cried Alan. "I work till 5:30. Mostly I work till six. I—"

"I could leave him out in front on a leash," suggested Myra. She traced with her toe the pattern of mud-stained boots on the infant-school steps. "Or," said Myra, "I could stay and look after him until you came."

AFTER that it was taken for granted that Myra should stay at the school and care for Marcus Aurelius until Alan called for him. He called usually at 5:30, breathless and hatless, and found Myra curled on the hard wooden bench in the waiting-room with her short Rebaud skirts smoothed flat over her knees to save bills for pressing. Miss Prettikin curled her lip—it was such a thin, straight lip the wonder was that she could find enough slack in it to curl—and said it was strange to her what an interest some people took in some people's babies.

"Gug," said Marcus Aurelius, looking up with a dribble of rose quartz beads hanging out of each corner of his mouth.

Alan used to sit on the hard wooden bench beside Myra and catch his breath before he started home and tell her the amusing things that had happened during the day.

Myra always had her bits of news too. Marcus Aurelius had found a piece of sticky fly paper and made Peter Herick a cap. Marcus Aurelius had eaten all the custard for the Three's lunch. Marcus Aurelius had turned on all the tubs in the nursery, and there had been a flood.

"He's a terrible child," Myra would say, laughing immoderately.

Soon after Myra had seen Alan Bradshaw and his charge off down the street she would be herself whisked away by Nick in his big green car. Nick did not

approve of Myra's working at the infant school—did not approve of her working anywhere, of course, when she was going to be Mrs. Nicholas Hooper and live in the Hooper mansion on Bay-side Drive. It irked him to be seen stopping there for her. That was why Myra let him stop. She thought it did Nick good to be irked a little bit. For some reason that she never thought through to the end, Myra hurried Alan away before Nick came and made no arrangements for the two to meet.

"I wish I could take you out to dinner," Alan said one night, "but I don't

On these occasions Alan and Myra dined usually at Martin's; Myra had suggested it, because she knew quite well that Alan could not afford to keep on taking her to Pattie's. And then one night when it was too late for table d'hôte they dined together hilariously in Alan's six-by-seven sitting-room. Marcus Aurelius was a perfect chaperon and slept right through everything, and the landlady burst in unannounced only two or three dozen times.

Alan couldn't cook, of course, and neither could Myra Down. But Alan

S H O P T A L K

## Back of the News

THE strange malady which has sent Chicago to bed with a fever and loud howls for the doctor is skillfully described by Owen P. White on page 10.

Hereafter when you read news with that salty frontier flavor so characteristic of Chicago these recent years you need not be wholly in the dark. You will know the precise shade of meaning given to the word "Racket," and the devious ways of the "Racketeer" will hold no mysteries.

You will know what is back of the news. And in each issue of Collier's you will find articles designed to render the same useful service in relation to personalities, events and movements that are, or will be, in the public eye.

The interview with Edsel Ford by Commander Richard E. Byrd, in this issue, is one of them. Here are two men who have been intimately concerned with progress in the flying art. They will have a great deal to do with its development, and as they discuss the future you will find yourself acquiring a background of fact which will give perspective to the current news.

Last week Kathleen Norris told us what women think of Herbert Hoover. Next week Ida M. Tarbell, America's greatest woman publicist and famous for her "Life of Abraham Lincoln," will give the results of her sojourn in Albany, where she observed the methods and manners of Alfred E. Smith.

Grantland Rice, Uncle Henry, Sinbad, The Gentleman at the Keyhole, and Dr. Slosson, in their various fields, perform this back-of-the-news service regularly without spilling an adjective.

THE EDITOR.

suppose I could leave him alone"—nodding toward the child.

"I suppose you could have a nursemaid in to stay with him. . . ."

After that, from time to time, Alan had a nursemaid in to stay with Marcus Aurelius. He had in Helga, the tall, bony Swedish woman, who took away with her his three best shirts for her tall, bony Swedish husband. He had in Larseny Adams, colored, who stole his wrist watch, but thoughtfully left the pawn ticket behind.

"Anyhow," said Alan optimistically, "I didn't have to pay her wages. And only fifty dollars on the watch."

said he guessed he could burn a chop over the fireplace as well as the next man, and Myra, not to be outdone, said she presumed she could lay a slice of fruit on a lettuce leaf in the likeness of a salad. For silver there was one spoon and Alan's jackknife and a buttonhook and a shoe horn—excellent for the ice cream. When they remembered coffee Alan ran out to the drug store and brought in two great white tooth mugs that weighed three pounds apiece.

No one was ever so pleased before over such a bad meal.

"When I'm disbarred," said Alan, "I'm going to be a chef."

"When I'm fired," said Myra, "I'm going out taking care of babies. It pays so well. Fifty dollars some nights. Three shirts another!" She spread a cherry expertly on the buttonhook.

Myra had never looked more lovely than she looked that night.

Alan sat hunched forward, elbows on knees, prodding up the fire; smoking his cigarette in great gusts as if he thoroughly enjoyed it.

When it was time for her to go Alan helped Myra into her coat with exactly the right degree of solicitude; he touched her hand at parting exactly long enough and not a whit too long. It was just too perfect for anything.

Myra was glad, of course, that it was perfect. Still . . . Myra Down had been accustomed to seeing young men take it a little harder when she went away and left them. She supposed this was his professional manner.

THE next night, when Myra went out with Nick, it was all quite different.

He came for her at eight o'clock in the great green car, that had a whole dressing table, complete with perfumes, that pulled out in the rear, and spaces for cigarettes and flasks and a cocktail shaker and a compartment for oranges and lemons and ice. At nine they were sixty miles outside the city at a place where the waiter trotted with his tray to give the illusion of mighty effort made in their behalf, and Nick flung him a ten-dollar bill with the gesture with which one tosses away a bit of fruit that he has just noticed has gone bad.

For the life of her Myra could not help calculating how many dinners that ten dollars would have bought at Martin's. It is strange how calculating poverty will make you in just a little while.

Nick ordered in white roses for the table because Myra had said once that she liked white roses better than orchids. He broke off a blossom, and brought it, with the air of one wearied by a mighty weight, to pin to the shoulder strap of Myra's green lace dress. His fingers strayed over her bare shoulder.

"Oh, sit down, do Nick," said Myra a trifle shortly.

Nick never took her rebuffs very patiently. There were moments when Myra suspected him of feeling a little bit noble for marrying her now.

Nick probably believed that he could marry anybody in the city. Probably he could too. He was awfully good-looking. People called him handsome. He had fair hair and a pink-and-white complexion and a cleft in his chin. The perfection of his dress was something to get in the papers. He sat slouched with that affectation of excessive boredom that was being so smart just then. Myra found herself appraising him. She had not often appraised Nick of late—just taken him for granted.

There was no color in Myra's own cheeks that night. She sat erect—the clear green of her dress, stood out against the rose of the wall behind her, sharp-lined, still, as if she were a portrait. Nick himself felt it.

"Say, you're a picture," he burst out, good-tempered once more. Myra could always manage Nick like this, by sheer dominance of beauty. It made Nick want Myra just to look at her.

Afterward they danced.

Nick danced supremely well, though with a slight air of exhaustion, and he held Myra very tight—tighter than was needful—so that she had to bend her head back to catch a breath.

In the end the thing that Myra had been trying to keep from happening happened all the same. It always does. Alan stayed a little too late one night and Nick came a little too early, and the two met. Myra would have found it hard to say why she felt so upset.

Nick's manner was beyond question, of course. But there was something obscurely insolent in it all the same—you could not quite say where. He looked at Marcus Aurelius as if he were some odd small animal in a case. "Set you down somewhere?" he said to Alan.

"Thank you," said Alan heartily. "That would be a help. The kid doesn't feel very well."

Right there the first complication

rose. Nick expected Myra to sit with him, leaving Alan and Marcus Aurelius to rattle round behind. This would have been the logical arrangement. But the most illogical frame of mind in the world took hold of Myra Down.

"We'll all sit together," she said, skipping into the middle of the front seat and reaching for Marcus Aurelius. "There's plenty of room."

There was not. Three and a baby and a large raccoon coat were out and out crowded.

"We mustn't all breathe at once," Alan said, trying to hold the door shut.

"Look out for that child, will you?" said Nick. "He's browsing on my coat sleeve."

Alan seemed charmingly unaware of any strain in the situation; too unaware, almost, to be credible. But even Myra was unprepared when he suggested, as they reached his house, that they all come in and get supper again by the fireplace. "It will be good fun," he said. "No one can burn a chop blacker than I can, and Myra has a great way with a lettuce leaf."

"Oh . . ." cried Myra, confused at her own confusion; she stopped, leaving it to Nick to get out of it. But somehow you never could count on Nick.

"Quite a domestic scene," he said offensively, ducking his head with ostentation under Alan's doorway.

But Alan seemed oblivious.

"You do this often, I presume?" said Nick.

"Oh not so very often," said Alan carelessly.

Things went very badly from the beginning. Marcus Aurelius would not go to sleep, and the chops smoked terribly—much worse than they had smoked before and Myra cut her thumb opening the jar of salad dressing, and it bled on to her gray tweed suit that had just cost two dollars at the cleaners. They gave Nick the spoon and Alan's jackknife, which were the pick of the utensils, and Nick handled them as if he expected them to go off and blow them all into the next township.

Alan brought in the great white tooth mugs of coffee.

"Bleak," murmured Nick to himself. "Pretty darned bleak."

"Looks as if it's blowing up a storm," Alan grinned.

"Looks that way to me too," agreed Mr. Nicholas Hooper.

It was the first subject on which they had agreed. Myra looked from one to the other, seated there beside her: Nicholas Hooper, inexpressibly correct in his dinner clothes, handsome and fair and Nordic and rich and everything that he should be; tremendously sure of himself. Across from him Alan Bradshaw, in the clothes he had worn all day at the office, flushed from bending above the coals, brown hair tumbled, eager to see that she had the most frozen part of the ice cream; in his wide gray eyes a guilelessness too good to be completely true. Every word Nick said was designed to shrivel Alan Bradshaw. And somehow Alan Bradshaw did not shrivel.

Myra should have found it very amusing, but she didn't.

THEY left early, and Myra told Nick she had a headache and did not feel like going somewhere to dance afterward, as he suggested. She crept into bed at once, feeling . . . yes, that was it—bleak.

After that too many things happened all at once.

In the first place Marcus Aurelius swallowed a collar button. Alan telephoned Myra when she had been in bed and quietly weeping less than half an hour; Myra slid into the two pieces of clothing that fashion dictates, caught up the first wrap that came to hand, which happened to be a rather gorgeous gold brocaded cape from Rebaud's, and urged the cabman to drive fast and not mind traffic officers.

"Wait," she called over her shoulder as she ran in at Alan's. Myra had only a bill left from her week's pay, and could not stop for change.

"He's choking to death," Alan greeted her.

It was years and years after that be-

(Continued on page 50)



# Ontario

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## ONTARIO CANADA





# A Nursemaid for Marcus Aurelius

Continued from page 49



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# CUNARD LINE



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fore the doctor came. And then the doctor did come, and the collar button was lying on the table, and Marcus Aurelius was sitting on the table too and had not choked to death at all, and the doctor was laughing as he went out and saying that they needn't worry as long as a child could make a noise like that. And then Alan was holding on to her and asking if she was faint.

"I don't know," said Myra—and she suddenly put her hands against the front of Alan's coat and swayed forward against him.

Alan picked Myra Down right straight up. She felt his arms firm and strong about her; she felt her feet swept off the floor and her forehead press close into the lean turn of his jaw. Alan's breath was quick and short against her cheek. Myra Down decided that if this was what fainting was, then she didn't mind fainting. Myra wondered how long a person may reasonably continue to faint. She bent her head back a little bit, so that the curve of her cheek came just below the curve of Alan's lips and chin. He set her down at once.

"Better?" he asked.

"Am I?" said Myra.

Alan kept his arm about her still to steady her. "It's just the fright," he reassured her. "I was pretty frightened myself. That's all."

"Yes," said Myra. "I guess that's about... all."

She would not let him go downstairs with her in the end: went by herself, holding to the railing and feeling her knees very wobbly under her... from fright. It was the worst time in the whole world for the second thing to happen: for her to find Nicholas Hooper waiting there at the foot of those stairs—spying, that's all you could call it. For once Nicholas Hooper did not look bored; his glance was angry and misunderstanding as he took it all in: the cab idling at the curb; the splendor of Myra's golden cloak; the warm, rich color in her cheeks—very deep for a person who has just fainted... It was not a pleasant interview they had.

MARCUS AURELIUS—who had rallied from the collar button better than Myra Down—was riding on his favorite kiddie car just as Miss Prettikin was standing on tiptoe to fasten up an X-Ray chart of Alfreda Dickens' bones. You cannot blame Marcus Aurelius too much. Perhaps the collision was not entirely his fault. Certainly it was not his fault that Miss Prettikin's four front teeth were peg teeth, and that when she fell she should have hit them on the edge of a hardwood chair.

Nevertheless you cannot deny either that there are few things more annoying than to have your four front teeth, either real or assumed, knocked right out in your hand. Miss Prettikin forgot that she was a lady and an anthropologist. She forgot that one must not thwart the little ego. And she swooped down on Marcus Aurelius Rollins and snatched him off the kiddie car, and smacked him soundly in the parts of his person that first presented themselves, and thrust him into a dark closet and locked the door and threw the key on the floor and stamped on it.

Myra Down came in just in time to see the end of it.

Too many things had happened to Myra Down that week already. She was hot all over with a white flame of anger.

"You let him alone," she cried. "Do you hear? That's Alan Bradshaw's nephew, and you let him alone."

Half an hour later she was walking down the steps of the school with Marcus Aurelius in the crook of her arm, her connection with the Scientific Infant School permanently severed—when she had expected to have to work there forever.

For a person who had no idea where she meant to go, Myra Down went straight indeed to Alan Bradshaw's

office. She stood on the threshold and held out Marcus Aurelius with a gesture oddly like that with which Alan himself had held him out on that first day in the school waiting-room. "Take him," said Myra. "He's expelled."

"He's... what?"

"Expelled," said Myra. "Fired. I'm fired too. I've got to find another job." It was the first time that Myra had thought about that part of it.

Alan was awfully kind and sympathetic. He tucked Myra up in one of the clients' chairs and looked tactfully the other way and pretended that he didn't know that the tears were bright behind her lashes. He put Marcus Aurelius on the rug with a box of paper clips to swallow, and paid no more attention to him—though it must have been rather a blow to have the child dumped back again on his hands during business hours.

"You wanted my professional advice about getting another job?" he was saying to Myra. "Was that why you came?"

"I suppose so," said Myra dully. She sat erect in the client's chair, twisting her handkerchief round and round and round in a little endless circle. She wanted to burst out and tell Alan all about it, but of course she couldn't very well... under the circumstances. He seemed awfully far away, there behind his desk. He seemed awfully professional.

"I wondered," said Myra with a gulp, "if you'd like a good nursemaid for Marcus Aurelius—while you're away at work."

The suggestion came so hard it seemed incredible that Alan should not pay attention. But he was busy just then saying something else. All at once he went striding up and down the office, up and down very fast, wheeling quickly at the turns and fluffing his hair.

"WELL, hang it all," he said, "if you're going to marry him anyway, you might as well marry him now. What difference does it make whether you've worked a year?"

"But I'm not going to marry him," said Myra. It was easy to tell Alan about it... because he was a lawyer. "You see, I was marrying Nick for his money, and he was marrying me for my looks, and it wasn't a fair swap. We decided last night that we should both be cheated..."

"You're not going to marry him?"

"No," said Myra.

"Then you're going to marry me!"

"Am I?" said Myra.

He was swooping down on her across the narrow office.

Myra put up her hands. "Oh, Alan," she said, "I... believe I'm going to faint."

And it was much the nicest fainting fit that Myra ever had.



## A One-Dish Dinner

MATINÉES will be more profitable and fourths for afternoon bridge more easily rounded up when Milady, as those gay advertising dogs love to call her, adopts this convenient, effort-reducing system: Put into a casserole some left-over chicken (why, of course you must have! We've got to start from somewhere, haven't we?) cut into small pieces, diced boiled potatoes and any available vegetable such as peas or string beans. Pour on it a rich cream sauce; top it off with a dozen tiny stalks of asparagus and a dainty sprinkle of grated cheese, all hotly blended in a casserole under the broiler flame until it has achieved a delicate sunburn.



# Great Grief!

Continued from page 34

get my patients at least to the street."  
"I'll have to buy one then, but I'll do that later. It looks as though I'd have a busy morning."

About his other errand Dolly remained mysterious, as long as possible. He gave the taxi driver an address near Broadway which meant nothing to Gennery, and when they arrived at the dingy, photograph-lined offices of Herman Weber, vaudeville agent, Gennery wasn't enlightened.

Mr. Weber was red-faced and tastily bejeweled.

"WELL, gentlemen, what can I do for you?" he asked jovially. "You starting up a theatre some place?"

"No," Dolly explained. "I just want to hire somebody for a little extra-private publicity stunt. Do you happen to have on hand a buried-alive artist, or whatever you call these birds who allow themselves to be put in a coffin and sunk in a river, or buried under sand for a day or two?"

Mr. Weber consulted a card index. "There are a couple good men I can lay my hands on," he announced at last.

"I just want one but perhaps I'd better see a choice. How soon can you get them?"

"In about half an hour," Mr. Weber promised. "I'll telephone them right away. They ask a fancy price though, those fellows do. Risk, you know."

"I'm willing to pay one," Dolly answered. "Though I don't think there'll be much risk involved in this."

"Well, what do you think of my plan?" he asked of Gennery when they were in the outer office.

"I think it's possibly a little bit crazier than Vicky's."

"It ought to be a lesson to her, though, and the Lord knows she needs one."

"You said the best way to stop the talk Vicky has started would be to have the funeral. Do you feel that that will be the effect on Chatfield if the corpse pops up in the middle of the service and begins to do a little plain sewing on his abdomen or whatever happens to be the pet trick of the man you hire?"

"I'm not a fool, Gen," Dolly informed his friend, "and what I'm planning will be carried out in the quietest, most refined manner. In the first place I'm sure Vicky won't have the coffin opened. In fact I'll fix it up so she won't."

"You'd better. I don't imagine these performers could fool any very close inspection."

"Then tonight, when the closed coffin is sitting in the drawing-room and all the weeping sympathizers have gone home and only Vicky and good old Hester are alone in the house I'll arrive to pay a call. Vicky and I will be reverently discussing the late departed when suddenly a sepulchral rap will come from the coffin. When that happens do you imagine Vicky will fall off her high horse or not?"

Gennery grinned a little. "She'll be a pretty good seat if she doesn't," he admitted.

"Well, we'll let our performer out; just about then I plan for a confession from her and a reconciliation. I then will fill the coffin with something and tomorrow we'll have the funeral as per schedule."

"That sounds all right. You're sure Hester and Vicky are alone on the place?"

"Absolutely. The cook sleeps out. You'll admit that we can count on Hester?"

"Oh yes. If Vicky committed a nice, gory murder Hester would help to hush it up, though she'd tell Vicky that she'd been a very naughty girl."

"It's all right with you then?"

"I'll leave it to you, but how are you going to make sure that Vicky doesn't have the coffin opened?"

"I'll show you," Dolly answered, and he asked the office boy for a plain sheet of paper and a plain envelope.

"Now sit down at that table," he

directed Gennery, "and write. 'Don't let anybody touch it' and address the envelope to 'Mrs. Brown'."

Gennery did as he was told.

Dolly put the missive in his pocket. "I'll have this attached to the container somewhere," he promised.

Gennery looked at his watch.

"My hour's up," he announced. Fortunately Mr. Weber appeared just then and said, "Will you step this way, please?"

There were two men in the room to which he led them. One was bald, bow-legged and middle-aged. His name was Gilbert Faunce and he had a general look of saggiess. The other was younger, with a long, gangling body on top of which a silly, small-featured face seemed to perch like a sparrow on a telegraph pole. He had a little black mustache and his black hair was brushed in a careful curl to conceal premature baldness. Mr. Weber introduced him as Ted Hackle.

"They both of them have played big time," Mr. Weber said. "They're a pair of headliners."

"It's your case, Dolly," Gennery said. "I've got to get to the hospital."

"Mr. Hackle is just what I was looking for," he heard Dolly telling Mr. Weber as he left. "That is if Mr. Hackle has a heart for romance and high adventure."

"Crazy!" Gennery thought. "Just as crazy as Vicky! They'll make a eugenic pair!"

Waiting for the elevator to take him to the street, Gennery was joined by Mr. Gilbert Faunce, the rejected aspirant.

"I don't wanta take the bread outta anybody's mouth," Mr. Faunce said sourly, "but your friend ain't chosen a very good person. I know Ted Hackle. Knew him when we was both in the movies together. He's a handsome fella. But he ain't reliable. He's a drinkin' fella. I've seen him spoil an act in vaudeville just because he was stewed. Wild-like."

Gennery didn't like exhibitions of the feline in his own sex.

"He can't be any wilder than what he's got to do," he grunted.

At half past six Helen summoned Vicky to an early high tea so that they would be all through before "it" arrived. Vicky couldn't eat.

HELEN quite enjoyed her own supper. It seemed to Vicky that she would never finish and indeed Helen was still nibbling at tiny forkfuls of Charlotte russe when the doorbell rang and Lizzie, stimulated to real interest at last, announced jubilantly at the dining-room door:

"It's here, Miss Bond. They're bringing it in!"

Vicky and Helen went to the drawing-room. A silvered trestle had already been set up. Helen peered from the front window.

"Why, what a lot of men!" she exclaimed. "What do you suppose Nat Lee is doing with them?"

"Nat Lee!" Vicky exclaimed. "He must be a little mad. That's the only explanation. A funeral to him must be like a fire to those pyromaniacs."

Nat was not among the men who carried the coffin to its resting place on the silvered trestle, nor was he beside Mr. Carroll, the undertaker who superintended operations with the air of Addison's angel.

So preoccupied was Vicky with Nat's probable whereabouts that, when the coffin was firm in its place, Mr. Carroll had sprung back several mysterious catches before she noticed.

"What are you doing?" she almost shrieked at him.

"Preparing to remove the cover, madame."

"But the coffin is not to be opened. That was my express order." Vicky looked accusingly at Helen.

"I told him so," Helen whined.

"It's customary, madame," Mr. Carroll remonstrated.

"That makes no difference to me,"

(Continued on page 52)



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PICK out your own favorite style — for every occasion — be as fastidious as you please. YOU WON'T HAVE ANY MORE FOOT ACHES — if you wear Arch Preserver Shoes.

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## Great Grief!

Continued from page 51



### "My Valuable Dog Was Freed From Mange"

"I followed your instructions carefully, using Sergeant's Mange Medicine and the Arsenic and Iron Pills. I am glad to say that my dog's mange has disappeared entirely."

Any dog—your dog—is likely to contract mange. It is highly contagious. It is not an easy disease to stamp out unless you know just what to give and the best treatment to follow. Use Sergeant's Mange Medicine and Sergeant's Arsenic and Iron Pills.

#### Symptoms of Mange

Acute itching caused by parasites attacking head, feet, legs or body. Redness, pimples, sores from scratching, thick skin with scales.

#### Do You Know?

Would you be able to tell if your dog had mange? Would you know what to do for him? Would you know how to safeguard him from this dread disease? Surely these things are worth knowing. It costs you nothing to find out. There are effective remedies for this and all other dog ailments and it is a simple matter to know when and how to use them.

#### SERGEANT'S Dog Food

A balanced ration containing a large proportion of freshly cooked *Beef* and whole-wheat. For dogs and puppies of all breeds.

#### Famous Dog Book Free

We urge you to write for a free copy of Polk Miller's famous Dog Book. It contains the accumulated experience of fifty years. In clear, non-technical language it tells the symptoms of all dog diseases and explains the best treatments for each. There are useful articles on feeding, breeding and rearing dogs. This book has been the guide for millions of dog lovers. It is revised yearly and kept strictly up-to-date. It has saved the lives of untold thousands of valuable dogs. It is free.



#### Expert Advice Free

If your dog develops a condition not fully explained in the dog book, write us at once. State age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Our expert veterinarian will answer personally, sending, without charge, complete instructions for care and treatment. Sergeant's Dog Medicines, standard for over fifty years, are on sale at dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write direct. Address Polk Miller Products Corp., 1373 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Write for Free Sample of Sergeant's Dog Food  
We Guarantee Your Dog Will Eat It.



Vicky replied. "I'm not a customary person and I know what I want. Mr. Brown may have died of some virulently contagious disease for all I know. I haven't yet had details."

Mr. Carroll looked curiously non-plused.

"Just one moment, madame," he said, and went into the hall.

Then Nat Lee burst into the room.

"Vicky," he said, "I don't want you to think I'm responsible for this. I've done my darndest to hold it off."

"Hold what off, Nat?"

Nat paid no attention.

"I did write to the New York District Attorney's office," he blurted out. "I suppose I shouldn't have, but I thought it would be an awfully good thing for me, and probably wouldn't lead to anything."

"What are you talking about?" Vicky asked. "What did you write them?"

"I wrote that I'd learned the man you'd married was some big French bootlegger, and I got back word to report any developments, and, Lord, I was glad when Zona told me that he was dead, and I wired that on. But when they learned he was being shipped here they sent around some agents to see if they can identify him."

"Well, they can't identify him," Vicky declared. "The coffin isn't going to be opened."

"That's just the trouble, the coffin has to be opened. Those are orders."

"What good will it do them to look at him? They can't arrest him."

"It may clear up a whole bunch of cases on their books."

"Sorry as I am not to satisfy their curiosity," Vicky said, "those cases will not be cleared up. Any men you've gotten here might just as well leave."

"Aw, Vicky," Nat Lee groaned.

"Don't aw at me, Nat Lee," Vicky told him. "If you've gotten yourself in trouble by your silly, male chattering, it's not my fault. Why can't you men keep your mouths shut anyway?"

"I just did what it was up to a good citizen to do," Nat defended himself.

"No such thing. You went blabbing. You always have been a blab and a tattletale and now you can just take those men away."

"But I can't," Nat protested.

"You bet he can't," a big man in a tweed coat asserted. He and an individual so thin that he gave an impression of being merely an Adam's apple at half mast had entered the room while Vicky and Nat exchanged words.

"This is my cousin's house," Vicky informed the newcomers, "and I'm in charge of it, and I order you to leave it."

"We got a search warrant."

"Let me see it," Vicky said. She'd heard that was the thing to do.

THE tweed man produced a document. Whether or not it was a search warrant Vicky hadn't an idea.

"Nonsense," she said, thrusting it back at him, "you can't make me believe I have to submit to such an outrage. Mr. Carroll, I forbid that coffin's being opened."

"I'm afraid it's no use, madam," said the harassed Mr. Carroll.

"You're right it ain't," the tweed person grinned. "The only question is whether the lady is gonta yell and scream while you jerk off the lid or behave quiet and decent. Take it off, brother."

Mr. Carroll approached the coffin, the Adam's apple with him.

Vicky knew she was beaten. Helen tried to put her arm about her, but Vicky shook herself free. She seriously considered jumping from the drawing-room window, darting for the garage, and making off. How could she possibly bear exposure? Were there legal penalties for having a funeral under false pretenses?

Mr. Carroll lifted the cover. The tweed man, the Adam's apple, Nat Lee

and Helen looked into the coffin—they didn't start back.

Vicky took one step so that she, too, could see. It was not empty except for weights.

There was no joy in Vicky's relief. She felt a definite physical sickness in shame at having dealt so lightly with so solemn a matter.

She sat down in a chair, and didn't look at the group.

"Never see that baby, before, did you, George?" the voice of the tweed officer remarked.

"Never did," the Adam's apple piped.

Mr. Carroll approached Vicky.

"I forgot to give you this," he said, handing her a note. "It laid on the lid."

"Mrs. Brown," was written on the envelope in Gennery's hand.

Vicky tore it open and read the single scrawled line.

"Don't let anybody touch it."

It! No pronoun had ever been so welcome to Vicky in her life! It!

She rose and went to the coffin.

THERE lay before her the silly wax face, with the curly black mustache, and the cowl of wavy black hair, which she had seen in thousands of men's furnishing store windows. How could she have been fooled by it, even in that first brief glance? Of course the eyes were closed, but it must be a dummy made especially for the display of pajamas.

And yet none of the men, who had not had the hint of the note, suspected. It was only Helen's long gaze that Vicky feared.

"Awful sorry to have disturbed you so much, ma'am," the tweed individual apologized. "Mistakes will happen."

Vicky wanted to dance and yell. She didn't trust her speech so she continued her indignation.

"I should imagine rather frequently with you," she replied.

"That's a good one," Tweeds said. "Well I guess we'd better be hoppin' along, George."

"And I think you'd better go with your friends, Nat," Vicky observed.

"I'm awfully sorry, Vicky," Nat protested.

"That's not entirely incomprehensible."

Nat withdrew with consummate awkwardness. Only Mr. Carroll was left, Mr. Carroll and Helen, who had not shifted her hypnotized stare from what was in the coffin. Mr. Carroll must be gotten rid of before Helen spoke.

"What are you waiting for?" Vicky asked him.

"I'll just fix him up a little," Mr. Carroll said soothingly.

"Mr. Brown is not to be touched," Vicky informed him, "at least those are my orders. Possibly the state militia will be rushed out to countermand them, but until it has been I think you may as well leave, too."

"You know it wasn't my fault, ma'am," Mr. Carroll protested. "It was them prohibition agents made me do what I did! Prohibition agents! Do you notice the smell of whisky they left in this room?"

"You'll be here in the morning, I presume."

"First thing," Mr. Carroll promised.

As he left, Lizzie, who already had her hat on, peered around the corner of the door.

"Can I see him?" she asked.

"Do," Vicky said.

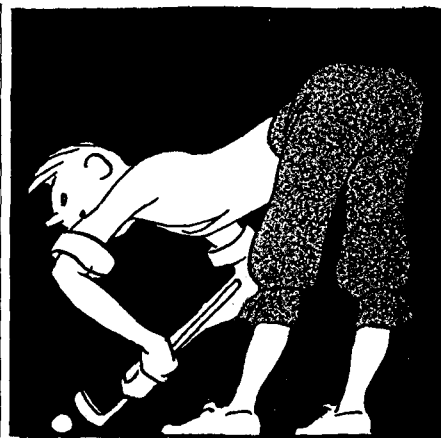
"He makes a handsome corpse," was Lizzie's one comment.

Then Helen spoke.

"Oh, Vicky!" she said, accusingly.

"Let's go upstairs," Vicky stopped her.

It wasn't going to be a pleasant scene. Vicky wished she had taken Helen into her confidence in the first place. Now Helen had earned a right to be angry with her. Somehow she must be won over to keep the secret, and that wasn't going to be easy with a person who made a fetish of truth-telling.



## Tom Masson Says

*They don't elect a man president of a golf club because he is a golf champion.*

About the only thing left for Will Hays to do is to become editor of a confessional magazine.

Now that beauty and style have become a necessity for our closed cars, can't something be done about the occupants?

A book on the Ten Commandments has just been issued. Probably written in broken English.

What's the matter with Henry Ford preserving the last livery stable as a national relic?

The son of an American millionaire has married a Paris dressmaker. That's one way of keeping the money in the family.



*"There is more to life," vibrates Mahatma Gandhi, "than increasing its speed." Yes, you have got to keep your gas tank filled.*

A mechanical violin that plays itself has been invented. We suggest that it be equipped with a bullet-proof case.

"Are beautiful women intelligent?" asks a critic. Nobody takes time to find out.

"Now, boys," said a newly smuggled case of Scotch, "all together: Raw! Raw! Raw!"

A Princeton man has invented an alarm clock that shuts the window, boils an egg and wakes him up. But after all this has occurred, something ought to be done about getting him into bed.

When better flappers are built our drug stores will build them.



So far as we know commencement exercises are our oldest ceremony. They began in the Garden of Eden.

Summer is coming. The children stayed here overnight on their way from school to camp.