

## Curse You, Jack Dalton!

By JACK BINNS

**J**OURNALISM developed the sob sister to cater to the mood that emerged out of the Victorian era at the dawn of the present century. She flourished, and her outpourings stirred many a fluttering flapper eyelid to tears. It looks as though radio will also develop its own sympathetic appeal—if not through a broadcasting sob sister, then at least through the medium of the tragic playlet. This is the conclusion one draws from epistles that Western fans have addressed to KOA at Denver.

One feminine listener frankly admitted she wept copiously while pathos issued from her loud speaker, and then added, "I enjoy it more at home because I need not be ashamed of my emotions." She stated she was reflecting the sentiments of all the radio playgoers in her village.

In this you will see we have the demand for tragic drama. It won't be long now before we hear little Eva fleeing across studio "ice" and other woe-stricken heroines, reincarnated from the Age of Melodrama, sobbing their way along the path that cruel Fate and equally conscienceless authors destined for them. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now!

### The Ideal Now Possible

**A** CHAIN of cigar stores has decided to install automatic mechanical salesmen to serve customers and thank them for their purchases. In other words, the dummies have been gifted with speech through human ingenuity. If the experiment proves successful, every broadcast station owner should contract for the early delivery of such an automaton.

Its installation in the average broadcast studio would be a great step forward and might even result in the listeners actually getting more program than announcement.

### Pictureless Television

**E**NGLAND is a queer mixture of progressivism and conservatism. One sees quite a few horse-drawn victorias holding up modern motor traffic on the narrow streets. It is the same in radio. The broadcast receivers still look like the dawn of broadcasting, yet they have a Television Society and a Television Magazine with a circulation running into hundreds of thousands.

The only thing that seems to be missing is television apparatus. Apparently the subscribers of the magazine are quite content to look at their castles in the air.

### Hold Your Head

**T**WO of the boys who entertain the dear radio audience of southern California with wisecracking dialogue recently pulled this one:

Q. "What's good for dandruff?"

A. "Try a little Guillotine!"

The following day one of Uncle Sam's letter carriers dropped in KFI's studio with a letter that contained this plaintive plea: "I heard over your station last night that Guillotine is good for

dandruff. Please advise where I can buy some, and the best method of using it."

The official historian of the Los Angeles station fails to record the answer given to the perplexed soul, but I think it is only fair that he should be told Hangman's Drops are equally good.

### He Still Pursues Her

**S**O FAR as Hank Simmons' Show Boat is concerned it is quite fortunate that television has not yet reached a state of practical development, otherwise considerable damage might be done in many homes when the villain stalks across the stage to take his "curtain call" aboard the mythical Maybelle. As it is, one can almost hear the hisses that arise in a myriad of homes in unison with those that issue out of the loud speaker from the studio "audience."

The Columbia Chain has shown commendable initiative in developing this feature. For those of us whose recollection goes back to the era of melodrama it brings back fond memories of the time when we took our pleasures seriously enough to heave overripe vegetables and defunct eggs at the unfortunate gent who took great delight in twirling his villainous mustachios while leering triumphantly at us. Those were the days when we registered our likes and dislikes with much vehemence.

If by chance you have such a temperament do not tune in on Monday evenings to any of the chain stations that feature Hank Simmons' Show Boat because you may succumb to the wily tongue of the barker who exhorts the Mississippi Valley farmers, and then no one can tell what will happen to your happy home when your feelings are aroused as the drayma unfolds its heavy course. Anyway, the Maybelle is the C. B. Chain's answer to the prayer of those who have been loudly kicking about the sameness of programs.

# The Monkey Wrench

Continued from page 42

I'm rather glad of just one thing: It was in your dressing-room and not hers. She went after him."

Eleanor didn't cry. She didn't do anything. Just sat numbly there. Jane tucked the rug about her, though it wasn't cold.

In a moment Don came out, walking with dignity. He got into the front seat, mechanically started up the motor. Then for an hour, all the way out, nobody spoke at all.

When they reached the house Jane and Eleanor went in.

It would be a relief if Eleanor would break down and cry. But she didn't. Just wore that stony look.

But Jane had hardly more than got into her room when the girl appeared. She had a suit of pretty silk pajamas over her arm and her hair brush and tooth brush in her hand. "Do you mind," she asked, hesitantly, "if I sleep in here with you?"

"Of course not, dear!"

When they came down in the morning, Don had gone. The maid said he'd caught the 9:08 train. He left a polite message about some business. There'd been a telephone call.

Eleanor ate no breakfast. She appeared to be in a desperate hurry to get in to town. The car was there in the garage. Eleanor could drive. They left before 10:30.

As they came down the long slope of the bridge and turned into Sixty-first Street Eleanor said darkly, "I'm going to ask something pretty special of you, Jane. You appear to be the only friend I've got."

"Anything, dear. You know."

"Well . . . I . . . really can't talk about it, but I think perhaps you'd better stay right with me."

"Up to matinee time, gladly, dear. If you'll give me just a few minutes. I've got one thing on my mind. I could meet you, say, at twelve. Just give me this half hour."

Eleanor knit her brows doubtfully, but dropped her at the corner of Forty-fourth and Sixth Avenue. She said, with a queer, meaning look, that they could meet at the Astor. She'd be in the north-south corridor, by the dining-room.

**J**ANE walked rapidly over Forty-fourth Street to the Algonquin. There, from a booth, she called the Lambs. Don might be there.

Don was there. And he came right over. Decent of him.

She went straight to the point: "Just one thing I want to say, Donnie. It wouldn't be fair to you to fail to let you have it straight. And, believe me, I got it straight. From the merry little lady herself. It was a plant, Donnie. A cute little idea of Ben's."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, come! You know how their minds work. K. & A. They were worried about the performance. Eleanor's especially. Ben put Greta in there to work on you. Vamp you, Donnie. Can't you see? He wanted to stir Eleanor up. And he promised Greta a little extra pay if she could get away with it."

There, it was said. She watched him. He sat still, frowning.

"Well," he said at last, "well . . . thanks, Jane. You've meant to help. You'll have to forgive me if I find it a little difficult to . . . well . . ."

"I had to give it to you, Donnie. Think it over."

"I'm hardly in a position to resent . . ."

"No. You're not."

"Don't think I haven't been fighting this off, Jane . . . of course, duty, obligation, all that sort of thing, when your passions are stirred. . . ."

"Good faith, Don."

"All right. Faith, even. The sacred things." His face worked. It was pitiful. "If Eleanor'd only been a little more . . . if she's only shown a little—"

"It's said, Donnie, as far as I'm concerned," Jane couldn't go on. She'd be sniveling in a minute.

"Makes me out rather a dog, I suppose," he muttered.

"More of a plain damn' fool," said she, with a sudden flash of anger; and fled. Out to Forty-fourth Street and over to the Astor, blowing her nose most of the way. She stopped in a florist's doorway to powder her nose. Eleanor simply mustn't suspect what she'd been up to.

There Eleanor sat, in the corridor; not lounging, but stiffly, her knees and feet together, her back held away from the chair, head high. Her face appeared a little flushed, though composed enough. But her eyes were odd—somber and restless, glancing this way and that; looking at people without seeming to see very much. She held a longish parcel across her lap—a thin, round parcel. Curious. Tightly gripped in both hands. It didn't seem to weigh much. At least, it wasn't a gun.

**W**HEN those quite strange eyes rested on Jane her mouth twisted into a half smile that flitted quickly away. She didn't smile again. They went into the restaurant. She wouldn't surrender the parcel to the coatroom boy.

Jane tried to get her to eat a little something; pointed out that you couldn't carry through two stiff performances on nothing at all. If she didn't look out she'd flop. But it was no good. She seemed hardly to hear. . . .

This was a new Eleanor. Far, very far, from the submissive, engulfed little wife and mother of the past few years. Something quite new and adult. Something that suggested danger. What was she up to?

Jane, who had never missed a performance in her life, was tempted now toward deliberate truancy. Nothing seemed quite so important as standing by this tortured girl who didn't seem to know, sanely, what she was doing or might do. Or did she, behind the darkening eyes, know only too well? . . . you couldn't, really, of course, in perfect health, fail the show. Even if friends were dying. No, you couldn't. But she'd stick to the last possible moment. Even be a little late. That wouldn't kill 'em. Just once. Dress fast and slap on a quick make-up.

It was, in a strained way, a relief to find that Eleanor's temperament hadn't been killed. It had only slept a while. Plenty of it there. How beautiful she was! Be interesting if Donnie could see her now.

"The car's outside here," said Eleanor. The hotel doormen and the traffic officers about here knew her and Don, of course, and knew the car.

Intently, without a word, she drove to the theatre and pulled up at the curb just short of the stage-door alley. That was odd. She untied the string about that parcel; then, looking out along the sidewalk, absently wound the string into a neat little ball and slipped it into a pocket of her coat. She loosened the paper, but didn't open it. Then she unlatched the door and held it open.

There appeared to be nothing Jane could do but wait, watch, then act, at the right moment, swiftly and surely.

But when the moment came she wasn't quick enough for it. Or Eleanor was too quick. She was out of the car in a flash. And Jane, surprised, had to draw in her long legs to get them past the transmission lever and then had to squeeze through behind the wheel.

She saw Eleanor stripping off that paper. It fluttered to the sidewalk. The girl rushed forward, jostling through the crowd. She seemed to be unrolling something. Then Jane, one foot on the curb, saw that it was a whip—an old-fashioned whip with a shortish leather handle and a real lash. She must have been hunting around town for a harness shop; pretty hard to find these days. There were so few horses.

Greta Swenson was coming through the crowd toward the alley. Walking with her lissom stride. All her furs on. And some jewelry.

Eleanor, springing forward, swung the whip. Jane hurried.



It was odd how the crowd cleared away. Eleanor lashed on in a cold fury. Swenson cowered; tried to cover her bleeding face; cried out incoherently.

It was a policeman who broke through the ring and grabbed Eleanor. One of the traffic men! When he saw who she was, he bundled her to the sedan. Gruffly he asked of Jane, "You with her?"

"Yes," said Jane.

"Get her out o' here, then, quick, for the Lord's sake!"

"I can't drive," said Jane.

"I can," said Eleanor crisply. And she did.

"You ought to be back at the theatre," was Jane's first remark. Sort of a reflex. She wasn't thinking straight.

"No," replied Eleanor. "No. But I'll let you out here, dear. As soon as I can get in to the curb."

"I can't leave you, Eleanor. Not now."

"Don't be silly!"

"But you—"

"I feel fine. Perfectly all right."

"But what on earth are you going to do?"

"The only thing I can do. Drive out home, pack a bag, and take baby up to Mother's. Be there by evening." Her mother and father lived upstate, somewhere Binghamton way.

"What about the show?"

"I'm never going back there. They've got an understudy. Here you are. Hop out! And, Jane dear, thank you ever and ever so much! Really, I'm quite all right. Got something out of my system, apparently."

In a daze Jane did as she was bid: hurried over to the theatre, slapped on that make-up, as she'd put it; went into her dance. Gus Halper told her, during the intermission, that she was working great. Funny!

And then . . . as things are so likely to turn out in this little cosmos of the theatre, where blood boils at a rather 'ow temperature . . . nothing at all happened. Just nothing. There wasn't a word in the papers. Eleanor vanished. Don and Swenson both finished up the run of Mango. Jane sang and danced and curved those long legs comically around every night and twice on matinee days and went to parties. Business as usual. There was gossip, of course. Whispers of trouble between Eleanor and Don. Swenson was mentioned, but nobody appeared to have seen her around with Don. Nothing like that. One story went a little way, here and there, about a mysterious and blood-thirsty row between Eleanor and Swenson; but didn't get very far.

A definite bit of news came out in Variety. By leaving the company and flatly refusing to finish the run, Eleanor had given K. & A. grounds for breaking the three-year contract. Don, as a result, was out of work. He'd pick up something, of course. He didn't seem to be around. And the house on Long Island was closed.

SO THINGS stood in August. Then, one Sunday, a story was released to the effect that the couple were to appear together in a serious new American play. The producers were nobodies: two of the earnest young men who'd been reviving old costume things down in the Village. It didn't look too good. But it was puzzling. Propped up in bed, shortly after noon, sipping her breakfast coffee, Jane sleepily pondered.

The telephone rang.

A familiar voice: "Jane dear, this is Eleanor. We're over at Du Quesne's. Can't you join us?"

Du Quesne's was a French restaurant not far away. Jane said she could. Hurried into something or other and went.

There they sat, Don and Eleanor and the kid. Large as life. Smiling and happy.

"Well," said Jane straight out, "I must say I'm glad to see you both in your right minds."

"We're that, all right," said Don. He couldn't resist capturing Eleanor's hand. "You see, Jane, old thing, you told me I was a plain damn' fool. Well . . ."

"Oh, no, Donnie!" How nice they looked. Not the remotest snootiness. Just plain straightforward folks. All

tanned up too. They'd been somewhere in the country. Jane's heart warmed impulsively.

"Oh, but he was!" cried Eleanor. "And so was I." They both chuckled. "For Heaven's sake, tell me what's happened," said Jane.

"I'll tell you." This from Don, more gravely. "I went up there to find Eleanor. Went to her on my knees. Perhaps it's something to learn what an imbecile you can be. One thing I do know, it's something . . . it's a lot . . . to find out you're crazy about your wife."

"Behave yourself, Donnie!" cried Eleanor. Then: "Listen, Jane! We're going into this new play MacGregor and Sparks are putting on. They haven't any money at all, really. We've accepted a cut in salaries. But the play's good. And if those boys can just wheedle some sort of bookings out of somebody . . . not K. & A.—"

"Not if it kills us," said Don. "No K. & A. in ours!"

IT WAS early September. Shows had been opening hopefully since August 15th. Temple and Fane opened at Atlantic City on the second in the new theme play of American family life that MacGregor and Sparks were putting on. Quite a few interested folks from New York ran down there to see it.

Sam Karber busted into his partner's office. It was the afternoon of the next day.

"He ain't back yet?" asked the nervous Sam.

"Not yet, Mr. Karber." Thus Miss McGarry, the gray-haired secretary. Ben had long since concluded that young and pretty secretaries had beaus outside, and talked.

The door opened. There he was, in overcoat and hat, with a handbag.

"Gosh!" cried Sam. "I think you have skipped the country."

Miss McGarry discreetly left the room. Sam closed the other door. His cigar bobbed about in his mouth.

"Dolly's out there, Ben. She waits two hours. Every day she is here."

"Let her wait a few more."

"She looks pretty mad. I think maybe she shoots."

"Dolly won't shoot. I've got a nice job for her."

"Where do you go? Like this?"

"Atlantic City."

"Atlantic City! When all the business waits. . ."

"Wait a minute yourself, Sam." Ben settled himself at his desk and lit a cigar. "I gumshoed in to see the piece Temple and Fane are in. Pretty good. Handled right, there's a lot in it."

"Temple and Fane again! Temple and Fane! After they ruin us! Oh, my blood boils!"

"Oh, cheer up. We got the picture money, didn't we? We didn't lose anything. Here's the story, Sam—Fane's great. She's all back and a lot more. Going to burn the town up. Play's good too. Needs just a little fixing up. I took Sawyer with me. He puts his finger on the weak spot. Worked it out in ten minutes. Just a touch or two in the second act. Soon as I was sure of that I let the highbrow boys talk to me. They were broke. All gone. I offered 'em five thousand for the piece. Bought it for eight."

"You bought it! Temple and Fane again!"

"Sure. Only eight thousand. It's a mint, with Fane working like she is. And they're only getting eight hundred for the two. There's another three hundred a week saved in salaries."

"They'll be pretty mad," offered Sam. "Donnie knows. Swenson got drunk and talked. Kerstow found out."

"That's all right," said Ben. "They aren't going to know. It's a MacGregor and Sparks production. I put those boys on salary. And I'm going to make Joe Weinfanger give 'em the Olympic. So it won't even look like our booking. All we have to do is shake down the profits. My word, boy! Wait till you see Fane! She damn' near made me cry. What do you know about that?"

Ben tipped back. Smoked. Scowled.

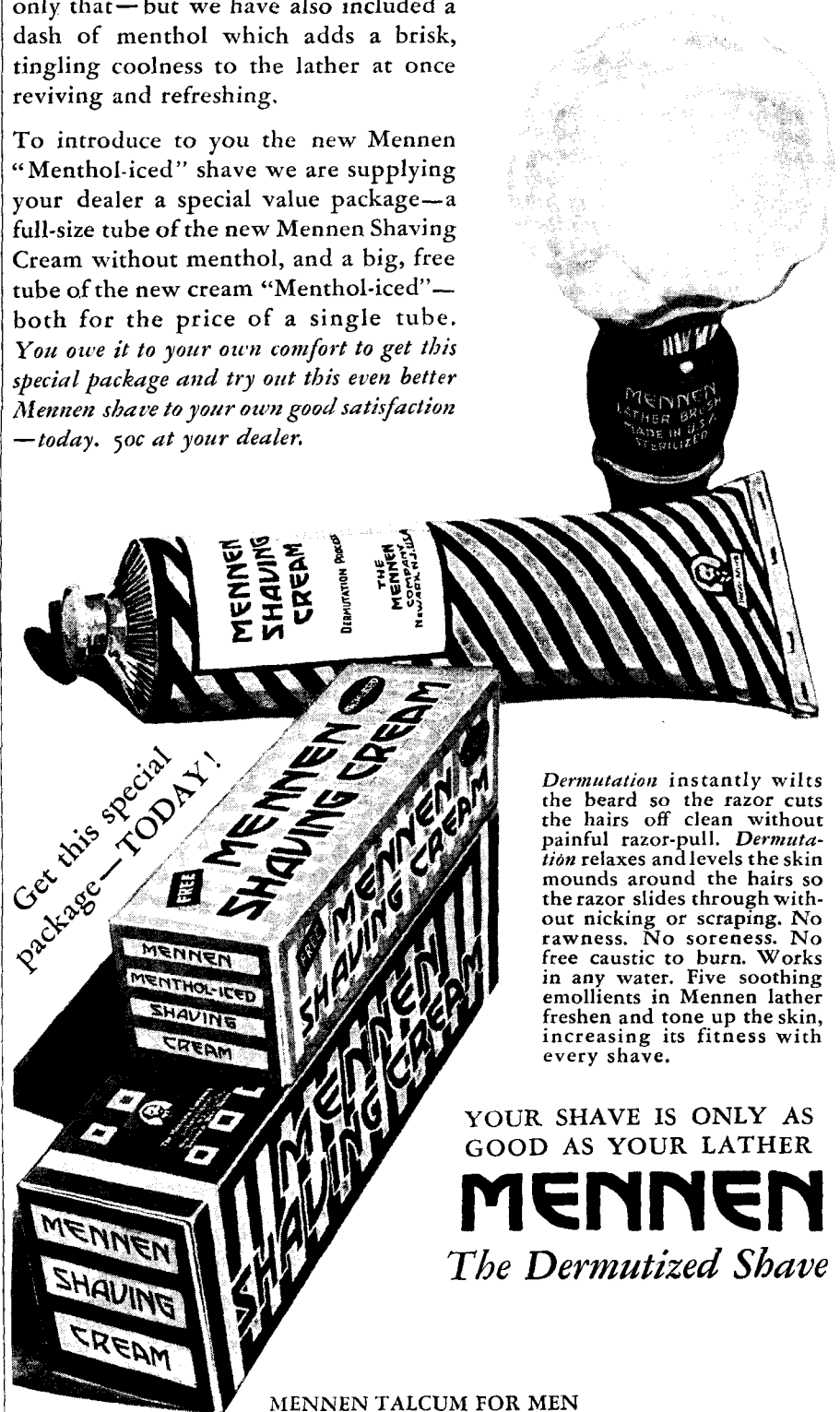
"Well," he remarked, "I s'pose I'd better let Dolly blow off a little steam." He pressed a buzzer. "But don't you worry, Sam. I can handle Dolly."

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*Dermutized lather now better than ever . . . . . Menthol-iced, too!*

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# Phyllis the Unwanted

Continued from page 6



**"Bill, why don't you put a set of live casters on that chair?"**

**"YOU'LL save that rug—and your nerves. I bought a set of Bassicks for my chair—a set for my desk, too. No gnawed floors and gouged rugs in my office now."**

You are never conscious of casters when furniture rolls on Bassicks, for Bassicks always start quickly—turn smoothly—roll easily and quietly. No tugging. No straining. That means longer life for floors, floor coverings and furniture—and peace for you.

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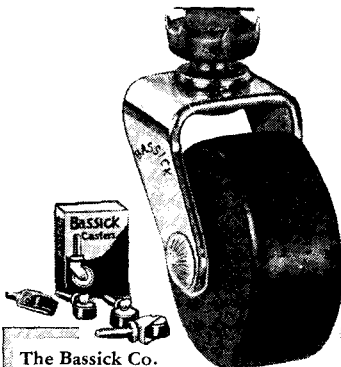


**Atlasite Wheel**  
For use on cement and rough floors.

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**How easily it rolls on Bassicks**

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Send copy of Office Chair Caster booklet which shows the right casters for all office furniture. Check here ☐

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COL-7

"It's interesting," said Phyllis. "It's almost like doing some beautiful work yourself."

"Sure," said Scott absently. "It's a lark and a half." But a bomb had been thrown into his facile patronage. He looked at her curiously and felt as if she had committed a breach of the social contract, for surely if a girl was classed as a non-beauty she ought to stay in that class. "Lord," he thought, "if he thinks Phyllis anything to write home about he must have been knocked silly by Estelle!"

"I should think"—Estelle curved her lips to sweetness—"I should think you would hate to do anything so—so public. . . ." She was a stupid woman, which prevented her from thinking of anything more cutting.

"Bunk!" said Scott curtly. "Don't be your idiotic self, Estelle. . . ." And he looked at her coldly for once. As if any old time Farragut couldn't get all Park Avenue to pose for him if he wanted it!

"Oh," said Estelle tolerantly, "of course he is awfully the rage, and you see his pictures everywhere, but then—"

She was so full of bitterness at a fraudulent universe that could let another woman put it over her that later, though unaccompanied by Phyllis, she could eat no lunch. Never would she forgive Phyllis. Not even when she herself was posing for Neil Farragut and Phyllis was set back in her proper place in the background and was the same old Phyllis, sweet and a carking dancer, if you like, but negligible.

**"WHO was the Greek hero?"** Mr. Farragut asked Phyllis between poses that afternoon.

"A broker," Phyllis answered as if she were saying Apollo. "I've known him all my life," she added defensively because she sensed that her tone gave Scott the accolade and she hoped by interpolating this commonplace to annul that effect.

"A broker—ah, yes."

If he had been condoning some disgrace of hers, he could not have been more delicate, more blank. Every ray of expression left his face, and he scrutinized his painting through a reducing glass.

After another pose and while they were in the next rest he again spoke.

"Of course you know," he said meditatively, "that he isn't worth giving a second thought to."

Phyllis stiffened. "Well, really. . . ." He is, and it's as plain as a flapper's knee," continued Mr. Farragut pleasantly, "only a stuffed shirt." He had about him the air of a man whose words are patently edited by reserve.

Phyllis turned on him indignantly, trying to control herself. "You don't know a thing about him," she cried; "you never saw him before in your life."

"Once is enough," said Mr. Farragut. "He is the most popular man I've ever known."

"Well—with the manner of a last grudging justice—"he has nice, wavy hair."

This was incredible. A man she liked as much as she liked and respected Mr. Farragut knocking one of her friends, who had never done him a bit of harm!

"No, he isn't half good enough for you," went on the respected man imperiously. "My advice to you is—pack him up and shelve him."

"I don't know what you mean!" remonstrated Phyllis, flushing.

"Oh, yes, you do," said Mr. Farragut, mixing color. "You think you are in love with him."

Of course this was sheer impertinence, and he knew it as well as she did. "Really!" said Phyllis. She remembered her position as a lady and withdrew to it freezingly.

"Perfectly all right with me," said Mr. Farragut largely, "if it weren't that it wrecks you as a model."

Phyllis stared. "Why, but only this morning—" she began.

"I know," he interrupted. "You've

been good so far. For lovelorn poses you're a knockout."

"Oh," said Phyllis, flushing again. She hated to see herself in this sentimental light. She had never been talked to in this way before. It was all very well to be a man that everyone was crazy to know, but did one have to be so ruthless, so utterly tactless? "There are plenty of other models," she said icily.

"You happen to be the one I want," he said shortly.

"Oh," said Phyllis once more. She was trying to think whether, after all, the fact that it was what he wanted was all that counted. Really, what with him and Scott—

"The point is," said Mr. Farragut grimly, "that we can't go on drawing sad-eyed damsels. Next time we'll have to give them a little good cheer for a change—away with dull care and all that. . . ." He looked at her beseechingly.

"Yes, I see," said Phyllis doubtfully.

"Well," said Mr. Farragut cheerfully, "forget the broker." He added Prussian blue to his mixture with the air of a man who is delighted to know that he has straightened matters out.

"But—" began Phyllis coldly.

He looked up and grinned at her—a grin so vivid and charming that it burned down every barrier that stood between them. For Phyllis to continue the false sentence that she had started would be to deny truth and cover herself with a silly camouflage of lies.

"I can't forget him," she found herself saying simply. It surprised her to be talking this way, for she had not yet learned the psychological fact that many a person will disclose his heart to a stranger who would not tell a word of trouble to someone he loved.

"I get you," he said, understanding her but not sympathizing. "But in a world where any girl can have first call on any bachelor, why don't you spike him?"

Phyllis regarded his stupidity with pitying eyes. "He doesn't know I'm alive," she said bleakly.

"Huh," said Mr. Farragut, starting briskly to lay on his color. "He wears blinders—that's what's the matter with him."

"Blinders?"

"Yes," said Mr. Farragut over his shoulder. "But there's hope for him with me around. Even the blind can be taught to see." He leaned back. "That's a nice color, isn't it?" Then in the same breath. "I'm not criticizing you. You've been doing splendid work."

"I'm sorry I can't do better." She looked appealingly at the back of his brown head, wanting for a second to clutch at the vividness of him as if he were something warm and strong and light in a foggy night.

"You're all right," he assured her. "A bit batty, of course," he added hastily.

And for him the subject was closed. He carefully washed in some color, holding his breath. He had already forgotten her; she was, palpably, only a piece of furniture in the presence of the creative instinct. At any minute he might get up and lay his cigarette on her head as if she were an ash tray. She slipped out without good-by, an exit that would, had he been conscious of it, have met with his entire approval. He did like women that got through their work and then dissolved, soundless, into space.

**PHYLLIS** took a taxi, for it was raining, and as she looked across the city, that was like fairyland in gray mist, she thought that she could not bear to go through life unless she could share such things with Scott.

She looked peevishly at the inordinate loveliness of the tall topless buildings fading into the fog as if their being so touchingly beautiful were the last impertinence on the part of an intractable universe. The fog wept about her; she wept with it.

She and Neil Farragut worked on for a fortnight and finished their second painting, and Phyllis knew then that never before had she looked at anything more definitely, completely beautiful.

"To be able to draw like that is like being God!" she said to the painter, meaning it thoroughly.

"The values aren't so worse," said Mr. Farragut in his careless way. "But I thought I could get that shadow tone better." And Phyllis wanted to slap him—he was never satisfied. The painting had everything, even a moon. You could feel the young June breeze on your face, smell the flowers in the garden, hear the music that was played far off.

She hated to leave that pictured garden to go home. At home she was unhappy. Here, in the midst of this work, she forgot it. But if she stayed longer he would begin telling her that she had to look brighter for that next picture. So she went away, and that night he called her on the telephone. She was playing contract bridge with Estelle and Scott and a man named Watrous.

"I've a bit of competition," he announced, "for your broker."

"Yes?" said Phyllis, betraying no interest, for she felt none.

"Quite so," murmured Mr. Farragut. "A lad has appeared in the office who thinks that you belong to the small and select group of those who rate a salute of twenty-one guns. He's crazy to meet you. Says he won't go back to Duluth until he has."

"Who is he anyhow?" demanded Phyllis, going to the heart of the matter.

"He's not quite coherent," he explained, with his winning candor, "but to hear him tell it he's your future husband."

"I see!" said Phyllis after a moment's pause. "So that's who he is!"

**THE** voice on the Manhattan end appeared to come closer to the mouthpiece.

"Miss Lanier," it coaxed, "accept this egg, will you, and put us both out of our misery?"

Phyllis did not deign to answer.

"I say," Neil Farragut was saying, "I can't get a lick of work done while this cuckoo holds down my model stand and begs to see you. Let me ship him out to New Rochelle to you!"

A faint edge came into Phyllis' voice. "This isn't funny any longer," she said. "I'm hanging up."

"Then you will let me send him out?"

"No, I will not."

In Mr. Farragut's dictionary was no such word as fail. He was a specialist in persuasion.

"He came into the studio, and he's gone nuts over the girl in the moonlight picture. Says she's his ideal and all that sort of tosh."

"I don't want to see him," said Phyllis resolutely to the telephone.

And then the financial aspect of the situation enforced itself on Mr. Farragut's attention.

"Not only that, it's doggoned unbusinesslike. Did I tell you that he owns about ninety per cent of Duluth?"

"No, you didn't, but that's all right," answered Phyllis. "I don't care much for Duluth."

"We'll let that side of it rest, then. But the point at issue is—here, for the Lord's sake! What are you doing?"

"Nothing," returned Phyllis agreeably. "Just hanging up."

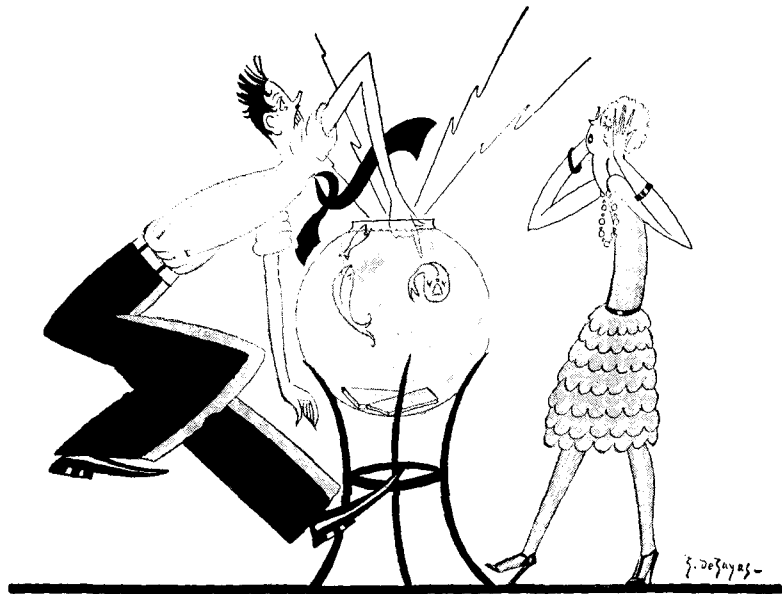
"You are!" pronounced Mr. Farragut bitterly. "Well, let me tell you something about that. This bozo is no lion on the social trail, but if you hang up I'll put him in my car with his keepers and march him out to New Rochelle!"

"Oh!" sighed Phyllis, with a little gesture of throwing the telephone into the air. "Have it your own silly way, then! Bring him out."

The telephone wire seemed to laugh. "Wise as well as beautiful," said Mr. Farragut. "We'll be there before you know it."

(To be continued next week)





## Hearing Inaudible Sounds

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON  
DIRECTOR SCIENCE SERVICE

**A**DD two silences and make a sound. This paradox is quite possible in musical mathematics and is easily understood by anyone who has been monkeying with a radio. For he has often been bothered by the shrieking of ghost stations broadcasting wave lengths not authorized by the Federal Commission. Such interference arouses his wrath, and he calls it by a hard word, "heterodyning."

It comes from the clash of two radio waves which differ in frequency to such a degree that the difference gives birth to a new note, or "beat."

Now, the human ear is, like any radio set, capable of receiving only a limited range of waves. You may hear about ten octaves, or, say, from 16 vibrations a second to 16,000. Another man may hear an octave higher, to 32,000 vibrations a second. But above the reach of either of you may be other air waves of the same sort.

During the war considerable experimenting was carried on at the front in the production of inaudible sound waves, with the object of detecting or deceiving the enemy, and since the war the research has continued with very remarkable results.

By setting quartz plates in pulsation by powerful alternating currents it has been found possible to produce these "ultrasonic" waves with a frequency as high as 600,000 vibrations a second.

Such sounds are too high-pitched to be heard, but they may be felt most painfully, even fatally. If the throbbing quartz plate lies at the bottom of a beaker in a layer of oil under water, and you stick your finger into the water, you will get an acute pain. What would happen if you left your finger in a while nobody knows, for nobody has dared try it. Small fishes and frogs put into the water are speedily killed. Pond weeds are torn to pieces.

### Hearing by Subtraction

**I**F YOU hold a long glass thread between your fingers and stick the end of it into the glass of water, the skin of your fingers will be seared by those silent sounds.

But while you cannot hear the waves given off by one apparatus of this sort, you may hear the waves given off by two of them. This is not due, as you might suppose, to the magnification of the sound by doubling its power. On the contrary, it is due to the subtraction of the sounds, not to their addition.

Suppose one piece of apparatus is vibrating at the rate of 40,000 a second and the other at the rate of 40,256 a second. Either alone is inaudible, but if you put the two side by side and listen

with a delicate instrument at some point between you will hear a sound resulting from the interference or heterodyning of the two frequencies, which in this case would be a note of 256 vibrations, our old familiar "middle C."

## Sweeten The Sugar Maple

**I**F YOU go into a grove of sugar maples when the sap is running and take separate samples from the taps of different trees and analyze them, you will find that they vary widely in sweetness. The sap of some will run as high as 8 per cent in sugar, others as low as 2 per cent or less, averaging perhaps 3 per cent.

That means that if all the trees were as good as the best of them the owner would be getting four times as much sugar out of them and making more than four times as much money.

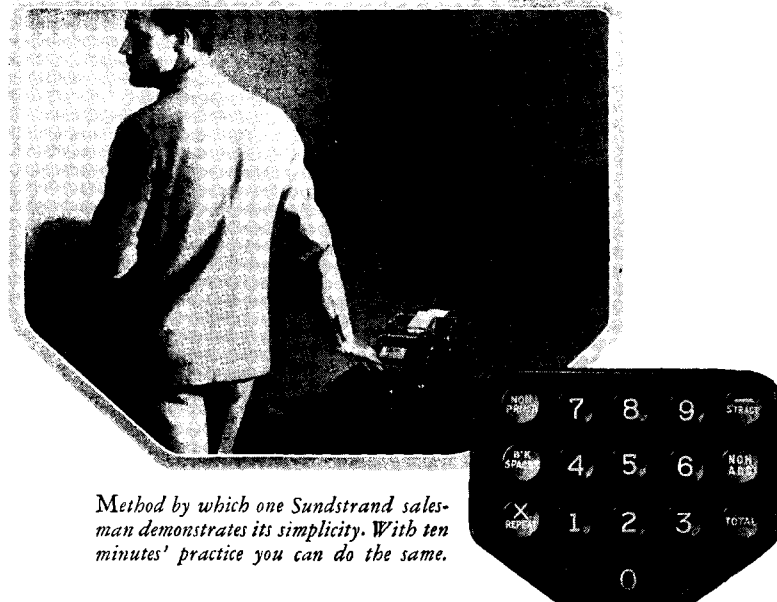
If a dairyman finds that one of his cows is giving only a fourth as much butter fat as the rest, he sells her off (*caveat emptor*, as the lawyers say, and which I understand to mean let the buyer pay for the milk analysis). But it takes longer to raise trees than cows and we have not got into the way of breeding them for the greatest profit.

Yet there is no reason why we shouldn't. When a crazy German chemist named Marggraff first got the notion that sugar might be made from beets, he could only extract 1.5 per cent out of them. But a century of rigid eugenics applied to seed selection has raised the sugar content of beets in Germany to 17.5 per cent, and some beets carry as much as 22 per cent.

I don't know if it is possible to educate the maple tree, as has been done with the beet root, up to the point of yielding ten times as much as it wanted to in the first place, but I'm sure it is worth trying. Grafting could bring the average up to the best of the present even if seed selection could raise it no higher.

The present tendency is the wrong way. The maple sap seems to be getting watery. The average yield between 1917 and 1920 was two and a third pounds of sugar per tree, but in the succeeding period, 1921 to 1925, it was only two pounds. The total output of maple sugar, including that sold in syrup, was 52,000,000 pounds in 1918, and had fallen to 35,000,000 in 1926.

It is our patriotic duty to preserve our native American source of sweetness against the invading cane and beet. These last but a single summer but a maple tree will live a century.



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