

Evil Intent

By Stephen
Morehouse
Avery

*Hell is said to be paved
with good intentions.
Here's what happened
to a bad one*



He wondered if she realized he'd kissed her, he being himself still rather dizzy with it. "Do you mind, Anita? You're too adorable not to"

Illustrated by
Nancy Fay

"I'D HAVE done just as you did—but I wouldn't lie about it." So runs that lively, well-known, and enduring anecdote, and in the face of its good-natured human cynicism one can but state the facts about Gilbert and Anita and hope for the best. Even the facts are not too convincing, unless one is romantic and generous-minded. But who isn't? Or—who is?

To begin, anyway, there was Gilbert Stannard, after two years in Europe at the beck and call of his fiancée of five years' standing, returned suddenly to New York without her and with certain definite evil intentions in his heart. One would like to say that the evil intentions sneaked into his heart through the cracks which Muriel Devon left in it, but it wouldn't be true. His heart was not even chipped.

No, to be honest, both of them had been aware after the first six months of their consequently long engagement that the curious *sine qua non* was missing. They were born to be friends, not lovers, and they ended that way finally with Muriel asking his advice in her mad romance with a shell-shocked Irish baronet. Gilbert promptly advised her to go to London and marry the beggar.

Muriel followed his advice to the letter and gave him some advice in return. "Gilbert, my dear old stick," she said, as they talked out to the Le Bourget flying field, "for heaven's sake, go back to New York and have some fun. If you could have even threatened occasionally during these years to be the least bit wicked, I might have loved you."

Waiting for the Handley-Page which was to land her in London and her mad baronet's arms, she was more explicit. Apparently she had something definite in mind for his fun. "And when you've found her, Gilbert, despoil and deceive her no matter how much you love her and, above all, don't—oh, don't idealize her, Gilbert. Myself a notable exception, you put such a pedestal under

every woman who looks at you that the poor things almost pop in the rarefied atmosphere. At home in their kitchens they say: 'What a brilliant and witty minded man that Gilbert Stannard is! My, but it's nice to relax.' And the next night they go out with Tony Nicolai, who can be counted upon to insult them and whose brains are in his tango shoes. Fortunately you're not too old to reform."

Whereupon, Muriel Devon stepped into the cabin of the huge passenger plane and flew away out of Gilbert Stannard's life and out of this story. She was not really a nice woman and both he and we are lucky to be rid of her so easily. Let the baronet worry about Muriel Devon.

Gilbert, indeed, was not too old to reform, very fair and blue-eyed and young for his thirty-six years, young in body and perhaps in spirit. In experience, world weariness, fatigue of life, he was, in his own opinion at any rate, antediluvian. Nothing remained that occurred to him as important. Love had been tried and found tiresome. Success had been fairly well achieved and found empty, though convenient. Nothing remained except the possible casual excitement of certain of those already mentioned intentions.

THEY, however, were important enough to cause him within three days after the Ile de France had put down her gangplank to get hold of some of his old furniture and to buy a little more. He put it all into a small but select apartment in the East Fifties which looked, when he was through with it, exactly the den of iniquity he hoped it would prove to be. He acquired a Japanese manservant Yohito, a tiny chap with just the correctly sinister expression. He bought some richly hued drapes and bed covers, hung a small Zuloaga portrait of an Andalusian beauty, and ordered a crimson velvet smoking jacket. Then he telephoned every friend of adventurous propensities he knew in town.

Most of them failed him; invited him to charming and respectable dinners and theater parties. "Knew better than to drag you into the low company I usually enjoy, Gilbert," they said. "How are world affairs?"

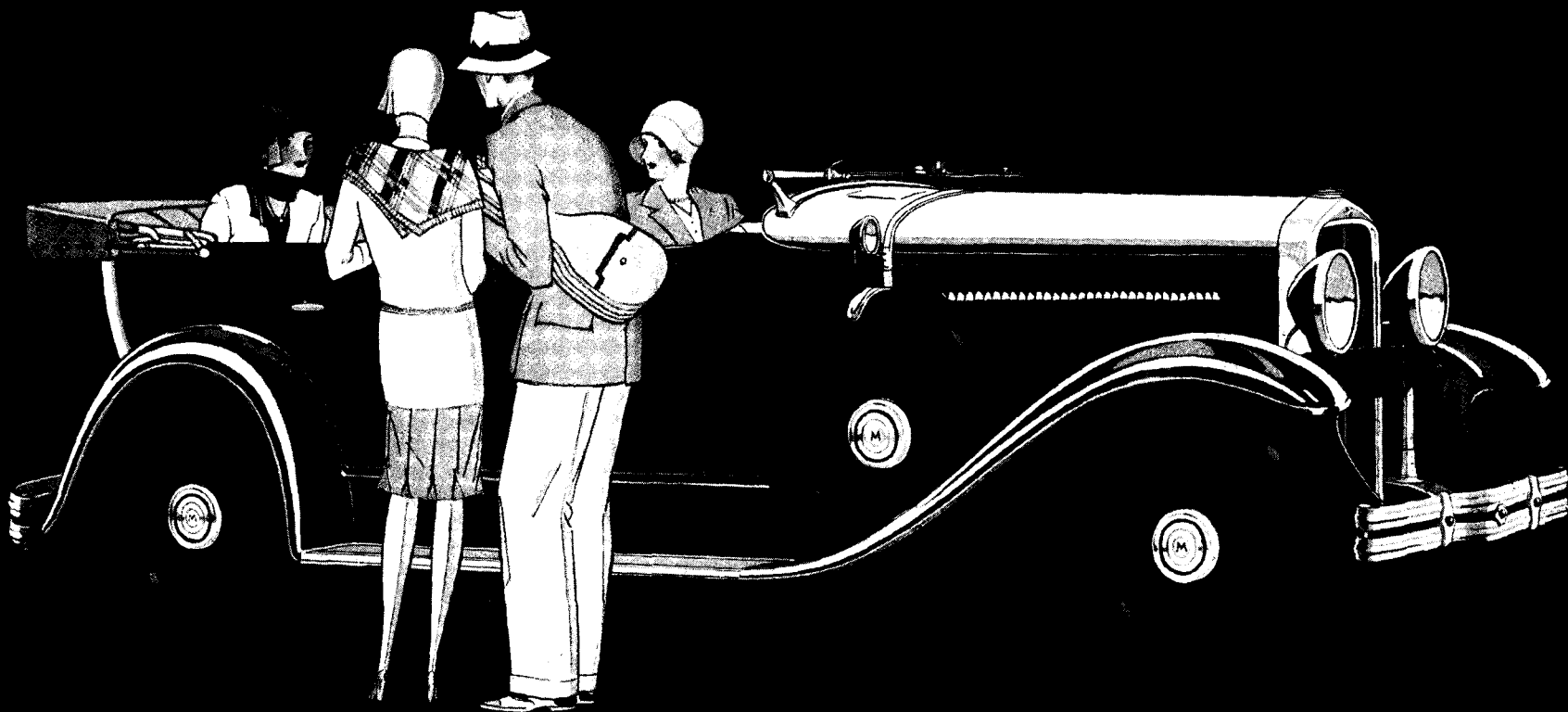
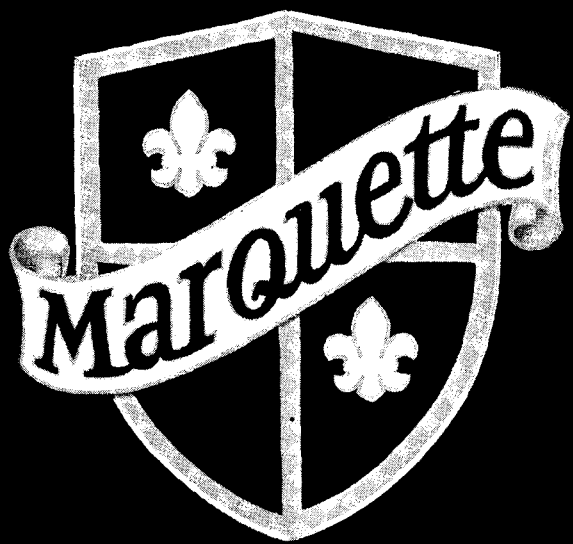
"Not so good," he would reply, thinking up an excuse to avoid the charming dinner. The "world affairs" meant his mild renown as writer and lecturer on political science and as expert observer on committees at Genoa. "Call me up some other time, the first time you need an extra man. I guess I can stand any company you can. You see, I've changed since you knew me."

Bob Downs, his best and truest, was more useful, as Gilbert might have known. They were really more than friends, blood relations in a sense. They had flown through the war in the same squadron. Utterly different, utterly devoted, Gilbert had his intellectual ideas and Bob Downs had a good time. But Bob Downs was in Gilbert's apartment within ten minutes after he learned that Gilbert was in America.

Their uneasy greeting over, they began in the male fashion just where they'd left off two years before. "Well," said Bob Downs, glancing about the apartment, "has Europe done this to you? Who is the woman in the case?"

"In what sort of case?" asked Gilbert. "Have I forgotten something?"

"Nothing but the Rus-
(Continued on page 20)



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sian cigarettes, my boy. Where's the lady? What! No lady? We'll have to do something about it."

After a while they went up the street to Bob's club to "drink 'er down, down, down as of yore," as Bob said, in honor of their reunion. "Earl Briggs is going to drop by about five o'clock. Remember him? The loon flew all the way up from Alabama in his prehistoric Curtiss."

EARL BRIGGS, rich, wild, uninhibited, was already there when they arrived, Earl Briggs and friends, particularly an ex-aviator friend named McKane. They had settled at a table in the guestroom within easy reach of the cozy and busy little club bar, and they were a long, long way ahead of Bob and Gilbert. "Here, you two Kiwis," saluted Earl, "we'll close our eyes and count fifty while you catch up with this party."

Fifty minutes were required, however, to bring them abreast. Fifty minutes more, then they subscribed heartily to the sentiment of Earl Briggs' speech in which he said that the five men present were his dearest friends. In fact, he claimed to hate everybody else in the world and he was dead certain that Gilbert, Bob, McKane and himself had been the best pilots in the war and he felt that under the circumstances none of them would dream of breaking up the party until the dawn's early light—if ever.

To make certain that they didn't the entire company went home with each member while he dressed for dinner, which was arranged in a private dining-room of Briggs' hotel. Somewhere en route the party increased to seven, seven gay ex-aviators up to their old tricks. But one of them, at a point halfway between duck and salad and the fourth and fifth bottle of bubbles, fell suddenly asleep. That left six.

It was all very vague to Gilbert, very vague and very nice. He even cheered the suggestion of moving on to Freddy Denmore's soirée, although he'd never heard of Freddy Denmore. He felt sure that would be very nice too and, in a way, it was.

Going down in the hotel elevator, however, Bob Downs' whispers cooled his enthusiasm. "We'd better duck this part of it, Gil. It costs about a hundred each and champagne at twenty-five. You know Denmore? Gets a crowd of the wilder Broadway girls for a party at his house in East Sixty-eighth and invites his alleged friends to come and support the affair—and incidentally himself. Of course, there's a lot of action."

"We can't duck it," said Gilbert, although Bob's hesitance gave him considerable alarm. If it was too fast for Bob it would have to be rather speedy.

IT WAS all very vague, and still very nice, although one had qualms. Freddy Denmore's impressive butler had admitted them, and Freddie himself, carefully dressed and carelessly mannered, had greeted them in the hall as boon companions and offered a quick whisky all around before they joined the ladies. Laughter and music, indistinct and exciting, had reached them from above.

And now they crossed the ballroom, or what served for one, and were presented to the group about a large oval table in the dining-room, several other men and eight or nine beautiful girls. Really beautiful girls they were, beautifully gowned and poised, betrayed only by that elaborate formality which they bring to their "swell parties."

The formality didn't last very long. Bob ordered champagne. McKane told the proper story. A red-headed girl sang the proper song. A three-piece orchestra played the right dance tune. It was all very vague, and not quite so nice. Gilbert didn't know exactly what

to say to the incredibly blonde girl who sat next to him. She linked her lovely arm through his and said: "Now for heaven's sake, Blue Eyes, don't be shy. I'm afraid of shy men."

He supposed there was a reply to that but he didn't know what it was and his gaze darted frantically about the table in search of either inspiration or help. There was no help. Everybody seemed to have plenty to say and to be absorbed in a study of blue, brown or black eyes.

There was no help but there was inspiration. Some movement stirred the blue haze of cigarette smoke into whirls and eddies. It was all very vague—and again very wonderful. A face appeared to him out of it, across the table, the smoothest, sweetest young face Gilbert Stannard had ever seen. Her hair was dark and soft as sleep. Her chin was tilted. The planes of her white brow spaced two shadowed but luminous eyes. Faint, smooth little arcs ended in bewitching depressions at the corners of her mouth. And then she smiled.

Gilbert shook off the pink blonde's lovely arm and stood right up. Her voice followed him around the table. "Why didn't you say you preferred brunettes in the first place, Blue Eyes?"

He suggested that they desert the crowd and sit by themselves on the landing of the broad stairway



"Why did you have to say that?" She collapsed limply over the suitcase

If everything hadn't been so vague, he would have died with embarrassment.

He found there was a girl behind that vision he'd seen, a slender darling, very simply dressed in a dark afternoon frock, and next to her was Earl Briggs' empty chair. Earl couldn't have noticed her. He was beyond noticing very much of anything, probably. Everything must have seemed very vague indeed to Earl. But to Gilbert, although things seemed more wonderful than ever, they were no longer vague at all.

He sat down. "Did you smile at me?"

She smiled now, somewhat timidly, he thought. "I don't know. Did I? You

were staring at me, and perhaps I did. You are the nicest man here—for that matter."

GILBERT was wondering why her voice was low and vibrant, like cello tones, when all the others were clarinets. "In other words," he said, "you don't rate this party very much, Miss —"

"Anita Forbes," she supplied. "What's your name? Gilbert? I don't like that, —but the other name's nice. I'll call you Stannard. No, I don't rate this party much, Stannard. As you see, I didn't even dress for it." She made a curiously frantic little gesture with

her hands, as if to push the spectacle of the table and the bright lights away from her. "Oh, that's a bluff. The truth is, I haven't an evening dress."

Of course—as straight and sweet a youngster as this would have a hard time of it. The thought brought a phrase immediately out of memory—"And above all, don't idealize her, Gilbert." And Bob Downs, puffing after forty rounds of fox trot with his pretty toe dancer, leaned across to suggest with a wink that Gilbert stop by on his way home for some Russian cigarettes.

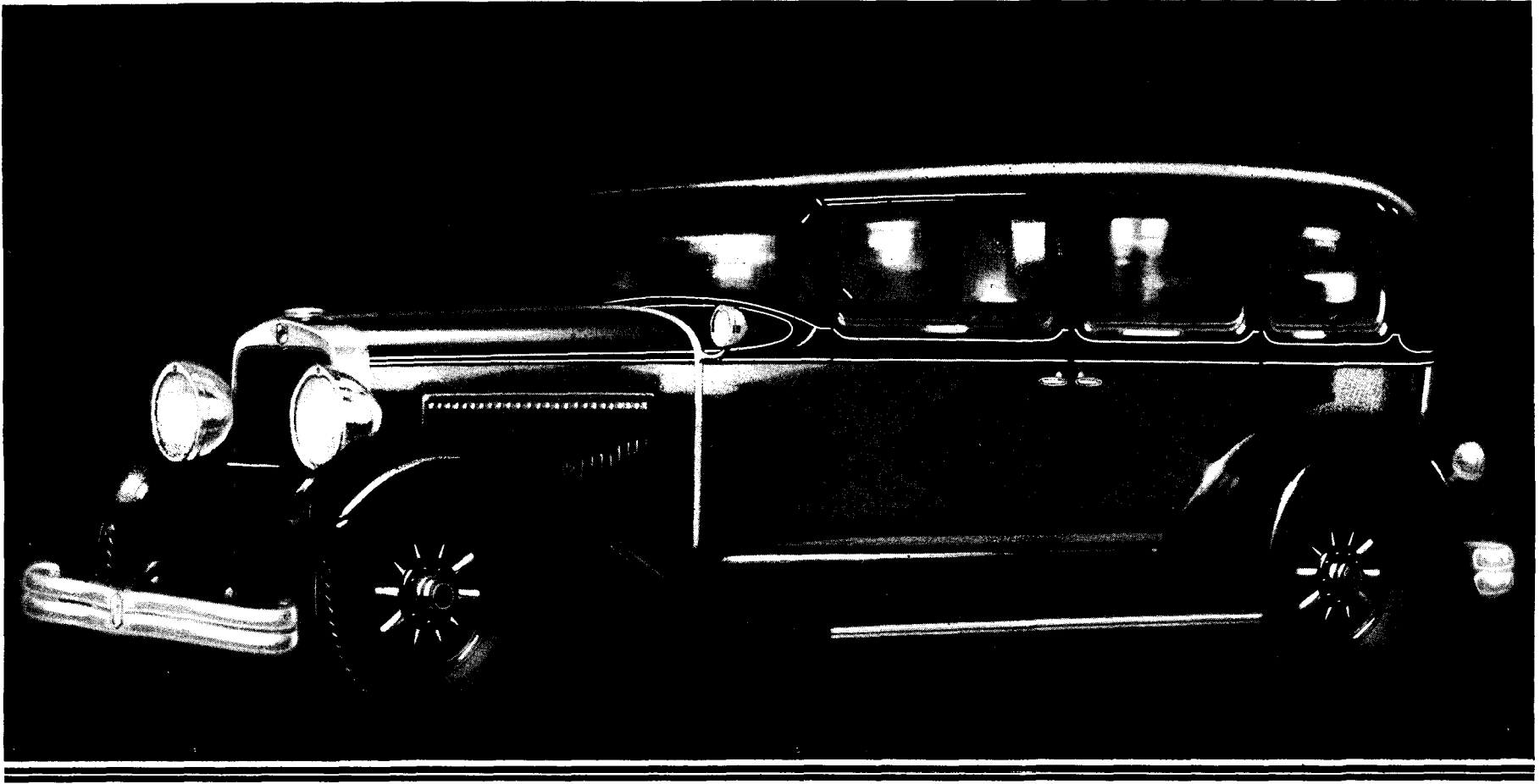
So he was being a soft sort of fool again. Incurable, probably. Well, he wouldn't let this child get away with it. Working him for a dress, that was plain, and he'd let her know he was wise. "Don't worry," he said, "I buy evening dresses for all my girl friends."

She flushed. "I wonder why I thought you were different from these other men, Stannard. Come on, you probably want to dance, don't you? Let's dance." She rose.

"Don't if you don't want to, Anita." He softened again.

"I don't care what I do," she said. Her eyes blazed, as they had a moment before, when she'd made that gesture. "I'm here and the rest of them are dancing. I'm here to do just what they all do." Then she (Continued on page 44)

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One-Man Shows

By Grantland Rice

What is there about a Dempsey or a Ruth that packs the gallery? Showmanship, says Mr. Rice. Here he analyzes it for you

EVERY now and then you hear someone eminent in sport referred to as a "great showman." Just what is a "great showman?" What mystic attributes are needed to gain this title?

It doesn't mean unusual ability, for many stars replete with courage and skill are not in any sense to be listed among the showmen of sport. Outstanding skill is nearly always needed to build the showman up and to keep him going. But it isn't the entire story.

One of the chief attributes of showmanship is a distinct personality, commonly known as "color." Color is merely that personal touch that catches the eye and the fancy of the crowd.

In the case of Jack Dempsey it was his ring spirit, his battle scowl, his ferocity in attack, his unshaven countenance and, with these details, his heavy wallop.

In the case of Ruth it has been his vast bulk, his good nature, his intense eagerness and, again, the old wallop.

You may notice that the wallop plays an important part in showmanship, whatever the game—Ruth, Dempsey, Tilden, Jones, Hagen—on back to John L. Sullivan.

But there is something more. In a certain P. G. A. championship match, to cite one example, Walter Hagen was on the verge of being cudged out of the party. He was 5 down at the time, and apparently sinking fast. The gallery had not sensed any such result and only a small crowd was following this match. His opponent told me the story. "The Haig," he said, "was disgusted about this time. On one tee he threw the ball on the grass without teeing it up and hit a careless drive. He wasn't playing well and he didn't seem to care. But about this time word came back that Hagen was 5 down and about to be beaten. In about five minutes there must have been 4,000 spectators waiting around the next green. They came from everywhere. When Hagen looked around and saw that crowd he was another Hagen. He had his gallery—his audience. I could see

an entirely different look on his face. Here was his chance to put on another show—a show that several thousand could watch. He had a chip shot off the edge of the green. He had played one just before the crowd came without any side lines or flourishes. But this time he walked from the ball to the pin, walked back, changed his club, and then almost holed the shot as the crowd cheered. That was all he needed. He knew the club he was going to use in the first place, but he had the dramatic instinct to put on a show. There was no use in putting on a show with no one looking on. From that point on he played an entirely different brand of golf and I never had a chance."

The point is that a sporting showman must have an inward sense of drama—a dramatic instinct that likes to put on a show for the multitude, not the few.

Hagen has nearly always been at his best in the big moments. In 1928 Archie Compston crushed him in a challenge match, and in 1929 George Duncan did exactly the same thing. In each case word went out that the old Hagen was through, with the two British Opens just on beyond. No one appreciated better than Hagen his big chance to put on the greatest of all shows in sport—the old come-back, the startling reversal that means comment and publicity. In each case he saw his chance and revealed in the opportunity. It meant a much bigger show to win after taking a bad beating.

The Babe Needs His Fans

Bobby Jones is another who has this human contact with the gallery. Bobby carried his galleries in his wake when he was only thirteen years old. He has carried them with him ever since. I recall at Oakmont in 1927 when Jones was well out of it, with no chance to win, and yet his gallery at the finish was almost as large as those following the two leaders.

Babe Ruth has this sense of human relationship with the crowd raised to a remarkable degree. Most of the

Babe's achievements have come off before the largest gatherings. When he sees a packed stadium there is some inward emotional surge that lifts him above his ordinary rating. In place of being nervous and overawed by 70,000 people looking on he feels an elation, a thrill that finds its way into his play. In two different world-series games he has hit three home runs. Not so long ago he was out of the game because of illness. It was supposed that he would need at least a week or two on his return to get going again. But his first important start happened to be against the Athletics, the Yankees' chief pennant rivals. In the first game the Babe could do nothing. But with the crowd gathering force as the second game started, the old thrill of the packed stands overcame his lack of play and practice. Here was the mob to see him again. Here was his chance to put on another big show. And so in that second game with 70,000 looking on the Babe hammered out two home runs and drove in seven of the eight Yankee tallies before his cheering audience started home for late dinners.

A great mechanical player is much more likely to be at his best in quieter spots. Many of them do not care for big crowds or big galleries. They either try too hard to please or their nervous systems can't stand the spotlight. They lack the dramatic touch, the inward response of showmanship.

In the old days when Bill Tilden was at war with Bill Johnston for tennis supremacy the majority of the crowd came out to root for Johnston. And this might be almost an entirely eastern crowd. Yet it was Tilden who drew most of them in. Johnston wasn't a bad showman, but Tilden was a better one. No one knew at just what moment

he might do the unexpected. In one match with Vincent Richards the latter slipped just as he got the ball across the net. Tilden promptly lobbed a high, easy chance directly at Richards to give his opponent the chance to recover and make his return. Loud cheers. A moment later Tilden was riding an official for some decision that failed to agree with his own vision.

Our Recent Heroes

The star showman in sport must get results, but he must get them in a certain way. Hornsby led the National League in batting six or seven years. He was a great ball player and a winning one. But you have heard few remark they were going to the park to see Hornsby play. He lacked the touch of showmanship that made a Ruth and a Cobb. Skill, speed, power, form and courage all play their part in making the showman. But not the entire rôle. The great showman must be in close touch with the crowd, he must have a personality that reaches out and catches hold. He must feel the thrill of packed stands and surging galleries. He must have a certain amount of the actor in him.

The crowd in turn can always feel this reaction from the player. A certain indefinable magnetism comes from the ring or the field into the stands. A far more efficient machine might fail in this respect. Probably no one era in sport has known so many showmen as the last ten years have shown—Dempsey, Ruth, Hagen, Cobb, Bobby Jones, Tilden, Paddock, Grange, and, to mention one showwoman, Suzanne Lenglen. Greater stars may take their places—but will these newer personalities get across to the multitudes?

Illustrated by
Burris
Jenkins, Jr.

They all have the wallop and a strong dramatic instinct. They are actors