

ing and adventurous and does dramatic things."

During the fifth reel I could not help crying when your bride was kidnaped away from you, Mr. Reade, and, oh, how thrilling it was when you caught up with the villain and fought the duel. I can still see how your face looked in the moonlight and for a while I was so afraid you were going to lose and be killed, and then just at the last minute by a superhuman effort you wounded him to the death and the girl fell into your arms.

"After all," Charles said on the way home, "it's only just a movie—things don't really happen that way."

"O don't they!" I said in a sarcastic voice. "Of course," I said, "there are people who never dare things. Especially in this provincial village where everything is dull and nothing ever happens. But I would not care for a man, not even you or Harold, who was cowardly and afraid."

Just at that moment we reached the door of my house and very solemnly and abruptly both of them said good night to me and strode away in opposite directions without a word to each other.

CAME the dawn. I mean, not *really* the dawn because it was about nine o'clock the next Monday morning and I had to go to school. The first recitation period was French and I was sitting just across from Harold. To my great surprise a tightly folded note dropped in my lap and while I do not approve of notes during school hours I thought to myself that as long as it was here I would read it. The note said:

DEAR THELMA: During the movie on Saturday night you said that nobody dared things the way they used to. Well, that's where you got another guess coming. Maybe with somebody like Charles, he would be afraid to, but it is different with me. And if you don't believe it, please meet me on Wed. evening because I am sick of everything here in this dull town just as you are, and let us elope together as shown in the movies and make our own way in the world. Will you do it? R. S. V. P. Yours very sincerely,

HAROLD.

You may picture, Mr. Reade, all the sensations in my breast when I had finished reading this missive. In fact, I was so overcome that I made a very poor recitation in French and only received a "C."

On the way out of the classroom I was trying to collect myself when who should I meet but Charles. His face

was stony and aloof but as I went past the door he, too, thrust a note in my hands. There was nothing to do only to accept it, and afterward I thought it wouldn't do any harm to see what it said. And this was it:

DEAR THELMA: So you think that I am afraid, do you? Well, all I ask is that you see me on Wed. night and either elope with me or else the next time you hear about me I will be far, far away on the sea. Let these sissies like Harold stay here in Perry Junction if they want to, but not me, I am not the same kind. Hoping to have a reply from you, I am very affectionately yours,

CHARLES NICHOLS.

Was ever a woman in a more terrible predicament?

Believe me, Mr. Reade, I thought and thought and the only thing I could see to do was to answer both of them in order not to hurt their feelings. So in a very impartial way I wrote each a note and told them if possible I would see them on Wed. evening as they asked.

The fluttering state of my emotions on Monday and Tuesday can never be described. Nobody will ever know what a woman goes through at a time like that, with two boys ready to almost give up their lives on account of her. O there were countless moments when I wished I had been born very plain, so I would not have such problems as this one.

Harold or Charles? Charles or Harold? Like a great refrain the question tore my heart asunder. Which? Oh which? You can see how awful it was for me, Mr. Reade, because an eternity of time had passed before I decided late Wednesday afternoon that it must be Harold. His hair waved so cute in front and although I thought a great deal of Charles and could be a sister to him, etc., I knew that only Harold could make me happy.

WASN'T it lucky, my folks had planned a week before to drive to the movies in Barre that night, as Harold and Charles both knew, and so the minute the car was gone I began to pack my suitcase. Words cannot describe how I felt as I folded up each filmy garment, my new rain-boots, my yellow georgette, and everything. Then I looked for a last time at the old, time-worn surroundings which had been so dear to me and thought maybe I would never see them again. I was shaken like a frail reed by the tumult within my breast and at that moment there was a tap on the window pane.

"Sh-h-h!" said a mysterious voice, which in a moment proved to be Harold mounted on my father's ladder.

"Harold," I said firmly, "you ought to have waited, because it is hardly dark yet."

"I know it," he said, "but we got to hurry before your folks get home and anyhow mine won't let me stay up later than ten-thirty."

IN a second I had left my old life behind me and was descending the ladder, leaning upon Harold's shoulder. Through the gloaming we crept stealthily around the side of the house, first making sure that the Greens next door weren't watching, because Mrs. Green is an awful old gossip. We had just reached the haven of the sidewalk in front when what should appear from behind the lilac bush but a shadowy, strange figure. I stifled a scream and my heart beat violently but in a moment I saw that it was but Charles.

He, too, was carrying a suitcase. Striding up to us he said to Harold, "Say, what are you doing here?"

"That's what I'd like to know about you!" Harold said.

And both of them dropped their suitcases in a very menacing manner. "O please, please!" I implored. "Only let me explain."

And I told them that our lives had come to the turning of the ways and although it nearly killed me I would have to make a choice between them. "And, Charles," I said, "please do not feel that because I have cast my lot with Harold that I do not care for you." I said, "I want you always to feel that I am a comrade to you. I will always be thinking of you," I said, "no matter how far apart we are."

And Charles said all right, he would be thinking of me, too, and that he could lose like a gentleman no matter how much it hurt him.

"Only time can heal those scars, Charles," I said, "and we really ought to be hurrying because my folks will be getting home soon."

"I've got to be going in a minute," said Charles, and he put his arm around me but I would not let him kiss me because in the first place it would not be fair to him and in the second place I do not believe in letting boys kiss you unless you are really engaged.

"Good-by, Charles," I whispered softly.

"Good-by, Thelma."

And after one mean look at Harold he slipped silently away into the dark-

ness and the unknown, turning the corner by Greens. Harold and I walked away in the other direction.

After two or three blocks I said to Harold, "Where are we going?"

His voice almost made me jump, it was so different. "I don't exactly know," he said. "I've been trying to think what would be best to do—"

We stopped. After standing there for what seemed to be ages I began to cry, I was so scared all of a sudden.

"Don't cry!" Harold said. "We'll go back if you want to."

"Let's hurry," I said, "before my folks get home. Then maybe some other time—"

"Sure," he said, sounding more cheerful. "Some other time. Anyhow, I had just been thinking that I had forgotten all about a license and I don't know just where we'd go after we had one. Probably we aren't old enough, too."

"You should have considered those things, Harold," I said.

And he rejoined, "Yes, I know I ought to of, but I was so excited about everything and—well, you know how it is."

"I forgive you," I said.

We wondered if we had time to get a sundae before saying good night but decided we did not, and it was with relief that I reached our front porch and found nobody home yet. After saying a hurried good night to Harold I slipped upstairs and you may believe me, Mr. Reade, that my suitcase was soon unpacked and I was studying geometry when my folks returned.

TWO days later I went to school and Imogene Simpson was there and she said to me, "Did you hear the news?"

"What news?" I inquired.

"Would you believe it, Charles Nichols ran away last night and his folks are telegraphing the police to look for him, and they say that somebody saw him getting on the night train. Isn't it terrible?"

I tried to reply calmly but it was a cruel shock to me because I could not imagine that Charles had *really* gone away. At least not *very* far.

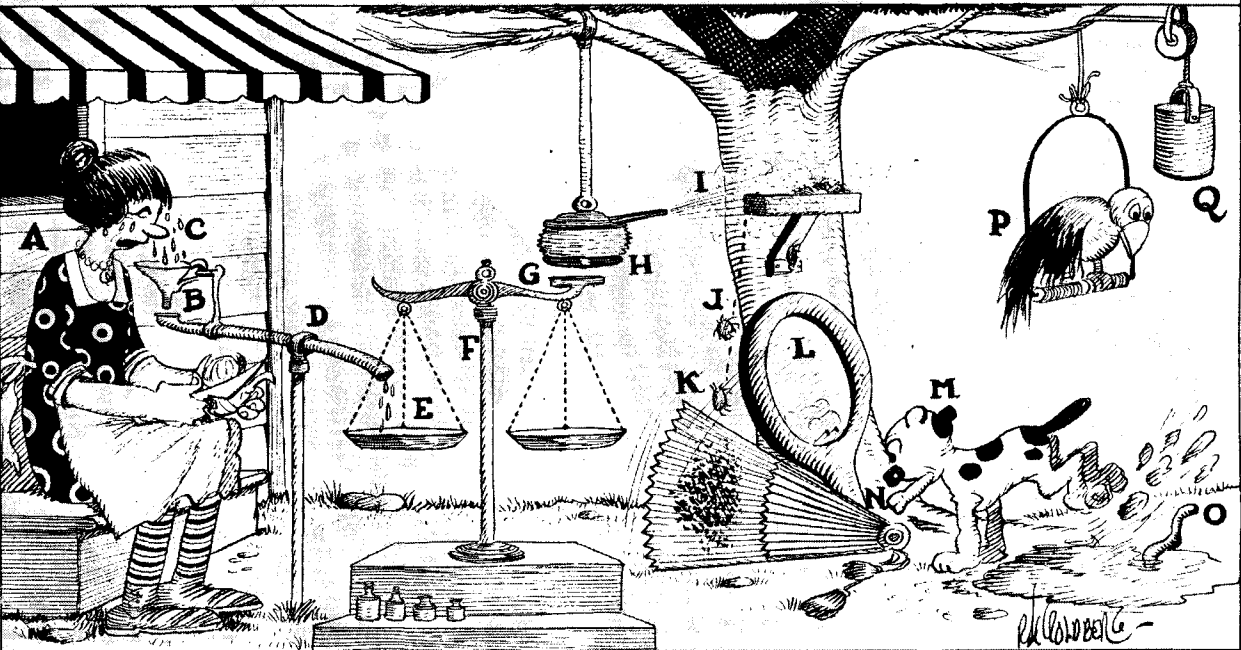
But it was not five minutes before I realized that, after all, I had made a terrible mistake in not following the dictates of my heart. Here I had almost eloped with Harold and it was Charles who was my choice from the first moment. Imagine Harold getting scared and not even knowing *how* to elope, and at that very minute Charles speeding out into the future!

The hours (Continued on page 41)

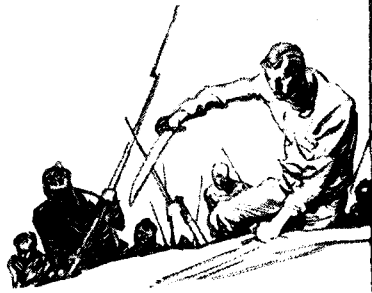
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

A BARBER PUTS A SCALDING TOWEL ON PROFESSOR BUTTS'S FACE AND WHILE HE IS SCREAMING WITH PAIN HE THINKS UP AN INVENTION FOR DIGGING UP BAIT FOR FISHING. THE MAID(A) PEELS AN ONION AND CRIES INTO FUNNEL(B). TEARS(C) RUN THROUGH PIPE(D) AND DRIP INTO PAN(E) OF JEWELER'S SCALE(F), CAUSING END OF BAR(G) TO PRESS AGAINST SMALL BELLOWS(H), WHICH BLOWS INSECT POWDER(I) ON SHELF AND KNOCKS OFF ROACHES(J). ROACHES FALL ON EDGE OF ANTIQUE FAN(K), CAUSING IT TO CLOSE AND EXPOSE SURFACE OF MIRROR(L). SELFISH PALOOKA HOUND(M) SEES HIS REFLECTION IN MIRROR AND, THINKING IT IS ANOTHER DOG, HASTENS TO BURY BONE(N). AS HE DIGS, HE UNCOVERS WORM(O) WHICH IS SEEN IMMEDIATELY BY EARLY BIRD(P) WHO DIVES FOR IT OFF PERCH. WEIGHT(Q) DROPS ON HEAD OF BIRD AND KNOCKS HIM COLD JUST AS HE PULLS WORM FAR ENOUGH OUT OF GROUND FOR FISHERMAN TO GRAB IT EASILY. WHEN THE EARLY BIRD WAKES UP YOU CAN LET HIM EAT THE ONION JUST SO HE WILL NOT BE GETTING TOO RAW A DEAL.



When that spent spirit slipped through his clutching fingers the weeping patriots claimed to have heard the break of his heart



SUNRISE saw Giuseppe Garibaldi and his legionaries quit their sinking ship for a fight with the storm-lashed breakers. Many drowned, but the indomitable young leader rallied the exhausted survivors and by night was master of Laguna and an enemy fleet.

Once more the sailor trod a deck; victory had been snatched from disaster, and the adoration of a people was loud in his ears, but none of it had the power to ease the ache of his heart.

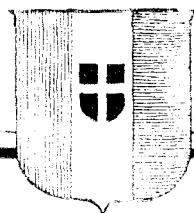
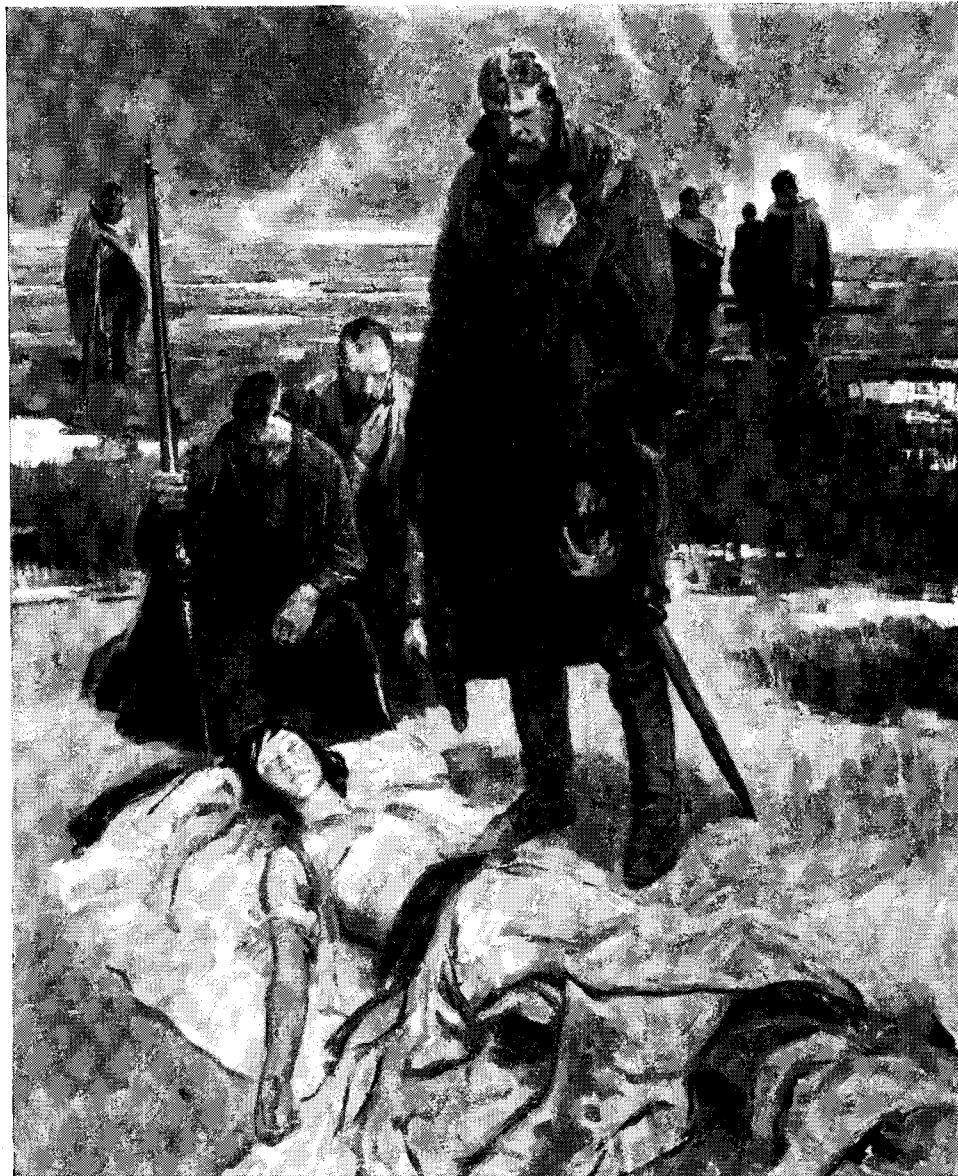
For three years the Italian rebel—an exile with a price on his head—had led the Brazilian provincials in revolt against their oppressors, suffering wounds, starvation and even the horrors of the torture chamber. Far from the land of his birth, fighting under a banner not his own, he had seen well-beloved friends fall one by one, and a great loneliness possessed him.

Idly sweeping the cliffs with a telescope—brooding, unhappy—suddenly a girl's face leaped into view, brought so close by the glass that he thrilled to the nearness of her slim, dark beauty. One moment he stood transfixed, and the next found him rowing ashore, gripped by a glad certainty.

Swiftly he climbed the rocky path and went from house to house until he had found her. The hands that he held out were masterful yet pleading, and the great voice was no more than an exhalation of his soul as he said, "Thou shouldst be mine."

Eighteen years old was Anita Riberas, the blood of the Spanish conquistadores in her veins, but the daughter of the New World in her dreams and shining faith. Undoubtedly she knew him at once as El Italiano, her country's champion, and yet her decision had its courage. Long and deep she looked into Garibaldi's eyes, blue and clear as mountain lakes, and then gave him her heart as simply as he had offered his own. What did it matter that she was betrothed to another? The two were met by appointment of Heaven.

That night they were gone, sailing the moon path, their honeymoon a new campaign. Side by side the lovers rode to the capture of towns or stood shoulder to shoulder when decks ran wet with blood. Anita bore her first babe in the jungle, where they hid from savage pur-



The Great Rebel

If he hadn't succeeded, they would have called him another fanatic—and quickly forgotten him. But he made reality of a dream he had dreamed for twenty-six years. Freedom was his fetish: the oppressed were his friends. He led them to independence in South America and, when the time came, he returned to Italy, defied his would-be executioners and, with a thousand heroes at his back, united his country. A Great Rebel.

A Great Lover. Garibaldi

By George Creel

suit, and often Garibaldi carried the infant in a handkerchief slung from his neck. Once the girl-mother fell into the hands of the enemy, but, escaping at the risk of her life, rode sixty miles of trackless forest to lift her anguished mate from his despair.

Fighting for an Ideal

Three years of fighting with the Brazilian rebels, brightened only by the wonder of their love; then four even more terrible years in the service

of Uruguay, stemming the invasion of Rosas.

What wonder that the whole world hailed and loved the golden-haired soldier of liberty! Defeated at sea by overwhelming odds, he burned his ships; on land he formed the Italian Legion, first checking the Argentinian rush and then winning the bloody battles of Cerro and Sant' Antonio that assured the independence of Uruguay.

The grateful Uruguayans offered everything, but in this same year, 1848, glad news came from the motherland.

Illustrated by
Herbert Morton Stoops



Lombardy and Venetia were in revolt against the hated rule of Austria, and the gallant Piedmontese marched to aid their brothers. Rejecting riches and preferment, Garibaldi gathered his red-shirted legionaries and sailed joyously to strike a blow for the free and united Italy of his dream.

Alas for high hopes! Austria crushed the rebellion with brutal thoroughness, and Garibaldi was left to stand alone. But not for long! From Savoy to Sicily raced the word that the hero of heroes had returned after fourteen years of exile, and as he went from town to town—so appealing in his strength and beauty, the slim, glowing Anita ever at his side—the people cried their love and threw off ancient fears. Bologna opened her gates, the ardent youth formed Garibaldi's Legion, and the Holy City, rising in revolt, declared the Roman Republic.

France, Austria, Spain and Naples rushed to the rescue at once, each eager to have the honor of restoring his possessions to the Pope, and Napoleon III won the shameful race.

The army that he sent against Rome numbered 12,000, but while the French only had an Oudinot, Italy now possessed a Garibaldi. Here was no cautious general, keeping well behind the front lines, but a leader that led, fair hair and white poncho streaming in the fury of his charge. His few thousands were untrained men and boys for the most part, but into each he poured the wine of his own wild courage, and after a day of bloody battle the French confessed defeat and begged a truce.

Unresting, Garibaldi marched swiftly to the Alban Hills and crushed King Ferdinand and a Neapolitan army, and then gathered his staggering legion for a campaign against the Austrians in the north. This was the moment that France selected for the resumption of hostilities. The armistice had been but a trick to gain time for reinforcements, nor was this the end of the treachery. After stating that he would not attack until June 4th, Oudinot crept forward before dawn on June 3d, and seized the Villa Pamfili and the Villa Corsini, positions just outside the western gate, standing on high ground that dominated the Janiculum wall.

It was the "key to Rome," and Gari-