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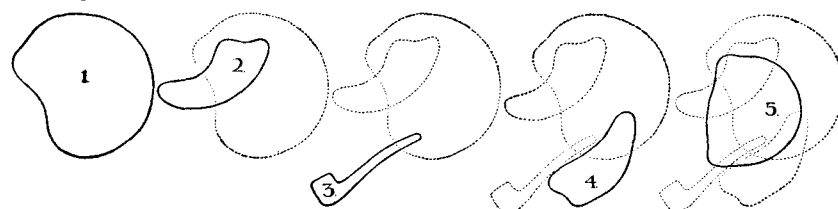
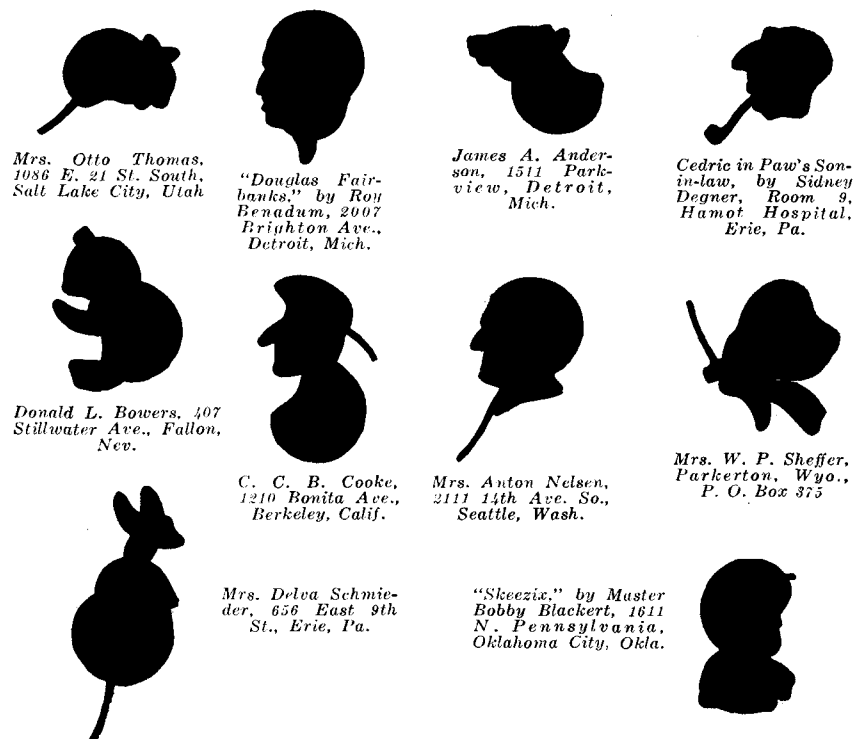
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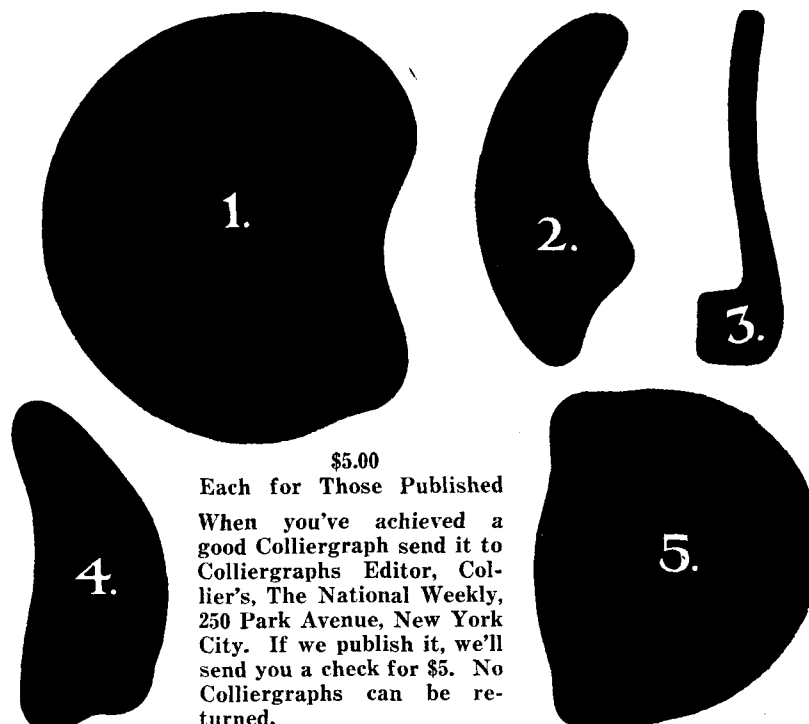


How to Do It

Cut out the five black figures below. You might mount them on cardboard separately. When you've laid them

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Here are the pieces—cut them out



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You Never Know

Continued from page 11

it. . . . How about this Harley Downs? Has he any money?"

"None, I'm afraid. We're on half salaries now. And we can't get into New York."

Holman sat brooding for a time. "Well," he remarked, "I suppose I may as well tell you why I'm here. There's a man named Franklin Farquhar, a decent enough chap, who worked for K. and A. until he cracked under the strain, then went into some outside business. He's made some money, and naturally the old hankering for the stage came back."

"Well, he has built him a theater. A small house, but nice. Up near Central Park. And he'd like to open with a decent attraction. If I recommend The Dusk he'll book it."

"Oh, Gene. Mr. Downs ought to know!"

"Do you want to call him up? It'll have to be settled by Wednesday night. Tomorrow. That is, if you're to open Monday."

"Perhaps I'd better not, Gene. He might think I was butting in on the management. Fancying myself. You know how producers are. And he's in a pretty strung-up state."

"I'll talk with him in the morning then. There's only one difficulty that I can see. Farquhar's reasonable enough in his terms, considering how the theater business is booming. But he asks a two weeks' guarantee of forty-five hundred a week to be put in escrow. Give him time to turn around, you know, in case the play should flop. . . . Well, I'll see him tomorrow."

Harriet lay for a time half awake, thinking, in a curious nightmarish way, of Harold Burman.

There was a tapping at the door. She switched on her bedside light; drew a wrap about herself; opened the door a little way.

There, in a kimono of black and rose and gold, his bare feet thrust into straw slippers, smoking one of those interminable initialed cigarettes, smiling in arrogant self-consciousness, stood Harold Burman.

SHE tried without a word to shut the door. But he was quicker than she. One of those feet blocked it. And he caught the knob and leaned forward. The scene was, to her, at the moment, unbelievable. The vulgarity of it gave her a sick feeling. She loathed the vanity in his chuckle.

Suddenly her voice rang out—"You can't force your way into this room!"

"Easy, dearie! Easy! You'll wake Harley!"

"How perfectly disgusting!"

Light appeared in the transom opposite. Burman couldn't see it. She called—"Mr. Downs!"

His door opened. He stood there, tying the silken rope of his kimono.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," she said, "but I can't throw this man out without help, I'm afraid."

Burman had merely turned his head. His hand was still on the outer knob, his foot still in the crack of the door. But he was breathing hard. And his color was up.

"This doesn't concern you," he remarked, very ugly.

Downs looked him up and down. "Get out of here!" he said, in an unsteady voice.

"Keep your head, old dear! I'm not taking orders from you! You're forgetting that I own as much of this show as you do!" His nerve, at least, wasn't shaken.

For a moment, then, their voices ran together. Harriet heard the talk only as sound. Those half-constant phrases had clicked into sense. And other disjointed memories of the evening. In particular, an engagingly red-headed usher who'd wanted to talk. Anger surged in her breast. . . . a clean, healthy anger that had pity in it. She stepped aside so abruptly that Burman almost fell into the room.

"I'm beginning to see what's happened." Outwardly she was cold; but her dark eyes snapped. "I couldn't help hearing some of your talk tonight. He"—she pointed contemptuously at the gaudy kimono—"he made you give him half the show. I heard that. But he didn't tell you why. He didn't tell you that Karber and Andrews were both here last night and praised the play. He didn't tell how he agreed to keep it from you. You didn't know that, Mr. Downs. You've trusted him, and he has robbed you."

THE manager, caught aback, was trying to face this out with a sneer. But the last words stung him. "You have no right to say that! I did not rob him! I'm a business man, yes, but . . ."

That was as far as he got. With a muttered "You dirty crook!" Downs rushed at him. Spun him away from the door. Hit him.

It was rather dreadful. For Downs it was the breaking point. A sort of nervous crash. Harriet stood painfully still, wondering what she ought to do. They wrestled. Fell, Downs in a cold white fury was hitting, hitting, hitting. He got up first. Then a battered, whimpering Burman rose unsteadily to his feet; leaned against the wall while he straightened his kimono; pressed a shaking hand to a bulging bloody lip; sputtered out, "You'll pay for this, Harley Downs!"—and went shakily off down the corridor.

Downs' wild proud eyes were fixed on the girl. "Harriet," he said, "there's something I want to say. Just this. In a way, I haven't played fair with you."

"Oh, please!"

"Now, listen. I've picked on you. Do you know why? Because I was excited about you. I was afraid you'd discover how wonderful you are and become impossible. Actresses do. I was afraid, really, that I'd lose you. I couldn't face that. You are my play. It was pure luck, finding you. With you in the part, I've dared to dream that we'd get across in New York. So I tried to keep you worried. Hold you down. . . ."

"I haven't been myself, quite. You see, I've risked everything. It's the last shot in my locker. I've failed. Burman knows that. It's only fair that you should know it. I'm warning you to look out for yourself. . . . I just learned tonight that they're jumping us to Buffalo. We'll never go there. I couldn't begin to pay the railway fares. I haven't a cent. Burman's money will just about clear the worst of our debts and carry us through the week."

"But Karber and Andrews—they like the play."

"Oh, no!" An unhappy laugh. "You can't tell me anything about K. and A. I know how they work—underground! Always underground! It isn't the play they're after! It's you! . . . But here's all I'm trying to tell you. I'm through. They've got me. But you're all right! You're the biggest (Continued on page 56)



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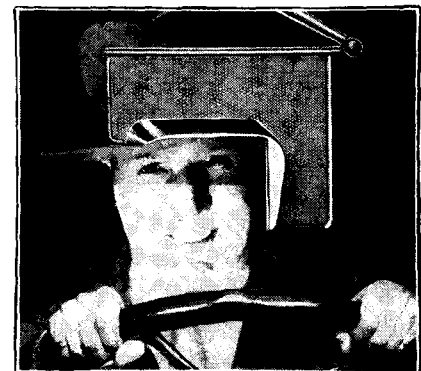
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(Continued from page 55).
 thing in five years! Just look out for yourself! . . . Now I'd better go!"

Harriet closed her transom. Then called up Gene Holman and made them ring until he answered.

"Sorry, Gene," she said, in that mood of immense relief. "Awfully sorry. But it's a crisis. You said that guarantee thing was forty-five hundred a week, didn't you? And two weeks. That's only nine thousand, isn't it? Of course! But I'm terrible at figures. Now listen—I'm going to put up the guarantee. Mr. Downs isn't to know. Do you see? Wouldn't your Mr. Farquhar help us out that much? Just not mention the guarantee? . . . That's a dear, Gene! I knew I could lean on you. . . . No, I will not reconsider!"

LATE on the following afternoon an odd but characteristic little scene took place in Ben Andrews' office. One Harold Burman had appeared in the reception-room shortly after the luncheon hour and persistently demanded to see either Mr. Andrews or Mr. Kerstow. He had much on his mind and a great deal on his face. Rather a wreck, Mr. Burman. For a smart business man he'd been guilty of a costly slip. Just the little matter of neglecting to put it in writing that he would continue as company manager. Downs had discharged him. Paid him off with his own money. That stung. And it called for reprisals.

K. and A. were again in conference. In the big office with carved Gothic doorways and a stained-glass window.

"Downs'll close Saturday," remarked Ben Andrews cheerfully. The only thing now is to check on Hamlin's contract. Gotta pick our way there. We don't want Equity on our necks again."

Kerstow spoke up: "That young Burman's been hanging round all afternoon. Been some trouble. My secretary says he looks as if he'd been in a fight. But he's got all that information."

He was shown in. Dapper, sleek, shifty of eye, but with a face like raw steak. Bit of a story there, all right! But K. and A. weren't concerned with stories.

"What's Hamlin's contract with Downs?" asked Ben briskly.

"Just run of the play."

"She's free then. When he closes."

"Don't you believe it!" The young man exhibited excitement. "If you want her you've got to talk to me."

"To you? Why?"

"Because I've tied her up. That's why! I'm her personal representative."

"How do we know that's so?"

"Ask her! Send her a wire!" It wouldn't do to push that bluff too far. "And there's another matter. I've got half the play. Bought it this morning." He produced a legal-appearing document and tossed it on the desk. "Look that over. You'll see why I'm not interested in wrecking The Dusk just so's you can have Hamlin. Yes, there'll have to be just a little conversation with Harold Burman, gentlemen."

Ben laid the paper on the desk before him. "You're trying to put something over here, my friend." He spoke with quiet authority. "You've got an idea you can beat K. and A. But you can't. . . . As far as The Dusk is concerned, you lose. We won't touch it. It's closing Saturday. But we do want Hamlin. I don't know whether you can deliver her or not. But here's what we'll do about that. You make over your half-interest in The Dusk to Karber and Andrews. Right now. Then get in touch with the girl friend. Bring her here at five o'clock Sunday. If she signs with us, we'll pay you five thousand to cover your loss. If you can't deliver her, you're out o' luck."

There was some sputtering talk; but it was settled Ben's way.

The Dusk opened Monday at the new and pleasant Farquhar to the tune of bewildering success. Harriet, after the last applause had died, and Harley had made his second curtain speech, and all the crowding folk backstage had drifted out, went, a limp and lonely girl, to her dressing-room. New York at last . . . a success, they all said . . . but all she could get out of it, personally, right now, was a vast, bleak weariness.

There was a rap on the door. Harley Downs stood there. Curiously austere. He'd been that way all evening. His nadir was passed. But his shirt front was rumpled, and the black bow tie had crept around almost under his ear. It seemed natural enough to reach up and straighten it. She found herself laughing. Might as well have cried. Just blank emotion.

He took her right up in his arms and kissed her. Then let her go. She sagged back against the make-up table.

"Do you know why I did that?"

What a question! But like him.

"I had two reasons. First, you've done a perfectly beautiful job."

That was nice. She could do with a bit of real praise, from someone that knew.

"I'm so glad you think so, Harley."

"The other is that I've found you out."

"Me?"

"Why did you put up that guarantee?"

She swallowed. Why had she? And why try to talk about it?

"I understand you risked every cent you had in the world."

Oh, Lord! She was going to cry!

"Fortunately, we shan't have to touch it. The ticket people have made a good buy. The critics raved over you in the lobby. You're across. . . . Surely you see what you've done. You pulled me through. I mean personally. You saved the play for me. And now you've put it over. My God. . . ."

She wished he'd go. Or did she? All she could do was lean weakly back and cry, while he, manlike, indulged in oratory. The shameless wish arose that he'd take her in his arms again. If he did she'd smooth his hair.

"What can I do?" He was spreading his hands. "How can I make it good to you? One idea occurs to me—I'll make a will."

"A will?"

"We're going to make some money. I'll leave you everything."

"Leave me . . ."

"Of course, we'll tear up your contract. You can write your own salary. But that's only . . ."

SHE burst out laughing. Caught up a brush from the table and went at that hair.

He gripped her shoulders sternly and held her off. "I am not willing to be laughed at now, Harriet. In my clumsy way I'm trying to offer myself in marriage. I need you. Will you take me?"

She cried again. On the satin lapel of his dinner coat.

"Well?" said he serenely. "Well? Have you no answer?"

How funny? There she was in his arms. What more did he want.

She giggled. "I rather think you do need me, Harley," she finally contrived to say.

But, really, you couldn't beat K. and A.

Joe Kerstow, toward midnight, looked in on Ben. Theatrical producers work late.

"Hello!" said Ben. "How's The Dusk?"

"Went over big. Looks like a knock-out."

"You don't say. Well, you never know."

Kerstow raised a limp hand. "If you'd 'a' shoved me like that I'd 'a' fell flat."

"Did they get their buy?"

"Oh, sure. Eight weeks. They're all right. By the way, Ben, young Burman didn't show up, did he?"

"Not him."

There was a sudden clumping noise outside and Sam Karber came bursting in.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" he cried. "We lose Hamlin and now maybe you tell me how we put it over on that damn District Attorney?"

BEN ANDREWS grinned. "I've been thinking, Sam. Now . . ."

"You are thinking and here I am with . . ."

"Oh, sit down, Sam!"

Karber sat.

"The Dusk is across pretty big. That's the dope. There's quite a few other clean plays doing business. It's just struck me that maybe there's some-

thing in it. And if there is, we might as well have it. Let's jump out quick into a clean-play campaign. Catch it right at the turn. Take the lead. Play with the preachers."

"And on The Pure Youth I lose eight thousand. . . ."

"Yeah, but we've picked up half of The Dusk for nothing. Ought to stand us fifty to a hundred thousand. Maybe a lot more. Chew that over."

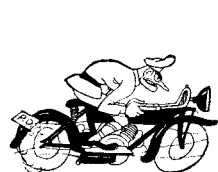
Sam mentally chewed. His bobbing cigar quieted. Fifty to a hundred thousand. . . .

"How about that mother play of Ebe's, Ben?" put in Kerstow. "Maybe the time's ripe for it. The women and the preachers ought to fall hard. With just the right publicity."

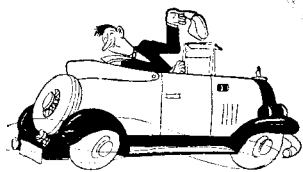
Sam's brow clouded. "And with The Pure Youth you tell me what we do!"

"Throw it in the ash can. We should worry."

Sam sighed. Chewed his cigar. Then slowly grinned. "Yeah," said he. "Yeah, that's so. And maybe with mothers we clean up."



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P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY

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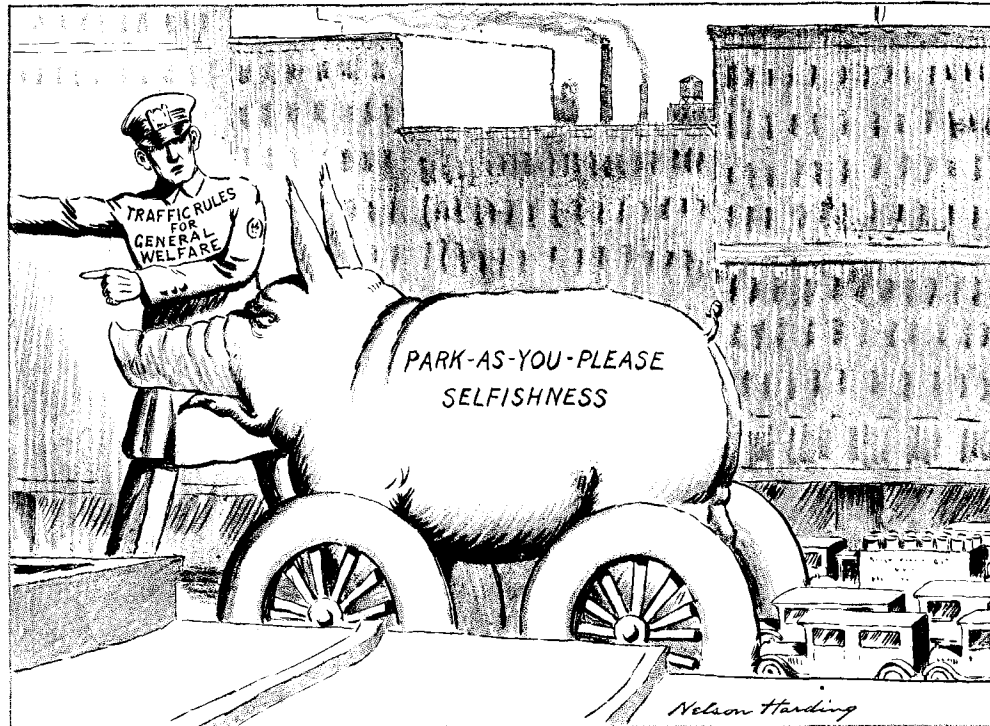
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The truth is that our ideas of using streets were developed before we had motor cars. We are trying to apply



horse-and-buggy rules to an automobile era. Naturally, we get tangled.

New York is the most congested city. Chicago's loop traffic is strangled. In Boston the whole business area is fearfully congested. Buffalo's streets are blocked by all-day parking.

San Francisco's Market Street, due to peculiar topography, is the greatest congestion area of the country. New Orleans, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Atlanta, choose any city you please, and you will find stifling overcrowding.

Yet most of this is unnecessary. Streets are closed and traffic drowns in a sea of vehicles because of neglect.

Motor cars won't drive themselves and the problem of congestion won't solve itself. If you want to get the full

value out of your automobile, you will have to insist upon sensible traffic regulation.

A few cities have made intelligent efforts to open their streets to traffic. Milwaukee is notable. Newark, Cleveland, Detroit, Minneapolis and San Francisco have been pioneers in working out sane parking regulations.

Each city and village has a separate problem due to topography and the habits of the people. Details vary but the fundamentals are the same.

Washington has made little progress because the enforcement of traffic laws is lax and timid.

Cincinnati's congestion is still enormous because the merchants protest against any remedy that seems to affect their immediate advantage.

Good engineering brains are needed to devise ways of using our streets with fairness to all concerned. In some cities parking space is being provided in the basements of office buildings. Other such devices will be tried.

The important thing is to get the idea of the general welfare uppermost and to insist upon traffic regulations which will serve the interests of the entire community.

Given that generous and courageous spirit and your city, wherever it is, can soon find the expert wisdom sufficient to open its highways to public travel.

Conceited Secrets

THREE hundred years ago women sought beauty in secret. They made their own beauty preparations and rather botched the job, according to modern standards, even resorting to such powerful aids as painting their faces pink.

All this is disclosed by a faded book, published in 1623, which recently came to light in London, *Conceited Secrets of Famous Beauties of Past Ages*.

The desire to make the most of herself is inborn in woman. And she has carried it out to such an extent that today beauty secrets are flung upon the wind.

Any woman who can read or listen knows them. Beauty has been democratized and, indeed, the beautification rite itself has become a public ceremony.

And who will say that the frank artistry of today is not a vast step ahead of the deceptive and fumbling practices of bygone years?

A Policeman's Lot

"A POLICEMAN'S lot is not a happy one," whether or not constabulary duty's to be done.

In Philadelphia General Smedley Butler is inserted to produce law and order. Wholesale hiring, wholesale firing and two years later the city is worse than ever. Chicago ousts one chief of police and enthrones another. And Chicago becomes the world's best market for bullet-proof vests.

Then New York shunts aside a lawyer to make Grover Whalen, business man and greeter, head of its fifteen thousand cops. Drives and more drives against speakeasies and nests of crime. Nobody goes thirsty and the boys still bump off their enemies. What's the answer? Imitate the efficiency of Scotland Yard? By all means. But Scotland Yard never had to enforce prohibition. Our police may thank heaven if they're healthy. Under sumptuary law they can never be happy.