



We went over to the club for tea. A lot of the polo crowd were there and Farnum shut up like a clam as soon as we got inside the place

Valerie takes a Flier

By Eric Hatch

Valerie was wise, and she knew the man who loved her. Otherwise, the ending might have been—otherwise

I WAS wondering how the Smiths managed to keep such a wonderful chef, when the girl sitting on my left turned to me and said, "What's happened to Valerie since she came back from abroad? I've never seen her look so radiant."

"The same thing," I answered, trying to be clever, "that makes a peach eventually drop from the tree that grew it."

"Meaning she's going to fall for one of the Happiness Boys up there on each side of her?"

I said, "Probably both," and turned to ogle the three of them.

Sam Porter and Bill Peabody were certainly hooked. They were leering at Valerie over the tops of their soup spoons, getting off smart cracks and watching each other like a set of duellists. It was to me a pathetic sight; these two bright and active young men suddenly transformed into bosky-eyed oafs. I wondered what would happen to Sam's polo and racing and Bill's flying. It didn't look to me as though either of them would be good for anything for a long time.

The funny part about it was that both of them had known Valerie all their lives and until she'd come back from Europe hadn't paid her the slightest attention. Now, in the short week since she had landed, the scales had dropped from their eyes, and they had both been left bosky-looking. I turned to the girl on my left.

I said, "Who's the long shot in the tin spectacles sitting half-way down the table from her?"

"Long shot is right. He's in love with her too, of course. His name is Farnum something and he comes from the West. Pretty bad, isn't he?"

I didn't think Farnum something was so bad. He looked like a nice sort of a bird to me, spectacles, mussed sandy hair, freckles and all. There was a humor in the way his mouth worked as he listened to the wise lines Bill and Sam were getting off that made me wonder for a second if he *was* such a long shot.

Bill was saying, "We were a thousand feet up when the Bee went into a spin."

"Bill! What did you do?"

He laughed. "Pulled back the stick and gave her the gun. We came out of it all right before we crashed."

There was a silence all around the table as the thrill of this recital was allowed to sink home. Then Farnum something, making a funny noise as he cleared his throat said, "Was it a regular Bee plane you were flying?"

"I'll say it was regular!" from Bill.

THE silence was thick. Everybody was listening now as Farnum went on: "That's funny."

"Funny me eye! It was fierce."

"It must have been. Bee planes can't go into spins. I wish you'd show me sometime how you managed it."

Farnum went back to his soup. I saw Valerie shoot him a glance. If I'd been in love with her I'd have liked

having her look at me that way. Farnum's mouth worked up and down again as though he'd smile if it wouldn't confuse him too much with the soup. The conversation got natural again. I was thankful it stayed that way until the meal was over, because once Farnum had spoken up you could sort of feel him there, and he'd been so positive about the Bee business that I think everyone was a little afraid to talk much, not knowing whether, if they said guinea pigs had no tails, Farnum mightn't come out with a direct statement that they not only had tails but hung by them.

After dinner, when Bill and Sam and the others were sitting around being male and drinking coffee and liqueurs in the dining-room, I went out into the hall and waved Valerie from the library. She came out to see what I wanted.

She said, "You've got your nerve with you, making monkey faces and signals at me out here when I'm trying to be the polite hostess."

I said, "Shut your pretty little face, Val. If I can't make signals at you, who can?"

She said, "Spill it, brother, what can we do for you? Is the wine too cold or the coffee too hot or are you just a little restless?"

I said, "Who is Farnum and where did you dig him up? I think he's priceless."

Valerie laughed then, and I laughed too because Valerie laughed that way. She said, "Farnum's just a lad. I met him when we were at Santa Barbara last year."

"How did you happen to ask him to-night?"

She laughed again. "I didn't. He called up and asked himself—leave me be now, stupid, I've got to go back and be sweet."

I WENT back into the dining-room. Bill and Sam were over in a corner of the room matching coins. I went up to them. I said, "Which of you's cleaning up the other?"

Bill looked sort of silly. He said, "Sam's won two matches. I've still got a chance though—it's three out of five."

I stood watching them. Sam won the next match and I was surprised to see them both put their coins back in their pockets. I said, "What the devil are you birds doing? Why don't you pay up?" They both looked silly now. Then Sam said, "Shall we tell him?" Bill said, "Tell him if he'll promise not to write about it, the dirty old snoop."

I said, "Come, come, is that nice?" and Sam said, "We were matching to see whether Valerie'd go to the polo with me tomorrow or go flying with Bill. I won. Yah!" He thumbed his nose, gallantly, at the loser. I wandered over to where Farnum something was sitting staring morosely at a tiny glass of green liquid on the table in front of him. He looked so lonely I thought I'd take pity on him. I offered him a smoke and said: (Continued on page 22)

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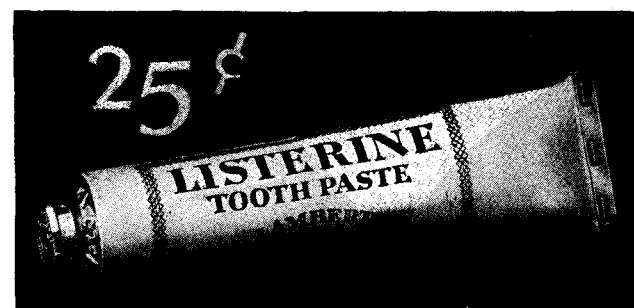
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LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

"Care for a round of golf tomorrow afternoon, Farnum?"

He looked up and smiled crookedly. If he hadn't had spectacles on I would have sworn he winked. He said, "Sorry, sir, I can't make it. Valerie said she'd go sailing with me if I could borrow a boat."

On the way to the library I put both hands to my ears and wagged them ferociously at Bill and Sam.

I WENT down to the yacht club the next afternoon, partly because it was cool there and partly because I wanted to see how old tin-eyeglasses made out with Valerie. To my surprise I found him swimming off the float. Valerie wasn't in sight. I waved at him. He came out after a minute, looking like a wet Airedale and squinting at the sun. I said, "Where's your lady?"

"Who do you mean, Valerie?"

"No, Marie Antoinette of course. What happened to the boat ride?"

Farnum grinned. He said, "Why did Robinson Crusoe stay on his island?"

I said, "He didn't have a boat."

"Me and Crusoe," said Farnum. "Does the noise you made last night about my shooting golf with you still hold good?"

"Sure. Got any clubs?"

"Three," he said, grinning again, and I imagined what the golf would be like.

"What are they?" I asked, wondering if he drove with a putter or putted with a driver.

"Old," he said. "And dirty. Do you mind?"

I did mind but I didn't say so. I take golf seriously and have ever since I was runner-up in the club championship two years ago. I'm afraid I was a little snooty on the drive to the course and I looked the other way when he went up to the first tee, carrying his three clubs

in his hand. I was afraid I'd be kidded. I was. Farnum beat me three up.

After golf we drove over to the polo at Meadow Brook. They were trying out players for the International. Sam was a candidate and I wanted to see how he was making out. We got there at the end of the third period just as Sam made a goal that put the Blue team in the lead. Farnum nudged me. He said, "Isn't that the bird who was at dinner last night?"

I said, "Yes. He stands the devil of a good chance of being number one on the big four."

"Gee," said Farnum, "I hope he makes it. I'd like to be able to say I knew one of that team."

Then I saw Valerie's de Laage with an empty parking space beside it. I drove in and stopped. "Hello, you," I called. "How's business?"

"Beezness is goot," she called back at me as an airplane with natural linen wings and a red fuselage zoomed down over our heads. "Sam just made a goal and here's Bill."

A helmeted head stuck over the side of the roaring plane. The pilot waved an arm nonchalantly as the plane shot high in the air again. Into my mind came a memory of two little boys making high dives into a shallow swimmin' hole because a freckled, jam-stained little girl was sitting on the bank. One of the little boys made a perfect corker, but he bumped his head on the hard bottom of the creek. When he came up, aching and thirsting for praise, the little girl had gone. I shall never forget how disgusted I was.

On the way back to the pony lines Sam rode over and stopped for a word with Valerie. "Poor Farnum," I thought as I watched Sam, godlike, checking his still spirited pony.

Sweat dripped off the pony in rivers;

sweat ran down Sam's cheeks like rain as he pulled up.

"How's it going, big boy?" from Valerie.

"Fine," panting. "Ginger was the hell of a handful that last chukker. How does the game look to you?"

"Pretty fast, Sammy. You're good today. Go to it."

The god giggled inanely and, pleasantly full of nectar, rode on to the pony lines. I climbed out and went over to the clubhouse.

When I came back the game was on again. Farnum was sitting in Valerie's car. They both seemed intensely interested in the play. Every time Sam would come tearing by looking at Val out of the tail of his eye, Farnum would applaud. I thought it was sporting of him when I knew how much he must envy the other man all he had.

AT THE end of the fifth period Bill arrived, still dressed in his flying suit. He looked like a deep-sea diver who's lost his hose. Farnum said, "Was that your plane you came over in a while ago?"

"Yeah. Just got delivery on it today. Eagle with a two-fifty Simpson Gale."

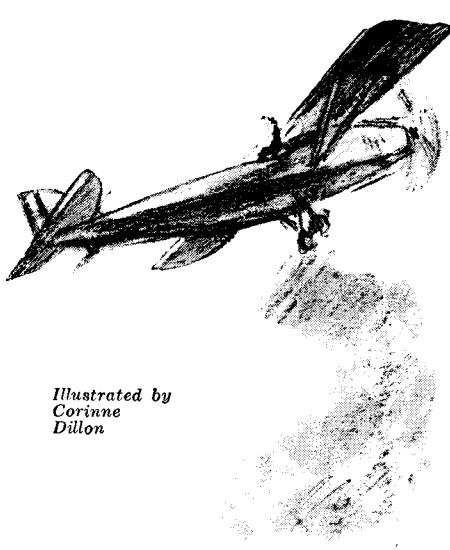
"I know," said Farnum. "I'd like to go up with you sometime."

"Believe me, I'd like you to!" said Bill, and I knew he was thinking about Valerie's dinner party. I wondered if Farnum would go.

I whispered to him, "Don't do it. After that crack you made last night he'll try and break your neck."

"No he won't," said Farnum, blinking at me. "That plane cost him eight thousand seven hundred and fifty-five dollars. My neck isn't worth that to Mr. Peabody."

I said, "How the hell do you know what it cost?"



Illustrated by
Corinne
Dillon

He blinked again, "I used to work in their factory. I've worked in a lot of places."

I said, "Oh."

When the match was over and Sam had cleaned up some, the five of us went up to the club for tea. A lot of the polo crowd were there. Farnum shut up like a clam as soon as we got inside the place. I made a mental note to give Valerie hell as soon as I had a chance for not being nicer to him and trying to make him feel more at home, on the theory of the stranger in our midst, et cetera. When the party broke up and we were walking to our cars I maneuvered her alone for a minute. I took her firmly by the arm and made her wait until the others had got out of earshot.

Then I said to her, "Valerie, you're a bum. This guy Farnum comes down to our neck of the woods and what do you do? You know darn well you made him about as uncomfortable as you could at tea there. Not once did you try and turn the conversation his way. Why the poor man must have felt like an interloper!"

VALERIE looked at me out of the corner of her eye, a way she has of looking when she knows she knows something somebody else doesn't know.

She said, "Yes, yes and then?"

I started to walk away from her. I was sort of sore. I liked this guy Farnum and I didn't think he was getting much of a break. She called me back.

She said, "Listen, Atlas, don't you worry about that baby. The reason he shut up like a sick oyster was because nobody there said anything he thought worth answering."

I don't agree with her, of course, but there wasn't any use arguing with Val.

Val was taking Sam back with her, Bill had his own car, so Farnum and I were alone as before. We rolled out of the club and started across the plains. I'd just about made up my mind to apologize to him for Val when he suddenly broke out of his silence and looked at me in a funny way.

"You know," he said, "I wish I could ride races and play polo and things like that."

I was busy dodging a truck so I answered, "Well, why don't you?"

"My father," he said, "was a farmer."

I had, of course, planted the foot. The truck successfully passed, I did what I could to cover my break. I said, "What of it? Lots of gentleman farmers and their sons play polo—look at the Hanfords."

Again he blinked at me that funny way. He said, "My father was a farmer."

I said, "Oh," and he went on: "Dad was the hell of a good farmer. He made quite a lot of jack before he died, but our (Continued on page 52)



The pilot waved an arm nonchalantly as the plane shot high in the air again

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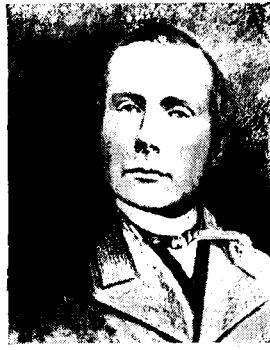
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John D. Rockefeller, Sr.,
at the age of thirteen



Seven years later, well
started toward success



Mr. Rockefeller on his
entry in the oil business

Drawings by
J. Henry
from photographs

John D. at 90

By John T. Flynn

July 8th, 1929, marks John D. Rockefeller's ninetieth birthday. The man who retired from business at fifty-five has prolonged his life as he built his business and as he learned to play golf —by a deliberate plan and careful attention to every detail of living



John D. Rockefeller, Sr., at ninety leads
a life of almost continuous activity

AN OLD gentleman who had reached the scriptural age of threescore and ten sat before the great open fireplace of his home running over in his memory all the men he had known and worked with since the early years of his long life. In the shadows and the quietness of his room he became sorrowfully aware of the fact that scarcely a week passed that he was not told of the death of some of these old friends.

Letters of condolence to the families of old associates who had laid down their burdens and passed on had become so frequent that the painful memory was forced upon him now. And then he began to count up the number of those former associates who had died. As he told off the names, counting them on his fingers, the number mounted to twenty, thirty, fifty, sixty—seventy—he stopped and turned away wearily from the grim roll call. He had outlived so many.

That man was John D. Rockefeller and the incident I have described occurred twenty years ago. But the old gentleman who two decades ago marveled that he had outlasted so many still plays nine holes of golf every weekday.

When he was born Martin Van Buren was President of the United States. Webster and Clay were in the heyday of their glory. Clay was busy trying to nurse into life his new political party—the Whigs. There were just three millionaires in the country: Girard of Philadelphia, Astor of New York, and Lawrence, the founder of the textile industry. It was the day of the stage-coach, the tallow candle and the spinning wheel. The chief topics of conversation were religion, politics and money-making. The dominant characteristic of the country was the almost feverish

desire and aim of everyone to get rich. It is only when we think of this man spanning in his own lifetime this vast stretch of years back to the early days of the republic that we realize how much ninety years means.

When John D. Rockefeller began playing golf it was not by chance. He was pitching horseshoes with a friend down at Lakewood. His friend told him about golf and recommended it highly. Rockefeller was impressed with the description of the game. But he didn't rush out and buy a set of clubs. He thought it over carefully for two weeks. Then he decided definitely to take it up. And he stuck to it for thirty years. He adopted the game, as he adopted the oil business, deliberately. He does nothing by accident. And so it was not by accident that he has lived to be ninety years of age. He has done it in accordance with a deliberate plan, by the economical use of his physical resources. He has built up his ninety years just as he built up the Standard Oil Company, by careful attention to every detail of living.

It is generally believed that John D. Rockefeller, when he retired from the active management of the Standard Oil Company, was a man broken in health. Innumerable stories were printed at the time that his stomach had become almost hopelessly crippled and that he could take no food but milk and that he got practically no sleep.

Mr. Rockefeller did not retire to build up his broken health. He retired in accordance with a well-formed plan about his life; because he was through making money; because he had brought the organization of his great oil company to a point approximating perfection where other men could take up the work of carrying it on and because he wanted to de-

vote himself to the intelligent use of his vast fortune.

Mr. Rockefeller began saving when he was ten years old or perhaps earlier, for at that age he had already accumulated fifty dollars. And it is not unlikely that he began taking care of himself equally early. In practical matters he exhibited a precocity as great as was shown by Macaulay and Shelley and Chatterton in literature. He was a man of wealth at twenty-three. And he had already begun to draw upon his physical resources with the same careful and economical policy which he applied to his funds.

"At the beginning the boy must look to his health," he said to a friend some years ago. "Without health one can do nothing. Health is a blessing that transcends all other earthly things. The man with nothing but good health is rich compared with the man of wealth who has lost his health."

He attributed his strong frame and constitution to the start he got as a youth on the farm, when his chief physical occupations were wood-chopping and fishing.

Making Health a Hobby

The man who has accumulated the greatest fortune in the history of the world, who has given away the greatest sums in the records of philanthropy and who is still living, just a decade short of the century mark, insists always: "I look back upon my fishing and wood-chopping days in Ohio as the happiest of my life." Rockefeller, even at his present age, reveals the powerful frame of a farm-bred boy which could carry him over so long a journey. He lacks but one inch of six feet. His hands are large and muscular. He eats anything he wishes and lives a life of continuous activity.

An instance of how John D. Rockefeller watched his health even as a young man is shown in the following

story which he tells himself. In the early days of the oil industry he spent much of his time traveling from Cleveland to Oil City and Titusville and to New York and other places. In those days travelers took their meals at railway stations where the trains stopped "twenty minutes for dinner." On one such occasion Rockefeller went to the station restaurant with the other passengers. The waiters were slow and most of the twenty minutes were consumed before the dinner was brought in. Before the passengers could manage even half the meal the conductor called "all aboard." Everybody began to stuff into themselves as much of the dinner as they could swallow without chewing and then bolted for the train. Everybody but Rockefeller. He carefully but quickly settled with his eye what he wanted, then rapidly put all the selected items into his mouth. He stuffed until both cheeks bulged. Then he went to his seat in the train where he slowly and deliberately chewed up the whole cargo thus stored and swallowed it at his leisure.

The oil business was a devouring monster. It left him little time. Those of this generation who know Rockefeller in the later phases of his life—who know him chiefly through his pictures, which give him the appearance of being a fragile wisp (Continued on page 46)



Thirty years ago he used a
bicycle to play a golf course