

## April Escapade

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ing some back, straightening others into the neat leather pocketbook.

"Shall we go?" she asked.

"Just a minute. There was something I wanted to talk about."

Chris was in no hurry; the girl stared out at the panorama beneath the window without seeing any of it. She had made a certain shy overture to him, and he had repulsed it. There was no time to think about it, to analyze just how deep the wound might be. The only thing to do was to salve the unbearable moment with movement, change, a new start in the conversation.

"How long have you known the man you are going to marry?"

"Cass? Oh—" She reflected. "Since last fall. Or at least, the family has known him a long time; my Aunt Julia knew his mother. But he and I have been friendly since last fall. And then—at Christmas—it sort of began—"

"I've only known him six months," she concluded, after a pause.

"What's his business?"

"Real estate."

"Is he doing well?"

"Oh, very. He's going in, with another man, for himself next year."

"There ought to be a lot of money in that, out here," Chris said.

"There is. But of course there's competition, too."

"Will you live in town, here?"

"Nothing is settled." The girl's tone was not encouraging.

"Will you let me know?"

"Why, yes," she agreed politely, raising her eyes to his face.

"You don't seem enthusiastic, Mary."

"I don't—" she answered, her eyes fixed on his. "I don't know what I've done, or what I haven't done, to make you—take that tone."

"What tone?" Chris asked, with a steady look.

"The tone of—putting me out of things, disposing of me," she answered, with a little hesitation, and a heightened color. "The tone that makes me feel—or makes me know that you feel—what a gulf there is between us."

"Did I make you feel that?" Chris asked, mildly, looking down at the cigarette ash he knocked free with the tip of a little finger.

"You know you did."

"I'M SORRY," he said simply. There was a silence before he added, "But isn't it there?"

"The gulf?" Mary Kate's eyes were blazing, her cheeks hot. She laughed briefly, without mirth.

"Well, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is."

"I mean, we know it is," Christopher persisted. "If it means anything to you that I'm sorrier about this than anything else that ever happened in my life," he began again, and stopped.

"About what?" she asked, relentlessly.

"About your—perhaps—liking me," he answered, not looking at her. For a moment the girl made no reply.

"Have I been so very open about liking you?" she asked then, averting her own gaze, biting her lip.

"Well, don't you?" Chris countered.

"But of course I do!" And she laughed unconvincingly.

"No, I mean really," Chris persisted, unsmiling.

"Surely you want me to like you?"

"You know what I mean," he said, reflectively. "I'm sure you know what I mean. If I'm wrong—if this isn't going to leave any scar—if it isn't going to cause you any unhappiness, then I beg

your pardon for speaking, and I'm sorry."

Mary Kate was silent, looking at him. Once or twice she swallowed; she made no effort to speak.

"Tell me if I'm wrong, and I'll shut up," Chris said.

Still absolute silence, her shamed, fascinated eyes on his face.

"How about it?" he asked, eyes narrowed, lips pursed a little, as he watched her.

"You're—not wrong," Mary Kate said at last in a constrained voice.

"Not!" he echoed, in real concern. The girl put her elbows suddenly on the table, and covered her face with her hands.

"I'm awfully sorry!" Chris said quickly. There was a pause. Then Mary Kate put down her hands, looked honestly, unsmilingly into his face.

"It doesn't matter," she said, briefly.

"I thought so—when I telephoned last night. I'm so sorry!" the man repeated. "I hoped it wasn't so."

MARY KATE smiled and blinked, but her dark lashes were wet. There was a pause.

"Well, what of it?" she asked then, philosophically.

"Only that I wanted to say this," Chris began, after watching her for a silent minute. "That—of course you're not in love with me, you don't really care about me, in the least. And I'd be awfully sorry to have you think you were—to have you think you did."

"Thank you," Mary Kate answered, icily.

"Don't be angry about it," he said.

"Angry!" And she laughed lightly, if a little shakily, too.

Chris leaned across the table, and for a quick second put a warm brown hand over her own. His eyes were smiling, but his tone was all kind.

"A feeling like that," he said, "doesn't last—do you see what I mean? I mean—why, we all do that. We all get involved! But the real thing—the things that are tied up with your family, and your friends, and your home town, and—oh, well, a man's success and future and children, everything—" He stopped.

"I'm trying to say something," he recommenced, with a laugh, as her gravely watching eyes gave him no encouragement, "and I don't believe I'm getting away with it."

"Oh, yes, you're getting away with it," Mary Kate assured him, simply.

"No, but suppose—suppose," he argued eagerly, "that the shoe was on the other foot—that the situation was what-do-you-call-it—reversed. Suppose the situation was reversed. Suppose I was begging you to—well, marry me. Can't you see that we wouldn't have a dog's chance for happiness? Can't you imagine yourself saying something like this to me? 'I don't know your friends, I don't understand the way they talk about things, they fuss me when they pull German and French on me—'"

"German and French!" Mary Kate echoed, in a pause, looking away, slightly biting her full lower lip.

"Oh, I don't mean German and French! I mean everything. I mean—well, everything!"

"I know what you mean!" she said impatiently, resentfully, in the pause.

"That—well, that in a way you're the realest girl I've ever met—" Chris explained. "Your mother—your family—the man you're engaged to marry—all that is real. If I wanted that sort of thing—little sisters and brothers, all needing me, all wanting things that

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## What makes You Mad?

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

NOWADAYS students are set to studying themselves. They are compelled to put down their opinions on all sorts of subjects that they are too young to know anything about. They are asked to analyze their emotions, instead of being warned to suppress them.

The psychology students of the University of California were asked by Professor George M. Stratton to keep track of the number of times they let their anger rise during the week-end and how they felt at the time. These were the annoying situations specified:

A. A friend of yours is unjustly criticized in your hearing.

B. Someone argues with you insistently against what you believe to be important.

C. You hear for the first time that a certain person has made a slighting remark about you.

D. You are rebuked before others by one of your companions.

E. An acquaintance passes without recognizing you, and you believe yourself to have been intentionally "cut."

F. Someone fails to keep an appointment with you and did not notify you that it could not be kept.

G. Something of yours that you need is borrowed without your permission.

H. You are persistently teased.

I. There is continued music, conversation, typing or the like, which disturbs you while you are trying to study.

J. There is music, conversation, typing or the like, which disturbs you while you are trying to sleep.

K. In a theater or other public place where you are trying to hear what is being presented, a stranger makes remarks or otherwise acts in a way to distract your attention disagreeably.

L. You are deprived of an anticipated pleasure upon which you had set your heart.

M. You have to do a disagreeable task because someone has shirked his duty.

N. You are treated discourteously by an employee in some office, shop, street car, train, or the like.

O. A stranger jostles or crowds you without apology.

P. "Central" of the telephone service does not seem to be trying to get the connection you wish, or delays or connects

you with the wrong number. Q. While telephoning, you are cut off in the midst of your conversation.

R. You hurry for a street car, and miss it by a very narrow margin.

S. You hurry for a ferry boat or for a connecting train and miss it by a very narrow margin.

When you find yourself in such a situation, what is your instinctive reaction?

### Possible Effects Upon You

I. You are not annoyed or irritated in even the slightest degree.

II. You are slightly annoyed, but there are no physical symptoms of emotion, so far as you can notice.

III. You are irritated, you feel moderate displeasure, and there are physical symptoms of emotion, but these are so slight that they could be noticed only by an attentive observer.

IV. You feel an impulse to make cutting remarks, and the physical symptoms of your anger, such as a frown, or flushed face, or irregular breathing, must (so it seems to you) be evident to any observer.

V. Your mental equilibrium is upset so that your work is interfered with, and you feel an impulse to attack the offender physically, or to throw things, or stamp with your foot, etc.

VI. You are stirred to passionate, violent anger; your physical as well as your mental equilibrium is upset, and one or more of the following

physical symptoms are present: trembling, nausea, loss of appetite, inability to talk coherently, pallor, weeping.

So if you want to know what makes you maddest, you might try recording such situations as they occur during the next week, with your reactions.

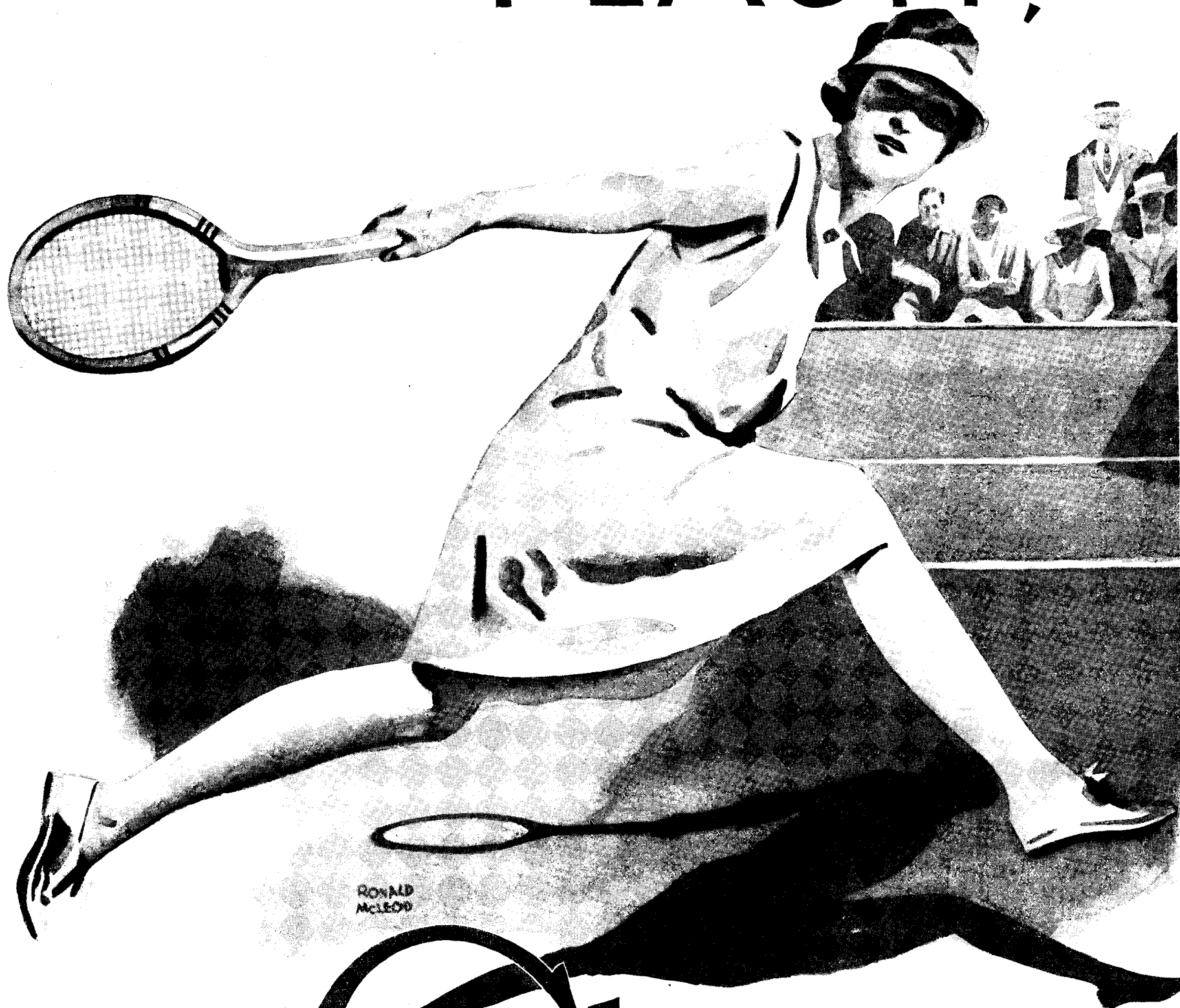
When you get a sufficient series of successive instances, you may learn a lot about your temperament. You may find that your temper varies with the time of day, the weather, your meals, your work, your reading or your associates. A psychologist of the University of Pennsylvania, Rex B. Hersey, has found that each person follows a regular emotional curve, ranging from a high level of happiness and efficiency to one of worry and incapacity. The average period of recurrence is about a month; each person has his characteristic curve. What's yours? And why?





...on the court it's

FLASH!

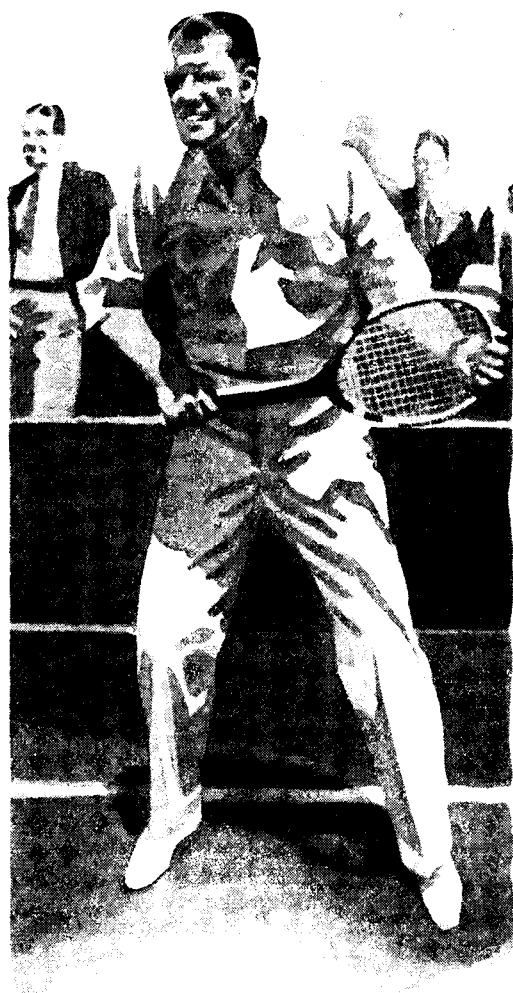


Chester

FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos,

...in a cigarette it's

# TASTE!



A MAN once had four reasons for not buying a certain article. The first reason was no money—so the other reasons didn't matter.

\* \* \*

Likewise, *any* two reasons will do in choosing a cigarette, if taste is *one*!

\* \* \*

In other words, taste is what really counts—and taste certainly comes first in Chesterfield. Every tobacco type, every tobacco quality, is chosen for the *taste* it can add . . . aroma, satisfying character, mildness . . . each in the correct proportion for smooth balance and flavor.

\* \* \*

The tobaccos in Chesterfield are not only blended, but cross-blended; this standard Chesterfield method, worked out by our own scientists, develops the distinctive flavor and aroma in Chesterfield.

\* \* \*

*Good taste*—could any *ten* other reasons equal that?

**TASTE** *above everything*



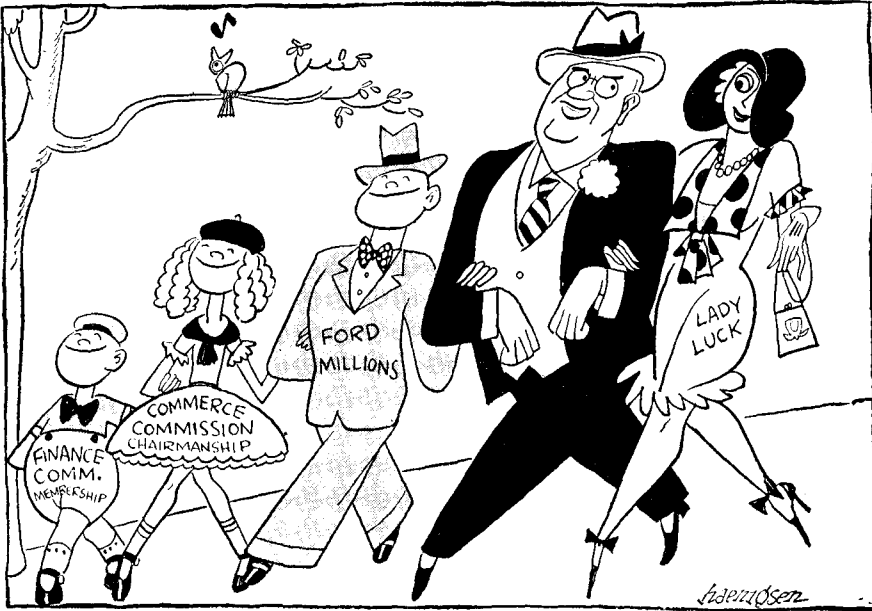
# field

... not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED



MILD and yet  
THEY SATISFY





## Our Lucky Couzens

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

SENATOR JAMES COUZENS of Michigan, in spite of the fact that the Republican leaders of the Senate never intended that he should, has become an important figure in the Senate.

There was every intention in the minds of the regulars in the Senate to punish him because he did not like Secretary Mellon and he used to write letters to the secretary calling him a variety of hard names. But plans went awry and the Michigan senator is not only chairman of the important Interstate Commerce Committee but he may even prove to have been the most influential individual member of the Senate in making the tariff bill.

It all depends upon what kind of tariff bill is finally passed by the Senate. If the Reed-Moses-Watson group of Republicans have their way and a tariff bill as high or higher than the House bill is finally passed, then Mr. Couzens will be defeated. But if a more moderate bill is passed Mr. Couzens will have contributed more to its passage than any other single member.

In the Senate Mr. Couzens is about as lucky as he was when he put his few thousands of dollars of savings in the Ford Motor Company and came out a millionaire. He has only been in the Senate a little over six years and during five of these the senators who run the works devoted all their energies to keeping him off the Senate Finance Committee.

He only succeeded in making it a year ago and he will soon rank fifth among its Republican members. And in those six years he has risen to be chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate, which with power regulation coming along ranks almost next to the Finance Committee in importance.

### Deciding the Vote

When you consider that it took Senator Borah several terms in the Senate to reach an important chairmanship, and that Hiram Johnson, after a good many years in the Senate, has not yet arrived at an important chairmanship and probably won't for some time, you can see how lucky Mr. Couzens has been.

Now the membership in the Senate Finance Committee has put Mr. Couzens in a strategic position.

He has been the voice of the Progressive group in the deliberations in committee over the tariff. And he has often cast the deciding vote on schedules

upon which the Republicans in the Finance Committee were divided.

It was his luck that he was able to force his way into the Senate Committee on Finance just in time to have a hand in the tariff-making, just as it was his luck to have his seniors on the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee die or retire so that he could have the chairmanship of that committee when power regulation came to the front.

But merely being in a strategic position is not enough. There are other Republican members of the Senate Finance Committee who were of the opinion that moderate revision of the tariff was wise and expedient, but they lacked the force the Michigan senator has.

### A "Tariffic" Mind

Mr. Couzens is never lukewarm. He is always passionately for or passionately against whatever program is before him for action.

The lukewarm supporters of Mr. Hoover's views on tariff needed leadership, and the Michigan senator has just the kind of mind to be effective in tariff-making.

He loves figures, even more than Senator Smoot, the chairman of the committee, loves them, and he has greater facility with them. He knows what tariff rates mean in practice, which is more than most members of the Senate Finance Committee know. Most senators vote for the rates their important constituents ask them to vote for and then for the rates that friends in the Senate ask them to vote for, and then for whatever rates the leading members of their party favor, without knowing any more about them than they do about a parallax.

But Mr. Couzens goes passionately to work to know all there is to know about anything which engages his interest. He is not fluent. He is not one of the sort that thinks to make up for lack of facts by a flow of words. He masses all the force he can behind a few words. He prepares himself not to be talked down by men who are more vocal than he is. He is aggressive and persistent.

He probably deplores the fact that he is no orator, envying Borah, Johnson, Reed and the other clever talkers. But just as the blind man compensates for his lack of sight by the sharpness of his hearing and touch, Mr. Couzens makes up for his lack of fluency by the passion of his convictions, by his thoroughness and by his sheer force and aggressiveness. He is probably more effective because he is no orator.

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money can buy, I couldn't get it. You've got a marvelous time ahead. You've got everything—

"Am I making sense?" he broke off to ask, with a little self-conscious laugh.

"Of course you're making sense," the girl said, in the most natural tone she had yet used. But her cheeks were aflame.

"Mary, I want to say something to you," Chris said suddenly, with a quickened manner of tone. "This thing has gone very deep with me. I've done darn-fool things in my life, and I thought this was going to be just one more of them. But it's not. I don't mean what happened Friday night. We're going to get out of this Moody business all right; I'm not afraid of that. I'll square him if I have to join the Socialists, and throw a few bombs myself.

"But it's this other thing that gets me. If you're going to feel badly about it—if you're going to think—How'll I put this? I mean, if any unhappiness for you—"

His incoherent sentences dwindled into silence. He made a fresh start.

"Here's what I'm trying to say: You're young, and you're very beautiful—you really are, it sounds like a flat thing to say, but really you are—and you're going to be married, and you've got your mother and your home here, and your brothers and sisters and friends. I've come along, to upset all that—"

Another halt. Mary Kate ended the silence by saying:

"You have."

"Damn!" Chris ejaculated simply.

"We'll go to the hospital now," the girl said, beginning to gather her things, "and after that, I'll not see you again. I ask you—I beg you," she went on, "not to try to see me again, after today. But something happened to me, last week," she continued very simply, looking down, speaking in a low voice. "I didn't know what it was, at first. I just knew that I was—sort of—trembling all the time, and that I couldn't eat, or sleep—and yet I didn't feel sick, exactly—"

"Everything looked so bright, and so—well, I don't know, thrilling to me," she went on, in a dead silence. "Even I—myself, was thrilling to myself.

"And then, thinking one night, I suddenly knew what it was. I was remembering Burlingame, and all that time last week, and when I came to thinking about you—"

A little shrug, an upward glance from her troubled blue eyes, completed the sentence. She got to her feet.

"SO THAT'S that!" she finished. They did not speak again as they left the dining-room.

But in the yellow taxi, lumbering through the light, sun-penetrated rain that was still falling—falling, to his surprise, and to his rather touched relief, she was suddenly her usual self again, a tall red-headed girl eager for experience and filled with interest in everything. She told him the history of the old mansions on Nob Hill, pointed out the college town, and the prison island, the quarantine and naval base islands in the bay, and the old Fair site, lying level along the edge of the sullen, gray, rain-flattened waters. From personal, emotional matters she kept resolutely away, and he saw it.

"Do you dread this interview, Mary?"

"Not much. I have a feeling that it'll come out all right.

"I—" she said, turning to him with that animated, wide-eyed look he so espe-

cially liked in her, "I'm absolutely crazy—I'm what my brother Mart would call completely off the reservation! I'm doing things, and taking chances, that would absolutely have floored me—that would have scared me to death a few months ago. I don't know what's come over me! I was in a place where burglary and murder were attempted, a few nights ago; I'm lying to my mother, I'm lying to Cass, I'm on my way now to see a criminal—"

The summary ended in her gay, irresponsible laugh. It was as if, he saw, her confession had relieved her soul, washed away all fear and resentment for the moment, at least.

"Did you tell your brother?"

"No; he's in Oregon. And a blessing, too! But I did tell Mr. Keating."

"What! The whole thing?"

"Almost."

"And what did he say?"

"Oh, he was wonderful. He really understood."

Chris had a moment of mortification.

"I suppose he thinks I'm a skunk," he said, uncomfortably.

"I suppose he does!" she conceded, indifferently.

"IT'S all sort of a mess," Chris mused, after a moment. Mary Kate made no answer.

"Is this man in a jail hospital?" she asked.

"No. Gordy managed that. He asked them that no charge be made against him until we got it all straight. He intends—at least he hopes, that he can claim that it was all a sort of joke—a man he knew, who'd gotten boiled at the club, and so on."

"Could he do that?"

"Oh, it's being done all the time!"

Chris assured her.

They were at the hospital, mounting the formidable flight of steps that rose at its imposing base. Inside, there were certain formalities, and then a middle-aged nurse, with a bunch of keys at her girdle, led them through various clean, antiseptic-scented hallways to one of the immense wings of the enormous building. An elevator boy then took charge of them, and eventually they found themselves alone, outside of a white-painted steel door, one of a hundred similar doors that closely dotted a long upper corridor. Number seven-six-seven.

The door stood slightly ajar. Chris knocked upon it lightly with the silver head of his walking stick. He glanced at Mary Kate; she was a little pale now, and looked frightened.

"Come in!" a nurse's voice said instantly.

Chris and Mary Kate pushed open the door, and were in a small, clean, white room, filled with a narrow, white, high bed, a white chair, and a great white-curtained window flooded with afternoon light. Bright rain was still falling on the city below the hill.

Chris saw these things, after one quick glance at the man who lay bandaged on the bed, his sullen, suspicious look turned toward the door. But Mary Kate's look got no farther than the invalid's face.

Her breath rose on a quick gasp. For a second she wavered as if she were going to faint. Then with a sob she took the little space between door and bed with a few flying steps, she was on her knees beside the injured man, her face against the hand she clasped in both of hers.

"Oh, Mart, Mart, Mart!" she cried.

(To be continued next week)