

He saw the new number of which the master of ceremonies had been so proud. Hazel Cartwright had been promoted while Krayne had been away. She sang the new number, and did it indifferently well. If only, thought Krayne, bitterly, she had been a great artiste. . . . But she wasn't; she was merely a pretty chorus girl. Not that Krayne wanted a great artiste; he wanted a simple home-loving girl. But if he *must* fall in love with the kind of girl that this generation breeds, if he must fall in love with a girl who displayed her body publicly, then why on earth couldn't he have chosen one with great talent?

**F**OR now, having returned after several months of absence, he knew that it was a permanent thing, this desire for Hazel Cartwright. At home that night, he paced the floor. Why, he hadn't even spoken to the girl. Tonight he had heard her sing, and, thank God, her voice was not cheap and her diction was all right. But even now, as his heart yearned for her, his mind recoiled at recollection of her lovely young body being displayed for the avid gaze of night-club patrons.

He must cure himself of this insane infatuation. He must find some simple girl, whose sweet qualities would make him forget this painted hussy of the night club. And he knew where he could find such a girl—at Bridgetown, where, as a small boy, he had camped on the shores of the lake. He remembered the broad acres sown in wheat, the watermelon patches, the truck gardens. He'd go there.

He arrived in Bridgetown the following night. The cab of twenty years ago was displaced by a taxi.

"Take me to the hotel," he said to the driver.

"Which one?" asked the man.

"More than one here?" inquired Krayne, surprised.

The chauffeur glanced in the side mirror of his cab. He plastered down more carefully a lock of hair that had escaped the bondage of Ly-Flat.

"I'll say there is," he replied. "There's the Bridgetown House. Got the niftiest orchestra in town. Of course, they ain't got any show. Now the Metropolitan Hotel has got Bribble and Hale, and when they do the rumba, oh, baby! Don't miss their nine-o'clock dancing, pal."

"There—there isn't any—er—more quiet place to stay, is there?" asked Krayne.

"Why, sure, pal. There's the New Mansion House, all renovated and redecorated. Take you there?"

"Please," said Krayne.

A uniformed doorman took Krayne's bags, and handed them to a uniformed

bell boy. A sleek young man behind a desk twirled a register for the guest to sign. Krayne wrote his name in the book.

"Ah, Mr. Krayne? Of Krayne's Cranes, I assume? First visit to Bridgetown, Mr. Krayne? Well, we'll do our best to make your stay comfortable, sir. Front! Show Mr. Krayne to the Duke of Marlborough suite."

He rode in an elevator to the fifth floor, and was ushered into rooms that he could hardly have told from the rooms of any first-class New York hotel.

He ate a lonely supper, undressed and went to bed. All night long, it seemed to him, he heard the jazz orchestra from the Bridgetown House across the street. He breakfasted in the morning in his room, paid his bill and walked down the main street, where he managed to rent a car.

Of course, Bridgetown—as daylight observation made clear—had grown into a bustling young city. But the country around—ah, that couldn't be changed—much. He drove along a macadam road that skirted the lovely lake. Where once had been a beautiful farm was now a country club. Where, in days gone by, had been a corner store, was now a filling station, and a Tom Thumb golf course seemed to appear every quarter mile.

He pressed his foot on the accelerator and bounded along the road. Beyond, at the far end of the forty-mile lake, lay the woods, the wilds, the real country. And late that afternoon Krayne reached it.

Set back a hundred yards from the road was a white farmhouse. Krayne had driven a hundred miles up and down back roads looking for this paradise and when he saw it he almost wept with happiness. If only they would take a boarder, as the farmers used to in the good old days!

**H**E DROVE up the grassy, maple-bordered lane, climbed out of his car, and knocked.

A buxom maid opened the door. Yes, Mrs. Higgins took boarders. Would he come in? He was ushered into an old-fashioned parlor, where a sweet-faced old lady with a lace cap on her head greeted him:

"I'm so sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr.—er—"

"Krayne," he supplied.

"Mr. Krayne. But I was listening to Elmer Brightstone on the kitchen extension of the radio—we have an extension in every room, Mr. Krayne. He was giving his usual Wednesday afternoon bridge lesson. Mr. Krayne, do you play the Vanderbilt Club or the two-forcing system?"

"Why—I rarely play," he said.

"Then we shall teach you," she said brightly. "Yes, we have a room for you."

A head peered around the edge of the door. It was a lovely young head, crowned with curly golden hair. The mouth was red and there were dimples in the cheeks.

"Busy, Mother?"

"Yes—but come in, Molly. Molly, may I present Mr. Krayne, who is going to stop with us—we hope for a long time."

The girl entered the room. Her dress reached fashionably just below her knees. Her lips, one instantly knew, wore kiss-proof rouge.

"Well, I should say we do," she said cordially. "Do you tango, Mr. Krayne? What say we try out a few steps now?"

She slipped a record deftly on the phonograph, and then turned, her arms invitingly open. But no personable young man stepped into them. Leighton Krayne was running out of the house, toward his rented car.

**H**E LOST his way several times on the way to Bridgetown, but he managed to catch the midnight train for New York. And the next night he entered the Trouville Club. The master of ceremonies came hurriedly in response to Krayne's signal.

"The girl that was Miss Paris? Oh, the Cartwright girl. No, she quit us last night. Fired? No, indeed. Seems she got herself some dough. Anyway, out she stepped. Her address? Why, sure, for you, Mr. Krayne, of course."

Krayne had arrived for the first show, and he reached the Amsterdam Avenue address shortly after eleven-thirty. There, above a letter-box, was a card bearing the name of Hazel Cartwright. Krayne pressed a button and heard a click. He opened the door and climbed three flights of stairs. A door was slightly ajar and from behind it came a voice:

"Who is it and what do you want?"

"I'm Leighton Krayne, Miss Cartwright," he said. "And—and—I don't exactly know what I want—unless it's you."

"Eh?" The sweet voice was startled. He saw her eyes in the narrow opening of the door, and felt himself being studied. Then the door opened. There, as lovely in a simple frock as she had ever seemed in her night-club costume, stood the girl he loved.

"Well, aren't you coming in?" she asked.

"I—I—what's that cooking?" he asked.

"Fried ham—and fried potatoes," she replied. "I've been too busy getting

ready to leave to eat any dinner. Why?"

"I—I don't know," he said. He entered the shabby little apartment. In a corner stood an open trunk.

"You were packing?" he asked.

"Uh-huh," she said. "That's one of the reasons I let you in. I thought I ought to see, once before I left Broadway, what a night-club John looks like at close range."

"You're leaving Broadway?"

"You bet I am," she cried. "But how did you know where I live?"

"I went to the Trouville—to see you," he said simply. "They told me you had left—that you'd come into money—"

"To see me? What for?" she asked.

"Because I've wanted to—to know you," he said.

"Yes? Well, you've met me, then, Mr. Krayne. Shall we say good-by?"

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Going? I'm going back to the farm I came from. I've been working two years, saving every cent I could, sending it back home so that Ma could pay off the mortgage. And my Aunt Ida died two months ago, and I got five thousand she left me day before yesterday—I'm going back to the farm, Mr. Krayne. I'm going to raise turnips and cabbages and chickens, and maybe I'll manage to write the children's stories I've been trying to write for years. And if I never sell any of them, I'll have my farm and can live—what do you think of the idea? Sound awful to you?"

"I think we'll love it," he said. "Oh, not all the time. We'll have to go abroad occasionally, and when I have a horse entered in some big race, we'll have to watch him run. But most of the time—yes, I'll like it."

"You'll like it?" she gasped.

"Uh-huh," he nodded. "And maybe I can paint the illustrations for your stories, and if no publisher has sense enough to bring them out, why—we'll just buy a publishing firm and issue them ourselves."

**W**HAT on earth are you talking about?" she cried.

"Us," he replied. "I've been looking for you—for ever so long. And—"

"I think you must be mad," she said. But her eyes were twinkling.

"It's wonderful—being mad," he said. "Shall I tell you when I began to feel that way?"

"I hope it was that night, about six months ago, when you first came into the Trouville," she said.

"Did you notice me?" he gasped.

"May—may I sit down? I have so much to tell you."

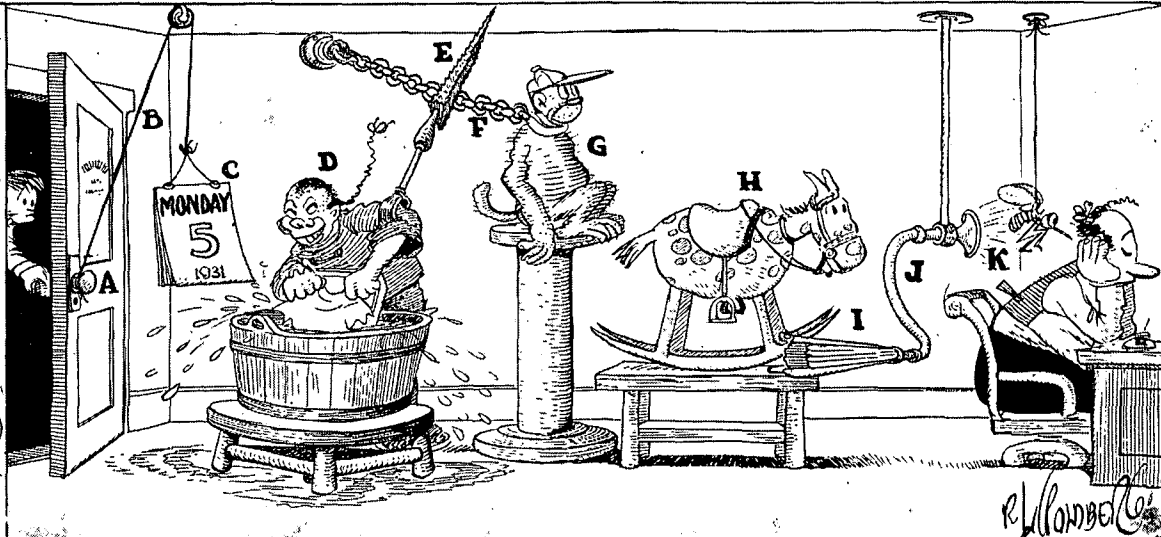
"I'd adore listening," she said.

"But don't let those potatoes burn," he warned her.

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

By RUBE GOLDBERG

**P**ROFESSOR BUTTS IS HIT ON THE HEAD BY A METEOR AND WHEN THE AUTHORITIES GO THROUGH HIS POCKETS TO IDENTIFY HIM ALL THEY FIND IS A DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW TO KEEP AWAKE DURING BUSINESS HOURS. AS OFFICE BOY OPENS DOOR(A) IT CAUSES CORD(B) TO SLACKEN AND LOWER CALENDAR(C) MARKED MONDAY. CHINESE LAUNDRYMAN(D), SEEING CALENDAR, IMMEDIATELY KNOWS IT'S WASH DAY AND STARTS WASHING SHIRTS. MOTION OF CHINAMAN'S ARM CAUSES FILE(E) TO RUB AGAINST CHAIN(F) CUTTING IT IN HALF AND RELEASING TRAINED MONKEY(G). MONKEY REMEMBERING HIS EARLY DAYS AS A CIRCUS JOCKEY JUMPS ON HOBBY HORSE(H) AND STARTS ROCKING, CAUSING BELLOWS(I) TO PUMP AIR THROUGH TUBE(J). AIR BLOWS CAPTIVE MOSQUITO(K) AGAINST YOUR NECK WHICH BITES YOU BACK TO WAKEFULNESS. IF THE CHINAMAN ASKS FOR PAY FOR DOING THE LAUNDRY, GIVE HIM A CHECK ON YOUR WIFE'S BANK.



# The Care and Feeding of Adults

By  
Logan Clendening, M.D.

Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

*Grandstand quarterbacks and sea-lawyers have a new addition to their ranks. He is the dining-room doctor. It seems that nowadays everybody who can read is his own physician; which is all right with the professional medicine men—it makes more work for them. Doctor Clendening expects to be arrested for some of the things he says herein about the fads and fancies and superstitions which are as rife among his colleagues as among us ordinary fellows. Well, if he is we'll go to jail with him*



**A**DULTS, according to them, are able to think for themselves. It is in this respect, so they patiently explain to me, that they differ from children. They learn all about their bodies by reading a book on The Normal Diet and a book on Your Nerves and a book on Blood Pressure and a book on Intestinal Sewerage and pamphlets from their life insurance companies, and they are all ready to arrange their future so that the wheels will grind with the least possibility of friction.

And that is one of the reasons they are more trouble to keep healthy than children.

It is not without

chagrin, indeed, that the members of my profession learn how easy it is for mere laymen to learn all about the nature and treatment of various diseases. We remember the time we spent in medical college. A year dissecting, just to become acquainted with the way the human body is formed. Long hours at the microscope looking at sections of healthy, then of diseased, organs. Interminable periods of observation on experiments in the physiological laboratory, learning about blood pressure and nerves and muscles, and gaseous exchanges. Then examining patients and listening to heart murmurs and weighing children and delivering mothers in tenements and observing the effects of medicines and calculating diets and timidly assisting at surgical operations.

It all seems such a waste of time when you meet one of these lay hygienists who has read Clendening's book, The Human Body, and knows all about the subject.

I recently crossed the continent on the same train with a fellow scientist

who got up pamphlets for some life insurance company. His preparation for this was an apprenticeship in the advertising business. When he found out I was a doctor his joy appeared to be unbounded and he gave me the benefit of his views.

All one blazing afternoon, going across the Arizona desert, he told me about Bright's disease. He said that when he discovered he was going to have to do a piece on it, he took a lot of books home and read up on it. It took him four or five days to get it. But he got it all right. His views were clear and final on the subject.

## Advice for Physicians

The trouble with me is I'm terribly puzzled and mixed up about Bright's disease. What seemed to disappoint my colleague was that I had no convictions about it. In that airy intellectual region where he dwelt no such thing as a doubt was ever allowed to penetrate.

When he got to the subject of pernicious anemia, I remembered the remark of a professor of medicine in one of our great universities. He has been studying pernicious anemia for ten years and has made valuable contributions to our knowledge. He told me that every once in a while he thought he knew something about the blood and then a case would come along which showed him he didn't know anything. I wished he could meet this fellow who "did the pamphlets" and get straightened out.

The habit of being a physician after forty is likely to get a person into practical difficulties, also, as the following instance will show:

A vigorous, successful executive, who read all the medical books he could lay his hands on, once said to me: "Bad health is a reflection on a man's intelligence." I know why he said it. He controlled his organization with an iron hand. Any disarrangement of that organization he considered a blunder on

If you want to realize how very delicate adults really are, watch a crowd around a soda fountain

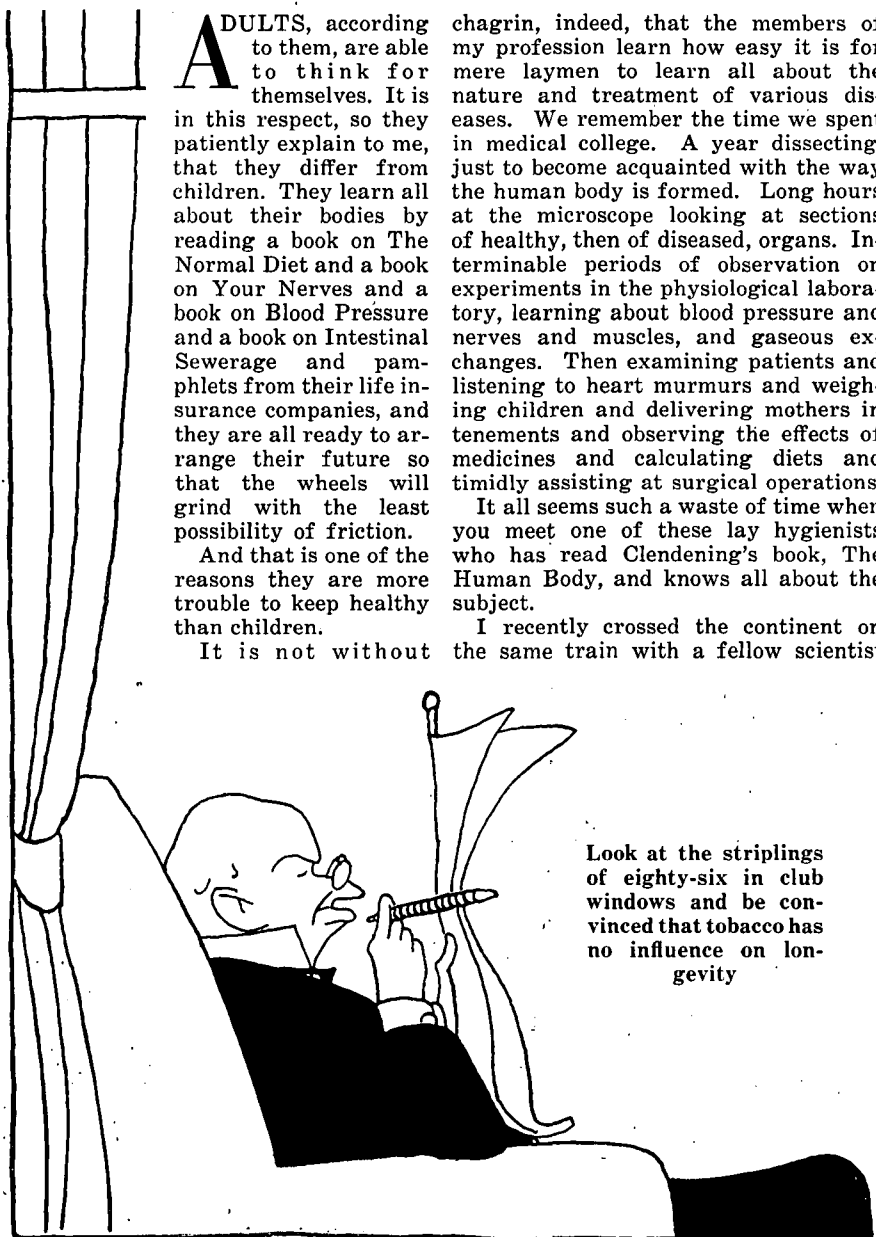
the part of some head of a department. His body was the same way. He had been repeatedly told it was a good machine. If he got sick it was because he had neglected a rule, or failed to carry out the routine of the "laws of hygiene." If he got sick it was a reflection on his intelligence.

No sillier statement ever emanated from a smart man's mouth. And my friend expounded that foolish heresy as grimly and completely as could be possible. He always rode horseback every morning before breakfast and walked to and from his office. Every day his quota of exercise. When he reached fifty-nine he was as splendid an example of manhood as you could wish to find. Why not? He exercised every day—rain or shine. He always got to bed by eleven. His smoking, drinking and eating were moderate to a degree.

But one day he felt a little achy, as if he had caught cold. Nonsense! This would never do. A slip-up in the chest department. He would walk it off. He did. He walked and walked! When he came home he had a chill. Two days later he died of lobar pneumonia. How many exercise worshippers kill themselves by "walking off a cold" every year is unknown, but it must be no small number.

The points I am trying to make here are several. One concerns the idea, carefully fostered in the past few decades, that there is a certain single way to live in order to be healthy. There is a certain definite dietary that must be followed. There is a certain fixed stint of exercise to be gone through. There are certain kinds of clothes that are healthful, others that are unhealthful. And if a person can find out by the

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Look at the striplings of eighty-six in club windows and be convinced that tobacco has no influence on longevity