



As Mr. Gedge caught sight of Slattery a look of intense pleasure came into his face

The Story Thus Far:

SENATOR OPAL, of the U. S. A. (ensconced in a London hotel with his daughter, Jane), gets a haircut in his suite. What the barber does to his head is criminal. The senator, a fire-eater, says so.

Shortly thereafter Jane meets the "barber"—none other than "Packy" Franklyn, young, rich, American, who has merely been playing one of his usual pranks. Miss Opal is secretly engaged to one Blair Eggleston, an impecunious writer. Hoping to win the good will of the old manhandler, Mr. Eggleston (whom the senator has never met) goes to work for him—as his valet. . . . Packy is, likewise, engaged to the haughty Lady Beatrice Bracken.

Let us now journey to fair France—to the Château Blissac, near the little town of St. Rocque, occupied by the Gedges: J. Wellington (poor) and Mrs. J. Wellington (rich), of Glendale, California. Observe Mr. Gedge; short, fat and miserable. His wife is planning to make him ambassador to France. He does not desire the job. . . . Guests are expected: the Vicomte de Blissac (known to Packy, his pal, as "Veek," and France's premier drunkard), and the Opals. Burglars are not expected. But "Oily" Carlisle and "Soup" Slattery are plotting to cop Mrs. Gedge's jewels.

Senator Opal, it would appear, is in trouble. He has written a complaint to his bootlegger and, due to a most unfortunate error, Mrs. Gedge has received it. And she is blackmailing the "dry" senator—for the ambassadorship!

"If," Jane asks, "I can get that letter, can I marry any man I pick?" The senator agrees. Cognizant of the situation, Packy, renting a yacht, sails to St. Rocque. There he encounters the Vicomte de Blissac, who has already begun to celebrate St. Rocque's annual carnival. Packy agrees to meet Veek that night at the Hôtel des Étrangers.

Hot Water

By P. G. Wodehouse

IV

IT WAS at ten minutes to eight that night that Mr. Soup Slattery entered the cocktail bar of the Hôtel des Étrangers and, breathing heavily, placed his foot on the rail and ordered a dry Martini. He was panting like a stag pursued by hounds.

The Festival of the Saint had found in Mr. Slattery an unappreciative audience. He was not *en rapport* and would have preferred to ignore it. But when you are in St. Rocque on the fifteenth of July, the Festival of the Saint rather thrusts itself upon you.

It had begun under Mr. Slattery's window at 7 A. M., a fact which in itself would have been enough to create a prejudice, for, when not engaged in his profession, he was one of those health-loving sleepers who like to get their full eight hours. It had continued in the shape of a waiter in complete peasant costume, who sang some old Breton folk song in an undertone as he brought him his coffee. It had haunted him all day in the crowded, vocal streets. And now it had driven

him into what seemed the only sane spot in town, the cocktail bar of the Hôtel des Étrangers.

Soup Slattery shared Packy Franklyn's austere distaste for fancy dress. Men who donned it he considered sissies and, as for the other sex, he held that Lovely Woman forfeited all claim to reverent devotion when she put on baggy check trousers and went about blowing a squeaker. And when positive dowagers, who should have been setting an example, suddenly assaulted perfect strangers with those long, curly things which shoot out like serpents when you puff into them, he felt that the limit had been overstepped.

IT WAS a distressing occurrence of this nature which had finally sent him hurrying for sanctuary. His thoughts, like drifting thistledown, had been floating about the Château Blissac and the jewelry in its interior, when the beastly thing caught him squarely on the tip of the nose, utterly disorganizing his whole nervous system.

And it was with a strong sense of being unfairly persecuted by Fate that he now perceived that even in the quiet, almost ecclesiastical atmosphere of the Hôtel des Étrangers' cocktail bar he was not safe. Leaning against the counter not three feet away from him was a young man in apparel so curious and exotic that it smote Mr. Slattery like a blow.

The Vicomte de Blissac's *costumier's* conception of a lizard had been planned on broad and impressionistic lines. The finished product suggested more some sort of parrot. The vicomte, as he leaned on the counter exchanging civilities with the man behind it, was covered from head to foot in bright green scales and his shapely nose was concealed beneath a long crimson beak. And Mr. Slattery, having shied like a horse and blinked violently, became conscious of an overwhelming urge to get to the bottom of this sad affair. It made him ill to contemplate the vicomte, but, mingled with the nausea, there was this feeling of intense curiosity. He felt he would not be able to sleep that night if he did not ascertain what on earth the other supposed he was representing.

Finishing his Martini, accordingly, he sidled along the bar and tapped him on the arm.

"Hey!" he said.

The vicomte turned. And it was evi-

Will YOU be the Judge of this Tooth Paste?

YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT



**Cleaner, whiter teeth...sweeter
breath...at a \$3 saving**

Teeth so clean they gleam and flash . . . So white they charm others . . . A mouth that feels fresh and wholesome . . . A breath that is sweet and agreeable.

Is it any wonder that critical men and women by millions have discarded old favorites costing 50¢ or more for the modern Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢?

Results, not the price, were the deciding factor. The swift improvement in the appearance of the teeth, the general well-being of the mouth, proved to them that this dentifrice was in every way worthy of the good Listerine name. That at the same time it saved \$3.00 a year was welcome but incidental news.

Try a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste yourself. Compare it with any paste at any price for its quality. Compare it with any for its results. You alone be the judge.

Note how it protects and beautifies your teeth over the years. How thoroughly it cleans.

How it removes discoloration and brings out the natural luster. How it refreshes your mouth. Hardens gums to resist infection and

sweetens the breath.

How can we offer such a dentifrice at such a price, you may ask? The answer is not new. It is the Ford idea applied to tooth paste. As buyers of material in vast quantities we buy at a lower price. Modern methods of production effect another economy. Shrewd methods of distribution are responsible for still another. All these economies are represented in the price of 25¢. The saving we have made, we pass on to you.

We do not ask you to take our word about Listerine Tooth Paste. Get a tube at your drug-gist's today. Give it a fair trial. We rest our case on the product itself and what it will do. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Some of the things you can buy with the \$3 it saves

7 lbs. steak, 8 lbs. bacon	30 cans tomato juice
10 lbs. ham, 8 lbs. lamb chops	12-36 cans peas, spinach, corn, peaches, pears, or mixed fruits
2 chickens, a large roast	30 cans spaghetti, 20 cans cocoa
12 Jelly Rolls, coffee rings, cheese cakes or angel cakes	10 jars marmalade
6 pts. olive oil, 20 quarts milk	20 packages pancake flour, several pounds of candy

And there are just as many ways of spending your \$3 for clothes, or personal articles, or articles for the house, or articles for the car, or toys and clothes for your children, or sporting goods and amusements.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste
recommend
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE. 25¢

dent from his demeanor that he was in a friendly mood.

"Allo-allo!" he replied genially. "Have a drink, my old dear sir. Something for the gentleman, Gustave."

Mr. Slattery was a little mollified by this cordiality. Looking a shade less grim, he ordered another dry Martini.

"Say, what are you made up for?" he asked.

"I'm a blizzard."

"Oh?" said Mr. Slattery, still unenlightened. "Well, pleased to meet you."

He produced a card. The vicomte eyed it owlishly, tucked it under a convenient scale, and after some complicated groping brought out his own cardcase.

"Have one of mine."

"Thanks."

"Have two."

"Sure."

"Take the whole lot," said the vicomte, overflowing with generosity. There was nothing small about the De Blissacs.

Mr. Slattery regarded the collection with a wooden stare. He seemed to be wondering how many of these he had to collect before becoming entitled to a cut-glass tobacco jar. Then he started. The name had impressed itself upon him.

"Say! Are you Veecount D. Blissac?"

HIS companion considered this question with the gravity it deserved. It was not one to be answered offhand. He studied the nearest of the cards, then the one next to that.

"Yes," he said, convinced.

"From that Chatty-o place up the hill?"

"Completely."

All Mr. Slattery's moroseness had left him. If there was one person he had been wanting to meet, it was somebody with an inside knowledge of the Château Blissac, somebody who would give him the lowdown on its personnel. More than anything else, he desired to know how well off in dogs the place was. On one occasion in his career his most careful plans had been wrecked by a wholly unforeseen Pekingesé.

He pressed genially upon the vicomte, therefore, going so far as to place a friendly arm about his shoulders. And it was thus that Packy, coming in on the stroke of the hour, discovered them.

By this time, Mr. Slattery's whole outlook on the Festival of the Saint had undergone a radical change. A very different man from the frowning recluse who had fled to the cocktail bar to seek refuge from it, he was now undisguisedly pro-festival. And it was with something of a shock, democratic mixer with his fellow men though he was, that Packy learned that this exceedingly tough-looking citizen was to be his companion at dinner and that after dinner all three of them were to go on and dance in the Public Amusement Gardens. For an instant a vision of Beatrice rose before him, and he could not see any soft light of approval in her eyes.

Then there came to him the restorative reflection that Beatrice was a long way away. It cheered him immensely. There are few things which so spruce up a fiancé on these

occasions as the realization that a good, broad strip of water separates the loved one and himself. Shaking hands with Mr. Slattery, he prepared to be, if not the life and soul of the party—for the vicomte was obviously going to be that—at any rate a willing celebrant.

AND he was giving uniform satisfaction in this respect when their little gathering of three kindred souls suddenly turned into a gathering of four. Bustling through the doorway there came a small, stout man in what appeared to be an Oriental costume of some kind. He paused for a moment on the threshold, as if savoring the delights within, then circled towards the bar like a homing pigeon.

And as he caught sight of Mr. Slattery a look of intense pleasure came into his face and he broke into a sort of primitive step-dance.

"Ee-yah!" he cried. "Ee-yah! Ee-yah!"

In the days which had passed since his wife's departure for England, J. Wellington Gedge had not faltered in his resolve to take advantage of her absence and attend the Festival of the Saint. His only regret, as he entered the cocktail bar, had been that he had no companion to share these golden moments.

And at this particular golden moment whom should he espy but his dear old friend, Mr. Slattery, the nicest stick-up man he had ever met. The encounter seemed to him to place the seal of success on the night's proceedings.

"Ee-yah! Ee-yah! Ee-yah!" he whooped, jumping rapidly up and down.

Nor was there any lack of answering cordiality in Mr. Slattery's manner. He had had three dry Martinis, an orange blossom, and something which the man behind the bar called a Gustave Special, and he was feeling like the little brother of all mankind.

"Well, I'm darned!"

"Ee-yah!" said Mr. Gedge.

"Lafayette, we are here!" said Mr. Slattery.

He turned to the others, to make this added attraction known to them. "Meet my friend, Mr. Gedge."

The vicomte uttered a cry that sounded like the howl of a pleased hyena.

"Not Mr. Skeleton Gedge?"

"Yessir."

"Well, well, well!" said the vicomte.

He smote Mr. Gedge lustily on the back, then tapped his own chest with an

identifying finger. "Me—the Vicomte de Blissac!"

"You don't say!"

"Completely!"

"Well, well, well!"

Nothing could have exceeded Mr. Gedge's astonishment and enthusiasm at this unexpected meeting with his young guest. Well-well-welling once more, he grasped the vicomte's hand, shook it, clung to it, released it, grasped it again. You could see that this was a big moment in his life.

The vicomte indicated Packy:

"My friend, Mr. Franklyn."

"Well, well, well! What," inquired Mr. Gedge lyrically, "is the matter with Franklyn? He's all right."

"Who's all right?" asked Mr. Slattery.

"Franklyn," said Mr. Gedge.

"Yay, Franklyn!" said Mr. Slattery.

"Yay, Franklyn!" said Mr. Gedge.

HE RELEASED the vicomte's hand once more and gripped Packy's. He gripped it warmly, but not so warmly as Packy gripped his. To Packy, it was as if a miracle had been performed while he waited. All day he had been goading his brain to discover some method by which he could enter the Château Blissac, and lo! here was the lessee of the place in person. So to ingratiate himself that the other would shower invitations upon him would surely be a simple task. By way of starting the treatment, he massaged Mr. Gedge's shoulder and told him he looked fine.

"You like the costume?"

"It's great."

"My own."

"No!"

"Yessir. Thought it all out myself."

"Genius!" said Packy.

Mr. Gedge, having possessed himself of a small table, was beating rhythmically on the bar with it.

"We're going to have a drink to celebrate this," he said authoritatively. "Yessir, that's what we're certainly going to do. Tonight, boys, I intend to step high, wide and plentiful."

"Try a Gustave Special," was Mr. Slattery's advice. "Swell for the tonsils."

"Perfectly," agreed the vicomte.

"They are good, those Gustave Specials."

"They are?"

"They certainly are."

Mr. Gedge was convinced.

"Three cheers," he cried buoyantly, "for the Gustave Specials!"

The vicomte went further.

"Four cheers for the Gustave Specials!"

And Mr. Slattery further still:

"Five cheers for the Gustave Specials!"

"Six!" vociferated Mr. Gedge, topping the bidding. "All together now, boys. Six cheers for the Gustave Specials!"

It became increasingly evident to Packy that this was going to be one of those evenings.

FAIRY lanterns, assisted by a rudimentary moon, lit up the Public Amusement Gardens of St. Rocque, of which one may safely say that their best friend would not have known them now. Normally, they are quiet and decorous, these Public Amusement Gardens, even to the point of dullness. Tonight, all was changed. Tables and waiters and bottles had broken out on every side like a rash. A silver band—and for sheer licentiousness you can't beat a silver band—was playing on the little platform in the center, and round this platform, in many cases far too closely linked, pirouetted the merrymaking citizenry of St. Rocque. The Festival of the Saint was in full swing.

So, also, were Mr. Soup Slattery and the Vicomte de Blissac. The former, in intimate communion with a chance-met lady friend, was tearing off a few of those fancy steps which had made his name a byword at bootleggers' social evenings in Cicero. The latter, who preferred to be untrammelled by a partner, was performing some intricate gyrations by himself in the very middle of the fairway, a source of no small inconvenience to one and all.

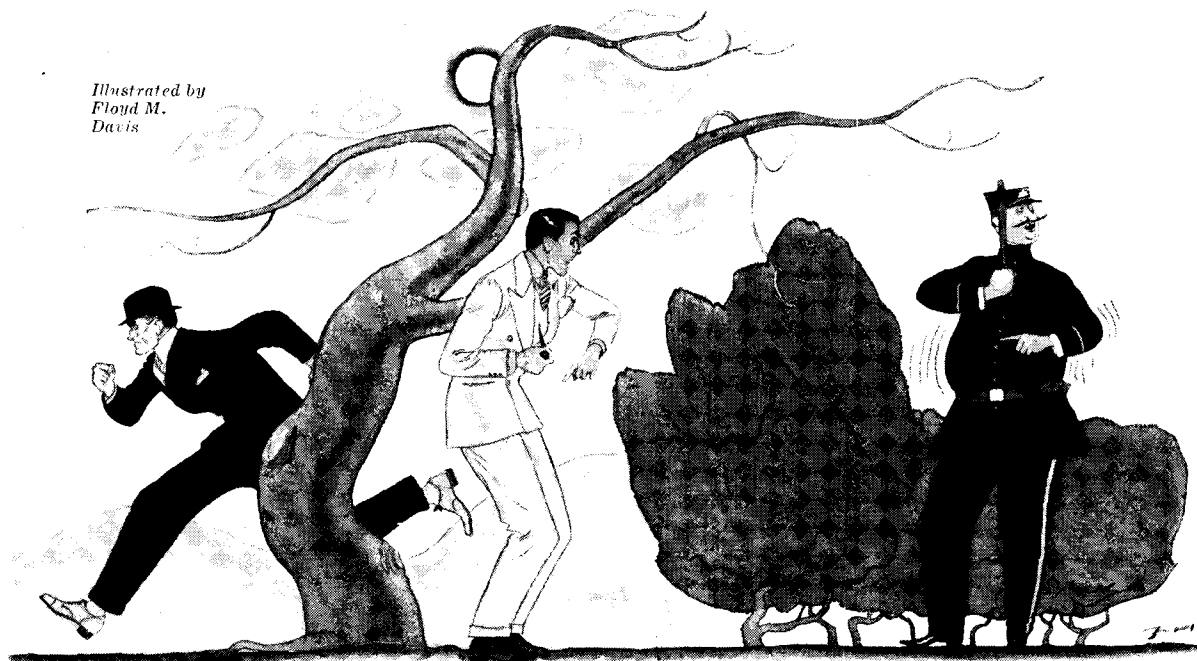
Packy was not dancing. Nor was Mr. Gedge. Mr. Gedge had taken a turn or two earlier in the evening, but, chancing to trip over his feet and fall a little heavily against the bandstand, he had retired to a table on the edge of the arena and was now sitting there with a dark scowl on his face, regarding the revelers with every evidence of disapproval and dislike. He had, indeed, conceived a very deep-rooted loathing for his fellow human beings. Spiritually, he was in the depths.

Much has been written against the practice of overindulging in alcoholic stimulants; but to the thinking man the real objection to such overindulgence must always be the fact that, beyond a certain point, the wine-cup ceases to stimulate and, instead, depresses. The result, as Packy was shortly to discover, is that with a

companion well under the influence, you never know where you are. You start the evening gayly with a sunny-minded Jekyll, and suddenly and without any warning he turns on your hands into a brooding Hyde.

During dinner and for an hour or two after it, J. Wellington Gedge had had all the earmarks of one who on honeydew has fed and drunk the milk of Paradise. He had overflowed with amiability and good will. A child could have played with him and, what is more, he would probably have given it a franc to buy candy with. And Packy, having no reason to suppose that he was not still in this Cheery-like frame of mind, felt encouraged.

(Cont'd on page 34)

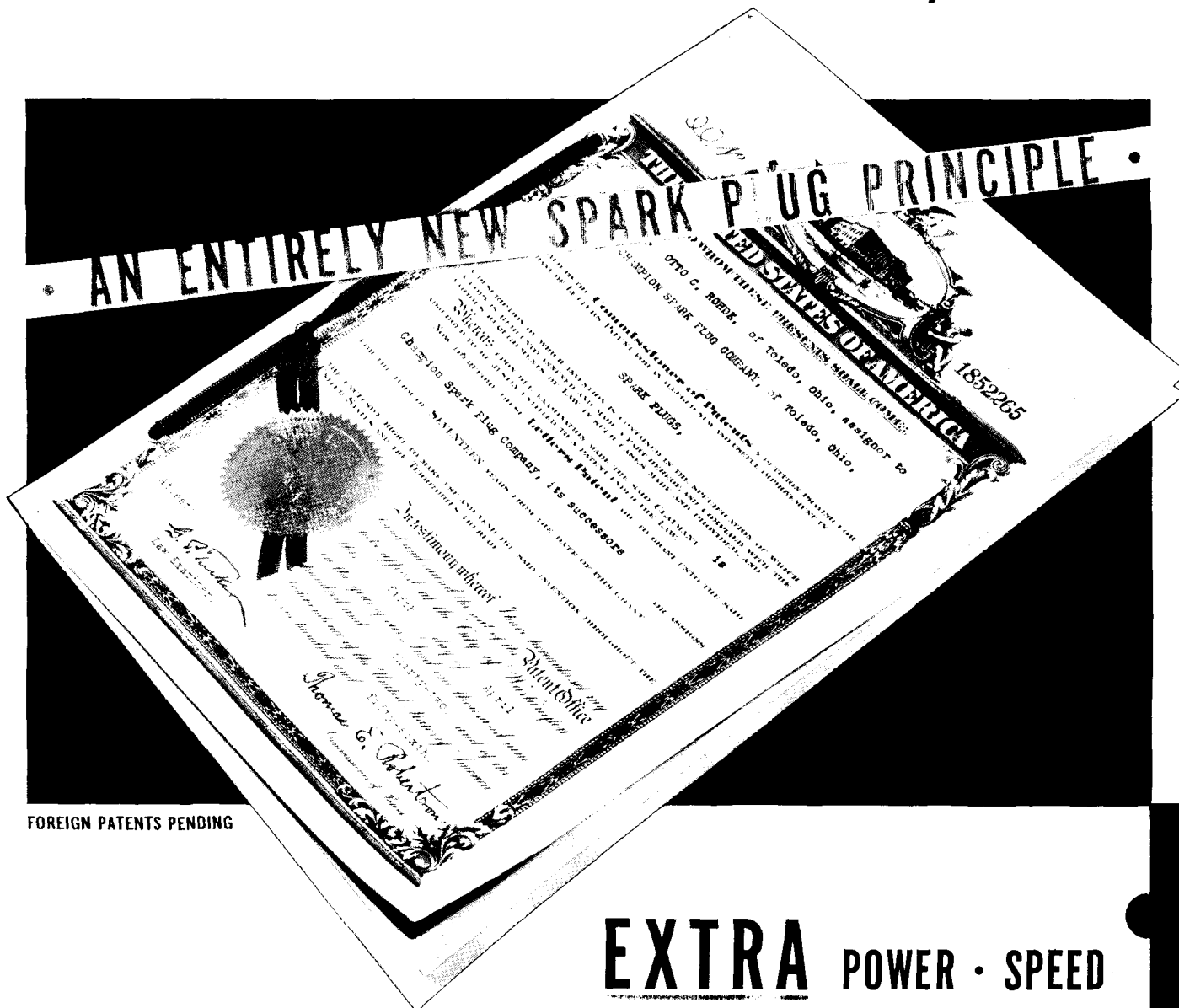


He pointed along the path beyond him. The pursuit rolled off in that direction

U.S. PATENT

1852265

ISSUED APRIL 5, 1932



FOREIGN PATENTS PENDING

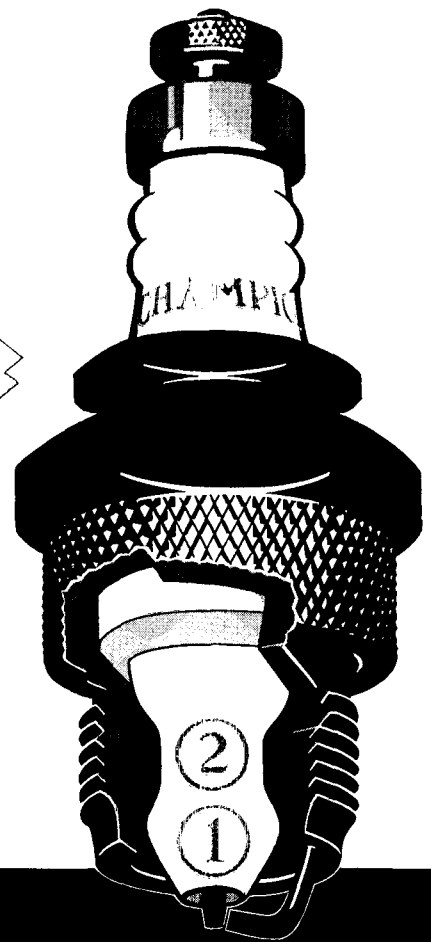
EXTRA POWER • SPEED

ACCELERATION • ECONOMY • DEPENDABILITY • FOR ALL ENGINES

Perfect ignition far beyond the point where failure occurs with ordinary spark plugs. Entirely new capacities and efficiencies. All the established good qualities so long exclusive to Champion emphasized and extended at no increase in price. The result of continuous and intensive research by Champion engineers.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

MADE IN U.S.A. • LONDON • PARIS



Excerpt from final claim number eight of U. S. Patent 1852265

"... the core flaring outward from its tip to carry off the heat from the tip and minimize pre-ignition, having a restricted portion of substantial length above said flaring portion to retain sufficient heat to eliminate deposited carbon, flaring from the upper end of said restricted portion to said seating surface, presenting an insulating surface from seat to tip to avoid disturbance of heat distribution, and changing in contour gradually to avoid excessive heat gradients."



Millions of years ago Nature buried in Oklahoma certain priceless complex chemical compounds. Ages went by—long ages which saw the rise and fall of life in strange forms. And little by little, heat and pressure began to have its effect. Cambro-Ordovician crude oil was in the making!

Today the drills of Sinclair oil men have bitten deep into the soil of Oklahoma and tapped this treasure trove. Piped to the great Sinclair refineries and carefully refined and blended, Cambro-Ordovician crude oil becomes Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil, a product resulting from man's exhaustive

care and Nature's 80 million years of priceless treatment.

Man's part in producing Opaline is all-important. In order that you shall have full value for your money, Sinclair not only de-waxes Opaline—it goes one step further and removes the non-lubricating petroleum jelly by chilling the oil down to as low as 60° F. below zero. An extra step taken by few refiners besides Sinclair!

Have the nearest Sinclair dealer change your oil to Sinclair Opaline according to the Sinclair Law of Lubrication Index. Drive as fast as you like. Notice how quietly your

engine runs. Then, at the next draining period examine the used Opaline. Observe how it still holds its rich lubricating body. Observe, especially, how little oil your engine has used up. These are proofs of lubricating quality you can actually see and feel!

NOTE: For those who prefer a Pennsylvania grade motor oil, Sinclair dealers also sell Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil made 100% from the costliest Pennsylvania grade crude (mellowed a hundred million years) and de-waxed and freed from petroleum jelly at as low as 60° F. below zero. Sinclair Refining Company (Inc.), New York, N. Y.

Copyrighted 1932
by Sinclair Refining Company (Inc.)

SINCLAIR MINSTRELS on 35 NBC Stations
every Monday evening

SINCLAIR OPALINE

MOTOR OIL

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

From the oldest Mid-continent crudes

The Girl to Marry

Of a man who learned the meaning of duty—but almost forgot about love

By Zona Gale

ALL through his aunt's funeral services Larch Barden went on thinking:
"Now I can be married. Now I can be married."

He had taken care of his lame aunt for sixteen years, and he had never been able to make enough to keep both her and a wife. He had cared for her well enough too, and pleasantly, so that, unless she guessed, she could not have known what she cost Larch. And she did not guess, because she thought only of herself and her lame leg, which she called her limb.

When she died, Larch was thirty-six, and though he could not help thinking of his freedom, yet her death wrenched him too—for she was so old and tired, and he was accustomed to her. And then she remembered his father as a little boy, and no one else whom he knew could so remember his father. He, Larch, was the only being whom she "had," and she looked at him wistfully and terribly from her pillows. Yet right after she died, and all through her funeral, Larch kept thinking:

"Now I, too, can marry."

But whom? Letta and Marah he had been drawn to, in succession, years before, but now they were married and were mothers of children, some gay, some sullen and sickly. Of late he had not tried to meet women, because he had to explain about his aunt, and then a girl would lose interest. Minna Bert had seemed to like him two years ago, and they had gone to a picture show together, but then when he had been obliged to hurry home to give his aunt her warm milk and get her ready for the night, Minna had said, "I'd hate nursing, let me tell you," and whenever after that he telephoned, she had said that she was busy. With Bertha, the blonde, he had "gone" for some weeks without mentioning his aunt, but as soon as he had kissed Bertha, he had felt bound to tell her—and she had answered only:

"Well, say!"

When he had called her up next time, she only laughed and said:

"You're practically engaged, I'd say."

So gradually he had come to spend every evening with his aunt. But now that she was dead, he was in haste to be married at once.

He went to a dance hall and stood at the edge of the floor, deliberately seeking. Not that one, and not that one—and no, not that other. He danced with a girl in red and black and with an-



"I'd like to marry," said Larch miserably. "I need you"

Illustrated by R. F. James

other who called him "old baby." No, not these, certainly. He stared about and thought that girls had changed. They hadn't looked like this once. How had they looked? He tried to call back the picture which he had always had in his mind. The girl whom he had thought that he would marry—she should be so and so—well, shy and wistful and with fluffy hair and a way of looking down. These girls were neither shy nor wistful, not one of them. Virtually never did they look down. And their hair was plastered flat to their heads. He went on looking about the floor for the girl whom he had pictured, and she was not there.

Well, but wouldn't one of these girls do as well? . . .

At that Larch Barden stopped thinking and knew. No, no one else would do. She must be that one. And he perceived that he had meant all along not merely to marry, but to love some special one and to marry her. And now whom was he to love? This was going to be a far more difficult matter than he had supposed.

BUT in the subway he overheard two women talking. One said:

"I never could get my husband to adopt a baby until last week. Then at last he agreed, and we went to look for one. Would you believe it? We looked for two days and couldn't find one we'd have."

The other woman said:

"Any baby is a nice baby if it has good care."

This was an idea for Larch. Maybe it was true of girls. Maybe these girls were so because no one had really cared for them, been good to them, looked up

to them. Maybe his girl was there all the time; maybe she was one of these strange, new girls, only he couldn't recognize her.

By this time his aunt had been dead for several months; his house grew more and more lonely and silent. He would picture to himself how it might be. Though his life might have seemed uneventful to others, to him it was crowded with all that he thought and felt, and he wanted to share these with someone. He imagined himself sitting before the fireplace and pouring out his secret thoughts, and having someone there to listen, to be interested, to care. Suppose she were not just that fluffy-haired one. At least she would be "company." Well, Larch cried out to himself, anything, anything but those blank home-comings.

He went again to the dance hall. He selected a girl in blue with flat light hair and a red mouth and red finger nails. Milly.

"That red will all come off," he thought, "and her hair would fluff up. And she's so young she ought to want somebody to take care of her."

They danced, and she said nothing.

Larch liked that—the others kept you hopping to answer them, or else you never could get in a word, anyway, and he relished neither treatment. But when, in the intermission, he talked with Milly, telling what he liked or didn't like, she seemed a little sleepy—or was she bored? While he talked she smiled and let her eyes run over the hall. Then she danced with a young shop salesman, and Larch watched and saw that with this man she talked and laughed, as did the other girls. This piqued him. He sought her out again and said angrily:

"Look here, you talk with those other chaps. Why can't you talk to me?"

"I can," she answered in surprise.

"Well, then," he said with determination, "let's sit down and talk."

THEY found a table, and now he plied her with questions about herself. She answered readily enough. But then he began to talk again about himself, and she fell silent and seemed not to care.

"So that's it," he thought finally. "When I used to talk about myself they ate it up. Now they don't care. That's another way they're different. They want the talk to be about them."

Against all this he measured up his old ideal—that girl whom he had thought should sit looking up at him while he told of his start in life, and of all that he had found out about people and things—one who should do her part principally by questions.

No, Milly was not like that certainly, but she was a nice little thing, even if she wasn't interested in him. And any girl wanted to please a man. Perhaps she didn't know how. He'd let her know at once how he felt about her finger nails.

"What do you girls paint up your hands like that for?" he asked masterfully.

She stared. "Because we like it," she said.

"Well, I don't."

"Some don't," she returned indifferently. "But they get used to it."

"Lips, too," he went on. "It's too much."

Her short upper lip lifted infinitesimally.

"You don't have to come any nearer

(Continued on page 28)