



Illustrated by  
George Howe

The headlight had fulfilled its object—to blind the oncoming intruder

# The Man without Nerves

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

## The Story Thus Far:

SAM JESSON, respected resident of Sandywayes, a Sussex village, is found dead in his garage. A revolver by his side and a note to his wife, in which financial troubles are referred to, clearly indicate suicide.

That afternoon James Huitt, manager of the Aldwych branch of Barton's bank, receives a caller in his London office. The caller—a gangling, indifferently dressed young person—introduces himself as "Tyssen." He is, he says, a writer and newspaper reporter. Then: "Mr. Huitt, you live in Sandywayes. And you've been Mr. Jesson's banker for years. Was he, or was he not, in trouble?" The question angers Huitt. He refuses to answer it. Whereupon, having made it quite clear that he does not believe Sam Jesson killed himself, the young man departs.

Back in Sandywayes (he commutes to and from London daily with his old friends, Andrew Cresset, corset manufacturer; Timothy Sarson, wine merchant; and Roland Martin), Huitt walks to the exclusive Oasis Lawn Tennis Club, of which he is president—and receives a surprise. On a near-by tennis court, Sybil Cresset, Andrew Cresset's daughter; Pauline Sarson, daughter of Timothy Sarson, and Timothy's son, Anthony, are playing—with that obnoxious young Tyssen! A gossiping waitress, who brings the banker tea, informs him that the young stranger is lodging with Mrs. Foulds; that he is writing a novel and that he spends his nights "walking all over everywhere."

Seeing the banker, Tyssen strides over, is introduced. From that time on the reporter follows him, fires questions at him about Jesson's death. Huitt coolly insults him, refuses to commit himself. . . . At the

coroner's inquest, Huitt testifies. Jesson, he says, had drawn out almost all of his deposits, just before his death. "And when he sold his securities," the banker adds, "I was completely mystified. But I could do nothing. He was, I believe, a victim of blackmailers." . . . Following the autopsy, Huitt meets Lord Milhaven, whose country seat is near by, and accepts an invitation to dine with him. Then, going home, he dresses carefully—and slips a loaded revolver into his pocket.

That night—a brilliant, moonlit one—Pauline and Anthony Sarson, walking on the golf links, find a man—a truly great golfer—practicing strokes alone. Young Tyssen! "I don't want anyone to know I play the game," he exclaims. "Promise me you'll say nothing of this!" They promise. Then: "Come on—have a bite with us at home," says Pauline. And Tyssen, clearly very uneasy, accepts the invitation.

## III

THE Sarson establishment was kept up with far more dignity than any other in the Oasis. A butler carved at the sideboard and handled the wine, and a second man passed the dishes. Tyssen felt desperately uncomfortable and, notwithstanding the charm of his hostess, occasionally showed it. He had fetched a change

of clothes and enjoyed a wonderful bath, but unfortunately Anthony had appeared in full evening dress.

"Do forgive me, old fellow," he begged. "Nine nights out of ten I should have worn exactly the kit you are in but I am taking Sybil Cresset over to a dance at Godalming tonight and it didn't seem worth while changing twice."

Tyssen was a little relieved at the explanation.

"You'll have to excuse me," he said uneasily. "I don't live exactly the sort of life you people do down here, you see. I came here for one purpose and one purpose only, and I am afraid I never think of clothes."

"Don't be silly," Pauline begged him. "Flannels are all one requires down here—unless you are a gay young spark like Tony and have to go out to these dances!"

"Once in a blue moon," Anthony grumbled. "I didn't really want to go to this one, only Lady Amfraville caught Sybil and me together at the cricket match. She thought naturally enough that she was my sister and she insisted

upon it that we both come over to her dance tonight."

"You didn't happen to mention, I suppose," Pauline said, "that you had a sister at home?"

The young man laughed self-consciously.

"I'm afraid I didn't," he admitted. "You don't appreciate my dancing. Sybil loves it. Besides, Lady Amfraville would have had to have asked you both then and she probably would not want more than one girl. You can sit and talk golf for half an hour with Tyssen and when he's bored with it he can push off home."

"In that case," Tyssen found courage to say, "I shall be here when you come back."

"YOU don't know my sister," Anthony declared. "She has boundless enthusiasms but an inexhaustible capacity for sleep. She will probably take you out to see the stars and in half an hour's time she will begin to yawn, then you will light a final cigarette and disappear."

Pauline laughed softly. "Don't listen to him, Mr. Tyssen. When anyone begins to talk about games I am the most alert person in the world."

(Continued on page 24)



# Stroke your Broom

By Ruth Chandler Moore  
and Janet Lane

*You wouldn't play tennis in high-heeled slippers or exercise in a gym that was dusty and airless. You fuss about your stroke in golf and swimming. But how's your form in housework? That's as good a workout as any sport if you go about it right. Here's how*

**T**OO bad women don't go after their housework the way they do their sports," says Jac Auer, exercise expert, and by that he doesn't mean more housework but better form. "They take up sports, often as not, to improve their figures, and then they slump and go at their housework any old way. No wonder it pulls so many of them out of shape."

To Mr. Auer's gymnasium come society women, opera singers, athletes, business executives, a list that reads like the Social Register and Who's Who combined, to be put in condition or kept there. "But women could do a lot for themselves right at home," says this authority; "make conditioning exercises out of their housework, if they'd only learn how to do it right."

It's the way you work that matters. Running up and down stairs can melt your hips and your surplus poundage or it can make you old before your time, depending on the way you run; and you can turn a mattress so that it breaks your back and bulges your front, or you can turn it so that the motion constitutes a perfect hip-and-stomach reducing exercise. It makes no difference to your flesh and bones whether they get their work-out in a gymnasium or a kitchen, just so they get the right kind, and if you tackle housework with the same emphasis on form and stroke that you'd give your golf game it will do the same thing for your figure. More, probably, because housework goes on, rain

or shine, all four seasons of the year!

It's a matter of mechanics, really. We study the instructions that come with our labor-saving devices and run them with conscientious regard for their efficiency and their expensive insides, and it's high time we learned to do the same for the machine that inevitably shares the work of every one of them—the houseworker's own human body. For that machine is designed on engineering principles, too—so much so that the scientific course on the structure and efficient use of the body, recently given at Columbia University by Mabel Elsworth Todd of New York, was called Body Engineering, pointing out that if you let your machine drag and pull on the wrong set of gears, or strain against the wrong set of pulleys, or thump away on shaky, tottering supports, it will balk and halt and probably end by going out of commission altogether. But if you use it correctly, it will run, as the saying goes, like a bird—and with just as little slack muscle as a bird has, too!

## Don't Be a Derrick

And there's the catch. Even if you don't care how tired you get, or how your machine grinds and protests, you always care—as long as you're a true daughter of Eve—when it gets out of shape.

So, if housework is your main physical activity, make it a slenderizing instead of a thickening one by using



Make "Hips forward!" your stair-climbing motto and you'll find yourself getting rid of those bulges that spoil your silhouette



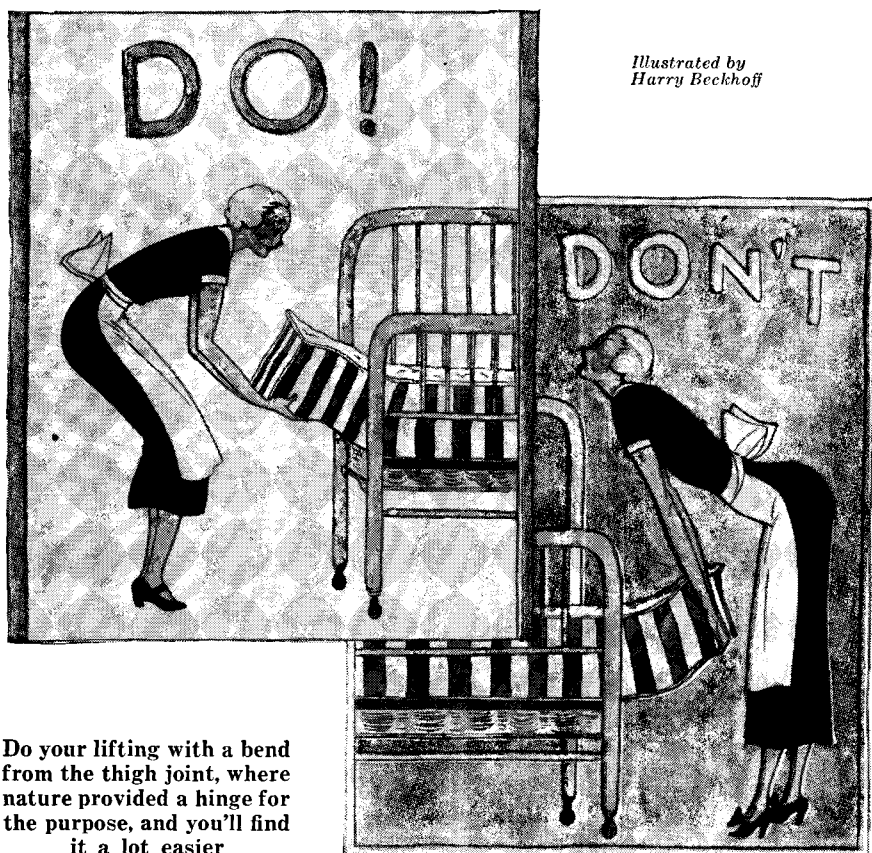
your bones and muscles the right way—the way that retains or regains the smooth flowing lines of youth.

Take lifting, for example. For generations that's done plenty of damage to the female form divine, and certainly nobody will ever recommend piano-moving as part of the housekeeper's daily dozen. But within reason, and properly performed, the mechanics of flopping mattresses, shifting furniture and lifting clothes baskets has all the elements of first-rate reducing exercises. The idea is to use your body as a lever, not as a derrick. That is, don't collapse your shoulders and tug with your arms from above—that simply bows you to the unmistakable drudgery curve. Instead, limber your knees and get down under the weight. Then contract the front muscles of your hips, thus automatically releasing your back muscles so that your hips drop down under you. Now push up, letting the strength come, not from your arms and back, but from the strong central region of your hips—and you not only hoist the weight with the least possible effort, but give a valuable strengthening exercise to that broad, middle band of muscles which, when properly taut, will keep you flatter than the best girdle that ever came out of a shop.

## A Dramatic Proof

As a matter of fact, the strength for any task calling for real physical effort should always be summoned from these strong inner muscles of the hip region. You know the old trick—usually performed as a psychic experiment—whereby four people lift a fifth person who is stretched stiff and prone upon the floor, merely by putting their fingertips under him and all breathing in unison? If it's done right it works easily enough, though there's nothing psychic about it. It's merely a particularly dramatic proof of the power in the hip region. The deep rhythmic breathing concentrates each lifter's attention on his strong pelvic muscles, for, although his breathing doesn't actually reach down

(Continued on page 45)



Do your lifting with a bend from the thigh joint, where nature provided a hinge for the purpose, and you'll find it a lot easier

You can make sweeping a good limberizing and slenderizing exercise if you do it correctly, and it's fine practice for your golf stroke