

Edward the Eighth

In the tumultuous days of last fall when the Crown of England hung in the scales against a woman's love and the subjects of King Edward whispered feverishly of a constitutional crisis, no one was more active than Winston Churchill. Here, in the form of a review of Hector Bolitho's "Edward VIII," he describes the monarch whose abdication amazed the world

By Winston Churchill

IT WAS a widespread but certainly a vain hope that the controversies about King Edward VIII would be ended for a while by his abdication. It would no doubt have been desirable that a period of silence should intervene between that poignant event and measured contemporary judgment. There was a very rough ebullition of disapproval when the Archbishop of Canterbury thought it necessary to read a lecture to the fallen sovereign and expatiate upon his failings and those of his associates. The pent-up feelings of the British people, whatever view had been held on one side or the other during the crisis, found relief in an almost universal expression of protest against what was considered an untimely and unnecessary utterance. The venerable Archbishop himself, after a few days' consideration, informed us of his conclusion that "silence is best"; to which the press rejoined: "It always was."

Mr. Hector Bolitho, however, has found it impossible to follow this wise advice and the book which he has lately published cannot be suffered to pass without some slight corrective comment. He is by birth a New Zealander; but we are told in the prospectus that he has been fortunate in finding a wider sphere than the famous twin islands can afford their sons. As a young journalist he managed to make contact with the ex-king during his visit as Prince of Wales to New Zealand shortly after the war. The Prince with easy good nature allowed him to come along with the royal party, and may well thus have opened to him the more spacious fields in which he now breathes and has his being.

"This book," declares the dust-cover, "*planned and begun in different circumstances*," possesses an importance not attaching to any biography of any English King which has been written within living memory. Mr. Bolitho has long been engaged on this biography, for which he had been granted exceptional facilities. During his researches into the history of earlier generations of the English Royal Family, the author was able to gain many firsthand recollections of the Duke's boyhood and early manhood. He has, in a sense, grown up with his subject; he has a special admiration and sympathy for the ex-king. . . ."

The startling events of December, 1936, evidently confronted Mr. Bolitho with a new situation to which, however, he soon addressed himself. "It would," he writes, "be rather weak of me to throw the manuscript away and yet not complete the story quietly and honestly." So he decided to add "a final chapter—horrible to me to write."

There is no need to quarrel with this decision but what is remarkable in the finished work is that the first four fifths of it lead up quite naturally, and in a sense almost inevitably, to the newly added climax and ending. It seems very difficult to believe that the bulk of this story written as we are assured four years ago, ready for print in those (Continued on page 39)



Misfit Blades Make Face Raw, Sore

—say men everywhere!

Unsolicited letters tell why it pays
to use only Gillette Blades
in the Gillette Razor!



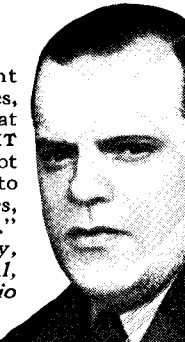
FACE SCRAPED FROM MISFIT BLADES!

"After using misfit blades, and suffering from scraped, sore skin, I've decided not to use anything but Gillette Blades in my Gillette Razor from now on. This way I know I'll always get cool, clean shaves."—H. Garner, 13 Abbe Ave., Thompsonville, Conn.

SWITCHES BACK TO GILLETTE BLADES

"I substituted different make blades for Gillettes, but when I learned that they were apt to be MISFIT blades I realized why I got bad shaves. I returned to genuine Gillette Blades, now I get clean shaves."

—J. H. Hennessey,
St. Vincent Hospital,
Toledo, Ohio

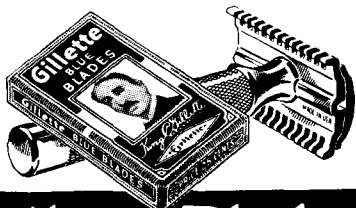


THROUGH WITH MISFIT BLADES

"Every time I used a misfit blade my face was sore and raw. Now I use only Gillette Blades in my Gillette Razor and am getting better, cleaner shaves."

—J. D. Karp, 230
W. 79 St., N. Y. C.

The reason you get faulty shaves with misfit blades is because the shaving edges are not properly exposed in your razor. Too much edge may cause scuffed, sore skin — not enough edge may leave half shaved bristles behind. To avoid these shaving discomforts use only a genuine Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor. These two are made for each other. They FIT perfectly because both were designed by the same engineers—produced in the same factory. Buy a package of Gillette Blades for your Gillette Razor today.



Gillette Blades
Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

thinks Hitler is a great guy. Listen: What did we come to the Arctic Circle for—to discuss a curious little man with a comedy mustache? Where's this radium mine?

Still we had to meet the rest of them. They told us they had expected that some writing guy would show up sometime. Radium was an old story to them. The chore boy at the bunkhouse used to drive a milk wagon back in civilization. One day he took his savings and bought airplane passage to the Circle. They gave him a job—chambermaid in the miners' rooms. He told us all about it. Olaf Slaaten runs a tractor. He used to do that in the Saskatchewan wheat fields until he went broke like everyone else. Olaf was sick of the way the government was running things anyway. A man's his own man in Radium City. You're your own law on the Circle. And Nere Robert had come up from the Beauharnois country near Montreal, at first for furs. He married an Indian girl. We couldn't keep track of all the men we met. And we were glad there were only a hundred of them. We wanted to talk about radium—not Hitler, milk, floppy government and Indian girls.

Comfort at Sixty Below

One fellow used to be an electrical supplies salesman. We talked to a guy who was a stockbroker. Another said he used to be a building contractor. There were enough college football players to make quite a team—Pat Ryan of the University of New Mexico for one. Then just for variety someone showed us a heap of bulging sacks. Grab one, stranger, and give it a swing. We grabbed and we tried to swing. How were we to know that that little sack contained a hundred and forty pounds of radium concentrate? It took fourteen thousand pounds of rock to produce that much concentrate. When Kennedy has flown two tons of that concentrate out to the railroad and the railroad hauls it across Canada to Port Hope, Ontario, those two tons of concentrate are put through thirty-three different chemical processes. And then you have just enough radium to make a tiny spot on your thumbnail—enough to eat off your hand and arm. So shake hands with The Reverend. Used to be a preacher. Now he's a miner.

But we were thawed out by now. Our room had twin beds, electric light, steam heat. In the washroom a miner showed us how to get shaving water. You merely filled your basin with cold water. Then you took a hose attached to another tap and stuck the free end into your cold water. Then you turned on the tap. A roar ensued. That was merely the steam fighting through the cold water. And presently you had hot water.

If you wanted a shower—well, that was something else. We didn't find out why but to take that shower you had to leave the bunkhouse, run across fifty yards of ice, through a blizzard, to the Change House—where the miners change their clothes when they emerge from the mines. We got along pretty well on a shower every now and then.

For supper they gave us tomato soup, grilled whitefish, lyonnaise potatoes, hot rolls and butter, raisin and apple pie, doughnuts and tea. With the exception of an ear which hurt a bit (our parka hood had blown off for a moment during the sled ride) we were beginning to be ourselves.

Everybody insisted upon filling us with details. Let's see. It costs ninety-two cents a day to feed a miner at the

Living on Radium

Continued from page 17

mine. But he doesn't pay it. He gets a minimum pay of four and five dollars a day—chow and bed thrown in. And the chow's rather smooth too. They showed us the storeroom. Almonds, sweet biscuits, ketchup, coconut, figs, raspberry jam, mayonnaise, peanut butter, curry powder, spaghetti, sardines, sauerkraut, honey, ox tongue, marshmallows. Marshmallows? Yes, marshmallows. And if you want to make something out of it, step outside. It was only sixty degrees below outside. Warming up some. And of course there were such common things as bacon, coffee, sugar, oatmeal, hams, and the like.

What we wanted to do, that first night, was sleep. But we got none until we were shown all the sights. The poker game, for example. The same game has been going on for a couple of years—ever since the first permanent mining crew came in. The game runs twenty-four hours a day—five-card stud but nothing wild. But you may have to spend fifty dollars for your fifth card. There are no professional games—no professional gamblers. We are not without some experience at stud and we'd advise the ordinary professional to stay out of this game. He might, however, try his talents at billiards, pool or table tennis, which are played at the mines with great vigor and considerable emotion.

There is a radio in every room and the boys love the crooners. There are no bootleggers but you can have a few quarts brought in by plane. All you have to do is to snowshoe over to the airport—over the trail we rode in that dog sled. We stuck to the water wagon.

But when at last they let us go to bed we made a great job of sleeping—ten hours of it. In the morning we began to understand where we were.

Radium City contains North America's only known commercial supply of radium. It is smack down on the Arctic Circle, on Great Bear Lake, far north of the United States-Canada border. There isn't any depression in Radium City. Nobody is on dole or relief. The mines run twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. The population is one hundred and one—the one being a lady—Mrs. Virginia Walli, wife of Emil Walli, the mine manager. And she used to be the radium specialist in Toronto's general hospital.

The whole place was the result of accident. At any rate, chance. Gilbert LaBine was just prospecting around—just looking here and there for gold—when he happened upon these pitchblende rocks. Every time he visits the place he shakes his head as if he doesn't believe it. Still amazed. It was in May, 1930, that he and Charlie Saint Paul, his partner, were working around the shores of Great Bear—fifteen thousand square miles of frozen water. They were merely looking for what they might find. Then suddenly one morning the glare of the snow and ice got inside Saint Paul's eyes and Saint Paul went blind.

Stumbling on a Fortune

LaBine speaks of this with warranted feeling. Had Saint Paul not gone blind they might have gone on their way with their glances and hacks at this rock and that. But there they had to stay until Saint Paul's eyes should light up again. And while they were clearing, LaBine worked the neighborhood while his partner lay in a dark shack with a poultice of wet tea leaves on his eyes.

Thus it happened that LaBine found a thick silver vein near the shack. Following it along, not overenthusiased because silver was no bonanza, he found a fragment of jet-black stone, about the size of a plum. In the dark shack he took the stone from his pocket. It gave off an eerie sheen—somewhat phosphorescent but with none of the surface qualities of phosphorus. LaBine says he trembled as he looked. And it wasn't the cold that shook him either. He said nothing to Saint Paul, knowing it would be deeper agony for his partner who could not see. But he raced back to the bluff, falling, sliding, saving himself from the cliff. He found the vein which had dropped the fragment and followed that. Every specimen he hacked loose showed the smooth, black, bubbled surface of pitchblende. That's how LaBine found radium—chance. There was no reason for further prospecting. He remained in the shack, his own eyes afire, poulticing his partner's eyes until Saint Paul could see. And then he showed him the shiny black rock that looks as if it had been caught and frozen while boiling.

Now there isn't a dollar to be made

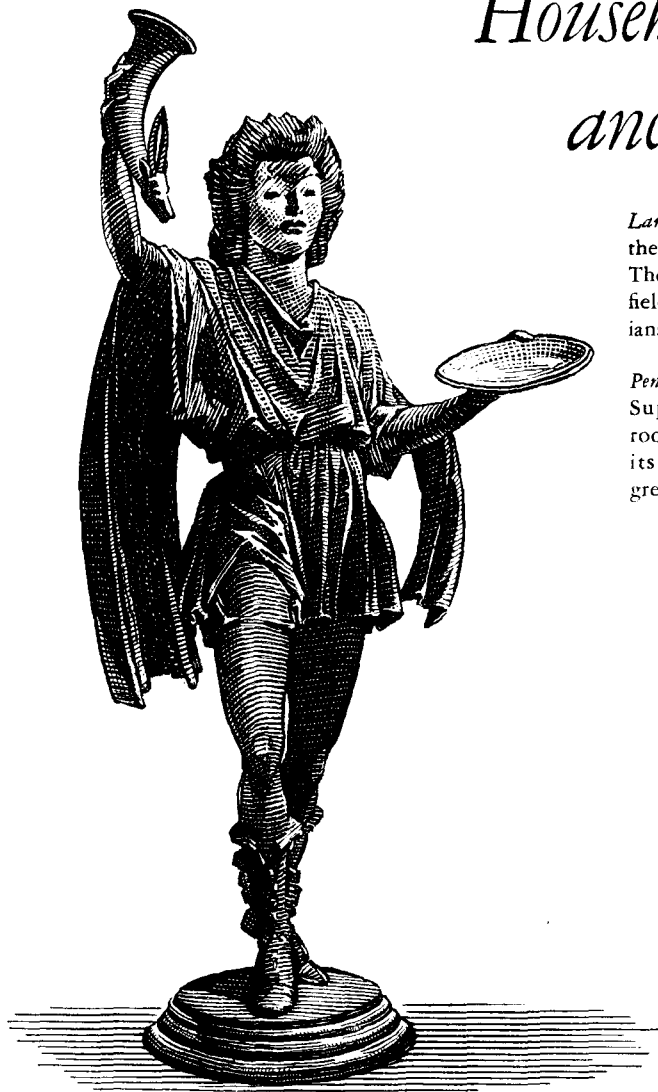


"My wife got an idea in her head I was keeping a diary. I was"

JAY IRVING

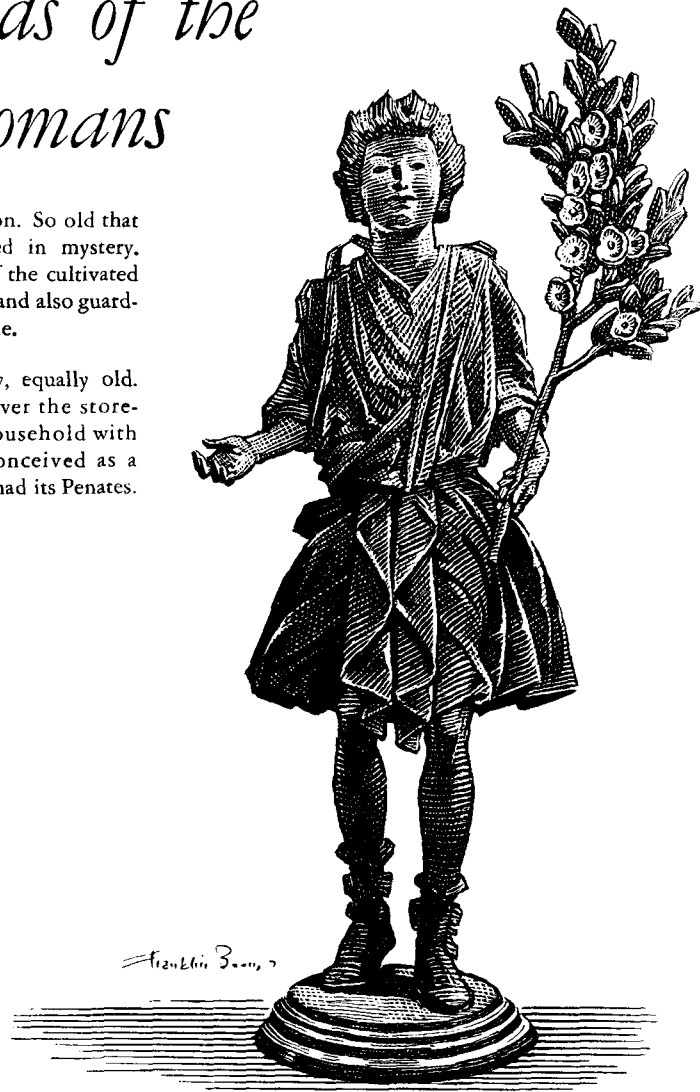
LARES *and* PENATES

Household gods of the ancient Romans



Lares—gods of Protection. So old that their origin is shrouded in mystery. They were first, gods of the cultivated fields, then of the home, and also guardians of the city as a whole.

Penates—gods of Plenty, equally old. Supposed to preside over the store-room, supplying the household with its needs. The city, conceived as a greater household, also had its Penates.



Sketched from bronze figurines of Lares and Penates at Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

IN the days of ancient Rome every household cherished a little set of family gods on which the welfare of the family was supposed to depend.

Today the average head of a family depends on his own labors and thrift, plus something unknown to the ancients. The doubtful favors of the old pagan Lares and Penates are replaced by the certainty of modern life insurance protection issued in a variety of plans to meet different needs.

Under the Metropolitan Family Protection Plan you can arrange to have a definite monthly income paid to your wife for a definite number of years. One variation of this popular plan assures your wife \$100 a

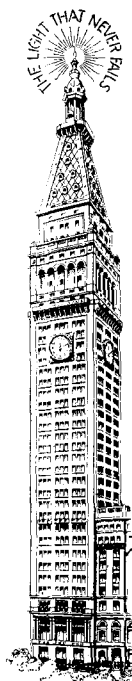
month for twenty years, should your family be left without you during the vital years while your children are growing up. These checks will arrive regularly, at a time when most needed to keep your family together, to pay household expenses and to provide education for your children.

At the end of this Family Income period, your wife will receive \$10,000 in cash or monthly checks—as she prefers. Protection may be provided in larger or smaller amounts—according to your family's needs.

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The Metropolitan issues life insurance in the usual standard forms, individual and group, in large and small amounts. It also issues annuities and accident and health policies.

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Millions of motorists Simoniz their cars. And you should, too! Simonizing is without question the greatest process ever developed for preserving motor car finishes and their beauty.

Every car needs Simoniz. In fact, the lacquer or enamel on your car must have it to stay beautiful. Simoniz also makes the finish last longer, and keeps the colors from fading. So, the sooner any car—new or old—is Simonized, the better!

You'll find Simonizing your car easy to do. And you will be proud of the marvelous results obtained so quickly with Simoniz and the easy-working Simoniz Kleener. Get these products today! Remember, they are never sold under any other name. Always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car. *The Simoniz Co., Chicago, U. S. A.*

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SIMONIZ

There's Nothing Like Simoniz

A secret ingredient, found only in Simoniz, keeps weather, dirt, and ultra-violet rays from dulling and destroying the finish.



mining radium ore unless you know what to do with it when you've got it. And it so happened that no one who knew responded to LaBine's first frantic appeals. Even the financiers whose only role was to lend the money for digging and crushing machinery and transportation showed no interest. Was LaBine crazy? Prospectors do get that way, you know. Establish a mine on the Arctic Circle, a thousand miles from the railroad? A mine on the most inaccessible reach of fifteen thousand square miles of frozen lake—frozen nineteen feet deep ten months in the year? Listen, LaBine, stick to the gold business and make yourself some money.

But they didn't sell LaBine off radium. Gold? Everybody had gold. The United States had so much gold that it was planning to build a fortress to keep it in. What the world was crying for was radium. And if you didn't believe it, why, there was the word of the great Howard Atwood Kelly, surgeon and radiologist at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, to say so. Kelly told LaBine that ways had to be found to develop the strike. Had to. The scientific world, said Kelly, was praying for radium. There was not enough for active surgical work, much less for laboratory practice.

Well, you can't work as feverishly as LaBine did and not get somewhere. Somehow, the process being lost now in the maze of incident, LaBine heard of a scientific Frenchman named Ponchon. Ponchon had been an associate of the Curies in Paris. The Curies, you know, presented radium to the world. Ponchon was at the moment wringing a trickle of radium from a meager deposit in Cornwall, England. When he heard what LaBine had found he came across the Atlantic, pacing the decks in his eagerness. Ponchon knew his job. And then the financiers and the little investors caught fire. The money came trickling in. LaBine began to dig and ship. Ponchon, saying it was easier and cheaper to bring pitchblende to chemicals than chemicals to pitchblende, established the refinery at Port Hope, Ontario, a long, long trek from LaBine's black rocks on the Arctic Circle.

We shan't weigh you down with the droning tale of financing. How LaBine got machinery and supplies to Radium City is a story of herculean labor, mad chance and fool's luck in flood, through rapids, over ice and snow and to hell with storms. LaBine's like most of us: Today he tells the tale as if even he who did it can't quite believe it. The gods were kind and the gods were merciful—long enough, anyway, to let him pass.

A Transportation Problem

The financiers and the shares-buying public had a miserable time of it understanding why more, more, and more money was needed. Hadn't LaBine bought hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of machinery with their money for the mine and for gadgets for the refinery? Well, why not show us radium? And why did it cost \$230,000 for transporting the ore to Port Hope in a single year? If that sort of thing were to continue, was the radium worth while?

Even when he had beaten the freight bills down to a quarter of a million dollars he wasn't shipping enough ore to keep Ponchon's refinery going. To carry a ton of freight to Great Bear Lake by air, the only way north from the railroad, cost fifteen hundred dollars. And it cost just as much to carry a ton of concentrate from the mines to the railroad. And remember, it took two tons of concentrate to produce enough radium to be seen at the refinery. Moreover, the railroad charges to Port Hope, after the planes had delivered from the mines, were stiff.

Wringing more money from the increasingly reluctant capitalists, LaBine bought his own airplane. That cut his air-transport costs in half. Then he went to the shipyards. When the Athabaska opened for shipping this year, the first craft to warp clear from the docks near McMurray was his Radium Queen, built near Montreal and shipped knocked down across the continent. On her decks as she chugged downstream was her brother, Radium King, which was similarly to be welded together beyond the rapids at Fort Smith for freight and passenger service on the Slave and Mackenzie rivers. With these, the concentrate may be carried from the mines to the railroad for a hundred dollars a ton. It sounds all too simple. But it took courage, faith and bone-grinding work.

We have a sense of guilt; we've told you all too little of the bewildering adventure—not ours, a mere sight-seeing expedition—but LaBine's. But we, like him, must deal in concentrates.

Reeking with Freedom

Anyway we had seen it. We had frosted our nose and had our eyes frozen shut. But here we were (wondering where we'd be next) with our feet on the richest rock on earth; worth a hundred and twenty dollars a ton, raw and unmined. Where's that notebook of ours? Yes, that's right: every gram of this rock's final product contains the energy that 3,000 tons of coal can produce. And its energy doesn't diminish with use.

Standing here on this richest rock on earth our sensations come in jumbles. You'd understand if you were here. Electric lights, with nice arty shades, on the Arctic Circle. Eskimo mukluks standing beside a miner's bed that is covered, like as not, with an almost-dainty silk comforter. Water running out of shiny taps in the washroom. Bathrooms. Airplanes fetching fresh eggs from the railroad. Steam-heated, hooked-rugged, pretty-papered bedrooms. Steamships traveling across the continent on flatcars. Billiard tables. Table tennis. The latest novels, phonograph records and swing music.

We're beginning to like the place. As the time approaches when we must leave we feel a little resentful. This is a man's town, Radium City. You live your own life up here. You have your own thoughts and you can argue without restraint. The thermometer says that it's sixty-five below zero; but the air reeks with freedom. Who cares about the Supreme Court of the United States—or about Spain, about Mussolini, about Hitler, Stalin, the Duke of Windsor, John L. Lewis, Leon Blum or the freedom of the press. You're your own man up here.

But we have to go. The dog team drags us back to Kennedy's plane. Kennedy is still grinning at us. And that's all right with us. He has cleared the mountain ridge, pointed south toward Yellowknife where Pete Racine will feed us beans and caribou again. Then Great Slave Lake, Fort Smith, McMurray, Edmonton and the railroad. That sky ahead of us looks mean. Kennedy is talking into his radio transmitter: "Kennedy to Fort Resolution. Kennedy to Fort Resolution. Give me your weather. Give me your weather."

Even if the sky is shaking its fists at us, we're pretty happy. We're regaining something of the little smug self-importance that we lost on our way north. We are feeling just a little bit sorry for you who haven't stood on the richest rock on earth. And we giggle to think that we may be on the equator in a few weeks.

But all the snow in the world is beginning to fall. We wish we were back in that stud game in Radium City.

The Right Man

Continued from page 20

turned to other affairs. The main street was brightly lighted—for a desert town—shops gleamed pleasantly, people chatted on street corners, motorcars rolled slowly along and the citizens in sight all acted as if life still retained a trace of interest, so I felt sorry for Jasmine, buried in disdain. She wasn't melancholy in the least, but she was certainly sulky and what she needed most was a smart spanking, preferably with a shingle. Passers-by turned to stare at her, attracted by her pert beauty, and doubtless some of the men envied me, her escort.

Alone, I would have found plenty of interesting things to do, but everything was ashes to the blonde at my elbow. In front of the drugstore, I was tempted to say: "Maybe I can get you a large-size bottle of cyanide," but thought better of the impulse and skipped it. After all, this was merely a job of work by an employee of the Roe Wire Works.

"It would be possible," I said eventually, after we had strolled, "for you to go riding on a scooter."

"On a what?" she inquired.

"A scooter. You could have one and I'd have one. They are driven by little gasoline motors and mounted on pneumatic wheels. They say it's great fun."

"YOU work for my father, don't you?" she asked.

"In the auditing department. I have charge of—"

"And you want to go riding on a child's scooter because it happens to be driven by an engine. Do I look to you like a girl who would like riding on a scooter?"

"I just mentioned it offhand," I said apologetically. "To a certain degree, Rodeo Hot Springs is limited in its amusements."

We continued to walk slowly down the main street, Jasmine not enjoying herself in the slightest, and I ruminated upon the amusements of the town. We came presently to a wooden horse, so mounted on stilts as to give the appearance of a bucking broncho, its head down, its jaws open in rage and its rear legs kicking back into the air with great realism.

"You can have your picture taken," I suggested to my little friend, "on top of the bucking broncho and mail post cards to all your friends in the East."

"Thank you, no," she said coldly and

we continued our futile walk. I began to perceive that Mr. Roe had handed me a difficult assignment.

"Would you care," I continued, with slightly abated enthusiasm, "to hear a few cowboys sing the plaintive laments of the range? There is a cowboys' barn out here on the desert and not far, where the cow lads dress up in furry pants, plunk their mandolins and sing."

"I have heard cowboys sing," Jasmine stated, "and it will be all right with me if I never hear another. And if this town offers nothing better than what you have mentioned so far, we may as well start back to the hotel."

It was quite plain that as a desert guide and provider of entertainment for young women I was rather a failure, and I knew Mr. Roe would hear about it.

We started slowly back to the Alamo and, while moving along, I happened to think of the small town of Golinga, which is only thirteen miles distant, still farther down on the desert.

"It is rather early to retire," I said more hopefully. "Perhaps you would like to take a short ride in the car and have a look at Golinga. There is a quaint spot indeed."

"What is Golinga?"

"A little village down on the desert and even smaller than this. But there is a café and dance hall in the town, known as The Tunnel, a rather interesting spot, formerly quite a famous resort. Its best days are over, for the exciting times are gone, but you might be interested."

"Could a person get a cocktail?" she asked gloomily.

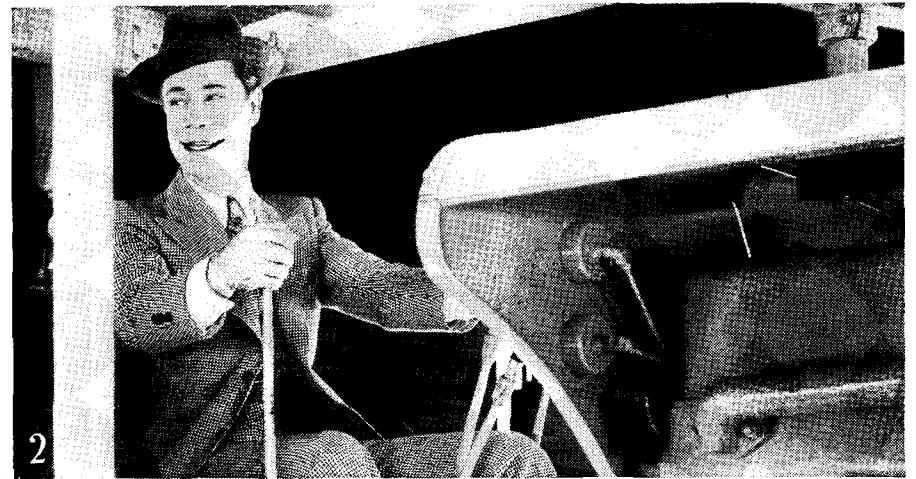
"Oh, yes. The place is still operating. It is quiet now, but once it was the liveliest haunt in western America."

"Very well," said Jasmine in a resigned manner. "Any port in a storm and this is a storm."

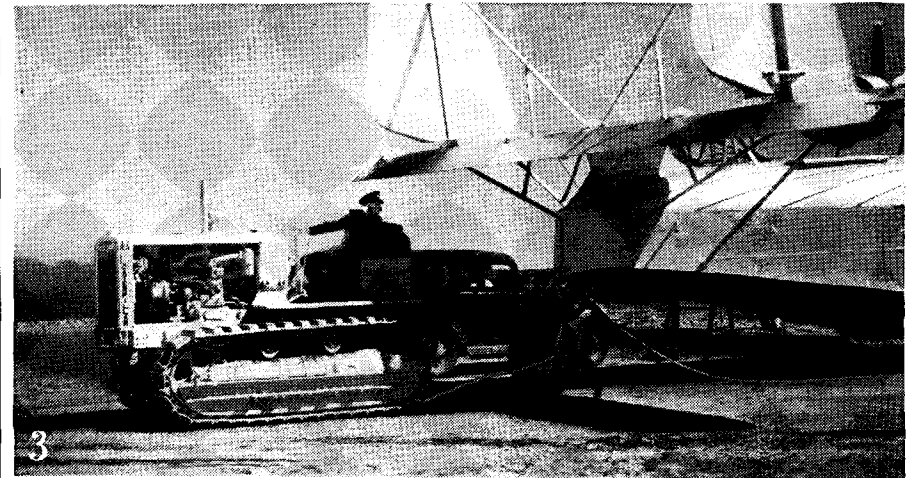
After leaving word with the uniformed doorman at the Alamo Hotel that we were starting for Golinga, we stepped into my machine, rolled across the desert and, when I glanced at the stony and unsmiling countenance of my charge, I realized that the prospects were poor, for there is little in Golinga to intrigue a sophisticated young lady and especially a bored soul like the one at my side. Jasmine's attitude toward me remained unchanged, as if I were a chauffeur or a bodyguard, a circumstance that irked me not at all. Even if she had



Joe E. Brown, starring in David L. Loew's production "When's Your Birthday?", is still laughing about a recent picture in which...



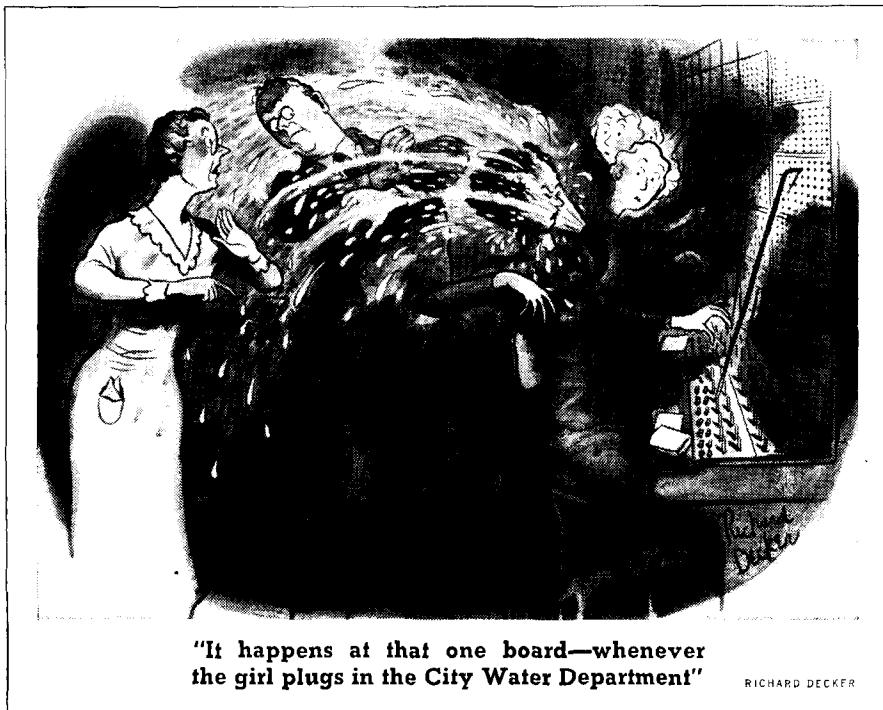
...he did tricks with a Diesel-powered "Caterpillar" tractor. For "Caterpillar" Diesels Sinclair has...



...developed an outstanding new lubricant, Sinclair "Tenol", which enables a tractor-owner to operate his tractor ten times as many hours between overhauls! You also benefit by Sinclair research in lubrication when you...



...have your car lubricated by a Sinclair dealer. Ask him to show you the lubrication chart for your car which was prepared by Sinclair engineers.



"It happens at that one board—whenever the girl plugs in the City Water Department"

RICHARD DECKER

**I danced
with him
in 1932
and—**



Don Herold Says:

One dance, and you may be ALL THRU

If you slip **JUST ONCE** in this matter of perspiration aura, you may be stamped forever after as a blacksheep.

People are sometimes cruel about this, I know. Even those who are guilty themselves may scathingly scorn their fellow offenders.

A man who goes **JUST ONCE** to a party or to his office with even the slightest hint of perspiration odor sometimes makes a lifelong reputation as being **THAT KIND** of man.

I wouldn't be preaching Mum just to make you guys dainty. I'm not asking you to think of it as something lah-de-dah or nice!

I'm speaking of it as serious insurance against **JUST ONE** possible day or evening of serious, unfavorable publicity. You can afford to use Mum for life to avoid **JUST ONCE** the possible notoriety that the Mum habit may spare you.

Don't think of Mum as feminine. Thousands of men now use it regularly each morning after their baths, and again before evenings out. Just two dabs will prevent underarm perspiration odor all day (without interfering with perspiration) and touches to the feet will keep hose and shoe linings fresh. It's a fragrant cream, pleasant to use.

I know you don't often send for samples of things, but **JUST ONCE** send your name on the margin of this page to Dept. M1-67, Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630-A Fifth Avenue, New York City, for a free sample of Mum.



**MUM TAKES
THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION**



made a fuss over me, I would have smiled and changed the subject, because certain types of girls do not appeal to me and this was Type Number One. I only wished Myrtilla could have been present to learn how wrong she was and how unjust she had been to me.

In a short time, the lights of Golinga gleamed down the road and soon we were speeding into the town, which is without distinction and looks like the sleepy village it is.

But there is a certain deception to this look of rural quiet, for while Golinga is dull enough in the daytime, when evening comes there is a subtle change. The authorities happen to be building a large and long aqueduct or pipe across the desert to carry water to southern California and this pipe runs through deserts, mountains, valleys, barrancas, foothills and inland seas. The workmen are known as hard-rock men, because they have to blast their way through the lofty mountains, using dynamite and other explosives, and these men are quite tough. I mean their manners are uncouth, for a man cannot be shooting off dynamite all day and go home nights to read an improving book. On paydays, it was the custom of these hard-rock men to wander into Golinga for a dash of entertainment.

I WAS reliably informed that all the hard-rock men had finished their blasting and disappeared, leaving a milder type to clean up, probably soft-rock men, and thus Golinga was no longer the picturesque spot it had been. Even on Saturday nights, so I was informed, there was no excitement, as the soft-rock men went home early and lacked quaintness. I omitted mentioning these facts to Miss Jasmine, who sat beside me in glum silence as we drove down the main thoroughfare and parked at a spot not far from The Tunnel. That is where the hard-rock men gathered in the lively days of the town. It still has the same outward appearance, a long, rambling building, painted brown, with crude pictures of the aqueduct running up to the roof. It still has the same management, the same bartenders, the same girls, but the old spirit seems to be gone, or so they informed me.

Once inside, we were escorted to a table, sat down and Miss Roe ordered her cocktail, while I asked for ginger ale, as I am one of those odd persons who never drink a drop. The waiter stared at me, but did not smile. I could see that Jasmine was interested in the place, for she was looking about her and there was plenty to see. The dance floor was surrounded by an iron railing about five feet high. At one end of the room was the long bar, with three barmen in white costumes. An alcove sheltered the band, or orchestra. Around the room were small set-back rooms, where persons could commune in quiet. The place was dimly lighted with electric globes in imitation oil lanterns, hanging from the ceiling, and when we entered the dancing was under way.

"Rather interesting, isn't it?" I ventured.

"Well, it's better than the last town," she admitted, sipping her drink.

She was still wearing her bored and scornful manner, and if I hadn't been working for the Roe Wire Works I would have said a few quiet words to her and walked out. True, I am only an auditor, but when a young fellow is doing his level best to entertain a girl, she ought to show a few signs of appreciation. Her boredom did not continue for any great time.

Out on the dance floor, some bohunk bumped into another bohunk and, without the slightest warning, there was a mild melee. It began quietly with the first man hitting the other a light blow to the ear, and as little as I know about

such matters, it was obvious that here was a lively set-to. After the first man hit the second man, the ladies hit each other and began shrieking and, for no reason whatever, other dancers, in no way involved, joined in the affray and what had been a local row in the middle of the dance floor almost instantly spread over the room.

I have never seen a disturbance start so quickly or spread so rapidly. Miss Jasmine stood up, laughed heartily and for the first time was genuinely alive. I had finally found her something that didn't bore. And yet there was really nothing to laugh at, as even a bystander was in danger of having his ears knocked off.

I arose from my seat, having a vague idea of taking Jasmine by the arm and leading her out into the moonlight of Golinga. Nothing alarms me so much as a brawl in a restaurant and, once it starts, I quiver all over and have indigestion. Once on my feet, I observed that the aisles were blocked by soft-rock workers and so it was impossible to leave. It must have been very much like the old days at The Tunnel and soft-rock men cannot be much different from hard-rock workers. Beer mugs started flying through the air, striking against the wall and bouncing down in splinters and one of the flying mugs struck me on the hand. Looking down, I perceived that my thumb was bleeding a trifle and I wiped it with a napkin. A guest pulled his gun and shot at the lanterns on the ceiling, why I do not know, and at this point, I felt certain I would be killed.

In the midst of the noise, a tall young man came in and worked his way toward us, and when he drew near, I saw it was Drury McCloy, the movie actor. Jasmine saw him and you could almost hear her shriek of joy above the clamor, while beer mugs hit the wall and fell upon her in fragments. Mr. McCloy fought his way through to our table and his attitude was that of a strong man taking charge of a bad situation. He threw his arm around Jasmine, drew her to him, kissed her fondly and I felt that, as an escort and entertainer, my job was virtually over. She kissed him four times and called him names, the least of which was darling. I looked under our table and saw a good place to slip into if it grew worse. I likewise wrapped

a handkerchief around my thumb, which was bleeding a trifle, a mere flesh wound.

"Let's get out of here," shouted Drury McCloy above the uproar. "I don't see why you ever brought a girl into such a joint."

"She wanted a cocktail," I hollered back at him, "and besides that, I was informed that the rough days of this place were over."

Meanwhile, the noise of combat attracted outside attention and the authorities moved in. There first appeared the local sheriff, with his deputies, a man long accustomed to stopping at The Tunnel on its nights of fun. They proceeded to bounce willow clubs off passing heads, take guns away from customers, smack down the hurlers of beer mugs and restore order. They were aided by a small but contained group of state police and in five minutes the rioting had ceased and a lovely quiet was over the room. Drury and Jasmine had not moved from the table and the young lady's expression was full of vivacity. She looked bright and wet-eyed with emotion—possibly because her handsome boy had stopped at the Alamo, found out where she was and had come to the rescue.

BUT while Jasmine was twittering with excitement, Mr. McCloy was not. His countenance was black, and if a director had ordered him to simulate annoyance he couldn't have done it better.

"Isn't this jolly?" Jasmine cried.

"It is far from jolly," I stated. "You will find there is no great fun spending the night in a small-town jail full of little bugs."

Mr. McCloy glared at me and was about to reply, but before he could speak, three state officers herded us into the line and we began a short march to the Golinga jail, which is but a few steps removed from the Tunnel. I presume they built the jail close to the dance hall for just such occasions. Upon arriving at one of the worst jails I have ever been in or seen, the local doctor patched up the wounded and I came out of it with cloth on my thumb.

I still believed myself to be Vernon Case, in charge of Miss Jasmine Roe by orders from her father, and so I walked close to her as we passed through the short street to the jail, with Drury

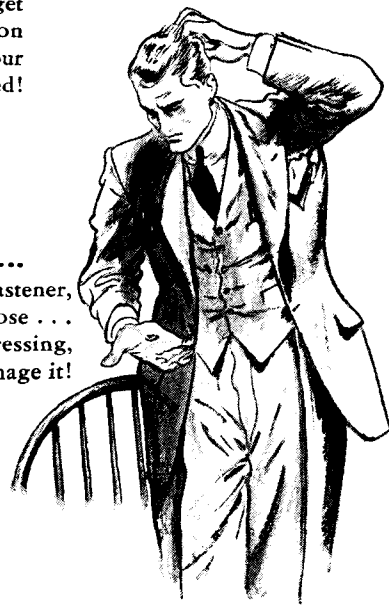


"I think it must have swallowed a bee!"

E. NOFZIGER

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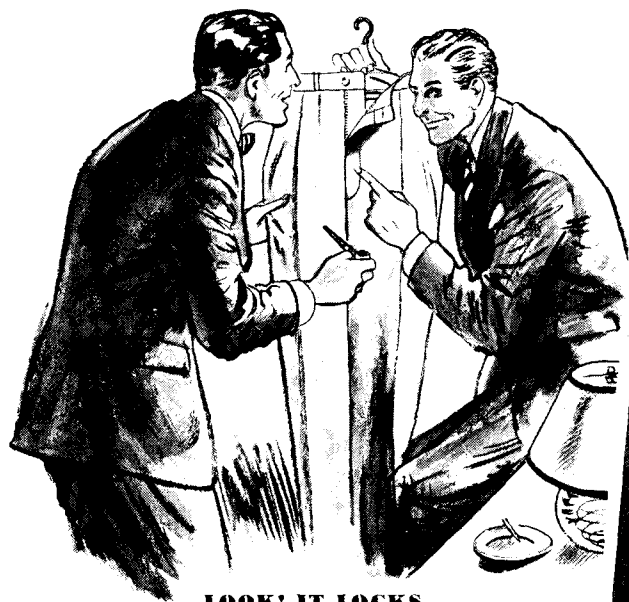
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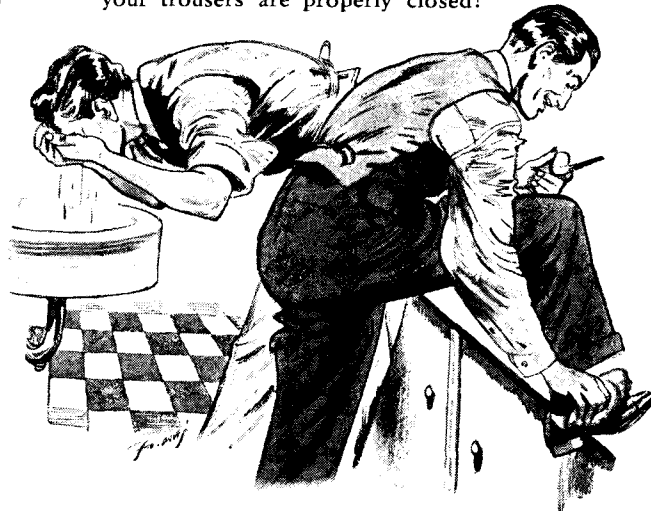
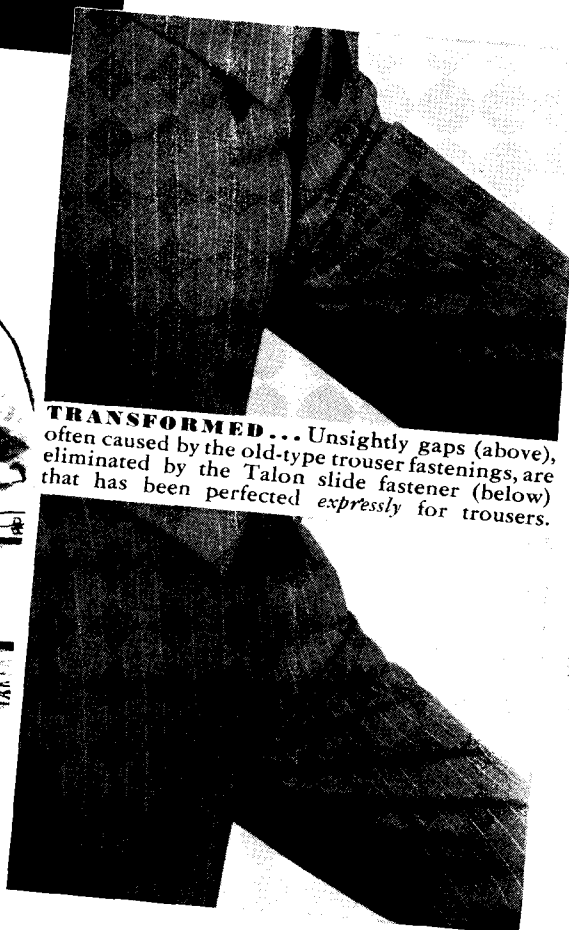
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holding her other arm. At some point close to the jail entrance, but not inside, she and Drury disappeared and I cannot understand how they slipped away without my knowledge. First they were beside me and then they were gone.

It transpired later that Drury had a word with the sheriff and talked both himself and Jasmine out of a night in jail, and while they were safely out of the discomfort and disgrace, still and all, it left me in a poor spot.

As the companion and guide of Miss Jasmine, it was my bounden duty to keep her from contact with the movie fellow, which Mrs. Roe had been doing successfully for months. This was my first night on the job and Jasmine had escaped with her lover, both of them in his car. Heaven knows where and myself in jail. That would make an elegant report when presented to Mr. Roe.

I asked the sheriff in a quiet voice if he would let me out on bail and he replied he would not and for me to keep silent, so I remained the night in as nasty a jail as I ever hope to see, in company with a low crew of roughneck soft-rockers. In the morning I was fined fifteen dollars for disorderly conduct, a rare comment upon American justice as administered by small-town judges, as my only disorderly conduct consisted of being hit on the thumb by a beer mug.

IN THE gray dawn of the morning, the situation was not improved. It was a little worse, for the metropolitan newspapers came in by airplane and announced that a frightful riot had occurred in Golinga, with many persons seriously injured, but the only participant who had been shot was a citizen named Vernon Case, who, with the other malcontents was now confined in the town jail and was regarded as a possible ringleader. There was a picture of me, taken at the age of eighteen, a beach scene. I read the narrative and mentally said goodbye forever to Myrtilla, her papa and mamma. Persons who get arrested have very little chance of marrying into the Freemans.

That was not all. There was more news in the papers, an item announcing that Jasmine Roe, the celebrated society beauty, and Drury McClow had eloped to Yuma, where they were married by the night-marrying judge and were heading east on their honeymoon. "It is the culmination," said the paper, "of an interesting romance that has been going on for a year or more."

In a chastened spirit, I returned to the Alamo Hotel to make a formal report to Mrs. Roe and found that lady sinking rapidly into one of her nervous attacks. We conferred on a couch in the lounge, where she at first glared, shook the newspaper at me and seemed speechless with emotion.

"How did this happen?" she finally asked.

"It was because I was arrested," I told her frankly. "Had I been free to act, I might have prevented it, but the sheriff had me. Jasmine was also arrested, but McClow managed to get her out."

"My daughter was arrested?"

"And might have spent the night sitting on a keg. She was picked up in The Tunnel, where the riot occurred. You will notice in the paper it says I was shot," I said, holding up my bandaged thumb, "but that is a misprint, as I was only hit by a beer mug. Jasmine is not injured to my knowledge."

"A notable protector you turned out to be for our family," she said frigidly. "I have kept my daughter safe and away from that wretch all this time, and the first evening you are in charge, she marries him."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Roe. I was only trying to entertain Jasmine."

"You'd better be sorry, young man. I shall speak to Mr. Roe on the tele-

phone. I don't believe that we care to have thoroughly inefficient persons working for us."

"I can see that, Mrs. Roe," I replied, and after a few more words, none of them any good, I slowly wended my way out, climbed into my car and, there being no reason for remaining, I drove back to the city, thinking of Myrtilla and how right she was.

I went at once to our main offices, where the employees glanced at me and made witty remarks, asking how badly I had been wounded. I ignored them and sent word to Mr. Roe's office, and in a few moments I was facing him.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Roe. An unfortunate series of accidents brought this about, but I have no excuses. You gave me a task to do and I failed completely, and brought about the very thing you sought to avoid. She is now married to this man. I therefore offer you my resignation, thus giving you no reason to discharge me."

He arose, walked around his desk and placed his hand on my shoulder, much to my surprise.

"My boy," he said smilingly, "you don't have to resign and you are not discharged. You are promoted to the job of assistant auditor with a salary increase of twenty-five dollars a week."

My amazement must have been apparent, for Mr. Roe broke into one of his rare laughs.

"Vernon," he said, "I am not upset or sorry because Jasmine finally married this bird. It has cost me about thirty thousand dollars in the past year, mostly hotel bills and steamer tickets, to keep the two apart, and it was Mrs. Roe who insisted, not me. Furthermore, I rather like my wife and would admire to have her around the house again, as I have not seen much of her in the last year. Jasmine having married the young man, our home can resume its normal state and I shall save money."

I haltingly thanked Mr. Roe, as I was still astounded, and he suggested that as I had had a trying night I'd better go along home and have some sleep.

"Be on the job in the morning," he said pleasantly, "and many, many thanks for what you have done. I knew I picked the right man."

I PROCEEDED directly to my rooms, where the landlady, Mrs. Raymond, met me in a state of considerable excitement.

"Dear me," she cried. "I'm so glad you've come. The telephone has been ringing every ten minutes. She's frantic."

"Who's frantic?"

"Miss Freeman. She's been calling like a mad one."

I dropped my bags and rushed to the telephone.

"Hello," I said shakily, when Myrtilla answered. "Were you calling me?"

"Oh, Vernon! My darling. I am so relieved to hear your voice again. I thought you might be badly wounded. Where were you shot?"

"In the hand," I said happily. "It's really nothing. I'm sorry you worried."

"Worried! I was desperate."

"Then—then you still love me?"

"Of course I do."

"And you'll marry me—we're engaged again?"

"Yes, indeed, darling. And can't you come right over and tell me everything?"

"I shall be there in fifteen minutes," I cried joyously, "just as soon as I can have my wound bandaged afresh."

And to this very day, Myrtilla hasn't found out it was a beer mug. Our marriage is merely a matter of weeks and I am doing fine in my new position at the works. . . . The latest report in the chatter columns is that Jasmine McClow has been offered a job in the movies.

Side-Show Diagnosis

Continued from page 22

overwhelming pounds have nothing to do with the pituitary but come instead from certain brain centers near the pituitary that control our appetite. When these centers overwork, say they, we eat outrageously—we can't help it—and so we gain outrageously.

Whichever theory proves to be right in the years ahead, it is fairly certain at least that the Fat Boy or Fat Lady is neither a simple glutton, nor, as people used to think, the result of a lazy thyroid. For if it were gluttony I've an idea the streets of any city would be full of circus fat people. And if it were a lazy thyroid that was the trouble, our mammoth attractions would be sad and listless, instead of the jolly gigglers they usually are.

The Case of Mr. Bones

The Living Skeleton comes so logically after the Fat Lady, both because of his oppositeness and because of the tales you constantly hear of love affairs between the two, that I can't leave him out. But he strictly doesn't belong here at all, for there's almost no chance of the Living Skeleton being a glandular case. Certain glandular diseases, doctors tell me, do cause excessive thinness, but when they do they also make people so weak that they couldn't conveniently go on display. It is unexcitingly possible that the Living Skeleton is merely a naturally very tall, very thin person who has starved himself into still greater thinness for the sake of a fat contract. But what is more likely is that the Living Skeleton has an advanced but arrested case of tuberculosis. This would explain his emaciation, and it would explain, too, all the tales you may have heard of the love life of Living Skeletons; their violent passions for the Fat Lady or the Tattooed Lady or the Snake Charmer, so violent that they have been known to end in murder or suicide. And the reason it would explain it is that tuberculosis, doctors have noticed, seems to have some side effect on the emotions, making people with the disease even more prone to fall desperately in love than you or I.


The Midgets and Giants, however, present in every proper side show, bring us right back to the pituitary, being, as you probably know, exactly opposite extremes of the misbehavior of this small, important gland. Contrary to legend, these attractions have seldom inherited their freakishness. Both may on rare

occasions become fathers or mothers, and when they do you read about it in the newspapers. But actually such blessed events are rare. Nature seems to be pretty smart about keeping the human race fairly average, and when the pituitary misbehaves it is more than likely to have a side effect on sexual development. So most Midgets never grow up sexually and most Giants are either sterile or impotent.

In the same way the Ugliest Woman in the World is very unlikely to have ugly daughters follow after her, I am told. Her ugliness, you see, is probably due to acromegaly, a sudden overproduction of growth hormone after maturity which causes the jaw, nose, lips and tongue to enlarge. And acromegaly is almost always due to a tumor of the growth cells of the pituitary, which in growing crowd the sex-stimulating cells and so produce sterility. Though this may be a little hard on the maternal feelings of the circus' ugliest women, it is probably a very good thing for the race.

One of the most unbelievable of the endocrine freaks is the Bearded Lady. Yet if her beard is her own, and it easily can be, there is almost no medical question of what is wrong with her—a tumor of the adrenal glands, glands which for some reason always lend excessive masculinity when they overfunction. The contract-producing beards, however, and all the other masculine trimmings, could usually be banished by the removal of this tumor, if the Bearded Ladies were willing to risk loss of livelihood for a rather speculative feminine charm.

Neurological diseases are scarcely as productive from a side-show point of view as glandular, but just the same they can and do furnish some of the most spectacular side-show attractions. The lad whom you may have seen happily sewing buttons onto his skin or pinning himself full of safety pins is one, having almost certainly, as my doctor friend remarked, a type of advanced syphilis called tabes which has destroyed some of the sensory nerves of his spinal cord. So, most likely, has the foreign-looking gentleman who can, with a pleasant smile, lay his palms and soles on a red-hot iron. Both of them claim to be immune not only to pain but also to infection or injury. But my medical companions at the side show pointed out that while the self-stitcher boasted proudly of never getting infected there were a lot of unpleasant-looking red swellings on his arms and thighs that seemed to



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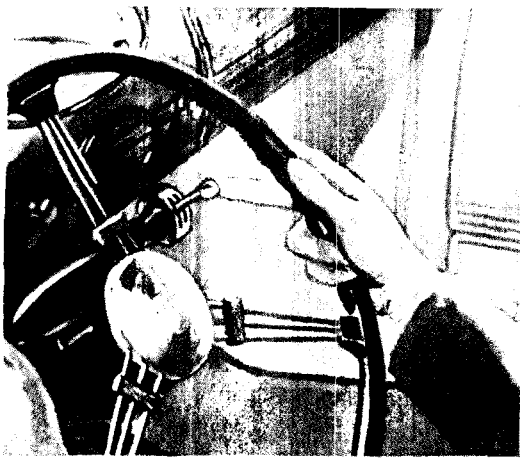
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your car



"I'd go for that lemon chiffon pie if I thought it wouldn't put me down for the count!"

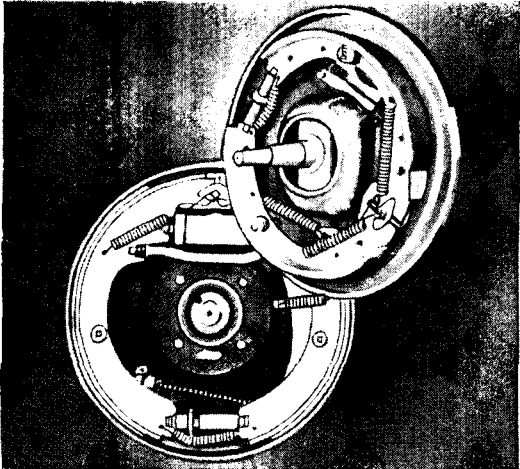
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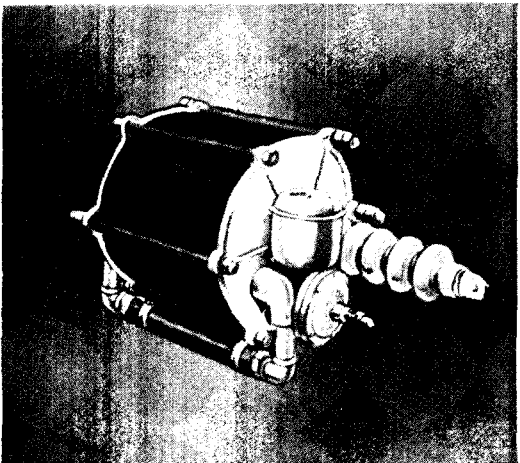
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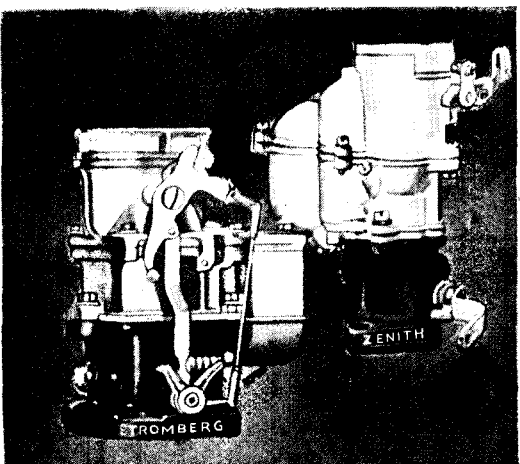
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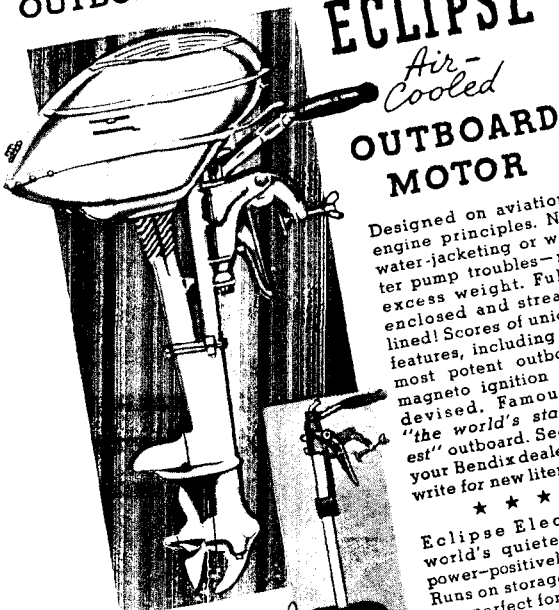
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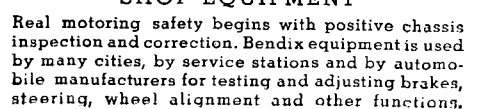
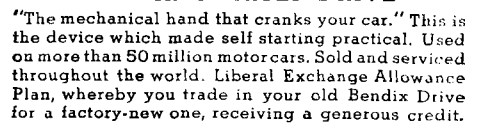
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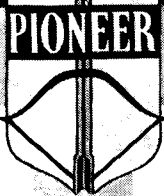
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disagree with his statement. And in the same way, the soles and palms of the fire fighter were just as highly thickened as your thumb or mine would be if we should scorch it badly.

What is more, these losses of sensation are apt to follow certain nerve paths in certain localities only. The self stitcher has favorite spots for his needlework and wouldn't like it at all if you suggested his trying others. His areas of numbness could just as well, as my disagreeing doctor friends remarked, be caused by leprosy or a disease called syringomyelia. But if the former were the case, the gentleman would not, I feel perfectly sure, be allowed at large; and syringomyelia, a disease in which cavities gradually appear in the spinal cord, is so very rare that not even doctors see it often.

Neurological patients of a slightly different and much more depressing order are such well-known freaks as the Pin Head, the Boy with the Cigar-Shaped Head and on some occasions the Bird Girl. All of these are pretty likely to be idiots or, at the very least, mental defectives, and were undoubtedly born with their dubious financial blessings. Doctors call them, as a group, microcephalic idiots, which means people with heads too small for their brains to have developed properly, but there is nothing they can do but try to take care of them, for the trouble that caused these freaks must have occurred before they were born.

The Bird Girl gets her name quite logically because lack of development in her forehead and chin makes her nose seem to stick out like a beak. The Pin Head of course explains himself, and so does the Boy with the Cigar-Shaped Head, but you might be interested to know that he belongs to a definite subdivision of the idiot family known as oxycephalic or steeple-headed idiots.

It proves of course how seldom Nature makes a mistake, that these very badly developed people should be rare enough to be side-show material. Other proofs just as dramatic are the Siamese Twins, the Armless Wonder, the Spider Boy, who was born without legs, and the woman of side-show legend who had four legs and two bodies.

The Half Man, Half Woman is always one of the most popular side-show people, and no wonder, for he is pretty puzzling even to doctors. But one thing

is certain. Whatever else, he is not half man, half woman, for there simply is no such thing. Everyone has heard of hermaphrodites, and most of them are entirely legendary, though there are a few authentic cases in medical history. But medically speaking, a hermaphrodite is simply a person, either man or woman, who has, by some strange accident of nature, both ovarian and testicular tissue in his or her body. The sexual division has never been known to be central and vertical.

Muscles as Hard as Bones

The Half Man, Half Woman is pretty apt to be faked with judicious use of a razor, clever make-up and paraffin injected under the skin to simulate a breast. But there are other possibilities. A man could, by coincidence, have a breast tumor on the same side of his body as a leg shriveled by infantile paralysis. That would create the illusion, you see. And there are also two exceedingly rare nervous conditions known as hemiatrophy, lack of development of one side, and hemihypertrophy—excessive development of one side, in which the nerves governing one entire half of the body become affected so that it either overdevelops or wastes away.

A fairly common feature that doesn't fit into any of the classifications we've discussed is the Petrified Boy or the Marble Man—and the sad thing about this freak is that the side-show title isn't so far wrong. Every once in a while something happens to a person's bone-making apparatus so that it goes wild, and when it does, calcium is deposited through the patient's muscles and tendons, making them as rigid as bones. This rare disease is known medically as *myositis ossificans*, and once it begins it spreads and spreads until the very life is calcified out of the person who has it, because so far doctors don't know any more than the side-show barker what causes it or how it can be stopped.

In fact it must be rather depressingly obvious by now that doctors don't know much about a good many of the rare diseases that make side shows possible. But at least they know more than anyone else does, and at least they are constantly working night and day to remove the mystery a little further and remove as many people as possible from the side-show classification.



"I thought I told you to clean off all that snow last winter! !!"

JAY IRVING

Edward the Eighth

Continued from page 27

bright days—could really have been left unaltered and yet fit a conclusion so dark and hostile.

Frankness and candor, we are told, are the qualities which Mr. Bolitho has displayed. "Above all, it is not a book written in the manner of a courtier." Everyone will agree that there can be no courtiers of a court which has ceased to exist. Frankness may be very readily used in describing the life of one who is no longer powerful or fortunate. The robust and virile independence, the perfect lack of servility to royal personages, the unsparing candor wherever faults and difficulties are concerned—all of which we are invited to admire—are virtues that are easily practiced toward a prince who has renounced forever the title to rule. They belong to that class of fine behavior which costs nothing, and may even in certain circumstances be highly profitable.

From Boy to Man

There is a school of democratic thought which holds it a duty to give the public at any given moment what it wants or what it is supposed to want. This certainly seems to have been Mr. Bolitho's aim. It is easy, by a number of deft touches, slight alterations to the values and emphases, the hinting of a fault here, the indication of a warning there, to impart a unity to the whole story. Thus what would have been understanding appreciation soon converts itself into well-informed disparagement; and a Coronation Ode may be transmogrified into abdication odium.

However, it is to the subject of this book rather than to its author that the main interest of the reading public will be drawn. The story of the ex-king's youth, toils and travels is set out with much detail; many incidents and stories, some of them well-known, are related in a manner which is neither tedious nor spiteful. We have a picture of the education and training under modern conditions of a child and youth born to be king. Much of this is already known to many well-informed people. Obviously there is too much discipline and too many kinds of discipline. Parental discipline, tutorial discipline, scholastic and academic discipline, military discipline, naval discipline, court and society discipline—too much altogether.

Moreover, in these various disciplines there is a lack, as the author points out, not only of continuity but of consistency. On the one hand everything is done to arouse in the youthful breast the feeling of immense responsibility and of being specially singled out for the most severe forms of duty as well as the highest honors. The Prince must set an example in every field which he enters. He must be the pattern of what everybody would like someone else to be. All must be impeccable and conventional: never a game which a headmaster could not consider salutary; never a word which could not be recorded in a copybook; never a smile which could not appear upon a stained-glass window.

He must become an almost saintly figure, devoted to his high mission, conscious of his exalted rank, and yet do nothing which the ordinary commonplace wearer of the old school tie would consider pompous, conceited or airified. Thus while some of his guides and tutors inculcated the habits of mind which would sustain the highest dignities and obligations, others, his seniors by a few years, put him in his place at the Naval College or poured red ink down his back as our author describes, because he was

a little slow in leaving the room when the elder cadets so required.

Now this is not a rational treatment to give to anyone. Either the prince should be protected as a sacred personage from the common jostle of the world, encircled with a respect which may never be broken, or he should take his chance in the rough and tumble of school and college, and develop in normal freedom the faults and virtues of ordinary boys. The author relates with gusto that when the youthful Prince of Wales served as a midshipman on the *Hindustan*, the naval authorities wrote that "not the smallest exception or discrimination has been made in his favor. The Prince of Wales has taken part in every duty . . . the day before yesterday for example he was bearing his share in 'coaling ship' and you know what that means. He has worked hard in the gun-room and at drill. . . ." We are told how at the military maneuvers "his susceptibilities were not spared the experience of an issue tin washbasin and a bell tent which he shared with five other cadets; nor was his digestion spared the strain of army rations." It is clear that all this perfectly healthy rough experience of life is not in time of peace easily to be reconciled with the exceptional requirements of a royal station. Great kings of the past often in youth endured the severities of war and sometimes the harshness of parents, but they were not expected to bustle about with Tom, Dick or Harry, while at the same time maintaining their exceptional reserve and pre-eminence.

We now enter the war period. Our author recounts how the young Prince, then a lieutenant in the Grenadiers, struggled to get to the front; how at last he was allowed; how he served in one theater or another throughout the struggle, always endeavoring, often with success, to reach the line and share the dangers of the troops. He quotes the Prince, "The war gave me my manhood." It was true. He went out as a boy. He returned a man.

A Straight and Narrow Path

There followed from 1918 to 1936 eighteen years of travel and public service. He visited every part of the empire; he visited many foreign countries, especially the countries where his visit would help British influence and trade. He discharged the ceaseless routine of functions at home. It was remarkable that although brought up in naval and military surroundings his keenest sympathy and interests were excited by the plight of the poor, and lay in social reform. I have seen a map which shows that in these eighteen years he fulfilled in Britain alone seven thousand public engagements.

It must have been rendered infinitely more laborious from this dominant fact—the heir apparent must never say a word which is controversial. Who can live in the modern workaday world without developing strong views on this and that? Nothing that issued from his lips must be taken as espousing or opposing any cause about which any difference might exist in our complicated free society. The smallest minority would make an outcry which would resound through the land if they felt themselves aggrieved by any word or phrase from the royal lips.

Yet here was a man who felt very much like the bulk of his father's subjects upon all kinds of questions. He saw things being done by governments which he regarded as foolish or wrong.



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saw things being neglected by governments which he regarded as calling for immediate treatment. Can anyone measure the self-restraint and discriminating intelligence which enabled him in all these eighteen years of constant public utterance never to put a foot wrong, never to cause an incident and scarcely ever the smallest criticism.

But Mr. Bolitho, while giving us some account of this, is quick to note the darker side of the picture. Sometimes in his travels when the Prince attended balls, he was guilty of dancing too much with some pretty girl whom he met for the first time and admired, and of dancing too little with the elderly official hostess. All this is faithfully set forth by the author as befits one who is no courtier. It may well be true. After the blare and glare of the long day was done, after the crowds had dispersed and the last salute of cannon had reverberated into silence, after the ceaseless hustle and bustle had been gone through, it cannot be denied that from time to time the Prince seemed to want to indulge his own wishes for a change. From this also we can see why it was he threw himself with such an exceptional and excessive ardor into riding to hounds, steeplechasing and athletic exercise of all kinds, and finally aviation.

In the main, and with much consistency, this story of the life of this brilliant, gifted, charming and warm-hearted prince represents him as being below the average of mankind. We are given a picture, alleged to be intimate, claiming to be drawn by a friend and admirer, of a character vitiated by grave defects of temperament and conduct, at which the wise, the good, the healthy and, above all, the average British man and woman would frown or blush. A whole series of excuses and explanations are offered for him by his disillusioned defender. All is done in the guise of sorrowing friendship. This heightens the effect of the general depreciation. An atmosphere of insulting pity is made to pervade the story and thus prepare the reader for the final chapters which the author found so horrible to write, but which he nevertheless wrote unflinchingly.

No Constitutional Issue

By the time King Edward ascended the throne our author, without excising the long account of his many public services and successes, has contrived to draw a picture of a delinquent on whom long-delayed but inevitable retribution is about to fall. "Royal persons usually live in strange isolation from the rest of the world. . . . This isolation from the broad stretches of society sometimes confuses the judgment of princes, and they often imagine qualities into persons who break down the barriers of reserve by affecting familiarity. These are usually second-rate flatterers. . . . For some sad reason the Prince of Wales was not equipped with this power to judge, and early in his life he was inclined to gather about him those people whose familiar manner made it easy to talk with them, rather than those whose loyalty and respect made their manner seem reserved. . . . He did not seem to know the 'half-way house between jest and earnest,' and when his official duties were ended he often sought his pleasure in society which was unsuited to the needs of the heir to the throne."

His grandfather was "never accused of being casual over his duties. His grandson seemed unable to uphold this wise division in his life, perhaps because of the hustled state in which he lived and perhaps because of some sad fault in his judgment. While he traveled over the face of the world on waves of compliment and praise; while the English newspapers coined fine names for him and increased the record of his duti-

fulness and his chivalry, there was a growing undercurrent of discontent. It left a shadow wherever he went."

The author cites a quotation from the New York World on his second visit to the United States. "He managed, by his choice of friends and diversions, to provoke an exhibition of social climbing on the part of a few Americans which has added nothing to his prestige nor to the prestige of royalty in general." The author adds: "On this second visit to America the Prince began to unravel the good reputation he had made when he went there after the war. . . . From the time of the Prince's return to England, in 1924, the murmurs against him grew louder. . . . Tales of his casual social life leaked out and depressed those who were too genuinely fond of him to quicken the harm of gossip. Serious and conscientious men, who saw him day by day, hoped that his good gifts would guide him in the end and that the taste for unsuitable people would pass as a phase. But the error went on, and when, in 1925, he returned from his tour of

however, that no English king, and we doubt if any other, ever lost his throne on such a score. Mr. Bolitho adds another reason: "Many members of the government resented his campaigns among the poor. They found his eagerness discomfiting since it exposed the methods of the authorities and proved their work in the distressed areas to be slow and blighted by caution." This we believe to be utterly untrue. The King did nothing in respect of the poor or distressed areas of which the government did not approve. In fact, wherever he went he was accompanied by a minister, and the very idea of a constitutional sovereign in Britain acting over the heads of his ministers upon political issues is absurd.

There was never any constitutional issue of any kind. Under the constitution the sovereign was free to marry whom he chose. Ministers would certainly have advised against what was conceived to be an unsuitable marriage, but if the sovereign had persisted no means existed in the constitution to pre-

and a misfortune that the British press maintained for so long an artificial silence. A gradual and natural growth of criticism and comment would have enabled all concerned to see the trend and feel the force of public opinion. But instead of a steady and increasing pressure extending over some months, all was pent up until it was finally let loose with explosive force.

The very fact that he knew his projected marriage would cause a great many difficulties made him all the more submissive and disregarding of his rights and interests as king. If his people would not accord him the liberty of marrying under the law the woman he loved, which he considered was his inalienable right, then rather than be a cause of embarrassment to them he would abdicate as quietly and as quickly as possible. Once he saw that at the very least his marriage would deeply divide his people, his loyalty to them led him to make way for his successor with the least possible inconvenience; and we have no doubt that the same loyalty will ever guide his future courses.

Not only was there no constitutional issue at any time, but for nearly a fortnight before his abdication there was no issue of any kind between the king and his ministers. He had asked, as he was fully entitled to do, whether legislation could be introduced to enable him to make a private marriage, that is to say a marriage as the result of which his wife would not be Queen. This was in fact legislation to limit his undoubted rights. He was advised that legislation was impracticable. He accepted this advice and there constitutionally the matter ended.

Fortitude and Self-Control

If the ministers had required from him an undertaking not to marry Mrs. Simpson, he could have replied with extreme propriety that as nearly five months would pass before she would be free, and as she might never be free, such a question ought not to be asked and could not in any case be answered. If he had wished to gain time he had any number of ways open to him. He discarded them with one object and one object alone, namely, not to cause trouble or expense to the British people, or introduce division among them on account of what he regarded as his private affairs. Mr. Bolitho does not appear in the slightest degree conscious of the magnitude of the self-sacrifice in one whom he professes to care for and admire.

He speaks of the king's "wretchedness" in these last days of his reign. Most people who saw him then, including Mr. Baldwin, bear testimony to his magnificent bearing. At every stage his poise was perfect. His courtesy and his consideration for others were unflinching, but he was indifferent to everything which concerned himself. That he had long hours and nights of agony in giving up the glories of the British Crown cannot be denied. But outside his own chamber he displayed a marvelous fortitude of self-control.

Indeed it might be said of him as of an even more unfortunate predecessor:

*"He nothing common did or mean,
Upon that memorable scene."*

We regret that this book should have been written. We regret that it should have been written by one from whom charity and kindness might have been specially expected. It certainly does not represent the final view that will be taken of a unique and far-reaching event in the history of the British nation and empire; nor is it a just appreciation of one who has now become the most loyal and faithful subject of His Majesty, King George VI.



South America, stories of his late hours traveled ahead of him."

We are treated to a quotation from the Spectator which suggested that the Prince would "rightly interpret the wishes of the nation if he made it impossible for people to have any excuse for saying that he is unduly restless or that he exhausts himself in giving to amusements time which might be spent in preparation for work that is always and necessarily exacting and tiring."

We are far from accepting these statements as true. Even if they were, they would be but a very small offset to the enormous labors which the Prince of Wales discharged for the public. But, true or false, they certainly would never have appeared in a book about a reigning sovereign.

It is not yet the time nor have we here the space to tell the story of King Edward's abdication, but the truth is far different from Mr. Bolitho's tale. King Edward VIII had for some years been deeply in love with a married woman, and when this lady sought a divorce from her husband, he desired to marry her if and when she should be lawfully free. This was deplorable, and it raised grave difficulties of state. It is certain,

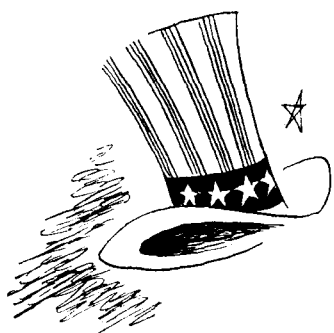
vent him. If, for instance, he had chosen to wait until the divorce proceedings had been completed, he could have been swiftly and secretly married, and could have confronted his ministers and subjects with the accomplished fact. The event might have given rise to many inconveniences in the court and in society. It might have caused a widespread scandal throughout the empire. But nothing could have affected the position of the sovereign on his throne.

If, a year after the coronation, he had informed the Prime Minister of the day that he was already married to Mrs. Simpson, as Louis XIV was secretly married to Madame de Maintenon, nothing could have undone the event and nothing but armed rebellion could have driven him from his throne. Deceit and subterfuge of all kinds were so foreign to his nature that he rightly scorned such courses. He would not go through the coronation ceremony having any secret purpose in his heart which might subsequently divide him from many of his people. All must come out. All must be open. If they wished him to go, he would go. But how was this to be ascertained?

It must be considered as a mistake

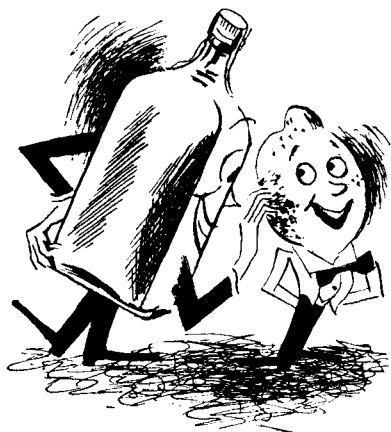
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Continued from page 18



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disappeared. Afterward the nose of the car slid into view and stopped.

Something flashed across the way, from the shadowy face of the white house. There was Gonelli in tails holding the door wide open and past him walked Leslie Carton with her face raised to him, laughing, and the furred collar of her evening cloak thrown back.

There was enough street light to show the leer of Gonelli as he handed the girl into the car. When he got into the driver's seat, Ryder, straining his eyes, could see no one in the rear seat.

The car started quietly, stepped with smooth fluctuations into second and third. Ryder waved his hand and watched Martin coming fast. He ran out into the street and Martin took him on the right side of the car.

"Go after them!" commanded Ryder. "They have cops around, this time of night," said Martin.

Ryder threw himself back against the cushion.

"Do it your own way," he said.

The way of Martin was infinitely smooth. He changed the coupé into a hunting cat that stalked through the traffic behind Gonelli's sedan with the thickness of the crowd screening it. But in the congested theatrical district their quarry slipped away from them.

"Go home," said Ryder, after he was sure that Gonelli could not be found. "Wait there till I call you."

THE crowd pushed Ryder back and forth before he thought of his next step. He got to a phone and reached Seelig.

"Where's everyone?" he asked.

"They scattered like birds," said Seelig.

"Miss Carton with Gonelli—"

"Where?"

"They went off like a skyrocket and my man couldn't follow them, Mr. Ryder."

"Everybody else went home?"

"Marene Sutherland double-locked her door and doesn't answer the telephone."

He hung up and telephoned to Ravenna. The voice of Eileen Durante answered.

She said: "Uncle Mike isn't here for the moment, but he'll be right back. . . . Come quickly. I have tremendous news for you! I have the most wonderful news in the world for you!"

"What is it, Eileen? What's it about?"

"You can't guess. It's like nothing in the world. Will you come?"

"I'll come," he said. And he took a cab straight out across town to Ravenna's house.

RYDER went up to the music room. The girl saw him but she finished the last notes of her song, lifting them into a triumph before she came hurrying toward him with something she had snatched from the top of the piano held behind her back.

"I have to see Mike," he told her. "Do you know where he's gone?"

"I don't know. Only that he'll be back soon," she said. "But what have I for you, David? What's my surprise?"

"I can't guess," he said.

"You have to guess," she commanded.

"Well, it's paper of some sort. Jimmy Hickey's last column, perhaps?"

She laughed.

"It's a thousand times more than that. It's something that belongs to you, and I found it. You'll never know where. You'll never guess where . . . but—look!"

She held before him a stiff fold of paper and as he opened it she still was laughing.

"I've read it, too," she said. "I had to

read it to know what it was, and it made me sorry for poor Uncle Mike; but then I know that you'll never let him starve, anyway. So why should I be sorry for him? Why should I be sorry for anyone? I'm only happy for you, David!"

His eye was running swiftly through the single typewritten page of the last will and testament of John James Leggett. It was so brief because there were so few legatees. To Martin, to Estey and to Gains went legacies of twenty thousand dollars each. Not a single one of the dinner guests was mentioned; not even Ravenna! The entire residue of the estate was the inheritance of "my beloved nephew, David Ryder."

Thirty millions—forty millions, the lawyer had said. Not mere wealth but a kingdom. Ryder stuffed the long fold of paper into his pocket while his mind flew out at a blank random over the labyrinth of New York's streets. Leslie was out there somewhere—and Gonelli.

"Eileen, how in the world did you find it?" he asked.

"Don't ask me till tomorrow," said the girl. "I've sealed my mouth tight. I can't speak till tomorrow."

She came up to him with a sudden concern.

"What is it, David?" she asked. "What's made you so unhappy? It's as though I'd only found an old button on the floor and given it to you! . . . What can be wrong, David?"

"I don't know," he answered, frowning. "You've made me rich, Eileen. But I seem to be numb. I can't even thank you."

"Something has filled up your mind," she said. Her voice went hard and clear, and she searched him with narrowing, cold eyes. "It's a woman, isn't it?"

The change in her startled Ryder so that he looked down at the floor, incredulous of what he had seen.

"I suppose that's it," he said.

Her voice changed to its usual sweetness but now, with his ear attuned to every modulation, it seemed to Ryder

that he detected a little tremor of restraint or of effort.

"David, is it a grand passion? Is it something you never can recover from?"

"I'll never change from it," he said, still looking down.

She broke out with a hard, ringing anger.

"It's a Millicent, or a Leslie, or a sweet Sydney," she said. "Tell me which one, David. Which one is going to make a fool of you?"

She caught her breath, as he looked suddenly into her face.

"I didn't mean that!" she cried. "Please forgive me, David."

"Why, Eileen, you're a bit excited, that's all. And I've been an ungrateful dog, a dumb beast!"

"I thought we were such friends, and so close! And now you're millions of miles and ages away from me."

SHE stared at him with pitiful, great eyes, her hands clasped.

Ryder said: "Eileen, you're wonderful."

"Wonderful?" she asked, struck suddenly out of her trance.

"Wonderful . . . a great actress," said Ryder. "And you came close to getting an encore from me. So damned close!"

"David, what are you saying to me?" she whispered, her mouth softening to childhood.

He laughed a little.

"It's no good, Eileen," he told her. "An instant ago you let me see through you."

She was nothing but amazement, agape and staring, and hurt.

He asked: "Eileen, when did you get that will? Was it the night of the murder? Was that when?"

The bludgeoning words, instead of cowering her, made her stand straighter.

She nodded a little. "You're *not* quite a fool, are you, David?" she said.

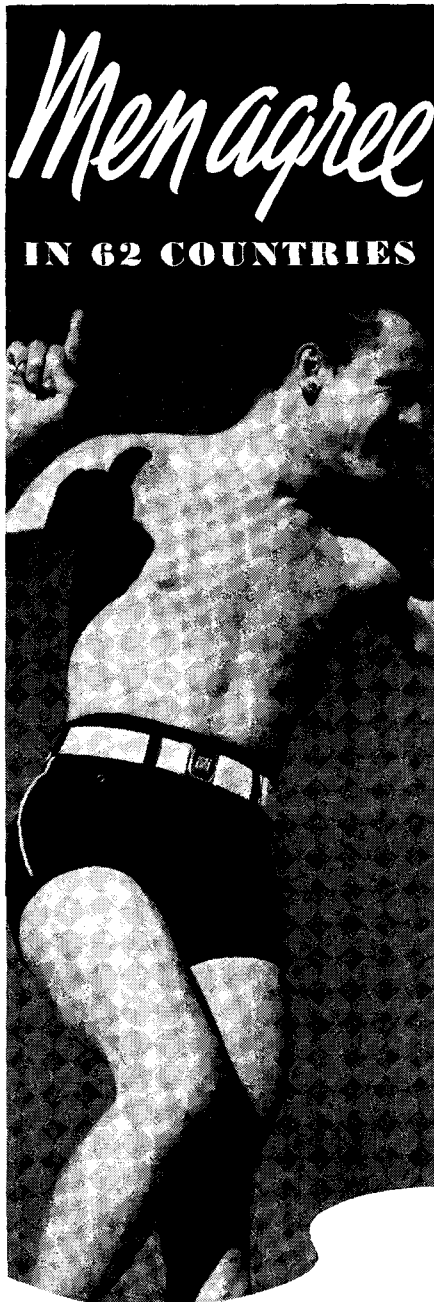
"That's right," said Ryder. "Be your natural self, my dear."

Rage suddenly mastered her and set her glaring. She could not speak.



"I just deposited a dollar. When do they change the sign?"

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"That stroke of the five thousand dollars . . . that was a great conception, Eileen," he said. The anger had gone from her. She was smiling.

"It was, wasn't it?" she answered. "I thought that was good. But I spoiled it all just now."

"One only needs a small keyhole to see a great room, you know."

"It shows that one has to be patient to the last," she agreed, picking up a cigarette.

He lighted it for her. She lifted her eyes with a smile.

"Life is so short, and art is so long," sighed Eileen. "The next time I try, I'll be patient to the very altar, David."

"Poor old Mike!" muttered Ryder. "Not a penny for him in the will! It will crack his fat heart right open. Not the loss of the money but the fact that my uncle could change like that!"

"I WONDER," she murmured. "Are you going to tell him at once?"

"No. I'll wait a decent time. You're not sponging on him, are you?"

"Not very much."

"Eileen," he asked, "what started you . . . this way?"

"The gifts that God gave me, when I saw them in the mirror. By the time I was sixteen I knew that the baby face would last a long time. Well, I used to cry myself asleep. But then I decided that I would be a fool to turn my back on my fortune, and I've been in training ever since. . . . It isn't so easy. Actresses usually just have to learn their lines and do them. But I have to compose mine as I go along. You know."

"Very hard," said Ryder. "To be so naïve; and yet show a touch of woman in the child, too."

"Singing to you, too. . . . The old ballad. . . . That was a rather good bit. . . . I think the heart of David went pitter-patter once or twice, didn't it?"

"It did."

"Except that you were such a sleepy pig."

"I was just making myself at home," he said, grinning.

"I saw the entire future, with you in slippers at the fire," she said. "And darling Eileen pouring your Scotch and soda."

"How long before you would have put something in the drink?" he asked.

"Never, I think," she said. "For forty millions I think I could have been adorable for forty years, at least."

"Eileen, there's murder behind this will in my pocket."

"Is there?"

"You know there is."

"Do you know something, David?"

"I'm beginning to, I hope," he said.

"The moment you saw through me, I really began to love you quite a lot."

"That's sweet of you," said Ryder.

"Suppose we go back to my uncle."

"Do we have to? He was a frightfully soggy old bore about girls."

"I know. The last time I saw him, there were six golden angels around his table. . . . But speaking of murder—if you could talk, and tell me something worth while . . ."

"Hush, David!"

"I'd see that you were safe," he told her. "And I'd be willing to pay you thirty or forty thousand dollars."

"Oh, would you?"

"I would."

"Would I have to stay, or could I run like the wind the moment I had talked?"

"You could run like the wind."

"David, I always knew that something good would come out of you. But let's speak in a rounder number. Say fifty thousand?"

"Will you talk?" Ryder asked. "For fifty thousand?"

"Just give me a breathing spell," she said. "I have to think it over. I ought to think it over till the morning."

The telephone rang just beside him and he picked it up absently.

"I think I shall talk—and right now," said Eileen.

"Hello? Hello? Mr. Ravenna?" asked a familiar voice.

"I'll take a message," said Ryder.

"Con chi parlo?" demanded the speaker.

"Mr. Ravenna . . ." began Ryder.

"Ah!" said the other. "Gonelli is here now."

"Where?" demanded Ryder.

"Con chi parlo?" shouted the voice again.

"I'll take the message for—"

The receiver at the other end of the line went up with a crash.

"Trouble?" asked the girl.

He looked at her vaguely. That Italian voice had rung in his ear not so long ago. Gonelli was there; and where Gonelli was, the girl must be.

Eileen said: "If you let people know before morning that you have the real will . . ."

"If it's known that I have this in my pocket, you'll be murdered?" he interrupted.

"Just like that," she said. "I'm ready to tell you the story, now."

"I have it!" cried Ryder, and whirled toward the door.

"Good luck, dear. And I hope your hide is bulletproof!" she called. "You won't stay to hear me?"

"Tomorrow morning," he answered.

He fled down the hall, down the stairs, and out onto the street. At a run, he went up the block, and turned down into the first avenue. Luck brought him a taxi that he hailed from a distance, and as he swung in through the open door, he called: "Do you know Tony's restaurant?"

"Yeah, and what of it?" asked the driver. "It ain't open this time of night, I guess."

"Go to Tony's!" Ryder said. "And go fast. I'll take my chance."

For he thought he had recognized on the telephone the voice of the waiter who served him and Millicent at Tony's restaurant only a day or two before.

THREE lights starred the front of Tony's but all one side of the restaurant on the first floor was darkened. It was late.

"Yeah, you see it's a bust," said the driver.

But Ryder stepped out onto the pavement.

He rang the bell and listened to the jangle inside. He waited. He rang again. The light inside the clouded glass of the door brightened and a footfall approached. That same Julio of the twisting smile pulled the door open and peered out at him.

"Mr. Ryder?" he said. "Come in, sir."

Ryder paid the driver and went into the restaurant.

"Is there a lady here?" asked Ryder.

"Yes, sir. Certainly, sir," said Julio.

"A friend of Gonelli's?" asked Ryder.

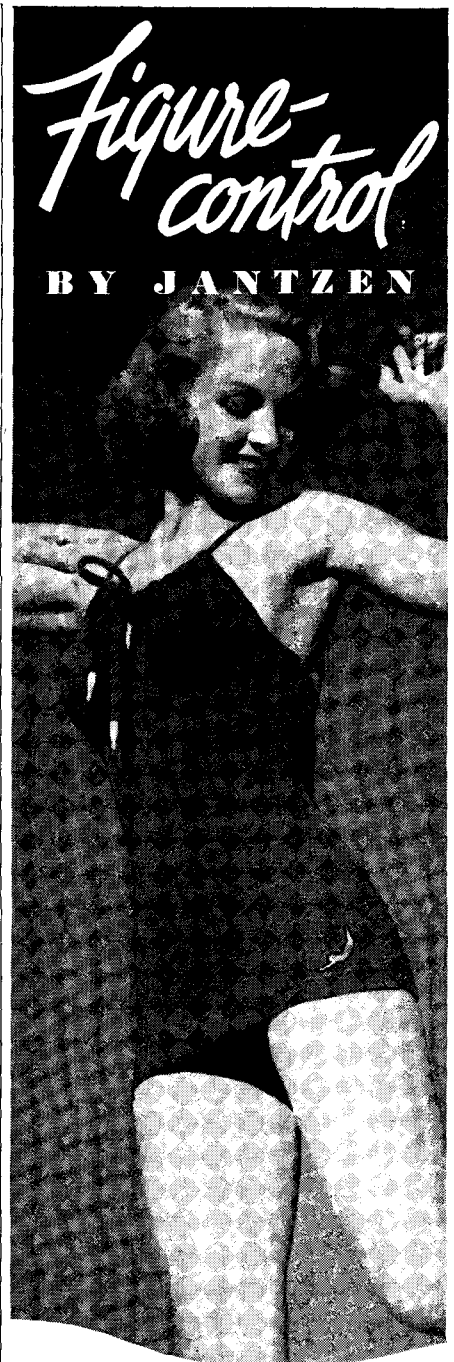
"She is, sir. Do you wish to join them? This way, if you please. The same room you were in the other day, Mr. Ryder."

He led the way, half-turning to keep his back from the guest. The lines about his mouth seemed to deepen with a smile. They climbed the stairs and passed down the corridor above. The voice of Leslie Carton laughed somewhere ahead of them, and the heart of Ryder stopped. Julio pushed open the door to the private room, saying: "A friend to see you!"

Ryder came in with all his muscles prepared for shock—and saw before him, across the table from Leslie, not Gonelli but the rotund bulk, the rosy, smiling face of Ravenna!

He leaned a hand against the wall and stared again.

"Hi, David!" shouted Ravenna. "I'm



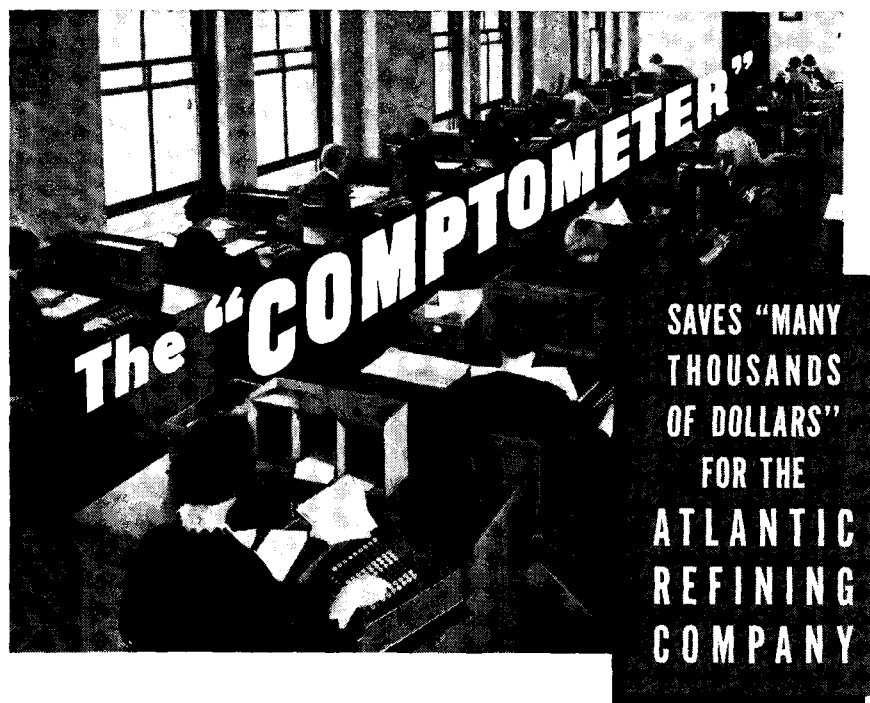
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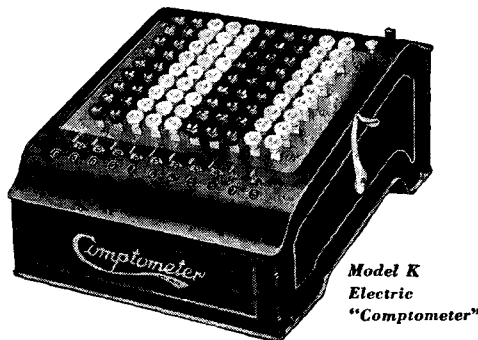


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COMPTOMETER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

glad to see you! What do you think I found down here? That triple-ply rat of a Gonelli had dared to take Leslie down here to the bottom of the world. I walked in and found them chattering in here as chummy as a pair of squirrels. Sit down, my boy!"

"They reached you, then?" asked Ryder. "I was at your house when Julio telephoned."

He sat down. His brain had been so set for Gonelli's long, handsome, brutal face that he could not adjust his thinking to the enormous bulk of Ravenna.

It was easier to look at Leslie Carton and to wonder at that mysterious Providence which enables a girl to smile through everything, as she was smiling now with an almost sleepy calm.

If Ravenna was there, everything must be all right, and yet everything was not all right.

His heart began to beat with such force that he was afraid his lips were trembling.

"SO JULIO telephoned to my house while you were there?" Ravenna was saying. "He telephoned everywhere. Like a good boy, eh, Julio?"

He laughed up at the waiter.

"Get something for Mr. Ryder to eat," he directed.

"I don't want anything," said Ryder. "I'll have a glass of that red wine."

The waiter disappeared.

"Now, help me talk to this silly girl, will you?" said Ravenna. "If she will come here with a Gonelli, she'll go to hell with the devil himself. What d'you see in the vulgar brute, Leslie? Speak up, now. I can see Ryder's punch-drunk, not able to understand. . . . But she only

laughs, David. You see and hear for yourself how she only laughs when I talk about that Gonelli, that throat-cutter!"

"Elia's not as bad as all that," said the girl, shaking her head, smiling at them. "And he has verve. He's so vain, and so important, and really so charming, in his own way."

"Just a big, good-hearted lad," said Ravenna. "A little blood on his hands, but what of that?"

"What happened to him?" asked Ryder.

"What happened to him? Why, what do you think would happen?" demanded Ravenna. "I ran the rascal out of the room and out of the restaurant."

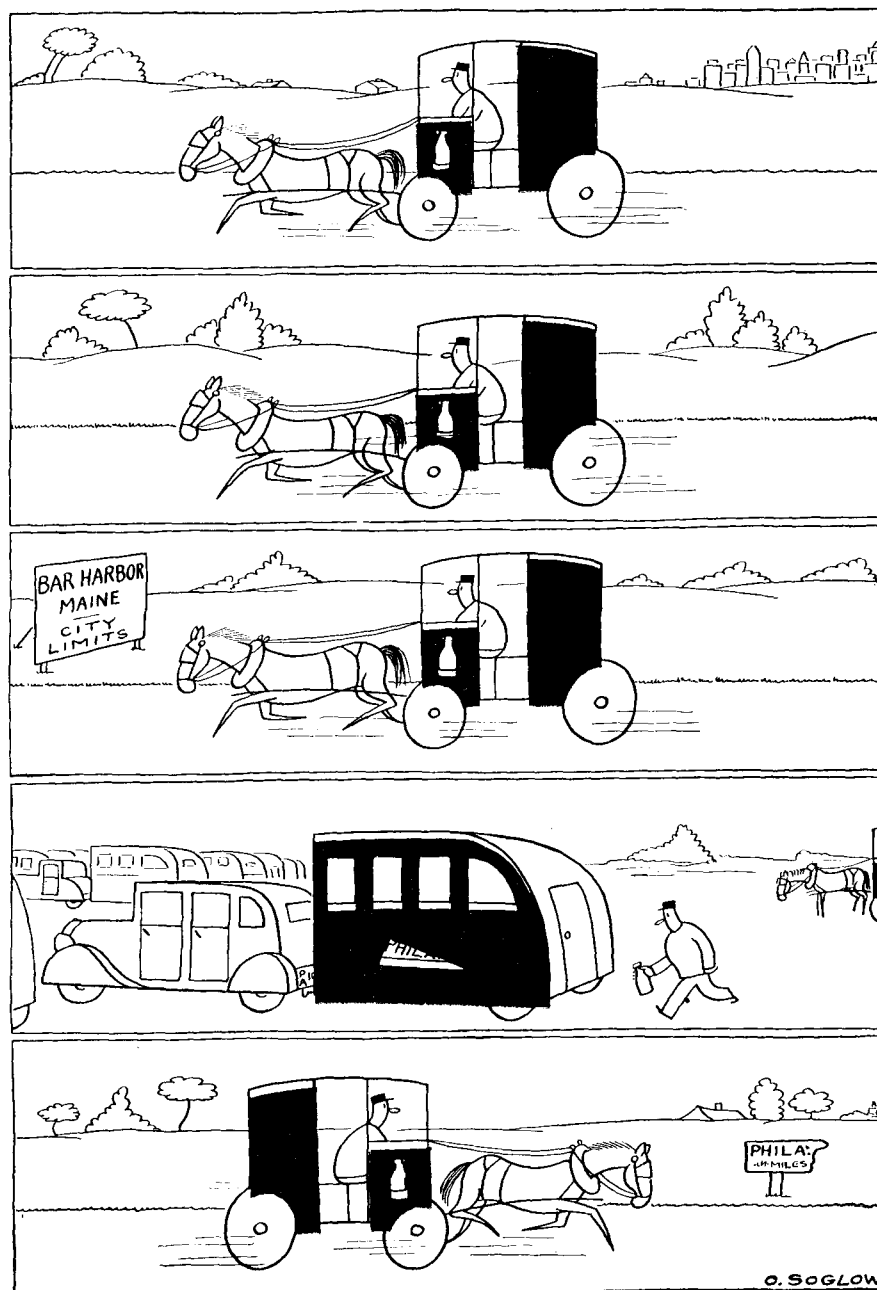
"And he knew his master's voice," said Leslie Carton, looking earnestly at the Italian. It seemed to the strained nerves of Ryder that he saw a shadow settling deep in her eyes.

Ravenna emptied his wine glass, leaned back in his chair and sighed. A drop of the wine commenced to run down toward his chin.

"You know, David," he said, "I have to have men of different kinds. A good man for good work. A bad man for bad work. And this Gonelli—well, I don't like to talk about him. I never used his knife, but I've used his hand in certain dark corners. Bah! I'll never wash the thought of him out of my mind if I drink a whole barrel of wine. When I speak to him, I smell rats in an old attic."

From the point of his chin he rubbed off the wine drop on the back of his hand. It made a long, thin, purple smear.

"Before I leave you tonight, Leslie," he went on, "I'm going to make you



O. SOGLOW

promise never to see Elia again. You hear me?"

"But that would insult him," she answered.

"What's the brute for except for insults?" asked Ravenna. "Eh, David? You've seen his face. And that's enough. Leslie, do you hear me? The saying goes that the beast of a Gonelli hired a murderer to shoot David down. Ah, that changes your color a little, does it?"

"Did he do that?" murmured the girl, staring at Ryder.

"So it's said," answered Ryder.

"But who said so?"

"A fellow who was sitting on the pavement with a broken leg," said Ryder.

"I don't understand you," answered Leslie Carton, almost angrily.

"A short, thick, big, chunky man," said Ryder. "His name was—no, I think I promised not to use his name."

The smiling of Ravenna ended. He listened with a set eagerness.

"But what had happened?" asked the girl.

"He was trailing me. I got Martin to trail him. We had a little mix-up in an alley. Martin smashed his shinbone for him. That's all. After a while he talked a little."

"What makes you so thoughtful about it?" asked Leslie, looking at Ravenna, seeming to forget what Ryder had said.

"I was just trying to think," said Ravenna. "I was trying to place a man like that. I've seen some of Gonelli's thugs. Did he have blond hair that glistened?"

"I don't know," lied Ryder. "Let the thing go. But I've had a happy surprise that you ought to see, Mike."

He took the will from his pocket and passed it to Ravenna.

The Italian lighted a cigarette and let his eyes drift sleepily through the document. He pushed it back to Ryder, and shrugged his fat shoulders.

"You young devils have all the luck," he said. "When I need money, I'm going to borrow like the very devil from you, David."

"Of course you are. And you're going to get at least fifty cents on the dollar," said Ryder, grinning at him.

"But the whole thing? Ah hi! John, John, John! You might have had a thought for my old age."

He turned up melancholy eyes toward the ceiling, but laughter overwhelmed him at once and he broke into a hearty roar.

"Let's get out of here," said Ryder.

"As soon as the coffee comes," said Ravenna. "You know I can't move without a stimulant of some sort. . . . He's robbed me of twelve or fifteen millions, Leslie. He's taken it out of my pocket, confound him."

RYDER, putting a hand on his thick arm, could not help smiling as he said: "If you're going to be sad about it, I'll have to give it all back!"

He restored the will to his pocket.

"Ah, well," said Ravenna, "wouldn't I be a fool to take on the burden, after all? Why not let David have all the responsibility and we'll simply help him do the spending?"

The girl laughed, but broke off to say: "If I'm going back, I must telephone first. Or they'll have the house locked up."

She rose and Ravenna rose with her. "I'll take you to the phone," said Ravenna.

"But it's just down the hall," she protested. "Stay where you are, Mike."

"It's just down the hall," agreed Ravenna. "But that werewolf, that Gonelli, may be just down the hall, also."

Here the waiter, entering, served the coffee, and Ravenna picked up his cup to take with him. He said to David: "Pay the bill, rich man!" and left the room behind the girl.

From the threshold, Leslie looked back toward Ryder. Her smile vanished at the same instant. A great, staring trouble reached out toward him and seemed to call on him for help; then she was gone.

"The whole bill for you, sir?" asked Julio. "I'll bring it at once."

He bowed himself out of the room and closed the door.

Ryder, as he lighted a cigarette, found himself waiting for something.

He remembered, after a moment. It had been in this manner that Millicent, Countess Lalo, had left him alone in the private dining room. She, also, had pretended that she needed to telephone, and he had waited in this same manner, vainly, to hear the click of the deposited coin and the whirring of the dial. Of course, the partitions might really be too thick to let such small sounds through; and yet a strange nervousness grew up in him by degrees.

He held himself on a stiff leash until the cigarette was half consumed. By that time, he felt certain, she should have finished the call; their footsteps should be returning.

He jumped up and went to the door. It seemed to have stuck, as ill-hung doors are apt to do. He tried it again, with a good, vigorous thrust of his shoulder.

At once a hand tapped on the door; the voice of Julio said: "Pardon, signore. Everyone is busy for a moment. But afterward you will be let into the game!"

LESLIE CARTON, as she passed into the hall, said to Ravenna: "After all, it would be better if I could talk from a booth. Is there a booth here, Mike?"

"Of course there is. Downstairs," said Ravenna, and he went down beside her, making the stairs creak with his weight. "That fellow Ryder is making a dead set at you, Leslie. You ought to smile at him now and then, don't you think? Or is he too dangerous for you?"

"Is he dangerous?" asked the girl.

"David? . . . I love the boy, Leslie; but he's always running wide open. Pray God he doesn't smash up, one day."

She came down into the lower hall and the uncertain light.

"Over there," said Ravenna. "Two booths together . . . Help yourself, Leslie!"

He held open the door of the first booth and closed it behind her. After that, he slipped quickly into the adjoining booth and pressed his face against the partition. He could hear her saying: "I want the police . . ."

Ravenna sighed. He was walking up and down outside the booths when she pulled open the double-hinged door and said: "There's something wrong, Mike. The line seems to be dead."

"Dead?" said Ravenna. "That's strange. There's another phone in the next room. We'll try that."

He pushed open a door. The damp, sour breath of a wine cellar came up to her. When he snapped on the lights, she saw a dark descent of steps.

"I can't go down there," said Leslie.

The soft bulk of Ravenna pressed her suddenly forward; the door slammed behind them.

The smooth, deep unction of his voice was saying: "Steady, Leslie. Steady, my dear."

She looked down at the hands that held her, and up at his eyes. A smile puckered the fat eyelids, but the smile had no meaning.

"You don't want me to start screaming, Mike, do you?" she asked.

Mike Ravenna put a thick arm around her. He said: "Poor darling, lean on Uncle Mike. The worst part is the first. . . ."

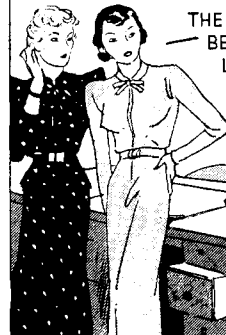
He was leading her down the steps. They were now in a large cellar room

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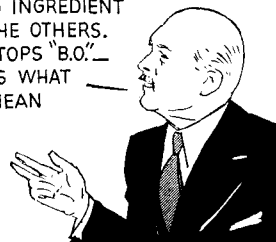


THAT NIGHT

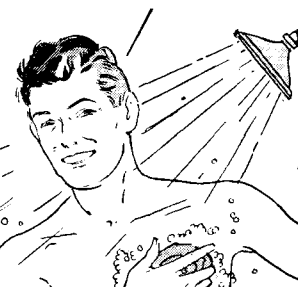


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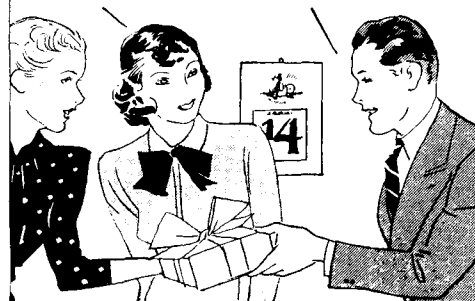
THOSE GABBY GIRLS CERTAINLY DID ME A FAVOR! THIS IS ONE SWELL SOAP. I FEEL CLEANER THAN I EVER DID BEFORE



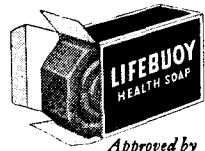
NO MORE "B.O."—Bill forges ahead

WHY DO WE GET CANDY WHEN YOU GET PROMOTED?

THIS IS JUST A LITTLE THANK-YOU! I OWE YOU GIRLS A LOT

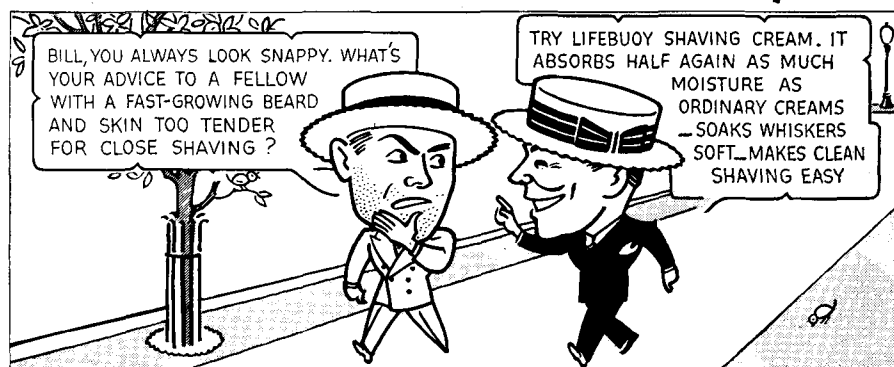


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TRY LIFEBOUY SHAVING CREAM. IT ABSORBS HALF AGAIN AS MUCH MOISTURE AS ORDINARY CREAMS—SOAKS WHISKERS—SOFT—MAKES CLEAN SHAVING EASY



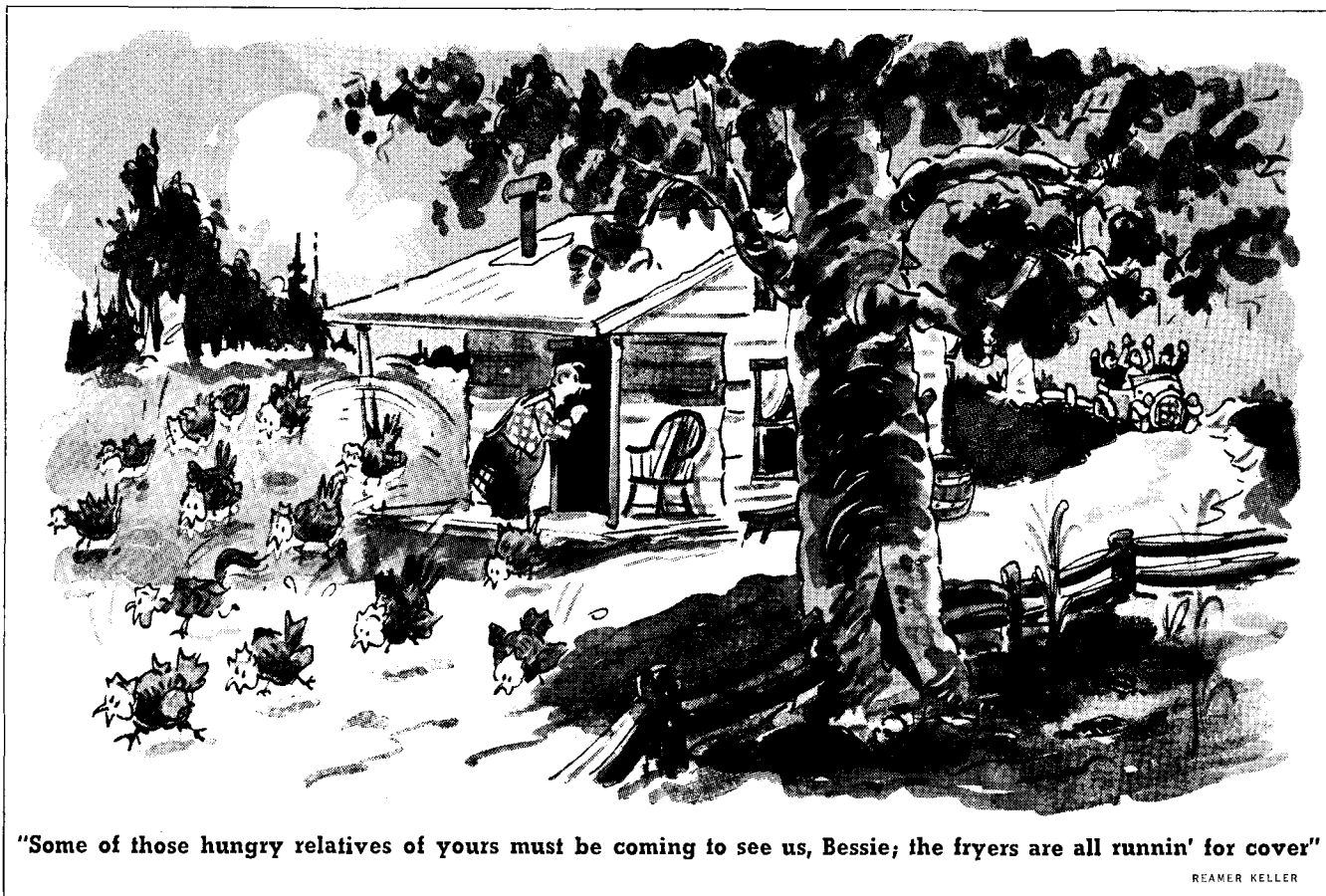
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"Some of those hungry relatives of yours must be coming to see us, Bessie; the fryers are all runnin' for cover"

REARER KELLER

set with a forest of unfinished wooden uprights. Shelves strung among them showed the dusty necks of wine bottles, the tarnished gilding of champagne. At the end, the cement floor dipped down to a black sheen of water. Two sloping wooden ways showed how cargo was brought from the river into the cellar. A double door, reinforced by a heavy iron frame, closed the waterway.

THE building must have been a warehouse before it was converted to other uses, and the cellar was simply a housed-in landing stage, convenient for removing heavy weights from barges. The effect it gave now was so unusual that it was like seeing a mask withdrawn from a human face.

"... but after the first shock, the nerves of the brave soul brace," said Ravenna.

She said: "Do I have to die?"

He blinked at her, still smiling.

"What is that, child?" he asked.

"Are you going to kill me, Mike?" she repeated.

"Ah, my dear; my beautiful, beautiful Leslie," said Ravenna, "nothing will be done in haste. There is time for talk. But in the end you must die. ... So—so! ... Here, child. Taste this and you'll be better at once."

He jerked a bottle from a shelf, knocked off the neck with an adroit blow, and offered it to her lips.

"No, Mike. Thank you," she said.

"Are you sure?"

"I don't want it."

"Sit down here. Now, my pet—when did you first suspect me?"

"When I first came to New York, Mike."

"As soon as that? Why did you telephone to the police, just now?"

"I only knew, suddenly, that David was in danger."

"It was for him, then, my dear?" asked Ravenna, tenderly. "Well, well, but why did you suspect me from the first?"

"Of all the people Dorrie knew in New York, I thought there was only one vicious enough to harm her—that was Gonelli. There was only one strong enough; that is you."

"And pretty Dorrie was your sister? You're a graver girl than Dorrie, you know; and for a man like me, who sees the soul rather than the face, the re-

semblance is very small. But when did you know that Dorrie was dead?"

"I haunted the morgue. After weeks, I recognized the body."

"Ah, but that's almost impossible, child. At the time when it was recovered, I made sure that it would hardly be recognizable."

"There was a birthmark ... Mike, how could you have harmed her? She was so sweet. There was so much kindness and goodness in her!"

"It was because of that same kindness and goodness, Leslie. It began to draw in Leggett. If he married her, it meant millions. ..."

"She never would have married him!"

"Perhaps not. But I couldn't take chances."

"And Porter Brant?" she asked.

"I'd rather talk of him, by far," said Ravenna. "Think of that rascal slipping into the study of Leggett, finding him dead, picking out of his pocket a certain air-mail envelope with information enough to put poor old Mike Ravenna in jail. So when Brant tried blackmail, of course I had to deal with him. Disgusting beast of a fellow, my dear."

"See how quiet and brave you are ... but if you could have seen how fear shook him to pieces! I loathed the rat so much that I could hardly force myself to handle him; but by remembering how he had tried to blackmail me, I was able to enjoy the work. So Brant was gagged and tied into the kitchen chair with the end of a rubber tube held under his nose. The tube ran to the gas stove, of course."

"Brant was a fool to try to blackmail a Ravenna, wasn't he?" asked the girl.

"Ah, but the temptation, my dear," said Ravenna. "Think of that! To have in his pocket the proof that it was not that scoundrelly Gonelli who was sucking Leggett's blood, but poor old fat Mike Ravenna himself! It was too much for Brant. I had blackmailed Leggett, now Brant would blackmail me. The future began to look rosy to him. He saw himself, suddenly, producing super-super moving pictures with lots of Ravenna money behind them. ... Gonelli is a little slow. He ought to be here with the boat, by this time."

"Why is he coming?"

"Does that stir you? Does that rouse you, child? But you've spent so much

time with Elia that you must be quite used to him by this time."

"I knew from the first that he had something to do with Dorrie's disappearance. To be with him was like holding a spider in my hand. But I had to find out what he knew, if I could. Dorrie had seen you and she had seen Gonelli on her last night. ..."

"How in heaven's name did you know that?"

"The landlady."

"Ah," said Ravenna, "the eyes of a woman! The eyes of a woman! What a wonderful gift to the world! ... But we were talking about Brant, weren't we?"

"You were saying that you had blackmailed Mr. Leggett. Was he dishonest, too?"

"J. J.? Not exactly. But when he had to take over a contracting business for a bad debt, the first thing he ran into was a necessity for paying graft money. And he paid it. Once. That was quite enough for me, of course. I simply had a record taken of how and when and how much money had passed. Gonelli posed as the blackmailer. Poor, fat Mike remained Leggett's best friend and bled him through that leech, Gonelli, all the while."

He began to laugh again.

HE PULLED a paper parcel from his coat pocket, unwrapped it, and began to gnaw at a chunk of Italian sausage.

"But Gonelli, the brute, confused everything. Tim Daley was the fellow who carried the money for the bribe from Leggett to the alderman. From Daley we got the information that tied up Leggett. After Tim left prison for a little job he'd done, Gonelli turned him down when he asked for money; which naturally sent Tim to Leggett. That was why I was on a scaffold, like a man about to be hanged, the night of the dinner. I knew danger was coming. Does it all grow clear to you, my dear?"

"You've told me so much, Mike, that I know there's no hope for me. I have to die," said the girl.

"Ah, there's the pity of it!" boomed Ravenna. "It's not only the beauty of you, Leslie. It's more than that. It's the courage. When I think what a pair you and David would make—a glory to the race, Leslie. You do love him?"

"With all my heart," she said. "Will

you tell me what Dorrie had done to you?"

"What had she done before Gonelli and I had to take her on the little boat ride—as we're about to take you, my dear? Why, it's fairly simple. Leggett had a soft streak about women, so I surrounded him with girls who were under my thumb, in one way or another. Girls with records that I knew. Cormorants who never could swallow that big fish, because I had a string around their throats. All beautiful. All charming. And Leggett was quite dazzled. He chose Marene for the time being and looked the others over to find a wife. What did I care? If one of them married him, I would have an invisible hand on the Leggett millions. You see? They were so much in my hand that when our brave young David recently went about searching for the golden angels, he really was walking from trap to trap. I sprang a few of those traps but a devilish good luck saved him. A very active boy, my dear. I once had to go in person and interrupt a scene between him and Marene. He almost had her ready to talk, but I came just in time."

"But Dorrie?" asked the girl.

"Your sweet little sister, Dorrie. ... How much you love her, Leslie! And how love becomes a good woman! It is more than sun to a garden."

He picked up the flashlight and steadied it on the face of the girl.

"But when Dorrie appeared, Leggett at once went mad about her. I saw that there would be a marriage, and I had no control over Dorrie."

THERE never would have been a marriage," said Leslie. "She was only having a gay time in New York. She wanted to go on the stage. That's why she took my mother's maiden name of Innis. But she was only being amused. She never would have married him!"

"Perhaps not," said Ravenna. "But it seemed dangerous to me. By that time, mind you, I knew that I was written down in Leggett's will for forty per cent, and I had to be serious. Sixteen million dollars—a fortune—a religion! So Gonelli and I took her out onto the river with a strip of plaster across her mouth, just as we'll have a strip of plaster across yours, Leslie. ... How long was it before you missed her letters and came down to New York, dear?"

"Only ten days or so. She had been home and left a ring there with 'J. J.' inside it. And she had given me a pair of shoe buckles set with brilliants. I thought they were too expensive—both the ring and the buckles. And I was worried. Besides, she talked so confidently of friends who would help her to get on the stage. She mentioned all of you. Then she went back to New York, and the silence began."

"So you came," said Ravenna. "And followed her footsteps, eh? True sisterly devotion, culminating in that little act at Francesco's, tonight. ... Did you know? Did you guess before you left the stage?"

"When the rest of them jumped up, you remained still. When I saw your mouth sag open," said Leslie Carton, "I could guess, then, that you had killed poor Dorrie; that was why you knew it was only a ghost. ... You, and Gonelli! You knew it *could* not be Dorrie."

"This will be a sad evening for Gonelli," said Ravenna. "He adored Dorrie. He really did. Before he struck her, he held up the club in both hands and seemed to pray to God. ... I'm sorry, Leslie, darling. I should have avoided that ugly detail! ... But he never cared about Dorrie as he cares about you. Jealously, Leslie. Damned jealous of David Ryder. ... How I admire the patience with which you let him fall in love with you."

(To be concluded next week)

The Lindbergh Line





Osman kept his grip on the radiator while a crowd began to collect and Willis yelled to me to know what was wrong. Anything might have happened

Money Changer

I HADN'T been in Istanbul an hour before I met Osman. I was stiff with long sitting in the Paris-Orient express, so I left my baggage where it would be safe—piled under the eye of an American petty officer in the vestibule of the embassy, and I went forth to wander in the city until such time as the embassy would be open for official business. And I found Osman, as it were, lying in wait for me.

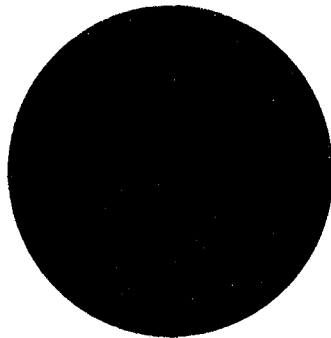
He was sitting in that vine-covered lane leading into the Street of the Book-Sellers, which in turn disappears into the maw of the great bazaar of Istanbul—Constantinople, you know. Sitting behind a glass cage.

The cage was piled with coins, and several Turkish pound notes were stuck inside the glass, showing that Osman was a *sharaf* or money changer. A dozen other *sharafs* looked up as I passed, and all of them knew me for an American, and began to tap on the glass. But Osman didn't. He just looked at me expectantly. He had mild brown eyes, his grizzled beard was cut off square at the chin, he wore a sheepskin coat, and he didn't have so many banknotes in his cage as the other *sharafs*. He seemed to be a Turk of the older generation—a pre-war Anatolian Turk.

I thought he might be honest. So I stopped and disgorged the handful of silver and paper I'd brought off the train. Osman muttered in his beard as he sorted it out, pushing back regretfully some phony coins. Then he counted out the exchange in Turkish

The next time you're in Istanbul, look up Osman. You can trust him. But don't try to cheat him. For Osman, like the prophet, believes in taking an eye for an eye—and he doesn't mind waiting

By Harold Lamb



pounds and piasters. It looked about right to me.

"*Ilhamdillah*," I said.

Osman smiled and touched his chest and forehead—probably surprised that an American should know how to thank him. That was the beginning. After that, when I wanted money changed I went back to Osman. I discovered he'd take out his exact commission each time, no more and never less.

"I've found," I told Bailey, at the Club, "an honest man in the big bazaar."

"No," Bailey laughed. "It can't be."

The bazaar of Istanbul, he assured me, was not simple and Oriental, like the ones I'd known in Isfahan or Aleppo. It was the clearinghouse of the Near-East, peopled by all the descendants of the Forty Thieves, exiles of every nation, past masters of the art of beguiling the tourist and intriguing the unwary.

"No one's ever been able to beat them," he explained, "at their game. If your Osman's really a Turk, he's honest. But some day you'll find that he's a wolf in a sheep's skin."

Still, I kept on doing business with Osman. It was quicker than the bank, and more friendly. After all, the money changer was the world's first banker. And nowadays, what with embargoes on gold, limitation on foreign exchange, not to mention occasional spasms of devaluation, the big banks shudder when they change any money for you. Not so Osman. He seemed to trust me.

He couldn't have known that I had

come to Istanbul to stay a year or so, to copy some early Turkish manuscripts in the library of the Serai—that cluttered mass of manuscripts that even the Turks haven't managed to sort out. I'd done the same thing in Persia, delving into the history of ancient Asia. All the consuls knew of me, and the Persian government had decided to decorate me.

But to Osman I was only an American, his friend. He insisted on taking me to his house one evening for dinner.

WE SAT together on a faded carpet that had been valuable once, in the ghost of a garden, out by the twisted cedars of the Ayoub cemetery. A woman draped in black came in, frightened, holding out flowers to me in both hands. She put the flowers down by my knees and vanished, to reappear with a bowl of pilaf. Then she produced a bottle of cheap wine, three cigarettes and a match. Osman made no mention of her, and after she had delivered herself of apricots and grapes and a jar of cool water, she vanished.

Osman would not touch the wine, or the cigarettes. They were for me, his guest, he explained. Only one thing troubled him, as he sat telling me stories in simple words that I could understand.

"My son," he explained regretfully, "is away."

And after a moment he added, "My son is not as I am. *Ilhamdillah*—the praise to Allah."

(Continued on page 62)