

Larger and lovelier than ever are the tuberous begonias, a versatile blossom that the home gardener may grow in a wide variety of types

# IT BEATS THE DUTCH

By Frank J. Taylor

SILVERY - HAired Grandmother Briggs, gladiolus queen of the U. S. A., settled her little folding chair alongside Seventh Heaven and sat down. From a pink blossom in the adjoining row she removed the stamen and carefully tickled the pistil of the gorgeous array of gladioli at her side. Then she burst into a hearty laugh. Her husband looked across the garden, surprised.

"I've just crossed Honeymoon with Seventh Heaven," she chuckled. "That ought to be good."

It has to be good to beat the Dutch, which is Mrs. Briggs' major ambition. She has been after the Dutch for twenty-three years, ever since she gave up school teaching to cultivate glads. The European growers, of course, had a sweet head start on Mrs. Briggs, but, all things considered, she has given them a good run for their money. She is meeting them on equal terms in glads, just as is Frank Reinelt in tuberous be-

gonias, Earl Frazee in ranunculi and freesias, or Henry Hyde in callas. And so on—choose your bulb.

Until recently the Dutch had been the champion bulb culturists for so long that they say the babes of Haarlem and Noordwijk are born with silver bulbs in their mouths. The year 1916 is hailed by the American growers as the birth of the industry in this country. That year the U. S. Department of Agriculture planked down an embargo on foreign bulbs to head off the introduction of soil diseases, and after that it was a case of grow bulbs or do without them.

By some quirk of fate, plus soil and climate, most of the growers in this country eventually concentrated in seven small areas scattered along the shores of the Pacific from San Diego to Tacoma. In these isolated spots bulbs are big business, and it keeps the growers humping to satisfy the insatiable American appetite. They have to mature about a third of a billion bulbs a

year to keep the gardeners of the country happy.

This fall when your favorite seedsmen supplies you with bulbs for the flowers that bloom in the spring, you little suspect the trials and tribulations that led up to their arrival in his bins. The bulb game is different from every other seed-growing business because bulbs are stored-up life and energy. They sense the time of year and are ready to explode into blossom at the slightest provocation. Bulbs are as temperamental as children, and if you want to see what a job it is to bring them to perfection, hitch along on a bulb farm excursion from the southernmost tip of California to the northernmost corner of Washington.

You start at the little town of Encinitas, which sprawls along the cliffs overlooking the Pacific, just north of San Diego, a veritable hotbed of bulb growers, most of them gladiolus fans.

Glads are big-money bulbs today for

the reason that florists anywhere can force them in hothouses to produce blossoms for weddings, funerals, housewarmings and parties. They are distinctly the florists' flower for another reason, too—they can be seen but not smelled. A blossom of that size with a fragrance would be too overwhelming. Hence, about half of the twenty million glad bulbs grown around Encinitas, Santa Maria Valley and near Grants Pass, Oregon, are destined for one grand burst of blossom, then will be thrown away, exhausted by the forcing process. Those that find their way into your garden, however, may live through eight summers of glory.

All bulbous blossoms are what they are today because of the patient work of the hybridizers, who have slowly built most varieties into twice or thrice their natural size and added luster to their colors. Among the dozen or so noted gladiolus originators, Elizabeth Briggs

Continued on page 56

## The Bars Between

Continued from page 22

and Conroy, looking pretty neat in tails, showed up at ten. He went into the bar for a drink and found Britton sitting there on a high stool and looking quite tight.

"You got me here," said Britton, "but you can't make me dance."

"She'll be well taken care of."

"Oh, she's being well taken care of, all right. Have a drink."

"Make it a short beer."

Conroy went into the ballroom and had a couple of dances. When he returned to the bar Nora Jackson was sitting there with Britton.

"Listen, officer," said Britton. "Do me a favor. Dance with her. She wants me to dance. I hate dancing."

Conroy looked at her. "How about it?"

"Do you feel it's your duty?" she asked, smiling.

"Well, I feel it's a duty to a swell-looking girl."

"Ah, he's a smoothie," Britton said. "Go ahead, Nora—swing it."

IT WAS a good beginning, because the orchestra was playing a waltz and he was a nice waltzer.

They danced three times in a row. Then the music stopped and she said she'd better go back and watch Britton: he might get too tight. But when they returned to the bar Britton was not there.

The bartender said, "I think he went home."

"Maybe he got sore," Conroy said.

"Oh, no," Nora told him. "He said that if you showed up he was going to palm me off on you."

"That's no hardship. Let's go around to the cocktail lounge and sit out a couple of dances."

"You're being awfully kind."

"Kind to do something I like?"

She looked at him and he was wondering if her eyes lacked the frankness he'd first noticed in them. Right now, she seemed a little troubled, uneasy.

"Britton your boy friend?" he asked.

"Goodness, no!"

He took her home at half past one. She lived pretty far out, in a four-story apartment house on Oliver. He walked with her into the vestibule and stood with his hat in his hand while she got her key out of her purse. She opened the hall door and then turned to say:

"Well, it was grand, and I don't know how to thank you."

A faint smile played back and forth across his lips as he looked down at her. "I want to see you again," he said.

"It was fun tonight. Why spoil it?"

"Who's going to spoil it?"

She shrugged. "I'm going with a fellow."

"What's his name?"

She pulled her wrap closer. "There's a draft here. I'd better go up."

"All right," he said. A small glitter came into his eyes as he took hold of her shoulders and pressed his lips against her mouth. She didn't move. No part of her moved, not even her lips. He drew back and she was still looking at him, not angry or outraged or embarrassed but merely weary.

"Now what do you think that will get you?" she asked.

He shrugged. "Skip it. I just felt like kissing you. It seemed like a good idea."

She turned and went into the hall and closed the door.

He was busy during the next week but in the intervals when he relaxed he thought of her and it wasn't clear in his mind whether he really cared for her or just wanted to experiment a little further and find out what made her tick. He was sent to Chicago with Ed Shoemaker to bring back a felon and with so much time to kill on the train he thought about her more and more. When he got back, it was an easy matter to pretend that his new car needed some minor adjustments, so he drove over to Hemple's and while the car was being serviced he drifted as far as the office doorway and leaned there.

"Oh, hello," she called out.

"I'm having the car adjusted."

"They always need that when they're new."

"I guess so." He tossed a coin and slapped his hand over it in mid-air. "How about going to the hockey game tonight?"

"I don't care for hockey games."

"Well, we don't have to go. We can eat and then take in a movie."

She shook her head, gathered up a handful of papers and said, "Excuse me. I've got to take these letters upstairs."

"Pretend I never stopped by," he said.

"I'll do that. Do you mind letting me by?"

"Listen. Suppose I apologized for making that pass at you?"

"You needn't."

"Well, I want to."

"All right, then."

"I apologize. Now let's start over again. How about going to dinner and a movie?"

Her smile was chilled by the look in her eyes. "Thank you, Mr. Conroy, but I prefer not to."

"The hat is high, sister."

"Now may I pass?"

He stepped back out of the doorway and without stopping turned and walked away. He was a little red behind the ears but the quiet look in his eyes was pointed with determination. She had nicked his vanity. But more than that, she puzzled him.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "if I love that girl."

WHATEVER it was, love or vanity or petty vengeance, it would give him no rest. During the next week he telephoned her at the office. He sent flowers around to her apartment. But there was no call from her, no letter of thanks. He drove over to her apartment house late one afternoon and hung around until she got off the bus. She was carrying several bundles. He met her in front of the vestibule and said:

"Am I still in the doghouse?"

She wouldn't look at him. "I don't remember that you were ever in the doghouse," she said in a hostile voice. "But I don't want any dates with you."

"Why?"

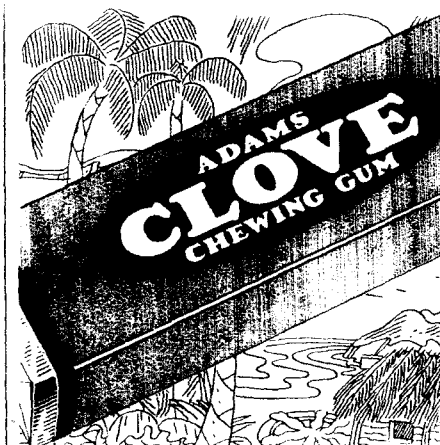
"You're ridiculous!" she burst out in sheer exasperation and ran inside.

But he was after her before the hall door oozed shut. She ran up the staircase and he followed swiftly, two steps at a time, though he didn't run. He caught up with her as she got her apartment door open but in her haste to enter she dropped one of the paper sacks and oranges rolled at his feet.

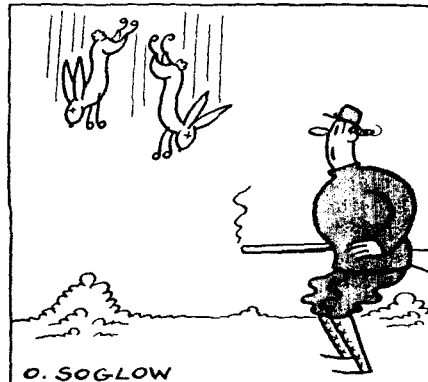
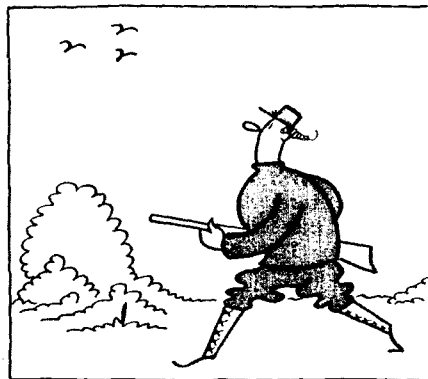
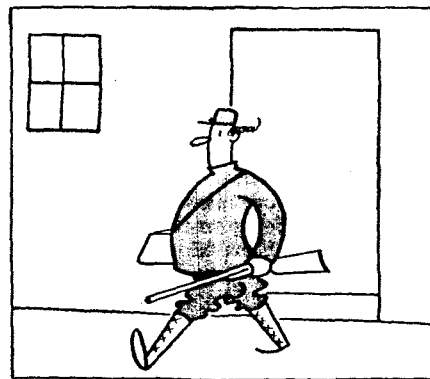
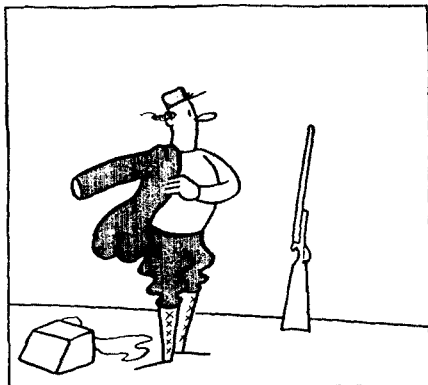
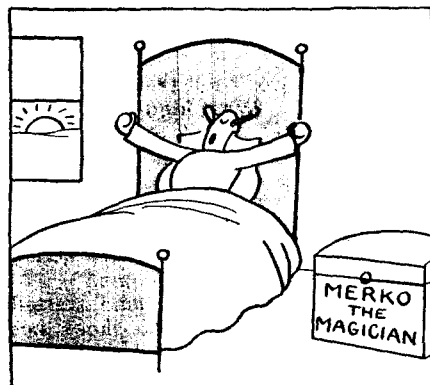
She glared at him, her jaw shaking with anger. He said, "I'll get them," and gathered up the oranges. He carried them through a small living room with a day bed and dumped them on the drainboard of the sink in the little

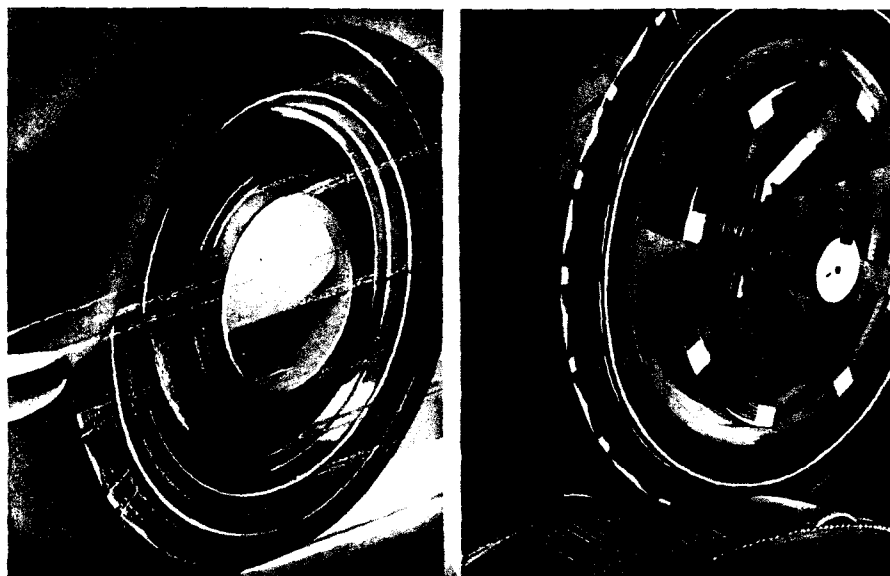


YOU'RE missing something if you haven't tried Adams Clove Gum! A flavor that's all spice—not hot, not sweet—just uniquely delicious and refreshing! Moreover, it's a fine breath-sweetener—literally "takes your breath away!"



A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE





ON THE ROAD

IN THE LABORATORY

## FOR MODERN DRIVING CONDITIONS!

High speeds, sudden turns, quick starts and stops — those are today's driving needs — and every minute you *must* depend on your tires for safety.

Brunswick Super Service Tires are built to meet these conditions — and tested to prove their exceptional safety features.

In the laboratory, huge machines try to tear tires to pieces, in tests more severe than you'll ever experience.

Then on cars like yours and on the same kind of roads you travel, Brunswick Tires have for 18 years been earning their reputation "famous for quality." For this greater safety and for the greater economy and longer mileage that goes with it, see your Brunswick dealer today.

### BRUNSWICK TIRES GIVE YOU

- |                        |                   |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Tested Quality      | 3. Long Mileage   |
| 2. Rugged Construction | 4. Quick Stopping |
|                        | 5. Economy        |



# Buy

*famous for Quality*

kitchenette. When he returned to the living room she was still standing inside the door, holding the other bundles and staring vacantly at him.

He said, "Powder your nose and we'll go out and eat. How about the Caravan? There's music and the food's good."

The grim line of her jaw was relentless. "All right. Any place you say. I've nothing to do with this."

"We'll stop at Jerry's for a cocktail."

They stopped at Jerry's and then they went to the Caravan. She ran up some kind of record for saying either yes or no and no more. She never looked directly at him, not once. He bought wine during the meal and brandy afterward. She danced with him when he asked her to and when he held her close, pressing her against him, she didn't do anything about it; she didn't even look at him. At ten he looked at his watch and said: "I guess you'll want to get some sleep."

"Yes."

It was a relief to get outside, to get behind the wheel and drive fast through the clear cold night. Pulling up in front of her apartment house, he left the motor running and stood on the curb. He figured she wouldn't want him to hand her out, so he thrust his hands into his overcoat pockets. She stepped past him, turned her face away and walked across the sidewalk.

"Good night," he said.

"Good night."

He watched her enter the vestibule, unlock the hall door and disappear inside. After a couple of minutes he drove off and went to a saloon where there was a back room and half a dozen booths. He found an empty one and sat there for two hours drinking beer and thinking. Then he phoned her.

"I guess I woke you up."

"Yes."

"I just wanted you to get me straight. The trouble is, I probably love you."

She hung up on him.

"I'm licked," he thought. "It practically took a kick in the face to make me realize it."

BUT he couldn't forget her. That isn't to say that she was in his thoughts every minute, for he was a busy man; but after hours, or during meals alone, he thought about her and in the days and weeks that followed she became more real than she had ever been before. He often wished he had a picture of her.

One Sunday toward the end of January he was detailed along with Ed Shoemaker to take a couple of men to the state prison, fifty miles away. They went up on a morning train, turned the men over to the prison authorities and sat around a while talking with the warden. They left by way of the visitors' room and Conroy saw Nora sitting on a bench along with a lot of other visitors. His step faltered but he picked it up and ducked out with Shoemaker before she saw him. The next train wasn't due for an hour and by the time it pulled in the platform was crowded with the visitors from the prison. Nora was among them and he saw her board one of the coaches. He followed Shoemaker into the smoker.

Shoemaker stuffed and lit a caked, battered pipe. He said, "Well, those two babies had their last train ride for a long time. Ten years. Or five, if they got a drag. And with good behavior. Don't forget to remind me I got to phone that one guy's old lady and tell her his cold's better. Soon as we get in—hey, Miles, don't tear them tickets up!"

"Can you beat that!" chuckled Conroy, looking at the torn tickets.

The train was rolling through blanched winter woodlands and past small country towns where people were out in their Sunday best. After a while Conroy got

up, left Shoemaker snoring and made his way back through the coaches. He was wondering how he ought to approach her, what he should say. She saw him come through the doorway and if he expected to find her surprised he was mistaken.

"Hello, Nora," he said, sitting down beside her.

She said, "Hello," and turned to look at the fields and woods rolling past.

He felt silly saying, "This sure is a pleasant surprise."

"You didn't get out of the visitors' room quite fast enough."

"Okay, okay," he muttered, dropping his shoulders. He looked down at his bony knuckles. "Some relative?"

"Husband."

HE CLOSED his hands tight, hard. For a minute he sat motionless, staring blankly at the seat ahead, his breath locked in his lungs. He opened his hands and looked at his palms. "I'm sorry," he said dully.

"Don't say you're sorry!" Her voice was quick, almost strident, and her fist struck her knee and pressed hard against it, quivering. She turned her face farther away from him.

"How long's he been in?"

"Two years."

"How many to go?"

"Three." The word was chipped sharply out of her breathlessness.

"Been married long? Got any parents?"

"Three years, almost." She inhaled deeply. "My parents kicked me out when I married him." She swallowed. "No one at Hemple's knows. They think I'm single. I use my maiden name."

"Where'd the trouble start?"

"Eldersville, my home town—and his. You probably never heard of it. It's the other end of the state, two hundred miles. It never got in the city papers. I've been lucky holding my job at Hemple's." Her voice cracked.

He muttered, "Don't worry about Hemple's."

"You—you won't tell them?"

He scowled. "What kind of a mug do you think I am?"

She turned and looked at him and then dropped her eyes as color overtook her face.

"I guess I understand why you wouldn't see me," he said. He added gloomily, "Why you hated me."

She grimaced and her hand started out, then drew back. She shook her head. "I never hated you," she mumbled unhappily.

His moody voice went on: "I'm a cop and he's up there and cops put him there—took him away from you. Tough going. Well—" In one motion he rose, gave her hand a quick grasp, said, "Goodby, kid," and left the coach.

HE THOUGHT it over for more than a week and on his next day off, a Thursday, drove up to the prison to see the warden and ask him about the lad from Eldersville. It turned out that his name was Roy Paddison. He was thirty-three. He'd been married before; divorced for non-support and desertion. He was doing his five-year stretch for having stolen a car and run down the state trooper who'd attempted to stop him. The trooper had spent two months in a hospital. Paddison had been arrested twice previously, once for passing a bad check and once for beating up a girl. His father had used up his savings to pay counsel fees, and when the jury brought in a guilty verdict the old man collapsed. He died a month later.

"His wife," the warden said, "comes up every other Sunday. Brings him money and smokes and magazines and things. You know him?"

"No. I know his wife. How's he doing here?"

"He's been in solitary twice. He's smart. Too smart. When they get too smart they land in solitary. He can walk up to a crowd of pretty contented men and inside of ten minutes make them feel they're here because society double-crossed them. He doesn't even need a soapbox. What were you thinking about?"

"Parole, maybe."

"I might be willing to recommend a parole, Miles, but I don't think the parole board would okay it. You could try, though. Especially if you know some friendly politicians. Want to see him?"

"Not today."

DRIVING back, he thought of the people he knew who might be useful. That night he had a long talk with Jacob Straub, a district leader, and after they had knocked off a couple of bottles of beer Straub said he would have a talk with Homer Brighthouse, a state senator he'd grown up with politically. But first Straub wanted to see Paddison's record in black and white.

A week later Conroy sat by a telephone almost half an hour before he picked it up and called Nora.

"Hello, Nora," he said. "I'd like to see you about your husband."

Her voice was quick, startled. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I might be able to get him a break."

There was a moment of silence, and then she said, "Well—all right."

"When?"

"Almost any night."

"Tonight?"

There was another pause. "Well—yes," she said at last.

When she let him in her glance was uncertain, wary. He sat down on a straight-backed chair across the room from her, put his hat on his knees, and told her what he had done. All the while he was talking she kept her back turned to him. Once or twice she sobbed.

He said, "But he'll have to tame down, so the next time you see him tell him that. Tell him there's a good chance he'll get a parole but that he's got to be sensible in the meantime."

"I'm going up Sunday," she said. Suddenly she covered her face with her hands and sobbed.

Conroy took his hat off his knees, uncreased the crown, creased it again, and waited. In another minute she was quietly blowing her nose.

"There's no way I can thank you," she said in a voice her handkerchief muffled.

"I don't expect anything." He stood up. "I think you ought to meet Jacob Straub, though. It'll help."

She nodded. "All right."

HE TOOK her to Billy's Steak House Friday night to meet Straub and when Straub left he shook her hand warmly and said he would do everything possible. Conroy sat on with her for another hour and then drove her home. He wanted to say that he was doing it for her, that it was tough she didn't love him but that was the way life was. He wanted to tell her how good she was, sticking by Paddison, going to see him every other week. He wanted to tell her that he probably loved her twice as much as Paddison did. But he didn't say any of those things, because he wanted to break clean.

"You and Mr. Straub have made me very happy tonight," she said when he pulled up.

"That's fine. I'll give you a ring Monday, after you've been up."

"Will you want to see him up there some day?"

"No need." He didn't want to see him, he didn't want to know what he looked like or hear the sound of his voice.

But he telephoned the warden once a week and the reports were good: Paddison was behaving himself, keeping his mouth shut and doing his work. Conroy, immediately afterward, would relay the good news to Nora. Everything pointed toward success. She surprised him by asking if he'd like to come by the apartment for dinner and he said, no, he was busy nights right now. He imagined he caught a touch of disappointment in her voice. But he didn't want to be alone with her; he didn't want to run the risk of messing things up.

The day the parole board met, the middle of March, he tried to stay as near his office as possible. He figured the warden would telephone him about noon. He skipped luncheon in order to be on hand if the call came through. But it didn't come through until five in the afternoon.

"Okay, Miles," the warden said, and went on to give him the details.

Conroy's hand shook as he hung up the receiver. He wasn't happy because Paddison was free. He didn't feel like a martyr, like a great guy. All at once he felt miserable and it was ten minutes before he could bring himself to telephone her.

Her "Yes?" was pitched in a taut, anxious voice.

"They paroled him," he said.

"Thank God!" Her voice cut sharply downward.

"He'll be down tomorrow."

"Yes, yes," she said hoarsely.

"He'll leave on the 11:05 and arrive at 12:07."

"Thank you—thank you. I—I just can't seem to—to—"

"Sure, sure."

"It's—it's—"

"I know, kid. Well, lots of good luck."

HE CLOSED the connection because he couldn't bear to hear her voice cracking and choking that way. "This bird Paddison," he said to himself, "must certainly have something I haven't got." He stood up, slapped on his hat and slung his topcoat over his arm. The ringing of the telephone stopped him at the door, drew him back to the desk.

"We—we were cut off," she said.

"Oh," he said. "I thought you hung up."

"No. We were cut off. I—I wanted to say goodbye."

"Oh, well, I'll probably run into you around somewhere."

"Well, I don't know," she said haltingly. "What I meant by goodbye is I'm leaving the city. I'm leaving tonight. I'm leaving in about an hour. I'm—"

"But he doesn't get in till tomorrow—"

"I know. Miles. Listen, Miles."

He was becoming exasperated. "I'm listening."

"Miles . . . come over, will you?"

When she opened the door of her apartment he stared down at her in a kind of gloomy resentment. He'd tried to make a clean break and he didn't want it gummed up.

"Aren't you coming in?" she said.

He walked in, scaled his hat onto the sofa and stood by a window, looking down into the street.

Staring at his back, she said, "I see you don't feel like—"

"What is this?" he demanded, turning on her. "He gets out tomorrow and tonight you take a run-out powder on him!" He waved his hand at the trunk, the suitcase. "What kind of a stunt is that to pull on a guy? You want him out and then when he gets out you duck. That sure makes sense!"

She said quietly, "He won't expect to find me here. He knows I won't be here. He won't even come here."

"Boy, oh, boy, the more you go along the more sense it makes! Next thing I know you'll be saying you didn't want



Win PRIZES  
OF SIX CANS OF  
TUNA AND \$25.00  
GROCERY ORDERS!

\$59,200

8 MONTHLY CONTESTS!

One every month from  
March straight through  
October, 1937!

\$7,400 Worth of Prizes  
Awarded every month!

2,000 orders on Grocers  
Each for Six Cans of Tuna

200 orders on Grocers  
Each for \$25 in Trade



#### TUNA-TEST Rules

1 Your entry may contain 35 words or less, telling in your own way "Why I keep this tuna on my pantry shelf." Each entry must be accompanied by two labels (or label-replicas) from *Chicken of the Sea Brand Tuna* or *White Star Tuna*. Also mention the name and address of your grocer. Submit as many entries as you wish . . . but enclose two labels (or label-replicas) with each entry.

2 Entries will be eligible for prizes according to date received. Each month 2000 prizes of 6 cans of Tuna will be awarded and distributed. At the end of each month 200 \$25 grocery orders will be awarded among winners of tuna prizes. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be given.

3 Address your entries to Tuna-Test Dept., Van Camp Sea Food Co., Inc., Terminal Island, Calif. All submissions become property of this company.

If your grocer is the rare exception who does not handle either of these brands, ask him to get *Chicken of the Sea Brand Tuna* for you!



America's two favorite  
brands of tuna..identical  
in quality.

# NOW! A CAR HEATER GUARANTEED TO GIVE more heat

HOT HEAT  
IN 90  
SECONDS

OPERATES ON  
UTTERLY NEW  
PRINCIPLE

**Revolutionary New Car Heater Burns Gasoline in a Sealed Metal Chamber—Heats Hot While Your Motor's Still Cold**

HERE'S the new car heater champion—the only one in the world that heats without waiting for your motor to warm up—floods your car with warmth within 90 seconds—gives living room comfort even in sub-zero weather!

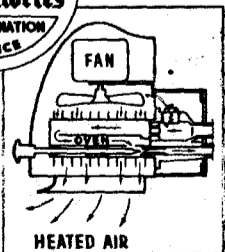
## Utterly New Heating Principle

An entirely new principle makes this faster, better heating possible. The Stewart-Warner South Wind heater burns gasoline in a completely sealed metal chamber. It heats your car at an average cost of only 5¢ of a cent per hour. And it's utterly safe—carries the famous safety seal of Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

## Fast—Safe—Economical

Because the flame burns in a patented metal chamber under vacuum—no fumes, can escape into your car. No oxygen from the car is used. And the heater is shut off at once—automatically—if damaged. You get more heat—quick heat—safely with a South Wind.

A single control turns the heater on and off, and lets you regulate temperature. An electric igniter lights the heater automatically—then



shuts off automatically after the heater has started—so there's no heavy drain on your battery. And a quiet electric fan circulates the heat through the whole car.

## Independent Of Engine Heat

The Stewart-Warner heater is easily installed by your dealer. It takes no more space than a small ordinary heater, and is independent of the cooling system. There's no hose cutting—no extra thermostats to buy—no added loss of anti-freeze because of increased leakage or evaporation.

Thousands have already discovered the faster, better heat of a Stewart-Warner. Have your car dealer, garage or accessory dealer add the Stewart-Warner heater's amazing new comfort to your car—today. If your dealer can't supply you, write Dept. M1, Stewart-Warner Corporation, Chicago, Illinois.

See how gasoline—drawn into the heater by suction—is burned as it enters the completely sealed metal chamber. Hot gases, not flame, then circulate through the heating chamber and out the engine manifold.

him out in the first place. Or you changed your mind. Like a lot of dames."

"Listen," she said quietly, sitting down. "I want you to know some things." "I don't want to know anything," he cut in. "I pulled strings and got him out. I don't care a bit about the details."

"You must listen," she urged him. "Ever since he went to prison, I saw him every two weeks. I gave him money, ten of the thirty I earned each week. I married him because he was an underdog, because everybody in our home town was against him, and because I liked the carefree way he took life. My folks were always strict and I was brought up that way and I was allowed to see only the boys they thought were proper. The boys were terribly dull. Roy was different. He'd always got mixed up with the wrong girls. He admitted that. But he was gay and I felt that if I married him we'd be happy. I suppose there was something of the reformer in me, too. So when he asked me to marry him, I married him. And my folks told me never to show my face in their place again."

"It was all right for a couple of months, and then he began staying out nights, all night, and there were other girls. And then this trouble. My folks wanted me to leave him then, but I said no. I stuck by him. Every time I went up to the prison to see him, he asked me what fellow I was going with. It got worse. When I said there was no one else, he accused me of lying. It got worse and worse. He said he had friends on the outside watching me."

He muttered, "You wanted him out. You got him out. What kind of talk is this?"

"When I told him about the chance of a parole," she went on doggedly, refusing to be sidetracked, "he wanted to know the details. So I told him about how you'd offered to use your influence. He—he asked me what I'd done to influence you. He said a cop never did anything for nothing." Her voice was clogging up. "I told him he was wrong."

"But if you feel that way, Roy," I said, "you wouldn't want him to get you a parole." Then he begged me to forgive him, to get him the parole, and he said he didn't care what I'd done, who I loved, only get him out, work on you, anybody, everybody, but get him out!" Her voice broke; it pounded on: "I hated him then; I despised him; I couldn't help myself. I'd stuck by him so long. But this thing gagged me. 'All right,' I said, 'I'll get you out. I'll try. But not because I love you. I'll get you out because somebody else loves me and I love him, but not the rotten way you think. And because we'd never be happy, never really happy, if we didn't get you out. But the minute you're out,' I said, 'I'm going to get free of you.'" Her voice throbbed. "And he said, 'All right; anything; only get me out.'" She looked at Conroy. "If you don't believe me, see him when he comes out—ask him."

CONROY was gazing at her with somber eyes. "I want to see him," he said slowly. "I want to bust his teeth. I want to take him apart."

"Don't, Miles," she said. "Don't do anything like that. Only ask him if what I've just told you isn't true."

"If I see him, I know I'll poke him. Besides, why should I see him? I believe you. And suppose I didn't believe you? Do you think that'd stop me from loving you? Where you're concerned, Nora, I've got a one-track mind."

She cried, "Oh, Miles, and I tried so hard to make you hate me! But I never hated you. Oh, believe me, Miles! I did it because I knew I was falling in love with you. And I wanted to stick by Roy—to show my folks and all the others back home that I was right. But I was wrong, Miles. And I wasn't going to be wrong again. They can all laugh at me—but let them—just so long as I have you."

He put his hands on her shoulders. There was a grim smile on his lips, a wicked glint in his eyes. "They won't laugh," he said. "Not if they know what's good for them."



"Johnny, haven't I told you not to come back after school hours?"

PERRY BARLOW

**STEWART-WARNER**  
*South Wind* CAR HEATER  
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## He Likes to Fly

Continued from page 11

his first infant cry in King's Norton, Worcestershire, England, he fixed his mother with a firm glance and said succinctly, "I do not want to go on the stage." Although she had never acted professionally, she was interested in amateur theatricals and was one of the organizers of the Birmingham Repertory Company. She did not take him seriously at the moment and, at the helpless age of three, he made his enforced debut in one of her productions. He continued his career in various roles for seven long years. Then when he was ten years old, the unwilling veteran, still rebelliously insisting that he wanted to be a businessman, was placed in the famous Italia Conti School of Acting in London. He sturdily continued his resistance and by the time he was eleven his mother was worn out by argument and he departed victoriously for a preparatory school where he'd get a better grounding for commercial life.

Two of his schoolmates at the Conti School were little Gertie Lawrence and little Noel Coward, in no way resisting things theatrical. In fact, he didn't see much of young Miss Lawrence because, as a successful child actress, she was off tramping most of the time.

"She was sort of in and out of the school," he reports, "but even then, she had something of the skill and the colorful quality she has now—and was always delightfully professional."

Master Coward is recalled as "a brash youngster with large ears and an assertive ambition." According to yearly custom, the Christmas plays for children were staged in London and the children of the school took part with established actors. Aherne and Coward appeared with Sir Charles Hawtrey in *The End of the Rainbow*, Coward, from the height of four years' seniority, having a much more impressive role than Aherne and being duly conscious of it. An important adult member of the cast was Reginald Owen, an actor whom young Aherne deeply revered.

Now even though he was rebelling against the theater, he did have an autograph book, and he sent it in to Mr. Owen with a humble request for his signature. The book came back with Owen's signature, but scratched boldly over the same page was the signature of that brash boy with the large ears—Noel Coward.

Recently Brian Aherne taxed Noel Coward with being the cause of this minor tragedy in his youth, and Mr. Coward apologized handsomely.

### In Search of Scope

As Mr. Aherne looks back at his youthful insistence upon commercial life, he realizes it was because he was looking for excitement. "Our home was so full of actors and discussions of acting that I was bored with the whole idea," he explains. "I saw business as a great contrasting adventure. I wanted something that would give me—well, scope. I didn't realize that, unless you have special connections and opportunities, business can be pretty confining." After the preparatory school, he went to Malvern College and then he went to work, first in the office of his father, who is an architect, and then in a mercantile establishment in Liverpool, where he spent two years bending over ledgers. It offered little scope.

So he went to London to look for a job. But London was averse to giving him work. When he got down to his last five shillings, he decided to turn to acting till he could get a "real job."

He went to an agent who looked him

over and said, "They need someone like you over at the Savoy. You'd better hurry." He dashed over and promptly got a part in *Paddy, the Next Best Thing*. He presently began to discover in the theater all that he'd been looking for. He found it really was exciting and that the "scope" he had wanted was in the work he had abandoned to go and look for it. Mother, after all, knew best. A few smaller roles and then a jump into the juvenile lead in *White Cargo* followed, and the next thing he knew he was headed for Australia as leading man in a repertory of Barrie plays.

He returned to London and roles in *The Silver Cord*, *Craig's Wife*, and a few other plays before Guthrie McClintic, American producer, arrived searching for a Robert Browning to play opposite Katharine Cornell's Elizabeth in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*.

### Off to America

Mr. McClintic had ten days in which to find an actor for the part and, since the only logical one in America was unavailable, he had to be right. Six days went by—no actor. There were those who suggested Brian Aherne and, as always, there were those who said, "Oh, no." He went to see Aherne in something called *A Marriage Has Been Disarranged*. Aherne wore modern clothes. McClintic had to be sure his actor could wear costume. (Some actors can and others look as though the times—and much more—were out of joint.) The play itself was so bad that it was impossible to tell whether this Brian Aherne could really act. McClintic went home wondering whether to call off their appointment. But it took place the next afternoon. He saw a pleasant, tall young man with slick brown hair, blue eyes, and a manner so diffident that he could tell little more about him than he had been able to the night before, until, with the mention of a mutual friend, the young man's Irish impulsiveness broke through his British restraint and he warmed up amazingly. Almost at once Mr. McClintic heard himself offering him the part of Browning, to which Aherne, in the next breath, answered, "Certainly." He soon embarked for America, where he has played continuously. The English stage has not seen him since that day in December, 1930.

The New York press hailed a fiery and romantic Browning and, after a year on Broadway, the play made a coast-to-coast tour. More scope. From then on, he was flooded with playscripts on practically every tempestuous gentleman in history. He waded out of a welter of Byrons, Keatses, Poes and da Vincis and, still true to the Cornell-McClintic colors, he abandoned the side whiskers and fine Victorian ways of Browning for the virile Roman in *Lucrece*, following it with a gallant Mercutio in *Romeo and Juliet*, and the Warwick in *Saint Joan*. He may be fickle in his film relations, but he cannot be accused of that in the theater. Four of his five roles in over six years have been with the producing firm that brought him over here.

All five have been in costume. If McClintic had at first been dubious on that point, he has had his answer.

Mr. Aherne so enjoys a good wig and well-fitting doublet and hose that, if you want to find him half an hour after a role has been assigned, the place to look for him is the costume department. He is exceedingly precise about each detail. This precision carries also through his playing, his catching of trains when on tour, and his general deportment.



## IN PRAISE OF a dame

THESE are words of wonder, praising Dame Nature.

Dame Nature, hater of humdrum. Queen of variety. Intolerant of *sameness*, even among the same things.

Dame Nature, imperial creator of *differences*, whether in potatoes or people. Or elephants or emeralds. Or orchids or oil.

Note now that it was Dame Nature's majestic caprice to make Bradford-Pennsylvania oil the most prized oil on earth. A crude of such superlative quality that men desire it even though it is the costliest crude in the world.

From this Bradford crude exclusively, Veedol Motor Oil is refined. By Dame Nature's royal edict Veedol is the Aristocrat of Motor Oils.

Yet every motorist can afford Veedol and partake of Dame Nature's supreme excellence and usefulness... Next time buy Veedol.

# VEEDOL

## MOTOR OIL

Made 100% from Pennsylvania's Costliest  
Crude—Yet No Extra Cost to You

A PRODUCT OF TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY

# The Arkansas Traveler

Continued from page 13

Steve read the papers until the mid-night diners thinned out. And when the last pusher had gone the big redhead fumbled in his jumper pocket, then pushed a little package across the counter to Blanche.

He didn't look at her as she opened it. It was a simple little piece of jewelry, a clasp pin with a tiny gem in it.

"Oh, Steve, honey!" Blanche spoke without thinking. "It's beautiful!"

"Ought to be," Steve beamed. "Set me back four sixty-nine."

"You're blowing your dough, Steve. Better save it, honey."

Steve put down his coffee and stood looking at her.

"There's something I want to tell you, Blanche. When I'm boss—maybe I'll fall for my stenographer."

"But who is going to be the stenog, Stevie?"

"You are. I told you that once before. Take a letter right now."

"Okay, Boss." Blanche sat before the typewriter and waited.

"Let's go on a picnic Sunday," Steve dictated, as she hunted down the keys and pecked them. "I'll lay over here. We'll use the Traveler and go to the Ouachita Mountains. How do you like the plan?" . . . And I want an answer right away, Miss Thorn." Steve looked sternly at her.

And so directly under his message she typed an answer:

"Alright. Plan's a honie."

Steve was looking over her shoulder. "That's not the way to spell 'all right.' It's two words. And honey is h-o-n-e-y."

"I told you I couldn't spell, honey."

"I'll teach you, Blanche. I'll—" He reached for her hand, but she jerked it away.

"Stop, Steve. Somebody's coming."

HE PICKED up the newspaper and began reading again. Halfway through the story of the kidnaping, he caught his breath suddenly, laid down the paper and stared at Blanche.

"What's the matter, Stevie? You look like a ghost." She spoke anxiously.

He didn't answer immediately, but waited until the customer left.

"Listen, Blanche. Spell 'honey' again."

"You just told me how to spell it, Steve. What's eating you? It's h-o-n-e-y."

"Swell! Now spell 'money'!"

"Why, er, er—m-o-n—it's just like honey, except you change the h to m."

"How did you spell 'money' before I told you how to spell 'honey'?"

"M-o-n-i-e!"

"Creat God! I thought so." The blood drained from Steve's face.

"Blanche—look at me! I love you! I—"

"Oh, Steve—"

"Don't butt in. We are in a jam. A real one. You wrote that ransom note!"

"What! You are crazy!"

He lifted the paper, pointed to the note as reproduced. It read:

"Kid alright. Want 200 \$50 bills. Watch Little Rock Star for contact. Must have monie."

"Well, so what?"

Steve walked to the typewriter, flipped in a sheet of paper and demanded:

"Copy that note."

And when she pecked out the words, he studied them a minute, then compared the printed note with the machine's type.

"See, Blanche? It's the same! That message was written on this very typewriter!"

"But, Steve—"

"I know you didn't know you were doing it, darling. Don't you see what

happened? This note is made of words pasted together. The paper says so. You've probably written those words hundreds of times in writing letters for pushers."

"Oh!" Blanche swayed dizzily. "I see. Lots of times I've written 'kid alright' for some driver, writing to his folks about his family. Also the other words. They are words I write every day. What'll I do, Steve—phone the cops?"

"No!" Steve worried the visor of his cap. "The cops'll question you for hours. This note proves a pusher is the snatcher. Maybe one of the guys that comes through here regular. And if the cops question you, the kidnaper'll figure we are wise to him and he'll high-tail it. Pour me another cup of tar and let me think. And give me some grub. Some of that—hey! When was the coffeecake guy in here last?"

"Yesterday."

"What kind of a job is he pushing?"

"There was Aaron. Don't know his last name, though. And, of course, Dude."

"Dude is D."

"But his last name is Adams, Steve." Steve's mouth dropped open.

"Blanche! Did you ever write any letters for Dude Adams?"

"Of course. Lots of 'em."

"My God! Dude was fired off this run for forging toll-bridge receipts. He can write better than I can!"

BLANCHE was the first to regain her voice. "I'm going to tell the law!" She started for the door, but Steve blocked her passage.

"If you leave this pie wagon, it'll be the tip-off. You've got to stay here. I'll get the law. What kind of a job was Dude driving?"

"I didn't see his truck. Don't think he was pushing one."

"Was he with that coffeecake guy?"



"Don't get a divorce yet, dear. Try a permanent!" DOROTHY MC KAY

"Straight job. 'Bout 40,000 pounds. Had a Georgia license."

"Georgia gypsies don't eat coffeecake, Blanche! They eat battercakes for breakfast!"

"BUT maybe he just had his truck registered in Georgia. Nothing funny 'bout that. License cheaper there. He's from the East, but that don't make him a kidnaper."

"Maybe not. Did you ever write a letter for that guy?"

"Lord, Stevie. I don't remember."

"Maybe that coffeecake ain't important, but we got to think of everything. Now, darling, I want you to make a list of every driver you can remember writing letters for. Get some paper. Let's begin with the A's, then the B's. See? Ever write for a guy whose name begins with A?"

"Didn't notice."

"Blanche, think! Was that coffeecake guy's truck sealed?" She hesitated a minute.

"Yes, it was. I'm sure now. The seal was shiny, like tin, and shaped like a railroad car seal. Steve! It was a New York seal! I know 'em. I've seen 'em on hundreds of New York manifest jobs!"

"But that coffeecake guy ain't pushing a manifest—he's a gypsy!"

"With a Georgia license and a manifest New York seal! Steve, that means—"

"That means his load's supposed to have been sealed in New York and not unloaded since."

"Yet his truck's been unloaded several times right around here! I know he ran up a general load from Texarkana the other day."

"Then his truck should have been sealed with an Arkansas seal!" Steve's neck muscles tightened. "That guy is bound to be toting a New York sealer and a supply of seals. That proves he's a crook—he's sealing his own loads! He's got something he's hiding. Now, get this, darling—tell every pusher you see tonight that the weighers are out!"

Blanche understood. Weighers are state employees who operate scales along the highways to check cargoes which may be over the legal weight. Guilt means a heavy fine. Drivers never know what nights the weighers will be out. But pie-wagon waitresses usually get the news and pass it along.

"What about your own load, Stevie?"

"I'm light. But the weighers never stop me because I always stay within the limit. They hear my cutout roaring and flag me through. But I got to get rolling. Do as I told you. I'll call the law from the phone up the road. And don't worry."

"I'm not afraid any more," she whispered.

"SOMETHING funny about the whole thing," Steve muttered to himself as he began braking his speed near a public telephone. "Where does Dude come in?" He throttled down and let the truck idle along. "I can find Dude. And I know how to handle him."

Suddenly he shoved in his gear again and picked up speed. "To hell with the deputies! If Blanche and I are wrong in this, the law and the pushers will laugh us off the road. I'll make Dude talk!"

He nursed his truck until it thundered over the road toward Dardanelle, but leveled off just before he reached the diner there. That diner was run by Dude's girl friend, Inez. Then he steered the Traveler into a side road, did something to the burglar lock, and took a pump hose from his tool chest and taped it. With his screw driver he pried an opening in the Traveler's muffler, adjusted the hose into the exhaust and taped it.

"It'll smell when it burns," he thought aloud. He worked the other end through a crack in the floor board, sandpapered a tiny hole in the rubber matting on the floor, examined the job and smiled.

Then he backed his truck to the high-road and gave it the gun.

Steve killed his motor as he halted for coffee at Inez's Diner. Waving his hand to the other pusher in the pie wagon, he told Inez:

"Gimme a cup of tar, babe."

"Yeah, boy." She flashed a smile at him. "Heard you coming hell-bent for high water. Want to wake up the dead?"

"I'm in a hurry. The weighers are out tonight. But they'll know my cutout and won't stop me. Give me a piece of pie or som'n—maybe some cake. What kind you got?"

He glanced down the counter and, nestling next to the doughnuts, was a hunk of coffeecake! Steve felt his stomach lurch, and he watched Inez closely.

"Weighers out, huh?" She shoved the sugar toward Steve. "Funny I hadn't heard about it. Mighty cold night for them guys to be working."

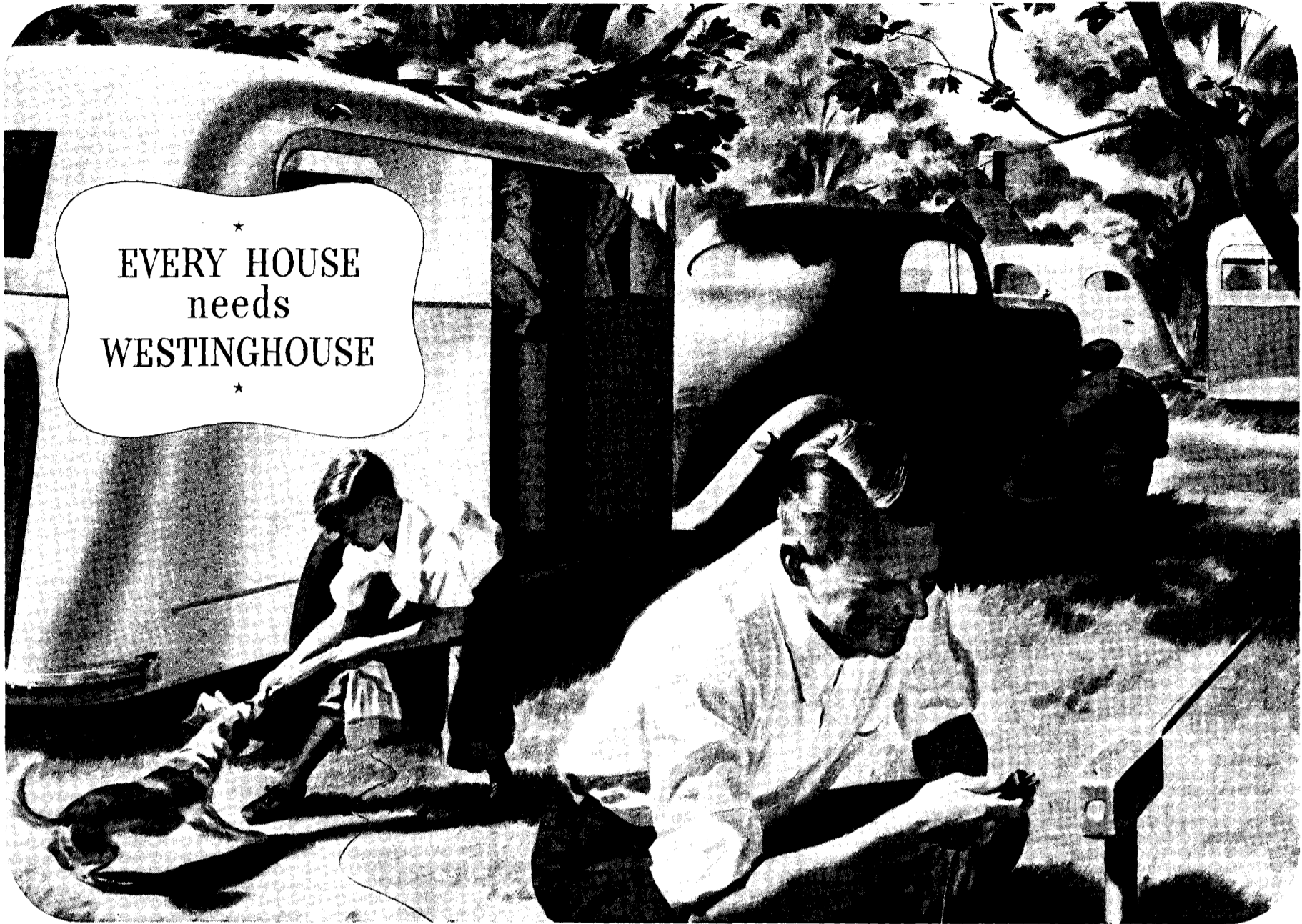
"Yeah." Steve stirred his coffee. "They are out helping the posses look for that kidnaper."

If Inez knew anything, her face didn't betray her.

"Do me a favor, Stevie." She patted his cheek. "Watch the joint while I dash up to the house a minute."

"You won't have any more customers for hours, Inez. Wait a minute and I'll

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC &amp; MANUFACTURING COMPANY • EAST PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA



*Trailer, cottage or castle . . . it takes electricity to make a house a home*

IT'S a joyous, carefree life that the trailer dwellers lead. But when they pull into a modern trailer camp, their first concern is to plug in on a power line. Even the house on wheels needs electrical comforts and conveniences to become a home.

Electricity is democratic. Lights burn just as brightly in a one-room

cabin as in a Park Avenue penthouse. Electricity cooks, cleans and cools as well for the little bride who kept her job at the office as for the wife of the boss. It serves the poor as faithfully as the rich.

Westinghouse builds every kind of electrical device that makes American homes more livable. But the needs of the

wealthy would not keep our appliance plants busy for a single week. It is our business to serve homes of every type. Our engineers are not satisfied until a device is so well designed that it will operate economically, so well made that it will last a long time, and so reasonable in cost that every home can afford it.



# Westinghouse

*The name that means everything in electricity*



## Does it *mix*?

It is a **mixing** gin, we think,  
when you neither **smell** nor  
**taste** it in the finished drink.

A MARTINI COCKTAIL should be a tuneful flavor duet—played by gin and Vermouth. When gin is a mixer, it blends with its partner in smooth-flowing harmony—never overwhelms the drink with a heavy gin smell or gin taste.

Mixed drinks are an American idea. To meet the American taste for smooth mixed drinks, Fleischmann's Gin is distilled especially for mixing—from American grain.

Fleischmann's is the original American gin, established 1870. Our secret formula makes it the real American Mixer. Buy a bottle. And when you order a Martini, say: "Make it with Fleischmann's." (Copr., 1937, by The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, N. Y.)

Also Fleischmann's Sloe Gin, 65 Proof



take you up there. It's raining, and a bad night."

"Thanks, Stevie. But I can—"

"I'll go right with you. You may melt in the rain, sugar." And while Inez protested, he wrapped his jumper around her and led her to her little house behind the diner. As she reached for the doorknob, he caught her hand quickly, opened the door himself, pushed her ahead and spoke jauntily to the two men sitting by the fire:

"Hi, Dude. 'Lo, stranger."

The stranger, a slender man, reached for his armpit, but Dude smiled.

"Howdy, Steve." His calm voice reassured the stranger, who relaxed. "Meet Slim here. Haven't seen you in a coon's age, Steve. What you doin' at Inez's house—trying to steal my gal?"

"Nope, Dude. Just fetched her in out of the wet. Might have known I'd find you here on a rainy night." He winked at Slim and nodded toward Inez. "Well, I got to roll, fellows. By the way, whose truck is that outside? Yours, Slim?"

"Why?"

"Just thought I'd tip you off that the weighers are out tonight." Steve walked toward the door.

"Just a minute, Steve!" Dude's voice crackled.

When Steve faced him he was looking into a revolver.

"What the hell?" Steve exploded.

"You just talked too much. Weighers out, huh?"

"Sure. Thought I was doing you guys a favor to tell you."

"You were—" Dude eyed him narrowly. "But you didn't do *yourself* a favor. Sit down, Steve. I'll talk a while. We are deadheading with you tonight."

"Okay, Dude. But you don't have to pull a gun on me. Be glad to take you and your pal to Fort Smith."

"You're taking us to Oklahoma—me and Slim and the Oldham kid!"

"Huh?" Steve looked bewildered.

"Don't get you, Dude."

"You will. Slim, here, and me need \$10,000, and we've got old man Oldham's kid for collateral. But don't get het up, Steve. The kid's okay. Out there in Slim's truck, snug as you please. But it happens that Slim had to seal his own truck with some seals he borrowed in New York. We couldn't use Arkansas seals with the collateral aboard. And them weighers might get suspicious and peep inside, 'specially with us running so light. And with a Georgia license and a New York seal and the woods full of posesses—see?"

"Uh-huh."

"Figured you would. So we'll ride in your truck. The weighers know you and will flag you through."

UNDER the prod of the gun muzzle Steve moved. But he still was grumbling mightily when they broke the Traveler's seal, shoved the child inside, closed the great doors and herded Steve toward the cab again.

Slim reached for the cab door to open it, but Dude grabbed his arm.

"Let Steve open that cab! This truck's got a burglar lock. It cuts the ignition if anybody touches that handle who doesn't know the combination. Hijacker safety lock. . . . In you go, Steve."

Steve slipped behind the wheel. Dude sat beside him, and Slim sat on the far side.

Steve switched on his running lights, lowered the window by his head a few inches, turned on the windshield wiper, and petted The Arkansas Traveler until its nerves settled.

"Put up that window over there!" Slim snapped. "It's cold!"

"Raining so hard I can't see with it up!" Steve yelled back above the motor's roar. "The windshield will get cloudy, with no air inside. Hold tight, fellows. I'm going to open her up!"

The big truck put its nose to the road, grunted and whined. Steve worked it to the right of the highway, picked the bumps deliberately and hit them full on. The Traveler shook itself and staggered. "How come we're bumping so?" Slim demanded.

"'Cause we are traveling light and fast," Steve explained. "This is a 20-ton job. The Traveler always jumps when she's light."

Slim was satisfied. He watched the revolutions show on the dial. The Traveler was throwing fire. Its cutout sounded like claps of thunder.

"I smell rubber burning!" Dude spoke suddenly.

"Sure. The tires," Steve said quickly. "All tires burn at this speed, Dude."

He watched his instruments hawkishly. The ignition needle fluttered, wavered. He gave the Traveler the air, then gunned it. The mighty truck groaned, then lunged. The ignition needle swung far to the right, flopped to the left, then to zero! It was dead! The ignition was off!

DUDE and Slim hadn't noticed. Steve let his truck roll free until he reached a bend. Before him stretched a long downhill slope. He knew the stretch. He gripped the wheel, felt the Traveler gather momentum.

Slim and Dude felt it too.

"Better brake it on this grade, Steve," Dude spoke lazily.

"Sure, Dude." Steve eased in his air-brake pedal a fraction. There was a sickening, sucking sound of air escaping, and the pedal sagged to the floor board.

Dude pinned his eyes on the pedal for a split second, saw it did not bounce back to position, then stared at the dead ignition needle. "Great God, Stevie!" he yelled. "The brake—it's dead!"

Slim screamed:

"It's free! We're hitting seventy and this thing is loose!"

"Yeah!" Steve felt the truck shiver as it gathered speed. "The burglar lock! You tell him, Dude. . . . I got to steer!"

Dude cupped his hands and yelled in Slim's ear. "Steve'll get us out. That damn' burglar lock is rigged so that if anybody monkeys with the door handle, the ignition is cut off. With the ignition off, the motor stops and the manifold chokes. When the manifold chokes, the vacuum system is shot to hell! And with no vacuum you can't get air to the booster brakes! Our speed has busted loose a wire in that lock and the brakes are gone!"

"Grab the emergency!" Slim shrieked.

Steve knocked his hand away.

"Hell, no! You fool! With this speed, the emergency will break the drive shaft. Hold everything. We'll ride it out!"

"There's one chance, Dude," Steve shouted without taking his eyes from the road. "I know every telephone pole along this stretch. There's *one* thing I can do, but if I fail it may kill the kid back there."

"To hell with the kid!" Dude snarled.

As he had said, he knew those telephone poles—knew just exactly how far apart they were. He cut his truck to the right. It careened. The tires screamed as the Traveler darted between two poles.

There was a grating crash. The Traveler jerked, shook itself free. Slim screamed.

Steve pulled the wheel to the right again—then to the left. The Traveler left parts of its fender and much of its speed at each pole it grated against. Right—left—right—left. And with a final grating squeal, the Traveler came to a bumping stop at the bottom of the grade.

Slim wiped great beads of sweat from his face.

"That's truck-driving, mister," he said admiringly.

"Right rear tires blown. Fenders wrecked. I'll patch things up and we'll be ready to roll in about thirty minutes."

Dude stretched, the breath of relief coming from his lungs in a long sigh.

"Get to it, Stevie. If the law happens by, you do the talking."

Steve opened the cab door and reached for his tools.

"Oh, no you don't, big boy!" Slim snapped at him. "I'll just go along and watch this repair job." He lifted his gun from his shoulder holster.

"Okay, fellow." Steve shrugged his shoulders. "Coming outside, Dude?"

"Naw. One guard's enough. I'll stay here where it's warm. I'm sleepy."

"Don't blame you. Just a second and I'll fix the ignition."

He adjusted some wires under the hood, straightened up.

"Okay, Dude, start the motor if you want to, and it'll keep the cab warm. And you can close that window by my seat. That'll fix you up!"

But he held his breath when Dude cut on the motor, raised the window, made the cab virtually airtight and curled on the seat for a nap.

Slim already was shivering in the icy air and rain.

**E**XPERTLY, Steve adjusted his jack under the rear wheels, and began lifting the Traveler. He watched Slim stamp his feet to keep warm and noticed that the revolver shook in his cold hand.

The wheels were changed, the last nut set tightly.

"All right, Slim," Steve said. "Be ready to roll in a minute, soon as I get my jack out. Tell Dude I'm through."

Cautiously, he pulled the handle from the jack as Slim walked toward the cab.

Slim was reaching for the cab door, when suddenly he turned and snarled at Steve. "Wise guy, ain't you! Figured I'd open that door and you could crown me, huh, and then catch Dude asleep? Well, open it yourself, Pinkie!"

Steve hurled the jack handle at the same instant that Slim's gun exploded.

The handle struck the side of Slim's head and Slim collapsed. The shot raked a red streak across Steve's scalp. Staggering, Steve groped back to the rear of the truck and was pulling open the doors when a shrill siren shrieked down the grade.

Steve leaned weakly against his truck and waited until the automobile pulled alongside. There was mist before his eyes, but he saw Blanche jump from the car, and men after her.

"Are you all right, Steve? These are the deputies. Oh, honey—"

Steve squeezed her shoulder and called groggily to the men: "The kid's in the truck. He's okay. There's a man sleeping in the cab—and another in the road by my running board."

Then he walked with Blanche to the side of the road, sat down.

"What—happened, Blanche? How—how did you get here?"

"Right after you left, honey!" She fought back her sobs, her lips muffled against his cheek. "A Louisiana pusher came in and asked for *coffecake*—said he'd eaten some at Dardanelle with a gypsy who had a New York manifest seal on his truck. And I knew you'd have seen it too. So I—"

"Called the law, and followed me, huh?" He shook his head to clear it, and looked up as the deputies approached.

"Fine job, mister," the leader of the posse said. "The kid's all right. But that guy in the cab is overcome with carbon monoxide—"

"Dead—?" said Steve.

"No, but he'll have a whizz of a headache when he wakes up. So will that other guy you beamed with that jack handle. But they'll have plenty of time to get over it where they're going. Say, mister, that was smart as hell, rigging that hose into the cab from the exhaust—"

"Found it, huh? But it was the only way I could figure to get Dude out of the way. I knew I could get him and Slim to deadhead with me, once they'd heard the weighers were out. But if I hadn't had the side window cracked, the durn' stuff would 'a' got me too before I could get Slim outside to look at that pretended accident—"

"Pretended accident?" The deputy gasped. "Why, you wrecked two tires, and the whole right rear of your truck looks like it had been run through a threshing machine!"

"Yeah. Jimmied that burglar lock so the ignition would go haywire when the Traveler lunged over that big bump back at the top of the hill. Killed the brakes and made me look like a runaway."

"But—you mean you deliberately ruined your brakes and came wild down that hill, just to make it look like an accident you'd have to get out to fix?"

"Mister, it had to look almighty like a real accident to fool two old truck pushers like Dude and Slim. But it wasn't so bad as it sounds. Telephone poles are good enough brakes for any guy—provided he knows how to use 'em."

The deputy stood blinking. Then he swore. "Telephone poles for brakes! Do you take me for a fool—"

"No, mister." Steve grinned. "I was the fool. Flying off my nut and going for Slim with a jack handle instead of waiting till I had him just right."

"You mean you tangled with him with only a jack handle—when he had a gun?"

"Yeah. I got mad and forgot everything." Steve's grin faded and his lips became tight. "That rat called me Pinkie."



*It's thrifty  
to replace  
with a Delco  
Battery*

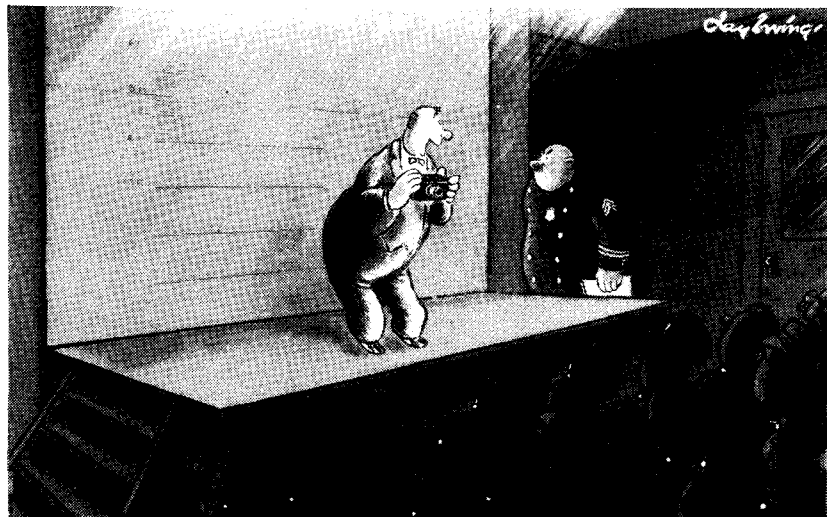
**Delco-Remy**

MANUFACTURER OF DELCO-REMY  
STARTING, LIGHTING, AND IGNITION  
KLAXON HORNS • DELCO BATTERIES  
AUTOMATIC CARBURETOR CONTROLS.

DELCO-REMY PRODUCTS AND GENU-  
INE PARTS ARE AVAILABLE AT UNITED  
MOTORS SERVICE STATIONS EVERY-  
WHERE...WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN.



World's Largest Manufacturer of Automotive Electrical Equipment



"Do you mind? It's kind of a hobby with me"

JAY IRVING

**AFTER EVERY MEAL** enjoy **DOUBLE MINT** gum

— as good advice for grown-ups as for children.



**WRIGLEY'S  
DOUBLE MINT  
CHEWING GUM**

PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

**TRY IT—YOU'LL LIKE IT!**

## Your Success is a matter of Minutes—Not Years

• READ HOW 15 MINUTES A DAY WILL UNLEASH THE IMPRISONED POWER WITHIN YOU—AND BRING YOU LIFE'S RICH REWARDS

A FINE position, a beautiful home, motor cars, travel—sweet are the fruits of success. But how can I get them?—you eagerly ask. *By attaining, day by day, the knowledge that will unleash the imprisoned power within you and bring success without years of waiting.*

The universal knowledge that success demands—the ability to talk intelligently and confidently on a thousand and one different subjects that interest the alert, active people you meet.

This ability can only come from one source. An intimate acquaintance with the greatest minds of all ages—men who have made the world's history, written its wit and wisdom, phrased its philosophy. Knowing their thoughts, your own thoughts become freshened, inspired. You have greater power to impress and influence others. Acquire all this easily by following the simple plan outlined here.

### DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

(THE HARVARD CLASSICS)

**THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO FREE BOOKLET**

P. F. Collier & Son Corporation  
250 Park Ave., New York

By mail, free, send me the Booklet that tells about the most famous library in the world, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and containing Dr. Eliot's own story of how he came to select the greatest library of all time.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Name Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



#### 15 MINUTES A DAY WORKS WONDERS

Thousands of men and women have paved the way to advancement by spending 15 minutes a day with Dr. Charles W. Eliot's famous Five-Foot Shelf of Books (*The Harvard Classics*).

Dr. Eliot, for forty years President of Harvard University, knew your problems—knew they could be solved by a planned reading of the imperishable masterpieces he selected from the great books of the world. With this priceless library, you sit in the front row while the vast panorama of civilization unfolds before your eyes. You absorb man's most sublime thoughts on religion, government, philosophy and life. *You get the essence of a liberal education.*

#### FASCINATING BOOK—FREE

A most interesting book, "Fifteen Minutes a Day", outlines this practical plan... tells about Dr. Eliot's fascinating Reading Courses... and how you may have this priceless library for little more than the average person spends for newspapers.

#### MAIL THE COUPON TODAY

Stop wishing for success, while better-read, better-prepared men are getting it. Take the first step now—by filling in and mailing the coupon before you read another page.

## It Beats the Dutch

Continued from page 46

is unique. She tells you with naïve directness how she owes her present fame to her husband, who is a sort of silent partner under an eclipse around the bulb farm. Twenty-two—no, twenty-three—years ago (she has the yellowing paper to prove it), while a traveling man, he sent her a clipping from a farm journal predicting a bright and profitable future for gladiolus growers, and explaining how it was possible to start with one bulb and run it up into \$400,000 worth before long. She was looking for a hobby, and glads looked like one that might prove a gold mine.

Elizabeth Briggs' garden isn't what you'd expect at all, being just an acre on the mesa, surrounded by a high wire fence. You go through a padlocked gate, and here are fifty rows of glads, each row having in it a thousand plants. It is all very businesslike and you are a little disappointed that it is a small farm instead of an informal garden like your grandmother's. But the blossoms are the most magnificent you have ever seen. The individual blossoms measure from five to eight inches across in gorgeous smooth shades. You wouldn't believe it possible if you were not seeing them with your own two eyes. You don't realize it at first, but you are having a glimpse into the gladiolus gardens of 1942. When these new types in the making are released, they will push today's favorites right out in the cold, just as the new-model autos make those of yesterday obsolete.

Day after day, Mrs. Briggs takes her little folding chair and works down the rows, studying blossoms to decide which to cross with which by careful hand-pollination. Each cross is marked with little wooden tags so that the seeds may be gathered in labeled packages in the fall. A fertile pod yields from thirty to forty seeds. When they are planted the next spring they make tiny bulblets which do not blossom that season at all. The little bulbs are dug, packaged and labeled, to be replanted the following spring. That summer they blossom and only one out of the two hundred may show the characteristic for which Mrs. Briggs was striving. Or none of them may be what she wants. Once in a blue moon a pod of seeds will yield a whole brood of top-flight glads, just like an outstanding family. Even so, she must wait another year, when the matured bulb produces a full-sized blossom, to see if it is the real McCoy.

#### Farming Gypsies

Once a strain is established, it is grown only from bulblets. A healthy plant may bear from fifty to one hundred bulblets each year. Mrs. Briggs once grew a glad which, like the old woman in the shoe, had so many children it didn't know what to do. This one had 1,380 offspring in one year!

The prolific nature of glad bulbs is one of the growers' problems. It is utterly impossible to get all of the bulblets out of the soil at the end of a season. Bulbs must be marketed true to color, and one "rogue," or off-color glad, in a batch becomes an error that increases with geometric progression year by year. The only practical way to grow glads is in virgin soil each year, which is what the growers do. They are farming gypsies, moving from acreage to acreage, season by season.

You see this dramatized on the gladiolus farm of A. H. Nichols, who is the Henry Ford of the business, near Santa Maria. Of his 160 acres, Mr. Nichols uses only twenty each year to produce

two million bulbs. With this two million having a potential progeny of 100,000,000 each year from bulblets, it keeps Mr. Nichols humping, and that is only half the story.

The two million stems of blossoms are a most glorious blaze of color to the thousands who come to see the spectacle each year, but they are just another headache to Mr. Nichols, who grows only for the bulbs and not for the cut-flower market. As soon as the patches have been "rogued," to destroy off-color blossoms, he goes through the field with a hand scythe and chops off the heads of all the glads. The same practice is followed in southern Oregon, where glads thrive by the acre around Grant's Pass. It is a hard-hearted procedure, but it means better blossoms for your garden next spring.

#### From South African Jungles

When you have done the glad farms, you think you know a good deal about the bulb game, but you have had just a glimpse into this problem of concocting next year's beauty and fragrance for the homes and gardens of the country. Every bulb has its habits dating back to its original habitat in South Africa, South America, Persia, Palestine or Mexico. The glads have come a long way since their first puny forebears were brought out of Africa by missionaries to be domesticated in Europe and brought to new perfection in this country.

Daffs—which include narcissi in the language of the bulb trade—are the second big-money bulb crop because they, too, can be forced in hothouses for all-year blossoms. It takes a lot more daffodils than glads to supply the market because the clusters are smaller. The growers of Oregon and Washington produce close to 200,000,000 bulbs a year and there are more millions grown at Half Moon Bay, at Santa Cruz, California; on Long Island, and in Michigan. The greatest plantings in this country are around Tacoma, Washington, in the Puyallup Valley, swept by the Puget Sound fogs and breezes.

When the 500 acres of daffodils and tulips burst into a carpet of fragrant color each spring, the citizens of the valley declare a festival and all other work ceases as they gather in the town of Puyallup to review the parade of floats literally buried under masses of blossoms. Last year the float that won first prize was inundated under 35,000 blossoms.

The bulb that is on the up and up these days is the tuberous-rooted begonia. This bulb, too, has traveled far since it first migrated from the South American jungles to the gardens of the Northern Hemisphere. Most of today's tubers wouldn't recognize their forebears at all. One of its outstanding characteristics is that it can be bred to resemble almost any other choice flower in your garden. There are types that look like rosebuds, others that look like camellias, or carnations, or narcissi, or apple blossoms and a host of other posies. They are such good imitators that they put the originals to shame.

For a long time the noted English house of Blackmore had more or less of a strangle hold on tuberous begonia culture, because they knew more about hybridizing them than anyone else. Unlike other bulbs, they do not form bulblets. They grow from a seed so fine you can barely see it with the naked eye. It is something of a trick to germinate the seed, and the first growing season produces only a bulb about an inch in

size, which must be taken up in the fall and stored in dry peat in a warm place until spring. Each year for about ten years the bulb grows in size, bearing each season a large plant which outdoes itself for three or four months, bearing dazzling blossoms sometimes six or seven inches across.

The top man in tuberous-rooted begonias today is a young naturalized American named Frank Reinelt. In his greenhouses at Capitola on Monterey Bay, he has succeeded in the past decade in doubling the size of tuberous begonias by careful hybridization. He and his partners have jumped their output of bulbs to two million in a year, or more than half the country's total supply, to keep up with the begonia spree upon which gardeners have embarked.

### Soulmates of the Garden

One of the mysteries of the bulb game is why certain types will thrive wholeheartedly in one small area and do but moderately well only fifty miles away. Calla lilies are an example. White callas are grown almost exclusively just south of San Francisco along the coast. Yellow callas grow equally exclusively around Santa Cruz, which has an almost identical climate. Both of these bulbs hail from Africa, which has quite a different climate from that of central California. But the callas find the fogs of the region to their liking, and while the original callas were only two or three inches across, the new models measure six inches. Practically all of them, about eight million callas a year, come from San Francisco and Santa Cruz.

Freesias are another temperamental bulb from the growers' viewpoint. They will grow in anybody's garden, once the bulbs have matured. But, since they are so slow to increase from bulblets, the growers have to raise their bulbs from seed. Their favorite heath, at present, is Carlsbad, which is just north of Encinitas. The growers who are tops in freesias are two brothers, Earl and Frank Frazee, who harvest about four million bulbs each year. You ask Earl Frazee who grows the rest of them.

"They grow within a mile of where you are standing," he says.

Later, you drive about the town and find about every other vacant lot growing them in long rows. The Carlsbad folks have gone freesia-mad in such a

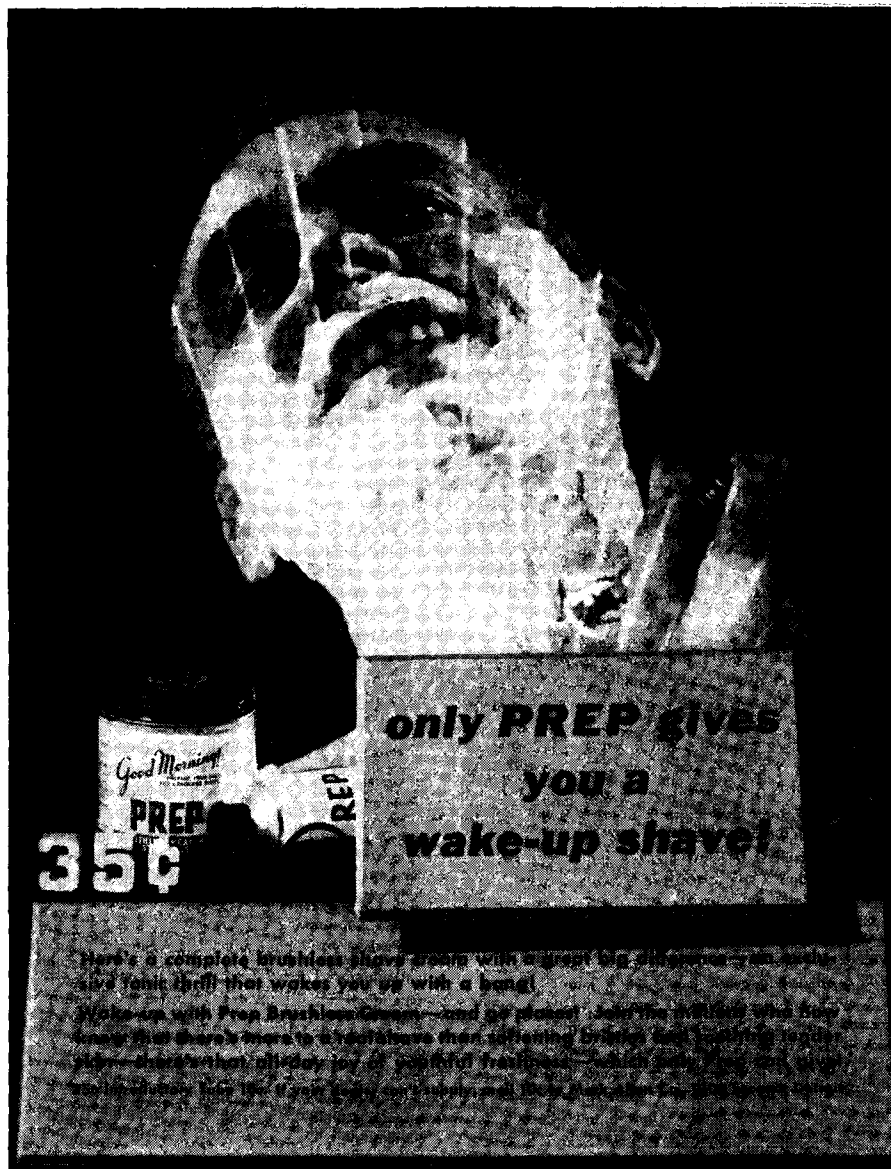
big way and so successfully that they are actually shipping bulbs to Holland now!

Another Carlsbad special is ranunculi and anemones, which for some strange reason are always grouped together. Nobody knows just why. They're just the soulmates of the garden, that's all. Like freesias, they are grown from seed, and most of the five million bulbs come from the vacant lots along the sea cliffs of Carlsbad. The ranunculus, incidentally, is one of the historic flowers of Biblical days. It is said that it was the bright red ranunculus, native to Palestine, that Jesus was looking at when He remarked that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

There are some growers who specialize in exotic bulbs, usually grown by some arrangement with the big seed houses which introduce them to gardeners, once the new species is established in its new home. South Africa, Mexico and South America have been the most fruitful fields for new bulbs. Missionaries, consuls and Englishmen have been the best at discovering them. For some reason the British have been the most adventuresome of all gardeners in trying out flowers from faraway places.

One of the leading exotic bulb farms of this country is run by Will E. Rice, a former Englishman, who settled in Artesia, south of Los Angeles. In the past decade he has tested over three hundred new bulbs from foreign lands and succeeded in domesticating about thirty of them. His best bet is a new blood-red, irislike flower from Mexico, known popularly as the St. James lily and scientifically as *Amaryllis Sprekelia Formosissima*. Another is *Bessera elegans*, also from Mexico, a red lily with a white stripe inside. India has yielded a coral-red spider lily, Africa a canary-yellow clydanthus fragrans, Peru a conical-shaped blue lily as large as a saucer.

What all this means, of course, is that in the next decade you are going to see a lot of changes in your bulb garden. The old standbys are going to be bigger and the trend is toward the art shades, except in the glads, where pinks and red and whites are still preferred. Some of the several hundred newcomers like the new hardy tigridia and the gloxinia and the tuberous begonias are stealing the spotlight and holding it, because they blossom all summer long. Before long you won't know the old bulb garden. It certainly does beat the Dutch!



only PREP gives you a wake-up shave!

Here's a complete brushless shave system with a great big, all-foam can of PREP and Tonic that wakes you up with a bang!

Wake-up with Prep Brushless Shave—and get moist! Join the millions who have found that there's more to a bathroom than shaving. PREP and Tonic give you a complete, all-day job of careful brushing—without any soap suds or lather. PREP and Tonic are the most complete and best shaving system yet.



## ILG ELECTRIC VENTILATION

...All Year 'Round

ENJOY delightful all-year-'round air conditions in your office, store, or work shop by installing an Ilg Electric Ventilator. It takes out the stale, stuffy air, tobacco smoke, etc., and brings in the healthful, refreshing out-of-door air. Ventilation is positive in any kind of weather.

Everyone feels better and works better where there's Ilg Electric Ventilation; and during the coming cold weather months, when doors and windows are closed, you will appreciate Ilg Electric Ventilation more than ever. Installation is simple. A few cents a day pays for operation.

Make sure "the air you breathe is as pure as the water you drink". Install Ilg Electric Ventilation. See your electrical goods dealer or utility company or send for illustrated booklet.

**ILG**

### VENTILATION and Air Conditioning

**ILG ELECTRIC VENTILATING CO.**  
2836 N. CRAWFORD AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.  
... Offices in 43 Principal Cities



"The jury will disregard this incident, which has no bearing upon the case before the court!"

## THE HANDIEST POCKET KNIFE EVER DESIGNED!

● Once you've used it, the Christy Sport Knife will have as warm a place in your heart as your favorite fishing rod . . . Neat, handy, useful, and durable . . . Brass frame, heavily chromium plated. Blade of finest razor steel.

*Smart. . . practical*

Graceful design, light weight; fine enough to wear on your silver, gold or platinum chain . . . sturdy enough to stand up under the use to which you put a knife.

*Three blades in one*

Instantly opened or closed with one hand. No broken fingernails. Blade locks easily in any one of 3 lengths . . . really three blades in one.

### GUARANTEED TO PLEASE

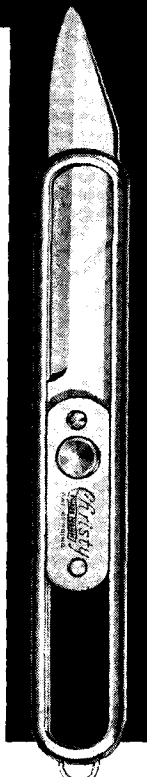
Sent postpaid on receipt of \$1.00. Please use coupon below. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**DEALERS**—Be among the first to sell this novel profit item. Write at once for full particulars and prices.

**Salesmen**—Write for proposition.

THE CHRISTY CO., Fremont, Ohio.

Enclosed is \$1.00, for which please send me a Christy Sport Knife. If I am not entirely satisfied with the knife, I may return it and my \$1.00 will be refunded. (Ohio orders add 3c for sales tax.)



Actual Size

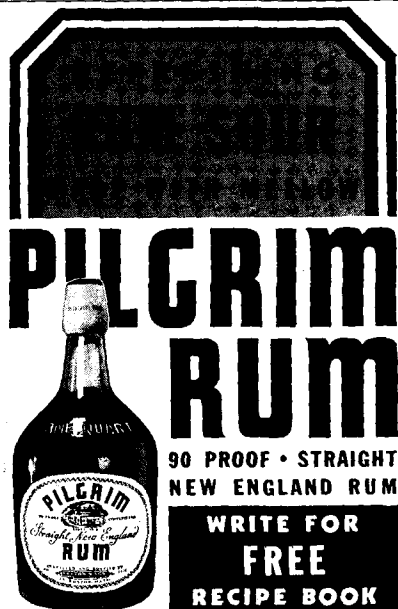
## FEET ITCH?

**Watch Out—It May Be Athlete's Foot**

If your feet itch, or if the skin between your toes is red, raw, cracked or breaking out in blisters—it may be "Athlete's Foot." Don't use any half-way measures. Treat this stubborn foot infection with Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. It relieves intense itching at once; kills the fungi it comes in contact with, and aids healing of the skin. Accept no substitute for Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. At all drug, shoe and department stores.



**Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX**



**FELTON & SON, INC.**

524 East Second St., South Boston, Mass.

everything wrong. He had no style at all. He was caught out of position time after time and he did such things as attempting a front-wall "kill" constantly. A front-wall kill against a top-rank player is usually suicide. Any good player can return almost any ball which has hit only the front wall. But this lad was amazingly getting away with it.

He also used the punch ball almost exclusively. Most players hit the ball with the palm of the hand. Banuet clenched his fist and hit it with his knuckles. This of course gave a terrific drive to the ball but naturally lessened his control. Later Banuet got so that he could control this shot better than most players could control the orthodox stroke. He had been working on the San Francisco docks and he was as strong as a bull. Nobody could stand up against this terror and he won the A. A. U. title with little trouble at all. He won it again the following year and also the year after that and there was nobody who could come near him.

Banuet's training methods resembled those of the late Harry Greb. A tall glass of beer and a haircut—and Banuet was ready to step on any court against anybody. But no matter how good you are at handball you can't trade your medals for beefsteaks and room rent, so Banuet looked for some more lucrative way of using his strong arms and legs and his uncannily accurate eyes. He turned to professional boxing as the magic purse which when opened would immediately start gold to flowing, but something happened in his first fight to change his plans. He got thoroughly shellacked and so he gave up the ring and again turned to his first love. But the A. A. U. fathers shook their heads.

### The Hook Serve Puzzles You

That one fight had made him a professional and he could no longer compete with the simon pures. His friends and the whole handball fraternity made earnest pleas for his reinstatement but it was no good. Al Banuet is still the greatest handball player in the world—but he shows his wares only in private. Today he is a bartender in Detroit, hoping for the day when the A. A. U. fathers will relent.

The most interesting of the top-flight players is George Quam of Minneapolis. At one time or another he has taken a game from all of the stars. He has won the Minneapolis A. C. title nine times and been a national semifinalist. When Quam was a youngster a railroad accident deprived him of his left arm. He took up handball at a Y. M. C. A. and soon became proficient. But no one even among his club members thought that he was really good until he entered and won the club tournament.

Bob Kendler, telling of the first time he played Quam, says that before the match he said, "I'll try not to shoot any to your left side, George."

"That's all right," Quam said, smiling. "Send them anywhere."

A few moments later Kendler realized why Quam didn't mind getting them to his left.

"Anything you send to what you'd imagine his weak side to be," Kendler says, "is suicide. He hits all balls to his left with a murderous backhand shot."

Quam was one of the first to develop a hook serve. When the ball lands it doesn't bounce straight—it shoots to one side or the other and you have to guess where it's going even to get your hand on it. Quam has an abnormally large hand which closely resembles a

## Quick Work

Continued from page 18

side of beef and his tremendously developed arm muscles give him a great deal of power. He has an uncanny knack of anticipation and is seldom found out of position. In addition to being the only top-flight one-armed handball player in the game he is also an insurance salesman. He is equally good at both. At forty-one, Quam can beat any but perhaps the first ten or twelve players and even they can't relax when they're on the court with him.

### Playing with Both Hands

Great as Banuet was and is, there are those who watched Joe Platak win his 1937 national championship at the Lake Shore A. C. in Chicago who insist that the next two or three years will make him the all-time marvel of the game. His current national title is the third he has won in succession. Two other men, Banuet in 1929-30-31 and Maynard Laswell of the Los Angeles A. C. in 1924-25-26 have matched that feat. But Laswell is finished, Banuet's competitive days probably are over and Platak, still in his middle twenties, is only getting under way.

Joe is one of the few players who is absolutely ambidextrous. Naturally left-handed, he has developed until his right is as good as his left—and vice versa. Three or four years ago, he was just another good, strong player. Bob Kendler took hold of him, grafted a bit of finesse on his game, and now he is virtually unbeatable. There is no doubt that he and Banuet are the world's best players but it is doubtful if they will ever meet unless the handball fraternity breaks with the A. A. U.

"Platak is one of the most remarkable physical specimens I've ever seen in any sport," Frederick Rothe, chairman of the New York A. C.'s Handball Committee and current champion of the Downtown Athletic Club in New York, told me. "Rhythm, grace, power, speed, generalship—they are all his in superabundance. Standing about 5 feet 9 inches, and weighing 175 pounds, he would, I'm certain, have been an outstanding competitor at any sport he might have taken up."

Incidentally, Charlie Ruggles was a

competitor in the Los Angeles tournament and the semifinal and final rounds were played on Harold Lloyd's courts at his place in Beverly Hills.

Robert L. "Believe It or Not" Ripley, who has been a first-class player and could still be if he were not dashing off constantly to odd corners of the earth, has had a hand in the development of Platak. The New York A. C. annually stages an invitation tournament of sixteen players for the Robert L. Ripley Trophy and Platak was early discovered and invited to that competition.

Getting away for the moment from the champions, handball is still the fireman's game. There are many great players among the firemen but because of the nature of their profession it is impossible for them to travel from tournament to tournament. Deputy Fire Chief Charles Tremaine of Milwaukee, for instance, has installed four-wall courts in several Milwaukee firehouses. Nearly every fireman in Milwaukee is a handball enthusiast. They have found that a half hour of handball is worth three times as much as the same time spent on any other exercise. You can get a workout quickly at handball and all you need is a round ball and four walls.

Tentative plans are being made for a national association of firemen which will sponsor sectional, then national events, out of which will emerge a fireman champion.

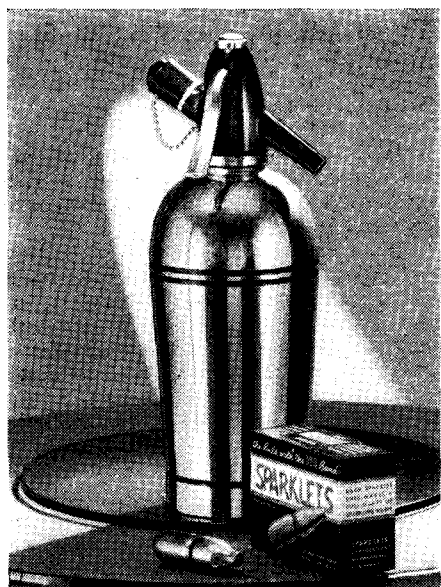
Handball has always been a game for participants—not one for spectators. The very nature of the court makes it difficult to enable more than two or three hundred to watch tournament matches.

Bob Kendler is sponsoring a movement which he hopes will eventually result in the adoption of glass-enclosed courts all over the country. He has been experimenting with a glass composition which he thinks will take the place of the present concrete walls. This will enable spectators to sit about on all four sides of the court watching the play. Handball will hardly ever rival football or baseball as a spectator's game but a national tourney with the world's best players entered is too interesting an event to be played in the semiprivy it now enjoys.



## Swing Your Partner

Continued from page 10



### DON'T PAY HOTEL PRICES AT HOME

Be swank—be sensible—serve your highball soda from the new SPARKLET SYPHON. SPARKLET'S look of luxury belies the thrifty tenor of its ways. It makes its own sparkling club soda at about 8¢ a quart. The SPARKLET SYPHON is a handsome thing—it graces any man's serving table. At leading drug, department and houseware stores and most of the good specialty shops.

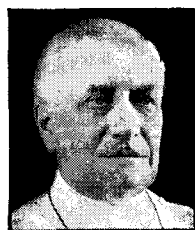
New Streamline Syphon with 5 refills: Enamel finish \$5.95; Chromium or Copper finish \$6.95. Refill bulbs for charging the syphon: 5 for 45¢, 10 for 85¢, 25 for \$1.95.

The  
**SPARKLET  
SYPHON**

"Club Soda at Half-price!"

**WHEN YOU NEED  
A LAXATIVE  
DO AS  
DOCTORS DO**

**This is what over 50,000 doctors  
have used and recommended for  
gentle, thorough action**



WHEN you need a laxative, play SAFE and follow the method thousands of doctors use and recommend. For doctors, of all people, know what is best for constipation. Just listen to what they say about Pluto Water:

Dr. E. J. G. of Iowa advises, "I prescribe Pluto Water freely with excellent results." Dr. H. A. O. of Wisconsin writes, "I not only prescribe Pluto almost daily, but use it personally." Dr. V. N. of Michigan says, "I have used and prescribed Pluto Water for 40 years."

#### Easy To Take This New Way

Simply mix 1/5 of a glass of Pluto Water in 4/5 of a glass of water. You'll find this new mixture pleasant. There's no overnight waiting. No painful griping. You get quick yet gentle, thorough action.

So, when you need a laxative, be sure—take Pluto Water. Your own doctor will tell you there is nothing better than this non-habit-forming saline mineral water, bottled at famous French Lick Springs, Indiana. Do as doctors do. Get Pluto Water from your druggist, and you'll feel worlds better quickly.



**PLUTO  
WATER**  
When Nature Won't—Pluto Will

"I reckon you didn't, Rufe. Let's shake on it." They shook. "You been right good to me, Rufe, and I aim for you to have a good time."

"You're good to me, too, Cass, and I won't notice anything else."

"All right. One more drink and we're theah."

They pushed on across the field until, through a line of pines, they struck a country road. Then Rufe heard it, faint and sweet, the fiddles.

"Commence firing!" he yelled and broke into a jig. "Whee-hee!" Down the road he jiggled, dancing to the music. Cass lumbered behind with the jug, pausing to lift it again. The trees opened and Rufe saw lights glowing yellow in a white frame tavern sprawled against the dark sky. He gave another yell, lifted his blanket like a skirt, and raced toward it. As he ran into the glow of reflected light, the door jerked open and lamp-light spilled over him. In a shiny black suit with plum-colored waistcoat and lace cuffs stood a little old man with a red nose and purple-dyed hair.

"What is this ungodly commotion, that has the aspect of an attack?"

"Ain't no attack," Rufe bellowed. "We're coming to this here dance."

CASS panted up. "Howdy, Jugg," he greeted the little man. "This here's my friend from the other end of the line. He allows they have purtier gals at Fiddler's Green and I aim to show him different. He's Private Rufus Landers, called Rufe."

"I shall endeavor to correct your friend's erroneous impression. Enter, Private Landers, and behold this county's flower of pulchritude."

In a recess inside the door Cass shoved the jug, wrapped in his overcoat, against the wall. He covered it with other tattered overcoats and blankets, such as Rufe wore, several pieces of carpet and even two pieces of burlap sewed together. Rufe laid his blanket on top.

"If this is the way your army dresses, I should've come like a scarecrow, like I said."

Cass straightened up with a flushed face. "I done told you about noticin' things. Keep on and they will swing you for a spy, sho' enough."

"Don't be so partial to this swinging," Rufe grinned. The warmth of the room and the soft voices laughing over fiddles and the sweet perfume of young girls were rioting in him. "It's swinging a partner I desire."

"That you shall do, Private Landers, with alacrity and dispatch." Jugg gestured widely and his lace cuff ruffled over his wrist. "Envision the fairest damsels of our county and, as a welcome stranger to our poor hospitality, you shall have your fancy's choice as a partner."

Rufe had to keep from grinning at the fancy speech, but he liked it, only he couldn't answer. His brain was a whirl of pretty faces and flashing ankles and bright dresses spinning. Two years had passed since he had been with young girls dancing and never had he seen girls look up at a man the way these did, not even in Putnam County. Their red lips were smiling and parted, as if they waited to be kissed. Rufe didn't try to hold his grin any longer. If these were Virginia belles he was glad he had joined the army. A red ribbon on yellow hair caught his gaze. He saw a small face with a sweet, smiling mouth and large gray eyes that turned him to jelly.

"Her," he pointed.

"Your taste belies your Fiddler's Green experience, if I might say so. I

will request the lady to honor the stranger in our midst." Jugg bowed.

"Who is she, Cass?" Rufe whispered. "Just a country gal that lives near heah."

"In one of those big houses with slaves?"

"Nary a slave, and I told you I ain't never seen one of them houses you all the time talkin' about."

Jugg was speaking to the girl, who stood between an older lady and a young Reb with his arm in a sling. She turned from them to Rufe and her soft, grave eyes fixed him in a steady appraisal.

"Looks me over like I'm a horse she's buying."

"Don't mind that, Rufe. That's the way Virginia girls act. Grin."

He grinned. She answered with a gentle little smile and then she was coming toward him with Jugg. Rufe's grin broadened into gay exultance.

"How do you talk to gals down here, Cass?"

"Make purty speeches. They like that, call it gallant in these parts. I'm goin' in to have another drink now, Rufe. I'll be in the vestibule if you want me for anything. Just have a good time."

Rufe hardly heard. She stood in front of him, looking so soft and white that she didn't seem to be of the same flesh and blood as soldiers.

"Julie," Jugg bowed, "may I have the honor of presenting Cass' friend, Private Rufus Landers, called Rufe."

She curtsied and smiled shyly up at him. She looked prettier close up. He bowed too.

"May I have the honor of dancing with you, ma'am?"

Still holding that shy little smile, she held out her arms. He had never touched anyone so dainty. She was as light as a feather as they swung out on the floor. The fiddles were playing a waltz.

"The years creep slowly by, Lorena,  
The snow is on the grass again. . ."

The spirit of the waltz entered Rufe and he danced as never before. His father would have been astounded to see his Percheron so much like a gazelle. He glided and whirled, glided and spun, and threw his feet in some fancy impromptu steps. He seemed to be floating with the slender girl whose red ribbon brushed his chin. The ribbon tossed back and her small face was lifted to him.

"Why so silent, soldier?"

HER grave, gray eyes were on him in the way the other girls gazed up at their partners. And her lips were parted, too, in a soft little smile. She must be waiting for those "purty speeches." If that was gallant "in these parts," he would be the greatest gallant she had ever seen, because it'd sure be easy to make pretty speeches to Julie.

"I was taking my pleasure in your dancing, ma'am."

Her smile grew softer and he knew he was doing fine.

"You're doin' real handsome yourself, soldier," and her voice sounded like she was making love. "Did you learn your high-steppin' at Fiddler's Green?"

"Fiddler's Green?" Then he remembered Cass had told them he danced there. "Shucks, no. It's your dancing that puts the fire in me, ma'am."

"You talk as nice as you dance, soldier. Wheah you from?"

"Ah—ah—I'm from Richmond."

"Oh, Richmond! How I'd love to go theah and dance at the big hotels like the Spotswood and—"

"Wasn't anything compared to this,"

"FAMOUS CAR SPECIALTIES"

**WORK WONDERS  
INDOORS, TOO!**



### MOBILWAX PAD

(Filled with Mobilwax)

Use it for polishing and waxing dining-room tables and other furniture. Clean first with a good polish, preferably Mobilgloss.

### MOBIL SPOT REMOVER

This product is well known to car owners—use it in the home. Removes spots from clothes and fabrics. It leaves no ring when used according to directions.



### MOBIL HANDY OIL

Lubricates all electric appliances, sewing and washing machines, bicycles, toys—keeps them running smoothly. Fine for automobile uses. Prevents rust. Free wall clip with every can.

Buy where you buy Mobiloil or Mobilgas

**Mobil  
Specialties**



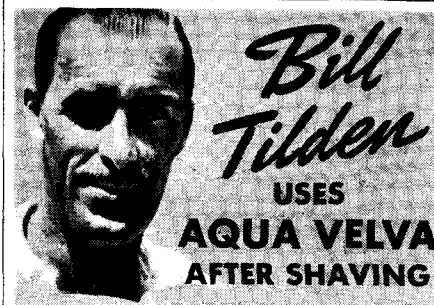
MOBILGLOSS · MOBILWAX · MOBILWAX PAD  
MOBIL HANDY OIL · MOBIL SPOT REMOVER  
MOBIL WINDOW SPRAY · MOBIL UPPERLUBE  
BY THE MAKERS OF MOBIL OIL

## FALSE TEETH

Klutch holds 'em tight all day

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion, holds the plate so snug it can't rock, drop, chafe or be played with. You can eat and talk as well as you did with your own teeth. Why endure loose plates? Klutch ends the trouble. 25¢ and 50¢ at druggists. If your druggist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes but send us 10¢ and we will mail you a generous trial box.

HART & CO., Box 2507-J, Elmira, N. Y.



**Bill  
Tilden  
USES  
AQUA VELVA  
AFTER SHAVING**

- Acts as an astringent—closes pores opened by shaving in warm water.
- Fights off pimples, sore spots.
- Conserves the natural skin moisture.
- Leaves face cool, refreshed.

Excellent after Electric Shaves!

**FREE**  
AQUA VELVA FOR 2 WEEKS  
Good only in U.S.A.

The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. C17  
Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A.  
Please send me a trial bottle of Aqua Velva, the world's largest selling after-shaving preparation.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street & No. \_\_\_\_\_  
City & State \_\_\_\_\_

# LLOYD'S of LONDON

Back Fitch's Guarantee to

## REMOVE DANDRUFF

with the first application



Here is good news for everyone troubled with unsightly dandruff. Now you can remove dandruff by using a shampoo which completely dissolves dandruff and then washes it away. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo is guaranteed to remove dandruff with the first application—under a positive money-back guarantee. Back of this guarantee is Lloyd's of London, world famous guarantors for over two hundred years... your positive assurance that Fitch's Shampoo removes dandruff with the very first application. And remember, a Fitch Shampoo leaves your hair shining clean and radiantly beautiful.

### LABORATORY TESTS

#### PROVE Fitch's Efficiency

1 This photograph shows bacteria and dandruff scattered, but not removed by ordinary soap shampoo.



SOAP SHAMPOO

2 All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.



FITCH SHAMPOO

### KILLS GERMS...

#### Removes all Dandruff, Dirt and Foreign Matter

Tests made by some of America's leading bacteriologists have shown striking results. Their findings prove that Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo is a true germicide, certain to destroy bacteria as well as to remove all dandruff, dirt and foreign matter. Try it today and enjoy the thrill of a really clean and healthy scalp. Equally as good for blondes as brunettes. Sold at drug counters. Professional applications at beauty and barber shops.

After and between Fitch Shampoos, Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is the ideal preparation to stimulate the hair roots and give new life, luster and beauty to your hair.

**Fitch's** Dandruff Remover Shampoo



Copr. 1937  
F.W. Fitch  
Co.



THE F. W. FITCH CO., Des Moines, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J. • Toronto, Canada

## —Your Passport TO HAPPINESS!



IF YOU want extra money, here is your passport to the land of opportunity. Try our pleasant and profitable plan for taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell Publications. For free money-making supplies, write now!

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-64  
The Crowell Publishing Company  
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

## ACCOUNTING

the profession that pays



this book free!

Accountants command big income. Thousands needed. About 16,000 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. Many earn \$2,000 to \$15,000. We train you thoroughly at home in your spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge unnecessary—we prepare you from ground up. Our training is personally given by staff of experienced C. P. A.'s. Low cost—easy terms. Write now for valuable 64-page book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," free.

**LASALLE EXTENSION** adult business training  
The school that has trained over 1,400 C. P. A.'s  
Dept. 1040-11 Chicago

### BOYS!

Earn a streamlined bike; make MONEY, too! Just deliver Collier's and our other magazines to customers you secure. If you're 12 to 16, write Jim Thayer, Dept. C-184, The Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio, and we'll start you.

## "Morning-After" EYES



**CLEARED IN SECONDS!**

At last! Eyes that are red and veined... from over-indulgence, late hours, fatigue, etc. now made clear and white in seconds. Your money back if one application of new, scientific EYE-GENE fails! Clears dullness, makes eyes sparkle. Just as superior also for refreshing tired, overworked eyes. Acts almost instantly. EYE-GENE is stainless, decidedly new and different. At all drug and department stores.

**EYE-GENE**



he said quickly. "I ain't never enjoyed dancing like this." Rufe spoke with real feeling and essayed a wider fling.

"You talk just like all the Richmond soldiers."

"Ma'am, I swear I never said that to a lady before. I never would've said it, I reckon, if I hadn't been so long in that camp. I tell you, soldiering gives a fellow funny thoughts."

"I know," she said in gentle mockery, "you get so lonely that the first girl you see is like nothin' you ever saw before."

"You are like something I've never seen before, ma'am!" Rufe grew urgent. He didn't want to appear like other soldiers to her. "You know where I saw you before?"

"You never did."

HE BENT his head and lowered his voice: "I saw your face when I was on picket duty down by the river and when I looked into the campfire and when I saw night falling over the country houses. There was always one girl I saw then and I made up my mind to find her. I looked at Fiddler's Green and all over this county, and I came here looking for her. When I saw you I knew I'd found her. You can ask Jugg. I pointed when I saw you and I said, 'Her.'"

Julie's smile faded and a strange look touched her, as if she were sort of shy and scared, and at the same time it made her beautiful.

"You're the prettiest girl I ever saw," Rufe said, and gave her a little squeeze.

The music ceased then and she drew away, slowly, looking up at him all the while with her grave gray eyes as though she were trying to study him. Rufe wondered if he had gone too far in his pretty speeches. Then she said in a quiet little voice, "You ought not talk like that to country girls."

Rufe knew he hadn't gone too far. He felt invincible, unconquerable. He believed he might kiss her if they kept dancing together. Just then a young Reb stood before him. He was a blond, handsome devil and gave Rufe a quick appraisal with fiery, reckless eyes. Then he bowed low.

"I don't have the pleasure of your acquaintance, suh, but I'm beggin' your forgiveness in askin' Miss Julie if I might have the honor of the next dance. It's the last one before the square dance."

Rufe was not going to give Julie up now and he bowed even lower than the Reb. "I'm a stranger in these parts and I'm asking your forgiveness in keeping the next dance with Miss Julie, for I've got to travel soon after."

The Reb darkened and he glanced from Rufe to Julie and back again. He bowed very stiffly and there was something in his eyes. Rufe wondered if he had done anything wrong and, as the young Reb stalked off, he turned inquiringly to Julie. She was staring up at him with wide eyes shining and there was a starriness in them that sent a quiver through Rufe's big frame.

"I'm never going to dance with another girl," he said, "till you tell me you've got enough."

"I won't tell you I've got enough now," she answered breathlessly, "because you've proved you meant what you said."

"I meant it all right, ma'am, but how did I prove it?"

"Why, you just provoked Reverly by not givin' me up."

"I don't know anything about Reverly," Rufe wondered if he was getting mixed up with sweethearts, and then the fiddles scraped again and another waltz tilted through the room.

The spirit of romance entered Rufe, as had the spirit of the waltz, and he talked as he had never even thought before. "I don't intend to turn you loose at all, Julie. Now that I've found you,

I can't bear to have you flitting from fellow to fellow, not even in a square dance. Before this waltz is over I want you with me alone, out under the stars. Will you come with me?"

He read his answer in her eyes.

"You seem different from other soldiers, Rufe."

Intent only on his maneuver toward the door he said, "I am, Julie."

"How are you different?"

"I'll tell you when we're outside. I don't want anyone else to hear."

Picking an opening, he gave a prodigious glide and then they whirled into the little recess. A quick glance revealed that no one had noticed them. One spin and they were at the outer door and Rufe's huge hand was fumbling with the latch. There he paused. Lying on the pile of blankets and overcoats, his hand on the open jug, was Cass. Rufe started to speak and then he saw that poor Cass was fast asleep. Rufe grinned. Out-drunk him, by golly, he thought, and opened the door. They stepped into the clear, cold, moonless night, with nothing to see but the bright stars. Julie looked expectantly up to him, her face pale and soft in the darkness.

"Your eyes are like those stars, Julie," he said impulsively, and took her in his arms.

"What were you goin' to tell me?"

"About what, Julie?" He forgot everything except the sweet softness he was touching.

"About why you're different from other men?"

"Oh! Because I'm the one who loves you," and he kissed her. When he touched the fresh, cool innocence of her lips, he felt a sudden pang. She moved back from him and her head was lowered.

"You ought not say things like that to country girls, Rufe, unless you mean them."

HE LOOKED down at the little ribbon on her hair and all at once he felt sad and lonelier than he ever had in his life. "I'm a country boy myself, Julie," he said and now he really wanted to talk to her.

"I thought you were from Richmond."

"I—ah—live outside Richmond a piece."

"A right good piece, I vow." Suddenly her grave eyes were fixed on him and there was no glow in them.

"Why, Julie," he croaked and his voice sounded thick in his ears. "What on earth can you be talking about?"

"You, Rufe," she said quietly.

"What could you mean, Julie?" His brain was a lump of clay inside his skull and all he could think of were the pretty speeches that had betrayed him.

"I mean the piece you're from Richmond is a long ways north of Virginia." Her voice broke but she controlled it and went on steadily. "I thought there was something funny about you all the time, and now I know you're not one of us, Rufe. You're not like any Southern boy I ever knew. The way you talk—oh, everything!" Again her voice broke and this time she couldn't go on.

A wild hope seized Rufe. Maybe her eyes had lost their glow because she was sad and she wasn't mad at him at all. Maybe those pretty speeches would save him now. "Julie, it's true I'm not from Richmond. I'm a country boy from New York State, but everything else I told you is true. I mean, I got Cass to bring me into your lines because I was looking for a girl like you, and somehow my heart told me she was in Virginia. Then I did see you..."

She was crying and shaking her head. "You crying because I'm a Yank, Julie?"

She nodded and cried all the more.

"You mean you're mad at me?"

She shook her head in vigorous denial.

The wind was cold but Rufe was warmer than he had ever been in his life. "What then, Julie?"

"Because you're a Yankee and—and you won't come back again!"

The sigh that Rufe released was like a gust of the wind. "But I will, Julie. I will! That was all true."

"You can't."

"I can after the war."

"You won't."

"Julie, I swear to you, the day it's over I'll come back to you."

The sobs faltered and slowly stopped. "Then all you told me wasn't lies."

"Every word was the truth, Julie, except about being from Richmond." There was the passion of desperation in his voice.

SHE was silent a long time as though she were thinking it over. Rufe began to fidget. He wondered if she were waiting for more pretty speeches. He had no heart for them now. Finally he blurted, "I guess I'd better go now, Julie."

"I reckon you had." She seemed still busy with her own thoughts.

"I'll get Cass to take me back to my lines."

She nodded. He knew now he had to say something. "Julie, I'll write you notes and get Cass to bring them to you, until the war is over. Then I'll come back for you. You believe me, don't you, Julie?"

Then she raised her gray eyes, so grave and soft. "I believe you, Rufe. I'll be heah. Now we better go and get Cass."

By golly, Cass was right. They sure liked pretty speeches in these parts and Julie sure was sweet. His hand swallowed up her little one and they tiptoed to the door. Inside, the laughing voices struck him and he shook like the floor was shaking under the feet of the square dance. He slid along the wall to Cass while Julie watched the room. He prodded Cass. No response. He shook him again and put some strength behind it. Cass only moaned. He glanced up at Julie in mute appeal.

"You'll have to slap him. That's the way soldiers wake each other."

Rufe gave a few gentle taps and Cass only moaned the louder. Frantic, he brought down his hand so that it sounded like a shot. Cass came swarming out of the blankets and waving his hands. He howled.

"Sh-h. It's me—Rufe. You got to get me back to the lines, Cass."

"Lemme alone. All the time noticin' things." He started to sink back.

Rufe shook him. "Wake up, Cass. You got to get me back to my lines!"

"Ain't goin' to do it—done told you about noticin' things . . . guns . . . sentries like scarecrows. . ."

Rufe forgot himself in a mighty shake. When he heard Cass gasping through chattering teeth, he exhorted, "Don't you know me, Cass?"

"Sho' I know you!" It was a choked howl. "They're goin' to hang you for a Yankee spy, like I told you, on account of you all the time noticin' things. Now you take your hands off me."

Rufe took his hands off as if Cass were something hot. He heard those choked words echoing in the sudden dead silence of the room. He spun around and stopped. One look at Julie's white face told him everything. He had time only to straighten and assume an attitude of passive innocence when the roomful of Rebs swarmed into the little recess. The fiery-eyed Reverly, whom he had provoked, was in the van, like the leader of an attack.

"A Yank spy!" he yelled in savage triumph. "I thought theah was something funny about you. Get your hands up before we shoot you right heah!"

Rufe reached so high the tips of his fingers touched the ceiling. "Now wait a minute, fellows. I'm a friend of Cass'. We've been pickets together down by the river. He brought me over here to dance, that's all. He's drunk now, that's why he's talking so. If you'll just wait till he's sober, he'll—"

"Drunken men's words are so'er men's thoughts," Jugg pronounced.

"But you saw us come here together. He told you I was his friend."

"Maybe Cass is a spy too," Reverly yelled. "Let's swing 'em both!"

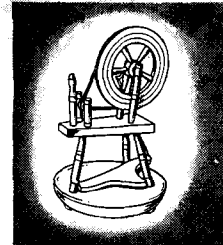
"No!" It was a stricken cry from

## Odd Facts of Old Boston

FREE 1000 MINIATURE REPRODUCTIONS 10" HIGH OF OLD SPINNING WHEEL THAT ACTUALLY WORKS FOR 1000 BEST LETTERS ON "WHY OLD MR. BOSTON FINE LIQUORS REFLECT THE QUALITY TRADITIONS OF OLD BOSTON."

OLD MR. BOSTON, DEPT. CIOA, BOSTON, MASS.

This offer good until Oct 24<sup>th</sup> but not in states where such offers are prohibited.



### Shilling Snippers Foiled

When it was discovered that unscrupulous persons were snipping bits from the edges of the pine tree shillings, lettering was placed around the coins to discourage this early form of "chiseling."



### Tenth Pin Saves Nine Pins

Among the games which the city fathers banned as wasteful of time and misleading of spirit, the law singled out the game of "Nine Pins." But enthusiastic bowlers saved the game by adding one pin and calling the game "Ten Pins."



### Just 100 Years Ago

Rival horse-car lines used the same tracks. In the lively competition to get their cars on the tracks first and so carry the lion's share of the traffic, each horse-car line changed time-tables almost daily to everybody's complete confusion.

COPR. 1937 BEN BURK, INC.

307 YEARS HAVE CHANGED MANY THINGS IN OLD BOSTON BUT NOT THE OLD-TIME VIRTUES OF HONEST CRAFTSMANSHIP. NO CABINETMAKER OR SILVERSMITH OF OLD BOSTON WAS EVER MORE PROUD OF HIS CRAFT THAN THE EXPERTS WHO GUARD THE QUALITY OF OLD MR. BOSTON BRAND STRAIGHT WHISKEY. BUY A BOTTLE TONIGHT.

Old MR. BOSTON BRAND 100 PROOF STRAIGHT WHISKEY RYE OR BOURBON TWO YEARS OLD



Ben Burk, Inc., Boston, Mass.



"The last threatenin' letter I sent came back wit' corrections of me grammar and spellin'!"

ROBERT DE SASSO

**CLEAN—  
PURIFY—  
FALSE TEETH  
AND REMOVABLE BRIDGES**

**POLIDENT**

**NO BRUSHING**

Works like magic. Just put plate or bridge in water and add a little Polident powder. Then, in a few minutes, it is sweet, clean and polished—and actually purified! Needs no brushing or stirring.

**LIKE NEW**

Even the worst old stains, tarnish and deposits are dissolved away. No acid. No danger. And no more fear of "denture breath." For Polident guarantees true hygienic cleaning, making your plate or bridge feel better and look better.

**Helps Remove False Look From Gums**

Dentists highly recommend Polident for safe care of dentures. You will find it a wonderful comfort and convenience. Long-lasting can costs only 30 cents at any drug store. Money back if not delighted.

WERNET DENTAL MFG. CO.  
882 Third Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ASK YOUR DENTIST!

**POLIDENT**

Good Housekeeping Bureau  
Approved

**WE'LL GIVE YOU \$2.00 For Your**

**STAPLING MACHINE**

Regardless of age or condition—towards the purchase of a NEW 'RF1' MARKWELL STAPLER

**Act Now**

STAPLES OR PINS  
2 TO 55 SHEETS

Phone or Write for FREE Demonstration!

**MARKWELL MFG. CO.**  
200 Hudson St., N. Y. C. Dept. C. Walker 5-9686

**High School Course at Home**

Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to resident school work—prepares for entrance to college. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. Free Bulletin on request.

**American School, Dept. H-781, Drexel at 58th, Chicago**

**Ride 4 Miles for 1¢**

**Auto-Glide**

**120 MILES per Gallon**

**Ideal for School, Deliveries, Etc.**

Discover for yourself the amazing thrill and economy of Auto-Gliding! One-tenth the expense of a car. It's a mile cheaper than shoe leather! Worlds of sport—makes you the envy of every student. Just toss books or packages into the big parcel carrier... step on the starter... release the clutch—glide safely 30 miles an hour, to your destination. Thousands in every state—used for deliveries, shopping, to school, or work, pleasure spins, etc. Very ruggedly built—heavy-duty 1 or 1½ H. P. Cushman engine, strong steel frame, large balloon air tires, comfortable cushion seat, light, horn, brake, etc.—with or without carrier.

**FREE BOOK!** See your local Auto-Glide dealer. Or, write quick direct to factory for free illustrated book, full details.

**\$125 and up**  
f.o.b. factory

**THE CUSHMAN MOTOR WORKS, Dept. D-10, Lincoln, Nebr.**

Julie and it was the sweetest word he'd heard yet. "He did come over heah to dance, just like he told you. I heard him talkin' to Cass. And what kind of spyin' could he be doin' at a country dance like this?"

"We'd expect you to take up for him," Reverly said with contempt. "Anybody who'd get stuck on a Yank—and he did get you stuck on him—"

The quick flush in her cheeks seemed to heat Rufe's brain. He never figured anything out, but all at once he had Reverly's throat in his great hands and hard fists were bouncing off him from all sides. He felt himself being pressed back, as if a great weight were on him, and the wall crashed dully against his head. Blurred faces ringed him in. Through a blur inside his head he understood what the old soldiers meant when they said a Rebel charge was a terrible thing to see. Shriill and loud voices beat at him and then he heard one distinctly, sweetly familiar:

"If you hurt him, I'll tell about Cass and they'll hang him, too."

"Cass was merely the victim of our enemy's chicanery." That was Jugg. "He was misled and inebriated. We will protect him."

"Then I'll tell the officers who you-all are and you'll get court-martialed for harmin' a prisoner."

"He ain't no prisoner, he's a spy." That was Reverly. "Ain't he got on our uniform?"

"Boys, nothing is achieved by disregarding reason and Miss Julie has uttered words of rare wisdom." Jugg was changing his tune and Rufe saw why. "Complications with the army might lead to the suspension of our tavern's dances. Tomorrow morning we can deliver him to the officers for a trial."

"Why let them swing him?"

"Because reason dictates it. We can incarcerate him for the night in the Widow Beech's corncrib. There he will languish in durance as vile as any guard-house."

"Swing him now!" Reverly shouted and supporters rallied to him.

"Let reason reign!" Jugg screamed and allies flocked to him.

Rufe went cold and hot and Jugg's forces lost ground and regained it. His vision was clearing and he saw Julie trying to communicate something to him with an encouraging smile. He tried to smile back but he felt his grimace was a mockery. He watched her as she turned to the girls and then he saw she was haranguing them. In a body they swung to Jugg's support. Slowly Reverly's strength ebbed. Rufe felt that he had not breathed for a long time and the effort left him weak. He knew he was safe until morning when Reverly spoke.

"Then I'll hawg-tie him," he grumbled, "and stand guard too."

NOBODY objected to that and Reverly went for a rope. Rufe was anxious to please and he stuck out his hands meekly behind him. Two vicious twists of the rope and he knew that even a sure-enough Percheron couldn't break that knot.

"Now march, spy," Reverly commanded, and prodded him with a shotgun.

Out into the cold, clear night, where the stars were still bright, he marched like an ancient martyr, and all the gay crowd from the dance followed. They were murmuring, but he did not hear Julie's voice. Nor did she come near. Even she had deserted him now. About fifty yards back of the tavern he saw a stout corncrib, and beyond, the lines of a house against the sky. Reverly opened the door and pushed him into the pitch blackness. When he said, "When you come out of heah, it'll be to swing," Rufe believed him. The door slammed and the latch caught. Rufe sank limply

to the rough floor, his back against the wall, and tried to ease the pressure of the ropes.

Soon the voices receded outside and there was only the sound of Reverly's sullen feet. Soon the fiddles scraped again, but they didn't sound sweet any more. Soon the feet stomped again and the young voices laughed, but they didn't sound gay any more. Nothing would ever be sweet or gay any more, and all because of his pretty speeches. And Julie was most likely listening to other pretty speeches, while he alone waited for the dawn to bring his fate.

He wouldn't have gone so far with his speeches if he had been as sober as he was now.

Suddenly he sat bolt upright. There was a voice outside. He heard Reverly answer, and then the other again, very low. Reverly's lowered, too, as if he feared Rufe might hear him. It was a plot, that's what it was, most likely one of Reverly's cronies who had crept back and they meant to do him in before morning. Rufe came scrambling up and all his weakness fell from him. He clawed at the walls in the corners, at the roof, where they joined the floor. It was no use. One thing about Virginia that was like Putnam County was the corncribs. He stopped his frenzied clawings to listen. There was only one voice now, so soft it sounded like a whisper. Then he heard a thud and an eerie sound like a groan. He knew what people meant when they said their hair stood on end, but it was too late now ever to tell anybody.

THE latch clicked. He backed from the door and gathered himself. Hands tied or not, he'd show these Johnnies that his father hadn't called him a Percheron for nothing. The door eased open and Rufe drew in his breath.

"Rufe." It was the gentlest, sweetest sound he'd ever heard. "It's me—Julie. Hurry."

He was already stumbling toward the dim slit of night light.

"I brought a kitchen knife," she whispered, and in a moment he was free.

Before he could take her in his arms, he heard the groan again, like the one when he was in the corncrib. Julie whispered in his ear.

"It's Reverly. I brought him Cass' jug and told him I didn't want him to get cold out heah, and when he was drinkin' I—I hit him on the head with his shotgun."

RUFÉ did take her in his arms then, gently and protectively. "I can't go then, because when he comes to he'll—"

"When he comes to," she said brightly, "he'll be ashamed to say anything about it. A girl gettin' his prisoner."

"But the others, and poor Cass?"

"They'll be scared to say they let a spy escape. And, anyway, Cass will tell them about you when he's sober, and they'll all keep quiet to keep from gettin' him in trouble, and themselves, too. Don't you see?"

"I see," he said admiringly, "and I see that you're the smartest girl I ever saw."

"I'm glad you think so, Rufe," she said shyly; "and now you must go."

"Yes, I must go, Julie." He held her tighter.

"You just walk straight ahead, by the tavern, and turn right at the road—"

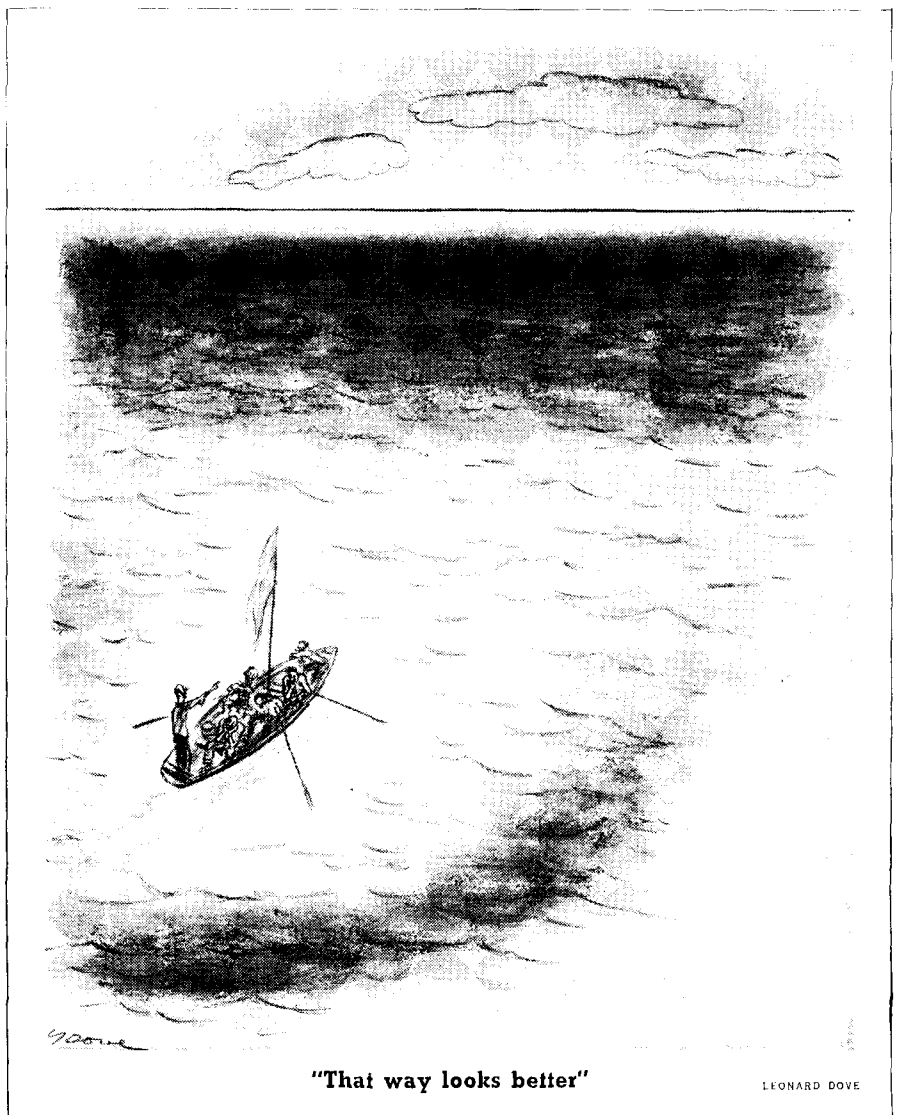
"I'm not worried about getting back to my lines, Julie. I'm thinking about coming back here, like I said. I meant that."

"I meant what I said about still being heah, too."

"Well, goodbye then, Julie. I'll be back."

"Goodbye, Rufe. I'll be waitin'."

He ran across the dark field to the road he had come down with Cass. He wouldn't have anything to tell back in Putnam County, after all, but he didn't care. He didn't care now if he never got in a battle.



"That way looks better"

LEONARD DOVE

# Kelly has a Tougher, Safer, Quieter Tire



## THE NEW *Kelly Registered*

YOU'LL BE INTERESTED to know: two kinds of car-owners are buying Kelly's REGISTERED Tire—those who instinctively ask for finer quality, *always*; those who *must* have it for longer, economical mileage.

Here's why this new tire is the best round performer Kelly ever built:

It has more **Armorubber** in its heavier, wider tread. Greater stopping power in its "squeegee-action" rib design. Better blow-out protection in its extra strong, fatigue-proof carcass.

Yet it costs no more than other good tires! By all means, go and see the new REGISTERED—at your Kelly dealer's.

### FEATURES YOU NEED FOR TODAY'S HARDER DRIVING

- 1 **SOUND-PROOFED** riding ribs make up the tread. The new REGISTERED'S continuous road contact promotes smooth, silent running.
- 2 **SKID-RESISTANT** design. New "squeegee-action" assures maximum stopping power on wet pavements.
- 3 **FATIGUE-PROOF** body. A perfect balance of insulated cotton cords and heat-resisting rubber. Heavy insulation against heat affords maximum blow-out protection. It's a *safer* tire.
- 4 **TOUGH ARMORUBBER** tread—Kelly's exclusive development! Thicker, wider, deeper cut—for long, safe, trouble-free mileage.



Replace  
with

**KELLY** *Springfield* **TIRES**

DEPENDABLE  
FOR 43 YEARS

# The General is Surprised

By Thomas Rourke

HE DIDN'T look anything like a conquering war lord. He looked more like a scoutmaster—an elderly and not a very keen one.

He walked into the patio of the Hotel San Carlos, out of the roaring enthusiasm of the street, mounted the stairway at the rear of the patio, marched along the balcony and halted at the door of his room. He saluted as smartly as he could, dismissed his staff, closed the door behind him, sat down in the chair at the desk and wilted into the comfortable posture of his classroom days. Then, with an effort, he cleared his throat and tried to clothe himself in efficiency once more.

There were so many papers. He signed one paper after another, hardly knowing what he signed.

An orderly opened the door and Colonel Ferrer, the chief of staff, came in, bringing still more papers.

"If you will be so kind, my general," the colonel said, "there are some urgent matters which I should like to take up with you."

"Yes, of course, Colonel. I have been going over these papers here. I haven't quite finished with them."

Colonel Ferrer made a slight gesture of impatience. "If you will permit me, General, your time is too valuable to be wasted upon routine. Now these matters here," he placed a sheaf of papers on the desk, "are rather more urgent."

"What are they?" the general asked.



"The sentences of the Military Court which sat this morning."

"Por Dios! More of them?"

"It is to be expected, General. We all regret this severity, of course, but you can see that it is absolutely necessary for the good of the cause, my general."

"Oh, absolutely, of course. Leave the findings here and I'll go over them."

The colonel spoke patiently as to a child: "They must be signed at once, General. We must wipe out these rebellious elements without delay in order to prevent more useless bloodshed."

The general sighed. "I suppose you're right," he said.

"Now then," said Ferrer briskly. He sat down, sorted his papers and began his comments in rapid summary:

"Case of Juan Garcia. Seizing enemy arms. Seven witnesses. Sentenced to death. Sign here." The general signed.

"Cases of Diego Sánchez, Pablo Mateo and Fernando Swartz. Sniping. Taken in the act. Death. Sign here." Again the general signed.

THE colonel went on with the papers, one after another, and the faint noises of a city in revelry came through the lattice above the door.

"Case of Matilda Padron—"

"Another woman!" the general exclaimed.

"It cannot be helped, General. Women have fought in this war with the men and we must treat them as men. Sign here."

"Case of Arturo Gil Méndez. Harboring fugitives, possessing arms, inciting to riot—"

"Arturo Gil Méndez?" the general repeated slowly. "I once had a student by that name."

"A dangerous man. He killed an officer resisting arrest."

"Arturo Gil Méndez. He must be the same. I want to see him."

"It is impossible, General—"

"He was my best student. Send for him at once."

Ferrer looked at the general and shrugged.

They brought Arturo Méndez into the general's room and he was too weak to stand, so they put him into a chair. The general ordered everyone to leave them alone. He looked into the eyes that stared out from a bloodstained face.

"Arturo," he said, "don't you know me?"

The boy's face showed nothing. "I know you," he said.

"What happened, my boy? How did you get into this trouble? You weren't with the enemy, surely?"

"I wasn't with anybody."

"Ah, I'm glad to hear that." The general straightened in his chair. "I knew you couldn't be with the enemy. You were my best student. I know we never agreed entirely but we were in accord on fundamental principles. I knew you couldn't be with the enemy. We always respected each other's views. I had no patience with mere stupid partisanship, as you know. My aim was always to stimulate thought and political consciousness—"

The boy made a slight sound, like bitter laughter.



Arturo Méndez spoke quietly. "I was trying to protect some innocent people from the mob of murderers you loosed here," he said

ILLUSTRATED BY  
HARRY MORSE MEYERS

manded their sacrifices. Soon we shall place this land with all its wealth and greatness in the hands of the people!"

"If there are any people left," Arturo Méndez said. "How many people did your men kill last night?"

"Last night? What do you mean? Why, none, of course. There has been no killing here except where there has been sniping by enemy groups in hiding."

Arturo laughed bitterly. "There were at least two hundred people killed last night. Many of them were women. I was arrested because I shot a soldier who had bayoneted an old man."

THE general stared. "Why, I don't believe it. You're lying."

"There have been thousands killed in every city."

"You're lying, Arturo Méndez."

"I always knew you were stupid but I didn't think you could be that stupid. The whole world knows it. They killed thousands, and tortured others—non-combatants, old men, boys, women and little children."

"They said it was all lies. My officers said it was enemy propaganda when I heard reports over the radio."

"The reports were true."

"I gave orders against reprisals. I declared amnesty in every city."

"No one paid any attention to your orders."

"They formed a wall around me everywhere I went," the general said, talking to himself. "I knew less than anybody."

"What did you expect when you started this thing?"

"I didn't start it. The movement started of its own accord. It was a nationwide wave, a spontaneous uprising of the masses against the forces that held them in slavery and I was chosen to lead it because of my political ideals. The movement was inevitable."

"How long have you been telling yourself that? It was inevitable because of you and others like you who have been preaching it for years."

The general sat still in his chair, his lips moving but no sound coming out, and Arturo talked on in the flat, bitter voice that came out of the battered face:

"You are the one to blame. You are the stupid, weak one they used to draw the people in. They traded on your name and reputation to fool the people. They hid behind you and pulled the strings until they had what they wanted."

When Arturo Méndez had been led away the general sat alone for a long time, staring at nothing through his thick glasses. Then he sent an orderly for Colonel Ferrer.

Ferrer stood silent and unconcerned while the general talked. Once he muttered to himself, "I told the fools they should have shot this one."

"You have disobeyed my orders on innumerable occasions," the general said. "You are relieved of your post and under arrest for gross insubordination."

Ferrer laughed then. He said one word, "Imbecil!" and then he drew his revolver very negligently and shot the general.

The general slumped into the comfortable posture of his classroom days.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE