



Filing into the jury box, Reba just happened to be looking at Mrs. Valyrie Stilton Cutts. She smiled and made eyes at Floyd. "Hi-yah, Babe!" Floyd said, under his breath

The heart-rending experience of a lady juror in a man's world. A brilliant answer to cynics who claim the courtroom is no place for a really refined girl with tender feelings

ALL the girls at the store warned Reba not to get stuck with jury duty. "It's that big Valyrie Stilton Cutts murder case," Lolita said, "and they'll shut you up for days with a lot of men!" Maudie, who was Reba's roommate at the Y. W., told a terrible story about a girl she knew who had to sleep practically in the same room with three women and eight men jurors, the men separated only by a sheet curtain.

Miss Biddle, manager of the cosmetics department at The Big Store, advised Reba confidentially: "If you're drawn for the Cutts case just say you've formed an opinion. They'll put you on a shorter trial."

But Reba McMurty was just simply not that kind of girl that would tell a lie and refuse to do her sworn duty. This country would get into a pretty state if a girl of the more intelligent class, why, she just ducked aside and let the foreign element administrate justice in our courts. And as for being on a jury with men and putting up with their close contact, Reba simply did not approve of the low-minded giggly attitude that Maudie and Lolita—why, they should be ashamed of themselves even to let on that they had that type of thought.

So Reba had borrowed Lolita's new black negligee and Maudie's swell Park Avenue copy tailored suit and had just simply gone over to the Municipal Courts building to do her duty.

Sure enough, it was the Cutts murder case, all right. The courtroom was packed with spectators and men of the newspaper profession were there in considerable profusion and one photographer snapped a flashlight picture just as Reba was being questioned. It happened so suddenly that Reba must've batted her eyes and looked just awful, though, my goodness, she usually took a good picture, having strong clear-cut features of the Joan Crawford type, kind of, except that she had a fairer skin.

Well, anyway, life is certainly full of its little surprises; who would've thought that famous criminal lawyers like Mr. Bockstein and Mr. Silbers would want a girl like she on their jury? But they did, because Reba did not lose her nerve and answered all their questions in a

calm enunciation tone of voice. Mr. Crunden, the state's attorney, tried to mix Reba up by asking her if she had any objection to the death penalty, but she replied: "In certain cases it is the only way to punish certain people."

PRETTY soon, Reba was sitting right up in the jury box, front row, with all the other jurors. Ten of them were men and Reba was certainly glad that they had put Mrs. Lattishaw, a nice motherly old lady, on the jury with her. Because, even before the trial actually started, this young fella who sat in the chair directly behind Reba—Floyd Sommers, 26, filling-station attendant, 3841-A Pershing Boulevard—was acting up pretty gay.

This Floyd fella tickled the back of Reba's neck with a pencil rubber and

whispered: "Oh, boy, am I glad you got on this jury!" The thing to do with a fresh fella like that is just simply ignore his advances. Then, this Floyd fella leaned over and whispered: "I like small ears and pretty hair on a girl!" He made other remarks of a complimentary nature which Reba couldn't quite catch because the judge, a crusty old oofy-goofy, was rapping for order and asking: "Is someone talking in the jury box?"

You would've thought that this would settle Mr. Smarty Floyd's hash, all right, but he whispered: "I know what my verdict is gonna be—hang the judge and give the state's attorney life!" Well, this was a clever, original remark and Reba just had to giggle.

"Order!" said a bailiff.

That squelched Mr. Sommers for the

Jury of Her Peers

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

moment and Reba had time to take a good look at Mrs. Valyrie Stilton Cutts, the young woman who had to be tried for shooting her husband.

Well, this Mrs. Valyrie Stilton Cutts surely didn't look like a member of high society, except for her clothes. The common thing was sitting there with her legs crossed and the hem of her slip showing. She was the chorus-girl type of character, like Alice Faye in the movies, but her clothes had cost plenty. She wore a swell suit, about a hundred and fifty dollars; very sheer beige stockings, four dollars; reptile shoes with genuine tortoise clasps, twenty dollars; a Suzy sailor hat of rough straw, thirty-two-fifty, and in her lap was an alligator bag with real gold clasp and initials, maybe seventy-five dollars, maybe more, you couldn't tell.

"LADIES and gentlemen of the jury," said the state's attorney, "this is the case of the People against Mrs. Valyrie Stilton Cutts, the woman you see sitting there beside Mr. Bockstein of defense counsel. I will now read the indictment—"

Reba, trying to listen carefully, thought it certainly was a peculiar way of saying that a girl had shot a fella. "... she did enter upon the said Cromwell Cutts and did willfully, maliciously, feloniously and with malice aforethought assail him with a deadly weapon, to wit . . ."

It seemed like, why, she shot him with a loaded gun on the night of February 21 about 1:35 A. M. and the said Cromwell Cutts did immediately thereafter die.

This Floyd fella poked Reba's neck. "I'm willing to admit the guy died," he said.

Although she shook her head and frowned, Reba could not but infer from this remark that Mr. Floyd Sommers was a pretty shrewd thinker, all right. Reba herself had read every word of the Cutts killing in three different newspapers; she had discussed the case thoroughly with Lolita and Maudie. Mr. State's Attorney Crunden was not very bright to waste all this time. Why, the judge had to call a recess for lunch before he was halfway through telling about the shooting.

Reba and Mrs. Lattishaw were taken in charge by Mrs. Regan, the matron, and escorted to the ladies' room. There, Mrs. Lattishaw informed Reba that it was her third jury case. Mrs. Lattishaw's husband was out of work and laid up with kidney trouble; her married daughter in Quincy, Ill., had an infected wisdom tooth. Mrs. Lattishaw had voted to send a man to prison for five years for burglary, in her first case, and she had voted to acquit a certain Mr. Reeves of arson.

"Don't ask me how I'm going to vote this time, dearie," said Mrs. Lattishaw, "I really don't know. But it's certainly a blessing to have three dollars a day coming in for a while."

Reba asked just one question:

"Where—where will they make us sleep?"

Mrs. Lattishaw laughed.

"We have an adjoining room to the men, dearie. It's certainly a blessing. On my first case, we had three awful snorers!"

When Mrs. Regan and Deputy Sheriff Boelscher started to introduce Reba to the ten men jurors, this fresh Floyd fella stepped right out and said: "Oh, McMurty and I are old friends. We was in a breadline together in Syracuse!"

"We ain't acquainted at all," said Reba. "But I saw you in jail in Memphis whilst I was passing by. Remember?"

Well, that certainly held Mr. Smarty Floyd. Reba was made acquainted with Mr. Richey, 61, neighborhood bank

cashier; Mr. Levy, 59, real estate; Mr. Cruset, 28, bookkeeper (married); Mr. Olderny, 42, druggist; Mr. Jones, 47, PWA foreman; Mr. Thomas, 35, unemployed; Mr. Davis, 23, shipping clerk (not married but fat); Mr. Allison, 65, retired; and Mr. Borgarias, 40, restaurant proprietor.

It was kinda exciting to be marched down the crowded corridor with everybody staring at you and down the steps outside, where Maudie and Lolita were waiting to wave, and the newspaper photographers and all.

But the best part of it was that it turned out Mr. Floyd Sommers did not truly mean to be fresh but could talk to a girl with some intelligence and a sense of humor, besides:

"Have you stopped to think that this is a little matter of life and death, kid?"

"Yeah. It kinda scares you and makes you think, don't it?"

"It sure does, McMurty. That Cromwell Cutts guy had twelve million bucks."

"Honest? The Dispatch said only eight."

"I'll settle for ten, kid! But that ain't the point. The point is—he had all that money and he's dead. Knocked off in a drunken brawl with the babe."

"Oh, was they intoxicated?"

"Stewed to the gills, both of 'em. A buddy of mine used to drive for Cutts. He had a hollow leg."

"A cripple?"

"Naw, that's a slang expression for putting it away pint after pint."

"Mr. Cutts certainly used his advantages in life—drinking alla time."

"That's the way it goes, kid. That's life. You got all the world wrapped up in a neat bundle and blooey!—a blond baby with a .38 special cuts the strings!"

Reba could not help but smile. "You certainly got an expressive manner of saying things, Mr. Sommers," she observed.

Juror Sommers squeezed Juror McMurty's arm.

"It's a cockeyed world, kid," he said, "and a guy can't help but take it with a sense of humor. If you don't laugh, you'll cry."

"How true that is," Reba said.

IN THE restaurant where the jury had to eat all its meals, they had a special back room and a special menu. Mr. Richey, the bank cashier, was kind of appointed the foreman and he said grace. He was a kind of sweet old man and he finished off with: "And help us to weigh the evidence in this trial carefully and justly and bring us to a fair verdict with Thy guidance. Amen."

"And speed up that beefsteak," Floyd whispered.

Reba had to show Floyd that she did not approve of being sacrilegious and frowned at him.

"Excuse me," Floyd said, "I guess I talked outa turn that time."

And when Floyd saw that Reba really was shocked at his actions he had the good grace to apologize like a gentleman. A girl, why, she has to show a fella right off that some things are sacred to her and has high ideals and was brought up in a good Christian home and goes to the Senior Bible class at the Y. W. and is not against a good time but can be as merry as any nice girl, only she will not tolerate certain actions.

"You're dead right, McMurty," Floyd had the good grace to say. "A guy gets careless working around pump monkeys alla time."

So everything was okay and the jury marched back to the Municipal Courts building.

It is a funny thing about trials in court—at first, you think the State's



"She give me a come-on smile, with plenty of candlepower behind it"

lawyers are dead right. They make you shudder gooseflesh talking about the "deceased" and the coroner's report and the doctor's language and all. Whilst Mr. State's Attorney Crunden was telling what the State would prove Mrs. Cutts actually done, Reba just simply could not bear to look at the creature for such utter loathing.

But late in the afternoon, Mr. Bockstein got up and he said: "We shall show that this little girl is the victim of a deliberate combination of the yellow press and ambitious officeholders. We shall show that Valyrie Stilton Cutts did not shoot her husband, the late Cromwell Cutts! We shall prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that Cromwell Cutts was accidentally killed in a struggle with his wife for possession of

this revolver. We shall convince you, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, that Mr. Cutts attempted to take his life while in a fit of alcoholic melancholia; that this little girl whom the State calls a murderess risked her own life in a heroic effort to dissuade her husband from his insane act!"

Whilst Mr. Bockstein was talking, Reba took another good look at Mrs. Valyrie Stilton Cutts. She had changed her waist to a more girlish type, with a pretty ruffled collar. She did not have so much make-up on and it did not make her face look so sophisticated. And when Mr. Bockstein mentioned her husband's name, Mrs. Cutts began to cry. It kind of got you, her having to sit there and listen to Mr. Bockstein talking

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Appointment with Death

By Agatha Christie

The Story Thus Far:

DYING, Elmer Boynton, governor of an American state, leaves his entire fortune to his widow (his second wife). From that time on, his children—Raymond, Carol and Lennox, born of his first marriage, and their half-sister Ginevra—are dependent upon Mrs. Boynton. The old woman—fat, grim-visaged, tyrannical—rules her household (which presently includes Nadine, Lennox's wife) with a rod of iron.

On Mrs. Boynton's orders, the entire family starts on a tour of the Near East. Journeying along the same route are Dr. Theodore Gerard, a noted French alienist, and Sarah King, a charming English girl. Both are struck by the very obvious unhappiness of all the Boyntons. And presently they discover the cause of that unhappiness: Mrs. Boynton was once the wardress of a prison; she is still a wardress to her children—she will tolerate no outside contacts by any of them!

In Cairo, Sarah King exchanges a few casual words with Raymond; and, unsuspected by her, the boy falls in love with her. But from that moment on, due to Mrs. Boynton's hostility, there are no further meetings. Nor will the old tyrant even permit Carol and Sarah to meet. Nevertheless, for some curious reason, Mrs. Boynton accepts the friendly advances of Mr. Cope, a dignified, middle-aged American; and he attaches himself to her party.

In Jerusalem, Gerard and Sarah go to the Solomon Hotel. The Boyntons are also there. When the Americans leave, Sarah steps up to Mrs. Boynton and gives her a brief lecture on the subject of civility. Mrs. Boynton freezes; then (not looking at Sarah, but over her shoulder) she gives utterance to a cryptic pronouncement: "I never forget. Remember that I've never forgotten anything—not an action, not a name, not a face! . . ."

Accompanied by Dr. Gerard, Lady Westholme (an English personage who is accustomed to dominate everyone about her) and Miss Amabel Pierce, an English spinster, Sarah goes to the fascinating ancient city of Petra. The first person she sees on her arrival is—Mrs. Boynton! An hour or so later, Raymond Boynton summons up the courage to speak to her; he tells her that he loves her: "If I pass you by or cut you," he adds—and he explains his predicament.

Sarah likes the boy. "You'll have more courage now, I am sure," she tells him.

For answer, Raymond bends, touches her hand with his lips—and strides rapidly away.

IV

SARAH went down to the big marquee. She found her three fellow travelers there. They were sitting at table, eating. The guide was explaining that there was another party here.

"They came two days ago. Go day after tomorrow. Americans. The mother, very fat, very difficult get here! Carried in chair by bearers—they say very hard work—they get very hot—yes."

Sarah gave a sudden spurt of laughter. Of course, take it properly, the whole thing was funny!

The fat dragoman looked at her gratefully. He was not finding his task too easy. Lady Westholme had contradicted him out of Baedeker three times that day and had now found fault with the type of bed provided. He was grateful to the one member of his party who seemed to be unaccountably in a good temper.

"Ha!" said Lady Westholme. "I think these people were at the Solomon. I recognized the old mother as we arrived here. I think I saw you talking to her at the hotel, Miss King."

Sarah blushed guiltily, hoping Lady Westholme had not overheard much of that conversation.

"Really, what possessed me?" she thought to herself in an agony.

In the meantime Lady Westholme had made a pronouncement.

"Not interesting people at all. Very provincial," she said.

Miss Pierce made eager, sycophantish noises and Lady Westholme embarked on a history of various interesting and prominent Americans whom she had met recently.

The weather being so unusually hot for the time of year, an early start was arranged for the morrow.

The four assembled for breakfast at six o'clock. There were no signs of any of the Boynton family. After Lady Westholme had commented unfavorably on the absence of fruit, they consumed tea, tinned milk and fried eggs in generous allowances of fat flanked by extremely salt bacon.

Then they started forth, Lady Westholme and Dr. Gerard discussing with animation on the part of the former the exact value of vitamins in diet and the proper nutrition of the working classes.

Then there was a sudden hail from the camp and they halted to allow another person to join the party. It was Mr. Jefferson Cope who hurried after them, his pleasant face flushed with the exertion of running.

"Why, if you don't mind, I'd like to join your party this morning. Good morning, Miss King. Quite a surprise meeting you and Dr. Gerard here. What do you think of it?"

He made a gesture indicating the fantastic red rocks that stretched in every direction.

"I think it's rather wonderful and just a little horrible," said Sarah. "I always thought of it as romantic and dreamlike—the 'rose-red city.' But it's much more *real* than that—it's as real as—as raw beef."

"And very much the color of it," agreed Mr. Cope.

"But it's marvelous, too," admitted Sarah.

The party began to climb. Two Bedouin guards accompanied them. Tall men, with an easy carriage, they swung upward unconcerned in their hobnailed boots, completely foot-sure on the slippery slope. Difficulties soon began. Sarah had a good head for heights and so had Dr. Gerard. But both Mr. Cope and Lady Westholme were far from happy, and the unfortunate Miss Pierce almost had to be carried over the precipitous places, her eyes shut, her face green, while her voice rose ceaselessly in a perpetual wail:

"I never could look down places. Never—from a child."

Once she declared her intention of going back, but, on turning to face the descent, her skin assumed an even greener tinge, and she reluctantly decided that to go on was the only thing to be done.

Dr. Gerard was kind and reassuring. He went up behind her, holding his stick between her and the sheer drop like a balustrade and she confessed that the illusion of a rail did much to conquer the feeling of vertigo.

Sarah, panting a little, turned to the dragoman, Mahmoud, who in spite of his ample proportions showed no signs of distress.

"Don't you ever have trouble getting people up here?" she asked. "Elderly ones, I mean."

"Always—always we have trouble," agreed Mahmoud serenely.

"Do you always try to take them?" Mahmoud shrugged his thick shoulders.

"They like to come. They have paid money to see these things. They wish to see them. The Bedouin guides are very clever, very sure-footed—always they manage."

They arrived at last at the summit. Sarah drew a deep breath.

ALL around and below stretched the blood-red rocks, a strange and unbelievable country unparalleled anywhere. Here in the exquisite pure morning air they stood like gods, surveying a baser world, a world of flaring violence.

Here was, as the guide told them, the "Place of Sacrifice"—the "High Place."

He showed them the trough cut in the flat rock at their feet.

Sarah strayed away from the rest, from the glib phrases that flowed so readily from the dragoman's tongue. She sat on a rock, pushed her hands through her thick black hair, and gazed down on the world at her feet.

Presently she was aware of someone standing by her side. Dr. Gerard's voice said:

"You appreciate the apposition in the devil's temptation in the New Testament. Satan took Our Lord up to the summit of a mountain and showed him the world. 'All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.' How much greater the temptation up on high to be a God of Material Power."

Sarah assented, but her thoughts were so clearly elsewhere that Gerard observed her in some surprise.

"You are pondering something very deeply," he said.

"Yes, I am." She turned a perplexed face to him. "It's a wonderful idea—to have a place of sacrifice up

