

By
Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

The Eye of Heaven

In which James Lee, Chinese-American
undercover man, brilliantly proves
that the cleverest crook cannot
walk two roads at once

IN HIS apartment in San Francisco James Lee sensed the fact that someone was standing in the darkened doorway of his library. "What is it?" he asked abruptly.

His servant, Lin Sung, answered. "One of our countrymen—Moy Hop—desires to consult you."

"On what subject?"

"The human memory is limitless," Lin Sung suggested. "On the eleventh day of the sixth moon last year there was a deed of violence perpetrated in this city that gave you deep concern."

James Lee frowned. "The eleventh day of the sixth moon would be—August 26th."

Lin Sung nodded. "In the Western fashion," he agreed.

"August 26th—that would be the Wagner jewel robbery."

"Exactly."

"What has Moy Hop to do with that?"

"Who am I to know all between Yang and Yin? He desires to confer with you on the subject."

"Bring him in."

When Moy Hop had been ushered into James Lee's library, after appropriate greetings had been exchanged, he observed, "No man has explored the wide sea of human memory."

"Continue, if you please."

"The jewels that were stolen in the Wagner robbery—it happens that I remember the illustrations and the descriptions of some of these diamonds and emeralds."

"You mean the newspaper descriptions?"

"Even so. These stolen jewels have never been recovered?"

"To my knowledge, not one of them,"

James Lee stated. "Why are you interested in them?"

Moy Hop's eyes narrowed. "I think that I saw several of these large jewels in a bracelet presented last night to Miss Louise Cuboni by my master, Harper Kenman."

JAMES LEE glanced at the clock on his desk. "That's very interesting," he said to Moy Hop. He reached for the telephone directory and got the number of Leslie Wagner's residence.

To the jeweler, he said, "James Lee speaking—Bureau of Investigation. I have a lead on your August robbery. By any chance have you paste replicas or crystal models of any of the larger stones that were lost?"

"I have replicas of most of the emeralds and of all the large diamonds."

"Can you bring them here now?"

"I can be over in a few minutes. I have to stop in at the store and get them."

"Right. I would like to have you bring a handful of other imitation jewels with you—emeralds and diamonds."

"I don't get you."

"I have a man here who may be able to identify the stolen jewels. His story will carry more weight with me if he can pick them out of a lot of similar stuff."

"I understand. I'll be at your apartment in thirty minutes."

Within the hour, from an array of approximately two hundred unset paste diamonds and emeralds spread in glittering disorder on James Lee's desk, Moy Hop, houseboy for Harper Kenman, began his memory test. The stones were spread over an area two feet square and he worked through them rapidly with a thin ruler after the man-

ner of a fan-tan dealer. "This is one," he said three minutes after he began his inspection. He selected a green stone from four that lay along the edge of the ruler.

A look of pleased astonishment flashed to Leslie Wagner's face. "He's right!" he exclaimed.

James Lee nodded.

"This one—and this." Moy Hop picked up an eight-carat rectangular paste diamond and another green stone. "I am—" he hesitated. "I'm not sure that this white stone is in Miss Cuboni's bracelet. I'll put it back."

FOR a moment James Lee's glance lifted to Moy Hop's face. Moy Hop did not look up from his task.

"Wonderful memory!" Wagner exclaimed. "That stone—"

James Lee silenced Wagner with a lifted hand.

A minute later from eleven stones against the edge of the ruler Moy Hop selected three. "Two diamonds—and this green stone."

At this, in spite of James Lee's protests, "That's wonderful!" Wagner complimented. "So far one hundred per cent. Listen, Mr. Lee, no mere talking can bother that fellow. Marvelous memory!"

James Lee, indulgent of Wagner's enthusiasm, smiled at the jeweler. "I suspect that you do not play chess," he said cryptically.

Wagner, once more absorbed in Moy Hop's problem, did not reply.

After a moment when the array of stones to Moy Hop's right had dwindled to fifty, "This green stone," Moy Hop decided, and then quickly, from the next



In four strides Lee was at Kenman's side. He shook Kenman's inert form. "This man is dead!" he announced

Moy Hop laid the ruler down and looked at James Lee. "The bracelet," he said, "that my master gave to his lady was like this"

row against the ruler's edge, "And this one—and this."

Moy Hop arranged the four paste diamonds and the four emeralds, the green and white stones alternating. He laid the ruler down and looked at James Lee. "The bracelet," he said, "that my master gave to his lady was like this."

Now with all restrictions of silence removed, Leslie Wagner, exulting in the hope of regaining his lost treasures, began a garrulous tribute to Moy Hop's skill. "I've never seen anything like it in the history of the human race on land or sea," he said, admiration shining in his eyes. To Moy Hop, "Boy, you're cut in for a mighty big chunk of reward money if—"

James Lee tapped the edge of his desk impatiently. "All of that will come later, Mr. Wagner. You may let the case remain in my hands, if you don't mind."

Wagner frowned. "Moy Hop isn't going to be aced out of any reward. . . . I beg your pardon, Mr. Lee." A look in James Lee's eyes had interrupted the jeweler. "You're the doctor. Excuse me. You can understand how I feel about this."

"I understand," James Lee said.

"IT'S marvelous!" Excited, Leslie Wagner reached for a cigarette. His hand trembled while he lighted it. "It's marvelous," he repeated. "Where do you suppose Kenman got hold of those stones?"

James Lee countered with another question: "You're sure that the eight stones here, selected by Moy Hop, were part of the loot in your August robbery?"

"Absolutely. How did Moy Hop know about them?"

"He read the papers, I suppose, after the robbery. He may have seen them exhibited in your window. The point is, his photographic memory has brought us this far."

"What's the next move?" The jeweler threw his cigarette in the fireplace. "Cuboni's people announced her engagement to Kenman a week ago," he said.

"Do you know her?"

"I've known the Cuboni family for years."

"Do you know Harper Kenman?"

"I've met him several times."

"What about him?"

Leslie Wagner halted and looked straight at James Lee. "What do you mean?"

"I mean—what do you know about Kenman?"

"I wish you'd send these two men out for a moment." Wagner nodded his head at Moy Hop and at Lin Sung, who stood, silent, back of his master's chair.

Before James Lee could speak Lin Sung laid his hand on Moy Hop's wrist. He turned to James Lee. "We will be in the kitchen if you want us," he said.

James Lee nodded at his servant. "Thank you." When the two Chinese had left the library he turned to Wagner. "Tell me everything you know about Harper Kenman."

"There's a little that I know and more that I've heard," Wagner began.

James Lee nodded. "Shoot the works. Let's have all of it."

Leslie Wagner closed his eyes and began reaching around in the archives of his memory for the data on Harper Kenman. "He was in New York around 1930. He went broke in '29. He had been in China on a railroad deal that blew

up before that—building some railroads for one of the Chinese governments. He landed here and milled around for six months. Then he blossomed out as one of the vice-presidents of the Pacific Orient Trust. They floated a lot of phony irrigation bonds and a Persian oil enterprise. There was some talk of appointing him a member of the State Railroad Commission, but that blew up. He financed a jerkwater movie enterprise down the peninsula. That blew up. He made some money out of selling half a dozen old ships to Japan. He cleaned up in that crooked radio deal four years ago. He's about forty years old, and is one of the most engaging, affable men I've ever met."

"One of your customers, by any chance?"

LESLIE WAGNER reached for another cigarette. "That's how I happen to know as much as I do about him. He has been in the store many times. I never bothered much about his credit."

"Does he own that house that he lives in out on Pacific Avenue?"

"Yes. He bought it from the McAlpin estate after Joe died. Paid cash for it."

"How long ago was that?"

"Some time in September last year. That's about all I know about him, except what the society editors whipped up announcing his engagement to Louise Cuboni."

"He sounds interesting. Do you figure he's a crook or an honest man?"

Leslie Wagner twisted his mouth into a sardonic smile. "There's a lot of crooks around here who turn out to be honest men—after they make enough money to gag the voice of history."

"In other words, you think that Moy

Hop's news item is worth investigating?"

Leslie Wagner's mouth hardened. "I'm going to get the insurance detectives on it in ten minutes."

"Hold the deal." James Lee raised his hand. "Take it easy. They have been working on it a long time without any results. I'm overloaded with work, but if you don't mind I'd like to look this deal over with Moy Hop's help before you make any further moves."

A quick enthusiasm lighted Leslie Wagner's face. "Would you do that for me? I'd rather have you on the job than a dozen of the insurance people."

"Thank you," James Lee smiled. "It happens to be one of my jobs. The department cuts into the case on the strength of the fingerprints on that broken plate glass in your store window. Do you remember?"

"Of course. I had forgotten about the federal angle. What was that tie-up? Do you mind telling me?"

"Narcotic case. Opium," James Lee said briefly. "The man who broke the window of your store has room and board waiting for him through the courtesy of the government—if we can pick him up."

"What do you want me to do?"

"You say you're an old friend of the Cuboni family?"

"Three generations of Cubonis have been our customers."

"Good! First of all, on the strength of your friendship, borrow the bracelet that Kenman gave Miss Cuboni. Can you do that?"

"Of course. Then what?"

"Keep it in your possession. I'll telephone you later tonight at your residence."

"What are you going to do?"

"That, my dear Mr. Wagner, is for the moment strictly my business, if you please. Now, if you will gather up these magnificent and colorful jewels I will ask you to enjoy a stirrup cup with me—and then I start to work."

A MOMENT after Wagner began to gather up the imitation jewels, "I'd like to borrow one of those magnificent diamonds," James Lee said.

"Help yourself. You can have the lot if they'll be of any service to you."

"Thank you. . . . Only this one." From the collection James Lee selected the eight-carat rectangular stone whose identity had momentarily puzzled Moy Hop. "It will be good for Moy Hop's vanity if the original of this one happens to be in Miss Cuboni's bracelet," he suggested.

"You don't want any of the rest of them?"

James Lee shook his head. "Only this one, thank you. Just a moment and I'll get something to drink. Will you have Scotch or bourbon?"

"Scotch, please."

James Lee walked to his kitchen. "Please bring in some Scotch for Mr. Wagner," he said to Lin Sung. "I'll have some sherry." Turning to Moy Hop, "If you do not have to return at once to Mr. Kenman's house, I may have some work for you to do presently."

Bowing to James Lee, "Your desires are my commands," Moy Hop said. "Who am I to question the will of heaven?"

In the same ritual, smiling at Moy Hop, "A wise man understands a nod. When Mr. Wagner departs I would consult with you on another problem. We have work to do."



In the first detail of the work to which James Lee referred was the task of obtaining from Moy Hop a series of quick biographical sketches of the personnel of Harper Kenman's house. Within twenty minutes after he had begun his inquisition James Lee had obtained Moy Hop's testimony covering the salient characteristics of Harper Kenman; Joseph Battley, the valet; Jelvik, his cook; Walter Shore, his secretary; together with an impressionistic sketch of Louise Cuboni.

"Repeat your statement relative to Battley, the valet," James Lee requested, closing his eyes, the better to impress the verbal picture of Battley on his memory.

In Cantonese, "There is something eternally mysterious about the man," Moy Hop related. "Battley, displaying usually a gentle and tranquil spirit, is at times capable of flaming into a murderous rage that makes me cringe in fear. He has worked for Kenman many years. Battley's father was an innkeeper in England. When this man died he left his son nearly forty thousand dollars, which Battley invested in some enterprise with Kenman in New York. The money was lost. In moments of drunken rage Battley swears revenge against Kenman."

"You say the man was in the British army?"

"Battley served for four years in France. In his cups he speaks of the men he killed with his bayonet in various battles."

After a moment, "Tell me again about your master's secretary."

"His name is Walter Shore. He has been with us less than three months. My master had a Javanese secretary before Mr. Shore came—a man he met in Surabaya. A man who had been educated in Holland and England."

"Where is this man now?"

"I do not know."

James Lee reached once more for the decanter of sherry that sat on his desk. He poured a glass of wine. "Good luck, long life," he said. "Seven sons to mourn at your grave. Return now to your master's house. I will follow you promptly. And remember—silence!"

AT THE doorway of James Lee's library Moy Hop made his parting obeisance. When he had gone James Lee put through a telephone call to police headquarters. "James Lee speaking," he said; "Federal Bureau of Investigation. Let me have the fingerprint classification in the Wagner jewel robbery, prints found on broken plate glass in Wagner's window. I'll wait."

In less than three minutes, "Here you are, Mr. Lee. Ready?"

"Quick work. Shoot."

"All under the line—nothing on the right hand."

"Okay."

"Fourteen C O 15. That's all we've got."

"I hope it's plenty. Many thanks."

James Lee hung up the telephone and sought his servant. "I shall be gone perhaps for an hour, perhaps all night," he said to Lin Sung.

"Do you wish me to drive your car?"

"I am taking a taxi."

In the taxi James Lee devoted five minutes to a quick review of the layout of the Kenman house as Moy Hop had described it. A block from his destination he dismissed the taxi. Now for the first time since Moy Hop had told his story a premonition of danger altered the program of direct action that he had resolved to adopt. The weight of a .45 automatic hanging in its holster under his left armpit afforded him a comforting sense of protection. A smaller gun, a .32 revolver in the right pocket of his coat gave him an added sense of security. "It's absurd," he mused, "to

contemplate imaginative dangers—but nevertheless I am glad that I am armed."

He pressed the button to the right of the front door of the Kenman residence. To his casual surprise the door swung open three seconds later—too promptly for his peace of mind. "I would like to see Mr. Kenman," he said to the silent figure in the shadowed doorway. "I am James Lee of the Bureau of Investigation—the Department of Justice."

"This man would be Battley, Kenman's valet," Lee judged. "Tall, slim, fifty years old, bald, narrow eyes, nervous and shift."

"Please come in, sir," the man said unctuously. "The master, Mr. Kenman, is at the moment in the library."

Thirty feet down the dark hallway, passing a closed door to the left, Battley knocked softly on the panels of a door to his right. Then, without waiting for a response to his signal, "This is the library, sir," he said, opening the heavy-paneled door to admit the visitor. In a somewhat formal voice, "Mr. James Lee," Battley announced, and then, with unwarranted resentment in his tone, "Mr. James Lee of the bloody secret service." Again, unctuously, "Walk in, sir. The master is probably at his desk."

James Lee glanced sharply at the man. "Thank you. The Bureau of Investigation—not the Secret Service."

"Right, sir. Sorry, sir. Old Battley fumbles the ball now and then, what?"

Turning his back on Battley, James Lee walked into the library. It was forty feet long and twenty feet wide. The entrance door through which he had come led into an alcove ten feet wide that opened upon the main room. Books lined the two long walls. Fronting a fireplace in the south wall there was a great carved walnut desk. At the desk, his back to the fireplace, slouched across an array of documents, in seeming slumber, sat Harper Kenman. Three

paces inside the entrance to the library James Lee turned squarely to face the man. He said quietly, "Mr. Kenman?"

There was no answer.

In a louder voice, "Mr. Kenman!"

Kenman did not move.

James Lee took one step toward the inert figure and then, hesitating, he turned to summon Battley.

Before his vision ranged to the alcove of the library he felt a searing pain slash the flesh of his left forearm. An instant later the crash of a pistol shot reverberated in his ears. He reached for the gun in his coat pocket and swung around to face the source of the shot. On the instant the library lights went out. He heard Battley's voice bellowing an incoherent alarm and then, more distinctly, "What the devil is all this? Jelvik! Mr. Shore! Mr. Shore! Come downstairs at once, sir! This outrageous detective fellow is letting off a pistol!"

There was a commotion in the rear of the house. Hurried footsteps in the hallway above.

THE lights flashed on. Battley walked bravely into the library through the alcove from the hall. Five feet behind him there followed another man. Battley called to this second man. "See, Jelvik, there he is! That's him! Take him, Jelvik! Wing him! Look out there for his pistol!" Battley glanced at his master, slumped across the desk. "On my word, I believe he's shot Mr. Kenman!"

His right arm steady against his side, James Lee leveled his weapon at the pair. "Halt where you are! Jelvik, drop that gun! Drop it! Hands up—you two!"

At the top of his voice Battley let out another yell for Walter Shore. "Take care, Mr. Shore, this murd'rous blighter is armed!"

Behind Jelvik, James Lee saw Moy Hop slide in through the door. "Moy Hop, you come here," James Lee or-

dered. At this command the Chinese houseboy edged around Jelvik and Battley to approach James Lee. "Mr. Lee! You're hurt!" Moy Hop exclaimed. "See! Blood drips from your hand."

Before James Lee replied a voice from the hallway called to Battley. "What's going on here, Battley? Who did the shooting?"

"Don't come in, Mr. Shore! Stay out, Mr. Shore! Send for the police! There's a man here shot Mr. Kenman!"

James Lee passed his .32 quickly to Moy Hop. "Hold these two men! If they move shoot them," he commanded. He unbuttoned his vest and made a quick pull at the .45 automatic slung in its holster under his left armpit. He called to Walter Shore. "Battley is a liar! Mr. Shore, please come in here. I am police enough for the moment." Walking to the library entrance as he spoke, James Lee faced Walter Shore in the wide hallway of Kenman's house. "I am James Lee," he said. "Federal Bureau of Investigation. Please come in here. You're safe."

With his .45 automatic James Lee waved Walter Shore into the library. Following the man, a trail of blood dripped from the knuckles of Lee's clenched left hand. Seeing this, "Who shot you?" Walter Shore asked, coolly. "I don't know—probably Jelvik there. He came into the picture waving a gun. That gun on the floor."

"I'll fix you up if I may," Shore said quietly. "I know first aid."

"Just a moment," James Lee replied. Over his shoulder, "Moy Hop, come here. . . . Closer. Hold your gun on these men while I search them. If either one moves let him have it!"

James Lee cradled the blue automatic between his wounded left arm and his body. Rapidly the skillful fingers of his right hand explored Jelvik for another weapon.

"Dat's de only gun I got, mister," Jelvik said, midway of the search. "De one on de floor."

James Lee looked down at the gun. He kicked it ten feet along the hardwood floor of the library. "Maybe, I'll find out," he said. "Stand still!"

Jelvik had told the truth.

James Lee moved to where Battley stood with his hands up. On Battley's face there was suddenly a mask of insane rage. He gritted his teeth, his eyes flaming, and snarled at James Lee. "I'd like to twist a bayonet through your heart," he grated. "Stab you neat and let you choke on your own blood."

JAMES LEE proceeded calmly with his search. "No doubt of it," he admitted easily. "And now—what's this!"

From Battley's right hip pocket James Lee extracted a .25 automatic. His eyes narrowed. "Not such a hell of a good marksman, are you, Battley?" he questioned. "It's excusable. These little things always shoot wild." He slipped the gun in his own pocket. "Mr. Shore—if you don't mind I believe I'll ask you to rig a twister above my left elbow. I seem to be messing up the place with blood."

James Lee turned to Moy Hop. "All safe now," he said. "March these two men down by the fireplace and hold them there."

"I ain't done nothin' to you, mister," Jelvik protested.

"Not yet," James Lee admitted. "Get down there and shut up!"

To Moy Hop, "Let them sit down," Lee directed. "Far end of the room. Hold them there. If either man makes a move let him have it!"

Passing Harper Kenman, slouched across the desk, Battley averted his eyes from his employer. Jelvik, looking down at Kenman, suddenly grunted like a startled hog. "De man is stabbed!" he

(Continued on page 36)



"Now don't go jumping to conclusions, Officer!"

SYDNEY HOFF

The Battle Cry of Business

Continued from page 17

three taxes that were to have been wiped out but added three per cent to the normal corporate tax. And when these levies are supplemented by state and local taxes, by excises and manufacturers' sales taxes, by license and sundry other fees, business claims the right to cry out against grievances too grievous to be borne.

What industry and finance want is to have the tax repealed outright, but, failing this, insistence will be placed on radical amendments. While admitting that this might cause a substantial diminution of revenue at first, it is urged that such loss would eventually be more than offset by increased activity and increased employment, due not only to improvements and expansions but also to the recovery of confidence, initiative and courage by business as a whole. And, warn the financiers and industrialists, if these revisions are not made, let no one doubt that capital will continue its "sit-down strike," for who but a fool would risk his money on new ventures or in developing established enterprises, when he stands to lose even if he wins?

The justice of these complaints, one and all, will be denied vigorously by ardent New Dealers. So far from admitting that the tax is responsible for the current recession, it will be contended that the enforced distribution of dividends has materially advanced recovery by the increase of purchasing power. The claim will be made that, instead of being discriminatory, flagrant inequities have been cured by making surtaxes bear equally on all business profits.

How Stockholders Escape Taxes

Between 1923 and 1929, inclusive, more than forty-five per cent of all aggregate compiled net profits of all corporations reporting net taxable income was not distributed, thus enabling stockholders to avoid a sizable portion of their income taxes. A case cited by Treasury officials is that of a corporation that earned a net income of \$6,000,000 in one year, put it all into surplus, and paid a corporation tax of \$700,000. Had it, however, distributed the net income in dividends, one stockholder alone would have been lifted into a bracket where he would have paid the government \$3,500,000 in additional income taxes. Moreover, corporations with a liberal dividend policy were placed at a disadvantage with corporations that chose to pile up surpluses.

It will be disputed flatly that the tax penalizes prudence, and makes it impossible to provide for growth. First of all, the point will be raised that expansion, as practiced in the past, was all too often part of a process of monopolization. Prior to the enactment of the tax, for example, "chains" used income for the purchase of additional stores. Inasmuch as individuals—businessmen and partnerships—were compelled to pay the surtax on every dollar, the exemption of corporations amounted to what was virtually a subsidy.

With respect to legitimate growth, high officials of the Treasury point out that the act specifically recognizes a number of methods whereby a corporation may reduce or eliminate surtaxes without necessarily parting with any of its cash or other assets. For example, the distribution of its current earnings in the form of its own securities, or by recouping cash dividend disbursements by the offering of rights to the stockholders to subscribe for additional stock. Between 1921 and 1930, as an illustration, the American Telephone and Telegraph

Company distributed \$854,000,000 in dividends, and sold additional securities to its stockholders in the sum of \$958,000,000.

This provision for the payment of dividends in other forms than cash is regarded by New Dealers as ample protection against the depletion of reserves. But, they say, even if the full effects of the tax are felt, it does not follow necessarily that the treasury will be left bare. Take the case of a corporation showing a net annual income of \$10,000. If it decided not to distribute a dollar, the tax would be \$2,082, or 20.82 per cent, leaving a balance of \$7,918. On an undistributed net income of \$50,000, the tax would be \$15,163.50, or 30.33 per cent, a balance of \$34,836.50. On a net income of \$1,000,000 the tax would be \$323,327.80, or 32.33 per cent, and the balance \$676,672.20. What more could any corporation want?

Advocates of repeal or revision will doubtless make much of the contention that corporate surpluses built up by the retention of corporate earnings, free

wages, etc., is not usually repaid out of earnings, but out of gross proceeds. Moreover, that such loans are never completely liquidated, but constitute a revolving fund whose aggregate volume has often exceeded the total statutory net income of American corporations.

With respect to bonded and other forms of longer-term indebtedness, representing fixed assets, it will be argued that most large-scale enterprises commonly regard the bulk of such debt as a permanent element in their capital structures, meeting the maturities of particular obligations by refunding them. Substantial reductions are usually accomplished through the conversion of bonds into stocks, and, pending favorable market conditions, particular debt issues are often met by the use of funds accumulated through depreciation and similar charges.

Right here New Dealers will make the point that since the annual depreciation and depletion charges of nonfinancial corporations in the United States amount to four billions, our entire in-

limit of \$2,000 in excess of capital gains. For example, if John Jones makes a profit of \$10,000 on the sale of one batch of securities, and loses \$20,000 on the sale of another block, all that he can deduct is the \$10,000 gain, plus \$2,000, leaving him holding the bag to the extent of \$8,000. Where is there any justice in taxing capital gains while limiting the right to deduct losses?

The fundamental contention will be that capital gains should not be treated as income at all, but merely as additions to capital.

Come Out of the Cellar

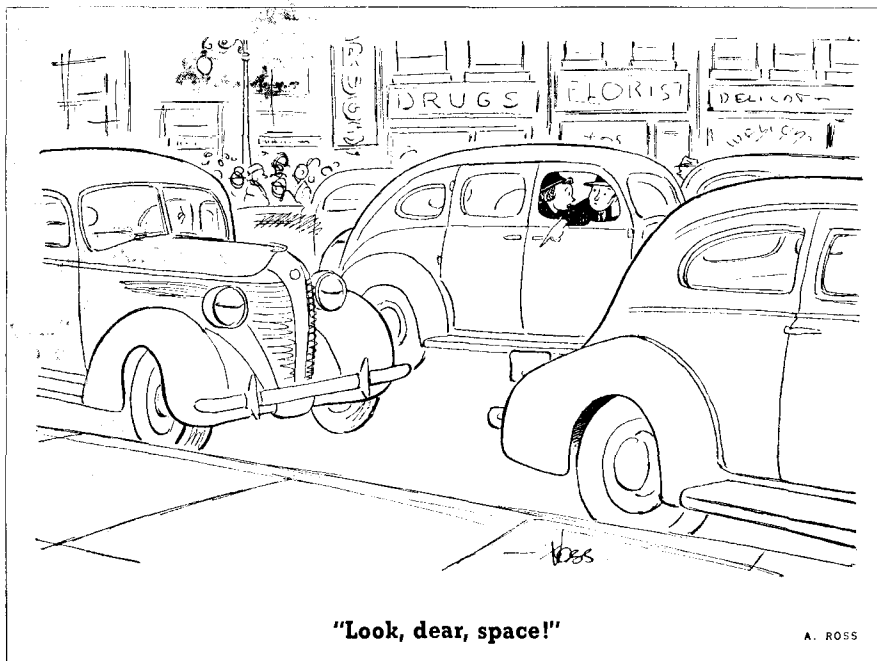
What is likely to be the outcome of the tax battle? With the radicals on one side, and conservatives on the other, the balance of power will undoubtedly be held by the Modificationist block in the New Deal, and after many interviews, this would seem to be a fair statement of their position: All are convinced that the situation is dominated by a psychological factor that cannot be ignored. Granted that the tax policy of government is not as harsh and repressive as businessmen insist, the fact remains that capital does believe implicitly and unchangeably that the policy is restrictive, punitive and paralyzing, and has taken to the storm cellar. The immediate importance is to bring business out of its tailspin, and since finance and industry refuse to budge until tax changes have been made, then the intelligent course is to make them. Better a reduction of revenues that can be counterbalanced by a cut in expenditures than another 1929.

Repeal is not to be expected, but revisions are certain. With respect to capital losses, Mr. Vinson's group has already decided that it is fair to let them be carried over into a second year and possibly a third. As suggested by the President, capital gains derived from investment in the construction industry will go untaxed, for experts agree that it is the only hope for the Administration's housing program.

In the matter of undistributed earnings, exemptions will probably be granted for reasonable amounts actually expended for improvements and necessary expansion and also for moneys set aside to meet contractual obligations or to restore depleted capital. Senator LaFollette has in mind the exemption of the first \$15,000 of adjusted net income, which would permit at least 90 per cent of the corporations of the country to retain profits tax-free.

The law will also be amended so that it shall not apply to the undistributed profits of corporations which have deficits when state laws forbid the distribution of dividends by deficit corporations, or where corporations have contracts with stockholders not to distribute dividends while they have deficits. It is also likely that corporations will be given the right to distribute a fair portion of their adjusted net income within two, three or four months after the close of the fiscal year without loss of the dividends-paid credit.

These changes may be set down as minimums. If, by the time the tax bill is ready, business is still doing a nose dive, a jittery Congress may be expected to go even farther in the way of concessions. As for the broadening of the tax base, as suggested by Senator LaFollette, it hasn't much chance, nor is there large hope for the drive against tax-exempt securities, although the imperative need for revenue may compel some action.



from surtaxes, enabled corporations to maintain employment and pay rolls during the depression. Colonel Leonard Ayres, citing figures of the Department of Commerce to the effect that the national income paid out between 1930 and 1934 exceeded the national income produced by 26.6 billions, argues that this sum represented "the contribution that business savings made to emergency relief during five depression years. These payments, in excess of income, were made possible because surpluses had been accumulated."

By way of answer, the New Dealers will bring forward Lawrence H. Seltzer, Assistant Director of Research and Statistics in the Treasury Department. In studying the aggregate net deficit of all corporations for the three years 1931-1933, Mr. Seltzer finds that the total was reached after deducting some 11.2 billion dollars for depreciation, some 761 millions for depletion, some 3.7 billions for bad debts, and some 5.1 billions for loss on the sale of capital assets. How can it be contended, he asks, that this bookkeeping recognition of unreplaced wear and tear, and of declines in values arising out of other causes, created employment?

Going deeper into the question, Mr. Seltzer will undoubtedly contend that short-term debt, contracted for the purposes of acquiring inventories, paying

dustrial plant could be completely modernized over a term of years even if there were no borrowings, and if all earnings were paid out.

The rebuttal, of course, will be as vigorous as the attack. For example, businessmen will scoff at the theory that stock dividends, rights, etc., are "escapes," pointing out that small and middle-sized corporations are not in a position to use them because of technical obstacles; that there is always the possibility of their being disallowed or discounted in value by the Treasury, and that capital structures would suffer eventual distortion, even should original difficulties of issuance be successfully overcome.

Along with the repeal or drastic revision of the tax on undistributed corporate earnings, industry and finance will make a drive against the capital gains and losses tax. Stringent, indeed, are its provisions. On the returns of individuals, gains on the sales of securities are taxed as follows: 100 per cent if held not more than one year; 80 per cent if held more than one but not more than two years; 60 per cent if held more than two but not more than five years; 40 per cent if held more than five but not more than ten years; and 30 per cent if held more than ten years. Along with these levies, on both corporate and individual returns, losses are recognized only to the

ARTISTIC TYPE

The face of DEAN CORNWELL

Distinguished American Illustrator

Former president of the Illustrators' Society. Teacher of illustration at the Art Students' League. Painter of the celebrated murals in the Los Angeles library. Mr. Cornwell's famous dramatic illustrations in the *Cosmopolitan* have for years been one of this magazine's delightful features.



The Features of an Artist

THE INVENTIVE GENIUS of the artistic type is shown when the fleshy part of the nose dividing the nostrils droops down below them.

THE AMBITION of the true artist is shown by a relaxed skin under the eyes—a prominent arched nose—well-rounded high forehead.

ARTISTIC TASTE is shown by gently arched eyebrows, long ears lying close to the head—and by sensi-

tive nostrils which readily dilate.

THE ARTIST'S PATIENCE is shown by upright wrinkles between the eyes . . . when such wrinkles are not formed by habitual frowning.

THE ARTIST'S IDEALISM is shown by a high forehead, and by an unusually strong development of the crown at the temples.

THE ARTIST'S APPRECIATION is shown by the soft, full under lip.



If *you* have the high ideals of the true artist type, you'll be delighted when you discover this glorious work of art by Kentucky distillers. "Double-rich" straight Bourbon! *Try it!*

SCHENLEY'S
Cream of
Kentucky



A 90 proof whiskey with the Mark of Merit. Made in the Bluegrass Country by master Kentucky distillers the good old Kentucky way. Ask for it at your favorite tavern.

COPR. 1937, SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS, INC., N. Y. C.

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY



How will the story end?

TOO BAD you missed the first chapter. It was chalked on the walls of caves 20,000 years ago.

This story was barely started when the Romans burned the great library of Alexandria. It was finding its stride when Wellington punctured the dream of a dictator named Napoleon. It was accelerating when Perry kicked open the door of Japan and changed the Hermit Nation into a world power.

● What's it all about?

The world's the story. Today it moves ever faster, grows more exciting. Into each year crowd more stirring events than used to fill a man's lifetime.

To understand it all is important, for every man or woman with a job to hold or a child to rear has a stake in the conflict of forces now storming over the globe. But it's all so big, so scattered, that millions of people miss the best lines and can't follow the plot.



There is a way to follow it. Over 700,000 families have found it. They read *TIME*, The Weekly Newsmagazine.

TIME presents news not as accident, coincidence, unrelated patches, but as a story that unrolls. Events don't happen. They are led up to. They have consequences. *TIME* reports fore and aft, gives you the news of each throbbing week in the perspective of historical importance.

To do this, *TIME* gathers the whole world story from the Press and its great news-gathering agencies, A.P. and U.P., and from hundreds of *TIME*'s own correspondents. Then The Editors of *TIME* ruthlessly clear away all but the essentials—the news intelligent people have to know. They write it briefly, clearly—and so vividly that it stays in your head. And then trained researchers double-check every word for accuracy: you may trust *TIME*.

● Don't skip a chapter

Because it has no axes to grind or political creeds to foster, *TIME* has become a *must* with open-minded people. Because it both informs and entertains, *TIME* appeals to all whose leisure is limited but whose curiosity is unbounded.

Try *TIME* yourself. Begin today with the copy now on your newsstand. Or be *TIME*'s guest for three weeks—send the coupon and the next three issues will be sent free.



TIME, Inc., 330 East 22nd St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me the next three issues of *TIME*, free.

Name _____

Please print

Street _____

City and State _____

second we saw each other we knew that it was inevitable. He's coming round to see you tomorrow morning."

Mrs. Kinghorn was sitting up in bed, her hair tousled, her face bound in some strange contraption that made her look as though she were in a hospital after a terrible accident; her eyes shining with excitement; for once she was speechless. She only stared in front of her, holding her daughter's lovely little hand in her own skinny one, and at last she said:

"Since dear Richard died, this is my first really happy moment." And this, of course, was a terrible falsehood. What she meant was that it was the happiest moment of a whole sequence of happy moments. They embraced with great tenderness, and they both lay awake for many hours.

John Haddington appeared the next morning, and was quite as beautiful as Laura said he was. His manners also were perfect, but Laura could perceive that he was astonished at her mother's appearance. She had never disliked her mother more. Why must she do all those odd, silly, exasperating little things—jerking her head, cracking her fingers, being at once so intimate, as though she had known John since he was a baby; taking it so clearly for granted that he was the luckiest man in the world; telling him all kinds of things about Laura as a baby, as a little girl, as a developing beauty; and, finally, folding him to her old bosom and giving him a great smacking kiss on each cheek.

How beautifully John behaved. He laughed, patted Mrs. Kinghorn on the shoulder, and answered her when he had an opportunity in that soft, gentle, rather drawing voice that already had bewitched Laura's heart. But when they were alone at luncheon, Laura did not dare to ask him what he thought of her mother. . . .

Nobody can really tell what goes on in anybody else's head, and generally the owner of the head knows least of all about it. I would not say that Mrs. Kinghorn had no idea of what she was doing. She was certainly rendered a little dizzy by happiness. Happiness blinds; unhappiness reveals. And Mrs. Kinghorn showed to everybody that she was completely unaware of the perils that surrounded her. She took it for granted that, because Laura's young man loved Laura, he must also feel kindly toward Laura's mother.

IN GENERAL she thought that people felt kindly toward her; she felt so kindly toward them that she couldn't realize that the oddities with which she had grown up—oddities that had become so commonplace to herself—were distressing to other people. She liked "her John" extravagantly, and told him so every day. She was always proclaiming her tactfulness.

"Now, I'll leave you two together. You simply don't want an old woman like me hovering around." Then she would wait for a little hard, clear, glassy moment, as though, in spite of herself, she were expecting a denial from them, and when no denial came she would say, a little breathlessly:

"Ah, well. I must be getting about my business," and trot off. Then she couldn't help but just pop her head in a little later to see whether there wasn't anything they would possibly like. With everyone she met she carried a sort of secret joy—secret, that is, as to the cause. Her large mouth grinning, her mild eyes beaming, she forced anyone who encountered her to say, "Why, Mrs. Kinghorn, how wonderfully well you are

Mother's a Pity

Continued from page 11

looking." And then she would nod her head mysteriously and finger her over-gaudy necklace and say, "Yes, I'm very well indeed. I have every reason to be."

She took it entirely for granted that everyone was delighted with her own good luck. What they really said, of course, was, "Poor John," or "Poor Haddington, having such a dreadful mother-in-law. What will he do?"

"It's all the harder on him," somebody said, "because he is such a gentleman. John thinks being a gentleman more important than anything else in the world."

"Oh, well, it's all right," somebody else said. "The moment they are married he will banish his ma most politely into the wilderness, and she is too good a sort to complain."

"You really like that old scarecrow?" somebody else said.

"Yes, I do. She's such a good sort, and that's a thing almost nobody is. It's rare. It's worth studying. She never lets anybody down except herself."

Meanwhile, with Laura, of course, things became every day more difficult. The worse her mother behaved the more wonderful John seemed. A week or two after their engagement Laura delivered once again her ancient summary, "Mother's a pity." She paused, and added: "I know, John darling, I oughtn't to say it—it's a dreadful thing. But we're going to share everything, aren't we? And you are so wonderful about her."

"You oughtn't to say that, darling," he replied, gravely. "There's something a little—well, you won't mind my saying it, will you?—well, a little cheap. After all, your mother has been wonderfully good to you."

"That's what makes it so dreadful," Laura said,—"her goodness. If she tied me to the bedpost and beat me, every-

thing would be perfectly simple. The awful thing, John, is—I can't bear her happiness. I feel as though she were happier than we, although of course that's impossible."

He kissed her and held her close to him with that splendid courteous ardor which was so especially his.

"Hold me tight, hold me tight," she whispered. "I don't know why—I'm frightened. I love you so terribly, John."

"And I you, darling," he answered. "And now I must go down into the City and see about those tiresome shares of mine."

HE LEFT her often unsatisfied, and the more unsatisfied she was, the more she loved him, which, as everybody who has ever been in love knows, is only natural. It was terrible for her to go, thus unsatisfied, back to her mother, whose total satisfaction was so triumphant.

Mrs. Kinghorn would be so desperately tactful that she wouldn't say a word; would push her long nose into a book and pretend to be completely absorbed. Then, in spite of herself, she would give little quick flashing glances at her daughter, smiling ever so slightly, as much as to say, "I'm taking the greatest care not to interrupt or interfere. But I just can't help showing from time to time how terribly happy I am." And then one evening there was a little scene. Laura suddenly snapped out:

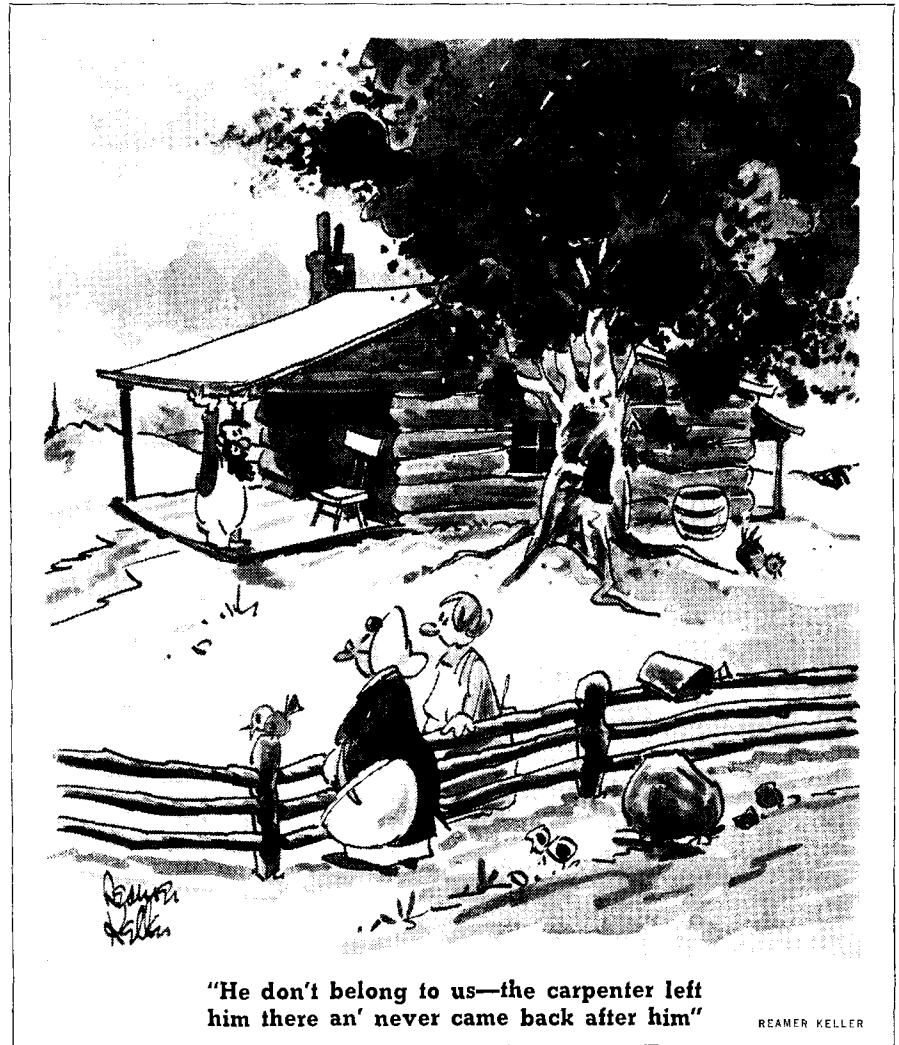
"Please don't keep on looking at me, Mother." And Mrs. Kinghorn, with a frightened, startled expression, said:

"I'm not looking at you, darling, I'm reading my book."

"Oh, no, you're not. You are watching me all the time."

"Watching you, dearie? What should I be watching you for?"

"I don't know. That's what's so maddening."



REAMER KELLER

"I'll go upstairs if you'd rather."
"Oh, no, of course not. I'm going out soon."

Then Mrs. Kinghorn said quietly, "It's quite natural."

"What is?" asked Laura.

"That I should irritate you both. Don't think I don't understand."

"There's nothing to understand," Laura cried, exasperated to madness, jumping to her feet. "Only we can't escape you, John and I. It's a dreadful feeling that somebody is watching you every minute of the day and night."

"Don't I know it?" said Mrs. Kinghorn, cheerfully. "It was just the same with me when I was engaged to Richard. Richard's mother meant well, and I mean well, but until you're married you'll find me tiresome. The sooner you're married the better."

"What are you going to do then?" asked Laura.

"Oh, I'll be all right. Don't you worry about me." She pushed her skinny hand through her short sunset hair. "Don't you worry about me, darling. I'll be quite all right in some little place by myself."

Laura, in a perfect passion, answered, "Oh, why will you be so good and so self-sacrificing? Why don't you say something mean or spiteful?"

Mrs. Kinghorn answered placidly, "I dare say I could be mean and spiteful if I tried. Most women can," and went on with her book.

THE odd result of this was that Laura couldn't get rid of the idea that after their marriage her mother would be very lonely. She didn't want to feel this. Her mother was perfectly able to look after herself; but it would be lonely for her, whatever she did, and although Laura longed to be rid of her she longed to be rid of her comfortably. She talked about this to John.

"Of course, she won't live with us, darling. That would be too horrible. But you won't mind her coming to stay once and again, will you?"

For a swift moment John's beautiful, kindly courtesy seemed to waver. The moment was gone as soon as it came.

"Your mother? Why, of course she shall stay with us. You owe her everything."

"But, John, tell me honestly. Don't you find her maddening?"

"Oh, well, of course she isn't quite like other people, but I can never forget all she has done for you."

"But, in your heart of hearts, don't you hate her?"

"Oh, no. I shouldn't say that."

"What I really mean is, doesn't she make you uncomfortable and shy and awkward?"

"I hope nothing connected with you could ever make me shy and uncomfortable, darling," he answered. "And now we must part for a while. I've got to talk business with a man at the club."

There came then the evening when they gave a party. The day of the wedding was now only a month away. It was Mrs. Kinghorn's absolute resolve to give a party. She insisted too that it should be given in their little flat. Of course, that was crazy and yet when things were cleared away there was, in some miraculous fashion, room for about thirty people. They asked only twenty, and fifty came. Neither Mrs. Kinghorn nor Laura had ever seen half their guests before.

It would have grown into a dreadful, irresponsible sort of riot had it not been for John. He, in the most marvelous way, took command of everything. It was he who had paid for the drinks, and it was he who saw that nobody drank too much. It was he who, halfway through the party, pushed a young man and his girl quietly to the door and showed them into the street. It was he

who, when a young woman whose clothes and hair gave her the shiny, mechanical appearance of a gasoline station, said loudly, "Oh, do look at that frightful old woman; what's she doing here?" said to her, "In a month's time that lady will be my mother-in-law. Would you mind telling me your name and why you are here?" The gasoline-station woman was very indignant and said that she had been brought by So-and-So. "Very well then," John said briefly, "behave yourself."

The odd thing was that although the party was better run than any that the Kinghorns had ever given, it was really less successful than any other. John rallied so well that everyone left quite early, with little hurried, frightened remarks, like, "It's been so jolly; thanks so awfully much," and all of them vanished rather like rabbits before a gun. From the party onward John felt a sort of schoolmasterish sternness. It was just, Laura knew, what she needed, and she admired John for it, but it made her terribly restless.

What was interesting, however, was that John failed altogether with Mrs. Kinghorn. He played the schoolmaster once or twice and then never again. He began by saying with a jolly laugh, "Now, you dear old woman, away to bye-byes. Time for people like you to be asleep, you know." This Mrs. Kinghorn received with wide-open surprise. She was carrying So-So in her arms at the moment, and all she said was, almost sotto voce, to the Pekingese, "He thinks it's time for us to go to bed, darling. How wrong he is."

John was a little baffled by this, and made no further attempt for a week or so. Then, when they were discussing things to be bought for the wedding and John said to Laura, "All right, I'll meet you, darling, at 3:20 outside Asprey's," Laura, looking rather frightened, murmured something about having promised to go with her mother to Harrod's.

"Oh, no, you don't," said John with radiant cheerfulness. "It's the only hour I can spare. I know you'll understand, won't you, you all-comprehending woman?" But Mrs. Kinghorn wasn't comprehending at all.

"You can join us at Harrod's, John, if you like," she said; "but to Harrod's Laura and I are going." And they went.

John's third attempt was killed right at the beginning.

"Look here, John," Mrs. Kinghorn suddenly said. "You're a nice boy and kind, but just lack something—I don't know what it is. Perhaps it's simply that you don't understand me. I know I'm an ugly, absurd old woman, but I happen to be Laura's mother. After the wedding I vanish; until then—well, I'm Laura's mother."

IT WAS now ten days before the wedding, and John was as sweet about Mrs. Kinghorn as ever he had been. It was Laura who abused her; who told her to her face that she would be glad to be married so as to be rid of her; who always contradicted every piece of advice her mother gave her, and altogether behaved abominably. John told her so.

"I understand and love you, darling," he said. "It's other people who think it's so dreadful."

"I don't care," Laura answered. "She's just incredibly tiresome."

And now arrives the strange part of my story; so strange that my only defense is to say that it is true. It was three days before the wedding. Everything was settled and arranged. Mrs. Kinghorn had gone to bed after an awful row with her daughter—had gone to bed, it must be admitted, quite imperceptibly. When the door was closed behind her, Laura said:

"Mother a pity? She's a downright

2 Steps in Fighting Discomfort of COLDS



GENUINE Bayer Aspirin Gives You these 2-fold Results FAST

The speed with which Bayer tablets act in relieving the discomfort of colds and accompanying sore throat is utterly amazing . . . and the treatment simple and pleasant. This is all you do.

Crush and dissolve three genuine BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in one-third glass of water. Then gargle with this mixture twice, holding your head well back.

This medicinal gargle will act almost like a local anesthetic on the sore, irritated membrane of your throat. Pain eases promptly; rawness is relieved.

And—when you use this Bayer Aspirin treatment you are acting on medical experience.

For, instead of unknown remedies you are using a remedy known to doctors throughout the world—a daily stand-by in millions of families.

Use this way regularly to ease the pain of sore throat accompanying a cold. We believe your doctor will approve it. You will say it is remarkable. And the few cents it costs effects a big saving over expensive "throat gargles" and strong medicines.

When you buy, see that you get genuine BAYER ASPIRIN by asking for it by its full name—"Bayer Aspirin"—not the name "aspirin" alone.

THE REASON BAYER ASPIRIN WORKS SO FAST

Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a tumbler of water.

By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating.

This speed of disintegration enables genuine BAYER Aspirin tablets to start "taking hold" of headache and similar pain a few minutes after taking.



VIRTUALLY A PENNY—1¢ PER TABLET

Now you get 24 tablets for only 25c



*Economy Just Begins
with the Low Fare*

Note the Low Cost
CHICAGO TO LOS ANGELES
OR SAN FRANCISCO

1 way in coaches \$34.50
3 meals, 1st day .90
3 meals, 2nd day .90
Breakfast, 3rd day .25

TOTAL \$36.55

• Low fares, inexpensive dining car meals . . . but that's not the whole story of Challenger economy! Challenger Sleeping cars provide restful comfort at about half the cost of Standard Pullman accommodations. Free pillows and porter service in coaches equipped with roomy reclining seats. Also Registered Nurse-Stewardess service without charge.

In addition, The Challenger features special coaches for women and children; smart, modern lounge car with radio for Sleeping car passengers. All cars air-conditioned—spotless, quiet.

Union Pacific offers daily Challenger service between Chicago and both Los Angeles—San Francisco.

**See BOULDER DAM enroute
TO OR FROM LOS ANGELES**

Only a short side-trip from Las Vegas, Nevada, to this inspiring spectacle. All-expense tour for as little as \$4.65.



UNION PACIFIC
ROAD OF THE Streamliners AND THE Challengers

W. S. Basinger, Passenger Traffic Manager
Room 576, Union Pacific Railroad
Omaha, Nebr.

Please send me information about California
and Challenger service.

Name

Street

City

State

horror, and I don't mind who hears me say so."

John, so handsome and noble that he looked as though a statue had been put up to him before his time, said quietly:

"Darling, it's three days to the wedding, isn't it?"

"Why, of course, you know that."

"Yes, I only wanted to make quite certain." He got up, throwing his head up as though he were about to address an already favorable constituency.

"Well, as it's only three days, let me say that every word that you have ever breathed about that old woman is correct. She's absolutely frightful, and we're never going to set eyes on her again once we're married."

Laura stared at him wildly. John smiled at her with benevolence.

"Yes, I know, dear, I had to keep the thing up through our engagement. After all, people do watch one—how one behaves and so on. I think I've done pretty well; not even you have guessed how I loathed that old woman the moment I set eyes on her, and with justice. She is already beginning to make me the laughing stock of London."

Laura still stared at him, fascinated. "You think that about Mother?" she said at last.

"Certainly I do. I have always thought that about Mother; and I can't tell you what a relief it has been to me that you have felt the same."

"But I don't feel the same," Laura said, in a low, wondering voice. She didn't know what was happening to her. She didn't believe in ghosts, of course, but it appeared to her that a funny little woman, with rather nice eyes but a ridiculous nose and mouth, was standing just opposite her, waiting for her to come to her. John Haddington, on the other hand, seemed like that caricature Thackeray once made of Louis XIV—an elegant suit of clothes with nobody inside it. John looked at his beautiful girl, and looked at her with so complete a sense of possession that he might just have paid the bill for her and placed her in the right position in his new elegant drawing room.

"HOW sweet you are," he said. "Even now you'd try and say something for that horrible old lady, but I know you've been nervous, thinking I rather liked her and would want her to come and stay with us after we were married."

Laura looked across the room at the ghost of her mother, through whose meager bones the electric light was brilliantly shining, and then said, "She isn't horrible. I didn't know you felt like that."

"But, good heavens," John said, "you've attacked her yourself again and again."

"I haven't attacked her," Laura said. "I've only been irritated by her, which is quite different." And she saw herself skipping along a seashore, crying out, "Mother, Mother, see what I've found," and the little grotesque figure so seriously examining the pale pink shells and saying, "That's lovely, darling. They're the nicest we've found this week." And then John's voice: "Look here, don't be silly, Laura. Your mother's a grotesque. You know it as well as I do."

"She isn't," said Laura quietly. "There's nobody ever been so kind to me in all my life."

John's voice became a little querulous: "My dear, you are crazy. Nobody's saying she isn't kind; she's too odd to be anything else. I'm only saying that we're both agreed about not seeing much of her after—"

Laura broke in, "We're not agreed! We're not agreed at all! I don't believe we're agreed on anything." And she saw the little figure blow its large nose as it finished reading the account of Guy's

death in "The Heir of Redclyffe" and saw the small child herself, her plaited plaits of hair hanging down; she sitting up in bed also crying and saying, "Oh, Mother, it's terrible. Why did he have to die?"

John, meanwhile, was getting a little angry. Then he said, brusquely, "You're tired. I know what you really feel about your mother."

And suddenly Laura screamed and sprang into the middle of the floor, her eyes flashing—not as they do in novels, but really flashing.

"I'm not tired. You don't know how I feel. I may have laughed at Mother lots of times and said unkind things but I love her and I'm not going to have anyone else running her down."

John was furious. "But this is hysteria. Please control yourself. All I said about your mother—"

"I know what you said about my mother," Laura answered. "You've been mocking her all the time; you've been worse than I. I've been irritated and said things, but you have thought things and haven't said them. That's much worse, and I see now that that's what you would do if we were married. Mother and I are natural. We can't help saying what we think, but you're not natural."

"Not natural!" cried John, to whom this was the last possible insult. "I suppose there's nobody so natural—" then he broke off. "But this is preposterous; we're behaving like children. I'll see you at lunch tomorrow."

"You won't see me at lunch tomorrow," Laura cried. "Mother and I don't ever want to see you again."

John's voice was as cold as a refrigerator. "Do you know what this means?"

"Of course I know what it means. I would never be happy married to you, and I'm not going to have Mother laughed at by anybody."

"Very well, then, it's goodbye."

"Yes, it's goodbye. And take care whose mother you insult next time."

"But, of course," he thought, as he walked proudly down the street, "it's only a moment's bad temper. Every girl gets hysterical before her wedding day."

He was wrong. Laura had rushed upstairs and found her mother comfortably in bed reading a novel.

"Well, dear? Had a nice time?"

"I'm not going to marry him."

"You're what?"

"I hate him. He's a prig and a liar."

She burst into tears. She threw her arms round her mother and hugged the breath out of her. "He said awful things about you. He said we were never to see you after we were married."

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Kinghorn, very placidly, "that's what you yourself have said lots of times."

"Oh, but that was different. I didn't mean it—or only for the moment. You're part of my life. Besides," between her sobs, "I saw suddenly that he had no sense of humor. He would never understand when one was silly or ugly or ill—not as you do."

"Well, there," said Mrs. Kinghorn comfortably, "you'll think differently about it in the morning. All the same," she added, as she kissed her daughter, "the more I have seen of him the less I have liked him, although of course I wasn't going to say so."

SEVERAL weeks later Mrs. Kinghorn was enjoying her luncheon in Garnett's Stores after buying some very bright and hideous ribbon for a new hat she was contemplating. She "got into conversation," as they say, with another lady, and of all the astonishing coincidences—and life is full of coincidences—this lady mentioned Mrs. Kinghorn and her daughter.

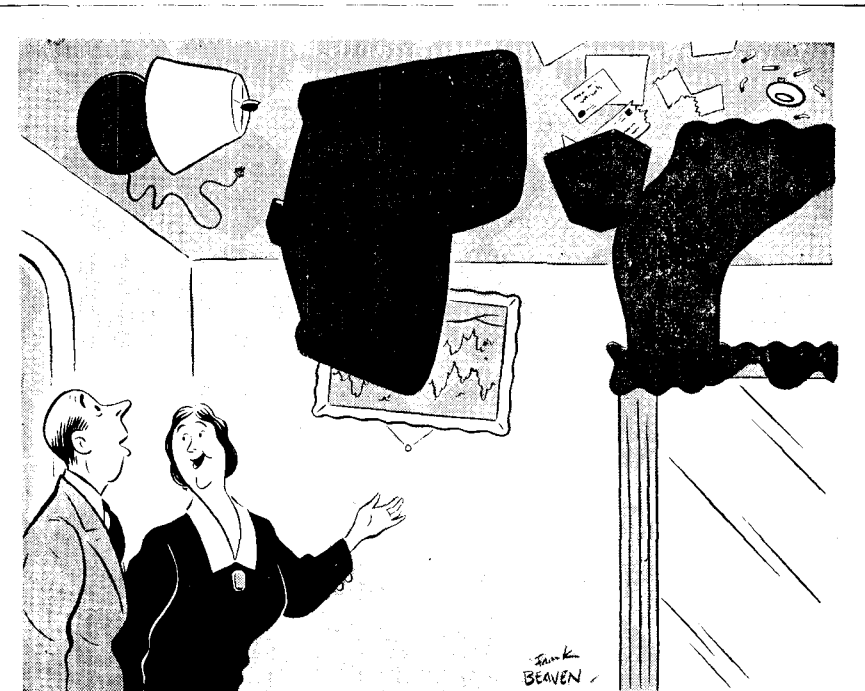
"I don't know if you know them," she said. "I don't, but of course I read about the girl breaking off her engagement to Sir John Haddington."

"Yes," said Mrs. Kinghorn, hugely enjoying her meringue. "What a pity, wasn't it?"

"Well," said the other lady, "I understand from my friend that it was all because of the girl's dreadful old mother—a fright and an oddity, and the poor young man simply couldn't stand it. so he cried off at the last moment, and I'm sure I don't blame him."

"Yes," said Mrs. Kinghorn, "I heard the same story. I believe the girl's mother's a pity. But there you are; I always take the long view about these things. The girl's a nice girl, they say, and probably one day she'll marry a young man who won't mind the mother. After all, they can always poison her, you know," said she, laughing heartily, "if they find her too impossible. There are lots of good poisons now, I believe. You simply can't detect anything afterward."

"Yes, quite," said the other lady, nervously, and got up in a sort of terror. Mrs. Kinghorn delightedly finished her meringue.



"The people upstairs have a wonderful new vacuum cleaner!"

FRANK BEAVEN

Straight Shooter

Continued from page 20

one-handed shots from any angle. He shoots equally well with the right hand or the left hand and some of his most spectacular goals have been made as he was half falling away from the basket under the impact of stiff guarding.

Out of the 51 points made in that Southern California game mentioned above, Luisetti was responsible for thirty of them. In the play-off at Pullman, Washington, last year against Washington State for the Coast championship, Luisetti made 53 points in two nights, under the greatest pressure. In the second game of the play-offs, with the score tied, a Washington State player practically annihilated Hank in keeping him from making a shot. He was knocked flat and appeared to be injured. John Bunn, the coach, rushed out to look at him and arrived just as Hank was raising himself and getting ready to try for the foul.

"Bet you a buck I make it, John," said Hank, and Mr. Bunn went on back to the bench where he belonged. It turned out that Hank missed it.

Death to All Defenses

This was also the game in which Dinty Moore, the Stanford captain, almost faced death. Mr. Moore was given to humor in tense spots. This was to be his last game of college basketball and he was having too much fun to end so soon. Stanford was two points ahead with a minute to play and there was time out.

"I'll tell you what let's do," said Mr. Moore. "Let's let 'em make a basket and tie it up. I want to play some more."

The Stanford boys had much enjoyment out of their pastime and everybody was happy but Mr. Bunn, who had a family to keep. His worst difficulty was in getting Luisetti to shoot enough. After much exasperation on this score, Mr. Bunn reared himself up on the side lines one night and screamed: "Hank, if you pass that ball once more, I'll come out there and brain you. For God's sake, shoot it!"

What they want to impress upon you out at Palo Alto is that Hank Luisetti is not just a freak shot. They insist, and evidence seems to bear them out, that he is one of the greatest ball-handlers and floor-workers ever seen among the college gentlemen. Don Liebendorfer, the publicity man, will relate with uncouth smacking of the lips the incident which concerns Wagner, the great dribbler from the University of Washington. Wagner was coming down the floor full tilt in a close game when Luisetti met him. Wagner swerved to the right, with the intention of wheeling back to the left as soon as Hank started to cut him off.

"But Hank sensed it almost before Wagner doped it out in his own head," says Mr. Liebendorfer reverently. "When Wagner started to the right, Hank just waited for him. The minute he swerved back, Hank stepped in, took the ball out of Wagner's hands and, without missing stride, dribbled it right on down to the Washington basket and dumped it in."

With Howie Turner doing the feeding and Luisetti galloping all over the floor, Stanford was death to all defenses last year. If the opponents took their five men and huddled back under their own basket, Stanford simply dropped them in from the middle of the floor as if they were tied to strings. If the defense came out to meet this, Stanford sent Luisetti and Stoefen through and that meant more disaster.

Hank's father is cook in a little res-

taurant in San Francisco and Hank is the only child. Hank was bothered somewhat in Buffalo by a man who seemed to be on familiar terms with all the Italians of the earth. Whenever he met Hank he would cry: "How is De Mahg and Tony Laz and Crosset and all the boys?" As a matter of fact, Hank knows them only slightly because he is a kid in such important company. He belongs to the "Dekes" at Stanford, waits on table at the fraternity house for his board and room, picks up five bucks a Saturday during football season acting as messenger in the press box and gets the rest of his money during summer vacation. Last year he worked in the mines in Nevada, got hardened from the labor and dragged down four dollars a day. In the fall he went in to the medico's office at Stanford to say he had a belly-ache and before he could get out of the place they had him on the operating table removing his appendix.

"It was a dirty trick," says Hank, "but they'd been laying for me. It had kicked up before."

Two weeks later he was out for practice. They began basketball workouts at Stanford this year on October 5th, with the first game scheduled for December 6th. The old days when the football players were also the basketball stars are almost over, both because the seasons tend to overlap (especially true on the West Coast, where the Rose Bowl game is likely to interfere) and also because it is a much faster game these days. There are still huskies like Herwig of California around to bounce fresh young forwards into the second balcony with a slight flick of the hip, but for the most part the sports keep apart.

The country is full of great players and such men as Jack Robbins of Arkansas, Johnny Moir of Notre Dame and Kessler, late of Purdue, were most certainly in Luisetti's class and there will be voices to shout that they were even greater. Moir's great record of scoring includes twenty-five points made against Pitt during a game in his sophomore year.

Maker of Coaches

Mr. Luisetti is quite modest about his playing ability. He says that when this year is over he is going to throw his shoes into a locker and forget about the game. No professional basketball, says Hank. He proclaims further that he didn't know anything about the game when he hit Stanford, has learned everything in his four-year college career and is willing to let it go at that. He says John Bunn taught him everything he knows and that Howie Turner fed him the easy ones so he could run up all those points.

Mr. Turner was not around to comment but Mr. Bunn could be reached for a statement. Mr. Bunn is a frank man and an honest man, tending to be a trifle on the ironic side.

"You remember those great baseball teams Connie Mack used to have when he won all those pennants?" asks Mr. Bunn. "Well, then you'll remember those other Connie Mack teams when he waved that score card of his just as hard as ever and the Athletics were in last place for about ten years all the same. I've had Stanford on trips for several years back and if we won three out of ten we were lucky. So do you want to know something? I'll let you in on a little secret. Hank Luisetti is the young man who made a coach out of John Bunn. He'd make a coach out of anybody."

WHY START THE NEW YEAR
BIG-HEADED?



Recipe for a happier New Year

After the party is over, take
Bromo-Seltzer BEFORE you go to
bed!

fewer regrets! You'll wake up with
another Bromo-Seltzer to relieve
the effects of that 3 a.m. bedtime

and leave you peppier! At drugstores and soda fountains
everywhere!

BROMO-SELTZER

Alkalizes—Makes you feel fit FASTER!



WILL THE LITTLE FELLOW
SLEEP OR COUGH
TONIGHT?

PISO'S GIVES
first spoonful
RELIEF
Because It Acts
Locally and
Internally



Night coughing due to colds is mighty hard on youngsters. They can't get up the choky phlegm. Depend on Piso's. Its 2-way action - - local and internal - - gives "first-spoonful" relief.

LOCALLY, Piso's special combination of ingredients clings to the throat, quickly soothes and relaxes irritated membranes that bring on coughing.

INTERNALLY, Piso's stimulates flow of normal throat secretions to loosen phlegm and help clear air passages. For coughs due to colds of both children and adults, ask your druggist for a bottle of modern-formula Piso's (pie-so's).

PISO'S 35¢ 60¢



Have You An Hour A Day to Spare?

THEN look into this Club of ours—there is a place for you. Yes, and the best chance ever to earn extra dollars. Our booklet called "An Adventure in Dollars and Cents" will tell you how to make money too! It has a message for new members who join us this month. I do hope you'll be one of them. Write today, sending a card or letter to

Margaret Clarke
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's Weekly, Dept. 43
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

FALSE TEETH

Wear Them with Comfort
Though Mouth Tissues Change

Age or illness makes the flesh of the face waste away, and causes similar changes in the mouth tissue on which you rely to keep your dental plate in place.

It pays to have your dentist check up on changing mouth conditions which cause loose plates. He fitted your plate in the first place—now let him refit it by "rebasing" or "relining" it.

Daily, when plates rock, slide, drop down, cause hissing speech, faulty mastication and other false teeth embarrassments you have a real friend in FASTEETH, the new alkaline powder. Holds artificial teeth tight all day. No gummy, pasty taste or feeling. No denture breath. Get FASTEETH at any drug store. Accept no substitute.



said thickly. "Stabbed in de back!"

In four strides Lee was at Kenman's side. He laid his hand on the man's shoulder, looking for a moment at the bronze handle of a heavy knife whose blade had been buried in Harper Kenman's heart. He shook Kenman's inert form. "This man is dead!" he announced. "Dead as hell!"

Forgetting his wounded arm, James Lee reached for the telephone. . . .

Within three minutes the siren of a police car wailed to silence in front of Kenman's residence.

James Lee spoke to Walter Shore. "Front door locked?"

"Yes, Mr. Lee."

"Open the door. Let the police in."

Voices in the hallway. "Here, this door to your right," Walter Shore directed.

Two police officers came into the library. James Lee introduced himself. He pointed to the dead man. "Mr. Kenman has been murdered," he said.

Sergeant Scott nodded toward Moy Hop. "What's that Chink doing with the gun there?" he asked.

"Working for me. . . . One of you officers take over for him, will you?" Then to Moy Hop, "Bring me a glass of water," he said in Cantonese.

Moy Hop left the library, to return in a moment with a silver tray on which rested a glass of water. "Could I get you a glass of wine?"

"Thank you, no." James Lee gulped his glass of water and again reached for the telephone. He called Leslie Wagner's residence. "Were you successful?" he asked when he heard Wagner's voice. "Yes."

"Quick work. Come over to Kenman's residence right away." Lowering his voice so that no one in the room might hear, "Bring the bracelet with you," he whispered. "Get that?"

"I heard you," Wagner answered. "I'll see you in five minutes."

COINCIDENT with Leslie Wagner's arrival, Lieutenant Ward of the homicide squad and two plain-clothes men reached the Kenman residence.

Entering the library, Lieutenant Ward nodded to Sergeant Scott. Then, seeing James Lee, whose arm at the moment was being bandaged by Walter Shore, "Who got you, Mr. Lee?" he asked.

"I don't know," James Lee said.

Lieutenant Ward spoke to one of his men. "Take my car and get a surgeon over here from Emergency for Mr. Lee." Turning to James Lee, "Kenman dead?"

"He's dead," James Lee replied.

To another man, "Phone the coroner," Lieutenant Ward directed. "Then get old Hoofprints up here with his camera. . . . You got any ideas, Mr. Lee?"

Walter Shore had completed his first aid. With Shore's help James Lee got his wounded arm into the sleeve of his coat before he replied. "Yes," he said to Lieutenant Ward. With his right hand James Lee reached into his vest pocket and pulled out a slip of paper. "Fourteen C O 15," he read aloud.

"What's that?" Ward asked.

"It's the classification on the fingers of somebody's left hand—the Wagner jewel robbery. . . . Lieutenant, do you know Mr. Wagner here? He's the proprietor of the jewelry store."

"I've met Mr. Wagner," Lieutenant Ward said.

"I'm working for him," James Lee announced.

Ward smiled grimly. "Good luck—but what about this dead man here? What have you got on this job?"

Without replying at the moment,

The Eye of Heaven

Continued from page 29

James Lee turned and let his slow glance range from Jelvik to Battley. He smiled significantly at Moy Hop.

Jelvik muttered an incoherent oath. Scowling sideways at the man, Battley suddenly snarled at him. "Damn your eyes, Jelvik! Hold it, you blighter!"

Now, answering Lieutenant Ward's question, "I haven't anything definite—so far," James Lee lighted a cigarette. "I may get you something—in a few minutes."

When the ash on his cigarette was a quarter of an inch long, James Lee reached for a sheet of note paper that lay on the desk. He flicked the cigarette ash upon this paper. For a moment with the index finger of his right hand he ground the cigarette ash into a fine powder. He folded the notepaper, collecting the ash in the grooved trough of the fold.

He reached across the desk then for the silver tray on which Moy Hop had brought him the glass of water. Over a spot on the polished surface of the tray where the faint print of Moy Hop's thumb had dimmed the luster of the polished metal, he shook half of the pulverized cigarette ash. Delicately, with a silk handkerchief he brushed the cigarette ash back and forth over the thumbprint for a moment. Then, with an eight-power lens he inspected the faint pattern that the gray ash had revealed. "Fourteen," he said half aloud.

"Old Hoofprints will be here in a few minutes, Mr. Lee," Lieutenant Ward suggested. "He's got all the gear for that work."

James Lee smiled at Lieutenant Ward. "Thank you," he said. He turned the silver tray bottom up and on the faint oval areas where the brilliant silver had been dulled by three fingers of Moy Hop's left hand he shook the remains of the pulverized cigarette ash. After a concentrated inspection he put his lens back in his pocket and pushed the silver tray away from him. "Fourteen C O 15."

To Lieutenant Ward, "You may arrest Moy Hop for the Wagner robbery," he said. More distinctly in the turmoil of voices that suddenly filled the long room, "Bring Moy Hop over here. It is probable that he will also confess the murder of Harper Kenman."

James Lee turned quickly to Leslie

Wagner. "Let me have the Cuboni bracelet, please," he said.

When Moy Hop faced James Lee, speaking Cantonese, "There is a last step to every journey," James Lee said. "You are the thief for whom we search! You killed your master! Confess!"

Moy Hop was silent. There were beads of perspiration on his brow.

"Look!" James Lee continued. He reached into his vest pocket and tossed the eight-carat rectangular paste diamond that he had borrowed from Wagner's collection on the desk in front of Moy Hop. "You boasted of your memory—but here you slipped. The original of this stone is nowhere in this bracelet. You remembered it, however, not from the bracelet—but from the other trophies of your theft."

AFTER a pause: "My master forced me to the evil deed," Moy Hop said. "First the opium that we brought in—he gave me not one cent of my share—then the jewels. And still I served in poverty."

"Where are the jewels?"

"I have them—here." From a twisted silk girdle that he wore next to his skin, Moy Hop produced the jewelry and the unset gems that he had stolen.

There were five seconds of silence. Then, "I killed the man," Moy Hop confessed. "He was a genius of evil enterprise. I was his humble servant."

"Right!" James Lee turned to Lieutenant Ward. "Moy Hop killed Kenman. He's ready to go with you."

Speaking pidgin, "Policee man no ketchum Moy Hop," the killer contradicted. "Moy Hop go now; stay long time." He whipped out a short-barreled .38. The first shot reached his heart. "A last step to every journey," he whispered, smiling at James Lee until the sardonic grin of death replaced his smile.

In the silence that followed the shot, "Well, damn my eyes!" Battley grated. "Mr. Lee, that murder'ous devil is prob'ly the blighter that winged you!"

James Lee nodded wearily. "No doubt of it, Battley," he said. Then, to Lieutenant Ward, "I'm sorry, Lieutenant—my foot slipped a bit on this job." He looked down at the dead Moy Hop. "Poor devil—perhaps he has regained the Middle Pathway."



"... an' lately he was all-a-time complaining . . . this didn't suit him . . . that didn't suit him . . ."

JAY IRVING

Bat Out of Hell

Continued from page 26

... up ... too far! A scream from the stand. A tearing, ripping sound. The black slug had shot over the rim.

"He started to climb too late," Barr said.

The news beat us to the top. No fatalities. One broken arm. It didn't seem to bother Sandy. "What was the matter?" she asked me.

"They started to climb too late."

"No, no, no. What happened to you?" she asked impatiently. "Don't you realize you've got to beat Kivian? Where did you brake?"

She listened and then said to Sid, "I want to speak to you," and took him aside. We listened to the returns. Kivian had not been able to beat his record. The sled before us had pushed off. Sandy came back with Sid's goggles but without Sid.

"Where is he?" I asked impatiently, for it was time to line up.

"On his way to the Whiteface stand," Sandy said. "I'm taking his place."

"But why?" Barr asked. "You've refused all along on account of your weight."

"Weight isn't everything," she said. "I'm riding. I think I've deserved it."

SHE looked indomitable standing there like that. The name of that statue came back to me. The Winged Victory, of course. Well, she was due her thrill as reward, and there wasn't time to argue, anyway. The loud-speaker was announcing us, "Bat Out of Hell on the line. ... Track clear. ..."

"You shoving, Sandy?" I asked.

"Certainly, I'm shoving. ... And you're steering ... for your life." Simultaneously came the sled's surge. In an instant the Bat was dropping like something that lightning had taken for a taxi.

Eyrie slapped me in the face before it was possible. But I took it right and we tore around and down into the straightaway again with a roar that went up your spine. She'll get her thrill. I thought. Despite the wind stream, I could hear Sandy stroking ... one, two, bob! ... one, two, bob! ... And at each bob the Bat hurtled us faster still, down the polished groove.

Suddenly Whiteface reared its hair-pin threat ahead. A comet corner with a wall as high as a house. I'd never hit the blue Gibraltar at this speed. As I caught the yellow disk, I shouted "Brake!"

But no brakes answered. No time to think, only to steer. The sled projected frantically toward the rim. I had a blurred glimpse of brown—the stands—and zoomed headlong back into the straight with madly increased momentum. My heart settled back in place, and a fire poured along my taut nerves. We were through by the grace of God. But why no brakes? Had they jammed? What would happen at Shady Corner?

I gripped the wheel. I mustn't let on to panic. And all at once I became aware of ... one, two, bob! ... one, two, bob! As if we weren't going fast enough! Sandy must be mad.

The track crossed a cliff and I could look into the valley a thousand feet below. A control tower pinged by. I knew that place. Shady Corner in a moment. "Brake!" I yelled. "Brake!"

No brakes. Instead came that swinging command ... one, two, bob! ... one, two, bob! Were they all insane?

With a hammering roar we were hurled up the twenty-foot wall. For a millionth of a second one runner paralleled the rim and the white faces watching. But the blue disk flashed and we were in the

trough again. Saved by some miracle of the engineers.

This straightaway was velvet-covered lightning. The Bat threw herself down it at maximum speed. And yet still I heard that maddening one, two, bob! ... one, two, bob! It was beyond something to curse at. All my blood and body seemed to flow to a point ahead. Zigzag. But I felt calm, as if already dead. I knew no sled could manage the terrific one-two of those left and right turns at that speed. As we lurched downward into the stomach-lifting fall that was to send us into that hellish razzle-dazzle, it was habit that made me yell for brakes. I didn't expect them. Dimly I heard a voice, Barr's, screaming "Brake! Brake! Damn you ... Brake!"

It was all instinct now, all training now. The furious shock drove us high. Habit and hell contended for my wheel. I just sat there, braced, while the sled shot from the smooth bore of the left wall. The ice jumped away. The opposite wall caught us. Again the sled tried to escape into the air, the trees. The world seemed to turn over, blindingly white. I felt that sickening skid and squeezed the wheel ... and there, over us, was the sky, where it ought to be. We were still on the track. Still burning through the air. Out. Safe. ... Crossing the line. And then, then, I felt the brakes go on, heard them tear the ice and bring us to a stop.

"Thank God!" Barr groaned and drooped limply on my shoulder. I crawled out from under the wheel in a daze. Far away a hoarse voice called, "Bat Out of Hell. 50.77 seconds."

It didn't penetrate at first. Then I knew. Someone ran up and began pounding me on the back. Others swarmed up, and I fought them off on my way to Sandy. There was something I had to ask.

She'd taken off her goggles and the wind tossed the gold of her hair. "Good work, Sam! We did it! We did it!" she said.

"And how!" I said, trying to speak slowly. "What was the matter? Brakes stuck?"

"Of course not!"

"Then you did that on purpose?"

"Why, of course! And we won, didn't we?"

"Thanks," I said.

I TWISTED away into the crowd and bumped into Kivian. He started to congratulate me. It made me sick. I broke through the last ring of fools, and there stood Hannah! The sight of her calmed me some. "I thought you weren't coming, Han," I said.

"I had to, Sam," she said. Her face was very pale.

"Why, you're crying," I said.

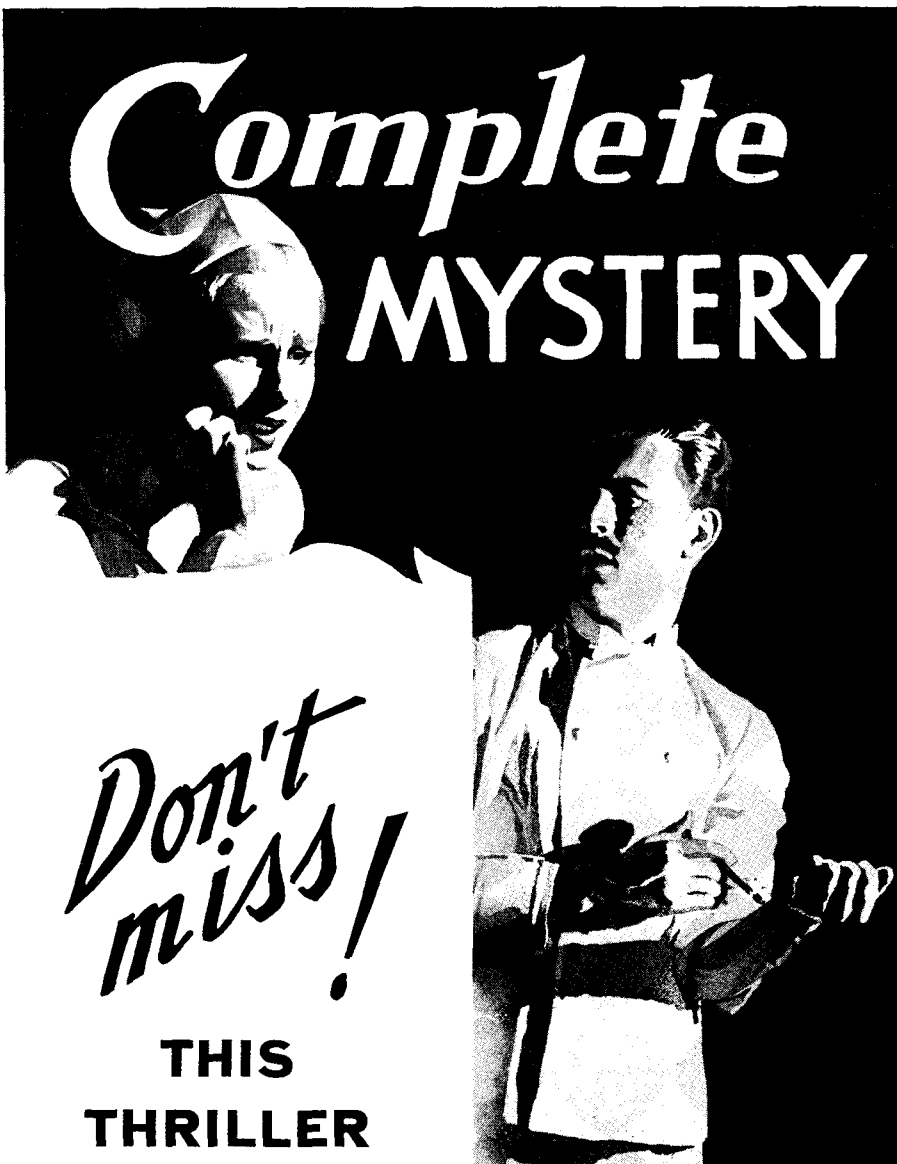
"Sup ... suppose you had been killed," she said, and turned so that I shouldn't see her.

I swung her around to me and held her so that the tears wouldn't freeze on her cheeks. Or maybe for another reason. "Why, you poor chipmunk, killing's all I deserve," I said. I didn't care who saw us there, but soon she began pulling away.

"I mustn't keep you from Sandy," she said.

"Sandy and I don't live in the same world, Han," I said. "I had to die to find it out. I was dead for fifty seconds. But now I'm resurrected, sweetheart. And if all the reports are true, this must be heaven."

It was wonderful looking into her eyes, deeper, and deeper. "They ... they are true, Sam," she said.



Complete MYSTERY

Don't miss!

THIS THRILLER

MURDER that crawled into a medical laboratory in the guise of healing science, and, coiled menacingly among the test tubes and retorts, paralyzed with terror the staff of a great hospital till one fearless man and the woman he loved risked their lives to save those of their colleagues—

That is the story Theodora DuBois writes in "Crime in White," the chilling, baffling mystery novel that appears *complete* in the January American Magazine—

PLUS 30 OTHER BIG FEATURES

9 SHORT STORIES

By Corey Ford, Clarence Budington Kelland, Margaret Weymouth Jackson, and other top-notch writers—humor, romance, excitement galore.

8 PAGES OF PHOTOS

Striking photographs of interesting and unusual people.

2 EXCITING SERIALS

"Dust Across the Range," a romance of the modern West, by Max Brand; "And Both Were Young," Reita Lambert's glamorous love story.

10 FASCINATING SHORT FEATURES

Contests, personality tests, cartoons, help for home owners, and half-a-dozen other out-of-the-ordinary features that make The American different from any other magazine.

8 SPECIAL ARTICLES

Lively, informative reading for the whole family on such varied subjects as Senator Vandenburg, Buck Jones, the Bonneville Dam, child raising, cooking, and how to buy a fur coat.

GET YOUR COPY AT YOUR NEWS-STAND NOW

THE American MAGAZINE



Lack of sleep frequently etches need-
less lines into beautiful faces. Need-
less, because sleeplessness is often
caused by constipation, as are also
loss of appetite, mental dullness,
nervousness, the aggravation of skin
blemishes.

Keep regular. Don't let more than
a day go by without proper elimi-
nation. Use Dr. Edwards' Olive Tab-
lets. This famous laxative has been
the choice of millions of people dur-
ing a generation. It does not shock
the intestinal system. *It stimulates the
liver's secretion of bile, without the dis-
comfort of drastic or irritating drugs.*
Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets at
your druggist, 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢
everywhere.



Walter Otteson, Minnesota

A Good Move for THE NEW YEAR!

"THE best move I ever made was when I joined
the Crowell Subscription Staff and learned how
to turn my spare time into extra money," says
Walter Otteson, of Minnesota.

Such a fine plan is worth trying yourself!
Let us show you how you may earn plenty
of extra dollars by taking care of new and
renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S
and the other popular Crowell Magazines.
Write now!

—Clip Here!—

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-81
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

HOW can I earn an extra income?

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

State.....

This is My Love Song

Continued from page 15

coming. And it seemed that he'd known,
always, that it had to come.

"I caught Sharron's work, and I think
she's a good bet," Carlisle said quietly.
"I've got a spot I can put her in—unless
you've got her under contract."

"Why, I thought the whole band was
going." Low, husky words. "Tony, I
wouldn't have done this to you for any-
thing."

He said, "Skip it," his dark eyes go-
ing from her face to Carlisle's. "What
about the band?"

Carlisle shook his head. "Sorry."
"That lets the band out. What kind
of a spot have you got for—for her?"
"Benny Marks needs a vocalist."

Benny Marks! Carlisle had known,
damn him, what that name would do.
He'd casually tossed the key to the mint
between them, and now all he had to
do was wait. A name band against a
bunch of drunks; the big time against
the bushes; the Royal Bowl against a
remodeled skating rink. . . .

"But I couldn't," Sharron said in a
swift, choked voice. "I couldn't leave
the band."

"That's up to you," Carlisle answered.

He was smart. Tony thought, too
smart, and he had everything on his
side. They were both looking at him
now—waiting.

"No." Tony's hand trembled against
her arm. "You're not staying. Can't you
see that, Sharron? This is your big
chance; this is the way up."

"But we'd planned, remember? We'd
promised to stick together till the break
came."

"This won't change anything," Tony
said huskily. "We'll be up there one of
these days, and you can come back to
my band. You've got to go, Sharron;
if you don't it'll always be between us."

"Maybe it wouldn't be for long." She
looked away. "Your chance'll come,
you—"

He met Carlisle's gray eyes, inscru-
table behind shimmering lenses. "When
do you want her?"

"I'm driving back tonight; she can
ride with me."

"Right!" He managed a smile.
"Come on, I'll help you pack, Sharron."

BITTER bright moments then, rushing
swiftly away. They laughed, too
much, and jammed things into her worn
bag. He kept the strained smile and
tried to talk, but she was already far-
away. She was thinking of the Royal
Bowl, of smart crowds, of lights and
laughter, of Benny Marks' suave music.

Tony walked down the hall with
them. Carlisle turned to offer his hand.
"You play a lot of trumpet, son, but
that isn't enough. The saxes are weak,
and . . ."

"I know," Tony interrupted: "it's
corny." The faint light caught the un-
smiling planes of his face. "You told
me. I've got a corny band; let it go at
that."

Carlisle nodded soberly. "The car's
parked near the corner. I'll go ahead."
He walked swiftly away, his heels strik-
ing hollow echoes from the walk.

"You shouldn't have done that, Tony;
you might make him mad."

"I'm not askin' him for a thing." The
fixed grin pulled at his lips. "Okay, you
tell him I'm sorry."

The moment stretched thin and sweet
between them. He knew there should
be words for this, light and funny words.
but he had only a tight ache in his
throat. How do you put memories, and
music, and the thing that's tangled up
in your life into a phrase? How do you
say goodbye?

"Maybe I shouldn't go." She stirred
restlessly. "I'm not sure, Tony. Maybe
I won't go over. Maybe I ought to stay
with you and the band. Maybe—" her
head dropped. "Maybe you can't treat
love this way."

He swallowed, cupped his palm un-
der her chin. "Why not, hon? We'll be
together before long. You'll be a ter-
rific hit. I'm the lucky guy, I'm goin'
to marry you, and you'll sing in my band
for nothing."

"Sure, Tony. But I'm—I'm afraid
something will happen to us."

"He's waiting."

"Look. I'll write every day. I'll tell
you all about everything, and I'll . . ."

He kissed her, holding her close for
a long moment, and then pushed her
gently toward the door. She ran, her
voice coming back to him out of the
night, "I'll write. . . ."

A WEEK later the Pavilion manager
called Tony to the office. "You're a
nice guy," he said, "but . . ."

"I know." The stiffness was riding
Tony's shoulders again. "We're through."

"Yes. Tonight." The manager turned
to his paper.

The band folded a week later.

The Billboard and The Downbeat
each mentioned it, and Sharron's let-
ters were full of questions. The floor
around the table in Tony's bedroom was
littered with false starts before he
finally wrote. ". . . I'm starting a new
band, but I've come to the conclusion
that I need a little more experience. I'm
going to play first trumpet with Hamp-
ton's outfit. Glad to hear that you're
going over big, but I knew you
would. . . ."

First trumpet for Hampton. The road
again. Hampton, sleek and smiling, tak-

ing the bows with a top hat canted over
one ear like a second-rate Ted Lewis.
Hampton at rehearsal, saying smugly:
"They want swing. Oke, we'll give 'em
swing. You, Tony, you're workin' for
me now, not runnin' a hay-circuit band.
Let's see you take off on this chorus."

And Tony, hot-eyed and thinner now,
dropped his cigarette and obeyed. He
played hot, improvising, while the grin
crept up into Hampton's eyes.

"That's the way, guy, stick around
and you'll be a musician yet."

Tony kept his eyes on the music.
There was an answer for that too, an
answer he'd known for a long time. At
a lunch counter, that night, with the
drummer, he put some of it into words.

"You can't call that stuff swing. Not
the way he plays it. Look. There's
Goodman, and Harris, and plenty of
others that do play swing, but they
don't use stock orchestrations and they
don't beat your ears in with brass."

The drummer spooned sugar into his
coffee. "Yeah, maybe you're right."

"You know I'm right. Listen to any
name band. They'll mix it up. Swing,
sure, but the kind people can dance
to without running. More melody, more
strings."

"That's a funny way for a trumpet
man to talk." The drummer dropped a
dime on the counter and left.

Hampton called a rehearsal for the
next afternoon. There was an odd
bright light in his eyes, and his lips were
thin. He stopped in front of Tony. "I
wanted to tell you guys something. I
just found out we're not so good. Too
much brass for one thing." His eyes
never left Tony's face. "We beat their
ears in. How do you like that?"

No one moved or spoke.

"You, Montana, what do you think?"



"Is he gentle? I want to make a pet of him"

B. SHERMUND

Maybe we ought to feature the saxes or maybe the strings?"

"I wouldn't know," Tony said quietly. "But I think maybe you'd better get a new first trumpet; you're going to need one."

"I already got one." Hampton jerked a thumb at the door. "Out, guy. When I want help from hay-shakers I'll ask for it."

Train fare took part of Tony's money, and Mamma Sack took most of the rest before she puffed up the stairs ahead of him.

"I ain't had a trumpet in the house for a month." She stopped on the third-floor landing for breath, and then led the way down a dark hall. "Here's your room. Two clean towels a week, and the bath's two doors down. Remember, no jam sessions after ten o'clock."

He wrote Sharron that afternoon: "... I'll pick up the gang I need soon, and then ..."

THERE was one chair in the room, one small window. Tony sat there a long time, that night, with the muted trumpet in his lap. Then he played. Blue music, soft and haunting, that said the things he could never write.

Sharron's song. Slow, dusky music that stirred a longing. Blues. Bits of remembered songs, and a fragment of his own, low and sweet, that seemed to crowd the tiny room. Again and again, that night and the nights that followed, he came back to that theme. He saw her best then.

Two weeks, and he was playing with a five-piece night-club band. He liked that job, for the manager didn't care what or how they played as long as there was music. Music to keep a few people dancing, to cover the laughter, the click of dice and chips, and the patter of the dealers that filtered through from the back room.

A coffee-money job, but he liked it. And there was time, every day, to fool with Sharron's song. Yes, Sharron's, for it had never been anything else.

The police ended that when, on a busy Saturday night, they used axes on the crap tables, and loaded most of the staff into patrol wagons.

The raid was a week-old memory when her letter came. "... This is hard to say. I was afraid, Tony, and now I know I'm right. You can't treat love this way. Dreams aren't enough. I've got to think of my career. I think that Benny Marks and I ..."

TONY used a lot of paper, but the words were flat and trite. He tried, again and again, and in the end he didn't write at all.

That night he finished the song. Her song. A smoky melody, blue and husky, torn from the somber rhythm of life itself; melody, as old as longing, as new as pain, caught in the brazen throat of a muted trumpet ...

His money lasted just a week. His bags went first, then his suits, and all but two of his shirts. Mamma Sack was waiting, each time, when he came back from the pawnshop, and most of the money melted into her fat hands.

Then Carlisle sent for him. Mamma Sack was waiting with the news when Tony came in. "He called up twice. I told him you'd be down there in the morning."

The stiffness touched Tony's face. "Thanks."

"Maybe he's got a job for you—"

"Maybe," Tony went past her to the stairs. He heard the violins as he reached the second floor and stopped to listen. They were playing Sharron's song, his song, playing it sweet and smooth and slow. He whistled softly and ran then, pausing in his room only long enough to snatch his trumpet.

The smoky thrum of a guitar and the velvet-smooth voice of a clarinet blended with the violins as Tony reached the fourth floor. He brought the trumpet to his lips, picked up the melody as the violins drifted into the chorus.

A half moment later the first violin stopped, and a door slapped violently open. "Hey!" The cheerful voice rang down the hall. "Come on in. We been waitin' for you."

Tony said, "Coming."

There were four men in the room, on the bed, on the single chair, and on the floor. They nodded, and a tall man shook sandy hair out of his eyes and used his violin bow as a pointer.

"That's Murphy on the bed with the stick. Joe Bordan plays the other fiddle, and Mark O'Hara's the guy with the guitar. I'm Louis Vinci, and we're all that's left of Jock Hutchison's band." He smiled easily, quickly, and it seemed to light his whole face. "We been kicking that piece of yours around. What do you call it?"

"You Can't Treat Love This Way."

There was a warm friendliness about these men that Tony liked.

Murphy said, "Swell. That's got stuff."

Vinci tucked his violin under his chin. "It's your number, fella: how do you want to try it?"

"I'll take the first four bars," Tony answered quickly. "Then you come in, and the others can pick it up after that. Okay?"

"Plenty okay, boy; swing out."

THE girl in the reception room sent Tony into Carlisle's office without waiting, and Carlisle said, "Hello, son," in his quiet voice and came around the desk to shake hands.

"Mamma Sack said you wanted to see me?"

"Yes. Phil Howley—I handle his booking—wired me to ship him a first-trumpet man, somebody who can really give out. I thought of you."

Tony said, "Sorry. I had a month with Hampton, and that's plenty of New Orleans stuff for me. I don't like this blasting."

"What are you doing now?"

"Nothing," Tony answered stubbornly. "Not a damn' thing, but I'm doing it my way at least."

Carlisle's eyes brushed over him, and Tony knew that the things he'd tried to hide weren't hidden at all: the broken shoes, the frayed cuffs, the shirt he'd washed himself. ...

"Things been breaking tough?" Carlisle asked gently.

"Well?"

"I've got a little job for you."

"If this is a gag I'll—"

"It isn't," Carlisle studied his shoe tips. "An old friend of mine, a Dutchman, owns a beer garden out on the Base Line Road. He came in yesterday to try and hire a band. I thought you could pick up a few boys and fill in till I can find him something else."

"I might be able to." There was still a question in Tony's dark eyes.

"Fine. This is an advance to—"

"Never mind," Tony interrupted. "I'll collect from the Dutchman. What's his address, and when does he want us?"

An hour later Tony was talking earnestly to the four men who roomed above him. Vinci nodded soberly when he had finished.

"I told these guys our luck was in. O'Hara, you run down an' see if you can scare up Joe; we're goin' to need him on the piano." He grinned at Tony. "This guy spans a lot of keys."

They had one brief rehearsal that afternoon, and then crowded into Vinci's small sedan to arrive at the beer garden just at seven.

Somehow, they got through that night, and after the crowd had gone they

Bridge Winter with Quaker State Winter Motor Oil

Enjoy easy starting, care-free driving, and economical lubrication for the rest of the Winter. Quaker State Winter oil is made only of finest Pennsylvania crude oil . . . specially refined for Winter. It flows freely when cold . . . gives the motor full-bodied lubrication. The retail price is 35¢ a quart. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Penna.



FOR BOYS



Write Today

BOYS, 12 to 15: Earn yourself a flock of dandy prizes. You'll be proud of the sleek Esterbrook pen shown above, the pearl knife, a swift, new bicycle, or any of 300 other prizes. Make MONEY, too. Just deliver our magazines to customers obtained in your neighborhood. Need not interfere with school. Start today. Rush postal card to Jim Thayer, Dept. C-197, The Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

HOT LEMONADE

RECOMMENDED BY MANY DOCTORS FOR COLDS, BECAUSE IT HAS AN ALKALINE FACTOR

THIS SAME **ALKALINE FACTOR**

IS IN **LUDEX'S** MENTHOL COUGH DROPS 5¢
THEY HELP YOU TO RESIST COLDS!

FROM A MEDICAL JOURNAL: "The researches (of doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition. To overcome this, they prescribe various alkalies."

\$1



DISCARD YOUR OLD AERIAL

It is Most Likely Corroded and Has Poor or Loose Noisy Connections

No MORE BUZZES, CLICKS and shorts from summer rains and winter snow and sleet when using an F & H Capacity Aerial Eliminator. Anyone can connect it in a moment's time to the radio set—occupies only 1 1/2 inch by 4 inch space behind the set, yet enables your radio to operate without an aerial and tune in stations over the entire broadcast band frequencies.

ELIMINATE THE AERIAL FOR GOOD

Attach this unit to your radio—make your set complete in itself—forget aerial wires and troubles—move your set anywhere—no more roof climbing, unsightly lead-in or aerial wires.

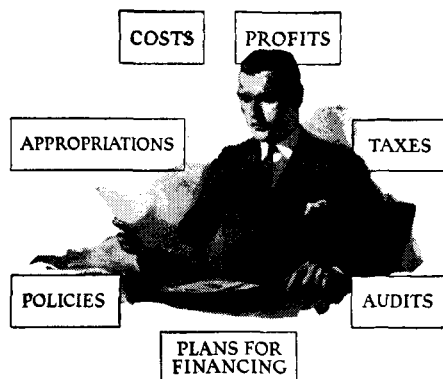
NOT NEW—VALUE ALREADY PROVED

On the market five years, 100,000 customers in U. S. and foreign countries. In use from the Arctic Region of Norway to the Tropics of Africa. Each factory tested on actual long distance reception. Cannot harm set—Easily connected to any radio, including radios having no ground or radios for doublet aerial. Note: It will not operate on battery or automobile radios.

5 DAYS TRIAL Mail coupon at once. Pay postman \$1.00 plus a few pennies postage on delivery. If not entirely satisfied, return within five days and your dollar will be refunded without question.

JUST MAIL THIS COUPON —
F & H Radio Laboratories, Dept. 7, Fargo, N. Dak.
Send F & H Capacity Aerial. Will pay postman \$1 plus few cents postage. If not pleased will return within 5 days for \$1 refund. Check here ☐ if sending \$1 with order—thus saving postage cost—same refund guarantee. Check here ☐ if interested in dealer's proposition.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....



Become an Expert Accountant

The Profession that Pays

The demand for skilled accountants—men who really know their business—is unceasing. Big corporations are in constant need of expert counsel in Auditing, Cost Accounting, Business Law, Organization, Management, Finance. Men who prove their qualifications in this important branch of business are rapidly promoted to responsible executive positions—given an opportunity to earn real salaries.

Send for This Book—It's Free

Are you ambitious to make a real success in business—to fit yourself for positions paying \$3,000, \$5,000, \$10,000 a year and even better? Then you will find LaSalle's 64-page book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays," of the greatest help and inspiration—and—LaSalle will send it to you FREE. For the sake of a brighter future, clip and mail the coupon NOW.

Find Yourself Through LaSalle!

LASALLE EXTENSION
Dept. 140-HR Chicago

I should be glad to have details of your salary-increasing plan and a copy of "Ten Years Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accountancy | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenotypy-Stenography |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Law—Degree of LL. B. | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Business | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Correspondence | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Credit and Collection | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Correspondence | |



Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....

The MOST PRECIOUS CHILDREN IN THE WORLD (Yours, of Course)

● Aren't your children too precious to subject them to a cough syrup whose narcotics can harm and upset their digestions? They deserve Foley's, the delicious non-narcotic cough syrup for children. For speedy relief, it's unsurpassed. For helping break up a cough and speed recovery, it's superb. Ideal for adults, too. For speedy, sure and safe relief from coughs due to colds, get a bottle of Foley's today at your druggist, 30c.

..don't they deserve a cough syrup specially formulated for them?

FOLEY'S Hensley & Tar COUGH SYRUP



The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

AGENTS UP TO \$50.00
Big cash profits—50% household necessities—fast sellers—Ford Sedans or \$500 cash given risk. Details mailed FREE; no obligation. Write Albert Mills, 4947 Monmouth, Cincinnati, Ohio.

worked for hours. Slowly, the rough edges came off, and the instruments blended into a smoothly functioning unit.

They had stopped for coffee when Vinci asked, "How about that piece of yours?"

"I don't want to plug it," Tony answered seriously. "I'll make an arrangement, and we can use it as a theme."

Vinci drained his cup. "Swell. We haywired this band together, but we got to have somebody out in front waving the stick. You got us the job, you had the music, and you had a band once. How about it?"

"I'd like it swell," Tony's eyes went from one face to another and then he got to his feet. "My first band was corny, and flopped. I've been doing a lot of thinking since then, and I've got a lot of ideas I'll want to try."

"You're doing the talking, Tony."

"Say we have two guitars, and put them close to the mikes where they background the music. Then the violins, the piano, base, and the boom-chick rhythm on the drums. Swing stuff, but a relaxed swing without any brass but my trumpet. That gives you an idea."

Vinci looked at the others, and then at Tony. "It won't cost a dime to try."

A MONTH then, while the scant crowds gradually thickened, and their style became a liquid, flowing thing. Three drummers worked with them before Tony found a man who could supply the subtle rhythm to blend with the strings and the throb of the guitar. Smoldering, sullen rhythm, felt rather than heard, that added depth and color and pulled more couples to the dance floor.

The Dutchman's pale eyes beamed. He put up a new sign, and added more tables. Tony waited another month, and then went into the Dutchman's office at closing time.

The old man smiled at him. "You want more money, no?"

"That's it. I want to put more men in the band."

"That's okay, the business will stand it, but how long will you stay here? You might go away tomorrow, and then where will I be?"

Tony leaned against the desk, looked down into the old man's worried eyes.

"I'll sign a contract for three months if you want it that way."

"No-o, your word is good enough for me. I tell you. Tomorrow we close up, and I will put ads in all the papers. I raise the prices, and have the place fixed up. New tables, new bar, new dance floor. Maybe we make some money, no?"

Tony grinned, and they shook hands.

Then, for the first time in two months, Tony had a chance to listen to Benny Marks' broadcast. There was a new vocalist on the program, a girl with a personality voice—light and sweet—who took most of the bright numbers Benny seemed to be featuring. Sharron had only two songs.

Tony wondered about that, while her husky song went on and on in his mind. Wondered about it through the night; and even through the rehearsals it was there, close to the surface, a question without an answer.

He added another guitar and a second piano to the band. He and Vinci perspired over new orchestrations. The opening night came with a rush.

The band went over.

A columnist mentioned the band on three successive days. Others, on the amusement beat, dropped in to listen, and they too wrote about "swellegant swing." One of the smaller radio stations put them on a sustaining program, and Sharron's song went on the air for the first time.

There was no announcement. Just the tinkling pianos, the soft, sad cry of

muted violins, the chick-chick of the drums, and then the trumpet: rich and blue and haunting, filled with a longing older than man.

Vinci stayed behind, that night, after the rest of the band had gone. "Carlisle was here again, Tony. That's the third time this week, and each time he brings a different guy."

"Yes, I talked to him. He's booking us when we're through here."

"Where are we goin'?"

"He's not sure yet. Why worry, Vinci? We're pulling the white-tie trade in this place; we can't miss in a real spot. We've got the band."

Vinci nibbled his lower lip. "Yeah, that's what I'm gettin' at, Tony. We got the band, and we got the trio. Then there's two of the boys taking the vocals on the other stuff. That's okay—but we need a gal!"

"So that's it. Look, fella, we'll get a girl when we have to. All right?"

Vinci stood up. "You're running the band."

Carlisle called Tony at noon the next day. "I can put you in the Gold Room at the Hopkins. What do you say?"

"We'll take it."

"You open there on the twenty-fifth, three days after you finish at the Dutchman's—but you have to have a girl in the band. Okay?"

"Right." Tony put the phone together and stood there a long time before he said, "The Gold Room!" in a strangled whisper. "Hey, Vinci, we get the Gold Room! The Gold Room!"

The days telescoped into one another, bright and breathless. Too short, hurried days. Rehearsals, auditions, hours spent working over new arrangements. Record crowds at the Dutchman's the final week, and the flurry of moving to the Gold Room—the Big Time.

Impressive, the Gold Room, even in the sharp light of day. Dull gold walls, mirrored ceiling, empty tables. Tony's lips were dry when he stood in the door for the first time. Empty? No, for the great and the near great had played here, and the shadowy reaches of the room seemed to be watching, listening. "Come on," Tony said jerkily, "we've got work to do."

Vinci touched his arm. "Tony, how about the gal? You turned down plenty of them, and we open—"

"I called Carlisle this morning."

SHARRON came that afternoon. Tony turned at the sound of her voice, and knew in that first instant that time hadn't helped. The fierce longing was still there.

"Mr. Carlisle sent me," she said simply. "He said you needed a vocalist."

That phrase snapped the spell, and bleak anger swelled up inside him. The dry, dull ache came back to his throat, and he seemed to see again the chill words from her last letter, "... I've got to think of my career."

"Yes, I do," Tony said flatly, and turned to face the band. "Meet Sharron O'Day, the career girl. She works the top, and with her here we're a cinch to click."

She might not have heard, for only her eyes changed. She waited, quietly, one hand going to the bright scarf caught around her throat.

Throughout that day and the next he worked her without mercy. He spoke directly to her only when it was necessary, and then in a clipped, impersonal voice. The wall between them reared higher and higher.

The band felt it too, and things went badly. Tony fought for hours to get the smoothness he wanted—the bright, easy lilt, and failed. Finally he spread his hands in disgust.

"That's all for now," he said sharply. "Eat and get back in an hour. We'll get

this if it takes all night. You, O'Hara, stop dragging that..." He dropped his hands. "Let it go, I'll see you in an hour."

The others had gone when Vinci came to Tony's side. "What's wrong? Something's bothering you, and it's giving us all the jumps."

"There's nothing wrong," Tony lied.

He found Sharron in the Coffee Shop. She looked up, brown eyes heavy upon his black ones.

"Your contract." He placed the folded paper beside her plate. "This calls for the same money Benny Marks paid you so you won't lose anything by working for me."

She looked away suddenly, and then gathered up purse and gloves. "No, thanks, Tony, I can't take it."

"What do you mean?"

"Just that, I can't take it."

"Why not, isn't this your career?"

SHE winced as though he had struck her. "I—I rate that. Carlisle tried to warn me, but I laughed at him. I was so sure." Her eyes were very bright, and her lips quivered. "Well, you've had your laugh."

"Aren't you being a little dramatic?"

"You sent me away, remember? Your letters all said the same thing—you were busy, you might have a new band, you..." She swallowed. "It took me a long time to get it, but I did finally. You were dusting me off, and I was only hurting myself hanging onto something I couldn't have, so I tried to break it cleanly. I have some pride too. Then I tried to get that letter out of the box. I couldn't, but I thought you'd write. I thought you'd come and see that Benny Marks was fat and bald and ugly..."

"Sharron!" He walked toward her, through a wall that vanished suddenly in the misty brightness of her smile.

"Tony, I..."

He caught her hand. "Come on, hon, come on. We've got plenty to do."

"Yes, Tony." She was smiling, and fumbling for a handkerchief as she ran to match his swinging stride.

Opening night. Flowers and lights and laughter and music. The stiff black and white of dinner jackets and tails, and the flowing color of smart gowns. Good food, matchless service, and hours of dancing.

Then the broadcast. A red light glowing on the control board, and the announcer saying simply: "The band."

Music swelling up from the tinkle of the pianos. The smoky thrum of the guitars, the boom-chick-chick of the drums, the lovely mellow voice of the clarinets. Their theme, dusky, low, and haunting. That, for thirty seconds and then the announcer said: "The voice."

Spotlights, two of them, slashing down. Sharron, a slender figure in ivory, head tipped back, singing. Her eyes were closed, and a hush held the room while the words seemed to catch in her throat, seemed to be clouded with hurt longing.

"The trumpet!"

Full, golden, and rich, the magic of the muted trumpet touched the words, as Tony joined Sharron at the microphone, and tinted them with depth and glowing color.

A moment. The song was through, the announcer saying, "Presenting something new in music. America, meet Mr. and Mrs. Swingcopation."

The spotlights winked out, and there was just a second before the amber glow of the room lights penetrated the gloom. Tony touched Sharron's arm.

"Like we'd planned," he said huskily.

"Yes, Tony." She was close. He cupped his hand under her chin and she said, "Tony! They'll see..."

"Let 'em!" He kissed her then, and her lips were warm and sweet, like music that went on forever.

East of Broadway

Continued from page 19

"I'm afraid she does."

"You know—kidding about myself... well, I'm scared that she's got a sort of hunch that the mayor will meet me and that I'll be escorted up Fifth Avenue by the Seventh Regiment, and that they'll have to put a police guard around Mother Hubbard's boardinghouse to keep out the producers who want me to autograph a lot of dotted lines."

Tiny chuckled. "She isn't as dumb as you think, Eddie. And she's like a kid with her first toy. I'm betting that whatever she sees and whatever she does will look like dreams come true. You see, me lad, there are things concerned herewith that even you don't understand." Tiny looked up, saw Linda, smiled and said, "Gorgeous! You look like a million, Linda."

"And feel frightened to death."

THEY sped across the Jersey meadows, whirled toward Jersey City, and then plunged into a tunnel. "You are now beneath the famous Hudson River," announced Eddie. "When next the train stops you will be at the Pennsylvania Station in the city of New York, population considerable. Hats on, please."

Linda's eyes were wide open and dancing. The two men watched her and smiled appreciatively at each other. Tiny grunted, "Untouched by human hands," and Linda asked, "What did you say?" and he answered, "Nothing." And then there was a slowing down of the train, and a bit of daylight from overhead and another long platform and a surge of passengers toward the vestibule where the porter was shoving baggage toward the waiting hands of redcaps.

"This way out, folks," said Eddie. He took Linda's arm and squeezed it. He felt her press tightly against him. He was strangely excited and happy. Silly, he called it—like a kid. Oh! it was swell to be back in New York. Just to be here, no matter what happened.

And then they were on the platform amid piles of luggage and a welter of noise, and from nowhere at all a vividly blond creature swept down upon them and enveloped Eddie in a long embrace. A pleasantly strident female voice said, "The prodigal calf has returned. Eddie Lawson, you look grand."

"And me?" inquired Tiny meekly.

"You?" The tall girl swung around. "I didn't even see you, Mister Martin. You're practically emaciated."

A short, square-shouldered, gray-eyed man about thirty years of age joined them. Eddie grabbed Linda and pushed her toward the tall girl. "Linda," he said, "this is Honey. Honey Reardon—"

"The Broadway nightingale," chuckled Honey, holding out a warm, strong hand. "The life of the party. The queen of the night clubs. Honey Reardon, herself, in person. Not a moom pitcher. Linda—whoever you are—you're cute."

Linda laughed. She said, "You-all sho' give a girl a mighty sweet welcome."

"Well, hush my mouth!" gasped Honey. "A real Southern accent, unspoiled by chemicals and free from preservatives. It's a miracle."

"This is Danny Reardon," said Eddie, introducing the quiet, square-shouldered man. "He's Honey's brother."

"God help me," said Danny, shaking Linda's hand.

"He's also a cop," mourned Tiny. "It's an essential combination."

They followed their redcaps along the platform. Honey Reardon linked her arm in Linda's. "Tiny wrote me you were pint size," she said, "but I wasn't prepared for this. What kind of lies have the lads been telling you?"

Linda looked up at the other girl. "They've been sayin' things about you."

"They ain't gents. Don't you believe a word."

Linda's pace became almost a run as she struggled to keep up with the taller girl. And Honey was tall. Tall and strikingly handsome, although her best friend could not have called her pretty. She was a vivid creature whose natural blondness had been somewhat flagrantly accentuated by the ministrations of beauty operators. Yet there was something real and genuine and warm about her: something Linda instinctively liked. She had a feeling that if Honey didn't like someone, it wouldn't take that person very long to find out.

They piled into a taxi and spilled out into Eighth Avenue. "Mother Hubbard's?" inquired Danny.

"Same old place," responded Eddie.

Linda asked, "Is this Broadway?"

"We wouldn't admit it if it was. Sugarplum—this heah ain't nothin' on'y Eighth Avenue. How'm I doin', Eddie?"

"The belle of Dixie. Where you working now, Honey?"

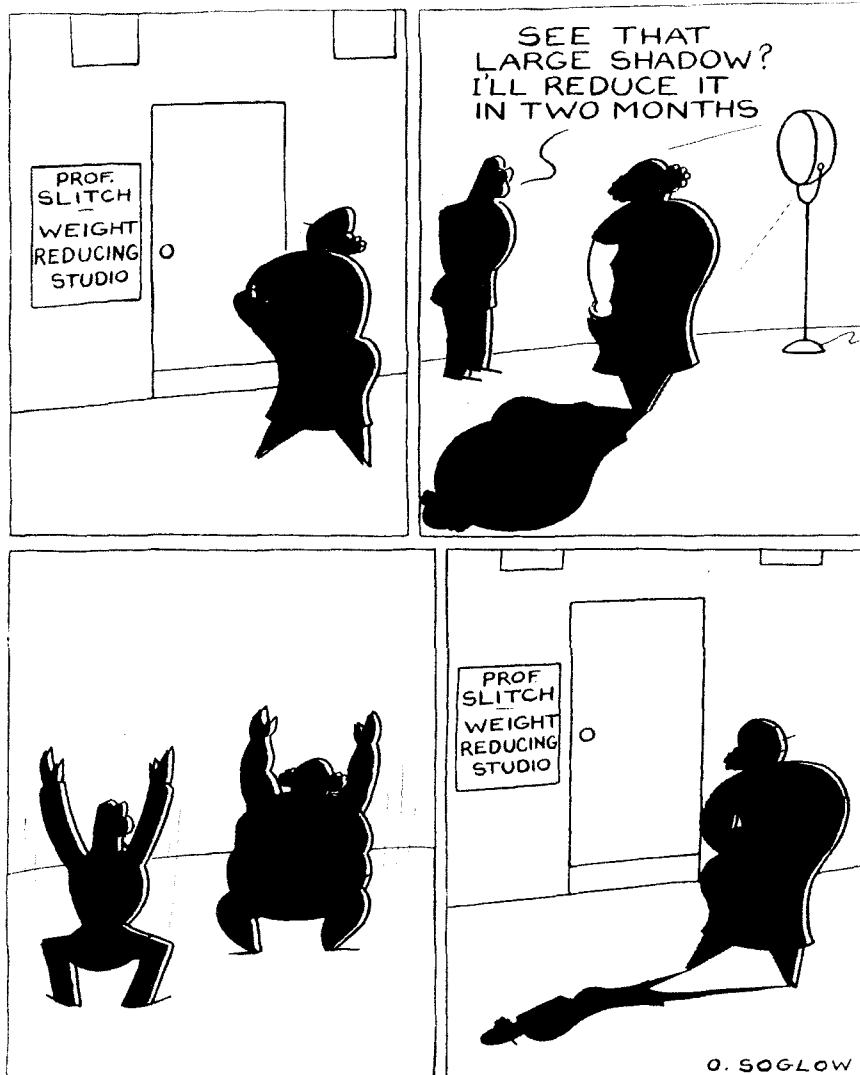
"Club Calor."

"Oh!" gasped Linda, "you're an actress."

"My gosh! Chile, you got things to learn. Give ear, because this is Honey Reardon speaking. I'm an entertainer. A hostess. A night-club singer—and what night clubs." She chuckled. "I don't sing sweet, Linda—but I sing loud."

"And hot," explained Tiny.

FOR any price per week I carry the torch for a bunch of souses. I'm the black sheep of the Reardon outfit, and the bane of my brother's existence. But beneath my harsh exterior there beats



"My credit's still good there. I hope."

Honey had been studying Linda. She said, sternly, "Eddie—you shouldn't have done it."

"What?"

"Brought this little gal with you. She belongs way down South in the land of cotton. Ol' times there, they used to be rotten, and so on."

"She belongs in New York. Mark my words. And you'll have to teach her things."

"Within reason," interjected Danny.

PROUD brother I've got. He's crazy about me in his own peculiar way—and it's really very peculiar. Now look— isn't it about time for me to ask Linda how she likes New York?"

"Yeh," grunted Tiny, "but not for publication."

a heart of gold—guaranteed not to tarnish, or words to that effect. And how's your old man?"

Linda said impulsively. "I like you."

"I'm safe. Which is more than I can say for these gorillas. And here we are." She gestured toward the street. "Observe the portals of the manse which you are about to call home. Mother Hubbard's theatrical boardinghouse. Famous as a gathering place for troupers out of work."

"Do you live here, too?"

"I would, but Danny says no soap. He makes me do the housework for him. It's swell training—though for what, I've never been able to figure."

Mother Hubbard's boardinghouse was not a thing of architectural beauty. It was just a flight of steps and a doorway in a block of red brick buildings, four

stories in height and oppressively grim. But to Linda Waring, standing there on the sidewalk, acutely conscious of the roar and whirl of New York, it was the fulfillment of a dream. She hadn't imagined this—but she knew that she wouldn't have had it any other way. She followed them up the stone steps and saw Eddie step into the hallway and heard him yell, "Hi, there! We're here!"

A dumpy little woman, clad in house-dress and gray apron, appeared from the shadows of the hall and swept down on Eddie. She embraced him rapturously, and told him that he was a sight for sore eyes. Then she whirled and enfolded Linda. "So this is what you've been writing about." She held Linda off at arm's length. "Pretty," she said in her direct way. "Pretty as hell. I hope she's got it."

"She has," stated Eddie Lawson. "I'll guarantee it."

"You! What do you know about show business? Any of you." Mother Hubbard beamed down at Linda. "It's a grand profession, my dear. Romantic and exciting. I used to be in vaudeville: Hubbard & Wells, singing, dancing and polite comedy... also a bit of juggling and magic if the audience looked tough. I was very successful. I laid 'em end to end in Dubuque and Anniston. And my career has been crowned with this..." She gestured to the cavernous hallway and touched the soiled gray apron. "Let's hope you've got the real stuff, Linda. But the minute you find out you haven't—hop the first train south." Mother Hubbard threw back her head and laughed. "Imagine me preaching! But there's something about this little girl—"

"Are you telling me!" Eddie put his arm around the ample waist of Mother Hubbard. "Got our rooms ready?"

"Right. Had to get rid of two acrobats and a pair of roller skaters. So if you can't pay board, I'm still getting an even break."

"In advance," boasted Eddie. "I'm heeled."

"He's calling himself names," murmured Honey Reardon.

LINDA'S room was unbelievably small but immaculately clean. It contained a white enameled bedstead, a washbasin and pitcher, a rickety golden-oak dresser, a mirror, a rocking chair and a straight chair. The view was of an alley. "But," explained Mother Hubbard, "at night you can look toward the east and see the electric signs on Broadway, and that's more than Eddie can do from the room I'm giving him."

Honey said, "I'll stay here with Linda while she gets unpacked."

Eddie tramped downstairs with Tiny and Mother Hubbard and Danny Reardon. Danny bade them goodbye and said he'd see them later. "Making the rounds tonight, Eddie?"

"And how. Gotta get a job for myself."

Mother Hubbard escorted the two men to a rear room on the second floor. "Modest but clean," she said. "I could have let it out to an animal act, but I draw the line somewhere. Has she really got it, Eddie?"

"Linda? I think so."

"Here's hoping!"

"I believe she'll stand Broadway on its ear."

"That's show business. Well... you've got my best wishes." Mother Hubbard paused with one hand on the door. "Taking your beef and beans here tonight?"

"Sure. Got a little table for three?"

"Wouldn't you know I had?" The door closed and Mother Hubbard's footsteps

Mary's Plight

No wonder little Mary frets
When nasty medicine's what she gets



Turns to Delight

But see the difference that it makes
When FEEN-A-MINT is what she takes!



WHEN you force a struggling child to take messy, bad-tasting doses you may actually harm the child more than you help.

Don't run this risk with your children! When they're constipated, give them FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum laxative. Youngsters take FEEN-A-MINT gladly but more important still, it relieves them gently, dependably, without bad after-effects. More than 16 million men, women, and children prefer FEEN-A-MINT. They've found, as you will find, that no other type of laxative CAN do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does. And, naturally, its unusual advantages make it as ideal for grown-ups as for children.

You get ALL THREE of these important benefits in FEEN-A-MINT

- ★ **NO STOMACH UPSET**—With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to further burden an already overburdened digestion.
- ★ **CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION**—The chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.
- ★ **ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT**—FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless laxative ingredient passes through the stomach without effect, and does its work in the intestine, where it should—easily, pleasantly, comfortably.

FEEN-A-MINT won't gripe, nauseate, or disturb sleep. And it's so wonderfully easy and pleasant to take! Try FEEN-A-MINT—and you'll make it your family laxative. At all drug-gists, or write for a generous FREE trial package. Dept. 7, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.



sounded from the stairway. "She's a darling," observed Eddie. "And will she be surprised when I pay three weeks' board in advance."

"Uh-huh. It might be fatal."

"SAY it," prompted Eddie. "Say it quick."

"Say what?" asked Linda.

"So this is Broadway!"

"Must I—really?"

"Of course. Everybody does."

"I won't. Because I wouldn't believe you, even if you said it was."

They moved slowly in the dense crowd. Linda's left hand was linked in the crook of Eddie's right arm, and her right hand also clung to him. She looked smaller than usual against this winking, glittering background. She asked few questions, but let Eddie talk on:

"On our right, ladeez and jumpmen, is a flea circus—so-called because it and its patrons have fleas. Next we find some small stores—dissatisfaction or your money refunded. Yonder are three of our best theaters, specializing in nothing but super-colossal, extra-special, ultra de luxe feature films—admission high and try to get in. We have here a waffle shop, and there a game emporium where one may drop nickels into slots and shoot marbles, or buy live turtles for shipment to any part of the United States, including Karnak—"

"Let's," interrupted Linda.

"Let's what?"

"Send a turtle to Tiny."

"Done with you." They purchased a turtle for twenty-one cents, had it inscribed with Tiny's name and ordered it mailed to him at Mother Hubbard's boardinghouse. They stood under the El and Linda marveled. They went for a brief subway ride. They walked through Radio City, and rode up to the Observation Roof where Linda was enraptured by the vast jeweled panorama. "I—I can't believe it," she said, "and I want to cry."

"Save it," advised Mr. Lawson, "until you see some of the acts in the night clubs I'm taking you to."

THERE are many types of night spots in New York. There are the quiet places which jealously guard the reputation of being swank, which means that they ritily exclude all patrons whose wallets are not stuffed and who are not in evening dress. There is a second group where the music is hotter, the prices higher, the cover charge obtrusive, the décor startling and restraint is conspicuous by its absence. There are places where unknowns go to stare at other unknowns in the hope that they are celebrities—and with the further hope that they, too, will be mistaken for persons who count. In the third group come the mad, lavish, insane spots with nude and excellent floor shows. And in the fourth group—east of Broadway—are the tiny clubs which date from the speak-easy era. Here the drinks are poor, the food atrocious, the music torrid rather than good and the floor attractions distinctive for their mediocrity.

Such a spot was the Nifty Fifty Club: a long, narrow room just below the street level—the basement floor of a one-time austere residence. It was done in a peculiar shade of red and its walls were lined with cartoons by unknown artists whose work gave promise that they would remain forever in obscurity. The lighting was mercifully dim, there was a dance floor the size of a pocket handkerchief, and on a platform at the far end four musicians blew and scraped and bellowed a rhythmic dirge which somehow gave one the urge to dance.

The tables were backed against the walls on both sides of the room, and near the entrance there was a bar at which sat a few gentlemen of leisure and three girls of even more leisure. But dingy

as the place was, Eddie's shoulders went back as he helped Linda down the three steps and inside, and he experienced a homey thrill as the bartender ceased his cocktail making and yelled, "Eddie Lawson! You old so-and-so. When did you hit town?"

"Today. How's tricks, Lew?"

"About the same."

"Business?"

"Lousy. Say, it's swell seein' you again. What'll you have on the house?"

"I'll let you know." Eddie drew the wide-eyed Linda forward. "Lew, this is Miss Waring."

"HAPPY," stated Lew approvingly. "Better look out for this Lawson guy." He turned back to Eddie and said, "Oh, by the way, Eddie—Andrew North was askin' for you the other night."

"Who?"

"Andrew North."

"No!"

"On the level."

"What'd he want?"

"You tell me. He just said, 'By the way, has Eddie Lawson been in here recently?' and when I said 'No,' he said, 'Well, if he does drift in, tell him I'd like to see him.'"

Eddie moved off toward a table after saying, "Thanks, Lew. I wonder what he wants with me," and Linda asked, "Who is Andrew North?"

"Sit down, Linda. Comfy? Andrew North? Nobody knows much about him, and everybody knows everything."

"It's a game, isn't it? I'm supposed to ask twenty questions."

"Well, he's a gambler, and they say he was a gangster and a racketeer, but that's anybody's guess. He owns slices of a half a dozen night spots and Lord knows what else. He's wallowing in dough—that's what they say, anyway—and some folks like him and others hate him. But whether they like him or not, they're all scared of him."

"Sounds like a moving picture. What could he want with you?"

"Probably likes to shake hands with celebrities." Eddie's eyes were dancing mischievously. "That's not it, Sugar. I'm small fry or even smaller than that, and I can't dope it out. Most likely North can't either. Maybe he heard me sing once and wants to pay me to lay off from now on." Eddie waved to a girl at the bar who had called to him through the haze of smoke. "How do you like it, Linda?"

"I love it."

"Not very high-hat. Just a jernt . . . but you might as well know it: This is the kind of spot I work in."

"I could say lots of things, Eddie—but they'd all sound so silly. I—I reckon I just better say nothin'. But I sho' am havin' heaps of fun."

A SPOTLIGHT blazed from the back wall. A dapper little man introduced himself as master of ceremonies and announced that the famous Gracie Hawkins would now regale them with her newest songs. Gracie turned out to be a very muscular lady with ample hips and bosom who obviously fancied herself as a dramatic actress. Her ballads were atrocious and the last one was more than faintly suggestive, so that Eddie felt embarrassed for Linda. He saw that her cheeks were pink and he whispered, "Don't let it get you, kid. After all, we're married."

He was joking, of course—and he wondered why she looked up, startled, and moved just a fraction of an inch away from him. He said to himself, "Smart guy, Eddie Lawson. Always saying the wrong thing at the right time."

Miss Gracie Hawkins having completed her chore, the master of ceremonies took occasion to announce that a predecessor of his was in the house—"None other than the famous and tal-

ented Eddie Lawson—take a bow, Eddie. And maybe the little lady will take a bow, too" . . . and Eddie shoved a bewildered Linda to her feet and there was scattered, impersonal applause, and somebody said audibly, "Eddie picks 'em apple-seed size."

They remained at the Nifty Fifty Club only a short time, and then moved on to other places. They were all of a pattern—all somewhat dingy, all tawdry—yet, queerly enough, they had a certain integrity. They were what they were, without pretense—and above everything, they were New York. The acts were bad, the music swiny, the refreshments poor and the atmosphere informal. And in each of the spots the same thing happened in more or less the same way. At the Dirty Club: "Hi, Eddie, me lad—what you been up to?"

"Whaddaya mean, Tim? What have I been up to?"

"Andrew North's been asking for you."

"What did he say?"

"Nothin'. He never does unbutton his lip. But he left word he was lookin' for you."

At the Race Course: "When did you and Andrew North git to be buddies?"

"Meaning what?"

"The guy was asking where you was. Said he wanted to see you."



At the Maison Hotcha: "Goin' racketeer on us, ain't you, Eddie? How come?"

"Sure. But how did you find out?"

"Andrew North was askin' for you."

On the street once more, Eddie inquired: "Why should North want to see me?"

"Why shouldn't he?" asked Linda. "I do."

"He's a big shot. To him, I'm just another punk."

"Don't boast, Eddie—it isn't hahdly becomin'."

"I'm serious. I never even met the guy, and his rep is very much on the putrid side."

"You sho' make him sound attractive."

"I can't figure it out, that's all. And what I can't understand bothers me." He pressed her arm. "Tired?"

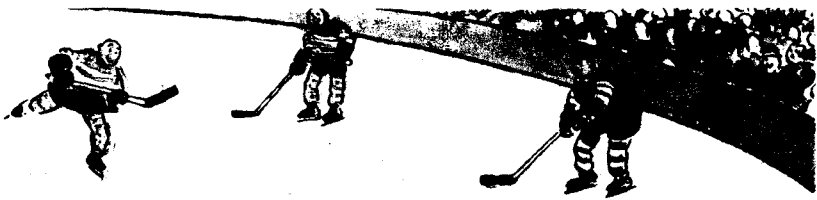
"No, suh. I feel like I'm walkin' on air."

"How'd you like to pop in on Honey Reardon?"

"And see her performance?"

"You don't have to look. But you can't help listening. It's right around the corner."

The Club Calor proved its right to its name. Even in the moderate heat of late May it was warm. Its interior decoration was supposed to be Cuban, which is to say that many yellow bananas, brown coconuts and bilious palm trees had been painted on the walls, and the orchestra had a drummer who doubled with the gourds although the tempo of the music remained steadfastly fox-trot



rather than rumba. From behind a smoke screen came a human dynamo. Honey Reardon, shadowed by the colossal Tiny Martin, swept down on them: "Just in time," she announced. "The little gal from the tall timbers will now learn all about singing as she shouldn't be done. Linda, darling—stuff cotton in your ears because I'm gettin' ready to go to town."

Linda looked up at her delightedly. "I'm glad we got here in time."

"Talk sweet—and talk quick. When I finish you'll be out cold."

HONEY REARDON was announced. Most of the patrons paid no attention, but Tiny and Eddie and Linda—assisted by a thoroughly inebriated gentleman at the bar—clapped loudly. Honey laughed and announced loudly, "They're all friends of mine, so don't pay any attention to their applause."

Honey had done herself a slight injustice, but not a gross one. She wasn't the best singer in the world, but she was very close to being the loudest. Yet, withal, she did have a definite personality, and as she expressed it after her act ended: "You see, Linda, I don't sell my songs. I shove 'em down their throats."

"There's others worse," complimented Tiny.

"Isn't he the sweet lad? Large but dopey. Eddie been showing you the jernts?"

"We've been everywhere."

"Wait'll he takes you to a respectable place. Will you be surprised?"

"I've been showing myself up in my true colors," grinned Eddie. "She knows just what I am today—I hope she's satisfied."

"At that," said Honey with a touch of seriousness, "these spots can teach you something, Linda. Lots of our best floor acts started this way... and most of 'em finish here."

Linda said, "Don't try to frighten me." "Eddie! She's bright." Honey patted the other girl's hand. "I ain't trying to

scare you, darlin'. I'll leave that to these two-fisted he-men. They're experts. And now I've got an idea."

"Copyright it," suggested Tiny.

"I will, Wise Guy. How's for slipping up to my place for some scrambled eggs?"

"I'm on a diet," said Tiny. "I gotta have bacon, too."

"You, Linda?"

"I'd love it." Linda made an impulsive gesture which included them all. "You-all sho' are showin' me a grand time."

"Lots of people are going to try that," said Honey Reardon. "Don't stick your chin out."

Honey begged off, and conducted them to her little three-room apartment. They had stopped at a delicatessen to purchase eggs and bacon and rolls, but before they invaded the kitchenette Eddie said, "Mind giving Linda the double-O, Honey?"

Honey said, "I can stand it if she can. Yonder's something in the shape of a piano, Linda. Strut your stuff."

LINDA walked across the room and seated herself at the piano. She fingered the keys tentatively, and then commenced to play with her light, sure, persuasive touch. Honey said, "Hmph!" and leaned forward interestedly.

And then Linda sang: softly, gently, with eyes modestly downcast. It was a number Eddie had rehearsed her in... and he watched. And then there was a line—a thoroughly innocent line—and when Linda reached it she raised her eyes for just the tiniest fraction of a second, and glanced at them roguishly... then veiled her eyes again and Honey gasped, "Gal—howdy!"

The number continued. There were provocative pauses, little gestures with which Linda seemed to reach out and take them all close to her. She seemed to say, "Some day someone will have me. How do you know but what it might be you?" And then the song ended and

there was silence for perhaps half a minute. Then Honey turned to Eddie and there was no laughter in her eyes—only enthusiasm.

She said simply, "You've picked a winner, Eddie."

The moment of tension ended, and it was Linda who led the way into the kitchen. Then there was laughter and banter and gaiety, and the little room was filled with the odor of broiling bacon, and the aroma of frying eggs. Eddie and Tiny donned aprons and set the table, and made general nuisances of themselves, and Linda bubbled over with happiness and reflected that this indeed was the New York of which she had dreamed.

She didn't know or suspect the fear that had obsessed Eddie—that she might have expected luxury and grandeur; she only knew that she was happy and that she liked the folks she had met, and that she loved to look through the door and see Eddie with an apron on and that wide, boyish grin showing, and his banter dominating the party. It was New York. It was perfect. Linda heard Eddie boasting: "I'm domestic, Tiny—domestic, Tiny—domestic as hell. Watch me set the table." And she thought, "Yes, it's New York... and he's my husband. I'm married to him." And Honey Reardon asked, "What are you thinking of, Linda? You're blushing."

"It's the stove, Honey. Just the heat from the stove."

"Oh yeah?" murmured Honey, and Linda said, "Sho' 'nough. It is, really."

The front door opened and Danny Reardon walked in. "Eggs," he enthused, "and bacon."

"That's why he's a good dick," explained Honey. "He deduces everything."

Danny divested himself of coat and vest and stood forth in suspenders. "Six more oofs," ordered Honey, "and another side of bacon. What these flat-foots lack in brains they make up in appetite."

THEY sat around the table and ate their eggs and bacon and drank cold beer, and Eddie said to Reardon:

"Hey, Danny—what do you know about Andrew North?"

Danny said, "What don't I know!"

"Meaning what?"

"He's bad medicine—that's all."

"How?"

"Any way you want to mention. Smart guy with a clever mouthpiece. We've never been able to pin anything on him."

"Dumb dicks," stated Honey.

"He's a gambler, isn't he?"

"Sure. Marked cards, loaded dice, fixed races." Danny's calm gray eyes searched Eddie's face. "What's got you so het up about North all of a sudden? Do you know him?"

"No. But everywhere I've been to-night they've told me he was looking for me."

"Looking for you?" Danny was frankly surprised. "Why should a guy like Andrew North be looking for you?"

"That's what I want to know."

"Hmm!" Danny shook his head. "How did these lads say it? Friendlylike?"

"Sure. They thought we were old friends."

"If he's looking for you, Eddie—he'll find you. And I don't like it."

"Why?"

"Because Andrew North never does anybody anything but damage."

"But, Danny—it couldn't be anything like that. I'm not worth North's time."

"Evidently you are." Danny drummed on the table with heavy fingers. "Yeh—he'll find you all right, Eddie. But when he does—you be careful. Andrew North spells only one thing."

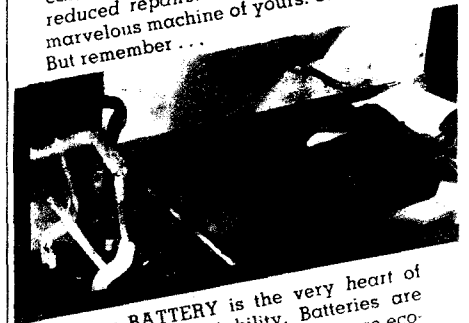
"What's that?"

And Danny answered: "Trouble."

(To be continued next week)



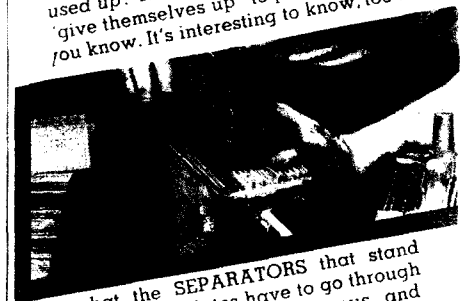
IT'S SO MUCH MORE ECONOMICAL to drive today! Improved motors give so much better mileage. Thank the builders of your car, too, for increased driving comfort and reduced repairs. Make the most of that marvelous machine of yours. Use it more! But remember...



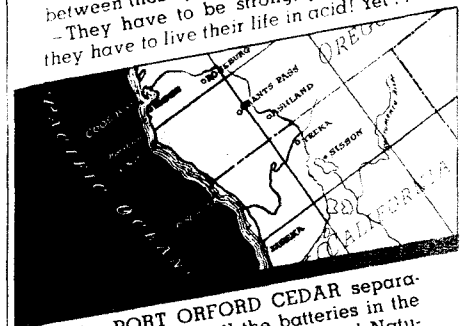
... your BATTERY is the very heart of your car's dependability. Batteries are higher in capacity, longer-lived, more economical than they used to be. Thank the progressive spirit of American battery manufacturers for that! But...



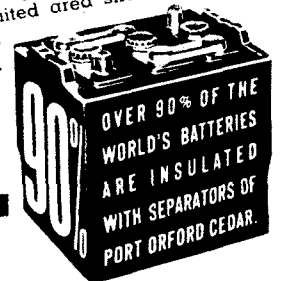
... your battery still needs regular testing and charging, and timely replacement, for, after all, a battery is built to be used up! The plates of a battery have to "give themselves up" to produce current, you know. It's interesting to know, too...



... what the SEPARATORS that stand between those plates have to go through—They have to be strong, porous, and they have to live their life in acid! Yet...



... the PORT ORFORD CEDAR separators used in most all the batteries in the world today fill the bill perfectly! Natural oils make PORT ORFORD CEDAR unusually acid resistant. This "World's finest battery separator wood" grows only in the limited area shown on the map above. Yet, MORE THAN...



PORT ORFORD CEDAR
THE WORLD'S FINEST BATTERY SEPARATOR WOOD



"Look, Martha! He said I could keep it!"

JAY IRVING

A Queen's Ransom

Continued from page 22

something on him. He'd better go easy: he might be in a jam.

"I'll help," he said, "but I won't take no guff."

"Well, what about those notes?" asked Crane.

"I don't know nothing."

"Somebody in the house has been passing them out. You can't even guess who it is?"

Brown shook his head. He said he didn't know anybody in the house very well besides Céleste. He'd worked for Essex less than a year and he hadn't paid much attention to the regular servants. Besides, he and Craig didn't get along. He thought Craig was making plenty on the household accounts, taking a commission from the stores and stealing supplies, liquor and linen.

"Those two spicks, Carlos and Pedro, are on the take, too," he said.

"Do you think they'd have the connections to kidnap Miss Essex?" Crane asked.

"How do you know what connections a spick has?"

"Did you ever hear any of them mention Tortoni?"

"I thought of that myself," said Brown. "But these are Spanish spicks. Tortoni is . . . was an Italian spick. The breeds don't mix."

"How long has Craig carried a rod?"

"Just since the notes began to come." Brown scratched his armpit. "Essex had us all get guns."

"Who's the guy who watched us arrive?"

"That was me."

"And the other guy—the one on the balcony?"

"Me, too."

"It looked like a different guy."

"No, that was me," Brown grinned. "Essex wanted to be sure you weren't pretendin' to be detectives."

"He isn't sure yet," said O'Rourke.

AND you've got no idea how the notes have been arriving?" Crane asked Brown.

"I could make a guess."

"Go ahead."

"It's somebody who was around each time Essex got a note."

"Who?"

"Well, it's a broad."

"Miss Day?"

"Yeah, if that's her real name."

"But Essex says nobody was with him at the Walpern," said O'Rourke.

"She had a room there."

"So," Crane nibbled at a fingernail. "Have you got anything on her?"

"No. Just that she's handy to deliver notes."

"Deliver? You don't think she's writing them?"

Brown slapped a mosquito. "She couldn't frame a kidnaping by herself." The dead mosquito left a blob of bright blood on his arm.

"I guess you're right," Crane settled back in his chair. "If she's in it, she's working for someone."

"What about the red ink?" O'Rourke asked.

"The hell!" Brown got to his feet. "That reminds me of something."

He was a well-built, stocky man. His legs were short for great speed, but they were strong. He had been a hooker, able to hit from any angle, and his shoulders were wadded with muscles. From his breastbone to the top button on his shorts ran a mat of black hair, as thick as a wolf's pelt. Layers of fat rounded his belly.

"This morning the major asked me to get him a bottle of red ink," he said.

A current of air fluttered the curtain on the west window.

Crane asked, "Did you get him some?"

"There was a bottle in Essex's study."

O'Rourke asked, "He tell you what he needed it for?"

Brown shook his head.

"Has he still got the bottle?"

"Naw. I put it back in Essex's desk just before dinner."

"Looks like we got a date with the major," O'Rourke said.

CRANE nodded. "Got any other ideas?" he asked Brown.

Brown had none.

"Well, thanks a lot," said Crane, rising. "This may come to something."

"I hope it does. I'm sorry for that broad," Brown said.

"I guess it isn't so swell to be kidnaped."

"No. Not for a broad," Brown said.

"Remembering Céleste, I guess not."

Mosquitoes had driven everyone in from the patio. The Bouchers, Miss Langley and the major were playing bridge. Miss Day, who had been listening to Benny Goodman swing "Sing, Baby, Sing" on the radio, hailed them with a cry of joy. "Come on and dance," she called. "I've got the hottest band."

Crane helped her kick away a rug from in front of the radio. He took hold of her, swung into a fox trot. Her back was cool and firm under his palm.

"Nice music," he said.

She snuggled closer. "You said it."

Her flesh was solid. She didn't have the slender, supple muscles of Imago Paraguay. She didn't have the dancer's perfect tempo, her intuitive anticipation of the steps, but she danced quite well. She was going to be heavy at thirty-five.

"What did you find out?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" Crane said.

"Well, he's right. I have." She was leading him now, her arm muscles tense. "But that's not why he wants to get me in trouble."

"No?"

"No. He's sore because I won't give him a tumble."

"That would make a guy sore."

"You don't have to be sarcastic."

"I'm not."

Imago Paraguay's eyes were on him. They had no expression in them at all. Her face reminded him again of a perfectly tinted ivory mask. Essex was still talking to her. She seemed bored.

Miss Day relaxed a trifle. "What else did that bum say?" She let him lead.

"He said you were at the Walpern when the first note came."

"What of it?"

"Essex told me you weren't."

"He didn't want to mix me in this business."

Benny Goodman's band had taken up the straight melody again. The music was fuller, smoother, less wild. He danced half-time.

"That was gentlemanly," he said.

"But I don't care," she said.

He accomplished a slow turn, using two two-steps.

"If I was putting those notes around I wouldn't put myself on the spot, would I?" she asked.

"I guess not."

THE music stopped and a fine mellow voice said there would be a brief interval for station announcements. O'Rourke came up to them. Another fine mellow voice made the station identification.

Miss Day said, "I'll tell you who you ought to watch."

"Who?" Crane asked.

"That dame over there." She jerked a thumb at Imago Paraguay. "There's something funny about her." Her thumbnail was painted a blood-red.

"How do you mean?"

"Well, for one thing: what's she doing here?"

"What is she doing here?" demanded Crane.

"I'm asking you." Miss Day adjusted a shoulder strap, much to O'Rourke's disappointment. "She's supposed to be Penn's guest, but he's scared of her."

"Everybody is," said Crane.

Carlos walked across the room to Essex. "Telephone, sir," he said. "Will you take it in here?"

Essex looked frightened. "I'll take it in the hall." He stood up, stared around the room uncertainly, then followed Carlos toward the hall.

"Maybe it's the ransom directions," whispered Miss Day.

O'Rourke switched off the radio. The people at the bridge table stopped their game, craned their necks toward the hall. The major started to get up, then changed his mind. Miss Day and O'Rourke followed Crane over to Imago Paraguay.

There was a decanter of whisky, a chromium siphon and a silver bowl of cracked ice beside the divan. On the same table were tall glasses. "Will you have a drink?" Crane asked Imago Paraguay.

"Tha-ank you." Her smile showed her very small, very even teeth. "I will."

"Make it four," said O'Rourke.

Crane put three fingers of whisky in four of the glasses. He sniffed at one of them. The liquor was Scotch.

Imago said to Miss Day, "It is exciting, is it not?"

Miss Day said, "I'll take the races any day."



O'Rourke followed Crane out the door. Brown scowled through the opening at him. "I'd like to get you in an alley, Mick," he said.

O'Rourke said, "I never go in alleys."

On their way downstairs they both had to dry their faces with handkerchiefs. The air was sultry; it felt as though it was going to storm.

"We're still alive," said O'Rourke.

"But now I got to interview the major," said Crane. "And he doesn't like me."

"He didn't like that telegram you sent him."

"There's more than that. I think he's trying to marry Camelia for her dough."

"Everybody is," said O'Rourke.

"Except Tony Lamphier."

O'Rourke transferred his revolver from his coat pocket to the holster. "How'd you happen to know Brown was going with Céleste?"

"If you were working here," Crane asked, "who would you be going with?"

"You're pretty smart."

"I don't have to be to figure that."

"From that fighter you talked to."

In a corner of the room, on a divan, Imago Paraguay and Essex were talking. Essex was saying something; Imago's face was coldly composed.

"How'd you know we were going to talk to Brown?"

"Tom O'Rourke asked me where his room was."

"We found out very little from him," Crane said.

BENNY was taking a lick on the clarinet. The music became hot. Only drum and clarinet were playing.

Crane cruised around the outside edge of the cleared space on the floor, whirling handsomely on the turns. "Brown thinks you're dishing out the notes," he informed her.

There was no break in her tempo. "He would," she said.

"After all, there's some reason. You've been with Essex all during the time he's been getting the notes."

"Did Brown say that?"

"Yes, that's the story he told me."

"There They Would Have Stayed...and Frozen!"

Dog Brings Aid to
Family Marooned
After Icy Plunge

Mrs. W. J. Murtha
Baldwin, Wis.



"THE CLOCK struck two as I got up to see if the baby was covered," writes Mrs. W. J. Murtha, R.F.D. 3, Baldwin, Wis.

"Outside a light was flashing...down toward the frozen, flooded river bottom where the highway dips close to the shore and the road lay as much as six feet under ice and water. Instantly I thought, 'It's finally happened. A car has broken through!'"

"I called my family. We threw on some wraps and hurried down there with our flashlight and our police dog, Rex.

"Sure enough, a car had broken through the thin

**EVEREADY BATTERIES
ARE FRESH BATTERIES**

**FRESH BATTERIES last longer...
look for the DATE-LINE**

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC., 30 East 42nd St., New York City



**Once more the
DATE-LINE
is a LIFE-LINE**



ice where the road was flooded. Four people stood marooned on its top, clinging together in terror while one signalled frantically with his flashlight. We returned the signal with our own light, and soon as we were near enough, called to them to stay where they were. We feared they might try to walk back on the ice, and that would be suicide.

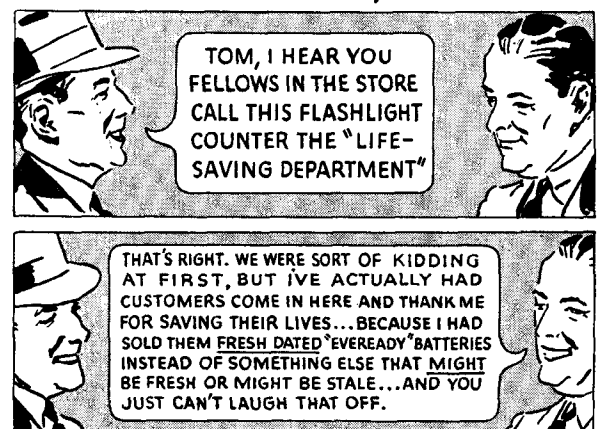
"We put the end of a long hay rope in the dog's mouth and told him to take it out there. He cowered and whined and didn't want to go, but finally

he did. The man who had been signalling tied the rope around the one child in the group. She was crying with cold and fright, but finally started over the ice while we took in the slack of the rope, and got to shore safely. Then three times more Rex took the rope back. Each of the three grown-ups broke through the ice time and again...but thanks to the rope and good luck we were able to get them to dry land.

"The father performed a remarkable rescue in getting the car door open after that plunge to the bottom, getting the three others out and pulling them onto the roof. But he says they owe their lives to us and to the power of *fresh DATED* 'Eveready' batteries, for there they would have stayed and frozen if the batteries in that soaking wet light had failed to work.

Signed

Mrs. W. J. Murtha



Crane put in the ice, added charged water. He handed a glass to Imago, another to Miss Day, gave O'Rourke his choice of the remaining two.

"Here's how," he said.

They were drinking when Essex came back into the room. "Just the police," he told the bridge players. "Wanted to know if I'd heard anything."

He walked over to the divan and Miss Day gave him her glass. "You need it, baby," she said.

"Where's Lamphier?" Crane asked.

"He went upstairs to lie down," Essex said. He was unnaturally pale; almost a greenish white. "He's done up." He took a long drink of the whisky.

"He should be," O'Rourke said. "No sleep since night before last."

"And very little then," said Crane, remembering the pursuit of the flamingo.

"I think I'll lie down on the couch in the library," Essex said. "Then I'll be handy if anyone wants me."

"You ought to take a nap," said Miss Day.

"I can't sleep."

"I have some sleeping powders," said Imago Paraguay. "They are excellent. I take two capsules every night before I turn off my light."

Boucher, at the bridge table, laid down four cards, said, "That's game and rubber." He and the major appeared to have been reconciled.

"Sleeping powders give me a headache," said Essex. "Besides, I don't want to sleep."

Miss Day asked Imago, "Aren't you afraid you'll get a habit from taking them?"

"I ha-ave already."

They were adding up the score at the bridge table. Crane kept an eye on the major. He didn't want him to get away.

Essex asked, "But don't they give you a headache?"

"Never," said Imago Paraguay.

Crane started to move toward the bridge table. Imago asked him, "You ha-ave not forgotten our date?"

"Of course not," said Crane.

He caught the major in the hall. "I'd like to speak with you," he said.

"What about?"

"It's a private matter."

The major scowled at him. "Come to my room, then." Without waiting for Crane, he turned and went up the stairs.

AT a quarter to two O'Rourke came into their suite. He was surprised to see Crane. "Thought you'd gone to bed," he said. There was lipstick on the bosom of his shirt.

Crane was lying on his bed. He had taken off his coat and shoes. "I wish I had," he said. There was a half-filled bottle of whisky and a glass on a table beside the bed. He had been reading a copy of *Exciting Detective Tales*.

O'Rourke removed his coat, jerked off his black tie. "I'm going swimming . . . with Miss Day."

"In this thunderstorm?"

"The thunder's thirty miles off. The moon's out."

Crane got off the bed, looked out the French windows. The moon was to the right, low on the horizon. It was just above a bank of milky clouds.

"I'd go too," he said, "only I've got a date."

O'Rourke brought his trunks out of the bathroom. "Who with?"

"Imago."

"You better be careful she don't stick you with that little dagger."

"It isn't that kind of a date." Crane stared at the path the moon made across the black water. . . . "At least, I don't think so."

"These feel clammy," O'Rourke said, pulling up his trunks. "What did you find out from the major?"

"Nothing at all. Exactly nothing."

"What was he usin' the red ink for?"

"To balance the estate's books. He showed them to me."

"Was he tough?"

"No more than usual."

"Is he clear?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Maybe we'll get something on him later," said O'Rourke hopefully.

THERE was a distant growl of thunder. The wind seemed to be fresher; it rustled the palms and started the French window swinging shut. Crane stopped it before it slammed, said, "You better get going or there will be a storm."

O'Rourke had on his beach robe and an orange-and-white towel was draped over his arm. "Will you be needing all that whisky?" he asked.

"I guess not." Crane filled the tumbler, gave the bottle to O'Rourke. "Don't let Essex catch you."

O'Rourke grinned. "He's dead to the world. He's sleeping under a green

the clouds. The atmosphere was humid.

He went to his suitcase and took out an oustiti, an instrument shaped like an incredibly thin pair of pliers and designed to open locks with keys in them. He dropped this in his pocket and went back to Imago's room. He felt he would like to see the interior of her room and he had a good excuse for breaking in. If she was there he could explain that he had become alarmed when she failed to keep her appointment with him, had entered to make certain nothing had happened to her. Reaching the door, he knocked again. There was only silence. He dropped on one knee, deftly inserted the oustiti, unlocked the door.

Once inside, he bolted the door. Where was the light switch? He thought of using his flashlight, but decided that his appearance in the room would seem more innocent if he turned on the lights. His handkerchief-covered hand rubbed the wall, encountered the switch; he pushed the button.

On the double bed, a sheet pulled up

danger. Beside her, on a small table, was a thermos bottle, a glass half filled with water and a small box of white cardboard. He smelled of the thermos, then the glass. Both were odorless. He opened the box, his handkerchief still over his hand, and took out three of the dozen or so capsules inside. He opened these and smelled the gray powder with which they were filled. It was odorless. The label on the box read "Barbital." He frowned and looked at the dead woman.

Suicide? Would she kill herself? He didn't think so. The door had been locked from the inside, and the key had been in the lock. He looked out the French windows. From the balcony to the patio was an impossible jump. From the roof to the balcony was another long jump. No one could have come and gone that way. Back beside Imago's bed, he stared down at the body. He had an impulse to close the purple lids over the India-ink eyes, but he decided he'd better not touch her. It was a bad time to commit suicide, he thought, but how could anyone have gotten into the room to poison her?

With his handkerchief over his hand he lifted the box of barbital. She said she always took sleeping powders, and the half-filled glass was evidence she had this night. There were two small scars on the barbital box, almost as if someone had started to cut it with a pair of scissors. He wondered if a cyanide capsule had been slipped in with the barbital. That would be a way of murdering her, but not a very good one if the murderer was in a hurry. She might not come to the cyanide until the last two or three capsules; not for a week or so. No, suicide seemed the . . .

THERE was a gentle knocking at the door.

He stood absolutely motionless, holding his breath. His heart beat in his ears; his body was suddenly covered with goose flesh. He waited. At last he had to swallow to clear his throat so he could breathe.

The knocking was repeated. A low voice said:

"Imago."

He recognized the voice as that of Miss Langley. He kept as quiet as he was able, breathing through his open mouth. He was frightened.

"Imago," said Miss Langley, knocking again.

There was a long pause.

"All right," said Miss Langley.

He could hear the departing swish of her nightgown.

He found he was still grasping the box of barbital with his handkerchief. He put it back on the table. He pulled the sheet over Imago's body. He knew he'd better get out of there. He didn't want to try to explain just what he was doing in the room.

He took one last tour of the room. The door had been locked from the inside. With Essex's guards outside, he was confident no one could have reached the balcony from the roof or the patio. There was no other balcony near it. The bathroom window was locked from the inside. There was no window in the dressing room. He looked at the ceiling in the bedroom. It was calcimined white and there were only the four foot-square ventilators in the corners, just as in his room. There were absolutely no marks on the clean surface of the ceiling. He stared up at the ventilator over the bed. It would be impossible for anything larger than a monkey to come through that. Certainly nobody had come into the room through the ceiling.

The clock read 3:05. He'd better be going. On his way to the door he paused beside the dancer's body. Her face was strange under the soft light. It was like the face of an Asiatic doll: fragile, serene



"Haven't you anything that will work in the daytime?"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

blanket on the couch in the library."

Alone again, Crane glanced at his watch. It was nearly two. He sat on the bed and pulled on his shoes. He tied his black bow tie and put on his coat. He drank about a quarter of the glass of whisky, then had a water chaser out of the thermos by his bed. He felt pretty good.

He left the rest of the liquor for a nightcap, and went out into the hall and found Imago's door and knocked softly. He knocked again. Then again. There was no answer. He waited fully two minutes, then, for the fourth time, knocked. No reply. He went back to his room and sat on the bed. She had definitely said she would see him at two o'clock and he felt slightly angry. He drank about half the remaining whisky in the glass and debated whether he should go to bed.

Off in the distance the storm snarled and growled and broad flashes of lightning fitfully illuminated the pale cloud banks. The sea looked ink-black beside

to one creamy shoulder, lay Imago Paraguay. Her black hair clung to the pillow beside her, like a smudge of soot on snow. He looked at the electric clock on the table beside her and saw that it was twenty minutes to three. He moved closer to the bed and glanced down at her face. She was lying on her back and her ebony-black eyes were wide open. Her skin, usually pale ivory, was the color of claret wine. Startled, he touched her bare shoulder, then shook it violently. It didn't do any good. She was dead!

HIS first thought was of flight. He'd be in a jam if anyone found him in the room. It would make a really fine scandal. He started for the door, then halted. The unnatural flush of Imago's skin stirred his memory. He went back to the bed, knelt on the floor and put his nose to her cerise lips. There was a faint bitter odor. It reminded him of almonds. Cyanide of potassium!

His surprise made him forget his own

and impassive; cold and inhuman. He resisted an impulse to close her eyes. He let himself out the door, then locked it with his oustiti, and hurried down the corridor to his room.

O'ROURKE shook him, said, "Wake up, Bill." Excitement made his voice high. "Wake up. Things have happened."

Crane's mouth tasted as though he had held threepenny nails in it all night. His head ached. He did not feel at all well.

"Come on." O'Rourke pulled him to a sitting position. "Listen: Imago Paraguay is dead."

Crane sank back on the pillow.

"You hear me?" O'Rourke asked. "Imago Paraguay is . . ."

"I hear you." Crane closed his eyes.

There was a pause. Then O'Rourke said, "You knew it already. You didn't talk with her?"

"No."

"You didn't knock her off?"

Crane opened one eye. "Do they say she was knocked off?"

"No. The cops think she took poison."

Last night's storm had roused the surf. It wasn't heavy, but it was coming in fast, making a hissing noise.

"Were you there right after she killed herself?" O'Rourke asked.

"I don't know."

While Crane took a bath and shaved,

O'Rourke described the discovery of the body. Miss Langley couldn't get an answer to her knocking, had one of the servants break open the door, he said, and found the body. Her screams woke the household. So far the theory was suicide, although a careful search had been made of the room.

There was another piece of news, O'Rourke continued: from di Gregario. Eddie Burns had called to say the count had again given them the slip during the night, but they had learned he was in Key West. Williams was now flying there on a plane to pick him up.

"Those guys are swell shadows," said Crane.

"It's tough to hang onto somebody day and night," O'Rourke said.

"I suppose so." Crane let hot water run over a washcloth. "Anyway, I'll go to Key West, too."

"To see di Gregario?"

Crane pressed the dripping cloth against his face. "Yeah."

"You think he and Imago are connected in some way?"

"It's possible. Maybe they put on all that cat-and-dog stuff for our benefit."

"I get the idea." O'Rourke was leaning against the bathroom door. "She put the finger on Camelia Essex for di Gregario, then killed herself in remorse."

"She was killed."

"How do you figure that?"

Crane pretended to be mysterious. He put his finger to his lips. "It came as a revelation." As he put on the coat to his double-breasted linen suit, O'Rourke asked, "When do we start?"

"You aren't going." Crane adjusted his brown tie. "I wouldn't think of tearing you away from Miss Day."

"Miss Day won't give a damn today," said O'Rourke.

"Why not?"

"She's going to be a cripple, unless she's tougher than I think." O'Rourke smiled reminiscently. "After we had a swim and polished off the whisky I took her up to her room. She was locked out, so we went in by way of Essex's room. In that sort of dressing room, just past the bathroom, she fell over a chair and almost broke her neck."

"WELL, you can't go anyway." Crane got his panama from the closet shelf. "I got a job for you in Miami."

He told O'Rourke that he wanted to know if Imago's check for one thousand dollars had been found either in Tortoni's bank or among his effects. "See if you can find out how well they knew each other," he added.

"Okay," said O'Rourke. "Now how about a spot of breakfast?"

"Breakfast!" said Crane. "I'm never going to eat again."

(To be continued next week)

Dressed to Thrill

Continued from page 13

rayon. Wear with it that big thick-brimmed, rough straw sailor from the fashion show, in a dark color with enormous matching straw handbag. For the newest thing in shoes, pluck from the show, too, that pump with anklet strap. You'll be dressed for tea, the races, a concert, for everything short of active sports or a formal affair—for now, for spring, for summer.

Our number two is a version of another all-American favorite, the shirt-waist dress. It's more feminine than the strictly man-tailored sports dress, but entirely functional for all that, gored to fit through the middle and flare slightly. Try it in hop sacking, the big fabric of the year, a refined peasant weave that resists crushing. You can wear it with the same big hat and bag, but for shoes try that comfortable but gay walking shoe that rises to a point front and back. It comes in three heel heights to suit all feet and occasions, and goes with anything, making it a perfect shoe for traveling light.

Number three can crop up in your wardrobe in many versions. Basically, it is a pleated skirt with fitted, hip-length—or longer—jumper top. For informal tennis, wear it with bright red jersey skirt flaring to the knee, the pleats stitched along the edge to hold them in, bright yellow jumper cut just to cap the shoulders—or on the beach with startling clogs sporting three-inch soles, as it appears on the Fashion Futures runway. Wear it now under your winter coat with long sleeves. Wear it in chiffon or silk jersey or crepe, with long skirt and maybe heavily beaded or shirred jumper, for dinner and dancing. Play many tunes on it.

The length of these daytime skirts is a matter best decided by you and your height and the turn of your calf, but the general tendency is on the short side—fourteen inches and up from the ground. Shoulders are gently squared, no obvious puffs and tricks. Sleeves are all lengths, those just below the elbow being especially feminine and fetching.

A fourth dress that you will see—and wear of course—in many versions is the

dirndl in cotton print, more popular now than ever. The fullness is now gathered into the sides, giving a slim effect fore and aft. It's at its gayest in the knee-length play dress buttoning down the front over matching shorts and brassiere that will pinch-hit as a bathing suit if need be.

In this version it joins the Fashion Futures parade in a flock of play suits and beach wear from New York and California, gone completely feminine and colorful. Lipstick red, clear yellow, mulberry combined with pink, vivid color from Mexico, sharp color combinations are the rule, in monotone or brilliant prints or stripes—especially stripes, from Roman to pin stripes.

For Beach, Boat and Back Yard

There isn't a suit in the lot that doesn't hug the diaphragm and lift the bosom. Variety begins from there in swim suits, with knitted maillots, printed cotton flaring like brief little tunics, sleek printed satin. Most are one-piece, or two-piece with a slight interlude in the middle, but some go on for three and four pieces—shorts, a brief gesture of a brassiere for strenuous swimming and sunning, a modest one to cover up when the patrol comes around, and a long skirt to tie about your middle or use as a cape. Most striking in bold, many-colored stripes.

Play suits for games on shipboard or at the beach—or in your own back yard—have skirts to the knee or short fitted coats over shorts and halter. That old favorite is back, one-piece shorts with matching or contrasting skirt to button on. Sunback dresses go with brief boleros.

But when you get down to serious sport you'll want the classical sports clothes for which America, the land of sports for everyone, is famous. Action backs, golf skirts built to your stance, pleated tennis skirts to the knee—everything built exactly for its purpose, and therefore a classic from year to year. Fashion Futures flashes them in fabrics that have been woven to be crush-re-

sistant, water-repellent, treated to be nonshrinkable, nonfading—attentions you can demand for all your clothes now.

Slacks will play an active part in your wardrobe, too, there being nothing more shipshape for the deck of a sailboat and for resort life all day long. But take a good look at yourself in them first, and be sure they are tailored to your girlish form with the perfection achieved in California, where they are practically a uniform.

The newest trick in evening clothes, and the best for the girl who wants to travel far and light, is the slim separate skirt, ankle or instep length, worn with all variety of tops. For a very formal evening, it can be a very naked halter top, matching or contrasting. For an informal evening at home or a resort, it can be an effective blouse from your suit collection. In its very newest version it is a fitted jumper (hark back to our number-three dress)—in fine cotton lisle like a sweater, silk jersey or the most elegant fabric your heart desires. This jumper keeps appearing, from sports to evening, so keep an eye on it.

Tiny boleros over a blouse, little fitted jackets, straight boxy coats will also play changes on your evening costume. A jacket in bright jersey with a gay edging can appear with gray slacks, too, or a black skirt.

A smart girl weaves her wardrobe together this way with well-calculated jackets, making half a dozen costumes sprout where only two or three grew before. She buys her shoes cannily, to look uncompromisingly well with several outfits. She likes dashing accessories, but chooses at least one set to carry through seasons and many occasions. She gets all the new and silly hats she wants, but is sure of one like that dark rough straw sailor, in its most becoming size, that will dress up many costumes, and plus a few easily packed caps and scarves and berets that will see her all around the world, or off for a week end. She's all set for a gay life at home or, at the drop of a hat, to scoop things into a suitcase and be on her way.

WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD



IF YOU'RE nursing a cold—see a doctor! Curing a cold is the doctor's business. But the doctor himself will tell you that a regular movement of the bowels will help to shorten the duration of a cold. Remember, also, that it will do much to make you less susceptible to colds.

So keep your bowels open! And when Nature needs help—use Ex-Lax! Because of its thorough and effective action, Ex-Lax helps keep the body free of intestinal wastes. And because it is so gentle in action, Ex-Lax will not shock your eliminative system.

EX-LAX NOW SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED

- 1—TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!
- 2—ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!
- 3—MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!

Ask for Ex-Lax at your druggist's. Comes in economical 10c and 25c sizes. Get a box today!

Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

IF YOU *Now*
**WEAR A
TRUSS-**
Write to Me!



I'LL SHOW
YOU HOW TO
**Stop YOUR
Rupture
WORRIES!**

DON'T worry and suffer any longer. Seldom is a stiff spring truss needed. You don't need a hard pad to hold rupture properly. Too much pressure with a "plug" pad often makes matters worse.

IF you have a reducible rupture, (one that I can be put back), I'm going to give you a chance to try the remarkable Brooks Rupture Invention which gives Nature the greatest chance to heal . . . and I'm not asking you to risk a penny. If I can't show you how to make your rupture worries vanish at once, I'll take the loss.

ABSOLUTELY FREE Send your name and address in complete confidence. I'll send my book and home measure blank absolutely free. When I get your report, I will send the improved Brooks Automatic-Air-Cushion truss, especially made to fit your individual requirements. You wear it ten days. Then if it isn't a revelation in heavenly comfort, send it back and the trial costs you nothing. Find out how the Brooks Air-Cushion Appliance gives Nature the greatest chance to heal the weakened muscles.

SEND NAME IN CONFIDENCE Simply send name and address. I'll answer in plain envelope, and our transactions will be held in strict confidence. Remember, this information comes to you prepaid and FREE. Address me personally.

H. C. BROOKS, 327-F State St., Marshall, Mich.

See
**WOODSTOCK
TYPEWRITERS**

**What will you
be doing—ONE
YEAR FROM TODAY?**

THREE hundred and sixty-five days from now—what?

Will you still be struggling along in the same old job at the same old salary—worried about the future—never able to make both ends meet?

One year from today will you still be putting off your start toward success—thrilled with ambition one moment and then cold the next—delaying, waiting, fiddling away the precious hours that will never come again?

Don't do it, man—don't do it.

There is no greater tragedy in the world than that of a man who stays in the rut all his life, when with just a little effort he could advance.

Choose the work you like best in the list below, mark an X beside it, and, without cost or obligation, at least get the full story of what the I. C. S. can do for you.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

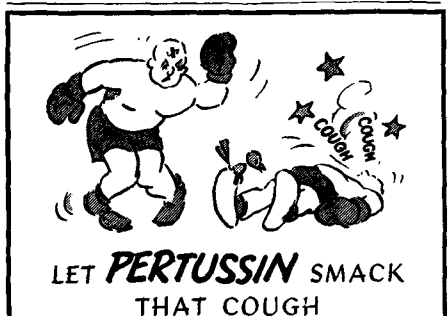
Box 4141-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost, please send me full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X:

- | TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architect | <input type="checkbox"/> Sanitary Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Building Estimating | <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Bridge Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Bridge Foreman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Building Foreman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Aviation Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work | <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Management of Inventories | <input type="checkbox"/> Heating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Refrigeration |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Patternmaker | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Foundry Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Locomotives |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Reading Shop Blueprints | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Section Foreman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Heat Treatment of Metals | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Signaling |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> Air Brakes |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Welding, Electric and Gas | <input type="checkbox"/> Coal Mining |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Highway Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Fruit Growing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Cotton Manufacturing |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Woolen Manufacturing |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Farming |
| BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Lettering Show Cards |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. Accountancy | <input type="checkbox"/> Mail Carrier |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Secretarial Work | <input type="checkbox"/> Grade School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Service Station Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> College Preparatory |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising | <input type="checkbox"/> First Year College Subjects |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |
| DOMESTIC SCIENCE COURSES | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Professional Dressmaking and Designing | <input type="checkbox"/> Millinery |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Home Dressmaking | <input type="checkbox"/> Foods and Cookery |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Advanced Dressmaking | <input type="checkbox"/> Tea Room and Cafeteria Management, Catering |

Name.....Age.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Present Position.....
If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the
International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited,
Montreal, Canada.

Burpee's Zinnias
Dahlia-Flowered, 4 colors.
Scarlet, Yellow, Lavender, Rose.
15¢ Pkt. of each, all 4 postpaid
for 10¢! Burpee's Seed Catalog free.
W. Atlee Burpee Co., 352 Burpee Bldg., Philadelphia



LET **PERTUSSIN** SMACK
THAT COUGH

● A cough should not be neglected. It should have your immediate attention. Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal remedy for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

—Large Trial Bottle for 10¢—

Seeck & Kade, Inc., Dept. AB-30
440 Washington Street, N.Y.C.
Please send me a large Trial Bottle of Pertussin. I enclose 10¢.

Name.....
Address.....

PERTUSSIN

Charming Young Man

Continued from page 23

sober—nothing if he was drunk. Niven tried to catch him when he was drunk but he didn't have any luck. The tonsils became so rebellious that he had to go for the ten-dollar job. It wasn't a very good job. In fact, a few weeks later he had to go to a real hospital for a retake.

"Lucky break for me, that was," Niven says thoughtfully. "There I was in a hospital wondering how I could bail myself out. I didn't have a nickel even to buy a newspaper. So I read the books that were lying around the hospital."

He found one book that seemed interesting. It was called Fox Hunting in Canada. Of course he had never been fox hunting in Canada but that didn't matter. He wrote three articles about fox hunting and sent them to a Canadian newspaper. The newspaper bought the three articles and sent a check by return mail. It arrived the day he was discharged and it not only paid his hospital bills but left him train fare to New York.

Of course he registered at the most expensive hotel in town. Where else would an officer and a gentleman stay? His clothes were excellent, his manners impeccable and his charm infectious. He soon became acquainted and became a habitué of our best saloons, which in New York are called "clubs." These saloons attract the very best people but it was not the distinguished clientele which attracted young Niven. It was the quaint habit even the best saloons have of leaving pretzel bowls at one end of the bar. He could buy one beer and eat quite heartily. He met a lot of nice people but he could accept dinner invitations only from those who lived within walking distance of his hotel.

"I used to die many deaths at those dinners," he says, "hoping that the hostess wouldn't ask me to take some girl home. When this happened I would always say as gaily as I could, 'What a

night. A beautiful night. What fun it would be to walk home.'"

About this time Niven (he was only twenty-five, mind you) fell in with Lefty Flynn and Douglas Hertz, who was, of all things, an English cowboy. They had a grandiloquent scheme that would make them all millions. It was, in brief, indoor horse racing. They garnered a lot of tired polo ponies and rented an arena at Atlantic City; the races lasted fifteen minutes each, which was a bit wearing on horses, jockeys and customers. But the customers didn't mind because there weren't many of them present. They were walking along the boardwalk or playing skee ball or eating popcorn. They weren't in the arena.

A Battleship Stowaway

"We had a nice layout," Niven says gloomily, "and I don't understand yet why it didn't go. We even dressed a couple of cowboys up in white clothes and made them doctors. We had a hospital in the middle of the arena. It wasn't much of a hospital but I managed to borrow a large electric hair dryer and that looked very surgical. It was the only equipment we had. Finally we gave up. There we were, the three of us, with 120 punch-drunk ponies who looked very weary from their fifteen-minute races."

A month later Niven found himself in Cuba, and he isn't quite sure yet how he got there. There was a revolution going on and he wanted to join one side or another. But the British consul heard of it and put his foot down. When you resign from the British Army you sign a paper saying you will not bear arms for any other country during the next five years.

"One day I woke up, looked at myself and said, 'Hey, you. What are you train-

ing to be, a first-class bum?'" Niven sighed. "I was twenty-five and feeling quite old. I thought I'd had enough of just tearing around living as best I could. I'd go back to England and settle down. I managed to get a job on a Japanese freighter called the Nanking Maru, which was headed for Norway. That seemed a step nearer home."

That night before the Nanking Maru was scheduled to sail, the American battleship S. S. Oklahoma sailed into Havana harbor. The sight of those marine uniforms made Niven a bit homesick for the army. He had a few drinks with some of the sailors and marines and they got along fine, too.

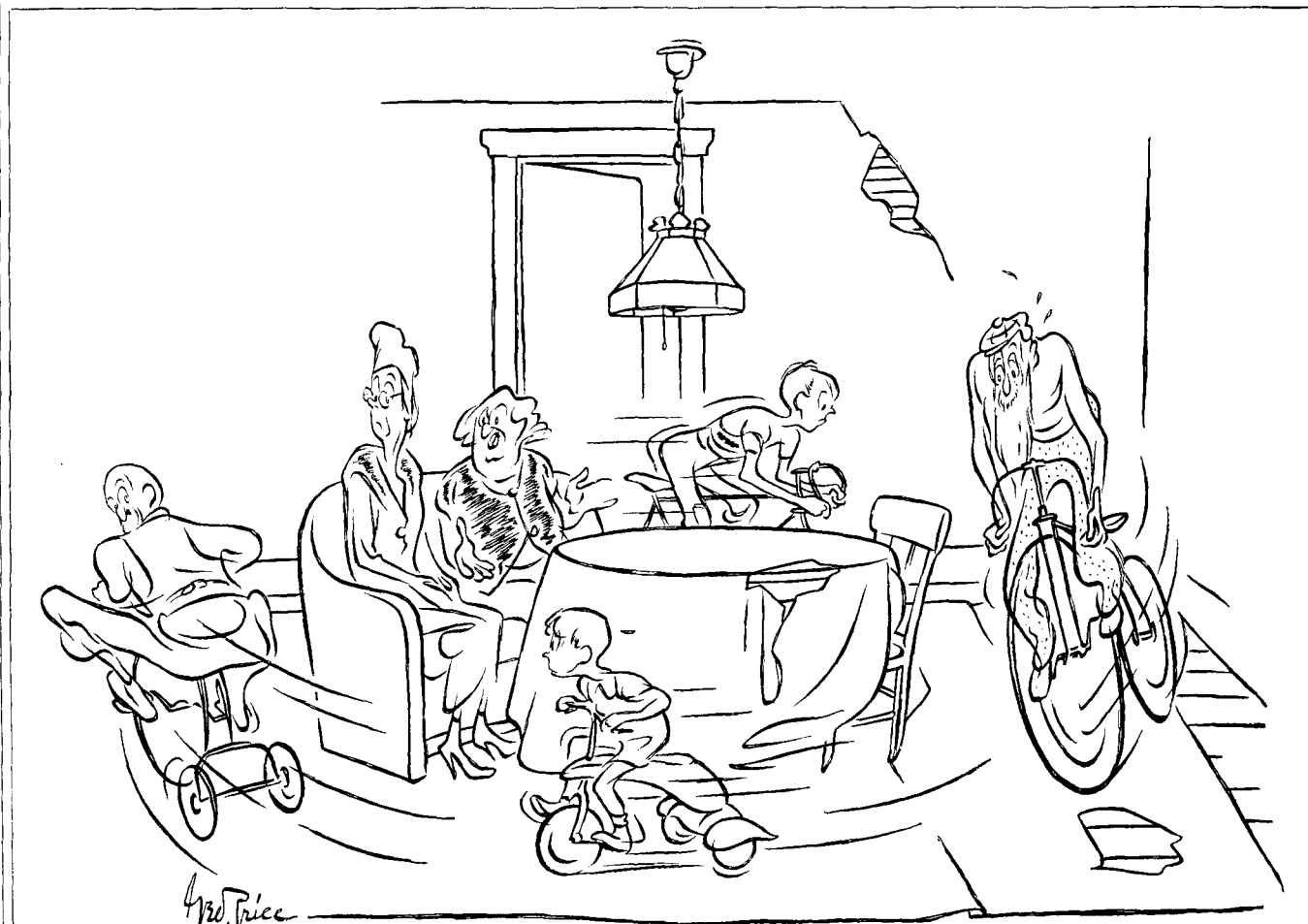
When he woke up it was in the bunk of a Japanese freighter and he was very thankful to his sailor friends. That is, until some hours later when he asked a shipmate how long it would be before they reached Norway.

"Ye're batty, mate," his pal told him. "We ain't goin' nowhere near Norway. We're headin' for Frisco."

It developed that he was on the wrong Japanese freighter. He was on the Yatsu Maru, headed for San Francisco. Well, he'd never been to San Francisco.

He was getting nearer to his destiny but, sweating under Caribbean skies, he didn't know that. San Francisco looked very formidable. He knew some people casually who lived in Santa Barbara and he went to visit them. They told him about a place called Hollywood, where charming young men could often get jobs. He went to Hollywood.

"I wanted a job at anything," he says now. "I had no idea of being an actor. I just wanted a job. I made the rounds of the studios and every one was closed to me. It was the old story of an unknown trying to crash the studio gates. It practically can't be done. I tried—how I tried—but I couldn't do it."



"It's not enough I let them have a six-day race. Now they want I should put up money for sprints!"

GEORGE PRICE

He went back to San Francisco pretty discouraged and then one afternoon he looked out in the harbor and there was a beautiful thing lying out there. It was H. M. S. Norfolk, a ship which had spent a lot of time at Malta. He knew every officer on board from the admiral down. In an hour his feet were on her deck and he was greeting old friends and for the moment everything was all right. The ship was leaving that evening to help in a promotion stunt. They were arousing interest in a picture which was to be called *Mutiny on the Bounty*. They thought it would be a good stunt to take newsreels of the *Bounty* and the modern British man-o'-war. Young Niven stayed on board and the Norfolk put to sea. Twenty miles off Los Angeles they met the *Bounty*. Everything went as scheduled until a rather be-draggled figure climbed down a rope ladder from the towering deck of the Norfolk to land on the tiny deck of the *Bounty*, which had been tied up to the man-o'-war.

Then the Norfolk steamed away and there was David Niven standing before a bewildered group of film actors. Frank Lloyd, the director, was intrigued. He liked the looks of young Niven and he liked the nerve of him. There was a publicity man around somewhere and he, too, was delighted.

"Great stunt," he chortled. "Couldn't have staged it better myself. Stowaway on battleship crashes Hollywood via the water route."

Niven just wanted a job, he told Lloyd. He'd do anything. When they arrived in port, Lloyd took Niven under his wing.

"It was a lot of fun driving through the same M-G-M gate that had been so tightly closed to me a few days before," Niven says. "It looked as though all my troubles were over. Lloyd arranged for me to make a test the next day."

Now it looked as though everything was all right until from nowhere and without the slightest warning the immigration officials fell upon him. He would have to leave the country immediately. There was nothing to do but scurry to Mexico. He went to Mexicali and spent six weeks there before he was allowed back.

Goldwyn's "Discovery"

It seemed as if everyone had forgotten him during those six weeks. Help came when he needed it most, from Sally Blane, whom he had known in London. Sally then lived with her two sisters, Loretta Young and Polly Ann, and their mother presided over their household. The mother felt sorry for young David and insisted that he move in until he got on his feet.

"They are the four most wonderful women in the world," Niven says with a touch of awe in his voice. "I was broke and had no prospects and yet they took care of me as though I were a member of the family. Nothing I can ever do will be adequate payment for what they did for me. Through them I met everyone in Hollywood, but for a long time it didn't do any good."

Yes, he'd meet everyone and be invited for dinner but not to the studio.

"I wanted to be an extra but all they'd let me be was an extra man," Niven says a little bitterly. "That is, until I met Sam Goldwyn."

Of the many, many legends which have grown up around Goldwyn there is one which is undoubtedly true—he is the smartest man in Hollywood. This legend persists and grows stronger because of the testimony of those who work for the man. Take young Niven now.

"I met Goldwyn at a dinner party and I said in desperation, 'Will you look at a test of mine?'" Niven tells it. "Goldwyn said, 'Sure, send it to me in the

morning.' So I sent him that first test—I'd made seven since then. I sent him the one where I swore at that director, and Goldwyn called me right into his office and said, 'Here's a seven-year contract.'"

It was that easy once you got the break. Niven was dazed at Goldwyn's quick action.

"I'm not giving you much money," Goldwyn told him. "But as soon as you're worth more I'll tear this contract up and write a new one. Now run around to other studios and get some experience. Take any kind of part you can get."

Now it was noised around that Niven was a "discovery" of Goldwyn's who could be "borrowed." The same people who wouldn't let Niven into their offices now offered him parts.

Learning to Act

In his first picture he said, "All right," to Miriam Hopkins. In his second he had a better part. He said, "Goodbye, my dear," to Elissa Landi. Then he was given a real part and his first comedy scene. It was in *Feather in Your Hat*, which was directed by Al Santell. His first scene, the first time he had ever been before a camera except as one of a mob, was a difficult one and it was shot at eight in the morning.

"I had to make a gay, laughing entrance and make some witty remarks," Niven says. "That's a tough thing to do at eight in the morning and I was scared stiff. Well, I came on the set, said my lines, and there was a roar of spontaneous laughter from the cast, the electricians, stage hands and director."

The kid stood there amazed. He had made this whole bunch laugh right out loud. He'd stopped the show.

Santell said, laughing, "David, that was great. You can certainly put a comedy scene over. Now let's make another take just for fun. That first one was great, though. That's the one we'll use."

All of his nervousness left him. Now he was a trouper. That laughter had given him a confidence which has never left him. It didn't even leave him when he heard the real story of that spontaneous laughter which had greeted his scene.

"I heard it days later," Niven says. "Santell knew this was really my first opportunity to say lines. It was my first real scene and he knew that I'd be nervous. He got the whole cast together and told them to give out with that laughter when I had finished. He knew it would give me confidence."

From then on everything was all right. He appeared in twelve pictures with increasingly larger parts. He was in such pictures as *Dodsworth*, *Thank You Jeeves*, *Beloved Enemy*, *Charge of the Light Brigade* and of course *The Prisoner of Zenda*, which moved him into the front rank. Every now and then Goldwyn would call him into the office, tear up the old contract and give him a new one.

"I'll always pay you what you're worth to me," Goldwyn said, and he kept his word.

That's David Niven, a charming young man who would rather speak about those who have helped him than he would about himself. He will speak for hours about how he learned about acting from Ronald Colman, of how he watched every move Colman made in *The Prisoner of Zenda*. He will tell of the good advice Colman gives him when he is puzzled about how to do a scene. He'll talk of Goldwyn's fair dealing and he'll tell of directors who gave him a hand. From now on his story promises to be dull. It will be the climax of a success story. His real story was all told before he met success and made it his own.

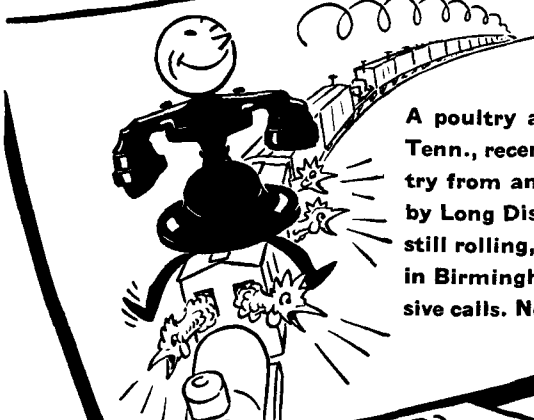
Tabloid Telephone Tales

Brief stories of how Long Distance is ringing the bell for businesses of all sorts and sizes

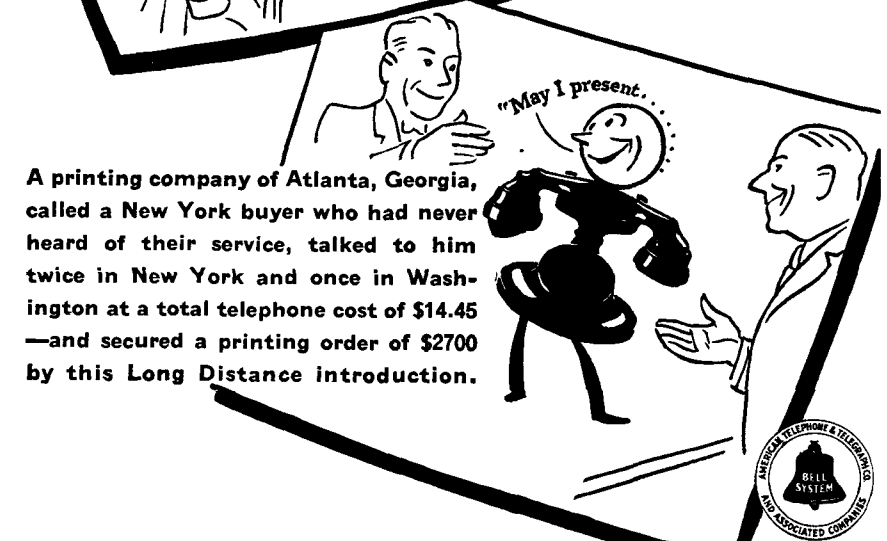


An eastern wholesaler of toys and novelties wanted bigger attendance at traveling displays, tried telephoning buyers in surrounding territory from key towns. On one trip, 350 telephone invitations brought 100 customers to sample room. Sales were \$9000. Telephone cost was \$75.

The credit manager of a meat packing company regularly telephones overdue accounts. He can reach the right person promptly, smooth out complaints, tactfully arrange settlement. Personal promises by telephone are usually kept. Result: good collections, low costs.



A poultry and egg broker of Memphis, Tenn., recently bought a carload of poultry from another broker in Kansas City by Long Distance and, while the car was still rolling, sold it at a profit to a dealer in Birmingham, Alabama. Two inexpensive calls. No handling expense whatever.



A printing company of Atlanta, Georgia, called a New York buyer who had never heard of their service, talked to him twice in New York and once in Washington at a total telephone cost of \$14.45—and secured a printing order of \$2700 by this Long Distance introduction.





We Want Service

IF THE building industry is to play the vital part it ought to play in our economic system, it must do it in the characteristic American way. It must develop the American genius for efficient and large-scale production."

President Franklin Delano Roosevelt expressed this opinion in his recent message on housing plans. The same day Homer S. Cummings, Mr. Roosevelt's attorney general, talking to an assemblage of grocers and other businessmen, said something quite different: "Unless we destroy monopoly, monopoly will find ways to destroy most of our reforms and, in the end, lower the standard of our common life."

Large-scale production and monopoly are, of course, not the same—except in the minds of some politicians. Mr. Cummings actually was deploring large-scale production, as the figures he cited showed.

So these two statements, one by the President and the other by his chief law officer, reflect a wide divergence of judgment. The President wants Congress to encourage the building industry to become large and efficient. Mr. Cummings says, "Beware of monopoly, lest it lower your standard of living."

The only enduring monopolies in this country are those specifically created by law. Patents granted on inventions set up monopolies. Legislatures and Congresses grant franchises to public utilities. These create monopolies for public convenience.

The political talk concerns large-scale production and not actual monopolies based on patents or franchises. Monopoly is just a fat political word which arouses emotions but makes little sense when examined closely.

Politically it is popular now, and it has always been popular, to denounce the large size of business organizations. We have had endless political campaigns aimed at corporations, trusts, mergers, combines, holding companies and all other forms of organization.

We have had anticorporation laws, antitrust laws, antimonopoly laws in endless variety. Political reputations have been built upon a foundation of anti-big-business propaganda. William Jennings Bryan's Cross of Gold speech upon this theme made him three times Democratic candidate for the presidency.

Plainly it is good politics to deplore the growth of business units and to view with pain the threat of monopoly. On the other hand, the relatively high standard of living which Americans have enjoyed is, in fact, the product of efficient large-scale business. It is also good politics to point with pride at this American standard of living and to promise to use the full force of the government to keep it high.

So we have business laws which attempt to make a compromise between opposite principles. We once agreed that trusts must be destroyed but we must apply a rule of reason before destroying them. More recently, under the NRA, we decided to permit corporations and industries to make various kinds of agreements which had been denounced as crimes in the earlier antitrust acts. Once the Supreme Court decided that the NRA was unconstitutional, we began to indict and prosecute men charged with continuing to do after the end of the NRA what they had been compelled by the law to do while the NRA lasted. Political winds blow from various directions.

Our land was naturally so rich and, as a nation, Americans have been so inventive and so energetic that we have been enabled to survive the most prodigious blunders. Sometime, however, perhaps even now, we must make up our minds just what we want.

We shall almost surely not have to choose between big business and small business. We can and do have both. Contrary to many of our political traditions, we do not have to penalize one form of organization to retain the other.

The sure and permanent rule is that we will surrender almost anything before we consent

to lower our standard of living. If a large-scale, efficient industry is necessary to a high standard of living, then we are going to have large-scale, efficient business regardless of Homer Cummings' fears about monopolies.

A high standard of living consists of desirable commodities and coveted services. People who once enjoy them or even see better things in prospect will fight to gain and retain what they desire. Shiny new motorcars, beauty-shop service, silk stockings, becoming clothes, among other things, are the necessities or luxuries a people will not lightly surrender.

The real confusion concerning a proper public policy toward controlling the size of business comes out of our continued ignorance of definite facts concerning the problem. Politicians make statements, orators give off speeches and Congresses improvise laws but nobody representing the public interest is willing to gather the complex information essential to a fair understanding of the issue at stake.

President Roosevelt suggests that large-scale enterprise might revive construction and so stimulate all industry. Nobody knows, however, at just what size industry becomes most efficient and most useful to the public welfare.

Apparently industries vary. In steel and petroleum large-scale enterprise plays the largest role but small manufacturing establishments are exceedingly numerous and many are very efficient. The man of energy and initiative is still able to start and to continue a small business in many lines. The service establishments tend to be small.

What we require more than anything else is an unprejudiced understanding of widely ramified organizations. If we could persuade ourselves to consider this matter of efficient and useful size as medical men approach a disease, we might hope for solutions as sound and as enduring. Certainly no one is wise enough to improvise an answer to our largest problem of industry and politics.