

# Big Moment

By Grover Jones

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Misty hoped some day to become a lady. And she wasn't afraid to fight for her hopes

POOCH HUDELL sat on his front porch looking at the pictures in the family album. From the low-lying wood beyond the mustard field came an occasional hollow blast from a shotgun. Pooch shuddered. Each shot told him how many rabbits would be on the menu for the coming week. Rabbit mulligan. For fifteen years—ever since Effie, his wife, had taken down with that coughing complaint, and died—Misty had been cooking mulligan. That's all she knew how to cook . . . mulligan . . . mulligan . . . mulligan. . . . A chopped-up rabbit, six cellar potatoes, a ham bone, a handful of small onions and the juice left over from the last batch. That was the recipe. The salt went in what you ate and not in the pot, unless, of course, you didn't want to use the juice for tomorrow's stew. . . . Fifteen years he had eaten with his eyes closed—and never once complained.

Misty was his daughter; his only child. Six feet two in her bare feet, and they'd always been bare. A pair of feet that had left their imprint on every foot of hunting ground between Sugar Creek and the Wabash River. The farmers in and around Vigo County called her "the wild woman," but she wasn't exactly that; she was just the daughter of Pooch Hudell. She had the grace and speed of a chased rabbit in a cabbage patch and her eyes were deep blue, like the rinse water of Monday's wash. She was as good-looking as a tall woman can be, especially the Misty kind with an Amazonian ability to pick up a miner and hurl him into his own coal dust.

Misty could do that—a rare strength awarded her by her father's tiny slope mine, where she had labored ever since her mother died. She dug the coal and Pooch operated the donkey engine that pulled the one-ton car up the incline; a dirty grade of mine-run that sold cheaply and well to the wagon trade. Misty could crib a car with the best of them, and sulphur rock never interfered with her progress once she started swinging a pick. But, unfortunately, her learning was entirely in that direction; the job of being a woman had entirely escaped her notice.

Pooch sighed; removed his ten-cent spectacles and wiped the mist away. A picture of his dead wife stared up at him from the open album. It was Sunday and Pooch knew what she would have been thinking: "I'll have froise and jelly omelet for breakfast and to-night I'll fill him up with dipped dumplings and milk pie." Years and years and years like that, it was. Then the coughing came on.

An approaching song broke his unhappy reverie—Misty returning from

the hunt. His faded eyes saw her coming through the rank weeds that separated the mine from the house; carrying a jute bag half filled with rabbits, a single-barreled shotgun and a wealth of brush branches and roots.

*"There was an old lady all sound and well—  
La, la—la-la, la-la!  
Oh, there was an old lady all sound and well—  
Who up and wished that she was in hell—  
Sing toodle-di-oo, sing toodle-di-ee!"*

Her voice was deep and vibrant like

a mine mule's when put to pasture. She was still singing when she sank down on the stoop and stretched her mud-caked legs. Pooch caught himself joining in.

"You ain't forgot, have you, Misty?" he said, when they had finished.

"Nothin' she ever learned me," replied Misty, bending over and sorting out some roots. "Mulberry," she explained, throwing them in her father's lap. "You been havin' ailin' belly an' I thought maybe I could pound 'em into tea for you." A splotch of sunlight dripped through a broken porch shingle and brightened her face. . . . "Nothin'." Like as if she was tellin' it to me

now—an' sometimes I think she does."

"Your mother was a smart woman," said Pooch softly.

"A good woman," corrected Misty, "because nobody but a good woman could know ever'thing. Just a mite, she was—a hand-spread between her an' my armpit. Wearin' starchy stuff all the time an' callin' me Blessin'. You never called me Blessin'."

"Mebbe not," said Pooch, "but I don't know what I'd do without you, gal."

"You couldn't," smiled Misty. "First off, you'd drink yourself to death, an' second says you wouldn't have no money to do that nuther. I think maybe you'd be in a helluva fix."





**It was only after the fight had gone the breadth and length of the town's only main street, that Parney went down and stayed there**

"I been a mine owner for twenty years," replied Pooch, bristling. "I been smart enough for that."

"Ma was, you mean. Ma was ever'thing. With Tuesday choir meetin' in the front room an' tassels on the lace curtains. 'An' how are you, Mrs. Coakley?' she'd say. 'An' I'm a-hearin' your oldest boy is practicin' law. A most worthy profession, Mrs. Coakley.'"

Misty stared vacantly at her father, seated deep in the purple shadows of the porch.

"Most worthy profession," repeated Misty. "I practiced them words over an' over—while she was droopin'—when she died—even when we walked back from the cemetery in the rain. An' I was proud of her—like as if it was hard to breathe. A worthy profession. How elegant! . . . What is a worthy profession, Pa?"

Pooch stirred uneasily.

"The enamel's comin' off these pitchers," he said, indicating the open album. "Frost mebbe. It took the red paint offen that number two shovel I bought for you last week."

"You wouldn't know," said the girl, a trace of sadness in her voice. "You never know. You don't know nothin' except maybe if it's a story, an' then it's always about somebody in a saloon."

Pooch shot a spray of tobacco juice at the hydrangea that graced one end of the porch. His shaggy brows twitched angrily. Too many times now she'd been saying that, and he never said she didn't know nothin' . . . mulligan . . . mulligan . . . mulligan. . . And nary a word from him. A father's got some rights in this world.

"I knowed she could cook," he said tightly.

"So did I," came from Misty. "An' she could make headcheese an' crepples an' put up quince jam an'—"

"An' you can't do nothin' like that!"

"I can dig coal."

"Bah! You know anybody in this here county who can't?"

"Maybe not so good, they can't."

"But they can dig coal. An' their wives can cook. An' their wives can have babies an'—"

Pooch bit his lower lip. He wished he hadn't said that. The blue in Misty's eyes faded suddenly; her nose tightened to the thickness of a bone in a rabbit's front leg. She got to her feet and sucked in the late afternoon air.

"I'll go down to the creek and wash," she said. She walked slowly down the path; paused and looked back. "Tomorrow I'll get some groceries from town."

MISTY walked down the middle of the road. The thick dry dust fuffed under her bare feet even though she touched it gently to protect her "boughten" dress. And the dress was a percale print, conspicuous in its pattern and droopingly unhappy about its owner. Pooch had bought it and a ouija board one night when he was drunk.

The town always frightened Misty. The raucous laughter of drunken men. The squeak and grumble of passing traffic. A choir singing its praises to heaven. Rickety boardwalks that seemed to coil up like snakes and hiss at her. . . . But there seemed to be friendliness about the Lanton Boarding-house, probably because Mrs. Lanton was always singing. Always singing and always on the front porch stretching lace curtains. Misty couldn't recall ever having come to town without seeing her on the front porch. A stout little woman with the uncertain shapings of a sassafras root, and a warm smile that met you at the end of the block and followed you to bed that night. . . . She was singing as Misty passed the house.

MISTY paused to listen, then warmed to the friendly smile that Mrs. Lanton tossed over the white picket fence.

"We ain't never spoke before, have we?" said Mrs. Lanton.

"Not hardly, mum," answered Misty timidly. "I been passin' through."

"Won't you come in?"

Misty walked hesitatingly up the gravel path that divided two flourishing beds of cosmos. Her timidity instantly set afire the mothering instinct that was ever a combustible product of Mrs. Lanton's deep, rounded bosom. She held out her hand; Misty enveloped it in her own. A doll's hand, she thought, with the warm blood coursing through it; soft as the fur on her pet squirrel.

"I been seein' you ever' time you passed, child," said Mrs. Lanton.

"You have, mum?" Misty's face flushed with pleasure.

"My, yes—an' talked about you, too." Mrs. Lanton laughed and the sadder tracings of pain on the girl's face faded away. "They was nice things, Misty. Like bein' pretty an' bein' healthy."

"Pretty, mum?" Misty was flustered.

"I bet you don't even own a mirror," smiled Mrs. Lanton.

Misty laughed.

"In the creek I see myself, but the water's always movin' an' I look like this—"

She made an ugly face—and they both laughed. Misty didn't know why, but there was a glow inside of her. She



felt the urge to talk; to tell things about herself.

"—and Pooch wants me to cook," went on Misty. "He's sick o' rabbit. He thinks I can't do nothin' 'cept act like a man. He never said nothin' like that, you see, but I can tell it by the way he works his mustache." Misty grew confidential. "He gimme four dollars to buy groceries an'—an', Mrs. Lanton, I don't know what to buy. I'm awful scared to go in the grocery store."

"Why, honey!" exclaimed Mrs. Lanton, her eyes filling with tears. "There's nothin' to be scared of. I'll get my shawl an' we'll go shoppin' together."

"Would you do that?" breathed Misty, staring at her wonderingly. "Like the good stuff you buy for your boarders? Pooch tells me they run all the way down the track at quittin' time to be first at the supper table. I'll bet they just think you're ever'thin', don't they?"

"Them that pay their board bill do," answered Mrs. Lanton, drawing her shawl about her. "Men are gluttons, darlin'—they're pigs standin' up. I'm disgusted with 'em except when they leave somethin' on their plate an' then I'm mad because they don't eat it. I guess it's like that with all women. . . ."

SHE came down off the porch steps, then stopped; looked up at the girl.

"Buyin' won't do no good; you gotta learn to cook first. An', Misty, you're goin' to—I'll learn you. You'll work for me."

"You mean I'd come an' live with you?"

"Of course, Misty—like my own daughter. An' I'll give you three dollars a week an' you can buy a new dress now an' then—an' shoes an' things."

"Oh, Mrs. Lanton!" Misty stood there trembling, her broad hands pawing aimlessly at the front of her dress. "An' I can wear shoes like people!"

"The ol' devil had her all bound with chains—  
La, la—la-la, la-la!

Oh, the ol' devil had her all bound with chains,  
Then he up with a fryin' pan, knocked out her brains—

Sing toodle-di-oo, sing toodle-di-ee!"

Misty had found her paradise. A two-storied structure cubbyholed into a myriad of bedrooms, but a palace in comparison to the trembling shack that she called home. There were floors to scrub, a wash shack to clean; there were mountains of dirty dishes to wash and dinner buckets to fill—but with all this, there was the joy of learning things from Mrs. Lanton.

Every Sunday she took Pooch his Sabbath dinner and, while he ate, she told him all that had taken place the six days before. There was no skipping with her. Beginning with early Monday morning she detailed every incident till late Saturday night, when it fell her lot to put some of the celebrating miners to bed.

"I think maybe you'd better come home," Pooch would always say. "I'm a-gettin' a hankerin' for rabbit mulligan."

And Misty would laugh. She knew what her father was thinking.

A Sunday came that saw Pooch sitting on the porch all alone. The following Sunday it was the same. He grew troubled and vexed; donned his other suit and walked into town. Mrs. Lanton met him at her front door.

"I come lookin' for Misty," he explained.

"She's with Green Parney," said Mrs. Lanton.

"An' who's Green Parney?"

"My new boarder. Won't you come in?"

"She's my darter," flared Pooch.

"Of course she's your daughter," smiled Mrs. Lanton, "but that shouldn't deny her the right to laugh on Sunday. Mr. Parney is a good man. They're over at the sycamore grove—the Red Men are havin' a baseball game."

"To hell with the Red Men!" growled Pooch and walked away.

HE FOUND them sitting on a soapbox in the sparse shade of a blistered tree, unmindful of the baseball war being waged in the cow pasture beyond. Misty was laughing—gentle, warm laughter that painted a pleasant picture of her in the sprinkling shadows. For the moment—but for the moment only—Pooch wished he hadn't come. Then his eyes rested on Parney, and he was right glad he had.

"A dude!" he grumbled sourly to himself. Pegged trousers and pearl-button sleeves. A gray-green bowler clinging to the back of his head. "And yella hair," was Pooch's mental comment.

"Sure!" echoed Parney. "Just spoonin', that's all."

He threw back his head and laughed loudly.

"I don't like his eyes," said Pooch to Misty. "They got meanness in 'em."

The laughter broke off. Parney's face tightened pugnaciously.

"I'll talk to him alone," said Misty quickly. She took Pooch by the arm and led him away.

"It's only the second time I ever been out with anybody in my life," said Misty.

Pooch snorted.

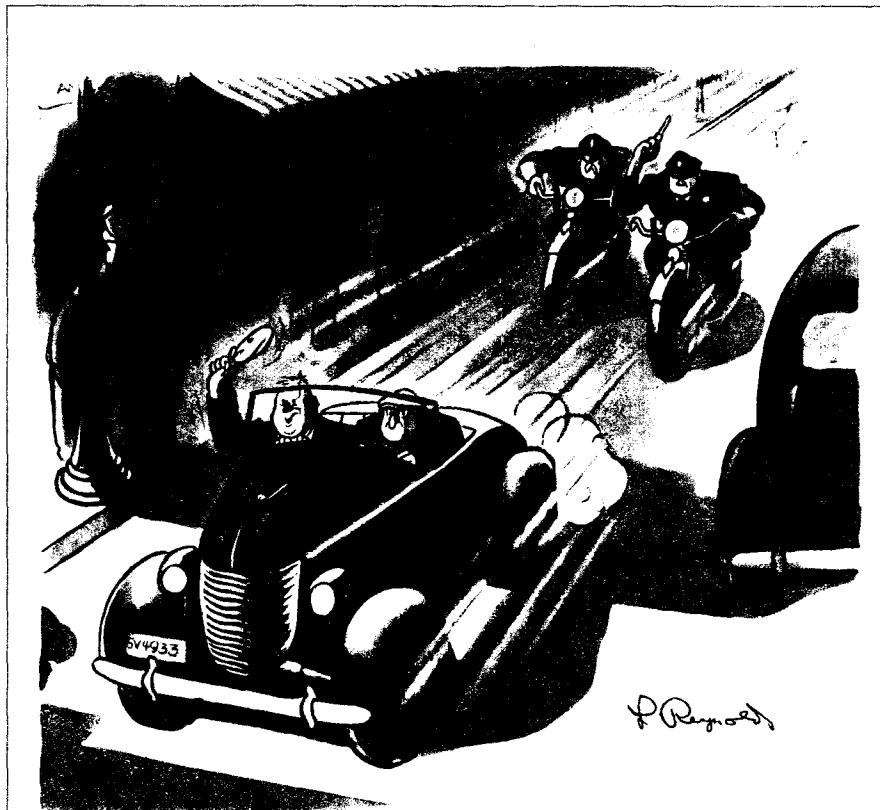
"Why don't you go out with a man?"

"He is a man!" defended Misty stoutly. "He's the best wrassler at the boardinghouse an' I seen him with my own eyes throw a hull brick across Frazer's Pond."

"He ain't got no union card."

"He's a businessman, Pa, an' he's goin' to have a store right in town."

"Goin' to sell things, you mean?"



"It's like being a celebrity, ain't it? Only th' cops is behind"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

"Nobody with yella hair is good workin' a room, takin' up bottoms or runnin' a machine. Like as not he's nothin' but a slab-sided mule skinner."

Misty looked up and saw her father; smiled down his frown.

"Pa, this is Mr. Green Parney—my father, Green."

"Hi!" said Parney, grinning good-naturedly. He reached into his coat pocket and came out with a cigar. "'Tain't a stogie, ol' man, so don't screw up your face. They're a nickel straight an' made right in Terre Haute."

"Where you work?" asked Pooch, ignoring the cigar.

"All around."

"Where all around?"

"Just all around—why?"

"Let's see your union card."

"Oh, you mean am I a coal digger?"

"I asked you."

"Not me, Pop!"

"You're not a coal digger?"

"I make a living."

"How?"

"By being smart."

"Smart doin' what?"

Parney threw a glance at the troubled girl.

"Please, Pa," begged Misty, "why don't you go 'way an' leave us alone? We ain't hurtin' nothin'."

"I don't know about that," said Misty; "all I know is what I hear, an' he bought some round tables an' stuff over in Terre Haute."

"Sure!" snorted Pooch. "Just what I thought—a gambler!"

"But he's a nice man, Pa; honest he is."

POOCH turned to go but Misty grabbed him by the arm.

"Listen, Pa," she pleaded. "It's happy for a girl to have a boy friend—in town, I mean. Everyone's got a beau an' if you went to the Red Men's dance by yourself they'd talk about you. I don't want people talkin' about me."

"Then come on home, where you belong!"

"I couldn't, Pa—not now I couldn't."

"Weaned away—is that it?"

Misty hesitated. She wanted to be honest with her father, but the right words wouldn't come. The old shack on Frog Hill offered a distressing mental picture. It wasn't a part of her any more; she knew it. The smell of parlor soap was in her nostrils, the gloss of clean chinaware on her finger tips. The fragrance of a well-kept kitchen, with rows of "put up" jelly and loaves of freshly baked bread on white towels. Here was true happiness.

"I can't, Pa," she said. Her blue eyes moistened as his shoulders and brush mustache sagged tiredly. "Sundays I'll come, or Saturday afternoons, maybe—"

Pooch sighed and walked away. She watched him trudge jerkily across the narrow strip of dandelions, and stood there until he melted into the shadows of the fringing sycamores.

PARNEY sat in Kluger's poolroom playing poker with the boys. A large stack of white chips in front of him attested his good humor.

"Call your bet an' raise you two bits!" He grinned at the man at his right. "Of course, I ain't askin' you to throw away your money, Joe, but I'm feelin' my oats tonight an' just in the mood to lop people off."

"Gas!" growled Joe, and called the bet.

"How about you boys—you ready for slaughter?" He grinned invitingly at all of them. "Take your time, chumps—don't crowd." And then hummed: "Oh, there was an old lady all sound and well—"

"Why the joy, Parney?" asked one, making a tight survey of his cards. "You got four aces?"

"Nope," said Parney. "My wife is blowin' into town tomorrow."

Came a sudden tension. Freezeout was forgotten. The players stared at each other and then at the humming Parney. He snapped his derby back with his fingers and eyed them insolently.

"Anything wrong with that?"

"Not that—exactly," said Joe. "We wasn't thinkin' about your wife."

"What then?"

"What've you been tellin' Misty?"

"None of your damn business!"

Joe shrugged. A broad-shouldered man, with hands the size and shape of a cow's udder. He looked at his companions.

"What was the name of that fellow, boys—the one we rode on a rail?"

"You mean the one we tarred an' feathered or the one we jus' tarred?"

"Either one."

"Mud," grinned the man. "I'm callin' the bet—an' I got three kings."

"Nuts to you guys," said Parney. "An' I got a straight flush."

IT WAS Mrs. Lanton who broke the news to Misty. She was stirring up a batch of soft soap in the back yard and singing a song to the clothespins that hung on the line.

"They're like little people," she said to Mrs. Lanton. "Some of 'em like what I'm singin' an' some of 'em is protestin' like Pa does when I make him take a bath."

"Misty," began Mrs. Lanton quietly, "you like Parney, don't you?"

Misty blushed.

"Misty—look, child." Mrs. Lanton's hands were working unhappily. "You're young yet—you don't know your own mind. You ain't never been out with another man. How do you know—"

"I got sweetness inside," Misty said with utter frankness. "I can look at the coal smoke hangin' over the mines an' make pretty pictures out of it. I never been able to do that before. I can see Frazer's Pond an' it's like a bed of soft silk an' jewels—an' all the dirty houses around, they keep gettin' prettier because the people in 'em have got somebody they like. I held Mrs. McAlpin's baby yesterday, an' she smelled as sweet an' clean as your kitchen. I ain't never been that way in my life."

"But are you sure, honey, it's because of Parney?"

Misty studied her for several moments.

"I think so," she said finally. "I been thinkin' about it ever since Pa asked me to come home. I love my pa but he's





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IT'S THRIFTY TO INSTALL NEW SPARK PLUGS—Demand CHAMPIONS



For years  
I thought  
you had  
to be  
that way



### Don Herold Says: A few years ago men blushed at MUM

Even men with steel wool on their chests now accept the idea of using Mum.

Mum is no longer thought of by males as being "for ladies only".

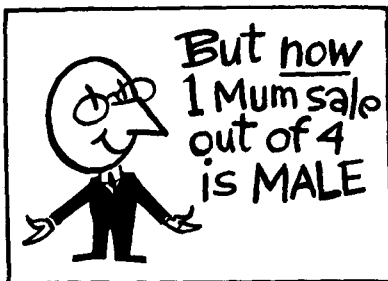
When I first started to preach Mum to the men of America, many men recoiled. They didn't want to be *that* clean and careful. They wanted women to be that nice, but they thought men should stay wild and wooly and aromatic.

We men have always taken our refinements the hard way. As kids, we bucked at shoes, at neck-washing, at white collars, at baths, at hair-cuts, at clean fingernails, at toothbrushing.

But American men have now seen the absurdity of a double standard for men and women in this matter of perspiration odor. Today a man who is shiftless about it is rightly considered a black sheep.

Thousands and thousands of thoroughly masculine he-guys now have the fine daily habit of following their bath with dabs of Mum under each arm, and using it again before evenings out. (Many also apply touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.)

Mum is a pleasant, fragrant cream, soothing to the skin (and harmless to clothes) which definitely vetoes perspiration odor for many hours without stopping perspiration itself.



If you are too bashful or too skeptical to walk into a store now and plunk down the price of a regular jar of Mum, start off today by sending your name on the margin of this page for a free sample, to Bristol-Myers Company, Inc., Dept. M-89, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City.



**MUM TAKES  
THE ODOR OUT OF  
PERSPIRATION**



dirtier than—"She hesitated. "He's dirtier than I used to be before you took me in. . . . It's because maybe I wear shoes now, I think different."

"Honey, I hate to tell you this." Mrs. Lanton was trembling. "But—but Parney is married."

"Parney's—" Misty stopped. The air whistled into her lungs. She trembled from head to foot. Then stared at the clothespins on the line. "Like little people," she said—and cried softly.

MRS. PARNEY moved into the five-room house just back of Hickson's feed mill. A heavy truck brought more furniture into town than its citizens had ever seen in a lifetime. Never had the townfolk been treated to a sight like this. What could Mrs. Parney be like?

It was Misty who found out—the same Misty who smiled when Parney held out his hand and told her she was a good sport about the whole affair. She didn't want to go to his house, but it seemed as if there was a hand clutching her by the heart and leading her down the alley. She was ashamed of the pan of biscuits she was carrying, but they were like a present, or something, and seemed to offer an excuse for getting acquainted.

"Come in!" said a sweet voice to her knock at the door. Misty opened it and found herself looking at an angel. A tiny angel at least a hand's width beneath her own armpit. She was brown-eyed and black-haired and shaped like a beautiful doll. Her smile warmed Misty's bosom and drove the awkwardness away.

"Jus' a howdy-do present, ma'am," said Misty, extending the pan of biscuits.

"Why, you darling!" exclaimed Mrs. Parney joyously. "A perfect stranger and you—"

"Aw, that's all right, ma'am. We uns do things like that around here, I guess."

"Then I'm glad I'm here!" laughed Mrs. Parney. She held out a friendly hand. "Betty," she said.

"Misty's mine," replied Misty, taking the tiny hand in her own. Its softness thrilled her, and her instant's thought was of the time she first met Mrs. Lanton. Yet Mrs. Lanton's hand was not like this—it was—well, maybe it was a little coarser.

"You don't know how much I appreciate your present," said Mrs. Parney. "Getting my house in order—my, it's been nothing but hard work."

"Could I peek?" asked Misty honestly.

Mrs. Parney laughed.

"Of course, darling! Aren't we going to be friends from now on?"

She led Misty through the several rooms, disclosing a beauty never before seen by the ex-coal miner. Beautiful curtains. Flowered covers for the beds. Dainty pictures on the wall. Flowers in twisted glassware vases. Petit point on chair seats. Needlework antimacassars . . .

"It's beautiful, Mrs. Parney," she said breathlessly. "It's the most beautiful thing I ever saw."

"Thank you, darling," smiled Mrs. Parney. "You must come often."

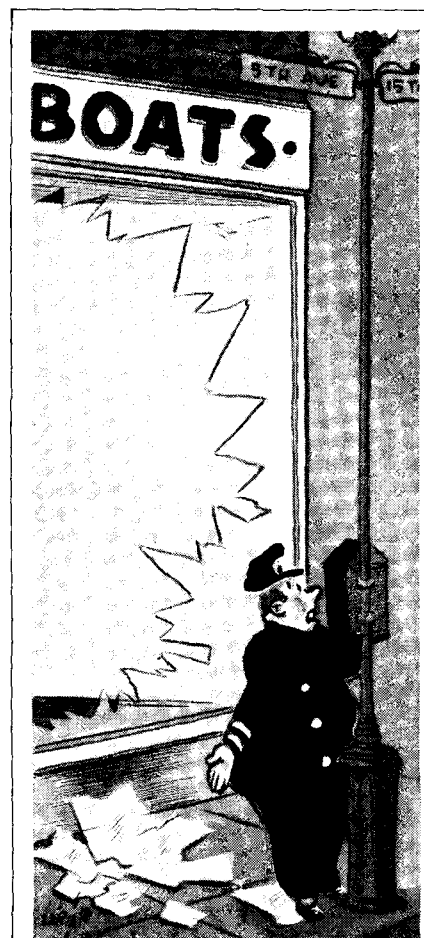
And Misty did. So often that it made town conversation. And she never came empty-handed—always something she had made herself. Recipes from the cookbook Mrs. Parney had given her—dainty things that didn't belong in a boardinghouse.

She loved giving things to Mrs. Parney; stood beside her and hardly breathed while the latter nibbled the confection; laughed happily when complimented for her effort. Nor did she ever confess it was sufficient reward to be allowed the opportunity to stand in the fairy house and look about her. Here everything was so dainty and gen-

tle, so graceful and ladylike. She watched Mrs. Parney's every move; even her lips when she talked, her eyes when she laughed.

There were times, of course, when she found Mrs. Parney not quite up to her usual bright self. Then she seemed to be tired of eye and heart. "An old ailment," she would say, "stays with me a day or two and then goes away." But sometimes it didn't—and it must have pained her a great deal, for Misty had caught her crying on several occasions.

A sense of futility crept into Misty's life, bringing with it a sullen rage against life in general. She wanted to do something, to help; but always Mrs. Parney shook her head sadly and told her there was no cure. Despite this, she stomped through the valley land, up and down, searching for roots and barks and pungent leaves. She ground them and



"I'm afraid this is one for  
the Coast Guard, Chief!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

cooked them and boiled them and turned them into pastes and tea, but there was no magic there—Mrs. Parney's "poor spells" were constantly recurring.

Oddly, Parney never saw Misty during her many visits to his home. Possibly, he didn't care—didn't give it a thought. Most of his time was devoted to "lopping off" the community's spending money. In doing this, he was both gay and charming, but there were periods when his luck wasn't good—and then his associates didn't find him so pleasant.

IT WAS one of these unfortunate days that Misty hurried over to the Parney house with some mushrooms her father had brought down from Frog Hill. She meant to knock at the door but it was open and, thinking perhaps that Mrs. Parney was making up her beds, she tiptoed into the kitchen and put the basket of mushrooms on the sink. She was on her way out again when her friend's voice—strangely dull and apathetic—came out of the adjoining room:

"Oh, hit me—hit me again! What do I care? It doesn't hurt any more—

you've killed everything inside me. Go on—just don't stand there leering at me!"

Two strides took Misty to the connecting doorway. There was Green, his face blotched unhealthily from the strain of his rage, glaring down at the frail figure of his wife, pressed quivering against the side of her bed. Her morning wrap had been torn to shreds and there were the marks of his open hand cruelly outlined on her white shoulder.

"There ain't no woman goin' to tell me—!"

He stopped, whitened. What was this strange apparition coming into the room? Not Misty, because Misty was just a big girl. This creature was more like a wild animal with the look of death about her. Green drew back involuntarily, then caught himself; pulled himself together. What right had she—?

"Get out of here!" he snarled. "Get out of here, you tramp!"

"Blue marks on her body," said Misty, "hurt pains that made her cry. Never sayin' nothin' about you—what kind of a man you was, or nothin'. . . . Now I'm goin' to kill you!"

A woman talking to him like that! Well, not with Green Parney, they don't! A bursting of insane fury that lent accuracy to his fist. It crashed against Misty's chin; brought a sudden cry of pain from Parney but nothing but a deadly smile from the girl. He swung with his left. Misty didn't even try to dodge. A soft thud of flesh against flesh—and Parney began to feel the icy touch of fear within him.

"We'll fight outside," said Misty calmly. "I could lick you in here but it wouldn't do any good because you could lie yourself out of it. I want people to see you—I want 'em to see you get your lickin'. And they'll talk—an' the talk will go from town to town—an' people will say, 'There's the man that got licked by a woman'—an' you won't be able to rest nowhere."

HER right foot shot up; caught the momentarily stupefied Parney in the stomach and catapulted him through the window into the back yard. Then she followed him out. Mrs. Parney's terrified eyes watched her go; saw her smiling quietly to herself.

Parney staggered to his feet. His first impulse was to run, but his better judgment told him that wouldn't do. It was either him or her. His bloodshot eyes sought and fastened themselves on the ax stuck in the wood block. His right hand gripped the handle of the ax. But this would be self-defense—and there she was, coming through the doorway. The ax streaked through the sunlight and sunk itself in the door casing beside her.

Then the battle started!

The townfolk will tell you to this day that Parney didn't have a chance. That he was a brave man and fought back blindly, even when he was broken and bleeding. That, despite the herculean strength of Vigo County's wild woman, he arose time and time again to give battle when a stronger man would have stayed down. And it was only after the fight had gone the breadth and length of the town's only main street that Parney went down and stayed there.

But Misty knew better. The first time her fist thudded into his soft flesh, she knew what kept him on his feet—a terror-stricken consciousness of his future—there must have been times when he was good . . . and now he'd have to be good at all times. She was happy for Mrs. Parney but happier still for herself, for now she knew it wasn't love she had had for Green—it was love of the idea that someday she might become a lady.





# Good housekeepers approve:

*We've had a big surprise —*

Of course, we felt sure you'd like our fully-equipped *Registered Rest Rooms*, our signed pledges to keep them spic-and-span, our "White Patrol" inspection cars in every State.

But we weren't prepared for the avalanche of appreciation — the hundreds of letters you've written, the thousands of daily "Thank You's" at our stations.

Here is our answer. You will now find our clean, fully-equipped *Registered Rest Rooms* at Texaco Dealers all over the United States—more of them every day. And we'll give you the best in gasoline, oil and service, too.

Look for the neat green-and-white signs that mark our *Registered Rest Rooms* at Texaco Dealers everywhere. We invite you to drive in.



## TEXACO DEALERS

*originators of REGISTERED REST ROOMS*

*SKY CHIEF* sells for about half the price you paid in 1920 for the then regular gasoline, illustrating the continued success of the petroleum industry in providing the public with better products at lower prices.

Published in behalf of more than 45,000 independent Texaco Dealers by The Texas Company . . . makers of *Fire-Chief* and *SKY CHIEF* Gasolines, Insulated Texaco Motor Oil, Insulated Havoline Motor Oil, Marjak and more than 350 Industrial Lubricants.

Texaco "White Patrol" inspection cars, like the one shown below, guard *Registered Rest Rooms*. Many inspectors have first-aid training and carry first-aid equipment.

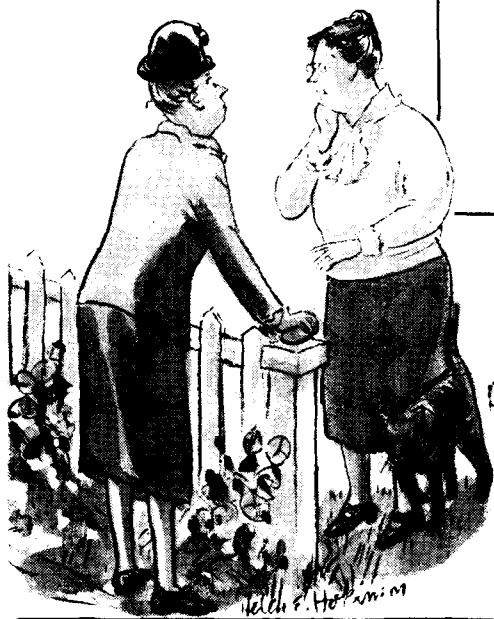


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## The Lord and Little Dick

Continued from page 17



*"Imagine Me  
flying  
to Hollywood!"*

1. My land, Sara, but I was excited when I received my Barbara's telegram telling me she was to be married! "Fly to Hollywood for wedding," she said. Why, I wonder what Pa would have thought if he was alive!



2. At the airport everyone was so nice to me, especially the hostess of my plane. I was so proud I couldn't help telling her about my Barbara being in pictures. And before you know it, Sara, we got right friendly.



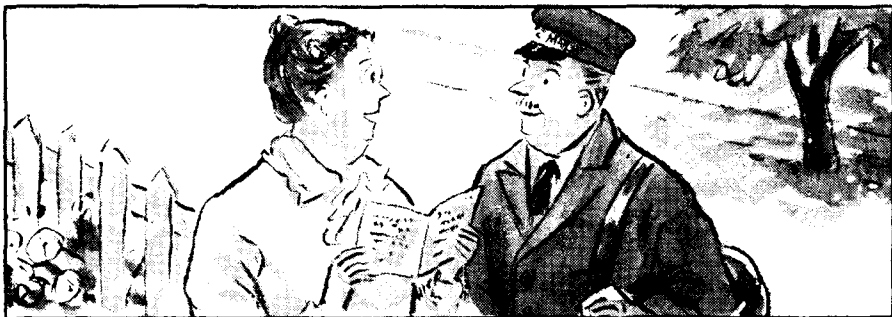
3. Before we landed, the hostess served a bite and some delicious iced coffee. "Land sakes, child!" I said. "Don't tempt me so! I love coffee but I'm one of those folks who can't drink it... seeing how it never lets me sleep."



4. "Don't you fret," she said. "This is Sanka Coffee. It's 97% caffeine-free. So it can't keep you awake." Well, Sara, it was grand coffee! You see, it's REAL coffee... with only the caffeine taken out... all the flavor left in.



5. Next morning I woke up in my hotel feeling fit as a fiddle. Bless that hostess, I thought, for introducing me to Sanka Coffee—it really lets me sleep! Soon as I get home I'm going to send her one of my own special apple pies!



6. And when she wrote thanking me for the pie, she told me the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffeine effect, and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden."



# SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE...97% CAFFEIN-FREE...DRINK IT AND SLEEP

"Drip" or "Regular" Grind. Get a Can at Your Grocer's Today!

KEEP COOL with ICED Sanka Coffee...it's delicious! Be sure to make it strong—as all good iced coffee should be made—one and a half heaping tablespoons to a cup of water.

Neither did the Republican mahouts—the party bosses—want him. But for another reason. In the Detroit area the gamblers and other caterers to nocturnal joys had been rusting for two years, all of them having closed their doors in January, 1936, when Mr. Frank Murphy, now Attorney General of the United States, became governor. And they stayed closed.

But some of the Republican hog callers seem to have spread false tidings—that were Fitzgerald to win there might be less rectitude in Michigan and much more personal freedom of the baser sort. And to bring about this joyous state of affairs, it would not do to have that enthusiastic Methodist in a seat of the mighty.

Therefore, the bosses came out for a more conventional Republican for lieutenant governor—one who might be depended upon to devote his attention to the affairs of government and let the preachers worry about the electorate's souls.

### Maple Syrup and Salvation

But Little Dick had heard voices. Every so often, as state elections impend, Little Dick hears voices. And when he does, the would-be leaders of Michigan's Republican party run temperatures. It means that Mr. Dickinson has packed his ancient valise, loaded a few jugs of maple syrup into the back of his chattering motorcar and, preaching St. Paul, is about to make himself available for something.

"Of course," says Little Dick, "I hear no such thing. Just sort of tickles folks to hear me say it."

Anyway, Little Dick, his clear blue eyes peering mildly at all and sundry and his bony fingers playing with his enormous gold watch chain, potted mildly into the primaries, his old head cocked as if determined not to miss those voices if perchance they had more to say.

And more in sorrow than in anger at all the unkind things the Republican regulars were saying about him, he gave the organization candidate a memorable thumping, coming in a mile or so ahead, and quoting St. Paul to explain it. Not once had he asked anyone to vote for him.

"If a man's running for office," says Little Dick, "the folks are apt to know he'd like 'em to vote for him."

Not one nickel did he spend to win the nomination.

"Seems," says Little Dick, "that folks ain't tired yet of hearing me talk, although I don't know why. Maybe it's because I don't talk politics. They pay me for it, too. Yes, sir, the orator's worthy of his hire."

And although Mr. Fitzgerald and the others on the ticket had made the air hideous with direful prophecies were the New Deal Democrats to be continued in office, Little Dick spoke ill of nothing and nobody.

"Seems to me," says Little Dick, "you ought to be sure you can do it better before criticizing. I don't hold with all they're doing in Washington, for instance. Don't hold with all this debt and borrowing. But anybody can say that. Anybody can say we ought to stop spending what we haven't got. But it takes a better man than me to tell how it's going to be done."

"Maybe I'm the only man in politics who don't know all the answers. Seems to me if we'd get down on our knees once in a while and ask God to help us think, it would be better than standing

up in the legislature or in a public hall and hollering down something we can't do ourselves."

So Little Dick, having doodled his way through the primaries, was elected lieutenant governor again. Commercialized sin is still in the red in Michigan. And today, Mr. Fitzgerald having died after seventy-five days of heartbreaking work, Little Dick's governor—a little wistful perhaps, a mite bemused by age and circumstance, somewhat fearful of the furor about him, but secure in a serene system that can be played only by a man who has learned that humanity is mostly bluster and brag. Instead of leading and exhorting his legislature, he's following and watching—and saying nothing. His legislature can neither obey nor defy him because he asks for nothing.

"They promised the people things," says Little Dick. "I didn't. It's their business to make laws, not mine. Guess I'll just sit here and see if they do what they promised. The folk'll take care of 'em if they don't. Let them pass laws. Fine people—most of them. I'll just watch."

And the result is that Michigan's legislature is scared to death of him. Up to the day we visited him they had passed at least three bills which they immediately recalled, fearful of Little Dick's veto—a power he exercises swiftly, calmly, courageously and without favor. And always preceded by a moment of silent prayer. If the Lord says 'tain't right, 'tain't right.

And thus he was, whispering to his Master, when we first saw him. But before we go on, perhaps you should know how natural it is that the Lord should be the real governor of Michigan.

### The Lord Doesn't Need Money

When Little Dick was quite a young fellow he taught school. In his heart he was a preacher and, ever quick to obey his heart, he became one. Not a regular, ordained one with reverend in front of his name, but a lay preacher who believed that most clergymen drown themselves in floods of rhetoric, washing away their congregations but not their sins and follies. Little Dick believed that strong, simple attacks on homely error were what God and man wanted most. Thus he set forth to ridicule rum, goad the gambler, chide the adulterer and reason with the thief.

He had no money; until he became governor he never did have much. He inherited a farm from his father—at Charlotte, not far from Lansing—renting it out to a man who liked farming. What he got in rent was small, but he and his wife (they have no children) still live in one of the farm buildings. Money was scarce but food was plentiful, and Little Dick and his wife got along.

"Never missed a meal," says Little Dick. "And, up to now—now that it has pleased the Lord to make me governor—I never spent as much money a week as most of the folks on relief do."

"But the Lord was good to us—me and my wife. When we needed something right bad I'd go out and talk to a meeting and get ten dollars for it. Guess it must have been worth ten dollars."

Of course, he doesn't have to talk for ten dollars now that he's governor. Not that he wouldn't.

"If old friends want a few words," says Little Dick, "I haven't got the heart to let them down. I'm not going to let prominence puff me up. The good Lord



lifts a body but He lets it down too. Seen Him do it—yes, sir."

As lieutenant governor he got three dollars a day. As governor he gets \$10,000 a year—\$5,000 in salary and \$5,000 for expenses.

"From me down to the janitor," says Little Dick, "we ain't worth what we're getting. A wise man can get more out of a dollar than a fritter-head can out of five—if he's careful."

Nevertheless, Little Dick is taking the \$10,000. He made a great mistake, though, when he announced that he'd give most of it to charity. Virtually everybody in Michigan applied for some of it. Out of his first check he painted the Eaton Methodist Church and gave twenty-five dollars to the Salvation Army. He also paid the doctor for Mrs. Dickinson's illness. What he has done with the rest, he won't tell.

"Makes some folks mad," says Little Dick, "but I don't care. Everybody wants me to give them some, but nobody's willing to do anything for it—if they get it. Come to think of it, I don't know more than one or two people who ain't fretting themselves sick trying to get something for nothing."

#### Little Dick Lets Them Know

He helped build (and still teaches in the Sunday school) the Eaton Methodist Episcopal Church at Charlotte. Five times he was elected to the general or world's conference of the M. E. Church. He became, and still is, a member of the Men's Work Commission of the two Methodisms and vice-president of the Laymen's Association of the Methodist Church of the World.

Just before we visited him, Little Dick had gone to Kansas City to attend the Uniting Conference of the Methodist Churches of America. He had left the legislature sweating over two nasty problems—how to balance Michigan's budget and how to rewrite the civil service laws so deftly that the spoils system might be revived to the power and the glory of the Republican party and still not anger the voters too much. In Little Dick's desk lay a sheaf of correspondence which would have considerable effect on the civil service debate.

"I'll let you know about making it public," said Little Dick to his secretary as he departed.

A few days later the time came. Legislators gathered in the governor's office. The newspapers were demanding. Shouters for both sides of the argument cluttered up the place. But not a word from Little Dick. Your ordinary governor, thinking above all of drama, political expediency and advertising whoop-up, would have had motor couriers burning the roads and have melted the wires with fiery phrases. But not a word from Little Dick who was, at the moment, giving sin a stout lacing in Kansas City.

And then, along about nightfall, a slightly grimy penny postcard arrived at Mr. Butler's desk. In his cramped hand, Little Dick had advised Michigan thereon that he was having a right nice time, that he was feeling fine and—oh, yes—he guessed it would be all right to let the folks have that correspondence and it wouldn't do a mite of harm if the legislature did less talking and more praying.

But to get back to where we should be, Little Dick's onslaught on rum and ruin was so vigorous that the Anti-Saloon League made him its Michigan superintendent. Even today he's president of the Anti-Saloon League of Michigan.

"It's like smoking cigarettes," says Little Dick. "It's all right. I guess, to smoke a cigarette with your dinner. But two cigarettes—well, that's foolish. A man don't need them."

So he has given Michigan's sellers and drinkers of alcohol something to worry about. With his cool but complete approval, a couple of bills have been introduced which would abolish the suburban roadhouse and night club, would prohibit the presence of women as customers or workers in drinking places, stop all public drinking at eleven at night and limit licenses to one per thousand population. . . .

"Some folks say it's going to inconvenience them," says Little Dick. "Some folks is awfully easily inconvenienced."

You can never tell when Little Dick's campaigning nor where he leaves off. He went to Albany and Saratoga, N. Y., to the Conference of Governors and returned home to deliver a blast that left those who covet his job writhing in pain. Back from the East, he let fly with a terrific wallop at High Life. At the conference there was liquor lurking behind every corner. Liquor and defenseless women. He saw, said he, "an unlimited flow of every variety of liquors at every turn, with dance halls, drinking tables on the side, richly dressed and sweetly voiced hosts and uniformed waiters urging visitors of every age, including those girls, to drink. Thank God, our (Michigan) girls came home unsullied, never knowing how near the brink they were."

Maybe Little Dick saw more than those who hastened to deny any such goings-on. But he saw Satan. "Church members weren't immune," said he. "I saw a charming young church girl strenuously refuse, but the surroundings in the later hours overcame her, and I saw her drunk."

And mind you, Little Dick was making no appeal for votes.

#### Politician Without Politics

Several times, during his private chats with God, Little Dick's been told (hearing voices again) that the legislature will take care of that budget balancing. And naturally he's entirely confident that the miracle will be performed without any shouting or figure flinging from him.

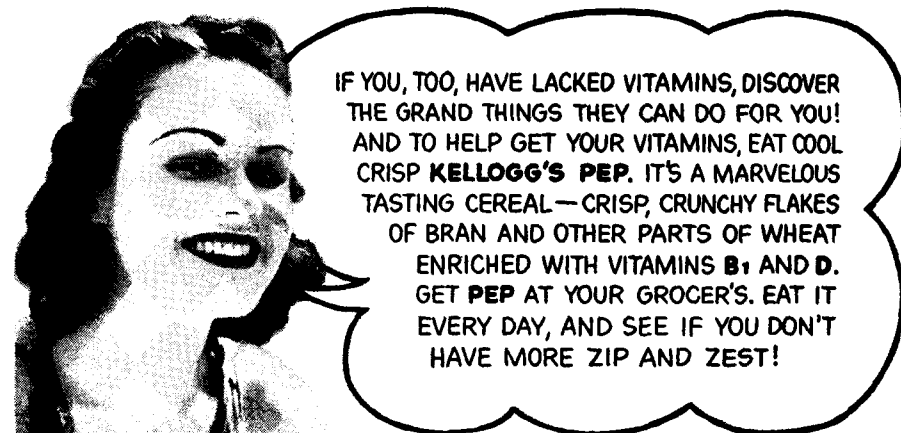
When the Lord does the arithmetic, says Little Dick, the answer is pretty likely to be correct. And that leaves to Little Dick the job of seeing that the citizenry of Michigan doesn't squander its time in such wickednesses as gambling, liquor swilling, chasing loose females and hurling themselves around dance halls all night.

"Of course," says Little Dick. "It's awfully hard these days to tell what's dancing and what isn't. When the music stops everybody's panting like rabbit dogs."

Neither of Michigan's United States senators is paying the slightest attention to Little Dick. And you'd never gather from Little Dick that there are any United States senators from Michigan. Patronage? Little Dick just can't be bothered. Political organizations? He's got one—the rural churches. Nineteen-forty? That's next year and the Bible bids you to take no heed of the morrow, doesn't it? Messrs. Hitler and Mussolini? Ought to be reading St. Paul instead of prancing around scaring folks half to death. It's probably due to the way they were brought up. It's all so simple.

We asked him about the Townsend Plan, pretty sure we'd line him up on that.

"Guess it's all right," says Little Dick. "A lot of politicians found it was all right for them—around election. But where do we get the money from? Everybody's promising everybody else more every day. Some folks think I'm a mite old-fashioned. But then everybody who don't go splitting their shirts for every new idea that comes along is called old-fashioned. Kinda comforta-



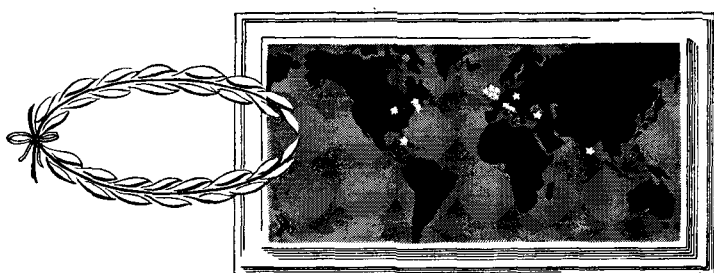
IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT COOL CRISP KELLOGG'S PEP. IT'S A MARVELOUS TASTING CEREAL—CRISP, CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B<sub>1</sub> AND D. GET PEP AT YOUR GROCER'S. EAT IT EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!

**Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!\***

\*Pep contains vitamins B<sub>1</sub> and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B<sub>1</sub>, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.

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# A Geographic HALL OF FAME



Many important cities of the world, many old towns that have played a part in history, are inseparably linked in the public mind with some one thing that they have sent to us, to eat or wear or otherwise enjoy.

A well-known broadcaster, noted for telling "Nothing but the Truth," reminds you here of fourteen of these cities, and adds some facts you may have overlooked.



## ANGORA (Goats)

When the late great ruler of the Turkish Republic moved his government to Angora, the world said, "Ah! Where the goats come from!" Through a thousand years of fighting, the city has changed and rechanged hands; armies have come and gone; the goats have stayed; beautiful goats, distinguished for their long and silky hair. And in the minds of people everywhere, Angora and goats are natural associates.

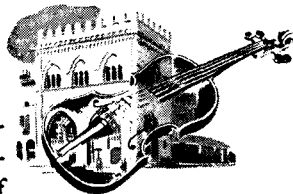


## MADRAS (Cotton Fabric)

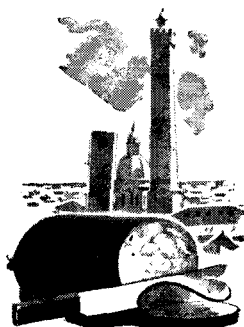
One of the first Americans to wear shirts made of the cloth we call madras, was Elihu Yale, patron of the university that bears his name. Elihu's shirts were doubtless of good quality; they were made for him in the Indian city of Madras itself, during his residence there as governor of a fortress. All this was 250 years ago; but Madras is still a sign of quality in cotton fabrics.

## CREMONA (Violins)

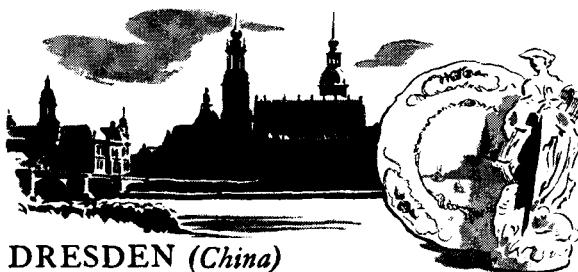
July Fourth was Glorious even in 1667, for a certain young violin-maker of Cremona. On that day, Antonio Stradivari declared his independence—of money troubles. He married a rich widow, and promised her that he'd be the best violin-maker in all the world. To keep that promise, he made bigger and better violins till he was 93! He sold them for \$20 apiece; some of them now are worth \$50,000. To Stradivarius we owe the fact that in the language of culture, Cremona means violins.



## BOLOGNA (Sausages)

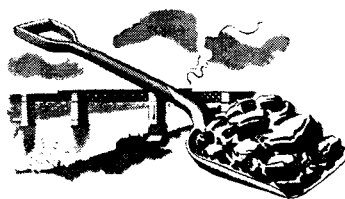


The medieval city of Bologna looks much the same as when Dante studied at its university. A quaint Italian saying, "The Wise, the Free, the Fat," pictures the old city's learning, its democracy, and its famous sausages, which still are called "Bologna."



## DRESDEN (China)

"As pretty as a Dresden shepherdess." We often hear those words today, when some graceful and charming girl is being discussed; and we could have heard the same words, describing other dainty ladies, two hundred years ago. In 1707, the royal porcelain factory, at Dresden in Saxony, began its amazing output of art objects, groups and figures; and Dresden became the word for china.



## NEWCASTLE (Coal)

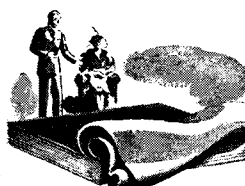
Newcastle-upon-Tyne is named after a very old castle that was "new" in 1080. After coal was discovered there in 1234, the "firewood interests" blocked its general use for four hundred years. But even in the old wood-burning days, people began to joke about "carrying coals to Newcastle."

## SHEFFIELD (Steel)

Geoffrey Chaucer, writing in 1387, tells of a miller who wore in his hose a "Sheffield whittle," said implement being a cross between a dagger and a table knife. Arrows tipped with Sheffield steel defeated Richard III at Bosworth Field. A modest display of Sheffield cutlery ranked high among the treasures of many a pioneer American housewife. Which goes to show that the city of Sheffield came naturally by its reputation for steelware.

## AXMINSTER (Carpets)

Some noted cities have outgrown their products; more than one product has deserted its place of origin. In England, when we visit Axminster, we may enjoy a treat of Devonshire cream, we may witness customs that



# Th

That famous flavor of Schlitz comes to you intact in every bottle. *Here's why:* The air that sustains life can destroy the flavor of the beer *if sealed in the bottle.* SO—WE TAKE THE AIR OUT OF THE BOTTLE A INSTANT BEFORE WE PUT THE BEER IN. An amazing new method that assures you brewery-fresh goodness *always* Schlitz pioneers again!



date from 1246; but we find that the carpet industry has gone to other cities, even to other lands.

## PAISLEY (Shawls)



At Paisley, in Scotland, we are shown the birthplace of Alexander Wilson, great American bird expert, but we learn that the lovely shawls, with their oriental designs like peacocks' feathers, are woven there no more.

## BELFAST (Linen)

Thackeray said of Belfast, "It looks hearty and prosperous, as if it had money in its pockets and roast beef for dinner." T



# Dry

# beer with that FAMOUS FLAVOR

*is the beer that made MILWAUKEE famous*



That flavor is dry, of course. Yet so expertly is Schlitz brewed that you enjoy the fresh, fragrant tang of the hops without a trace of bitterness. And the rich, robust mellow-ness of the malt without a whisper of sweetness. The flavor of this pale, gold beer had to be inimitable. It made a city famous around the globe.



city owed its thriving appearance to a knock that was a boost. When, in 1698, the British parliament hindered Ireland's *woolen* trade, the Irish turned all their energies to the manufacture of *linen*. The industry centered naturally in Belfast, and Belfast and fine linen became linked as household words.

## HAVANA (Cigars)

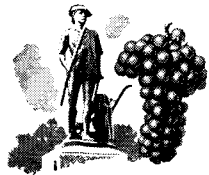
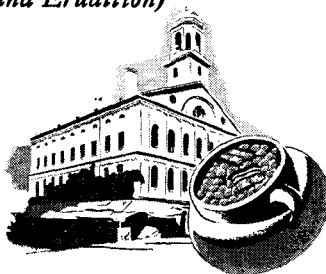


Havana might almost be called a wandering city; founded by Diego de Velasquez on the *south* coast of Cuba, it was soon transferred to another point, and in 1519 removed to its present northern site. There it gained renown for what the Spaniards had

called its "curious dried leaves;" and in good time the word "Havana" became another name for cigars.

## BOSTON (Beans and Erudition)

Home in Massachusetts we find two more members for our geographic hall of fame. One of these was not content with giving the world its most famous tea-party, nor with specializing in the field of erudition; it raised the social standing of a humble article of food—and Boston became a synonym for beans!



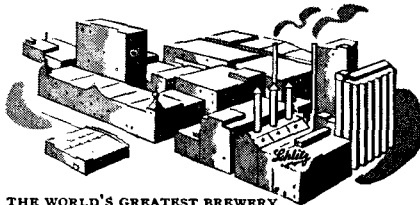
## CONCORD (Grapes)

Only twenty miles away is Concord, small in size but great in culture; home of a distinguished

group of New England writers, philosophers and poets. Concord joins Boston in appealing to our palates, and earns an added glory from her fine, black, luscious grapes.

## MILWAUKEE (Schlitz Beer)

Perhaps the best example of all is Milwaukee, of high standing among America's leading cities, noted for valued contributions to the nation's life. Milwaukee arose to international fame inseparably linked with a name that means good beer around the world—SCHLITZ—"The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous."



NOT SWEET... NEITHER IS IT BITTER

Copyright, 1939  
JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN



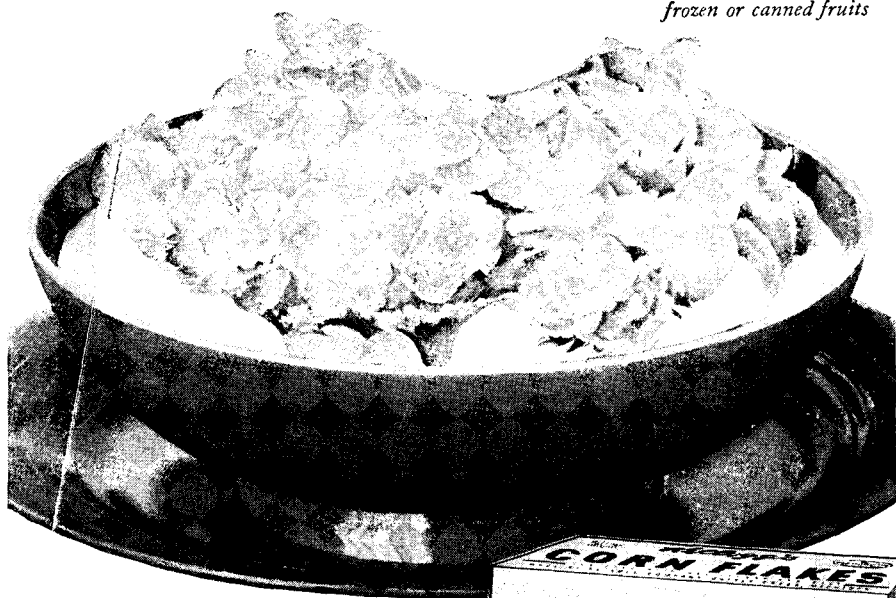


# LUSCIOUS!

## Fresh Sliced Peaches

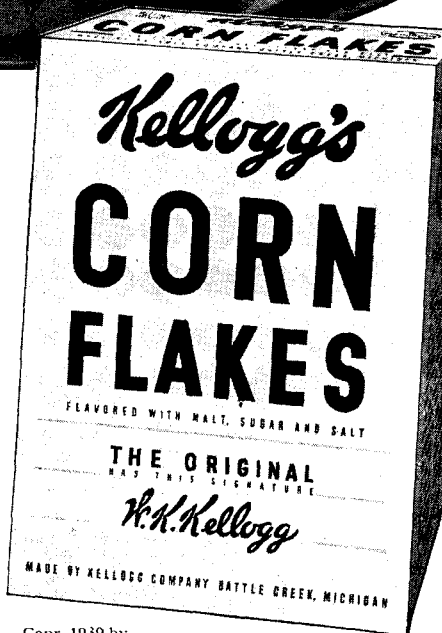
## Fresh\* Kellogg's Corn Flakes

*Delicious with fresh,  
frozen or canned fruits*



...  
such *freshness*! Because today America's favorite ready-to-eat cereal comes to you in a remarkable new inner wrap which protects its goodness all the way from the toasting ovens to you!

Recently perfected by Kellogg, this exclusive new container guards flavor and freshness in a way never before possible. You're missing something mighty good if you don't try a big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes *soon*!



Copr. 1939 by  
Kellogg Company

ble to be old-fashioned. Some folks think the Lord's old-fashioned, too."

Little Dick looked at the clock. It was noon and the governor of Michigan was hungry for his dinner. In his office every day—just across the room—sits his physician, Dr. H. Allen Moyer. The doctor had seen to Little Dick's noon-day dinner. And a waiter came tottering in with a large steak, a mess of potatoes, corn, salad, coffee and pie. None of this luncheon nonsense for Little Dick. Dinner. And Little Dick ate like a congressman on a junket.

After dinner he took a nap, curling his small self on a sofa and dropping off to sleep like a healthy infant. In his waiting room a crowd of pretty expensive-looking ladies and gentlemen were assembled, bent on enlisting His Excellency's co-operation in something or other. But Little Dick had no intention of listening to them. After a while he would arouse, peer at the clock and, like as not, trot out the back way.

Or if he did see them he'd probably leave them as unsatisfied as he left those politicians who, a couple of weeks after the Lord made him governor,

tried to find out whether he was going to stand for governor in 1940 and seek election in his own right.

"I don't have to say, do I?" demanded Little Dick. "No, sir, I don't. I don't have to be elected again. No, sir, this job hasn't worn any flesh off me. Gained ten pounds."

And that's all the satisfaction they got. They left squabbling among themselves because among them were several of the score of Michigan politicians who want to be governor but don't want Little Dick for an opponent in the primaries. One of these days Little Dick may hear voices.

But he didn't see that important delegation in his waiting room. Instead, he invited everybody present to come to church on the following Wednesday night for a spell of much-needed praying—and a chicken supper.

And then, looking like a very wise old elf, smiling a little wickedly, he trotted out, sprang into his car and went home. In the car he closed his eyes tight and looked very peaceful.

"Him and the Lord's talking it over," said the cop at our side.

### Things I Couldn't Tell till Now

Continued from page 13

four in Newark still struggled with death Marty Krompfer got out of a barber's chair in New York City, just above Times Square. As he straightened his necktie, guns spoke again, and down went Marty and Sammy Gold. It was a massacre that night, planned on broad, sweeping lines, but Marty and Sammy survived.

You remember that kid fighter, Nathan Mann, whom the Dutchman had turned over to Marty. Marty was pulled through by four blood transfusions given him by Nathan. The kid weakened himself so much he had to stay out of the ring for a lot of the next year, but he came back later, under Marty's care. Last year he was good enough to go three rounds with Joe Louis.

Schultz himself lived on until the next afternoon, murmuring incoherencies on his hospital bed.

"Oh, mamma, mamma, mamma, oh stop it," babbled the dying man. "Please, mother, don't tear, don't rip . . . My gilded stuff and those dirty rats have tuned in . . . I was in the toilet . . . the boy came at me . . . Please, look out, the shooting is a bit wild, and that kind of shooting saved a man's life . . . Come on, get some money in that treasury . . . Mother is the best bet, and don't let Satan draw you too fast. . ."

And the bold, bad murder man, the terrible Dutchman, himself was dead.

The Dutchman's body was taken to New York, and four days later, right under the noses of detectives who were on hand to watch the funeral, it was smuggled away to the Gate of Heaven Cemetery, Mount Pleasant, New York. Unlike the burials of big gangsters in the past, this funeral was secret and the only mourners at the grave were Schultz's mother, his sister and his wife. Nobody else thought enough of him to risk being seen at his bier.

With the relatives was the Rev. Cornelius McInerney, priest of a little parish in New Jersey. Arthur Flegenheimer was a Jew, but his wife was a Catholic, and on his deathbed he called in the priest so that he might die in the faith of his wife.

Speaking of Schultz's blissful unawareness of danger, I had plenty of it myself that night of death. Schultz had called me late in the afternoon, urged me to join him that evening, but I had

made excuses. Still later, George Weinberg dropped into my office, which was unusual.

"Going across the river tonight?" he asked.

"No," I told him. So George came up to my mother's for dinner with me and my sweetheart, Hope Dare.

"You're not going across the river?" he asked again, later, when we were parting, and I assured him I wasn't. If I had planned to go, would he have stopped me? That is something I will never know.

I went to the Barbizon Plaza Hotel, to meet a friend. I am not going to tell his name, because he is too respectable to drag into this, but he and I just sat there all evening, swapping stories and drinking champagne.

Long later I learned that I had been tailed that night by two cops from the office of Special Prosecutor Thomas E. Dewey, and for once I had reason to be thankful for such careful watching.

I went home about three o'clock in the morning. It was just a couple of blocks along Central Park South to the apartment where Hope and I were living, and I went along whistling, very happy, with a snootful of wine. A newsie was saying something about Dutch Schultz, which was nothing unusual in those days. I bought all the morning papers, tucked them under my arm without looking at them and went on my way. Nonchalantly I turned the key in my door and swung it open. The room was ablaze with light.

"Dick!" screamed Hope, and threw herself around my neck. "Where have you been?"

Then I saw the headline of the Daily News in my hand:

SCHULTZ, 5 PALS SHOT

My friends Leo Rosenthal and Sam Grossman were there with Hope, and they had been practically crazy. The radio had said Schultz had been shot down with three unidentified companions. George Weinberg had been telephoning every few minutes, to find out if I had been heard from.

I didn't go to bed that night. I called George, to ease his mind about me, and we got together. We decided to lie low until we found out how epidemic this shooting really was, so we went to the



Waldorf-Astoria and registered under phony names. They got onto who we were the next day, and made us leave. We'd have been mighty glad to get out of there had we known that the Waldorf right then was also the secret hideaway of Charlie (Lucky) Luciano, head of the Unione Siciliana, the biggest man in the underworld.

Charlie Lucky's name was now all over the front pages of the newspapers, for the first time in his life. The police were looking for him, along with the rest of those they called the Big Six, the downtown mobsters who had been such good friends with Bo, whom we in the underworld knew as the Combination.

They included Longie Zwillman, boss of Newark and its populous neighborhood; Lepke and Gurrah, chiefs of New York's labor rackets; and Bug Siegel and Meyer Lansky, who were Lucky's closest partners and chiefs of what is known as the Bug and Meyer mob. These were all big mobsters and they all headed up in Charlie. His name was spoken in whispers.

### New Masters for Old

George and I had to get around town a bit to tend to some of our urgent affairs, and a couple of days later he came to me with a message which had been passed to him.

"Charlie wants to see you," he said.

"Charlie?" The name filled me with dread. What could he want with me?

It was a summons I had to heed. Certainly I didn't want to. I wanted to be through with the underworld. But if Charlie wanted me, he would get me, wherever I was, anywhere in the United States, anywhere in the world, for the Unione Siciliana was everywhere.

The Unione was unrelenting, and it lived on death and treachery. Would Charlie demand that I stay with the mobs? Or was I to be put on the spot? Either way, I was trapped. But I had to meet him.

So we went to the designated address. It was an old tenement house on the East Side, an ancient, decrepit place, but in the slum street below were parked two shiny Cadillacs. My knees trembled as we climbed the dark, evil-smelling stairs. I was led into a shabby kitchen, and there sat a swarthy, hard-eyed man with six guns before him on a table. He was cleaning them.

The door to the front room opened, and George and I went in. Sitting there, surrounded by all the leaders of the Italian mob, was Luciano, Charlie Lucky.

I knew Lucky, though then not very well. He was a dark Sicilian with black wavy hair and a sharp, clear-cut profile, a perfect smooth gangster type. But in addition there was a scar on the right of his face, which gave his eye a sinister droop. He spoke pleasantly, as if we were old friends and butter wouldn't melt in his mouth.

"Dick, this is some awful trouble that happened," said Lucky. "We're trying to run it down and see what cause is behind it all. But I think you're all right and you probably will have nothing to worry about."

His voice was sympathetic, but there was a wicked glint in Charlie's drooping eye which was far more eloquent than any honeyed words. Lucky was subtle, and his gentle ways could be far more terrifying than the rough passions of the Dutchman. I was scared speechless.

"All I want you to do," he went on after a pause, "is tell me about the Dutchman's affairs. We'll try to get his boys together and hold as much for them as we can." So that was it. He was mopping up, and didn't want to miss anything.

"Well, there is the restaurant racket

and the policy, and his boys know about both of those," I managed to say. "And there is the brewery, but that is tied up legally, so I don't think you can touch it."

"His investments," said Lucky evenly. "You would know about those."

"I don't know of any investments," I told him, racking my brain for something else to tell. "He just had cash, and where that is God only knows."

Intently I watched that drooping eye. I was telling the truth, but would he believe me? My fate, I knew, hung in that delicate balance. But if he disbelieved, I saw no sign.

"You can go right on handling the policy arrests if you want to, Dick," said Charlie. "But you don't have to unless you want to do it."

The boss himself had given me permission to quit. Apparently I was okay with the mob. But I went out of there with my heart still pounding. Apparently I was okay, but if I wasn't I wouldn't know it until some day when a dose of lead came crashing my way.

Release had come from slavery to Schultz. The Italians had moved in, and so far as I was concerned they were welcome to everything they found. All I wanted to do was get out of town.

I talked it over with Jimmy Hines, who was my one powerful friend now that Schultz was gone, and he agreed.

"It's a lousy, sordid business, and you're well out of it, Dick," said the politician. "So far as you and I are concerned, we just don't belong."

Jimmy had been friends with underworld people long before I had known any of them, but I think his dealings with the Dutchman had actually turned his stomach. He was as relieved as I was that Schultz was dead.

It took me only a little while to straighten out my affairs and get away. My law practice was already shot, and what was left I turned over to another lawyer.

The death of Schultz had left me in bad shape for money. Under the new city administration there were not so many little policy arrests. The cops were now out after bigger fish. The old grist of small fry had been my main source of legal fees.

### Back to the Underworld

During those last two years I had devoted my own time completely to the Dutchman's income-tax case and he had not paid me. I was supposed to get \$100,000, but while Schultz paid other lawyers he was always putting me off with assurances.

"Of course you know I am a square shooter," he had said. And I had won so many arguments with him by telling him he was a square shooter that, when he turned the argument back on me, I had to take it.

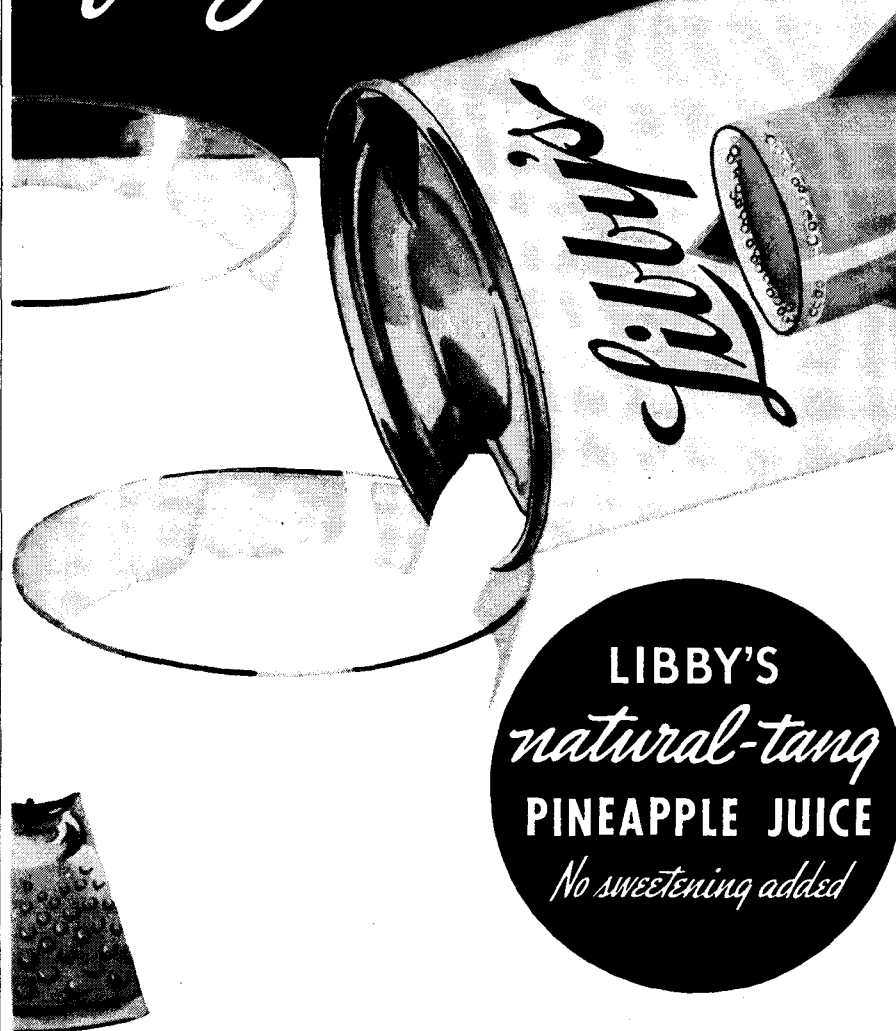
Hope Dare had lived in California before she came to New York, and we decided that was the place for us. While I settled up my affairs, Hope went on ahead of me to stay with her family in Las Vegas, New Mexico, and as soon as possible I joined her there. I spent the next few months boning away at law books, memorizing California statutes.

But it was no use. One day in February I got a phone call from New York, passing on a hot tip from Jimmy Hines. The Bar Association had decided to take disbarment action against me, on the basis of the policy investigation in New York the previous spring.

This broke up all my plans. To enter practice of law in California, I had to have a certificate of character from New York. So back to Manhattan I had to go, to fight disbarment. The Bar Association's action had called me back to the underworld.

When I speak of the underworld now,

*A flavor-fillip  
for your meals!*



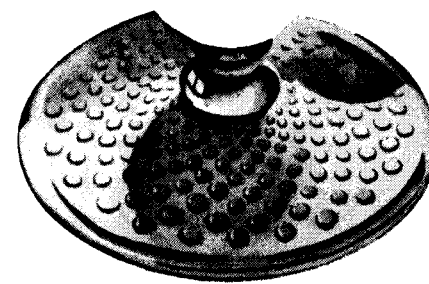
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*natural-tang*  
**PINEAPPLE JUICE**  
*No sweetening added*

**REFRESHING** is the word for Libby's! Pressed from full-ripe Hawaiian pineapples, this juice needs no artificial sweetening. It brings you the glorious natural tang of the fruit.

People who make an art of dining like to start with Libby's Pineapple Juice. Zestful, unsweetened, it's a perfect appetizer. By the same token, a grand between-meal drink as well.

You'll like Libby's, too, for breakfast. It has the right, tangy taste for the first thing in the morning, plus the vitamins and minerals you depend on fruit juice to supply.

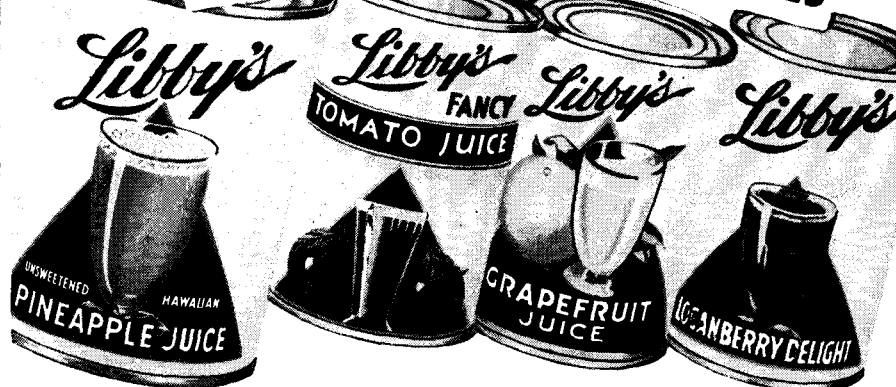
Do try Libby's natural-tang Pineapple Juice. It's pressed and packed field-fresh for you in Hawaii!



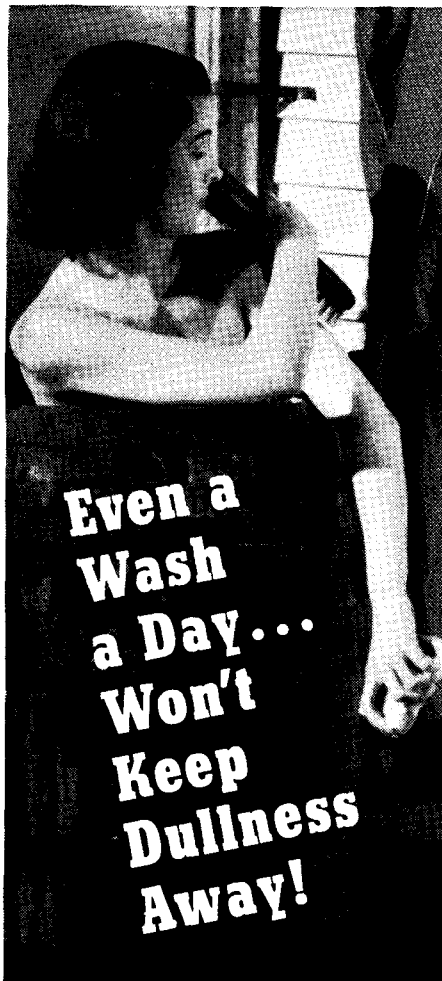
1939 WORLD'S FAIR VISITORS! See Libby's Treasure Ship in the Foods Building at New York and San Francisco

**LOOK!**

**A FAMILY OF LIBBY'S JUICES**







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It's not only dirt that makes cars get dull. Any finish soon decays, without the protection of Simoniz. Get Simoniz today! It prevents weather, the hot sun, and destructive elements from dulling and damaging the lacquer or enamel. Keeps the colors from fading. Builds up beauty. Saves washing. If dull, use Simoniz Kleener first to restore the luster. Be sure to insist on these famous products... and enjoy the thrill of always driving a clean sparkling car!

MOTORISTS WISE  
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Try New Easy Way to Use!

I mean something far bigger than the Schultz mob. The Dutchman was one of the last independent barons to hold out against a general centralization of control which had been going on ever since Charlie Lucky became leader of the Unione Siciliana in 1931.

Two weeks ago I told about the "Americanization" of the mobs. That was one way of describing what happened to the Unione Siciliana under Charlie.

The "greasers" in the Unione were killed off, and the organization was no longer a loose, fraternal order of Sicilian black-handers and alcohol cookers, but rather the framework for a system of alliances which were to govern the underworld.

In Chicago, for instance, the Unione no longer fought the Capone mob, but pooled strength and worked with it. A man no longer had to be a Sicilian to be in the Unione. Into its highest councils came such men as Meyer Lansky and Bug Siegel, leaders of a tremendously powerful mob, who were personal partners in the alcohol business with Lucky and Joe Adonis of Brooklyn.

### The Inner Circle of Racketeering

Originally the Unione had been a secret but legitimate fraternal organization, with chapters in various cities where there were Sicilian colonies. Some of them operated openly, like any lodge. But it fell into the control of the criminal element, the Mafia, and with the coming of prohibition, which turned thousands of law-abiding Sicilians into bootleggers, alcohol cookers and vassals of warring mobs, it changed.

It still numbers among its members many old-time Sicilians who are not gangsters, but anybody who goes into it today is a mobster, and an important one.

In New York City the organization is split up territorially into districts, each led by a minor boss, known as the "compare," or godfather. I have been told that its members now distrust one another so much that when they have a meeting they all strip to their underwear to prove they are not carrying guns.

Nobody except its members really knows all about those things. But I know that throughout the underworld the Unione Siciliana is accepted as a mysterious, all-pervasive reality, and that Lucky used it as the vehicle by which the underworld was drawn into co-operation on a national scale.

Repeal of prohibition speeded up the centralization of control. Bootlegging had greatly increased the resources of the underworld and speeded its growth, but it also had created anarchy. It had been possible, for instance, for Owney Madden to come out of prison, hijack a few trucks, and within a year set himself up as a powerful mob leader.

After repeal that sort of thing was no longer possible. Indeed, there was a rapid elimination of the weaker mobs. Dutch Schultz, having had the foresight to go into policy, was able to hold out for a while, but eventually he went the way of the others.

What had happened in the underworld under Lucky might be compared with the modern developments in trade associations, the NRA idea. The big fellows got together, whacked up territory, and agreed to eliminate the cut-throat competition of gang warfare and the competition of any outsiders. The Unione Siciliana served, you might say, as a sort of code authority.

Power naturally stemmed from New York. In the first place, the old New York gangs had been a breeding ground for boss mobsters. Al Capone and Torrio had gone from New York to take over Chicago; also New Yorkers were the Bernsteins of the Purple mob of

Detroit. And the natural weight of New York man power had been augmented by Lucky's alliance with the mobs of Lepke and of Meyer and the Bug.

Avoiding the gaudy display and publicity which had brought other racketeers to their doom, Lucky and his allies developed their power with inconspicuous mystery. Waxey Gordon was notorious as a power in New Jersey, but nobody heard of his partners, Meyer and the Bug.

When bumptious Micky Duffy of Philadelphia was knocked off in Atlantic City in 1931, his Philadelphia rackets were taken over by Nig Rosen, a New York East Side boy—a stooge for Meyer and the Bug. The Unione Siciliana was powerful in Kansas City (I have often seen Tom Pendergast at the Belmont Park race track with Lucky and Frank Costello), so the Unione itself continued to be the central underworld power there.

Moey Davis became the power in Cleveland, and anyone who questioned it would have to deal with Lucky and Meyer and the Bug. Regents for the Capone empire in Chicago took their place as one of the main axis powers in this national setup.

Gambling was a mainstay of the mobs that lived on after prohibition, and it was soon brought into control on a national basis. By 1936 nobody could run a gambling joint at fashionable Saratoga Springs, New York, unless he stood in with the Italian mob.

The mob had taken over Miami, and split up the gambling rights among the mob barons from various cities. If a dog track was started almost anywhere, each of the major mobs would take a piece.

When the mobs moved into Los Angeles, the New Yorkers were partners with Johnnie Roselli in the rich profits of the Clover Club.

The mobs operate through tie-ups with local politicians, but they are not held down by county lines. For in-

stance, Frankie Costello, a powerful leader in the Unione today, once had all the slot machines in New York City. In 1934 Mayor La Guardia ran the machines out of town, but that did not finish Frankie Costello. He and his lieutenant, Dandy Phil Kastel, made a tie-up with the Long organization in Louisiana, and took over the slot machines of New Orleans.

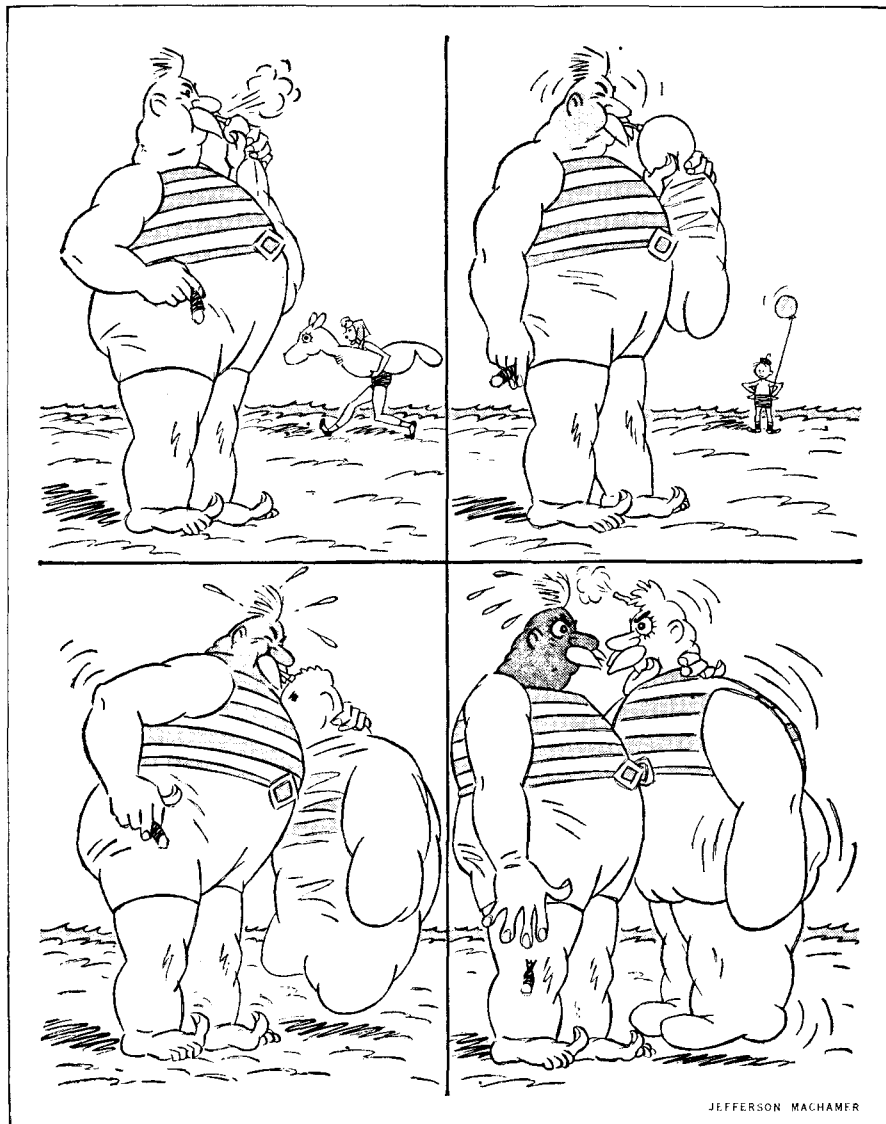
### A Fatal Blow to the Underworld

Horse-race tracks, owned through front men but controlled by underworld partners, became rich sources of revenue as the policy racket developed. Hitherto, race tracks had been poor investments, but the fixing of the numbers soon made big business for tracks controlled by the mobs. For example, Schultz paid Abba Dabba \$10,000 a week to fix the numbers, and he doubtless passed it on to those in control at the track. Later, the assessments levied ostensibly for the fix were collected by Schultz as tribute from those whom he permitted to run local policy games. The guys who took over policy after Schultz was killed were required to pay \$20,000 a week for the phony "fix."

Now, when you add this \$20,000 in with comparable fix payments from the policy banks of downtown New York, of New Jersey, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Boston, and probably other towns, it makes a staggering sum.

I wouldn't presume to guess the total or how it's split up, but I know it's there. And it helps to show you how the big mobsters of the present day manage to function. Compared with that, it is small pickings to run a local policy racket.

By the spring of 1936, when I came back to New York to try to save my own neck from disbarment, the consolidation of control in the underworld had become virtually complete and was



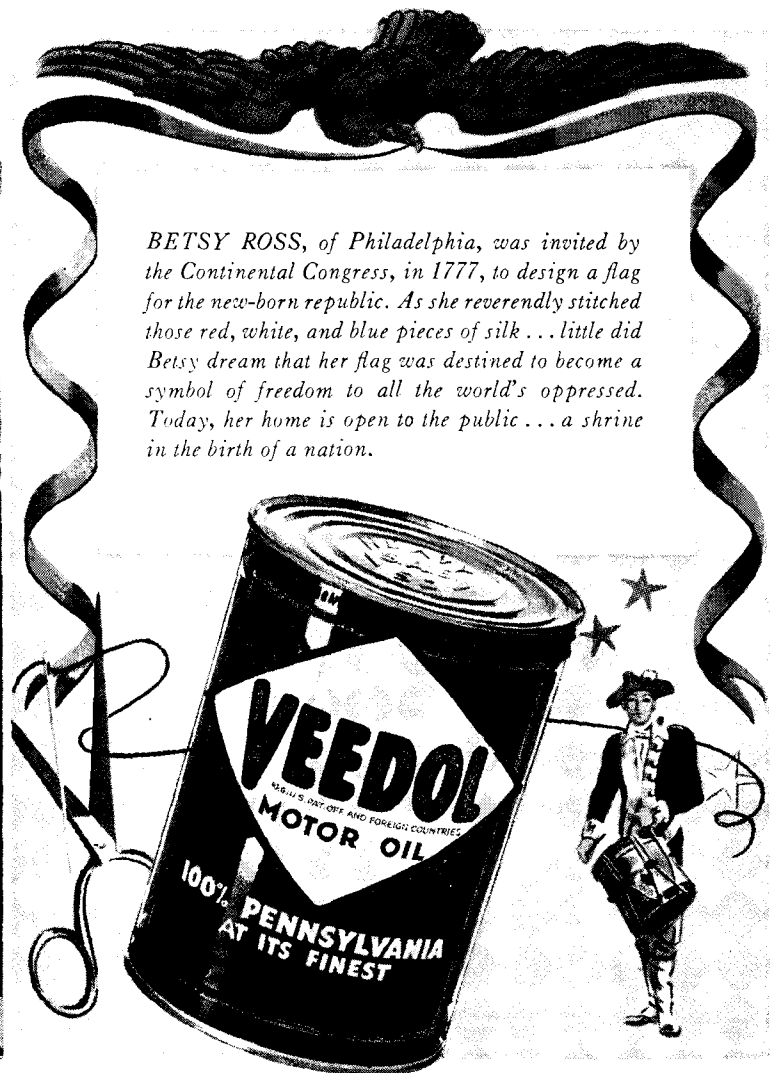
JEFFERSON MACHAMER



# When you say "PENNSYLVANIA"

*the American woman thinks of BETSY ROSS*

*the Careful Motorist thinks of VEEDOL*



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Tide Water Associated Oil Company

From the earliest days of motoring, America's finest cars  
have been safeguarded by Veedol's "Film of Protection."

WOMEN have always played a major role in the progress of this country. But nowhere has their influence been more vital, than in the development of the American automobile. It is largely "thanks to the ladies" that the car of today possesses so much beauty, comfort, and driving-ease.

That is why women, *especially*, should be interested in the story of Veedol... the motor oil that gives the famous "film of protection".

For the company which makes Veedol was a pioneer like Betsy Ross. It was among the first companies to enter the Pennsylvania fields, which produce the world's richest crude oils. And today the makers of Veedol are still pioneering! Through special processes and equipment that choice Pennsylvania crude is refined into Veedol Motor Oil... the lubricant best fitted to safeguard your modern high-speed motor.

Thanks to its pure Pennsylvania quality, Veedol offers you an oil film of maximum resistance to heat and friction... a "film of protection" that keeps your motor cool, quiet, and smooth-running under the toughest driving conditions.

The woman who drives a car has only to think of Pennsylvania and ask for Veedol... in order to give her motor as perfect protection as the most skilled engineer could recommend.

VEEDOL MOTOR OIL... a product of  
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... makers of Tydol and "Flying A" Gasolines



"I offer guests a choice  
because so many  
now want wine"

says  
**GRANTLAND RICE**



All America follows Grantland Rice's colorful newspaper column, "The Spotlight." Busy "Grant" Rice covers every big sporting event from coast to coast, produces brilliant motion picture sport shorts. Friend of America's active people, genial and frequent host, he is quick to notice the preferences of his guests



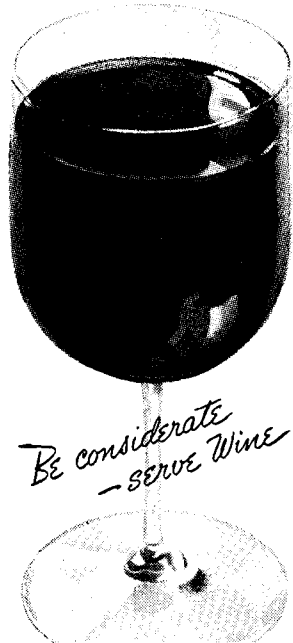
"My friends need a letup at night. But they  
lead busy lives. They find it pays to be moderate"

"Friends come to my house to relax and enjoy themselves," says Grantland Rice. "Many are busy people—need to be keen and fresh. So I give every guest a choice of beverages, and I notice that nowadays more and more prefer wine."

It is true in almost every city and town today.

Before dinner, careful hosts and hostesses like to offer guests a choice that includes small glasses of mellow amber Sherry.

Or at table with the main course, larger glasses of a light table wine like pale gold Chablis or ruddy Claret.



Be considerate  
—serve wine

And when guests drop in, delicious richly flavored Port and Muscatel.

Mind you, many select wine *because* it goes so well with gracious, unhurried evenings. You discover that wine is a *leisurely* beverage. It tastes best when you linger over your glass.

Just try offering your guests an opportunity to choose wine. You will find that increasing numbers prefer it.

#### ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW TO SERVE WINE

There are many varieties, but only two main types of wine . . . (1) Wines made "dry" (not sweet) especially to serve with meals, called *table* wines; (2) Wines for use with desserts or refreshments, called *sweet* wines.

A delightful "table" wine is Sauterne—golden, light, of delicate flavor. The usual serving is half the size of a water goblet.

A favorite "sweet" wine is Muscatel, rich with the flavor of Muscat grapes. Serve your Muscatel with desserts or in the afternoon or evening, in a small glass.

**The Wines of California:** Now chosen by more than 9 out of 10 American hosts and hostesses are the good wines of our own country. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. True to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.



This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco.

dominated by the New York combination under Charlie Lucky.

Then, in April, 1936, came an event which was to shake the underworld. Thomas E. Dewey, working along as special prosecutor in what the underworld thought was complete futility, had suddenly struck at a small prostitution racket which was being developed in New York by Little Davie Betillo, one of Lucky's close henchmen. Nobody worried much about that until Dewey, striking suddenly again, sent detectives out to Hot Springs, Arkansas, and arrested Lucky.

Lucky was playing golf when warning came from local officials that New York cops were looking for him. They gave him his chance to get away. But he knew how remote he had kept himself from the actual operations of any racket. He felt secure and let himself be taken.

Three months later he was convicted and sentenced to serve from thirty to fifty years in prison. This fellow Dewey, whom nobody in the underworld had taken very seriously, had struck his first real blow. He had knocked over the top guy himself.

Inevitably I found myself drawn into this. Hope and I were living at the Plaza Hotel. One Sunday afternoon I got a call, and in a little room next to the bar I met three men who came to see me. They were Lucky's intimates, Joe Adonis, Meyer Lansky, and Louis Buchalter, known as Lepke.

They wanted my opinion on the constitutionality of the new state law, commonly known as the Dewey Law, which permitted Lucky to be tried, not for one isolated offense, but for a lot of related charges all at once. I told them it was unconstitutional; and on that basis Lucky's case later was fought right up to the United States Supreme Court.

#### Mr. Dewey Digs Up the Dope

I still think Lucky's defense was technically sound, but by that time Lucky was out of luck. The Supreme Court had been won over to the Rooseveltian theory of constitutional elasticity.

By autumn it became apparent that Dewey was persuading witnesses to talk about the restaurant racket. I had been counsel to Local 16 of the waiters' union, and through my intimacy with Schultz I was well acquainted with the fellows who ran the racketeering restaurant owners' association. I tried to get them all to leave town, so Dewey would have no one to bring to trial. But they were sure of themselves, like Lucky. They too were arrested, brought to trial in the spring of 1937, and convicted.

While they were being tried, I was fighting disbarment in private hearings. I had able counsel, Terence McManus, obtained for me by Jimmy Hines.

I shall never cease being grateful to Referee John Cohalan for the strict construction of the laws of evidence which he enforced on Irving Ben Cooper, who was prosecuting. Judge Cohalan refused to accept wire-tapping evidence. He insisted I should be tied up with a conspiracy before evidence of the conspiracy could be put in the record. Up against these rulings, there was little evidence that Cooper could marshal against me.

On the basis of what evidence the referee received, when it all was finished, there was little he could do but dismiss the proceedings against me.

By this time I was head over heels in debt, but I had won the fight. Hope and I again went west, and George Weinberg went with us. He too was getting out of the racket.

But we weren't through. Soon again a message came from New York:

"If you fellows don't look out, you're going to be indicted."

I hurried back to New York, while

Hope and George followed me by car. When I got to the city, late in June, 1937, I found that things were serious. Dewey had been burrowing quietly away, talking to little people in the policy game, making them talk, bit by bit putting together his evidence.

No matter how hard they try to stop up leaks, it gets around when witnesses are really talking. By mid-July the town was hot. It looked as though I were going to be indicted. I hopped up to Albany and met George and Hope, as they drove in from the West. We took a cottage at Lake George, in the Adirondacks, to wait and see what would happen.

"Hope," I said, "it looks as if I'm going to be indicted. I may have to go away for a while."

"Wherever you are, I'm going to be," she said. "I'm going with you."

"It will be hard," I said, "and no life for a woman. You'd have to stay in hiding, sometimes in the house all day. And you'd have to hide especially, for they'd spot your red hair."

"I'd worry to death if you went away without me," she insisted. "I'm going



"I really can't marry you,  
Jerry—but I'll always re-  
member you for your taste"

KIRK STILES

along. Anyway, you need me. Why, silly, you can't even drive a car!"

Now Hope Dare is a girl with a will. When she was a kid she used to ride bucking bronchos in the Western rodeos. When she was fourteen she was jumping her horse over an automobile, and she fell and broke her back.

But that didn't stop Hope. For a year she was paralyzed. She even had a hump on her back. Then, for another year, she worked and exercised, dancing, swimming, stretching her back. And at sixteen she entered a bathing-beauty contest and won the title of Miss Southern California. As I say, Hope has a will, and when she wants to do something she does it.

"All right," I said, "you can come along."

So I went down to the village to get the New York papers and, sure enough, there was the headline:

#### DIXIE DAVIS INDICTED

The last of this series of articles will appear in next week's Collier's.





# *You're looking at* the No.1 transportation of the world

DO you know that the American railroads can haul, speedily and efficiently, more than a *billion tons* of freight a year—more than 30 tons for every family in the United States?

Do you know that the railroads handle more than eight times the tonnage handled by any other common carrier serving the nation?

Do you know that the railroads do this job at an average charge of about 1 cent for hauling a ton a mile? And that this is far less than the average charge made by any other carrier providing general transportation service?

Do you know that the average capacity of a freight car is more than 48 tons—and that many locomotives are able to pull, in a single train, a load of 5,000 tons?

These are facts—and they are made possible because *the railroads have the real super-highways of today and tomorrow*, built and maintained by private enterprise.

That is why the American railroads provide the most modern transportation in the world—*mass transportation* by means of a single power unit pulling a long train of cars—over a steel “highway” used for no other purpose but mass transportation.

And that's the only kind of transportation which makes possible our modern world of mass production and mass distribution of the things which the American people need and enjoy.

While railroads have been doing our hauling since oxcart days, they have kept pace with the times by constantly improving and moderniz-

ing their track and equipment. The billions of dollars invested in improved facilities have been railroad dollars—not tax dollars. For railroads build their own tracks, maintain them, and pay taxes on them.

When you look at the record of the railroads and the job they are doing, you can see why government transportation policy should give all carriers equal treatment and an equal opportunity to earn a living.

ASSOCIATION OF  
**AMERICAN RAILROADS**  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

**A FAIR FIELD.**  
NO GOVERNMENT FAVOR-  
IN TRANSPORTATION

**SEE AMERICA**  
from coast to coast and  
border to border, on one  
“**GRAND CIRCLE**” RAIL TICKET  
—\$90 in coaches—\$135 in Pullmans (plus \$45 for 1 or 2  
passengers in a lower berth). Start from your home town  
—visit both the New York and the San Fran-  
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## Some Like It Here

Continued from page 21

Here's a "just-right"  
blend of orange  
and grapefruit juice  
—all ready to enjoy



Folks are saying this blend of grapefruit and orange juice combines everything they like best in both fruits—the sweet rich flavor of luscious Florida oranges, and the tart, taste-wakening zing that belongs to Florida grapefruit.

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ORANGE AND  
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big enough to stop a toy motor at three feet, Sis. I've got to stop airplane engines at thirty thousand feet! This is big—"

"Well, forty thousand, maybe."

"Chicken feed—I'd go nuts trying to scrape through on that—"

Peggy stood up.

"Okay, it's no deal. I tell Daddy and Mother about Sigrid. They'll stop your allowance and I'll not give you a penny of mine. You can go to work—"

"You want blood, eh?"

All her life Peggy had been very patient with her brother. But this time she lost her temper.

"Go ahead. Tell the judge any darn fool thing you want. Get kicked out of this country. It'll be good riddance!"

At this juncture there was a discreet rap on the door and Koba entered.

"Mistah Dey-rill heah to see you, Miss Moggret, please!"

"M-Mister Derrill?"

"Yas, please."

While Peggy was steadying herself for a reply, Shane took a good look at Koba.

"Hold on. Who are you?"

"I am Koba, please. I am butlah."

"You a Jap?"

"No sah, I am Korean, Mistah Shaney."

Shane turned to his sister with intense seriousness and groaned: "Oh, Lord, has Mom gone crazy? Hiring a Jap butler—"

Peggy said: "Shut up. I'm trying to think. He's here—"

"Who's here?"

"Bob Derrill! Shaney! What should I do?"

It was Shaney's turn to feel exasperated. A big deal on to shake down the old man for forty thousand dollars and really get a working model; and on top of that the discovery that your mother has gone and hired a Japanese spy who has probably been listening on a hidden microphone or something; and on top of that your dizzy sister has to bother you about a brain-truster who's been given the air.

"Go out and kiss the guy!" Shaney exploded. "Or shoot him or poison him! I don't care! I've got to see Mom right away—"

But as he started for the door in walked Assistant U. S. Attorney General Robert Derrill.

"Oh," Shaney said. "'Lo, Derrill. There's Sis. I've got to go." But at the door he paused long enough to say: "About the deal, Peggy—it's all set. I accept your offer."

NEITHER Peggy nor Mr. Derrill heard him.

"Peggy dear!" Mr. Derrill was saying. "You scared the life out of me—running out of Washington that way. I couldn't sleep until I saw you to explain and apologize—"

Koba closed the library doors.

"Did you fly down here?"

"Yes . . . naturally. Aren't you—"

"I'm sorry you went to so much trouble."

"Aw, now, Peggy—give us a smile!"

Backing away from him, Peggy still could not make up her mind what to do. It is one thing to hand a man the mitten and hop off a horse and run into a bedroom and lock the door. It is quite a different situation to have a man walk in on you after having flown all the way from Washington to Texas just to talk to a girl and then have the girl say, "I won't even see you." As a matter of fact, Peggy was seeing him. He stood right before her.

Peggy said: "Do sit down and have

some iced tea. You—you look tired."

He said, "I'll have a kiss!" and took it. But Peggy only stiffened in his arms and turned her head away. This is the man, said Peggy to herself, who called D. J. a swine. This is the man who belonged to a government that was trying to deport all the Corriganas as undesirable aliens. Perhaps . . . perhaps he had come down here to do the dirty work. . . .

"No, Bob," said Peggy, "it's no use."

Brain-Truster Derrill was not so easily abashed. A man who has faced the fire of a senatorial committee packed with anti-New Deal Democrats and who has argued before nine old men that seventy is senility can stand his ground before a slim, wavering girl like Peggy.

"Something else has happened, Peggy," he said, with the innate shrewdness of a born cross-examiner. "You didn't run away from the Jarvises just because we'd had a foolish quarrel!"

"Yes, I did."

"You told the Jarvises you were going to Europe with your mother, didn't you?"

"I was—but we had to—"

"Had to? Why?"

"I'm not on the witness stand!"

Grinning, Derrill sat himself down on a divan.

"Well, here I am—and here I stay until you tell me!" he announced.

MEANWHILE, Mrs. Corrigan had finished thinking and, with Mrs. Corrigan, a thought ended was an action begun.

She sat in the tonneau of her formal limousine with Miss Edith Chivers as Penroyal, her colored chauffeur, headed the car toward Constitution, Texas. Although she liked to regard herself as the chatelaine of Los Corriganas who took a lady-bountiful interest in Constitution, she seldom visited the place. Instead of tipping their hats, the peasantry of the village were in the habit of staring rudely at Mrs. Corrigan and spitting tobacco juice with cryptic emphasis.

"I shall have to attend to everything as usual, Edith," Mrs. Corrigan was saying, "and I really don't dare trust D. J. to handle this fellow Brumby. D. J. has utterly no *savoir faire*."

Miss Chivers shivered in the warm night air.

"B-but relly, darling—should you try to bribe the man?"

Mrs. Corrigan smiled wittily.

"Nothing quite so crude as that, Edith," she said. "It may be that this fellow Brumby has no intention of making trouble for us. One never spends money unnecessarily, *n'est ce pas?*"

"Clevah darling!" Miss Chivers thrilled. "But I would be cautious. Isn't a federal judge a somewhat important magistrate in America?"

Since Mrs. Corrigan's knowledge of the American judiciary was limited to her firm belief that this country's judges were not gentlemen, as all judges were in England, and therefore accepted bribes as a legitimate perquisite of office, she sniffed.

"I dare say Brumby is like all the rest of them, my dear," she said.

At this precise moment, Federal Judge Phineas Brumby had settled down on his screened-in side porch with the evening newspapers and a stack of legal briefs. He sat in an aged Morris chair and read by light of a coal-oil lamp, being of the opinion that electric light was bad for the eyes.

Phin Brumby, known among gentlemen of the bar who practiced before him as "Old Cactus" and called other names, ribald and profane behind his back, was

the legal terror of the Southwest. He had served on the federal bench for twenty-eight years with only six reversals; his pithy hard-hitting instructions to juries were classics and many a distinguished lawyer had quailed under Phin Brumby's tongue-lashings. In physique he looked disarmingly frail and in manner he was, until aroused, deceptively mild. But an indication of the man's true character might be gathered from his favorite two anecdotes.

Judge Brumby was fond of relating how he happened to be one-sixteenth Apache Indian—a rather indelicate family reminiscence which he told only in the company of men. His other favorite story, which he often recited with vicious gusto at dinner parties in Austin or San Antonio, had to do with the judge's maternal grandfather, One-Eye Hamble, who got himself cornered in the Alamo along with a number of other good fighters. The point of this yarn was that when the relief party entered the Alamo they found One-Eye Hamble, both arms broken by bullets lying atop a Mexican captain with his teeth set by rigor mortis deep in the Mexican's throat. "Couldn't break Granddaddy's hold," Judge Brumby would conclude, "so they buried 'em both in one grave!"

This then was the American jurist before whom Mrs. Corrigan was shortly to appear. Nor was Judge Brumby's temper particularly sweet just now. He had opened a newspaper to see a page-one headline reading: "FEDERAL JUDICIARY ARCHAIC, SAYS NEW DEAL CRITIC. Horse and Buggy Philosophy of Many Federal Judges Attacked in Harvard Law School Speech."

Judge Brumby hurled the newspaper across the porch.

"Dod gang it!" he said. "Chumpocrats, dod gang 'em. That's what they are—Chumpocrats!"

To calm himself, the judge pulled off his boots, which pinched a little, and picked up a brief from the stack on the table. It always relieved him to go through a brief with the flat carpenter's pencil he used, scribbling such comments as "Jackass" and "Highly irrelevant" and "Foosh . . . idiotic reasoning" on the margin.

THE doorbell rang. It sounded like an old cowbell, and it was an old cowbell. Judge Brumby went right on reading and scribbling.

His maiden sister, Anna, appeared at the side-porch threshold.

"Jedge! It's that English woman!"

"Who?"

"That English woman—Mrs. Corrigan."

"Oh—yep. What does she want?"

"She won't say—says she's got to see you personally on business."

Judge Brumby reached for his boots. "Abomination!" he said. "All right—I'll have to see her, I suppose."

Mrs. Corrigan was sitting gingerly on the edge of the hair sofa in Judge Brumby's front parlor and beaming determinedly as Old Cactus entered.

"Howdy, Mrs. Corrigan," said the judge. "What can I do for you?"

First, Mrs. Corrigan praised the Brumby house, a white frame in 1875 rococo, so *practical* and *homey*; secondly, she admired the judge's beautiful flowers around the front porch, being only a little dismayed when the judge said: "Weeds, Mrs. Corrigan—moon vine and burdock weeds. My sister's too kindhearted. She wastes *water* on 'em." And thirdly, Mrs. Corrigan praised the judge himself, saying she had heard

Judge Brumby was a leader of the local magistrates.

Judge Brumby was polite.

"Magistrate . . . well, I suppose I am," he agreed, equably enough.

Having thus led up to the agenda with *savoir faire*, Mrs. Corrigan said: "It seems that we Corriganes are in rather an odd position legally, Judge Brumby. It would appear that through a distressing inadvertence on the part of the American authorities we are not, technically, American citizens."

Mrs. Corrigan then explained as much as she could remember of what D. J. had told her. She found this process so long and involved that she finally said, "Oh, dear, I fear I am boring you."

The judge was courteous, but blunt. "You're confusing me, Madam," he said. "As near as I can make out you folks are English citizens. That it?"

"Why, yes!" Mrs. Corrigan admitted, blinking. "But my husband wishes, for business and political reasons, to have us become naturalized—"

"Naturalized, ain't it?"

"Yes, that's it! And I understand the proper procedure is for us to appear in your court and make application?"

Judge Brumby nodded.

"You can do that, yes."

A BIT disconcerted, Mrs. Corrigan rallied bravely and achieved the right note of arch innuendo.

"We should like the matter to go through as speedily as possible, Judge Brumby," she said, "and, to use a colloquialism, we understand how money makes the mare go. *N'est ce pas?*"

"Money, Madam?"

"Oh, let's not speak of money at all. Let us say, rather, that I, for one, have always appreciated courtesy and prompt service. Isn't that a much nicer way to put it, Judge?"

And Mrs. Corrigan laughed roguishly.

Judge Brumby's lean, brown face under its thatch of gray hair showed Mrs. Corrigan that he had no sense of humor. A definitely heavy personality, Mrs. Corrigan would have said.

"Are you offering me a bribe, Madam?" Judge Brumby inquired, mildly.

Mrs. Corrigan insisted on the light touch.

"Oh, my goodness no, dear man!" she said. "I'm sure you will do all that is in your power to expedite matters. It so happens that I had planned a trip to England with my son and daughter, and any unnecessary delay would be so stuffy. I'm sure you see what I mean? So that if you could just push things along a bit our gratitude would—well, I'm a very generous woman, Judge Brumby!"

And Mrs. Corrigan winked.

Judge Brumby slowly got to his feet.

"Were you *born* in England, Mrs. Corrigan?"

"Oh, no . . . in Victoria, British Columbia."

"H'mph . . . you ain't even got that excuse!"

"Excuse—I don't quite—"

The judge looked at her and bit off a chew of tobacco from a black plug.

"For your information, Madam," he said, his voice sharpening, "a federal judge does not do favors for anyone. It is a penal offense to offer a federal judge a bribe. That should be known by any immigrant who has been here two months and used his intelligence—"

Mrs. Corrigan stood up, blinking.

"Indeed?"

"My conclusion is, Madam"—and Judge Brumby waved the plug of tobacco—"that you're just a plumb idjit. Good evening!"

Judge Brumby walked out of the room.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Corrigan.

But by the time she had reached her limousine and was installed beside Miss Chivers again, Mrs. Corrigan had reached her conclusion.

"How did things go, darling?" Miss Chivers queried, gaspily.

Mrs. Corrigan frowned.

"I fear, Edith," she said, "that I made rather a *faux pas*."

"No! Oh, darling—I was afraid of that, too. I've just been questioning Penroyal and he says Judge Brumby is quite a personage—"

Mrs. Corrigan recovered her poise.

"A personage he may be," she de-

clared, "but he is certainly *not* a gentleman."

"You—you didn't try to—to—"

"Yes."

"Oh, darling!"

"Well, what's done is done, Edith. And I hope I can rely on you not to breathe a word of this visit to Mr. Corrigan or the children. I'd never hear the end of it."

While Mrs. Corrigan was retreating in good order from the village and Federal Judge Brumby, her daughter Peggy had just finished telling all to Assistant United States Attorney General Derrill.

THEY sat beside the Amalfi fountain under a high-domed Texas sky. Peggy had intended to send young Mr. Derrill packing back to Washington. But a man who can convince the American electorate that the way to rescue one third of a nation, ill-clothed, ill-housed and ill-fed is to slaughter five million little pigs is not to be daunted by the coolness of a girl who really loves him. The argument that broke Peggy down was this: how could Bob prove to her that he did not wish to destroy D. J. Corrigan unless she told him what the trouble was and gave him a chance to help her father?

" . . . so you see, Bob," Peggy heard herself saying, "the whole family is in a jam. There . . . I've done it! I've put us completely at your mercy!"

Derrill hugged her.

"You poor silly little angel!" he said. "I thought from your desperate worry that D. J. really was in a jam—that he'd been violating the antitrust law or something. This is simple!"

"Oh, Bob, is it?"

"Easy as pie, sweetheart! I'll hop back to Washington on the morning plane and get it all fixed up with the Labor Department. You just leave it to me. Tell your dad to sit tight and do nothing until I phone him—"

"But he's planning to take the whole thing before a federal judge—a man named Brumby—"

"Golly no! Old Cactus Brumby is an unholy terror! This should all be handled through Washington. Warn D. J. particularly not to go near Brumby!"

Peggy frowned worriedly.

"But Bob, dear, I—I can't quote you. Daddy doesn't know about us—"

Laughing, Derrill kissed Peggy on the tip of her chin.

"Just tell him a little bird warned you," he said lightly. "Then, when I get it all arranged you can introduce your hero and say: 'Daddy, if he has horns would he have done this for you?' How's that for good drama?"

"Oh, Bob, I do love you!"

HALF an hour later, in her room in the Cape Cod cottage, Peggy shed a few exultant tears. It was going to be all right. It was going to be wonderful! Bob would prove his generosity and good faith by putting through this citizenship business in short order. Daddy would have to admit that the Administration was not as villainous as he thought.

Oh, why did men have to quarrel so bitterly over economics? Peggy herself had flunked economics at Dobbs Ferry. On her final examination paper she had written one sentence: "I have listened carefully all semester and I still do not understand this subject; and, what is more, I do not think Dr. Hemmelwasser understands it, either." Her own private opinion was that a country's economic system was an act of God, to be approached in awe and reverence, not with positive assertions, name-calling and vicious antagonisms.

"Oh, dear God," prayed Peggy, sincerely, "our fate is in the hands of a New Dealer. Was I right to trust him so? Oh, make it right, make it right!"

(To be continued next week)



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CHARLES CARTWRIGHT



## Flotsam

Continued from page 16

# McQUAY-NORRIS

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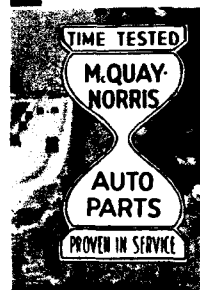
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"Out of the wilderness of the custom-houses. Couldn't we have some music?"

"Yes, of course." Ruth turned on the radio. Light, lilting music poured out. "Concert music," Kern said gaily. "That's perfect." He took a small sip of brandy. "Lovely music! Where is it coming from?"

Ruth looked at the dial. "From Berlin."

"Oh, yes, Berlin. Can't we get something else?"

Ruth turned the knob. In came the stations at Frankfurt, Cologne, Königsberg, Munich—all with military music. "How about France, Ruth?"

They got Paris and sighed with relief to have escaped the sinister martial rhythm. Paris was broadcasting the opera Manon and the room was filled with the festive sweetness of Massenet's airy harmonies.

Ruth got up and went out of the room. She came back wearing a wrapper and a big blue apron. "The banquet is over," she said. "Now you go to bed and I'll wash the dishes. I can see you're tired."

"I'm not tired and I'm going to help you. I'll dry."

Kern didn't want to ask where he was to sleep. He was embarrassed and excited. "I'll enjoy helping," he assured her. "Why should you do it all alone? Besides I like to be with you as much as I can. An Arabian sheik, I should think, could lend a hand in the kitchen to wipe out the traces of his crime."

Ruth gave in. She was just as confused as Kern. They went together into the kitchen and washed and dried the dishes. Then she arranged them in the cupboards and turned out the light.

"Shall we smoke another cigarette?" Kern asked shyly.

"There aren't any more."

"I have a package. I'm pretty sure it's in my bag."

THEY went into Ruth's room where Kern's valise was and he got out the cigarettes. They were the ones his father had given him; he had been saving them. Now he opened the package. I wonder what he is doing, he thought; I wonder what my father is doing now.

He gave Ruth a cigarette, trying to think of a casual remark and not being able to. They sat at the window, smoking. Kern thought: this has all happened before; just when was it?

Ruth was watching him. How quiet it is, she thought, how very quiet. There is no one here but us. It's night and we're alone. How my heart is beating. How strange it is and yet in this strangeness lies the only thing that is really familiar. I seem to be outside myself. Where are we really?

"Ruth," Kern said. "We're not going to be sad. This is our celebration. You're here—so how can anyone be sad—"

She stood up and ran her hand through his hair. "I'm going into the bathroom now. Then you can come—"

"Yes—"

He lighted another of his father's cigarettes and seated himself at the window. He had a feeling that his hands were trembling and glanced at them; but they were steady. The trembling was inside him.

He did not know how long he had sat there when Ruth appeared and put her hand on his shoulder. "Now you can go into the bathroom—"

"Yes—"

In the bathroom the light was on and its brilliance calmed him a little. There was a small couch in Ruth's room; perhaps she was making that up for him now. He loitered as long as he could

bear to and then went in. His first glance told him that the couch had not been made up for the night. Ruth was lying on her bed. He approached and shyly looked down at her. Her face was serious and her big eyes were looking straight at him. Her breast moved softly as she breathed. Kern suddenly felt that his hand had a will of its own and was going to leave him. The hand that, without his knowledge, had rested on her heart that first night as he had stood like this beside her bed.

"Come," she said.

THE villa that belonged to Arnold Oppenheim, counselor of commerce, lay in the vicinity of Lucerne. It was a large white house sitting like a castle above the beautiful lake. Kern laid siege to it for two days. Oppenheim sent word that he was not at home but Kern was persistent. In the list of addresses that Stern had given him there was a note after Oppenheim's name: "Gives, but only under pressure. A nationalist. Say nothing about Zionism."

On the third day Kern was admitted. Oppenheim received him in his garden surrounded by blooming asters, sunflowers and chrysanthemums. He was a good-natured, powerful man with thick short fingers and a small thick mustache. "Have you just come from Germany?" he asked.

"No, I've been away for more than two years."

"And where are you from originally?"

"Dresden."

"Oh, Dresden." Oppenheim ran his hand over his gleaming bald head and sighed nostalgically. "Dresden is a magnificent city. A jewel. Nothing can compare with the Brühl terrace. Don't you agree?"

"Yes," Kern said. He was hot and it would have been nice to have a glass of wine such as stood on the stone table in front of Oppenheim. But it did not occur to Oppenheim to offer him one. He stared into the clear air, lost in thought. "And the Zwinger—the castle—I suppose you know all that well?"

"Not so very. I know it from the outside, of course."

Oppenheim looked at him reproachfully. "But my dear young friend, not to know something like that! The noblest example of German baroque!"

Haven't you ever heard about Daniel Pöppelmann?"

"Pöppelmann, oh yes, of course," Kern replied. He had no idea who he was.

"Well, that's better," said Oppenheim, mollified, and leaned back in his chair. "Yes, our Germany! No one can imitate that, eh?"

"Certainly not. And a good thing too."

"What's that, good?" Oppenheim straightened up and cast a suddenly suspicious glance at Kern. "What do you mean by that?"

"Simply this—it's a good thing for the Jews. Otherwise they'd be done for."

"Oh, that! Now listen to me—done for, done for, those are strong words! Believe me, things aren't so bad. There is a great deal of exaggeration. I have it on the best authority, conditions aren't nearly so bad as they are painted."

"Really?" Kern was surprised.

"Most certainly." Oppenheim bent forward and lowered his voice confidentially. "Let me tell you. Just between us, the Jews themselves are responsible for much of what is happening today. They have a huge responsibility. I tell you it's true and I know what I'm saying. Much of what they did wasn't necessary; it's a subject I know something about."

HOW much is he going to give me? Kern wondered. Perhaps enough to get me to Berne.

"Now just take the East Jews for example, the immigrants from Galicia and Poland," Oppenheim explained, taking a sip of cool wine. "Was there any good reason for letting all of them in? What business have such people in Germany anyway? I am just as much opposed to them as the government is. People keep saying Jews are Jews—but what is there in common between a dirty peddler, wearing a greasy caftan and those ridiculous earlocks, and an old aristocratic Jewish family that has been in the country for centuries?"

"The one migrated earlier than the other," Kern said thoughtlessly and stopped in alarm.

But Oppenheim paid no attention; he was busy with his own problems. "The latter have been assimilated. They are valuable and important citizens, an asset to the nation—and the others are



"Stop growing, dammit!"

JOHN RUGE

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just foreigners. That's it, my friend. And what have we to do with such people? Nothing, nothing at all! They should have been made to stay in Poland!"

"But they're not wanted there either," Kern said.

Oppenheim made a sweeping gesture and looked at him irritably. "That has nothing to do with it! We must be objective. I hate these wholesale condemnations. You can say what you like against Germany, the people there are active and accomplishing something! You'll have to admit that, won't you?"

"Of course." Twenty francs, Kern thought, will do for four days' lodging. Perhaps he'll give me as much as thirty.

"The fact that the individual sometimes has to suffer, or certain groups"—Oppenheim gave a quick snort—"well, that's an unavoidable necessity of politics. There is no place for sentimentality in large-scale politics. We simply have to accept that."

"Certainly—" You're having a hard time of it all right, Kern thought. When I get away from here I'm going to buy a glass of wine for myself.

"YOU can see for yourself," Oppenheim said, "the people are employed. National dignity has been raised. There have been extreme measures, of course, but that always happens at the beginning. It will be corrected. Just consider how our armed forces have been transformed. Why, it's unique in history! Suddenly we have become again a powerful nation. Without a large, well-equipped army a country is nothing, absolutely nothing."

"I don't know," Kern replied. "After all, the English and the Americans, I've been told, have only small armies and don't even have compulsory military service."

Oppenheim gave him a wry look. "That's something entirely different," he said impatiently. "And besides it's their own stupidity." He stood up. "That's where the Germans show their genius—the way they set a trap for the other nations! And the others walk right into it! It's incredible, their stupidity." He made a quick grab for a goat and methodically squashed it. "And now they're afraid of us again. Take my word for it, fear is the most important thing of all. It's only when the other fellow is afraid that you can accomplish anything."

"I know that," Kern said.

Oppenheim emptied his glass and took a few strides through the garden. Beneath them the lake gleamed like a blue shield fallen from heaven. "And what about you?" he asked in an altered tone. "Where do you want to go?"

"To Paris."

"Why Paris?"

"I don't know. I want a goal of some sort and they say it's easier to get on there."

"Why don't you stay in Switzerland?"

"Counselor Oppenheim," Kern said, suddenly breathless, "if I could only do that! If you would only help to make it possible for me to stay here. Perhaps you would give me a recommendation or the chance to work. If you would use your name—"

Oppenheim interrupted him quickly: "I can't do a thing. Nothing at all, absolutely nothing." He became surly. "I have to remain politically neutral in every respect. I can't allow myself to become involved."

"But there's nothing political about this, Counselor."

"Nowadays everything is political. Switzerland at present is my host. No, no, don't ask me for anything like that." He was becoming more and more angry. "And what else did you want to see me about?"

"I wanted to ask whether you could use any of these trifles," Kern said

shamefacedly and produced some of his wares from his pocket.

"Books? I never read books written by exiles. They're full of propaganda. Soap? Soap is always useful. Here, show it to me. Fine. I'll take this piece. Wait a minute—" He reached in his pocket, hesitated for an instant, put a few coins back and laid three francs on the table. "There, I guess that's a good price, isn't it?"

"As a matter of fact it's too much. The soap costs one franc."

"Well, let it go. But don't tell anyone about this. As it is, I'm bothered to death."

"Counselor Oppenheim," Kern said with restraint, "for that very reason I will only accept the price of the soap."

Oppenheim looked at him in surprise. "Well, just as you like. It's a good principle, of course. Never accept gifts. That's always been my motto, too."

Kern took the train back to Lucerne. In the suburbs he tried his luck a couple of times and succeeded in selling a few shoelaces, a bottle of toilet water and a comb. The profit was three francs. Finally, more from indifference than hope, he went into a small laundry belonging to one Frau Sara Grünberg.

Frau Grünberg, a woman with untidy hair and a pince-nez, listened to him patiently.

"This isn't your regular business, is it?" she asked.

"No," Kern said, "and I'm not very good at it either."

"Would you like work? I just happen to be taking inventory and I could use an extra man for two or three days. Ten francs a day and good food. You can come tomorrow at eight."

"Thank you," Kern said, "but—"

"I know—but no one's going to find out anything from me. And now give me a bar of soap. Here's three francs, is that enough?"

"It's too much."

"It is not too much. It's too little. Don't lose your nerve."

"Nerve alone won't get you far," Kern said, accepting the money. "But now and then you have a little luck as well. That's better."

"Then start right away and help me clean up. Would you call that luck?"

"Certainly," Kern said. "Luck's something you've got to recognize when you see it. Then it comes oftener."

"Do you learn things like that on the road?" asked Frau Grünberg.

"Not on the road but in the intervals when I have a chance to think. I try to learn something then from what's been happening to me. Every day you learn something. Sometimes even from counselors of commerce."

KERN worked until ten o'clock in the evening and received supper and ten francs pay. That was enough for two days at the boardinghouse and it raised his spirits more than a hundred francs from Counselor Oppenheim would have.

Ruth was waiting for him in a little boardinghouse that they had selected from Stern's list of addresses. It was possible to stay there for a few days without being reported to the police. She was not alone. At the table beside her on the little terrace sat a slim, middle-aged man.

"Thank heaven, you're here," Ruth said, getting up. "I was worried about you."

"You mustn't worry. Whenever you feel inclined to worry usually nothing happens. Accidents only occur when you're not counting on them."

"That is a sophism but not a philosophy," said the man who was sitting with Ruth.

Kern turned toward him and the man smiled. "Come and have a glass of wine with me. Fräulein Holland will tell you that I am harmless. My name is Vogt,



HELPS KEEP TEETH  
WHITE



...MOUTH HEALTHY

My hostess seated me beside a famous dentist—he told me such interesting things.

He said, "This dinner's delicious! But it is bad for your lovely teeth—and we moderns need to give our teeth tougher exercise!"

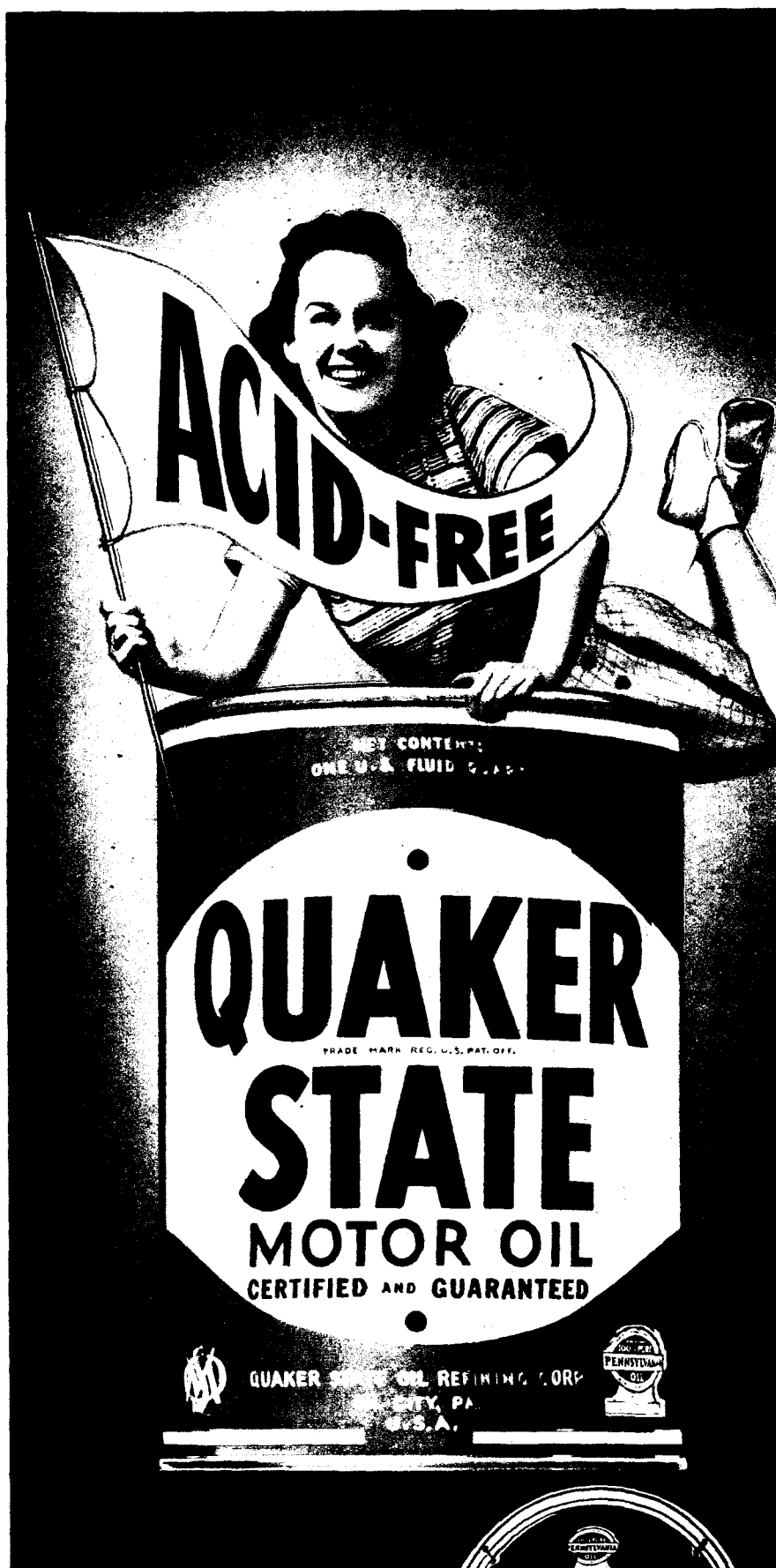
"Teeth were made to chew! Soft modern foods don't demand enough chewing! I'm constantly recommending a real workout on a good, firm chewing gum. It's a real tonic to the whole chewing apparatus. Vitalizes gums and tissues—aids prophylaxis. Dentyne is the gum I'm thinking of—extra-firm, chewy—a fine aid to healthier, brighter teeth!"

First thing next morning I rushed out for a package of Dentyne! I love its spicy flavor—brings back memories of Saturday mornings and Aunt Sally's cake batter. And it does help my teeth! The flat package slips so conveniently into my purse, I carry it everywhere. Do try Dentyne yourself—buy a package today!

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and I used to be a university instructor in Germany. Keep me company with my last bottle of wine."

"Why your last?"

"Because tomorrow I'm going to become a lodger for a while. I'm tired and I have to rest."

"A lodger?" Kern asked in perplexity.

"I call it so. You might add—in prison. Tomorrow I am going to report to the police and tell them that I have been an illegal resident in Switzerland for two months. As punishment I shall be given a few weeks in jail because I have already been deported twice. It is important to say that you have been in the country for some time; otherwise breaking the order to stay out of the country counts as an act of desperation and you are simply put across the border again."

Kern looked at Ruth. "If you need money—I've earned quite a bit today."

VOGT waved aside the offer. "Thank you, no. I still have ten francs. That's all I need for the wine and the night. I am just tired; I want a little rest. And people like us can find that only in jail. I am fifty-five years old and not in very good health. I am really very tired from being driven from pillar to post. Come, sit down with me. When one spends so much of his time alone, company is a great pleasure." He filled the glasses. "It is Neuchâtel, sharp and clear as glacier water."

"But prison—" Kern said.

"The prison in Lucerne is good. I am acquainted with it— That's a luxury I grant myself, to choose where I want to go to jail. My only fear is that I won't be admitted. That I shall appear before judges who are too humane and who will simply deport me. Then the whole thing will start over again. And for us so-called Aryans it's harder than for Jews. We have no religious organizations to support us—and no co-religionists. But let's not talk about these things."

He lifted his glass. "We'll drink to the beauty of the world; that is indestructible."

They touched glasses with a clear tinkling sound. Kern drank the cool wine. The juice of the grape, he thought, remembering Oppenheim, and sat down with the others at the table. Suddenly he felt very secure.

"I thought that I was going to have to be alone again," Vogt said, "and now you're here. How beautiful the evening is with its clear autumn light."

They sat for a long time in silence on the half-lighted terrace. A few late nocturnal butterflies kept hurling their

heavy bodies against the hot glass of the electric bulbs. Vogt leaned back in his chair with a slightly absent-minded and very peaceful expression on his thin face and in his clear eyes; and all at once it seemed to the other two that here was a man from some past century calmly and collectedly taking leave of his life and the world.

"Serenity," Vogt said thoughtfully after a pause, almost as though he were talking to himself. "Serenity has disappeared from our times. The clear calm after the storm. The golden serenity of autumn. Spring is not serene." He smiled. "Nor is youth, as you know. It is only so in retrospect; it is too full of struggles. Serenity requires a great many things—knowledge, superiority to circumstance, tolerance and resignation in the face of the inevitable. Those who want to improve the world have always made it worse—and dictators are never serene."

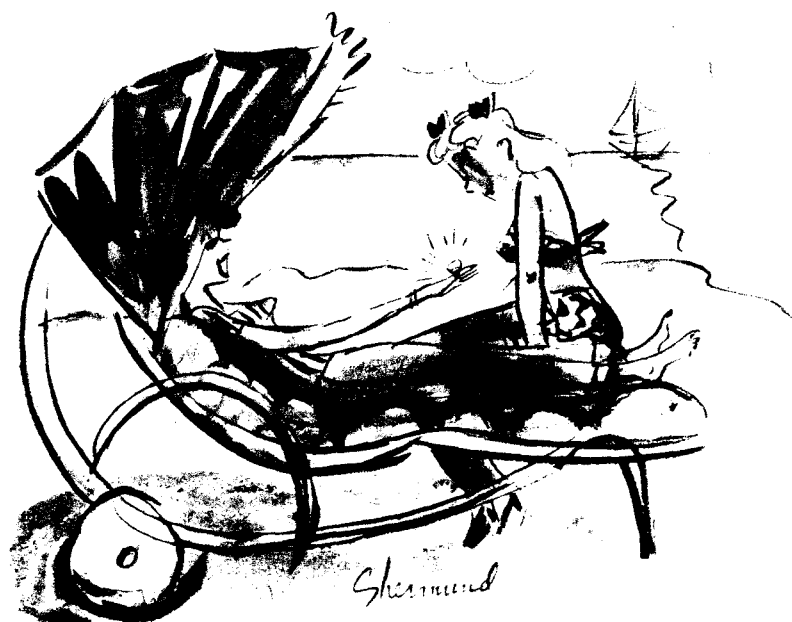
"Nor are those to whom they dictate," Kern said.

Vogt nodded and slowly took a sip of the bright wine. Then he motioned toward the silver lake sparkling in the light of the half-moon and toward the mountains that surrounded it like the sides of a precious chalice. "No one can dictate to them," he said, "nor to the butterflies. Nor to the leaves of the trees. Nor, for that matter, to those—" he pointed to a few well-read books.

He picked up a slender volume from the table. "Do you know the constellations?" he asked Ruth.

"Only a few."

"Then allow me to make you a present of this book. I don't need it any more. You will find some star charts in it and a little text. Sometimes it's a good thing to know that the earth turns and the constellations move from horizon to horizon. Sometimes it's a cold comfort; but it does calm you. The little joys," he smiled at Ruth, "never neglect the little joys of existence. They are the only ones that are pure and enduring. All the big joys are wedded to fear—the fear of losing them. The instant the possessive instinct enters in, they are marred. He who no longer hungers for possessions owns the world. Even the diamond in the jeweler's window belongs more to you than to him when you admire it without wanting to own it. The jeweler is worried about selling it, he is afraid it may go down in value or that it may be stolen. You have the joy of seeing the most mysterious crystal in the world. Why should you want to own it? Do you own your existence? It is slipping away from you with every second."



"He gave it to me for dropping my Southern drawl!"

BARBARA SHERMAN

He drank again slowly and thoughtfully. "Life has always been communistic," he went on. "Its most precious goods belong to all and are available to all; art, culture, learning and beauty. There are museums, libraries and nature, free to all and containing the noblest things man knows. They are a comfort—for we too can still enjoy them."

He refilled his glass and handed the book to Ruth. "The little joys: this autumn night, a fish in a sparkling stream, a melody, a thought, a smile, a sunset, a tree in the wind, a painting by Cézanne, an Egyptian statue, a mother's hands, the coat of a young animal, a book—Did not Christ say: He who hath eyes let him see—?"

He remained silent for a little while as though the others were not there. Then he got up. "Excuse me if I have become academic. I really didn't intend to—"

"It was good for us," Ruth replied. "It was a good thing for us to hear that."

"You're nice to say so. Now I'm going to take a half-hour's stroll beside the lake. Goodbye and the very best of luck."

He gave Ruth his thin, cool hand. "Goodbye," she said. "And many thanks. Real thanks."

"Are you really going to the police tomorrow?" Kern asked.

"Yes, I am. Goodbye and thank you for wanting to help me. For me that was one of the small joys."

He went slowly down the street toward the lake. It was deserted and they could hear his steps for some time after he had disappeared.

**T**WO days later Stern suddenly appeared from Zürich, cool, elegant and self-assured. "How are you?" he asked. "Did everything go well?"

Kern told him about his experience with Counselor Oppenheim. Stern listened attentively. He laughed when Kern described how he had begged Oppenheim to use his influence in his behalf. "That was your mistake," he said. "That man is the most cowardly toad I know. I'm going to start on a punitive expedition."

He went off and returned that evening with a twenty-franc note in his hand.

"My respects," Kern said. Stern shrugged with disgust. "It wasn't pretty. Herr Oppenheim, the nationalist, thinks that his hide is safe because he's a millionaire. I told him I had read that all Jewish enterprises in Germany were going to be confiscated. Now he'll have a couple of sleepless nights."

"It might happen, too." "Who knows? Perhaps in 1938 or 1939 we'll say about today, 'God, those were fine times!' And perhaps sometime in 1942 we'll run into Counselor Oppenheim as a fellow hobo on the road. It will be interesting to hear what he has to say then."

Kern laughed. "It won't come to that; he'll get around it somehow."

**R**UTH came back to the boardinghouse in the evening to find Kern already there. He had finished his work at Frau Grünberg's laundry and was waiting for her.

Her eyes were sparkling as she came in. "How much did you earn today, Ludwig?"

"Five francs for a half day's sorting of white and colored shirts, of various qualities, and underwear. In addition midday dinner."

"Guess what I earned."

"One franc."

"Twelve. Just think, twelve francs in one afternoon! Together we've made seventeen francs in one day. I have sold the rest of the famous Kern chypre. It's all gone, darling. We'll have to make some more."

"Good work!" Kern laughed. "Now you can see the advantages of business

life as compared with study—it brings immediate results and instant satisfaction. You look as though you had discovered a new kind of radium."

Ruth unconsciously glanced down at herself. "I should be ashamed of myself, shouldn't I? But it was my first day as a peddler."

"Don't talk disdainfully about the profession that feeds us. You were no peddler. You were a representative of small trade. Even if you were an illegal one—for you did it without my knowledge."

"It was so boring alone this afternoon. I studied the whole morning and was stuffed full of formulas. Then it occurred to me that I could try this."

"Don't do it again," Kern said. "I'd be afraid they might arrest you. Don't do it again, Ruth. I hate to picture a policeman putting his hands on you."

She looked at him. "That certainly would be awful."

"Promise you won't do it again. I'd rather go around at night ringing doorbells and getting people out of bed to offer them pencils and shoelaces."

"All right," Ruth leaned against him and rubbed her face against his cheek. "I was a traitor, Ludwig," she murmured. "I sold the bottle you gave me in Prague. I thought we could use the money."

Kern put his arm around her shoulders. "That's not a betrayal. That's talent and enthusiasm. You were just so carried away you couldn't help yourself, weren't you?"

She nodded and rubbed her face against his neck.

"Like a pony," Kern said. "I am going to call you Pony."

"Pony is a nice name."

"I understand that's what ponies do with their noses."

"I've never had a name like that. Ruth is so solemn. Pony will make me gayer. I want to be gay. Cheerful. Please let me sell soap again tomorrow. Ponies have to go trotting around."

"I don't know, it isn't really necessary. We're swimming in money, you know. We have almost enough for a week and something left over for the trip too. I've not been so carefree in a long while."

**S**TERN came down the stairs. He was smiling. "What are you going to do this evening?" he asked.

"I don't know. Perhaps we'll go walking by the lake."

"That's dangerous," Stern answered promptly. "Swiss detectives have a weakness for lyricism, romanticism and idylls. Parks, paths by the lake, gardens and docks are their favorite haunts."

"So I found out," Kern said. "Have you been nabbed there too?"

"No. But you can deduce the danger from the social organization of Switzerland. The closing hour is early; all the bars shut down at twelve; moreover, courting in the open is forbidden. And so that's where the zealous detective goes to seize wrongdoers, and now and again in the process he comes upon us weary wanderers. After all, an exile in the hand is worth two lovers in the bush."

Ruth looked at him; she didn't like him very much.

"With your permission," Stern went on with his lecture, "the mistake of many emigrants is to try to hide themselves, that in itself lays them open to suspicion. The thing is to behave as you ordinarily would."

Kern laughed. "That's hard. When you're afraid you no longer know how that would be."

"Then there's always one thing—the movies. It's dark, there are no detectives and you have something to look at. Besides, in winter it's warm."

"That's true," Ruth said a little reluctantly.

"Sometimes I've sat for six hours in

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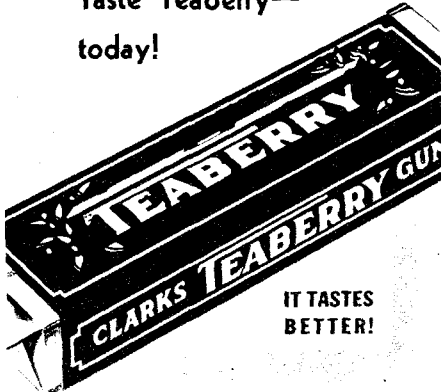
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**CLARK'S  
TENDER-MINT  
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the movies," Stern said. "Paid for a cheap seat and then stayed there through three performances. It's a good thing to do if you don't dare go out or if it's winter. Shall we go to the movies tonight?"

"It's an idea," Kern replied. "What do you think, Ruth?"

"You go. I'll stay here and do some studying."

"No, you come with us," Kern looked at her. "Pony!"

She raised her head and smiled. "All right."

They went into a little movie where two American films were being shown. One was a Western, the other a tense romance about millionaires in Miami. The darkness and the moist, warm atmosphere made Kern sleepy. He laid his head on Ruth's shoulder. "You ought to be a movie actress, Pony. You're much more beautiful than those girls."

He looked at Ruth's fresh, alert face illuminated in the light from the screen. Reflections of the pictures were mirrored in her large, dark eyes. She was watching with concentrated attention. "What do you think of it?" he asked.

She shook her head and continued to watch the screen. "Am I disturbing you?" he asked.

She nodded. "This is something I want to see."

Kern looked at the picture again in amazement. There was nothing in it that especially appealed to him. What can it be in her case? he wondered. A foreign land, adventure, something new? What can it be in women that makes them sit as though bewitched in a movie? It disturbed him a little. What do I really know about her? he thought. Only as much as she wants me to know. And she knows all about me. Will I lose her soon? I'm sure to. I'm much too young for her. But what shall I do then? He lost himself in dreams—he saw her leaving him and their meeting again years later, after he had gone on an expedition and become famous and been showered with honors, and he saw her throw herself, weeping and remorseful, into his arms. . . .

"LET'S go somewhere else," Stern said. "For an hour. I don't want to be alone tonight. Just for an hour. I know a place and I have money too. Just for an hour."

He took them to a bar where people were dancing.

"This is too elegant," Ruth said, looking in. "It's not for us."

"For whom should it be if not for us cosmopolitans?" Stern replied sardonically. "Come on. It's not really so elegant when you get a good look at it. There's a table now. And a cognac here costs no more than anywhere else. On the other hand the music is much better. And there are occasions when you need something like this more than you need bread."

They sat down and ordered drinks. "Here's to nothing!" Stern said, raising his glass. "Let's be gay. Life is short and afterward no one gives a damn whether we've had a good time or not."

"That's right," Kern raised his glass. "Tonight we'll have fun. Just as if we were Swiss citizens, won't we, Pony?"

Ruth nodded and smiled at him. "As if we were tourists," Stern said, "rich tourists."

He emptied his glass and ordered another. "Will you have one too?" he asked Kern.

"Not so soon."  
"Have another. You'll get into the right mood faster. Please do."

"All right."  
They sat at their table and watched the dancers. There were a number of young people there, no older than themselves, but nevertheless the three felt like lost children, watching a spectacle

with wide-eyed interest but having no part in it. It was not only their loneliness and homelessness that lay like a gray ring around them; it was the joylessness of youth that seemed already wilted because it was without hope and without a future. What's wrong with us? Kern thought. We were going to be gay. We have everything we could expect, almost more; what's the matter?

"Do you like it?" he asked Ruth.  
"Very much," she replied, eager to please and sipping at her drink.

The place became dark, colored spotlights swept across the floor and a beautiful slim dancer whirled into sight.

"Splendid, isn't it?" Stern asked, applauding.

"Magnificent!" Kern clapped too.  
"The music's excellent, don't you think?"

"Absolutely first class."

THEY sat there, very eager to find everything magnificent and to be happy and gay; but there were dust and ashes mixed in it and they could not tell what made it so. Perhaps, Ruth thought, all we can be is brave. Very likely in order to be happy you have to have some security, too, and that's what we lack. Our happiness consists in forgetting our fate for an hour in each other. But then this brief happiness, like all happiness, wants to go on, and in the end it makes us even sadder, for it lacks security.

"Why don't you two dance?" Stern asked.

"Shall we?" Kern got up.  
"I don't think I know how," Ruth said.  
"It's very easy. You just walk back and forth."

She hesitated for an instant, then accompanied Kern to the dance floor. "I don't like to do this, Ludwig," she said.

"My beloved Pony." He pressed her arm.

She smiled at him gratefully. "Whenever I call you Pony," Kern said, "you smile."

She smiled again. "I like it. It represents something I should like to be but haven't attained yet."

They danced cautiously, a little afraid of each other. Gradually they gained confidence, especially as they noticed that no one was paying attention to them.

"How nice it is to dance with you," Kern said. "There are always fine new things to do with you. It's not just that you are there—everything around changes and becomes beautiful."

She moved her hand closer around his shoulder. "Pony," he said softly, "beloved Pony."

She smiled and he drew her tenderly

against him. "Do you know you're entirely different when you smile? I have never seen anyone's expression change so much. You have two completely different faces. When you're serious you always look a little sad; but no one can be as radiant as you when you smile. And when you smile you are like a child."

She tilted back her head and looked at him with soft eyes. "And which of the two do you like best?"

"I like them both. I like all three. But I think it's nicest for you when you smile. I am going to call you Pony often."

The music stopped. "Pony, Pony, Pony," Kern said quickly. Ruth smiled and they went back to their table.

"Just look who's coming," Stern whispered.

Kern looked up. Arnold Oppenheim, counselor of commerce, was coming diagonally across the room on his way to the door. He paused beside their table and glowered down at the three. "Very interesting," he snapped, "very instructive."

No one replied. "This is what I get for my generous assistance," Oppenheim went on indignantly. "My money is immediately squandered in bars."

"Man does not live by bread alone, Counselor," Stern replied calmly.

"That's pure rhetoric. Young people like you have no business in bars."

"And no business on the road either," Stern said.

Kern turned to Ruth. "May I introduce this gentleman who is insulting us. He is Counselor Oppenheim."

Oppenheim was taken aback and looked at him angrily. Then he snorted something that sounded like "impudence" and stamped away.

"Philanthropy sours the soul," Stern said derisively.

Ruth got up. "Let's go now."

STERN paid the check and they started back for their boardinghouse. Near the railroad station they saw two men approaching from the opposite direction. One of them looked like an official. The other was Vogt. They passed close by and Vogt recognized them. In his face they saw a fleeting and almost imperceptible expression of regret.

"To the station," Stern said, looking after them. "Bound for Basle, the border."

They went on in silence. "Pony," Kern said after a while.

Ruth put her arm through his, shivering. "We must get away from here," she whispered.

(To be continued next week)



"Look, a rabbit!"

GEORGE WOLFE



## *Bill may not be a "big shot" —but he has a bodyguard*

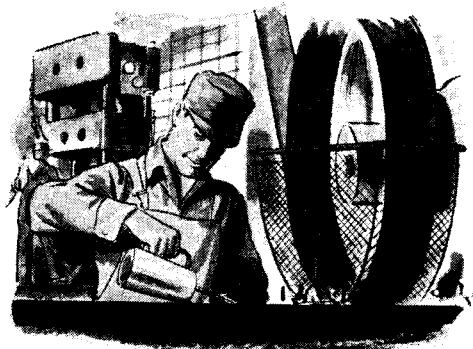
Bill Smith . . . like you . . . is blissfully unconscious of an enemy that stalks him day and night. Bill doesn't realize, either, that he . . . like you . . . is followed constantly by an ever-watchful "bodyguard." That enemy is fire . . . and the bodyguard is the ceaseless nationwide fire-prevention work of 200 leading capital stock\* fire insurance companies. Let's follow Bill through the course of a day, and see the many ways this "bodyguard" works to protect Bill . . . and you.



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## Face Value

Continued from page 10

"Yes," said Jimmy. "At Streatham."  
"I like your kid brother," said Miss Drew.

The group, taken in the garden, showed Jimmy's mother and sister and himself. He was wearing flannel trousers and a sweater, and—naturally—no mask.

"I know just what he's like," Caroline continued, laughing. "Terribly nice, and rather young for his age, and he either owns a motorcycle or else passionately longs for one."

"He longs for one," said Jimmy.

"I knew it! And he falls violently in love, poor lamb, with girls who think he's a dear but hurt his feelings by laughing at him."

"How," asked Jimmy slowly, "can you tell all that?"

"By his face, of course! That nice round moon with the ridiculous tuft on top. He's not a bit like you, is he?"

Jimmy's hands dropped. The mask was still in place. When Cartwright, at that instant, walked into the dressing room, Jimmy felt nothing but relief.

Cartwright, on the other hand, was extremely annoyed. He took one look at Caroline, and announced that he wished to speak to Mr. Brock on a matter of business.

Caroline rose. She had no alternative, for Jimmy, in reply to her pleading glance, simply stood up also. The interview was over before it had begun.

"I'll leave my card," she said, miserably; and laid it on the table. "If ever you can manage a few minutes again—"

"I'll let you know," muttered Jimmy. He opened the door for her, watched her go down the passage, and then turned to face the inevitable question.

"Who was that?"

"Just a friend. . . ."

"A friend be damned!" exploded Cartwright. "You were going to give her an interview! The first ever, and to"—he picked up the card and tossed it down again—"to Home Gossip! To a little nitwit with a pretty face! Haven't I told you I handle all publicity? Haven't I told you—"

Jimmy let the storm blow itself out. He didn't care. He promised never again to speak to a journalist unless Cartwright was present, never again to have people in his dressing room unless Cartwright first passed them. He promised anything that would make Cartwright go away.

When he was once more alone he took off his mask and sat for a long time staring in the mirror; from which a round, freckled face, ill-adapted to expressions of distress, stared mournfully and ludicrously back.

THE next day, after a troubled but not unprofitable night, Jimmy paid a call at Lerougetel's studio. He entered somewhat nervously; he found the artist's large untidy bulk and lavish use of gesture, his beard, his air of perpetual amusement, all too foreign to be comfortable. Of course the man was foreign—he was French—but after making all possible allowances Jimmy still rather disliked the man, while admiring the artist.

"I want you," said Jimmy, plunging straight into his subject, "to make me another mask."

Lerougetel put down his brushes.

"Why?" he asked. "I thought it had been successful."

"It has," said Jimmy. "It's grand. But I want to make a change. I want one more—more like my own face."

The artist stared. Then his eyes narrowed; he scrutinized Jimmy's counte-

nance closely, impersonally; and then he laughed.

"A clown, of course. I can do that all right. Have some fun with it. . . ."

"I don't want you," said Jimmy, "to have fun with it. I simply want a mask that looks enough like me to make it possible to take it off without giving her—without giving anyone—an absolute shock. You must realize that the one I have now is so impossibly attractive—"

"Pagliacci," said Lerougetel.

Jimmy gaped.

"What?"

"I said, Pagliacci. He was a clown, and in love, and the lady would only laugh at him. I am supposing you have the same trouble."

Jimmy nodded dumbly.

"And since love is a completely ridiculous and irrational state, I sympathize with your feelings. You wish to appear an Adonis, an Apollo. You wish to conquer by your personal charms. I am very sorry, because that is quite impossible."

"BUT what," cried Jimmy, "am I to do?"

"Find someone else," advised the artist calmly. "Someone with a less pronounced sense of humor. The world is full of women, and most of them have no sense of humor at all."

With a gesture quite as exotic as any of those he objected to in Lerougetel, Jimmy flung up his hands.

"You don't understand! This isn't just a flirtation! It's the first time I've ever wanted to get married—"

"What!" The artist stared. "You want to marry?"

"Of course!"

"But that is quite different. That is serious!"

"I know that," said Jimmy.

"But that is just what you do not know! You English—you Anglo-Saxons—you say, 'Oh, yes, marriage is serious,' but it all depends on the arrangement of the features in the face! You do not say, 'Is this girl intelligent, *bien élevée*, of my own class, and so likely to make me a good wife?' You say, 'Is she pretty?' Just that!"

"Wait," said Jimmy. "You don't know her. She's intelligent as well. She's earning her own living. She is of my class—she's my own sort exactly—and that's why I'm in love with her. She'll understand about my work, and how I've got to save, and look after myself. She's got a sister, like I have, she'll get on with my family—"

"If that is true," put in Lerougetel, "it seems she will make you an excellent wife, and you will make her an excellent husband. And yet you believe this sensible young woman will turn down this excellent husband because he has a plain face! It is absurd!"

Jimmy groaned.

"You don't understand," he repeated wearily. "She's—I think she's almost in love with me already; but with the stage me, the one in the mask. She thinks I'm glamorous and wonderful. She'll have such a shock to get over, when she sees my real face—"

"How do you know?"

"Because she has seen it. In a photograph. She thought it was a young brother, and she laughed."

"But she did not then know your serious and honorable intentions?"

"No, she didn't. But—" Jimmy broke off, hopelessly. "You haven't seen her. . . ."

"There is no reason why I should not," pointed out Lerougetel. "Send her a seat for your revue, and send me the



one next to it. I will then give you my expert and unbiased opinion."

Jimmy pondered. He still did not care for Lerougetel, but he had a lover's eagerness to discuss the object of his affections with a third party.

"All right," he said. "I'll try for tomorrow night."

SINCE the show was a smash hit, however, no pair of seats was available until a week later. Jimmy solaced himself in the interval by sending Miss Drew flowers. He sent them every day—boxes of roses, boxes of lilies, baskets tied up with ribbon. For the Friday night he sent her a spray of white orchids so exquisite and expensive that Caroline, writing her fifth note of thanks in five days, found herself stumped for superlatives. From six till seven, while she ought to have been dressing, she sat and stared at the paper and wondered what on earth she could say.

The whole sequence of events bewildered her: the first meeting, the wonderful invitation, the abrupt dismissal, then the ticket for the theater and the endless supply of flowers, each bouquet accompanied simply by Mr. Brock's card! Not one of her notes had been answered, there was no suggestion of a further meeting; and yet still those flowers came. . . .

"I'll leave it," thought Caroline, tearing up her hour's work. "He knows I'm grateful, and he knows where I'll be sitting, and if he really cares about seeing me, he'll send round."

Then she put on her new frock, and her sister Mary's best pair of evening stockings, and took a taxi to the theater. She arrived so early that there was only one other person in the stalls, a bearded Frenchman who had actually the next seat, and who evidently appreciated her appearance.

Caroline found herself returning his smile; it was pleasant to know she looked

nice, in case Mr. Brock sent for her. But no summons came. Caroline waited till the theater was empty, and went home by bus.

"Well?" asked Jimmy eagerly.

"I am surprised," said Lerougetel. "I congratulate you. I did not think you had so much sense. She is a very pleasant and capable young person."

"Isn't she lovely?"

Lerougetel waved his hand.

"Of course. But I did more than look at her for you. We conversed during the interval."

"Did she say," asked Jimmy nervously, "anything about me?"

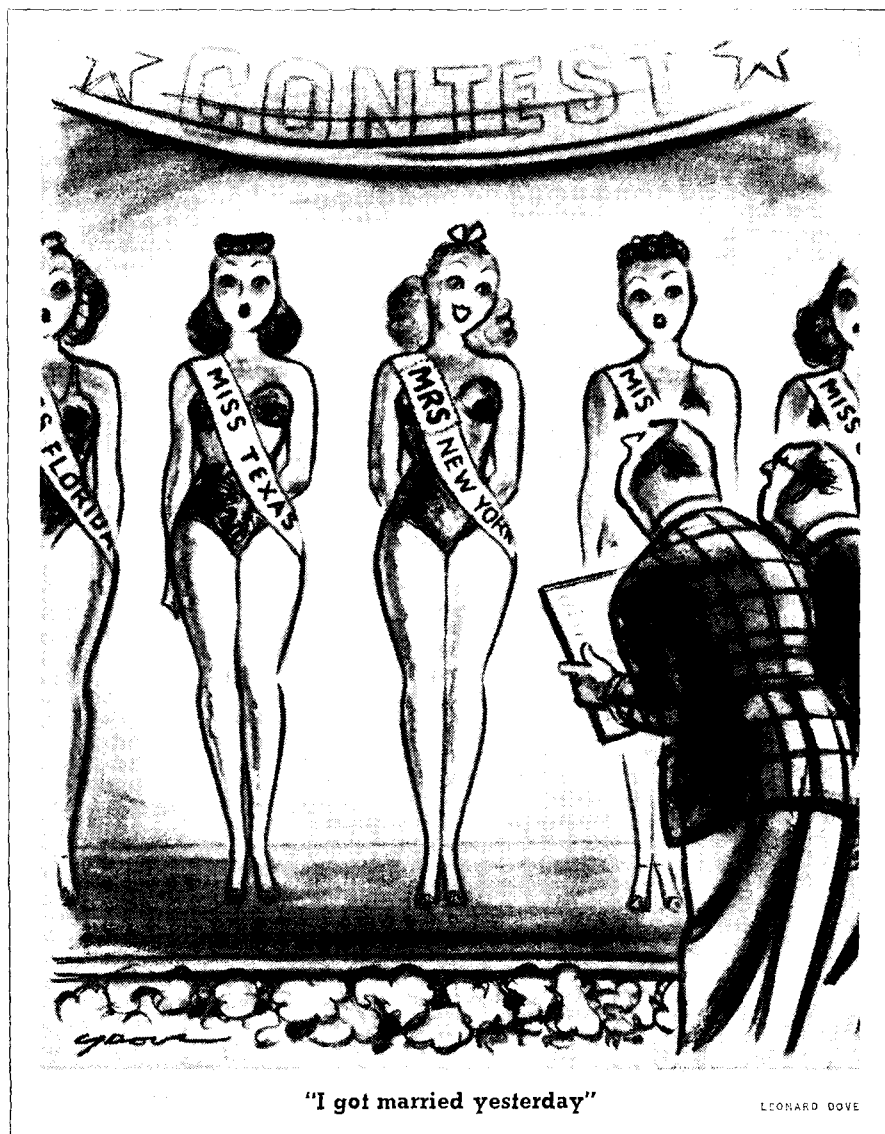
"A great deal. She thinks you are wonderful. You had better take off that foolish mask, and ask her to marry you, and—"

"And what?"

"And stop wasting my time," finished Lerougetel, "because I am a very busy man."

JIMMY also was a busy man; and it was the knowledge that he was spending far too much time and energy thinking about Miss Drew—that his work, in short, was beginning to suffer—that finally decided him to take Lerougetel's advice and put the whole question to a desperate test. He wrote inviting Miss Drew to come round after the Wednesday matinee to his dressing room; choosing that locale because the air of the theater, where he had found such success, always gave him confidence.

He needed all the confidence he could get. When Miss Drew came in, looking even more adorable than he remembered, his courage nearly failed. Caroline was nervous also; as they shook hands—in silence, because they were both slightly short of breath—both their hands trembled. In so tense an atmosphere, however, Jimmy found it unexpectedly easy to cut out all conventional



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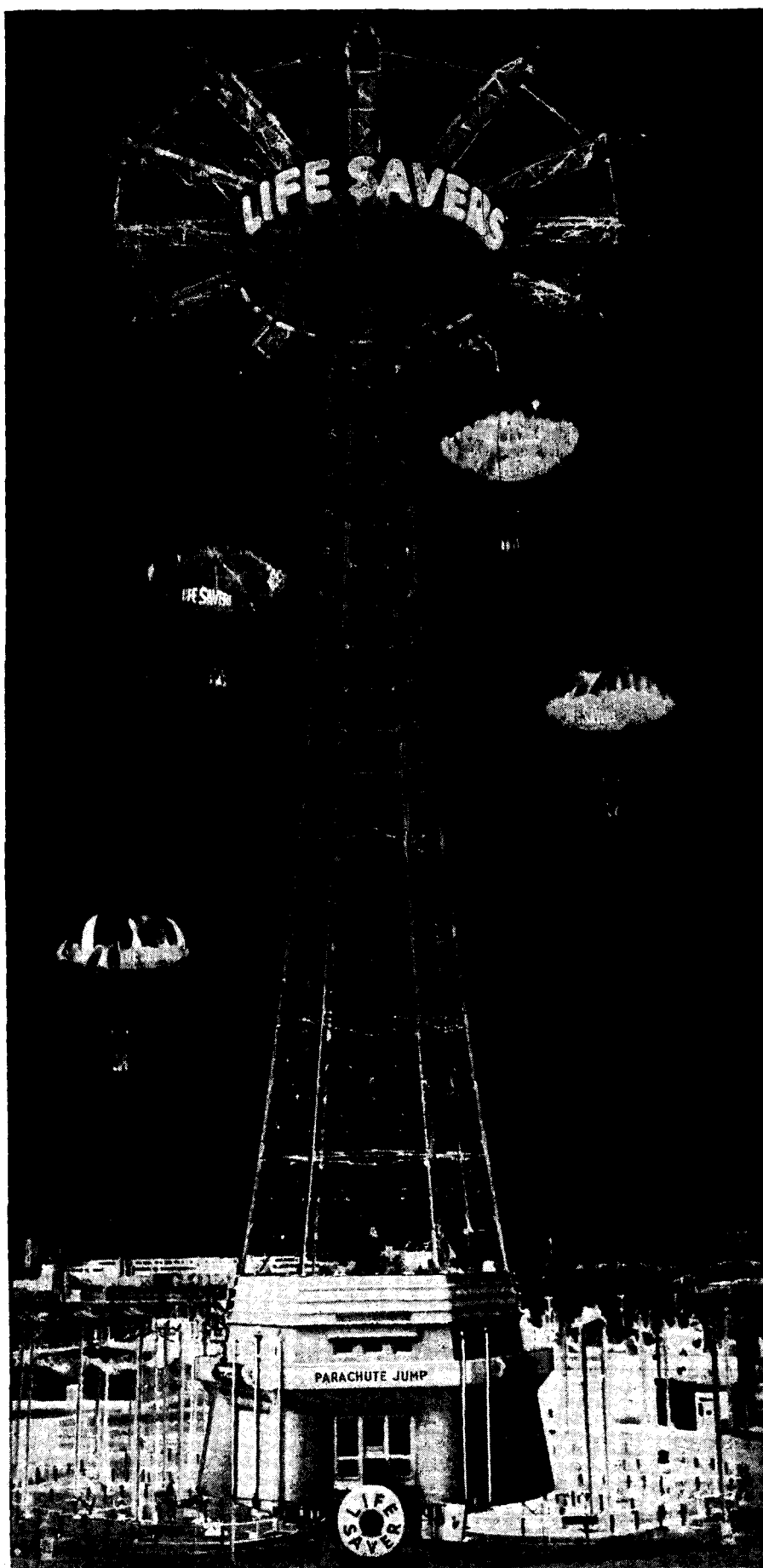
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greetings and go straight to the point. "Please tell me something," he said. "Have you ever wondered what I look like?"

Caroline stared up into the mask.

"Why, like that, of course. I mean—it's conventionalized, dramatized, but it is like you, isn't it? I've read about it in the papers: how you went to an artist for a mask, and how everything he tried turned into your own face, because your personality had so overwhelmed him..."

Jimmy laughed bitterly.

"You can't have been a journalist long," he said. "That was a pretty little fiction invented by my press agent." And he sat down at the dressing table and took off his mask.

From Miss Drew came a startled gasp. She was staring first at his face, then at his photograph.

"I'm sorry," said Jimmy. "I should have told you at the time. I haven't got a kid brother. That's me."

Her cheeks were scarlet.

"You let me go on!" she cried. "You let me say all those awful things—!"

"They were true."

"But even if they were—" She broke off, realizing the implication. "I'm sorry, too," said Caroline.

"My name," continued Jimmy doggedly, "isn't Jan Brock either. It's Jimmy Bolt. I live with my mother and sister, and save money, and like a quiet, ordinary life. I did want a motorcycle, but Cartwright wouldn't let me have one because of possible accidents."

He laid the mask neatly in its box, and went over to the basin and washed his face. He scrubbed hard, till it was pink and shiny and his hair stood up like a brown brush. Then he turned to Miss Drew again.

"No glamor," he said wryly. "No glamor at all... So now you know all about me. You've seen me dance, and you've seen my face, and you know the sort of chap I am. There's nothing to find out, because I'm so ordinary, but a man I know says I'd make an excellent husband. He said I'd do no good by waiting—"

"Stop!" cried Caroline. "I don't know what you're talking about!"

"I wanted," explained Jimmy, "to ask you to marry me. I've been wanting to ever since that ball. But now I know how you feel about me—"

"Stop!" cried Caroline again. "Mr. Brock, Mr. Bolt, I do like you very much! I can't tell you how sorry I am that I—that I hurt your feelings! I like you, and admire you, but—oh, it's all so different!"

"I know," said Jimmy apologetically. "I'm just not the sort of fellow anyone falls in love with. That chap"—he nodded toward the mask—"is. I expect you'd like some tea."

"Yes, I should," said Caroline.

FOR the first time during their conversation Jimmy, his eye still on the mask, smiled.

"He'd have said, 'a cocktail.' That's the difference between us. And he'd have taken you to the Savoy. I keep a kettle here, because I like to make tea myself. If you look in that cupboard, you'll find some buns."

Caroline hesitated. The buns were an anticlimax; she had a notion that she ought to leave at once, possibly after a last silent handclasp. But she had said she wanted tea, she did want tea, and Jimmy was already filling the kettle. She opened the cupboard, and found a biscuit tin, and took out the cakes.

"Now let's be comfortable," said Jimmy, with a grin.

And strangely enough, after the first moments of constraint, they were. Jimmy talked seriously about his dancing, Caroline told him about her work on Home Gossip. In this way half an hour

passed pleasantly; and then as Caroline stood up to go, a most extraordinary thing happened.

Jimmy went to the dressing table, and took up the mask, and slipped it over his head.

"I want to say goodbye," he explained. "And I want to see you look sorry..."

Caroline started. She could hardly believe her eyes.

"Mr. Brock!" she cried. "Jimmy!"

"Well?"

"Take it off! Please!"

Beautiful, cynical, mysterious, the mask stared back at her.

"Why?"

"Because I don't like it! Not after knowing you! It's dead, and uncanny, and—and beastly! Please take it off, Jimmy!"

Behind the papier-mâché Jimmy felt the blood rush up his cheeks, drum in his ears, burn at the roots of his hair. He came out of the mask as red as a tomato, shiny, disheveled...

"That's better," said Caroline.

ABOUT two weeks after they became engaged Caroline and Jimmy went to take tea in the Park, and Caroline saw someone she knew.

"Look, darling! That's the man who sat next to me at your show."

Jimmy turned, and saw Lerougetel. The artist advanced toward them, his eyebrows up in an expression of pleased astonishment.

"I know him, too," said Jimmy hastily. "I dare say I sent him that seat. He's all right, but a bit queer. I mean—you mustn't mind anything he says."

The warning was well-timed; Lerougetel's first words were, to Caroline at least, completely meaningless.

"Aha!" exclaimed Lerougetel warmly. "The triumph of reason!"

"What on earth," asked Caroline, "do you mean by that?"

Without waiting to be invited, the artist pulled up a chair, and sat down, and regarded them both with an expression of great benevolence.

"Your fiançailles," he explained. "Your marriage that is going to take place. I read of it in the newspaper. Allow me, Miss Drew, to congratulate you very heartily indeed."

"Thank you," said Caroline, still slightly bewildered. "But what do you mean by reason? The triumph of reason—?"

Lerougetel settled himself more comfortably in his chair.

"I will tell you," he said. "Or rather, you shall tell me. Why are you to marry my friend Jimmy Bolt? Because he is a talented and serious young man, with whom you can look forward to a safe and prosperous future—"

"Oh, no!" cried Caroline.

The artist sat up.

"No? Then why?"

"Because I fell in love with him, of course."

Lerougetel waved his big hands impatiently.

"As you say, of course! But the reason you fell in love was because, as I say, he is an excellent and prudent young man, who—"

"No!" repeated Caroline. "Oh, no!"

"Then in the name of heaven, why?"

"Because," said Caroline firmly, "he has such a nice face."

For nearly a minute Lerougetel stared speechlessly. Then laughter overwhelmed him. He laughed till he nearly fell off his chair, till he had to get up and throw himself down on the grass in order to laugh at his ease.

"You English!" he roared. "You Anglo-Saxons! You are too much even for me!"

Scandalized, discomfited, but still tolerant, Jimmy turned to his fiancée.

"You mustn't mind," he said apologetically. "You see, he's French..."

## Insect Menace

Continued from page 15

Silverfish are given all the starch they can eat and codling moths are provided fresh fruit. From the insect's point of view, facilities are beyond compare. There is only one drawback—insects must pay for their fun with their lives.

Each year more than a thousand basic new chemicals, supplied by the company's 28 laboratories, are tested. Some of these tests are shots in the dark, chemists hoping to discover some previously unknown toxic qualities. Others consist of modifying an already known poison. Perhaps a spray that might be valuable in the war on bean beetles refuses to mix with water. That property must be conferred upon it. Or maybe a likely-looking household insecticide stains fabrics. That must be corrected. A single chemical has been modified as many as 286 times to get it right.

To get a better picture of how this search for sudden death proceeds, let's follow the development of a new fly spray through the Du Pont laboratory. Flies, note in passing, cost us \$66,000,000 a year, including their portion of the cost of screening, money spent for sprays and a share of the cost of such fly-spread diseases as typhoid fever, dysentery, enteritis and diarrhea.

The fly spray must be deadly for insects but harmless to man. It must be cheap and nonstaining. Furthermore, the active principle of the spray—the poison part—must be soluble in some inexpensive fluid like kerosene.

The most common poison that answers these specifications is pyrethrum, an extract derived from a species of chrysanthemum known mostly in Japan. It is a "contact" poison—that is, it kills without being taken into the stomach. If a single leg of a fly is immersed in this potent stuff the fly is paralyzed. Death follows. Common fly sprays are a mixture of this material and an odorless, colorless kerosene that contributes to the insect slaughter by producing a suffocating film over their bodies.

In our fly spray the problem presented the laboratory was to find something at least as deadly as pyrethrum which could be made here in quantities and relieve us of dependence on an import that had wide variations in price and in quality.

### A Lethal Chamber for Flies

Scores of new materials went through routine testing for their effect on man and domestic animals. Their fly-killing qualities rested on the verdict of a specially built lethal chamber, a six-by-six-foot cube. Flies are introduced 500 at a time and gassed by atomizers which send a fog of spray into the enclosure. The kill thus made under standard conditions is checked against results with sprays already known.

The major part of the laboratory's work, however, is with agricultural pests. For the bedbug and the fly, though annoying creatures, do not have the economic importance of their outdoor brothers. The boll weevil, for example, does about \$120,000,000 worth of damage a year, and the corn-ear worm chalks up another \$100,000,000. Altogether, insects cost the United States about \$2,000,000,000 a year.

The boll weevil slipped in from Mexico in 1893 and the bean beetle came from the same country in 1920. Hungary sent us the corn borer and Japan presented us with the orchard-eating Japanese beetle in 1912. The newly arrived pink bollworm is an increasing problem on Texas cotton plantations. When he arrives, planters say, the boll weevil has

to carry his food with him, for the pink bollworm leaves nothing behind. The white-fringed beetle arrived from South America some time in the last half-dozen years. He now infests Gulf Coast states and is a problem of such proportions that he is being fought with flame throwers and miles of poisoned quarantine ditches.

In its grub—or worm—stage, this subterranean pest consumes the roots of cotton, peanuts and nearly every other crop. As a crawling adult beetle he eats whatever vegetation is left above ground. The force of his numbers is indicated by the fact that in one badly infested area a man collected 80,000 beetles off one half-acre cotton patch in four hours' time.

The point with all these newly introduced varieties is that they left their natural insect and animal enemies behind. With our country providing limitless food and no enemies, they reproduce at shocking rates. One entomologist calculated that one almost microscopic plant louse could *potentially* produce 822 million tons of descendants in a single season. Natural factors, of course, prevent proliferation on quite such a large scale.

### Our Only Weapon—Poison

Until natural enemies can be imported, colonized and set to work, poisons represent the only weapon against insects. Broadly speaking, insects fall into two general classifications: the chewers and the suckers. The boll weevil is an example of the former, the plant louse of the latter. The chewer can be killed with stomach poisons dusted or sprayed on the leaves he eats. The sap-sucking insect must be destroyed with poisons that kill simply by contact with his body—poisons like sulphur and nicotine.

Any poison used must be able to destroy insects and still be present on fruits and vegetables in quantities small enough to be deemed harmless to human beings by federal pure-food legislation.

It is fortunate for man that only a few of the 600,000 insects so far classified must be reckoned as competitors for the world's supply of food. But the expense involved in fighting these few is staggering. A few selected items will indicate the scope of the chemical warfare.

Each year the United States uses about 40,000,000 pounds of lead arsenate and 43,000,000 pounds of lime sulphur to control agricultural pests. Households use 16,000,000 pounds of naphthalene against moths and 10,000,000 pounds of pyrethrum against flies and mosquitoes.

These expenditures are directed not so much toward eradication as "control." The average householder doesn't object too strenuously to a few cockroaches or ants. The line is drawn only with bedbugs. For his part, the farmer is usually satisfied if he can limit insect damage to ten per cent of his crop.

The entomologist, a more hopeful fellow, strives for actual eradication of newly introduced varieties. He has at least one such victory to his credit. The campaign against the Mediterranean fruit fly, which invaded Florida a few years ago, ended in complete success. Chances for similar successes elsewhere are small indeed. Man will have to learn to live with his insects, competing with these old residents every inch of the way. Ingenuity and alertness are required but man should be able to suppress these elements.

# GIN QUIZ No. 8



Questions and Answers that will help you make better Gin Sours

By JOHN T. FITZGERALD

Chief Instructor  
Bartenders School, Inc.  
New York City

**I** In making a Gin Sour, does it matter in what order the various ingredients are put into the shaker?

Yes—the fruit juice and sugar should be put in together to balance each other before the gin is added.

**II** Which is better—powdered or granulated sugar?

Powdered sugar is better because it dissolves faster. But powdered sugar sometimes has a tendency to cake; so I prefer to use a combination of powdered and granulated sugar.

**III** Must Italian lemons be used in a Gin Sour?

No—American lemons are satisfactory, especially if you make the Sour with Hiram Walker's Gin.

**IV** How does Hiram Walker's Gin differ from other distilled gins?

Hiram Walker invented an exclusive method that insures *uniform* flavor from bottle to bottle. The flavor strength of each ingredient is accurately measured to achieve a perfect balance. Then, thanks to the famous "Controlled Condensation Process," this flavor "harmony" is maintained throughout the entire distilling process. No flavor can come through too weak or too harsh... every bottle has the same balanced perfection.



### GIN SOUR for two

Juice of 2 lemons  
2 teaspoonfuls powdered sugar  
3 ounces Hiram Walker's Gin

Shake well with cracked ice, strain into glasses, and fill with carbonated water. Decorate with fruit if desired.

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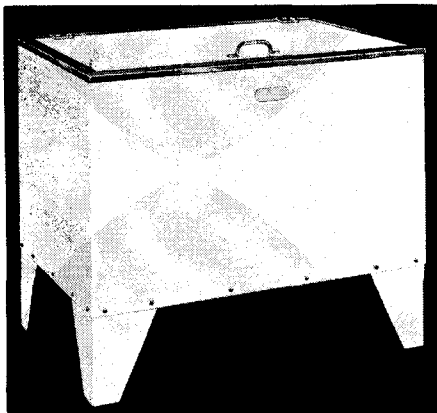
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## Wedding in the Clove

Continued from page 14

Elias asked slowly, "The general did that?"

"The letter is in his own hand. Only he and I know of it—and now you."

Elias took time to think. Parson Montanye was known up and down the county as a hot patriot. But it didn't seem the part of good sense for him to be carrying secret messages. Not through the Clove.

Elias rubbed the nail of his thumb along his lower lip and said, "There are safer roads than this one out of Haverstraw."

"This is the one the general told me to follow. Oh, you needn't blame me for it, Elias Cochrane. I warned him the Clove was infested by the Cowboys. I told him how Tories hide in its hills and steal and kill like common outlaws. He said it was not my duty to argue, but to obey. What else could I do?"

"He had a reason for it, then."

THE Parson shook his head sadly. "I fear his reasons are not so sound as they were. The general is an anxious man. He is staking everything on his attack on New York."

Elias looked for a minute as though he hadn't heard right.

"We made out around here," he said, "that it wouldn't be New York. The talk's been that he and the French would go south to help the Marquis Lafayette against Cornwallis."

"The talk's been wrong. I have the proof here."

The parson tapped his black coat over the place where his inside pocket was. "He will try to drive Clinton out of New York. I don't understand it. They call him Old Fox—yet he sends me through this road with such a letter. He could not have done better if it had been his purpose to have me taken by the enemy."

Elias suddenly stopped rubbing his lip with his thumb. He stared at the parson in a new way, thoughtfully, for quite a while. Then he said, picking his words out slowly, "When a man's smart, as smart as the general, and when he's outnumbered, he plays tricks. Maybe that's just what he wanted."

The parson screwed himself around in his saddle and gaped. His jaw fell limp, and the two white spots under his high cheekbones showed whiter than ever. "Do you suppose that would be it?" he stammered. "God's mercy, do you suppose that would be it? A letter direct from the general, to be taken by the Tories and sent to Clinton in New York? That *would* be a trick. It would throw them entirely off the track. It—" But he stiffened then, looking out over Elias' head, and the color came back into his cheeks. "No—no, I fear not. I should like to believe I had some part in it, but I am the most unlikely person the general could select. Even the Cowboys would hardly suspect a minister of the gospel."

It seemed to Elias that the more unlikely the person was, the more honest the letter would look to whoever got hold of it. He gave the parson a quick sideways glance, lifted his rifle into the crook of his arm and said, "We'd best get on to the house. The letter's your business. The wedding's mine."

Johanna came out to meet them as they reached the house. Elias went straight to her and put his arm around her waist and lifted her up to him in a hungrier way than he'd ever done before. She struggled a little, laughing in embarrassment at having him kiss her so outright in front of the parson. But Elias only laughed, too, and the parson, smiling

at Johanna, said gravely that he'd never seen a prettier bride.

They all sat watching her while she moved about inside the house putting food in the trencher on the table. Elias watched her more than the others. It hardly seemed possible that before another day she would be his wife.

He ate a little now, though, between turns of his head to listen for sounds in the quiet outside, while talk ran between John Bernt and the parson. Bernt had stuck his crippled foot out in front of him under the table, damning the war all ways at once and badgering the parson into admitting that things had been no better off since the French came.

"It'll be the same, with no shirts for their backs or bread for their bellies, whether they're in Haverstraw or hell. And to make it worse, Johanna's set her mind on getting wed. She'll come to her senses when the Hessians and Cowboys are running her husband through the county with the rest, like hounds hot after otters. That's what the end'll be."

The parson said, "These two love each other, John Bernt. It takes courage to love in days like these, and we can all use our share of courage, God knows. We should give them credit for facing into the future."

"Credit!" The little man rolled a head as round as a cannonball and as black, with eyes that burned like live coals. "Maybe you've forgot the chain," he sneered.

"No, John Bernt," said the parson swiftly. "No, I haven't forgotten it."

"Iron chain." Bernt snarled, without waiting for him. "To lock the Hudson at the Point, they told us. Keep the red-coats bottled downriver. With every furnace in the Ramapos roaring white-hot, dawn and dark. Three hundred pounds to the link, and when one of the oxcarts hauling 'em away upended in the snow I got this for my thanks." His crippled foot scrawled patterns on the planking of the floor. "You can all forget that, and how the blood ran out of my boot, but none of you forgot what happened after."

HE DIDN'T say Benedict Arnold's name, but the three of them knew what he meant—only last year, it was: how the man who had whipped British Burgoyne at Saratoga had come within an eyelash of selling chain and West Point and the whole of the Hudson Valley to Clinton at New York.

"There's your credit, and where's the good of it?" John Bernt spat viciously into the fireplace and glared at each of them in turn. "It takes the guts out of a man, and the heart too! They'll win, and who's to stop 'em? Nobody!"

The knife Johanna was using while she sliced more bread wavered in her hand. But she steadied it and it went true, cutting firm and even. She said, "I'm proud of the chain. It's still there, and there are others besides Elias and me who think it will stay there. If Elias thought the way you do, I wouldn't marry him."

They could tell she meant it, and her father's anger fell off into a muttering. The sound of it had a pleased gruffness, though, and he made no move when the parson got to his feet.

"We are told it is a holy thing to have faith," said the parson. "Johanna Bernt, I will wed you and Elias if you wish."

Johanna put down the knife and the pulse throbbed under the fair skin of her throat while she thanked the parson with her eyes. Everything got so still Elias could hear the bubbling of the falls out beyond the road.

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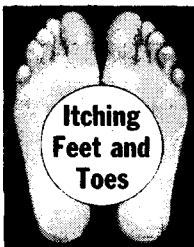


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"I do wish it," said Johanna. "Elias has had my promise."

Her saying of it was not bold or forward, but very calm, so that a tenderness hung in the shadows of the room after she had said it.

She smiled at Elias and slipped away to change into her wedding dress, and the parson stepped over with his back to the fireplace, and John Bernt hunched his stool forward and growled, "There's talk of a march to Virginia."

The parson studied his fingernails. "Or an attack on New York. Half the troops are laying wagers one way, and half the other. No one knows but the general."

"There's been camp kitchens laid out in the Jerseys," said Bernt. "Those'd be for him to use if he went for New York. But we've heard Virginia." He cackled sharply, slapping at a skinny thigh. "Lord, Lord, what I'd give if he'd laid out those kitchens just to fool 'em!"

Elias caught at his breath to keep himself from blurting out what was none of

the way an organ sounds in a church.

Johanna's voice shook a little when it came time for her to speak. But she raised her face to Elias while he fitted the ring on her finger, and her eyes told him how it was going to be.

The parson finished his prayer and said they were man and wife just as Adam Creiger and three other men crowded in at the door.

John Bernt saw them before Elias did. He yelped, "Cowboys!" and tried to get off his stool and fell back again, pulling at the air with his fingers.

Johanna's lips went cold under Elias' and he felt her arms fall from around his neck as he made a jump for his rifle over in the corner. He got hold of it all right, but there were four muskets laid at him when he turned, and he saw it was no use. He clubbed the rifle, though, and came forward, his legs straddled wide.

The men herded on into the room then, and things happened in a hurry, with John Bernt squealing "God save the king!" until one of them—Martin Owl it must have been—gave him a shove and rolled him in a heap on the hearth. Parson Montanye snatched up the stool and stood over him swinging it like a man who hadn't thought to be surprised at what he was doing, and Johanna ran in under to kneel by her father while Adam Creiger and Eliphalet Matthews tried to get at Elias past the table he'd kicked over.

**A**FTER a while Adam Creiger roared once or twice and the room got quieter. Creiger was a big man and when he roared there wasn't much to do but listen. He waited until the only sound was the quick grunt of breathing, and he looked at Elias meaningfully and said, "Seems like we've made a haul, bagging one of Townsend's rangers."

Martin Owl chuckled: "Yeh. Good to haul up."

He put his hands to his neck under his beard and made himself choke, jerking his head like a man hanging, and then laughed.

"Heard there was someone rode into the Clove this afternoon, coming from Haverstraw," said Creiger. "Never thought it would be a man as smart as Elias, though."

He let his eyes stop on Johanna, keeping them fastened where the slope of her shoulder showed bare above the line of her dress. "Well, maybe you had your reasons for it, at that."

Elias felt the skin prickle across the flat muscles over his belly, but he held on to himself and didn't answer.

Martin Owl said, "Let his reasons be, Adam, we've got better ones. Bring him outside. There's a rope in the shed."

Elias drew in his breath and his eyes got narrow, knowing what needed to be done. Here were the Cowboys and here was the parson, the way it had been intended or he'd never have been sent like that, and though it wasn't for Elias to meddle, maybe, they would have taken the parson anyway if he'd kept on the road, and if they took him in John Bernt's house there was no difference, and it might stop the talk of hanging.

Elias smiled through his teeth. "You'd be wasting the rope," he said. "There's a bigger haul here than me."

"That's likely," said Creiger, speaking hard. "Who else would it be?"

Elias caught the parson's eye. It was staring at him the way a rabbit stares at a weasel. Elias stared back and then looked at Creiger again.

"It would be somebody you'd get more good out of than out of me," he said. "General Clinton in New York might think so, too."

Elias saw the quick greed in Adam Creiger's face. The word was that Clinton paid well for information.

"I'll trade," Elias said. "I'll trade with



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LAURENCE REYNOLDS

his affair. John Bernt had hit smack on it. Elias would have taken oath to that. The camp kitchens in the Jerseys were part of the trick, and they hitched up square with the parson's being sent with the letter through the Clove.

"Well, he'd best fool 'em," John Bernt said. "He'd best make 'em guess, and guess wrong. If he ain't sly he'll have Clinton ready and waiting for him, whichever he does."

And then Johanna put back the curtain from the door, her wedding dress of white-sprigged muslin falling softly around her like a cloud, and the talk stopped short.

None of them, not even Elias, had known she could look like that.

She came toward them shyly, her breasts rising and falling a little quicker and her lips a little parted, the red in them the color of young rose thorns in May. And Elias, going to her like a man drawn by a magnet, took her by the hand and led her forward, never moving his eyes from her face.

The still gleam of the candles made a glory about her hair as she and Elias stood up before the parson. The parson said the words of the marriage ceremony from memory, his deep voice sounding



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you on your promise, Adam Creiger. Let me go free and you'll get full measure and over."

Johanna was pressing forward, her two hands at her throat. Elias could feel her eyes fixed wonderingly on him, but there wasn't time to think of that.

"You can trade with me," he said, "or try to take me. If you try to take me, some of you will get hurt. You'd do better to trade."

Adam Creiger was a shrewd man for all his bulk, and shrewd men don't take any more chances than they have to. He considered Elias' shoulders, and the long rifle and ice-blue eyes. After a little he nodded, short.

"It's a trade. If you're not lying."

"I'm not lying," said Elias, and told them about the parson.

There was a dead silence while they searched him.

They took a Shorter Westminster Catechism and an English Reader from the parson's pockets, and then they unbuttoned his coat and fumbled inside it and found the general's letter.

Adam Creiger spelled it aloud to the others. It was addressed to a friend in Morristown and it mentioned that plans were in readiness for an attack against New York. It spoke of the camps already being laid out in the Jerseys, and of matters of men and supplies, and hoped the venture would be attended with success. When Creiger got that far he broke off his reading and stuffed the letter into his shirt and swore.

"By gad, you weren't lying, boy! We've laid hold of a prize!"

After that it wasn't any time at all until they were out the door with Parson Montanye between them, and their voices were dying away in the night down the Ramapo road. Elias moved to the door and stood, framed in it against the candlelight behind him, looking after them.

He heard Johanna's step in the room behind him and he turned around to her, his heart beginning to pound at the thought of having her near him. It took him a blink or two of his eyes to see that she'd reached over and got the rifle he'd rested against the overturned table. She was keeping it with the muzzle toward him, and she had pulled back the hammer and had her finger on the trigger.

ELIAS laughed to see her, not so as to hurt her, but gently, with a kind of contentment. He told her, "You won't need that for a while now." He looked at the rifle again and said, "You're a good wife, Johanna. You'll stand by a man."

She didn't move, and when he would have gone over to her she brought him up short. "I'm not standing by you. Not after this."

She held her head high and angry, with pride and shame blazing in her cheeks. "You're a coward. A bought coward. I want you to get out of our house."

John Bernt, behind her, gave a shrill, ugly cackle. "There's your patriot for you! Like all the rest! Save his own neck and to hell with the liberty talk!"

Elias stared from one to the other and shook his head. "It wasn't that. I couldn't tell you. I didn't have a chance to say anything."

"You said enough to sell them the letter," said Johanna. "Just as surely as— as Benedict Arnold was going to sell the Point. You're no better than he was."

"That's not right, Johanna. You know that's not right. The parson was—"

"I can tell what I see. Go down to the British and help them shoot colonists when they march to New York. You'll be welcome there."

"You can't talk like that, Johanna. I'm your husband."

"Not any more. I married a man with faith in something—in the thing my father was crippled for, in the thing we've

been fighting and praying for these years. I want you to go, Elias."

"Johanna, listen."

"Don't!"

She jerked the rifle higher, not letting him approach her.

Elias, gray and hard around the lips, swung sharp on his heel and strode out the door.

DURING the next two days word began to trickle into the Clove that General Washington's army was on the move.

The whole countryside was astir. The Cowboys kept out of sight and men came down the Ramapo road by twos and threes. They were grim, hard-bitten men trailing muskets or rifles in their fists, and some of them, knowing John Bernt, stopped by to wet their thirst and pass the time of day. It was pretty sure by now, they said, that it was to be New York, for the Tories had been boasting of knowing it, and the talk was spread all over the county that Clinton had pulled in his outposts from Kingsbridge and White Plains.

Johanna went about her housework dull and lifeless, her whole body numb with an ache that bit deeper into her with every night and morning. She even tried to hope, for a while at first, that she had been wrong somehow, that she had dreamed the part about Elias and the letter.

But by the end of the second day she knew there was no hoping. It had not been a dream, but had happened as she remembered it, along with her memory of Elias and how he used to look when he would talk of their being married—it seemed so long ago, now—and about freedom for the colonies.

By the third day the men stopped going through, and all day long no news came to Johanna and her father, and the Clove lay deserted and silent, like an old empty scabbard dropped among the hills. Bernt stayed beside his door and waited—they didn't know for what—and Johanna came out to sit by him. She stared straight ahead of her, her hands lying listless, palms up, in her lap.

An hour or two went by like that, but along toward the end of the afternoon, down where the road curled out of sight around a rock jut, there was a faint running rattle of musket fire. A single volley, a scattered shot or so, and then silence again.

Johanna got to her feet.

"The ragtails!" her father said, and cocked an ear to listen, but the silence held. "Somebody giving 'em Godspeed. Taste of what they'll get from Clinton."

Johanna said, "There wouldn't be fighting, not up here. . . . Not unless—"

"There'll be fighting. Plenty of it for all of 'em, before they get New York." The little man threw a swift glance at her. "Weren't figuring anything else, were you, girl?"

"No," said Johanna dully. "No, I wasn't figuring anything."

He rubbed the back of his hand under his chin from ear to ear and fidgeted restlessly, and Johanna knew he was as taut as she, in spite of his talk. She stood looking down the road for a long time, her back pressed against the round logs of the house as though each bullet from the musket volley had found its way into her body. Then she turned and went into the house, for she didn't want her father to see her cry. She had not cried before, not all these three days, but now there was nothing left except the sick, horrible sureness of what Elias had done. It was like a murder.

She was still in the house when she heard her father scream.

She ran out again and saw him sprawled on the ground, flailing his arms. Three men stood over him. Martin Owl was trying to pin him down, and Adam



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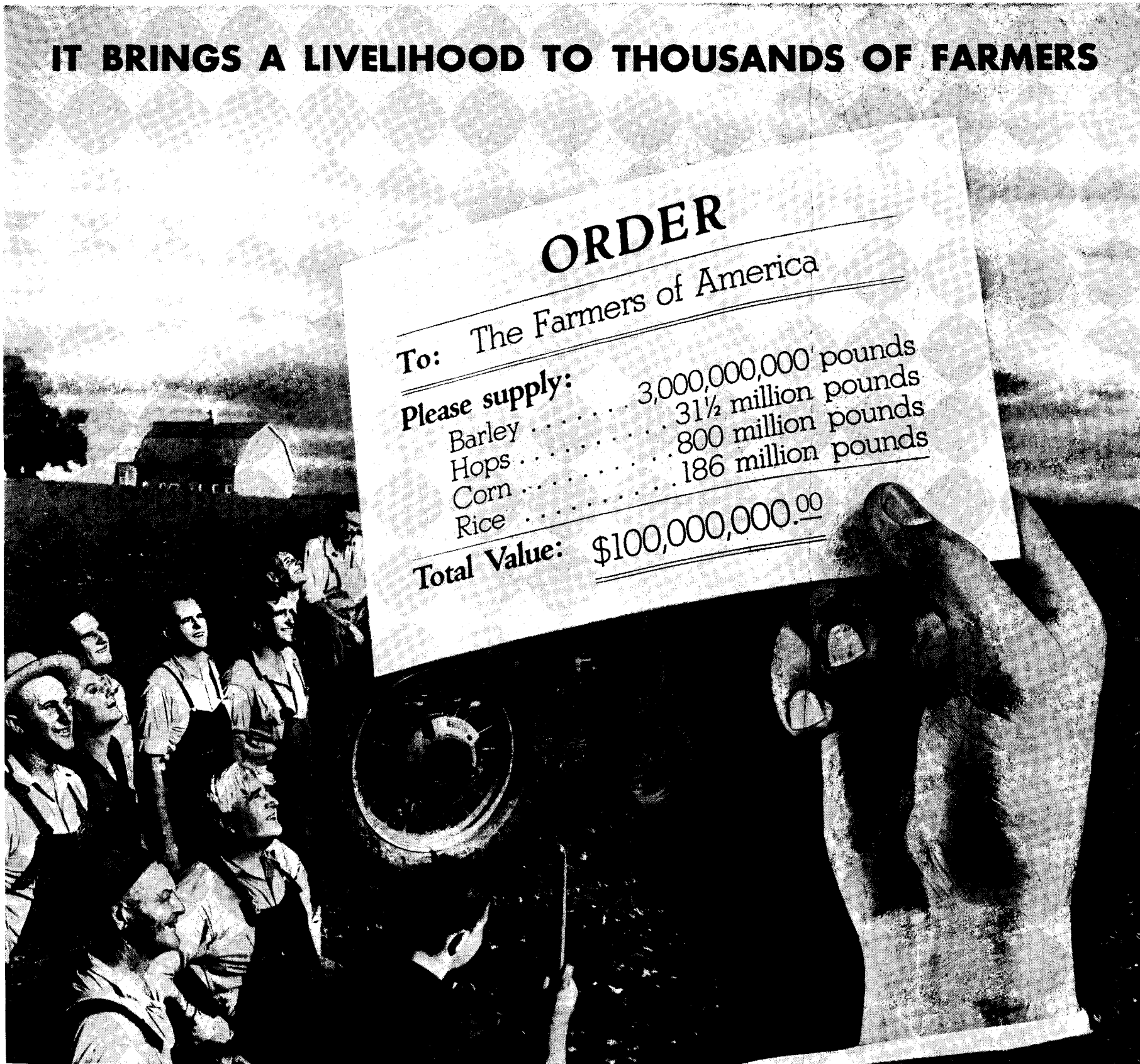
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Creiger and Eliphalet Matthews were watching with their guns.

Adam Creiger caught hold of Johanna as soon as she ran outside. She would have fought back, seeing things in their eyes that made her afraid of what they had come to do. But Adam Creiger kept his hold on her, and presently Martin Owl got her father by the belt and hoisted him upright, and Creiger reached over and slapped him across the face.

"You and your parson and your damned letter!"

Bernt strained away from him, the cords standing out on his wiry arms. "Drunk or mad, the lot of you! Leave us alone!"

"Why don't ye trade now, John Bernt? Trade with us and laugh."

"I never traded, as God is my judge! It was none of my doing!"

"With Washington halfway through the Jerseys on his way to Virginia, and Clinton waiting for him in New York and never raising a hand to stop him! That's what you and your parson are to be thanked for!"

In spite of the pain where Creiger's fingers bit into the flesh of her arm, a sudden wild gladness swept over Johanna to hear what Creiger was saying. It wasn't to be New York. That was what Elias had tried to tell her. It wasn't to be New York. He had known it, from Mr. Townsend most likely, and the letter was meant to be false. Elias had been right. Her mind said the words over and over. Elias had been right. He had done the only thing he could do, and she had sent him away from her on their wedding night.

She twisted away from Creiger's grip, thinking only of Elias, wanting to see him again, to go into his arms and beg forgiveness of him. She would make it up to him for misjudging him so, she would make it up to him a thousand times over, if the war ever finished, if ever they were alone together on the farm along the Walkill.

But the war was here, all around her now, with the farm along the Walkill something very far away, and her father was pleading with her, pinned against Martin Owl's chest:

"Johanna, tell 'em! Tell 'em we had no part in it!"

THEY were silent, waiting for her to speak. She said, "It's true. We didn't know about the parson's letter." She lifted her head, and there was a new kind of pride in the gesture. "The parson came to marry us, Elias and me. I am Elias' wife."

Her father cried out to stop her from saying that, but he was too late.

After a minute Creiger began to laugh, tilting back his head until she could see the whiskery lump working up and down in his heavy neck. "Married, and no bridegroom for the honeymoon. Well, don't cry about that, girl."

He caught at her again, and drew her around to him. She tried to pull away from him and her eyes went to her father and the other men, pleading for help. But her father was powerless to help her, and the others just stood laughing. There wasn't anything she could do to save herself. Creiger laughed some more and started to push his face down to her lips.

Then, while her mind whirled desperately, she remembered Elias' rifle. It was still inside the house where she had put it that night: loaded, by the side of the fireplace. The powder charge would still be dry, in the hot weather.

With a sharpness that took Adam Creiger by surprise she jerked back, freeing herself, and ran as fast as she could toward the house door. She could hear the pound of his feet behind her on the hard ground. She'd left the door standing open when she came out and she got to it before he could catch up

with her, but he was so close there wasn't time to shut it.

Adam Creiger saw her turn with the rifle, and he dodged smartly to one side. In another instant he had charged in at her, still swearing, and had her by the shoulder.

The rifle roared as he jerked at it.

The charge went off into the fireplace and the stock flew up and struck her on the side of the head. She swayed with the blow of it, and the ashes that billowed out of the fireplace strangled her in a coughing cloud. She wasn't conscious of anything after that except the roar of the rifle echoing out the door and down along the road. It went on echoing forever, not dying out the way it should, but getting louder and louder, with Elias' voice seeming to come from somewhere in the middle of it. She knew it couldn't be his voice, though, and the last thing she heard was a louder roar as the ashes rose up around her and choked out her senses.

WHEN at last she opened her eyes again she was lying in her own bed, and Elias was standing by it.

She didn't recognize him at first, for his face looked drawn and set, as if he had not slept. But when she knew for certain, she breathed a little sigh and let her head lie back relaxed on the pillow.

"It was you, then," she said.

He came and sat on the bed, beside her. "The militia company took Creiger and the others along with them. They're going into camp at New Windsor, at the head of the Clove. I stayed here."

She lay still, happy just to have him there, happy in the peace his being there gave her. She didn't try to think, much. There was enough merely in seeing him.

After a little he said, without looking at her, "We can go on to the farm tomorrow. I've talked with your father and we think it's best. You'll be safer farther north, both of you."

"Yes," she said. "Yes, we'll be safer, farther north."

There was a silence. Neither of them quite knew what words to use. It wasn't a time, really, for words. But presently Johanna stirred and said, "Is that the only reason for taking me? Because it will be safer?"

"There's another reason. If you want it that way."

She felt his fingers tighten along the edge of the bed. He was looking at her now, waiting for her to answer. She lifted her own fingers until they met his, and laid the warm tips of them on the hardness of his knuckles.

"I'd want it to be that other reason. I was wrong, Elias. I wanted you to come, so I could tell you."

She heard the drawing-in of his breath, but he did not move. He stayed as he was, with their fingers touching.

"General Heath's to stay here with half the army," Elias said. "To keep the highlands. General Washington's gone to where they've got Cornwallis bottled up in Virginia. A place called Yorktown. Mr. Townsend says with luck this will be the end. He's given me leave of a week."

He studied the candle unsteadily. "It will be a good day for journeying tomorrow, by the looks. The farm's not far."

Johanna tried to answer him but she could not. Suddenly she could not speak. She could only watch the beating of his heart beneath the smooth stretch of shirt across his chest, and the hot color that went up into his cheeks and into his forehead under the tan of his skin.

That was all she had time to see, for Elias, straightening all at once, drove the palm of his hand down against the wick of the candle with a strong, impatient movement, smothering it out before he took the one quick step back to her in the dark.



## Rare Musical Bird

Continued from page 11

enter slowly, to let the applause build up. Stokowski is on the podium before you can bring your palms together, and he gives the players the signal to start almost before both his feet have landed. A big performance nearly came to grief once because of Stokowski's rapid-fire start. As the orchestra began to play, he opened the music in front of him and was horrified to discover the wrong score. He whispered instructions to a violinist in the front row, and continued to conduct. The fiddler plowed through the aisle of players, stumbled up to Stokowski's dressing room, tore through the orchestra again, turning pages furiously, and laid the score on Stokowski's desk. Stokowski gave no hint of being perturbed. Later he called the fiddler to his dressing room, shook his hand gravely and said, "You saved the performance."

Stokowski behaves as if waste of time or energy were a cardinal sin. At rehearsals, for example, he works only on essentials, but intensely. If the men rehearse the full two and a half hours, they feel, they say, as if they had been digging ditches from 8 to 5. He does not hesitate to knock off ahead of time, whereas some conductors keep going over and over a passage, as if they were dealing with a bunch of amateurs, instead of a crack professional orchestra.

### How to Treat Good Music

At one time Stokowski cut down his use of energy by devising a traffic-light system. The assistant conductor rehearsed the orchestra, while Stokowski sat in the rear of the auditorium, making notes and operating a series of buttons connected with the conductor's desk. A red light was a signal to slow the men down, a green light meant faster, and there was a stop signal for a pause.

Stokowski's concern with the conservation of time and energy does not mean that he lets himself or his men off easily. He does not take for granted music that he has been conducting for more than thirty years in Cincinnati, Philadelphia, New York and points south, north and west. There was the time when the Philadelphia Orchestra was rehearsing Schubert's Unfinished Symphony. They could play it by heart and maybe, on a bet, backward. But Stokowski felt that one of the loveliest melodies was being treated too casually by the violins, as if they were looking

at a beautiful woman for the hundredth time and not really seeing her.

Stokowski stopped the men. He pointed to the first violinist. "You," he said, "play that melody."

The first violinist did.

Stokowski shook his head. "Too brilliant."

He motioned to another fiddler, then criticized his playing of the melody. Every one of the thirty-six violinists was ordered to play the tune alone; for each there was a criticism.

The simple melody was not played indifferently again. That is one of the secrets of Stokowski's power; he knows how to make each problem concrete and dramatic, and he has a sharp eye for detail. He was riding along, hatless and shirt open at the throat, in a friend's new open roadster one day, commenting on the number and bright hues of the gadgets on the dashboard. A car full of young women came up and, since it was a broad road, drove parallel to the roadster. Stokowski seemed not to notice the neighboring car but kept studying the instrument panel.

"See the girl at the rear right?" he said to his surprised companion, who wasn't sure that Stokowski had observed any of the girls. "Her hair is the color of the knob marked 'Throttle'."

Stokowski is a confirmed enemy of stale tradition. He urges his instrumentalists to remember that music must be meaningful to them and their audiences. He tells them—in rehearsal, of course—that music is not a dull, academic affair, but that it represents things as vibrant as a mountain peak covered with snow, a young girl's first love, a brilliant sunset, the embrace of a man and a maid. One season he advised the men to take vacations abroad, not to listen to music but to look at paintings by Watteau and Fragonard at the Louvre, to read novels, plays and poems of the time, to visit in the old cities where the men who wrote great music lived. He himself had made many such voyages of discovery.

Vitality and individuality are Stokowski's watchwords. He outlawed the unanimous bowings common to orchestras, which make the fiddlers move their bows with the precision of the Radio City Music Hall Rockettes. He said that the bowings were a distraction to the eye. When a young fellow played a passage in a certain way, Stokowski glared and asked why. When the young fellow said, "I felt it like that," Stokie

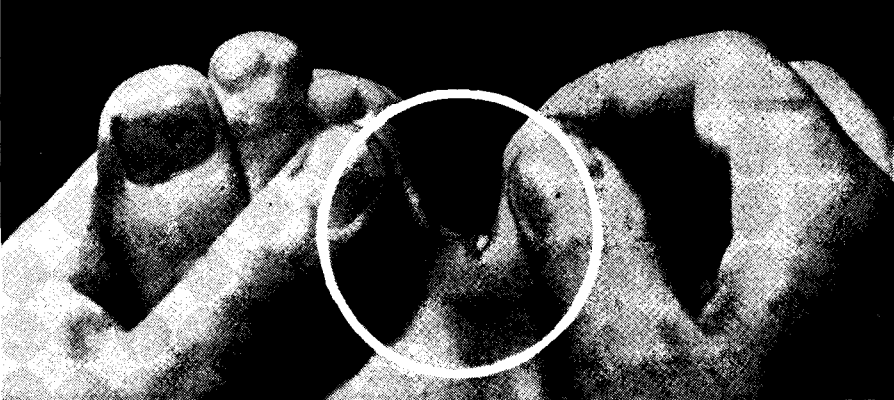
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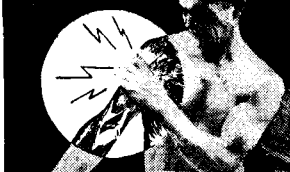
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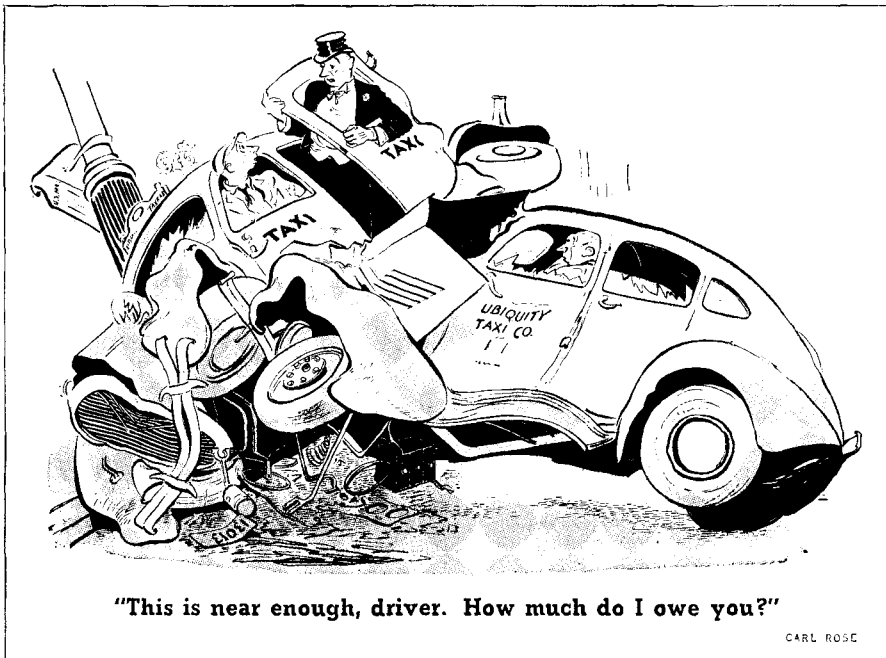


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replied, "That's the only excuse." When one of his protégés, Jan Savitt, left the orchestra and became the leader of a jazz band because he wanted to express his own feelings toward music, he went with Stokie's blessing.

Stokowski is interested in originality, whether it be in serious music or in swing. Years ago he told the men of his orchestra that there were remarkable virtuosos of the trombone, clarinet and trumpet in jazz—fellows who played with more individuality than most symphonic musicians. "If you want to know what I mean, go and hear a trombone player I heard the other day," he said, referring to a chap who was then relatively unknown. "His name is Tommy Dorsey."

Stokie is progressive in his music and in his private life. In music he has changed the conventional way of seating the orchestra. He has pioneered with recordings. He has welcomed radio and has not turned up his nose in high-brow disdain at commercially sponsored broadcasts. He has made himself an expert in the science of acoustics, and he has tried out new electrical instruments. He plays new music, and he has always hired young fellows for his orchestra. Some of them, like Jacques Singer in Dallas, have gone on, with Stokie's recommendation, to become conductors of their own orchestras.

### A Born Experimenter

A friend once said of him, with some exaggeration. "One week Stokie is a Confucianist, the next week a Buddhist and the third an early Christian." The experiments with new ideas and philosophies in his private life may lead him to contradictions, but that does not worry him. Anyhow, there is consistency in his open-mindedness. For a time he ate only vegetables, and even his bread was made of some vegetable compound. Later he about-faced and his diet leaned heavily on meat.

Stokie's hours are remarkably regular. Whatever the diet, he always eats moderately. Before a concert he lies down in his dressing room for some minutes of absolute relaxation. After a concert he has a masseur rub him down. He does setting-up drills in the morning.

At the age of 57 he retains the tall, slender figure that made him look like a young romantic poet when he came to this country to become organist at

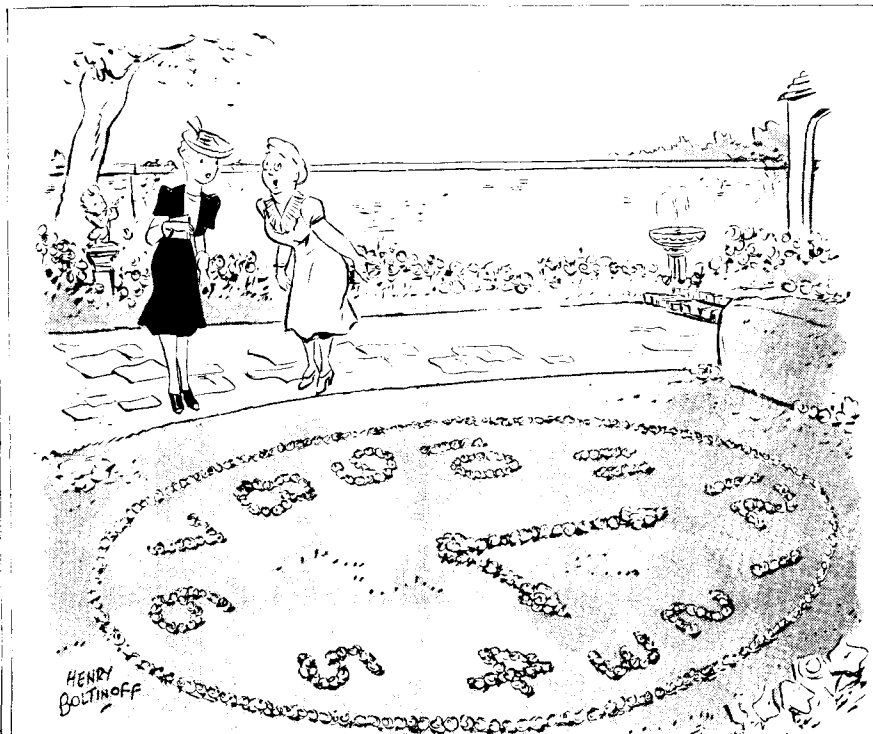
fashionable St. Bartholomew's Church in New York City in 1905.

Stokowski wishes his audiences to respect great music as he does. That is why he has talked to his listeners at concerts. He has chided them for making noises during the music, and he has praised them for hissing a new work, on the ground that the bird was better than apathy.

One of Stokowski's pervading ambitions is to bring good music to everybody. He is happy that he lives in an age when the phonograph, radio and movies have made it possible to reach the vast majority of Americans. He talks with immense persuasiveness about the possibilities of music. His enthusiasm was sufficiently catching to cause Walt Disney to change a plan for a short into a project for a full-length feature. Disney engaged Stokowski to conduct the orchestra for the sound track of a short on The Sorcerer's Apprentice. But Disney and Stokowski are now making what they call, for the time being, Concert Feature. It will contain at least seven compositions besides The Sorcerer's Apprentice, and will be shown alone, like Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. And Stokie is not merely the musical director, but is helping with ideas for animation.

He responds to simplicity. When he saw the opulent set that was meant to be his home in 100 Men and a Girl, he objected violently. He said he never lived in such a joint and never would. He gave in when the director insisted that the set was necessary for photographic effect.

His humor is inclined to be quiet and subtle, but it bears the stamp "Made in America." When the Philadelphia Orchestra was on tour, the train stopped early in the morning for a few minutes. Most of the musicians were still snoring cozily in their berths. One instrumentalist happened to be up and dressed, and hopped out onto the platform for the morning air. He saw Stokie there, chipper as a fourteen-year-old on the first day of spring. The august conductor was pumping his right arm in a windup, like Dizzy Dean, and throwing an imaginary ball. The young musician set himself for the imaginary pitch, made an imaginary catch and flipped the non-existent ball back to Stokie. The conductor received expertly, dropped the imaginary ball into his pocket, winked at the young musician and strolled down the platform.



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HENRY BOLTINOFF

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NO. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN NO. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN



## Pioneer Lady

Continued from page 19

He wanted to see Ivy again. She *might* be the one. . . .

The last time . . . a month ago . . . Ivy had let him talk to her about himself. She didn't laugh when he said he was going to make apricots his lifework. She was little and soft and gentle, with big eyes. Pete could imagine her on the ranch. She wasn't like the others. . . .

Ivy looked like her name . . . like a girl who'd stick.

Natalie Chadwick's driveway was clogged with cars. Pete left the dusty little roadster between a Rolls and a Hispana-Suiza that looked like a stripped pipe organ. Apparently, the party was on. And, apparently, Natalie had changed her mind . . . it wasn't dinner . . . it was a snatch-as-snatch-can buffet and dancing. A merry little evening for two hundred guests.

Natalie was tangoing with a fat boy. She waggled her fingers at Pete. Her nails were long as a mandarin's, crimson-tipped. . . . If there was anything on earth Pete hated it was long red fingernails.

"Ivy's in the library," Natalie called over the fat boy's shoulder.

"Thanks," Pete said.

**N**ATALIE was the trouble with the girls in this town. . . . They followed her like sheep, tried to be like her. . . . Natalie this . . . Natalie that. . . . Her polo ponies. Her fast plane. Her clothes. Her parties.

Pete eyed her bitterly.

If it weren't for girls like her, there'd be more happy marriages. She capitalized her arrogance, her beauty, her money. The newspapers called her a glamor girl. Well, the public could have her . . . her mane of black hair, her painted mouth, her crazy clothes . . . Pete didn't want her.

He found Ivy. And when she saw him, something happened . . . her eyes accepted him . . . he knew she had been thinking of him. . . . He went straight to her and brushed her partner aside and took her into his arms.

"Hello, Ivy."

"Hello, Pete."

"You didn't forget?"

"No."

She melted against him, the way girls do when they want to be held. . . . Her feet followed his, instinctively. Her body, yielding and flexible, obeyed every signal. Her hair, flaxen, fine as silk, touched his chin.

They danced through the French windows out onto the terrace and then, with one accord, ran down the stone steps into the flickering star-darkness of the garden. And Pete kissed her.

He had forgotten how hungry he was, how alone, how deprived. But even in the glorious excitement of the moment he thought: "I've got to be honest with her . . . I've got to tell her. It wouldn't be fair to catch her first and tell her later."

Cuddled against the white armor of his shirt front, Ivy whispered:

"That was wonderful, Pete. I guess I'm going to marry you."

"Little sweetheart. You'll love the ranch."

"Where is it, Pete?"

He told her. All about the wide slopes of chaparral, the stream of melted snow water that tumbled down through the canyon into a pool deep enough for high diving. The cool shade of the old live oaks, even in midsummer.

"It's a garden of Eden, sweetheart."

"How far is it," Ivy wanted to know, "from here?"

"Forty-fifty miles."

"Are we . . . going to live there?"

"All our lives."

He took her hands . . . incredibly, unbelievably small hands. And, thank God, her nails were short and pink.

"Yippy!" Pete shouted.

"What on *earth's* the matter?"

"I'll bet you're a good cook."

"I'm a terrible cook," Ivy insisted.

"But we can dine out rather often, can't we? Natalie says . . ."

She paused and sighed.

"Natalie says *what*?"

"You know how she is . . . she says any girl who marries you will be bushed."

Ivy caught her breath sharply.

"That's not true, is it, Pete? We'll be able to . . . to go places . . . have fun. . . . After all, darling, I'm young, and I'm pretty. . . ."

"I suppose you are," Pete said grimly. He held her hands tightly between his own. "Look here," he went on quickly. "I'll try to make you happy. But if you think you can't live on a ranch, you'd better say so now, before it's too late."

Ivy held her eyes on his face.

"Oh, Pete, you're so good-looking . . . I wish . . . Maybe I could drive over tomorrow and see the ranch . . . ?"

"That's a cinch. I'll call for you in the morning. We'll spend the day. Alone. You'll hear the silence. You'll smell all those sweet country smells. I'll kiss you ten thousand times."

"Oh, Pete!"

Ivy looked a little frightened. The pupils of her eyes were dilated and her breath came fast and shallow.

"Let's dance," she said. "It's sort of . . . safer . . . isn't it?"

The big Italian drawing room, with its sixteenth-century portraits and silver lamps and wine-colored velvets, was crowded to suffocation. A swing band from Hollywood gave out hot licks to Begin the Beguine. Ivy slipped into Pete's arms. But not for long. Harvey Paine tapped out "Gimme" in the dancer's Morse code, and Pete surrendered her with a groan.

"Dance with Natalie!" Ivy signaled. "Your hostess!"

Of course. His hostess! He must.

He made his way across the room to the hall and touched Erny Lisle on the shoulder. Erny surrendered, and Pete felt Natalie flow against him.

"Hello, Columbus," she said. "I'll consider you've done your duty. Just lead me over to the stag line and somebody'll put you out of your misery."

"What's the big idea?" Pete demanded coldly, "telling Ivy she'd be bushed if she married me?"

**H**E FELT the tension of Natalie's muscles and the momentary dig of her long red fingernails into the back of his hand.

"I suppose it *wasn't* any business of mine," she said. "But what's the big idea of trying to turn a girl like Ivy into a pioneer wife?"

"Leave that to me," Pete said. "Please."

He met the level darkness of her eyes.

"Okay," she said. "I will. . . . Hello, Erny; we meet again!"

Erny swept her away.

Just before midnight, Ivy said she was sleepy. She yawned like a kitten, showing two rows of perfect, small, white teeth.

"Take me to Natalie," she commanded, "and we'll both say good night."

Natalie was in the bar, surrounded by stags . . . a black and white phalanx. . . .

"Have a champagne cocktail," she

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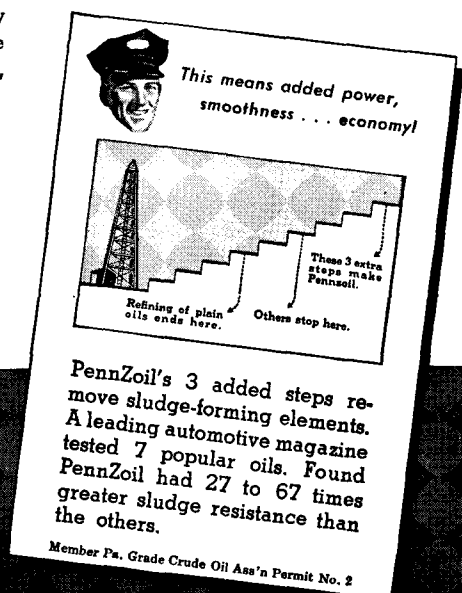
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said. "I'm tired of dancing. How about a swim? The pool's marvelous at night."

"Thank you," Ivy said sweetly, "but I'm getting up early tomorrow, to drive over to Pete's ranch."

"In his car?" Natalie cried.

"In my car, yes," Pete said grimly.

"Have you seen it? No top. No tires. No brakes. . . . I'll fly you over after lunch and set you down in Pete's bean field. You won't lose a hairpin."

Suddenly she turned to Pete, all sweetness and ingratiating.

"I was a louse, Pete," she said, "to try to scare Ivy off. I'm sorry. I'll deliver her, safe and sound . . . then maybe you'll forgive me?"

**PETE** was home, as he had promised Eric, before dawn. The big brown dog leaped from the porch and knocked Pete down. They rolled in ecstatic reunion all over the okra.

"Listen, Eric," Pete gasped, sitting on the Doberman at last. "I found a girl tonight. She's coming here to live. A frau, Eric! Get it? Here!"

Early in the afternoon, above the drone of the tractor, he heard the staccato exhaust of a plane and saw a shadow undulate swiftly across the clearing. . . . Squinting into the sun, his hand over his eyes, Pete watched Natalie's neat little cabin monoplane circling overhead. It wasn't the first time Natalie Chadwick had flown over the range into the valley. Always, Pete hated her easy desecration of the wilderness. . . .

If Ivy came, he could forgive the intrusion . . . otherwise . . . He shut off the tractor and started across the fields toward the house.

Natalie's ship was in a flat glide, banking for the approach. The sun glinted along the polished sides of the ship. She cleared the fence by the height of her landing gear, and bounced swiftly down the rows of beans toward the house. . . .

When Pete got there, Natalie, a cigarette between the scarlet of her painted lips, was talking to Eric, while Ivy, in a big hat, stood in front of the shack, surveying it dismally. . . .

"Hello, Pete!" Ivy said. She made a little gesture. Her lips trembled. "Is this . . . the house?"

"Yep," Pete said. He nodded to Natalie. "Howdy."

"I like your dog," Natalie said. "What's his name?"

"Eric von Stroheim."

He turned to Ivy and put his arm through hers. "Why," he said, "there are two rooms in that house, sweetheart! It's a palace. . . . I'll add to it some day, of course."

"Some day?"

"Clearing and planting come first."

He thought desperately that if only he had Ivy alone, he could talk to her, explain things, stir up some of last night's magic.

But Natalie wouldn't leave them. She followed them through the house and through the orchard and up to the barn. Lighting one cigarette from another, asking foolish questions, making the whole place look like a dump. Pete wanted to sock her.

When Pete showed them the precious creek, Ivy said:

"Do you drink it? It's full of water bugs!"

"So it is," Pete said. "I hadn't noticed."

To him, it had always been a crystal-clear stream, a voice in the silence.

He led the way to the canyon, his canyon, with its misty-gray arches of live oak and lacy stalactites of Spanish moss. Ivy shivered.

"It's creepy, isn't it?"

Natalie tossed down a lighted cigarette and Pete stamped it out, grinding the tip savagely into the earth.

"No smoking here!"

He wanted to take Ivy up on the mountainside to show her the cave with the Indian paintings. But Ivy said please no, not today, she had on high heels and, besides, look at the poison oak. . . .

And so Pete gave up.

On the way down the trail, Eric walked beside Natalie, pretending he was in the Englischer Garten. He liked Natalie's looks. Immaculate. Perfumed. Chic. The sort of woman that officers on parade turn to stare at.

"If you'll wait a few minutes," Pete said desperately, "I'll make you a cup of tea."

But Natalie glanced at her wrist and shook her head.

"We'd better take off, if we're going to make Goleta airport before dark."

They went toward the plane.

"Well," Pete said, "how do you like the place, Ivy?"

"Oh, Pete," Ivy said.

Her eyes were full of tears.

"I'm so sorry . . . but I couldn't . . ."

"That's okay," Pete interrupted. He felt a little sick. As if he might faint or something. He knew, abruptly, how terribly he had wanted her to like it. He gave her a hand into the cabin and she leaned down to him, the tears splashing over and tangling, like drops of quicksilver, in her lashes.

"I'm sure," she said, "Father could get you a job in San Francisco. . . . He owns a lot of hotels up there. . . ."

"Thanks," Pete said. "No."

Natalie warmed up the motor.

"Your field's too short," she yelled.

"It's a bean field," Pete retorted, "not an airport!"

She couldn't hear him. He saw the flash of her smile. Then he grabbed Eric's collar as the plane taxied down the field crushing the young limas . . . his limas! At the far end, she swung the tail of the ship around. Pete went back to the house and watched from the doorway. The motor of the little monoplane roared. Pete could see it leap forward.

**THINGS** happen fast in flying. The plane had covered two thirds the length of the field, when Pete caught the jamb of the doorway in anxiety.

The bean field sloped uphill toward the house. The soil, finely pulverized, dragged at the wheels. The wind, which had been brisk a moment before, suddenly failed.

The ship had its tail up. Now it was off. She cleared the fence. They were so near Pete could see the set, white pre-occupation of Natalie's face.

For an instant, Pete thought she'd make it. Then the wind puffed down the canyon . . . a sharp gust up over the house . . . the ship mushed heavily. . . .

Only then, Pete realized . . . he was trapped.

The plane plunged at the shack; its landing gear struck out, taut as the talons of a chicken hawk. Pete cringed, braced himself . . . then like the judgment day came the impact.

Out of oblivion he became conscious of hearing himself called by name: "Pete! Pete!" Someone was drawing nails, tossing lumber . . . smashing things. . . .

"Pete," came the agonized voice again. "Pete! Answer me!"

Natalie.

Consciousness returned like the jerking up of a Venetian blind, letting in the facts. The plane had plunged into the house. He was at the bottom of the pile. Obviously. He managed to groan.

"Oh, thank God," Natalie said, from somewhere.

"How about you?"

"I'm all right. Ivy bumped her head. I'll dig you out as fast as I can. . . ."

"Cheerio," Pete said.

He tried to move. He couldn't move anything. To breathe at all he had to lift



an enormous weight. He couldn't see. And this frightened him.

"Natalie! I can't see!"

Natalie laughed.

"Of course you can't. It's dark. Has been for an hour. But I can't light a fire. There's gasoline all over the place."

Pete sniffed. He realized that he had smelled gasoline all along but that he hadn't bothered to add it up.

"Good girl," he thought, "she cut the motor."

There was an interminable racket, then, of shingles being torn off and tossed down. Claustrophobia gripped Pete.

"Can't you get me out of here? I'm suffocating. . . ."

"I'm hurrying all I can," Natalie gasped. "I've got to tear off the shingles . . . to get at the furring strips. One whole wall and the roof are folded over you. . . ."

"Think you could get the flivver started?" Pete said with difficulty. "The battery's low, but maybe it'll kick over. Then you could drive up and have a light. . . ."

**T**HERE was a silence. She was gone. Pete could hear the labored beating of his own heart. And Ivy, somewhere, whimpering. Bumped her head. . . . He supposed he ought to be sorry, but for some reason he wasn't. Then he heard the familiar crescendo of the roadster, roaring down from the barn. A glint of light struck through and Pete could see the grain of the floor pressed tight against his face.

"Atta girl!" he shouted.

Ounce by ounce, the weight lessened. Natalie worked on the furring strips, prying them off . . . with what? Perhaps the broken end of a two-by-four.

"There's a wrecking bar in the lean-to," he said finally, summoning his strength to make her hear.

She got it, and the howl of drawn nails increased, rose to a piercing screech.

"This is swell," Natalie panted. "Any minute now, Pete. Lie still and count sheep."

But it was a full half-hour later when she cried:

"Quick, Pete, get out! I'll take the weight!"

And Pete crawled out, lifting himself stiffly through the wreckage, while Eric licked his ears.

He didn't laugh when he saw Natalie's grimy, dust-streaked face. Her torn stockings. Her tangled hair.

"Got a cigarette?" she said.

Pete gave her one. His hands shook, but he managed to strike a match. And he saw, in the sudden glare, that Natalie's fingernails weren't long any more. They were broken and torn to the quick. The enamel was chipped, scratched, gone. . . . The crimson was blood. . . .

"I thought I'd killed the last pioneer," she said, her teeth chattering. And suddenly she began to cry and to laugh. "Do you mind if I lean on you? My knees. . . ."

He caught her. Just in time. She put her head against him and sighed deeply.

"You haven't fainted, have you?"

She shook her head.

"I just wanted you to hold me like this . . . Pete . . . would I do? Here on the ranch?"

"I thought you hated ranching. . . ."

She lifted her head and looked at him.

"I didn't want *her* to get you, did I?"

Ivy was in the roadster, tooting impatiently.

"Your dog likes me," Natalie said. "If you'll let me stay, I'll give my money away . . . I'll wear a Mother Hubbard and a sunbonnet . . . Oh, Pete, I'm a swell cook and I love you. . . ."

"Here goes," Pete said.

He kissed her. Very gently and softly and kindly for a long time, and then fiercely and proudly and gladly because he loved her, too. . . . She was a pioneer and a lady. She'd do.



**"WE HAVE A grand time!"** says Father—and Mother and the youngsters agree! For this jolly family knows the secret of starting every day right. For breakfast, they have the most delightfully crisp and delicious cereal you ever tasted—Post's 40% Bran Flakes. And Post's Bran Flakes help to keep them feeling shipshape, too!

Copyright, General Foods Corp., 1939



**"WE WANT a big bowlful!"** little Betty and Tommy tell Mother every morning. And Mother knows that this delicious cereal gives two very important EXTRA BENEFITS. First, Post's Bran Flakes provide bran, a *natural* regulator. People whose systems are irregular, due to lack of bulk in the diet, find Post's Bran Flakes, eaten daily, a wonderful help. And . . .

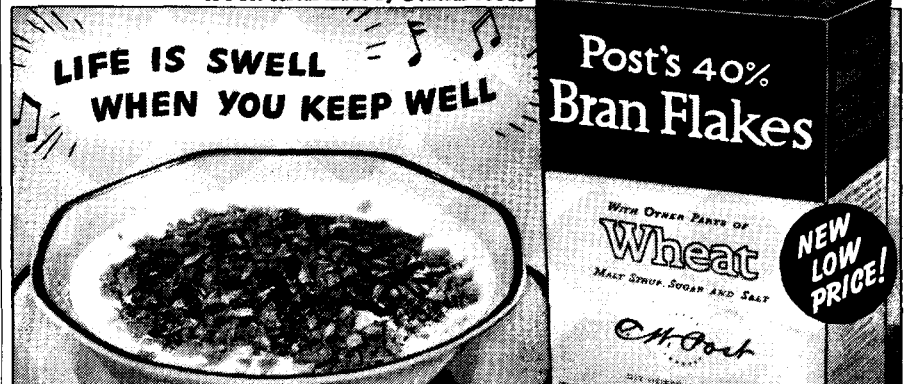
**THE SECOND BENEFIT**, for youngsters especially, is very valuable: Post's Bran Flakes are a good cereal source of phosphorus, iron, Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> to help maintain good appetite, and Vitamin G to help promote growth and vigor. And how Tommy and Betty go for the *bran muffins* Mother makes with Post's Bran Flakes, too! (The recipe's right on the package.)



**BACK IN DECEMBER** Mother discovered Post's Bran Flakes, and since then she's been serving them every day, as a cereal or in muffins. "And those TWO EXTRA BENEFITS," she says,

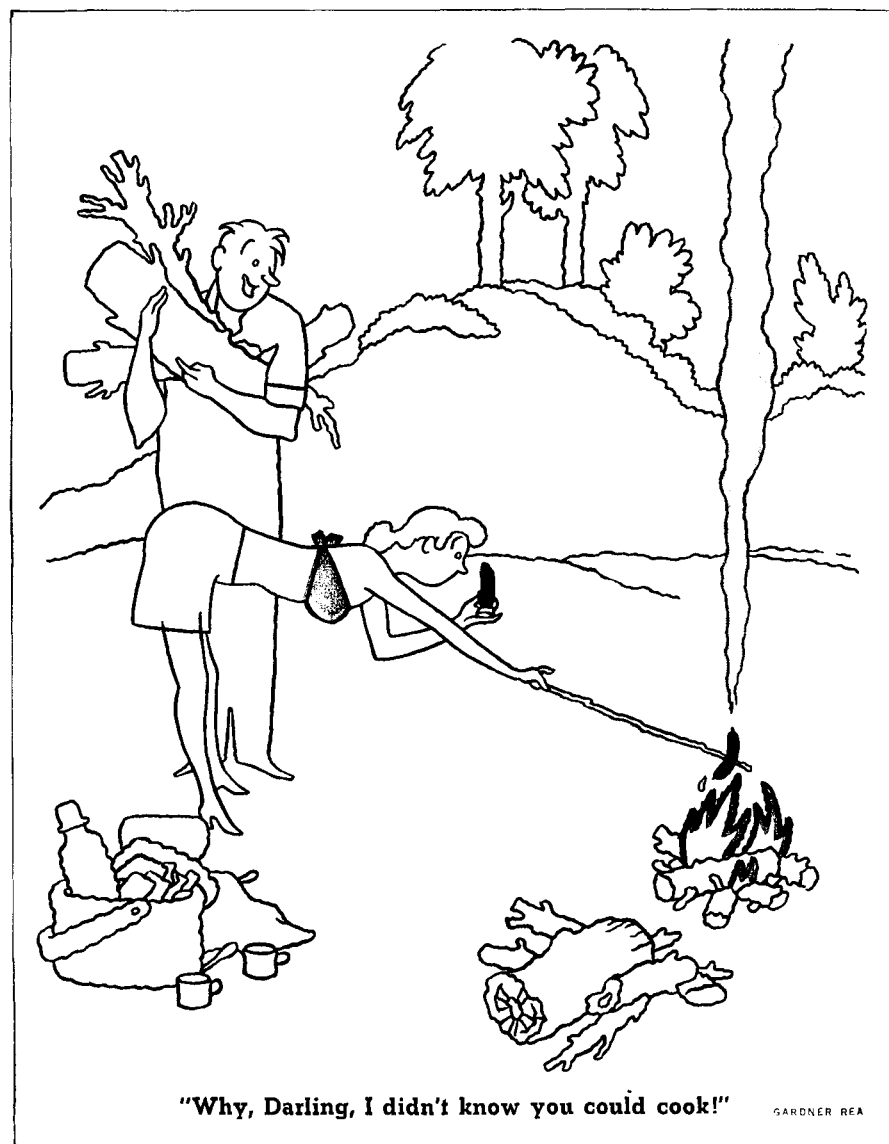
"seem to have made a lot of difference in our family's well-being!" P. S. Your grocer now has Post's Bran Flakes at a *new low price*.

A Post cereal made by General Foods



**IMPORTANT:** Post's Bran Flakes, due to their bulk, are a *regulative* cereal. Constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet should yield to Post's Bran

Flakes, eaten regularly—as a breakfast cereal or in muffins. For cases not corrected in this simple manner, a physician should be consulted.



"Why, Darling, I didn't know you could cook!"

GARDNER REA



## The CCC— Indispensable?

IT'S just as well to hesitate a long time before you call any person or any human institution indispensable. We're inclined to doubt that such a compliment ever is deserved.

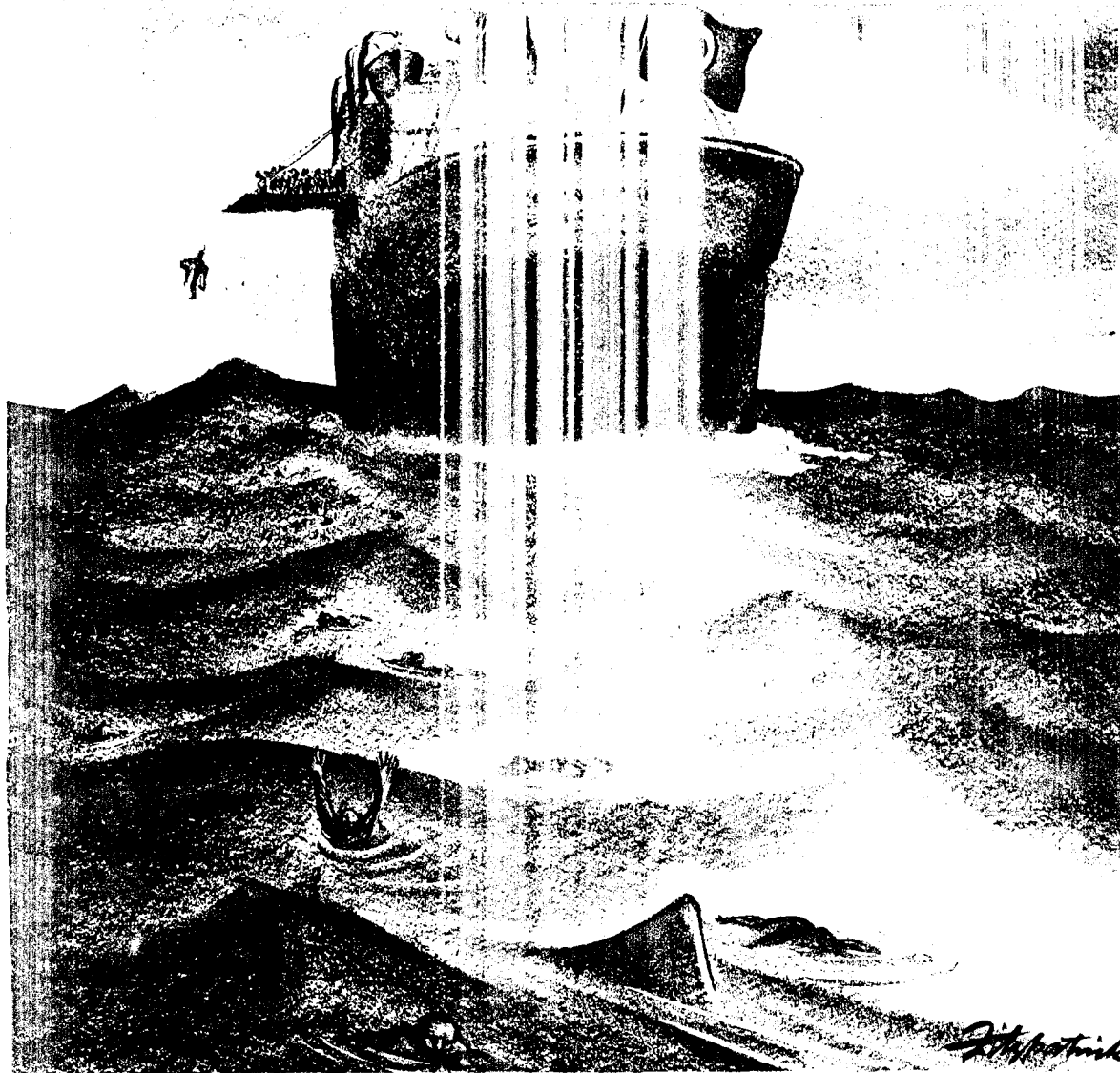
But in the case of the Civilian Conservation Corps—CCC—we're almost persuaded. We feel that way on account of CCC Director Robert Fechner's recent detailed report covering the CCC's first six years' work. Here are the high lights:

1,741,000,000 trees planted . . .  
104,000 miles of truck trails or minor roads built . . . 71,692 miles of telephone lines strung . . . 45,000 buildings put up . . . 40,000 bridges . . .  
5,000,000 flood-control check dams and other types of dams installed . . .  
16,000,000 rods of fence constructed . . .  
20,084 springs, wells, water holes and small reservoirs developed . . .  
fire hazards reduced on about 2,000,000 acres of land . . . soil-conservation work of various kinds performed under Federal Soil Conservation Service supervision on 13,000,000 acres of farm and grazing lands . . .  
help to farmers all over the country in gully control, terrace construction, tree planting and other kinds of soil-binding work.

These figures—we see no point in making restrained, dignified remarks about them—are colossal, stupendous, sensational: a splendid record of conservation and improvement of the land that supports us all, whether we realize it or not.

It was work that had to be begun on a nationwide scale larger than anything previously attempted if our basic natural resources weren't to be leeched away under our feet. It is work that has to be kept up. The CCC is the one New Deal mechanism to which we have never heard an objection that sounded sensible.

Add to all this the facts that the CCC has saved 2,500,000 young Americans from the worst corruptions of the Great Depression, and that it has nicked more than \$500,000,000 out of their pay to send to their families—and we have a notion you'll agree that the CCC comes as near to being indispensable to the welfare of the United States as anything we've ever tried.



## "Flotsam"

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE'S novel, *Flotsam*, now running serially in Collier's, seems to us as exciting, poignant and significant a novel as we have published in some time. We're glad to have been able to bring to Collier's readers this latest product of the distinguished author of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, glad the readers approve as heartily as the fan mail indicates.

A couple of comments on this book seem in order here:

For one—we'll have to differ with those who see *Flotsam* as a preachment against German Nazism alone. The same kind of novel could be written about people in disfavor with the government of any other totalitarian country—Italy, Russia, Spain, and, to almost the same extent, Greece, Poland, Rumania.

Just change the hero, for example, to a hounded two-cow peasant, a Socialist or a Trotskyite, and shift the scenery from Germany and Austria to Russia, and you'd have a story as true about Bolshevik Russia as *Flotsam* is true about Nazi Germany. You wouldn't have to change a single major incident.

So if *Flotsam* is propaganda at all, it is propaganda against any and all forms of dictatorship. Dictatorship necessarily means that those the government doesn't like, for whatever reasons, are out of luck—pushed around, robbed, jailed, killed.

The other comment we'd like to make on *Flotsam* is keyed to this question: Why did the horrors depicted in this book come to pass at all?

We think the answer can be traced back to the World War. Rather, the answer IS the war.

The war was going to settle a lot of things—minority and boundary stresses, tyrannies overdue at the chopping block, leftovers and hang-overs from the Middle Ages and the Napoleonic wars, and so on. What the war did was to ravage Europe and stimulate European birth rates. Also, it piled up huge debts and blasted huge reservoirs of wealth.

Is it any wonder that Europe, for twenty-one years come November 11th, has resembled an overcrowded and undergrassed wilderness, with all the animals fighting for existence and the strong inevitably trampling on the rights of the weak?

If the war hadn't happened, most of Europe's prewar problems could most likely have been worked out calmly—because the people would have had enough to live on in reasonable comfort while working away toward solution of those problems.

Now it looks as if Europe will be squabbling and squirming, if not actually blowing more people and houses and iron and money to the jackals, throughout all the human lives now in being on the earth.

There are those who think that another war—a real, bang-up war this time, with the United States jumping into it at the start instead of later on—would settle the problems, the dilemmas, the ideological conflicts and the plain scarcity or maldistribution of things to eat and things to wear that we inherited from the last great war.

In our opinion, such a war would only furnish the raw material for aftermath novels that would make *Flotsam* look like the old-time inspirational, sweetness-and-light stories that magazines used to publish back about 1910.