

The Border Trumpet

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY



Nachee sprang forward with his arm whipping up over his head. The Indian lunged at him

The Story Thus Far:

NEAR Fort Grant, Arizona, a small wagon train is attacked and robbed—presumably by Indians who, led by one Antone, are on the rampage. Major Warren, in command of Grant, sends out a detachment to investigate the outrage. When the detachment returns, it brings along one survivor: a girl who gives her name as Lily Marr. Lily becomes a guest of the post; to Tom Benteen, the lieutenant who had found her, she intimates that the attack had not been made by Indians!

Jack Bean, an outlaw, comes to the post to see Lily. He meets her, has an altercation with her. Whereupon, to protect the girl from Bean's insults, Tom Benteen knocks the fellow down. A short time later, while Benteen is in Tucson, Bean tries to shoot him with a revolver. But Benteen disarms him and gives him a beating.

Among the new friends Lily Marr makes at the post are Eleanor Warren, the major's daughter, and Harriet Mixler, wife of Lieutenant George Mixler. Eleanor is engaged to Philip Castleton, a lieutenant. Unlike Benteen, whom everyone likes, Castleton is extremely unpopular at Grant. Nor does he improve his position when, leading a sortie against Antone's marauders, he loses two men, after falling into a trap.

In the absence of the post physician, Harriet Mixler becomes a mother. Lily and Eleanor assist her through her trying ordeal. . . . Harriet is not an "army girl." Again and again, she tells her husband that she loathes the life she is leading; she implores him to resign his commission and take her back to her old home in Virginia. But Mixler is adamant—he refuses to leave the army. And, when her baby is a few weeks old, Harriet prepares to leave him.

Meanwhile, Castleton has become jealous of Benteen. He suspects that Eleanor is becoming interested in the young officer to whom Major Warren invariably turns when he needs someone of whose judgment and courage he is sure. . . . Jack Bean reappears at the post. He tells Lily Marr that he regards her as his "girl," and he threatens to kill any man who falls in love with her. Lily then informs Benteen that it was Bean who had robbed the wagon train. And the outlaw is escorted to the guardhouse.

Benteen evolves a plan that he believes may enable the troopers to catch Antone. Major Warren approves of it, and Benteen, with a small detachment, starts out on his mission.

VIII

BYOND midnight they camped in the rough country northeast of Grant. In the first water-clear light of the following morning they saw smoke signals spiral up in the distance, to be repeated on another peak. Benteen spoke to Al Hazel: "Ask Nachee what that is."

Al Hazel asked it and listened to Nachee's brief reply: "He says it is a warning that we are here. They have seen us."

"Antone's band must be split again. Which one is Antone?"

Al Hazel did the interpreting. Nachee considered the smoke signals a long while and shrugged his shoulders, speaking. "He thinks maybe it is the one in the north," said Al Hazel.

"In the Mescals. That's the way we'll go. I want them to know where we are aiming."

They ate bacon and hardtack—the hardtack fried in the bacon grease—with bitter black coffee and went on, fording the Gila and entering the rough country beyond it. They followed the broken slopes of the Mescals, dipping from canyon to ridge, and camped that night with a cone-shaped peak of the Pinals directly facing them. That day they crossed numerous tracks. Nachee said, through Al Hazel:

"There has been a raid somewhere. These are Antone's men coming back to the Pinals. You will find Antone in there, maybe. He will have Chiricahuas with him." After supper, as dark rolled

(Continued on page 70)



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Old Em's Kentucky Home

Continued from page 10

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selling race and it is in spots such as this that she occasionally wins. But then Itchky always worries himself sick for fear somebody will claim her, the idea of a claiming race being that another owner can always claim a horse in such a race by putting up the price for which the horse is entered, which may be anywhere from a few hundred dollars on up, according to the conditions of the race and what the owner thinks his horse is worth.

Naturally, Itchky has to run old Em for as cheap a price as horses are ever run for her to win a race, but even then there is really no sense in him worrying about her being claimed as no owner with any brains wants such a lizard as old Em in his barn, and especially after what happens to a character by the name of One-Thumb Haverstraw.

This One Thumb is considered quite a joker and one day in Maryland he claims old Em out of a race for eight hundred boffoes just for a joke on Itchky, although personally I always figure the joke is on One Thumb when he gets her for this price.

Itchky is really greatly dejected over losing old Em and he goes to see One Thumb right after the race and tries to buy her back for two hundred dollars over the claiming price, but One Thumb is so pleased with his joke that he refuses to sell and then the most surprising things begin to occur to him.

A few nights later a ghost in a white sheet appears at his barn and frightens away all the colored parties who are working for him as stablehands and turns all of One Thumb's horses out of their stalls except old Em and chases them around the country until they are worn plumb out and are no good for racing for some weeks to come.

What is more, every time One Thumb himself steps into the open at night, a bullet whistles past him and finally one breezes through the seat of his pants and

at this he hunts up Itchky Ironhat and returns old Em to him for four hundred less than the claiming price and considers it a great bargain, at that, and nobody ever plays any more jokes on Itchky with old Em.

Now the night of the racing officials' decision, I am sitting in Mindy's restaurant enjoying some choice pot roast with potato pancakes when in comes Itchky Ironhat looking somewhat depressed and, as he takes a seat at my table, naturally I tell him I deeply regret hearing that he will no longer be permitted to run old Em in New York, and Itchky sighs and says:

"Well," he says, "it is a great loss to the racing public of this state, but I always wish to do something nice for old Em and this gives me the opportunity of doing it."

"**WHAT** will be something nice for her, Itchky?" I say.

"Why," Itchky says, "I take her many places the past dozen years, but there is one place I never take her and that is her old home. You see, Em comes from the Bluegrass country of Kentucky and I get to thinking that the nicest thing I can do for her is to take her there and let her see the place where she is born."

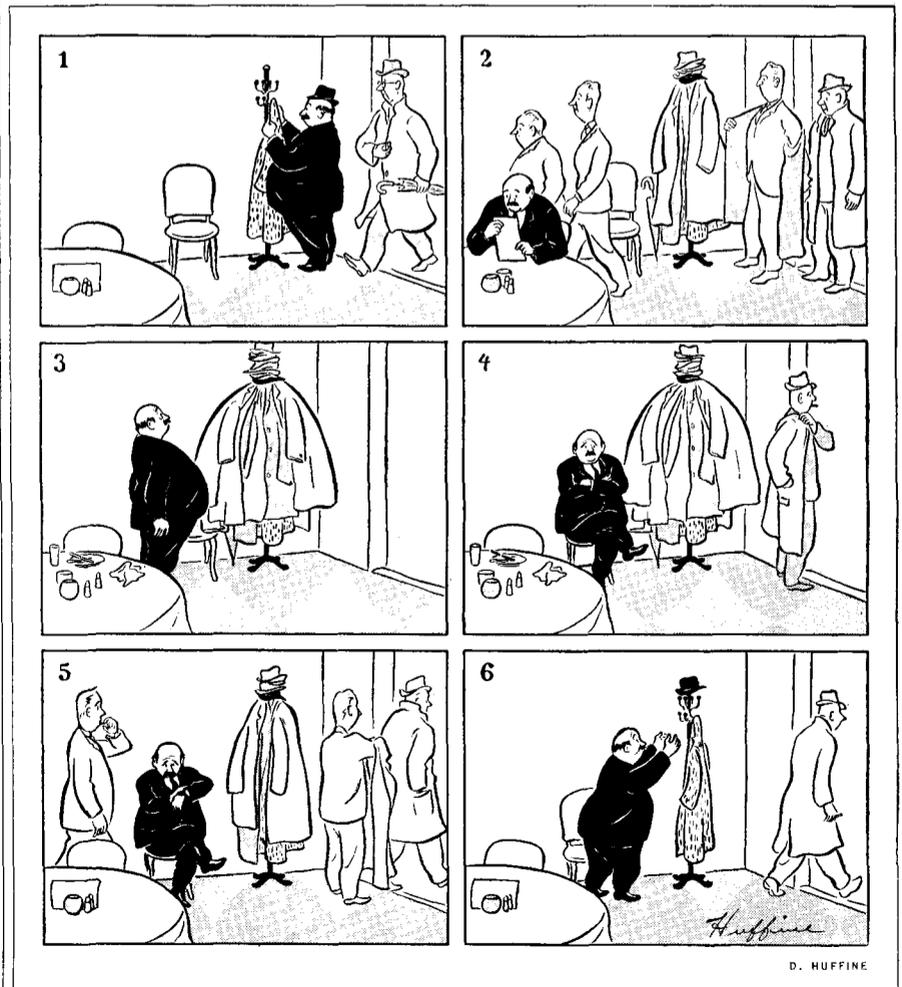
"Itchky," I say, "how is the bank roll?"

"It is thin," Itchky says. "In fact, if you are thinking of a touch, it is practically invisible."

"I am not thinking of such a thing," I say. "What I am thinking of is it will cost a gob to ship old Em to Kentucky."

"Oh," Itchky says, "I do not intend to ship her. I intend to take her there in person by motor truck and I am wondering if you will not like to go with us for company. Old Em loves company. After we let her see her old home we can drop her in a stake race at Churchill Downs and win a package."

Then Itchky explains to me that he



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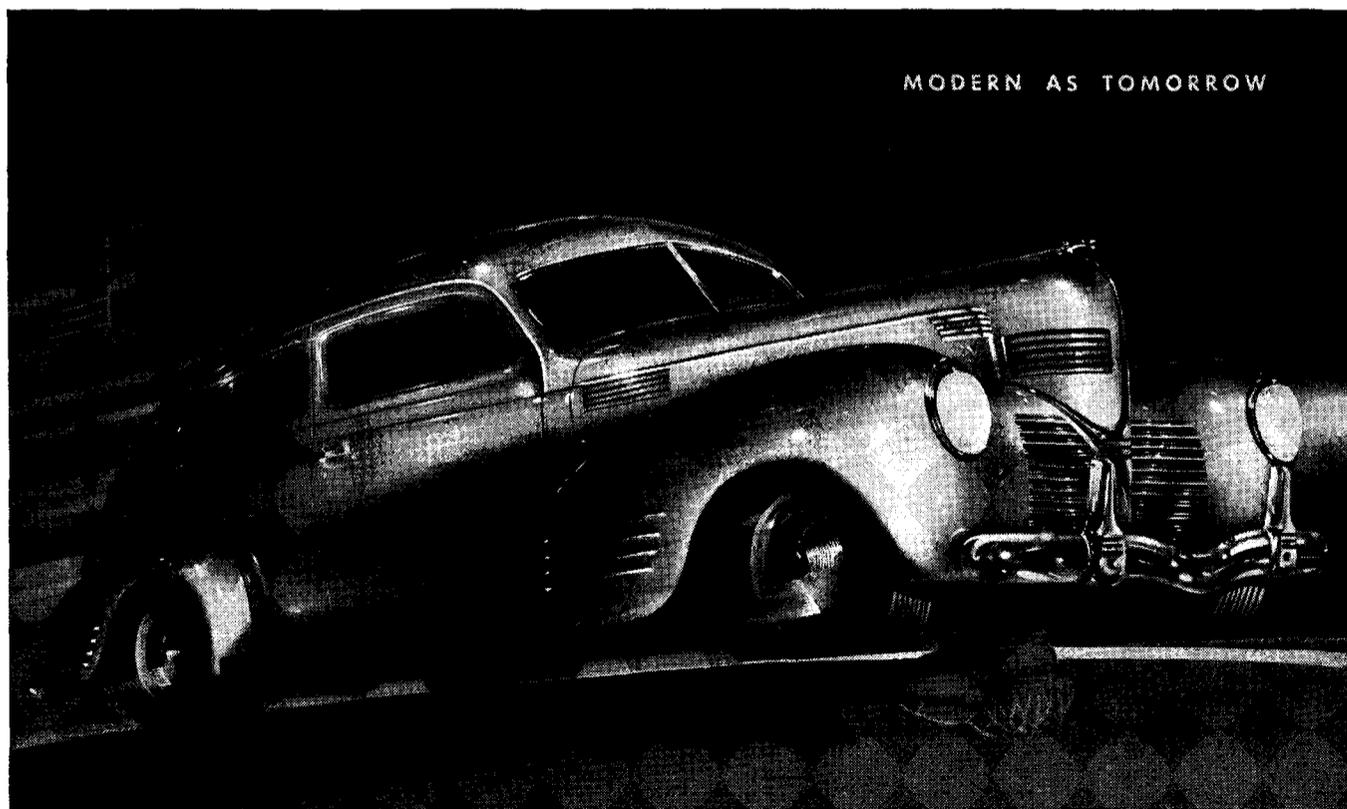
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acquires a truck that very afternoon from a vegetable peddler for the sum of sixty dollars and that he also gets a couple of wide, strong planks which he figures he can let down from the rear end of the truck like a runway so old Em can walk on them getting on and off the truck and that by driving by day and resting by night he can take her to the Bluegrass of Kentucky this way very nicely.

Now it is coming on time for the Kentucky Derby and if there is one thing I wish to see it is this event, and furthermore I never get around the country much and I figure that such a journey will be most educational to me so I tell Itchky he has a customer. But if I see the truck first I will certainly never think of trying to get anywhere in it, not even to the Polo Grounds.

Of course when Itchky tells me the truck costs him only sixty dollars, I am not looking for a fancy truck, but I have no idea it is going to be older than Henry Ford, or anyway Edsel, and not much bigger than a pushcart and with no top whatever, even over the seat.

The body of the truck is not long enough for old Em to stand in it spraddled out, the way horses love to stand, or her hind legs will be hanging out the rear end, so what Itchky does is to push her front legs back and her hind legs forward, so that all four feet are close together under her like she is standing on a dime.

Personally, I consider this an uncomfortable position all the way around for a horse but when Itchky and I get on the seat and Em finds she can rest her head on Itchky's shoulder, she seems quite happy, especially as Itchky talks to her most of the time.

It is no time after we start that we find old Em makes the truck top-heavy and in fact she almost falls overboard every time we take a curve and Itchky has to choke down to about two miles per hour until all of a sudden Em learns how to lean her weight to one side of the truck or the other on the curves and then Itchky can hit it up to the full speed of the truck, which is about ten miles per hour. I will say one thing for old Em, I never see a brighter horse in my life.

THE first time we stop to take her off for the night, we find that the plank runway is all right for loading her because she can run up the boards like a squirrel but they have too much of a pitch for her to walk down them, so finally we drop the tail gate and get hold of the front end of the truck and lift it gently and let her slide down to the ground like she was on a toboggan and I always claim that old Em likes this better than any other part of the trip.

It seems to be a most surprising spectacle to one and all along our route to see a truck going past with a horse leaning this way and that to keep balanced and with forty per cent of her sticking out of one end of the truck and twenty per cent of her sticking out of the other end, and we often attract many spectators when we stop. This is whenever we have a blowout, which is every now and then. Sometimes there is much comment among these spectators about old Em and as it is generally comment of an unfavorable nature, I am always having difficulty keeping Itchky from taking pops at spectators.

We sleep at night in the truck with old Em tied to the rear end and we use her spare blankets for covering as Em has more blankets than any other horse in the country and most of them are very fancy blankets, at that. It is not bad sleeping except when it rains and then Itchky takes all the blankets off us and puts them on Em and my overcoat, too, and we have to sit up under the truck and the way Itchky worries about

Em catching cold is most distressing. Sometimes when we are rolling along the road and Em is dozing on Itchky's shoulder, he talks to me instead of her, and I ask him if he knows just where to find Em's old home in the Bluegrass country.

"No," he says. "I do not know just where, but the record book gives the breeder of Em as the Tucky Farms and it must be a well-known breeding establishment to produce such a horse as Em, so we will have no trouble finding it. By the way," Itchky says, "Em comes of a very high-class family. She is by an important stallion by the name of Christofer out of a mare called Love Always, but," he says, "the curious thing about it is I am never able to learn of another horse of this breeding in this country, though Christofer is once a good race horse in France."

PERSONALLY, I consider it a great thing for this country that there is only one horse bred like Em but naturally I do not mention such a thought to Itchky Ironhat, not only because I know it will displease him but because I am afraid old Em may overhear me and be greatly offended.

The road signs state that we are a few miles out of the city of Lexington, Ky., and we know we are now down in the Bluegrass country, when we come upon a tall old guy leaning against a fence in front of a cute little white house. This old guy looks as if he may be a native of these parts as he is wearing a wide-brimmed soft hat and is chewing on a straw, so Itchky stops the truck and puts on a Southern accent and speaks to him as follows:

"Suh," Itchky says, "can you all direct me to a place called the Tucky Farms, suh?"

The tall old guy gazes at Itchky and then he gazes at me and finally he gazes at old Em and he never stops chewing on the straw and after a while he smiles and points and says:

"It is about three miles up that road," he says. "It is a big red brick house with some burned-down barns in the back-ground, but friend," he says, "let me give you a piece of good advice. I do not know what your business is, but keep away from that place with anything that looks like a horse. Although," he says, "I am not sure that the object you have on your truck answers such a description."

Of course Itchky can see from this crack that the old guy is making fun of Em and he starts to sizzle all over and forgets his Southern accent at once and says:

"You do not like my horse?"

"Oh, it is a horse, then?" the old guy says. "Well, the party who owns Tucky Farms is a trifle eccentric about horses. In fact, he is eccentric about everything, but horses most of all. He does not permit them on his premises. It is a sad case. You may meet a disagreeable reception if you go there with your so-called horse."

Then he turns and walks into the cute little white house and I have all I can do to keep Itchky from going after him and reprimanding him for speaking so disrespectfully of old Em, especially as the old guy keeps looking around at us and we can see that he is smiling more than somewhat.

Itchky drives on up the road a little ways and, just as the old guy says, we come upon a big red brick house and there is no doubt that this is the Tucky Farms because there is a faded sign over an arched gateway that so states. The house is all shuttered up and is on a small hill pretty well back from the road and not far from the house are the remainders of some buildings that look as if they burned down a long time ago and are never fixed up again or cleared away.

In fact, the grounds and the house itself all look as if they can stand a little attention and there is not a soul in sight and it is rather a dismal scene in every respect. The gate is closed, so I get down off the truck and open it and Itchky drives the truck in and right up to the front door of the house under a sort of porch with white pillars.

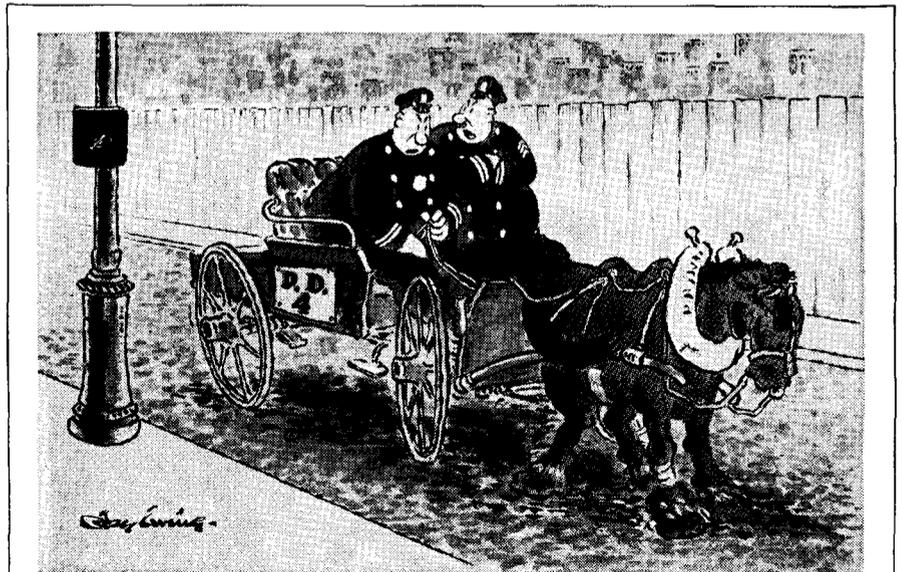
NOW the truck makes a terrible racket and this racket seems to stir up a number of colored parties who appear from around in back of the house, along with a large white guy. This large guy is wearing corduroy pants and laced boots and a black mustache and he is also carrying a double-barreled shotgun and he speaks to Itchky in a fierce tone of voice as follows:

"Pigface," he says, "get out of here. Get out of here before you are hurt. What do you mean by driving in here with a load of dog meat such as this, anyway?"

He points a finger at old Em who has her head up and is snuffing the air and gazing about her with great interest, and right away Itchky climbs down off the seat of the truck and removes his derby and places it on the ground and takes off his coat and starts rolling up his sleeves.

"It is the last straw," Itchky Ironhat says. "I will first make this big ash can eat that cannon he is lugging and then I will beat his skull in. Nobody can refer to Emaleen as dog meat and live."

Now the front door of the house opens



"Aw, quit beefin'! Yuh oughta be glad the chief didn't make us pay for th' repairs!"

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and out comes a thin character in a soiled white linen suit and at first he seems to be quite an old character as he has long white hair but when he gets closer I can see that he is not so very old at that, but he is very seedy-looking and his eyes have a loose expression. I can also see from the way the large guy and the colored parties step back that this is a character who packs some weight around here. His voice is low and hard as he speaks to Itchky Ironhat and says:

"What is this?" he says. "What name do I just hear you pronounce?"

"Emaleen," Itchky says. "It is the name of my race mare which you see before you. She is the greatest race mare in the world. The turf records say she is bred right here at this place and I bring her down here to see her old home, and everybody insults her. So this is Southern hospitality?" Itchky says.

THE new character steps up to the truck and looks at old Em for quite a spell and all the time he is shaking his head and his lips are moving as if he is talking to himself, and finally he says to the large guy:

"Unload her," he says. "Unload her and take good care of her, Dobkins. I suppose you will have to send to one of the neighbors for some feed. Come in, gentlemen," he says to Itchky and me and he holds the front door of the house open. "My name is Salsbury," he says. "I am the owner of Tucky Farms and I apologize for my foreman's behavior but he is only following orders."

As we go into the house I can see that it is a very large house and I can also see that it must once be a very grand house because of the way it is furnished, but everything seems to be as run-down inside as it does outside and I can see that what this house needs is a good cleaning and straightening out.

In the meantime, Mr. Salsbury keeps asking Itchky Ironhat questions about old Em and when he hears how long Itchky has her and what he thinks of her and all this and that, he starts wiping his eyes with a handkerchief as if the story makes him very sad, especially the part about why Itchky brings her to the Bluegrass.

Finally Mr. Salsbury leads us into a large room that seems to be a library and at one end of this room there is a painting taller than I am of a very beautiful Judy in a white dress and this is the only thing in the house that seems to be kept dusted up a little and Mr. Salsbury points at the painting and says:

"My wife, Emaleen, gentlemen. I name the horse you bring here after her long ago, because it is the first foal of her favorite mare and the first foal of a stallion I import from France."

"By Christofer, out of Love Always," Itchky Ironhat says.

"Yes," Mr. Salsbury says. "In those days, Tucky Farms is one of the great breeding and racing establishments of the Bluegrass. In those days, too, my wife is known far and wide for her fondness for horses and her kindness to them. She is the head of the humane society in Kentucky and the Emaleen Salsbury annual award of a thousand dollars for the kindest deed toward a horse brought to the attention of the society each year is famous.

"One night," Mr. Salsbury continues, "there is a fire in the barns and my wife gets out of bed and before anyone can stop her she rushes into the flames trying to save her beautiful mare, Love Always. They both perish, and," he says, "with them perishes the greatest happiness ever given a mortal on this earth."

By this time, Itchky Ironhat and I are feeling very sad, indeed, and in fact all the creases in Itchky's face are full of tears as Mr. Salsbury goes on to state

that the only horses on the place that are saved are a few yearlings running in the pastures. He sends them all with a shipment a neighbor is taking to Saratoga to be disposed of there for whatever they will bring.

"Your mare Emaleen is one of those," he says. "I forget all about her at the time. Indeed," he says, "I forget everything but my unhappiness. I feel I never wish to see or hear of a horse again as long as I live and I withdraw myself completely from the world and all my former activities. But," he says, "your bringing the mare here awakens old fond memories and your story of how you cherish her makes me realize that this is exactly what my wife Emaleen will wish me to do. I see where I sadly neglect my duty to her memory. Why," he says, "I never even keep up the Emaleen Salsbury award."

Now he insists that we must remain there a while as his guests and Itchky Ironhat agrees, although I point out that it will be more sensible for us to move on to Louisville and get into action as quickly as possible because we are now practically out of funds. But Itchky takes a look at old Em and he says she is enjoying herself so much running around her old home and devouring grass that it will be a sin and a shame to take her away before it is absolutely necessary.

After a couple of days, I tell Itchky that I think absolutely necessary arrives, but Itchky says Mr. Salsbury now wishes to give a dinner in honor of old Em and he will not think of denying her this pleasure. And for the next week the house is overrun with colored parties, male and female, cleaning up the house and painting and cooking and dusting and I do not know what all else, and furthermore I hear there is a great to-do all through the Bluegrass country when the invitations to the dinner start going around, because this is the first time in over a dozen years that Mr. Salsbury has any truck whatever with his neighbors.

On the night of the dinner, one of the male colored parties tells me that he never before sees such a gathering of the high-toned citizens of the Bluegrass as are assembled in a big dining hall at a horseshoe-shaped table with an orchestra going and with flowers and flags and racing colors all around and about. In fact, the colored party says it is just like the old days at Tucky Farms when Mr. Salsbury's wife is alive, although he says he does not remember ever seeing such a character sitting alongside Mr. Salsbury at the table as Itchky Ironhat.

TO TELL the truth, Itchky Ironhat seems to puzzle all the guests no little and it is plain to be seen that they are wondering who he is and why he is present, though Itchky is sharpened up with a fresh shave and has on a clean shirt and of course he is not wearing his derby hat. Personally, I am rather proud of Itchky's appearance, but I can see that he seems to be overplaying his knife a little, especially against the mashed potatoes.

Mr. Salsbury is dressed in a white dinner jacket and his eyes are quiet and his hair is trimmed and his manner is most genteel in every way and when the guests are seated he gets to his feet and attracts their attention by tapping on a wineglass with a spoon. Then he speaks to them as follows:

"Friends and neighbors," he says. "I know you are all surprised at being invited here but you may be more surprised when you learn the reason. As most of you are aware, I am as one dead for years. Now I live again. I am going to restore Tucky Farms to all its old turf glory in breeding and racing, and," he says, "I am going to re-establish the

Emaleen Salsbury award, with which you are familiar, and carry on again in every way as I am now certain my late beloved wife will wish."

Then he tells them the story of old Em and how Itchky Ironhat cares for her and loves her all these years and how he brings her to the Bluegrass just to see her old home, but of course he does not tell them that Itchky also plans to later drop her in a race at Churchill Downs, as it seems Itchky never mentions the matter to him.

Anyway, Mr. Salsbury says that the return of old Em awakens him as if from a bad dream and he can suddenly see how he is not doing right with respect to his wife's memory and while he is talking a tall old guy who is sitting next to me, and who turns out to be nobody but the guy who directs us to Tucky Farms, says to me like this:

"It is a miracle," he says. "I am his personal physician and I give him up long ago as a hopeless victim of melancholia. In fact, I am always expecting to hear of him dismissing himself from this world entirely. Well," the old guy says, "I always say medical science is not everything."

"My first step toward restoring Tucky Farms," Mr. Salsbury goes on, "is to purchase the old mare Emaleen from Mr. Itchky Ironhat here for the sum of three thousand dollars, which we agree upon this evening as a fair price. I will retire her of course for the rest of her days, which I hope will be many."

WITH this he whips out a check and hands it to Itchky and naturally I am somewhat surprised at the sum mentioned because I figure if old Em is worth three G's War Admiral must be worth a jillion. However, I am also greatly pleased because I can see where Itchky and I will have a nice taw for the races at Churchill Downs without having to bother about old Em winning one.

"Now," Mr. Salsbury says, "for our guest of honor."

Then two big doors at one end of the banquet hall open wide and there seems to be a little confusion outside and a snorting and a stamping as if a herd of wild horses is coming in and all of a sudden who appears in the doorway with her mane and tail braided with ribbons and her coat all slicked up but old Em and who is leading her in but the large guy who insults her and also Itchky on our arrival at Tucky Farms.

The guests begin applauding and the

orchestra plays My Old Kentucky Home and it is a pleasant scene to be sure, but old Em seems quite unhappy about something as the large guy pulls her into the hollow of the horseshoe-shaped table, and the next thing anybody knows, Itchky Ironhat climbs over the table, knocking glasses and dishes every which way and flattens the large guy with a neat left hook in the presence of the best people of the Bluegrass country.

Naturally, this incident causes some comment and many of the guests are slightly shocked and there is considerable criticism of Itchky Ironhat for his lack of table manners. But then it is agreed by one and all present that Itchky is undoubtedly entitled to the Emaleen Salsbury kindness to horses award when I explain that what irks him is the fact that the large guy leads old Em in with a twitch on her lip.

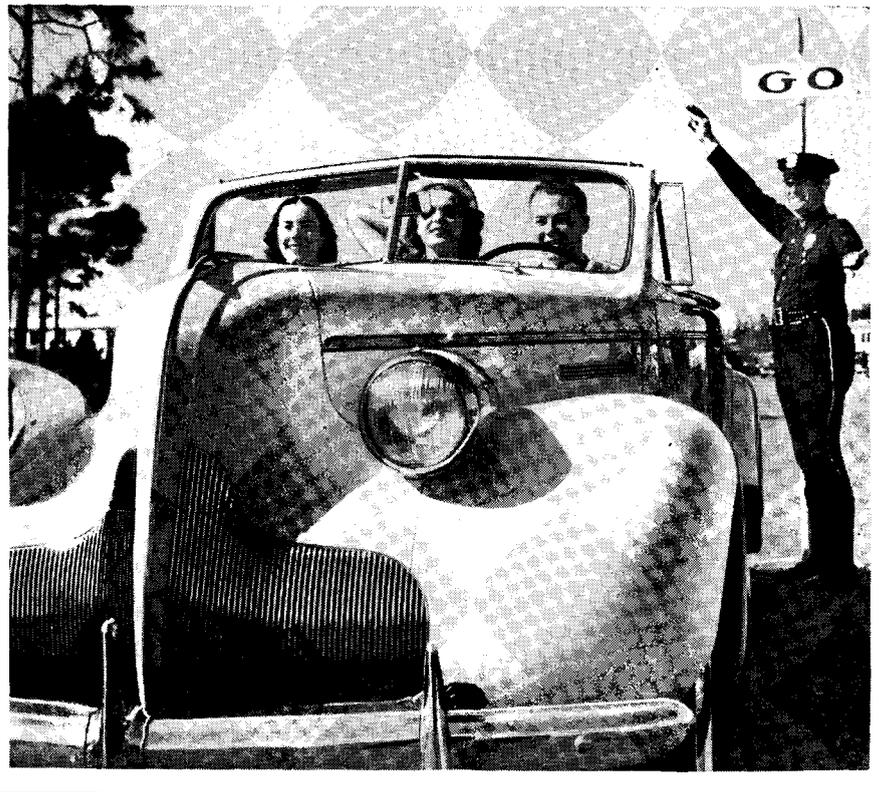
Well, this is about all there is to the story, except that Itchky and I go over to Louisville the next day and remain there awaiting the Kentucky Derby and we have a wonderful time, to be sure, except that we do not seem to be able to win any bets on the horse races at Churchill Downs.

In fact, the day before the Derby, Itchky remarks that the bank roll is now lower than a turtle's vest buttons and when I express surprise that we toss off four G's in such a short period, Itchky says to me like this:

"Oh," he says, "it is not four G's. It is only three because I send the Emaleen Salsbury kindness-to-horses award of one G to Mousie. I figure she is legally entitled to this for leaving me with Em. Otherwise, we will never get even the three and besides," Itchky says, "I love Mousie. In fact, I invite her to join me here and she agrees to come after I promise I will never as much as think of old Em again."

"By the way," Itchky says, "I call up Tucky Farms this morning and Mr. Salsbury brings old Em into his study and lets her hear my voice over the phone. Mr. Salsbury says she is greatly pleased. I give her your love, but of course not as much of yours as I give her of mine," he says.

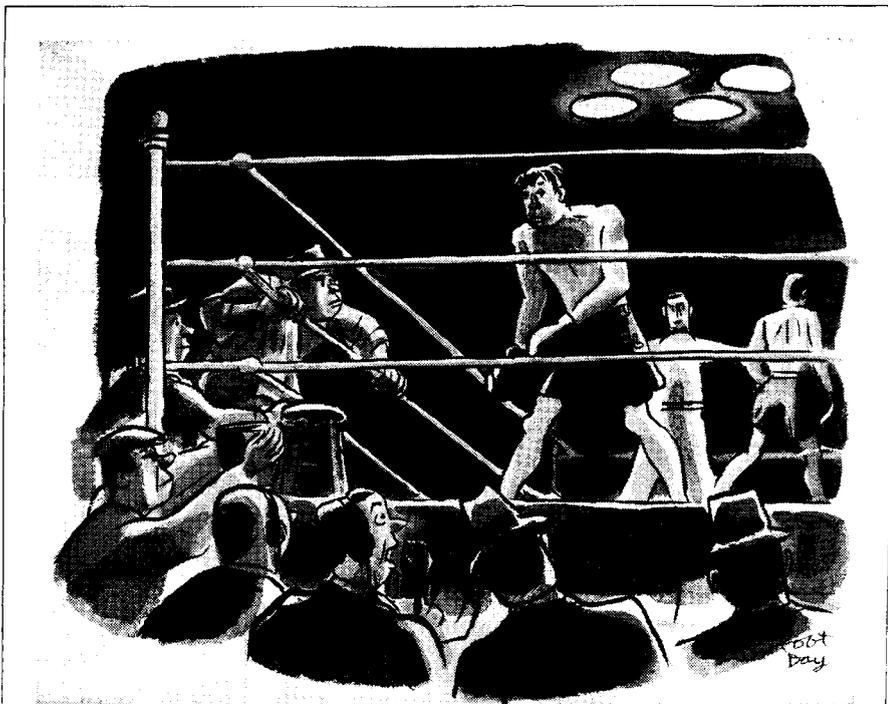
"Thanks, Itchky," I say, and at this moment I am somewhat surprised to notice a metal ash tray removing Itchky's derby hat from his head and, gazing about, who do I observe standing in the doorway and now taking dead aim at Itchky with another tray but his ever-loving wife, Mousie.



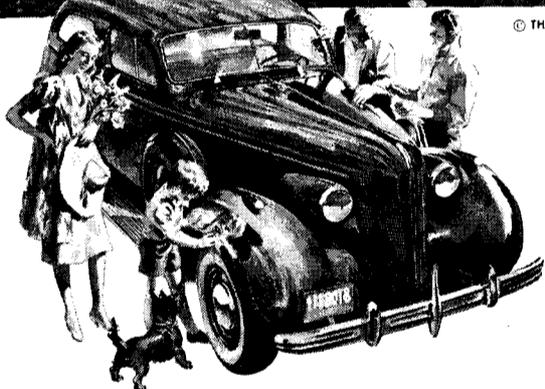
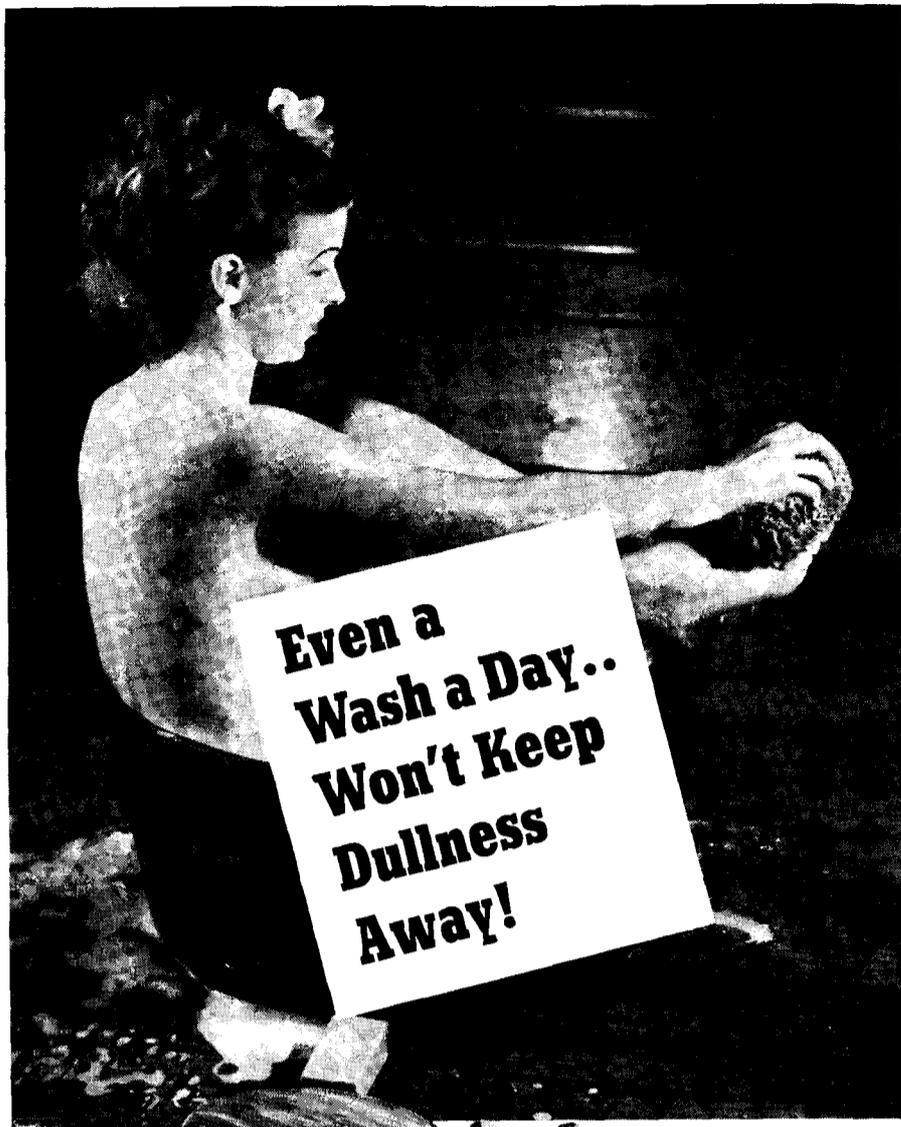
GET
Mobilgas
 FOR
*Balanced
 Performance*

"GO!"...TODAY'S CARS are made to flash ahead at the signal—made to give utmost pick-up and power.

But they can't do this on gasoline with just one or two good qualities. You need Mobilgas—refined to deliver all good gasoline qualities in full measure.
 Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, Inc.



"We can't tell, folks, whether that's the look of the cold-killer or whether Barney Metzger is slug-nutty!" ROBERT DAY



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SIMONIZ NEEDED TO MAKE CARS STAY BEAUTIFUL!

Keeping your car clean won't keep it sparkling. The lacquer or enamel soon gets dull and discolored—actually decays—unless protected with Simoniz. A secret ingredient in Simoniz stops the elements responsible for this destruction. It makes the finish last longer. Keeps cars looking new for life. Builds up more beauty with each application. Saves washing, too. Dust and dirt wipe right off with a dry cloth . . . and your car is always sparkling!

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ

IF YOUR CAR IS DULL, clean with Simoniz Kleener before applying Simoniz. TRY NEW EASY WAY! (See directions on can.) Insist on these world-famous products, sold everywhere—never under any other name.



What Happens to Any Finish Not Simonized

Weather, ultra-violet rays, the acids and alkalis in the air, all break down the lacquer or enamel, leaving a dull, chalky residue—disintegration which washing cannot prevent or stop.

Red Gardenias

Continued from page 14

to endure it; she was posing as his wife. "Goodby, now, darling," he said.

It wasn't quite the triumph he thought it would be. He kissed her with gusto. She bit his lip with even more gusto.

On his fine mahogany desk the black-and-silver clock read ten past three when William Crane pushed the button for Miss Kirby. She was his secretary. She entered his office and waited in front of his desk, notebook in hand.

"Miss Kirby, I suffer from visions," Crane said.

An alarmed expression came upon Miss Kirby's thin face. "Yes, sir," she said dubiously. She was a pale, middle-aged spinster with horn-rimmed glasses and a mound of hair on top of her head.

"I keep seeing refrigerators, washing machines, washing machines, refrigerators, washing machines," Crane said. "Thousands of them, Miss Kirby. Millions of them."

Miss Kirby seemed about to fly from the room.

"They glisten, Miss Kirby. They will not stain or lose their luster. They dress the kitchen, make the basement look like the living room."

Under the impression this was a flight of the advertising mind, Miss Kirby began to take notes.

"They're orange-juice- and gin-proof, guaranteed to freeze diapers in ten seconds with the rugged Rapo-Arctic fingertip, free-wheeling action. They have the highest humidity, the lowest frigidity, the greatest rigidity, the finest . . ."

"Miss Kirby, where does a man in my condition go?"

Some of the alarm left Miss Kirby's face.

"Well, Mr. Richard March used to go over to the Morgan House taproom about this time in the afternoon. He used to say thinking of iceboxes gave him chills."

Crane looked at her. "Did Mr. Richard March come back to the office later?"

"No, sir."

Crane seized his coat and hat. "Thank you."

He was followed out of the office by Miss Kirby, who halted to confide to Miss Anselman, the assistant production manager's secretary, that she didn't think Mr. Crane was going to do at all.

"He doesn't seem to be serious," she said.

THE Morgan House taproom was like home after a long visit with foreigners. It was cool and dim and there was an odor of limes in the air. He sat in a red-leather-upholstered armchair, leaned on a red-lacquered table.

He'd no idea there was so much to manufacturing. He was really confused between the March Rapo-Arctic refrigerator, with the finger-tip blizzard control, and the foam-flinging March Acrobat washer. He had walked down scores of assembly lines, fingered bright parts, nodded wisely to technical lectures on current consumption, shelf features, soap consumption, rinsing temperature zones, humidity controls, crispers, automatic ironing, fruit storage, clothes capacity, food capacity . . .

He ordered a double Scotch and soda. After a time a man came into the taproom and walked up to his table.

"You probably don't remember me," he said. "I'm Dr. Woodrin. I met you at lunch, at the City Club."

"Sure," Crane said. "Sit down. Have a drink?"

The doctor ordered ale. He was a healthy man with a round pink-and-white face and light blue eyes. His complexion was so fresh it made him

look under forty, but Crane was sure he was nearer forty-five.

"After I leave the hospital I drop in for a bottle of ale," Dr. Woodrin explained. "I usually run into somebody to gab with."

Crane said, "My secretary told me this was Richard March's afternoon headquarters."

"He used to be here in the morning, too."

"A good idea," Crane said.

After Crane got another Scotch and soda, they talked. They discussed Marchton. Dr. Woodrin said he'd lived in the town for fifteen years. Before that he'd been chief physician for the International Oil Company in Texas and Oklahoma. He was a graduate of Rush Medical, in Chicago. He was now chief of staff of Marchton City Hospital.

"It's a nice position," he said, "but not much money."

CRANE, after a time, worked the conversation back to Richard March. He told the physician he had the Richard March house, wanted to know how it came to be so elaborately decorated.

"That's Alice March," Dr. Woodrin said. "You'll understand when you see her. She dresses the same way."

"She divorced him?"

"They were divorced. It was sort of a standoff." He drank the remainder of his ale. "She didn't get any alimony, but was allowed to divorce him. I think Dick's lawyer, old Judge Dornbush, was too smart for Alice's lawyer, Talmadge March."

"Who's Talmadge March?"

"Richard's younger brother." The doctor looked at Crane over his glass. "Their story's like those Greek plays we used to read in college."

Crane took his word for that. Anyway, it was a strange one. Alice had been Talmadge's girl; they were engaged to be married when the handsome Richard met her. The doctor said he supposed it was, for Richard, more the challenge of the engagement, the lure of someone's property, than love; and, besides, the brothers always had hated each other.

Marchton's tongues moved a great deal over the elopement, moved less when Alice left Richard five years later, but regained vigor when Talmadge appeared as her attorney in the divorce suit. The gossip reached a climax when, five months before Richard died, the divorce was granted with no settlement, no alimony, Dr. Woodrin said. The town wondered what Richard had on his wife. It must have been good; she had plenty on him. There was speculation as to whether Talmadge was involved beyond the role of counsel; it was popularly believed he was still in love with Alice.

"It was a triumph for Talmadge, then," Crane said.

"No. Richard didn't care. He was through with her."

Crane learned Talmadge March was not connected with the March business. He had refused to enter the company, had opened his own law office. He was moderately successful and, the doctor added, he had a large income from the interest his father had left him in the company. It was larger now that Richard was gone.

"That was a funny death," Crane said.

"Richard's, I mean."

"It was," Dr. Woodrin agreed. "I've often thought about it. You know I was there when he was found."

"You were?"

"I'll tell you about it." The doctor



For a reproduction of the original painting in this advertisement, without advertising, write to Dept. C, Seagram-Distillers Corp., Chrysler Building, New York City

“THAT’S MY DAD”

EVERY father gets a warm feeling around his heart when he hears his son say “That’s my Dad”.

The spirit behind his words is so revealing—the look in his eyes and the tone in his voice—when he says “That’s my Dad”. In his boyish way he is proudly saluting his hero—the pal he adores and admires.

It’s a real responsibility to have a youngster say “That’s my Dad”. It calls for understanding and thoughtful control. It calls

for moderation. When a boy discovers for the first time that his father—his own Dad—has been using liquor unwisely—immoderately—something fine between them may be lost.

The House of Seagram selects “Father’s Day” as an appropriate time to repeat the viewpoint we have expressed so often in the past five years—“Fine whiskey is a luxury, one of the pleasures of life to be enjoyed *only* in moderation—*never* at the sacrifice of another person’s happiness.”

THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM
Fine Whiskies Since 1857

Copr. 1939, Seagram-Distillers Corp., Offices, N. Y.

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DELAY IS DANGEROUS TO ME



A DOCTOR is always wanted in a hurry. So, with the possibility of life and death hanging in the balance, I take no chances with my car. And one thing I do every thousand miles is drive into a Texaco station and say 'Marfak my car.' And then I KNOW that the chassis, anyway, is sound and healthy."

And that's just the practice of thousands and thousands of motorists who want absolute assurance that their cars are in fine shape—always.

The Texaco Dealers who give this Marfak Service are specially schooled so they're on speaking terms with every grease cup on your car. What's more, they don't stop with efficient lubrication. They render a dozen or more

little services, often neglected, but vitally important to carefree, safe driving.

And the lubricants they use: each is best for its particular job from stem to stern. Take Marfak. It's the toughest lubricant yet devised by the Texaco Engineers and it lasts twice as long as ordinary grease. It gives absolute lubricating protection for a full thousand miles.

This 40-Point Service costs surprisingly little, too, yet brings you carefree motoring.

TEXACO DEALERS INVITE YOU to tune in THE TEXACO STAR THEATRE—A full hour of all-star entertainment—Every Wednesday Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E.D.T., 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 6:00 M.S.T., 5:00 P.S.T.



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The Texas Company

THE 40-POINT LUBRICATION
AT ALL TEXACO AND OTHER GOOD DEALERS

crooked a finger at the waiter. "Two more of the same, Charley."

Crane said, "Let me get these."

Dr. Woodrin shook his head at Crane. "It was one of those dry, clear nights in early February," he began. "It was cold, but there was a three-quarters moon. We'd all decided to take a drive after the Country Club dance."

He had come out of the club, he continued, with John March and Carmel, Peter March and Alice and Talmadge just as the orchestra began to play Home, Sweet Home. The orchestra had been bad and they were all glad the dance was over. Alice, who was ahead with Peter, called over her shoulder: "Dick must have passed out."

They could see Richard sprawled over the wheel of his big sedan, his head cradled in his arms.

Carmel had called to Peter, ahead: "Dick's engine's on."

Peter went to the sedan and opened the door by the driver's seat, the doctor said, and shook Richard's shoulder. "Come on, old boy," he had said; "time to go home." He shook him again, violently, and said, "Dick!"

CHARLEY, the waiter, put ale and a double Scotch and soda on the table, accepted the quarter tip. Crane said, "Thanks."

The doctor said, "Peter sounded scared and I ran over to him."

They pulled Richard from the sedan, he continued, stretched him on the ground, and he had jerked loose the rear vision mirror and held it against Richard's lips. It hadn't clouded!

"I knew he was gone, but I sent someone to call an ambulance," Dr. Woodrin concluded. "They worked on him at the hospital; he had been dead for some time."

"Who'd been dead?" a woman's voice asked.

Startled, Crane pivoted to encounter Carmel March's dark eyes. She was smiling. She wore a gray coat tailored so that it was tight over sleek hips and high breasts and padded at the shoulders.

"Who'd been dead?" she repeated.

Back of her were a man and a woman. Crane knew at once that the woman was Alice March. She was blond and plump and there was a sweet smile on her face, as though it had been painted there.

"Hello, there," Dr. Woodrin said. "Join us?"

It was Alice March. The man with her, a middle-sized man with a bored face and languid manners, was Talmadge March. "How d'you do," he said to Crane. He didn't offer his hand.

In response to Crane's invitation, they ordered Martinis. Crane drank his double Scotch and soda with them.

Carmel sat next to Crane. "For the last time, who'd been dead?"

Dr. Woodrin said, "I was telling Mr. Crane about the former owner of his house."

"The late-lamented Richard?" Talmadge inquired.

Crane thought his lightly contemptuous attitude was hardly proper in front of the widow (even the divorced widow), but Alice March smiled sweetly. She seemed pleased.

Carmel asked, "What about Richard?"

"Just the usual story of his death," Dr. Woodrin replied.

Talmadge drawled, "I suppose our local Galen told you of the mystery?"

"No," Crane said. "A real mystery?"

"A lady." Talmadge's amused eyes were on Carmel. "A woman, anyway."

"Hell," said Dr. Woodrin, "that mystery's been buried a long time."

"Has it?" Talmadge took a sip of his Martini. "I wonder."

Dr. Woodrin said, "He's talking about lipstick marks on Richard's face."

"Fresh lipstick," Talmadge drawled. "Naturally there was speculation as to the identity of the lady."

Alice March, her voice sweet, said, "It narrowed down to two or three, I believe."

"Not to you, though, dear," Carmel said.

Crane got an idea the two women didn't like each other.

"The marks looked green," Dr. Woodrin said. "I don't know anybody who uses green lipstick."

"I saw them." Talmadge's smile was mocking. "The moon plays strange tricks with colors." He looked directly at Carmel. "But the lady of the green lipstick never came forward."

"She never explained what she was doing," Dr. Woodrin said sadly.

"Hell," Crane said, "she must have been kissing Richard."

"A very fine piece of deduction," Talmadge drawled.

"The kiss of death," Crane said. "That's what she was giving him." He liked the phrase. "The kiss of death."

Carmel March's eyes, suddenly jet-black, examined his face for a second. He grinned foolishly at her. She looked frightened, he thought.

Talmadge said, "There was another clue."

"How do you know so much about this?" demanded Dr. Woodrin.

"I was there, and I have eyes . . . and a nose."

Crane gaped at him. "A nose?"

"There was an odor of perfume on Richard's coat." Talmadge's speech was so affected it made him sound feminine. "I caught it as I helped put him in the ambulance—you remember, Woodrin, I lent a hand?"

Woodrin nodded.

"What was the odor?" Crane asked.

"Gardenia perfume."

Carmel said coldly, "You're making that up, Tam."

"Am I, darling?"

Crane got an impression they had forgotten him. He was conscious of an undercurrent of genuine emotion, of a tensivity in each of them, with the possible exception of Dr. Woodrin. He supposed they ignored him because they thought he was either slightly simple or drunk. He determined to maintain this impression.

Carmel's face was like a delicately tinted dancer's mask. "You have a lawyer's imagination, Tam." She did not change expression when she talked.

"If I have," Talmadge countered, "how is it you gave up gardenia after Dick died?"

THAT'S done it, Crane thought. Now for an explosion. He wondered why Simeon March hadn't mentioned the gardenia business. He watched Carmel for the eruption, but none came.

She laughed, genuinely amused. "What a fine detective you are!" She leaned toward Crane so that his face was in the hollow formed by her neck and shoulder. "What do you smell, Mr. Crane?"

Crane took a deep breath, then said gallantly, "I smell Nassau in May."

"No," she said.

"I smell the Sabine hills after an April rain. I smell flower-strewn boats at Xochimilco. I smell the cherry blossoms of Nippon. I smell a hot tub filled with English bath salts."

Everyone laughed except Carmel, who said:

"No; specifically."

Crane said, "I smell gardenias."

Talmadge didn't seem embarrassed. "I thought I might trap you into a confession, Carmel." He grinned at her over his Martini. "A lawyer's trick."

"I think it's in pretty poor taste." Carmel remained close to Crane. "If it was a joke."

Dr. Woodrin was lighting a pipe. "You've a macabre sense of humor, Tam."

The taproom was beginning to fill, and men and women, as smartly dressed as a New York cocktail-hour crowd, passed by their table.

"The *haut monde* of Marchton," Talmadge drawled.

"They look nice," Crane said. "How about another drink?"

They were perfectly willing. While Charley collected empty glasses, the conversation turned to duck shooting. The season had been open for a couple of weeks, but there hadn't been many birds. The cold weather had made them hopeful for next Sunday's shooting. Talmadge asked Crane if he'd like to shoot with them, and Crane said Peter March had already suggested it.

"It's usually fine shooting," Dr. Woodrin said.

For the first time Talmadge spoke without affectation: "Wonderful shooting."

CRANE learned that the river lands where the March family and friends shot duck had been acquired by Great-grandfather March when he emigrated from New England in 1823. He had farmed by the river and died there, and had willed the land as a perpetual estate for the family until there should be no direct male descendants. Then it could be sold.

"Old Jonathan March's idea," Talmadge explained, "was to provide a backlog for the family, a place they could return to when defeated by the outside world."

"He didn't know his grandsons would nick the world for about twenty million dollars," Dr. Woodrin said.

"I think it's a nice idea," Crane said. "Is the land worth anything now?"

"About five thousand dollars," Talmadge said.

"It's swell for duck shooting," Dr. Woodrin said.

"We wouldn't sell it if we could," Talmadge agreed. "Besides, the doctor wouldn't let us. He's been appointed trustee for the Jonathan March estate."

"It's a responsible job," Carmel said, smiling. "Administering an estate worth five thousand dollars."

"Five thousand dollars is a lot of money as far as I'm concerned," Dr. Woodrin said.

A bellhop halted by the table. "Mr. Crane?"

Crane said, "I believe I am."

"Telephone," the bellhop said.

"Telephone what?"

"For you, sir."

"For me? A telephone? What kind of a telephone?"

"A telephone call, sir."

"How disappointing!" He stood up, made a sweeping bow. "Kindly pardon me." He followed the bellhop.

He heard Talmadge say, "A bit high, I'd say." He heard Dr. Woodrin say, "Makes Richard look like a teetotaler." He heard Carmel say, "I like him."

He felt very pleased he had fooled them into thinking he was drunk. He giggled a little at the thought of his cleverness, and carried out his role so thoroughly he had to be helped into the phone booth.

He spoke into the phone: "Crane & Company; novelties, knickknacks, knickers."

It was Ann Fortune. She said, "I've traced Delia."

"Huh? Delia? Oh, Delia. How?"

"Simple deduction."

Crane groaned. "Please. You sound like Philo Vance. Pretty soon you'll be dropping your g's."

"If you come home I'll drive you to the Brookfield house."

"In whose car?"

"Peter March left one here for us."

"For us," Crane repeated ominously. "I suppose you've been roistering with him all afternoon?"

"Why, yes, I have."

"Why isn't he at work?" he demanded.

"Why does he have to fiddle around our little dovecote while I freeze, careening from ice cube to ice cube?"

There was no answer. Crane said, "I suppose you called the office and got everybody aware of the fact I wasn't there."

"I didn't call the office," Ann said.

"But, how did—?"

"I simply asked the telephone operator to ring the best bar in town."

THAT morning, after she had conferred with Beulah about dinner, Ann Fortune put on her black caracul coat, freshened her lipstick and telephoned for a taxi.

"The nearest dairy," she told the driver.

This was her first attempt at detection and she felt a little excited. She wondered if the trail would lead her into one of those situations she had so often seen in the William Powell-Myrna Loy mov-



Crane seized his hat and coat. "Thank you," he said.



"Jumbo here is so strong he reminds me of some people's breath. Don't take chances with your breath—tame it with PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS!"



"Folks are really 'going overboard' for the new BUTTER-RUM LIFE SAVERS! Have you tried them?"



"How's this for a poem inspired by BUTTER-RUM LIFE SAVERS?
'Yum-yum,
Butter-Rum!
Short—but it tells the story."



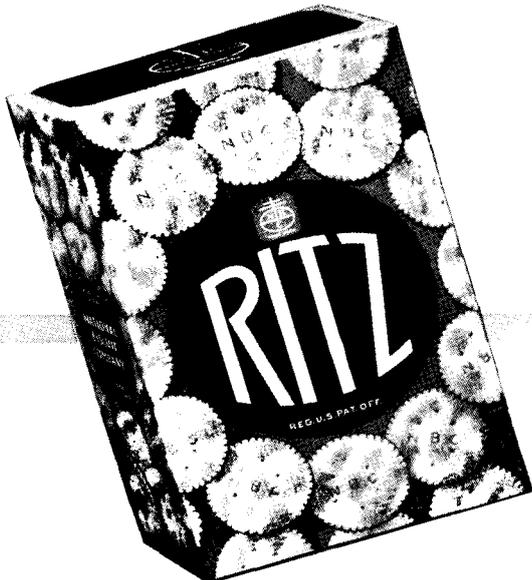
"Everybody's breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours!"



When you visit the New York World's Fair, don't miss the 250-foot Life Savers Parachute Jump. It's a real thrill!



**"He's stone deaf
until you say RITZ!"**



Everybody Listens when you say, "Have some Ritz!" For this grand little cracker fits in cozily with every food — cheese, soups, salads — with drinks and milk. Or does a gorgeous job of satisfying all by itself. Just dive in the package — ah, ha! — *see!* — you can't stop eating 'em. Irresistible flavor has made Ritz America's largest-selling cracker. Ritz is always crisp because its crispness is *sealed in!* Always delightfully *oven-fresh* because it comes to you in a moisture-proof package. Order Ritz from your food dealer today!



A PRODUCT OF NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

ies: possibly to a penthouse with a suave villain from whom she would be saved in the nick of time by the arrival of Bill Crane.

The only trouble was that she felt no confidence in the arrival of Bill Crane anywhere in the nick of time; he was more likely to stop for a drink on the way and come too late.

Not that she didn't like Bill Crane; it was just that he didn't seem to take things seriously. Take the case they were working on: Richard March and John March dead from gas and Simeon March accusing Carmel, his daughter-in-law, of having murdered them. It was a serious affair! But Bill, apparently, wasn't doing anything about it. He acted as though they were on one of those Long Island house parties he used to take her to in New York when he wasn't working. He acted . . .

"This do, Miss?" the driver asked.

It was the Prima Dairy. She smiled a little at the squat white building. It didn't look like the sort of place Myrna Loy would be detecting in.

However, she *did* find out something. Her smile almost disorganized the young clerk who took her order for milk and cream, but he retained possession of enough faculties to tell her that the dairy had the only rural service for Brookfield and Blue Lake in March-ton.

Delia's note telling Richard to shut off milk deliveries must have been written two summers ago, since Richard had been dead since February. Ann asked the clerk if he could find a Brookfield account in which the milk had been shut off for a week end around the middle of July of that year. The clerk found one for a Raymond Maxwell, 12 February Lane, Brookfield.

Under the M file in the regular account book, the clerk found the house on February Lane was owned by a Charles G. Jameson, Brookfield real-estate operator. Bills had been paid by postal money orders, but there was a letter from Mrs. Maxwell, opening the account. Ann's heart jumped when she caught sight of violet ink and Delia's large handwriting.

THE clay road to Brookfield was so thickly lined with trees it seemed as though the sedan were going through a long tunnel. Crane brooded over the lecture he had just been given on the evils of strong drink. A warm afternoon sun sent saffron rays angling through elms and oaks and maples, spotlighted bright masses of party-colored leaves. In the air there was a smell of smoke.

He had to admit, though, Ann had done a neat piece of detection in tracing Delia through the dairy. "I guess I owe you a bottle of milk," he said.

"Champagne," Ann said.

"All right. What kind of champagne do you like?"

"Demisec, in magnums."

"You'll get it," he said, and added, "I hope it makes you very sec."

This terrible pun made him feel better and he told her what he'd heard in the taproom.

He told her about the discovery of Richard's body, of the lipstick on his face, and of the smell of gardenia on his coat. They wondered why Talmadge March had tried to trap Carmel. Or had it been his idea of a joke?

"I'm beginning to think Richard was having an affair with Carmel," Crane said.

"In addition to our Delia?"

"Richard was a gay dog."

"Do you think Carmel'd deceive her husband with his first cousin?" Ann asked.

"I don't know."

A break in the tunnel of trees brought them out into bright sunlight. On the right was a black field, stacked evenly

with Indian tepees of cornstalks and dotted with plump, bright pumpkins. A black-and-white calf, chained to a fence post, grazed in the ditch beside the road.

Crane added, "Look at Peter, too. She's quite friendly with him."

"Peter told me this afternoon he wanted to get Richard's letters to protect a lady," Ann said. "From hints he dropped I got the idea the lady is Carmel, and that the letters were important." She glanced at his face. "And that gave me an idea."

The road curved to the right, crossed a small stone bridge and entered a valley. Apple orchards, fruit trees and cornfields lay on either side of them. They passed a wagon loaded with yellow feed corn.

"I think you're wonderful," Crane said.

"Be serious. If Carmel were your wife and were having an affair with Richard, what would you do?"

"I'd lock her up in the coalbin."

"Please be serious."

"I'd be angry with Richard."

"Exactly."

CRANE blinked at her. "You don't think John killed him?"

"He could have discovered Carmel in the car with Richard (that fits in with the gardenia), sent her into the club, then killed Richard."

"How?"

Ann smiled. "That's as far as I've gone."

"I've got an idea." Crane lit a cigarette, put it in her mouth. "I'll tell you if you're not mad at me."

"I've never been mad at you."

"No?"

"Well, I wish you wouldn't drink so much."

Crane was about to tell her of his plan to make people think he was a drunkard so they'd disregard him, but it didn't sound so convincing when he was sober.

"All right, I won't," he said. "Here's the idea."

He reconstructed the murder (if it had been a murder) for her. Richard, he said, had passed out. Then John, or someone else, had fastened a rubber hose to the exhaust of his sedan, run the free end through a partially open window, and started the engine. Then, when Richard was dead, he removed the hose.

"I think that's very clever," Ann declared.

The road came to a good cement highway and Ann turned to the left and increased the sedan's speed. The sun was barely above a long ridge ahead of them and the air was cooler. Haze hung like muslin over the distant countryside.

Crane was frowning. "Only then I don't see who killed John," he admitted.

Ann held her cigarette out the window to let the wind remove the ash. "John killed himself. Remorse."

Crane looked at her smiling face with respect. "That makes it pretty neat." He pulled the tan camel's-hair coat around him. "But the old man is certain Carmel did the murdering."

Ann said, "That's a good theory, too."

Crane had another thought. "Maybe Carmel signed her notes to Richard with the name Delia."

"She didn't. Her handwriting's different."

"You've been busy, haven't you?"

"One of us has to work."

Crane retired in high dudgeon. He had begun to be a little alarmed about Ann Fortune. It would be an awful thing if she solved the case single-handed. He would never live it down. He had a dreadful feeling he might have to go to work.

"I need a drink," he said, and then, as Ann looked at him, added, "of nice warm tea."

(To be continued next week)

Glorifying the World

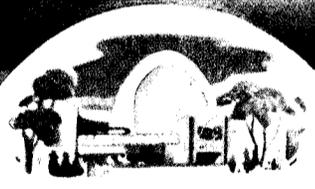
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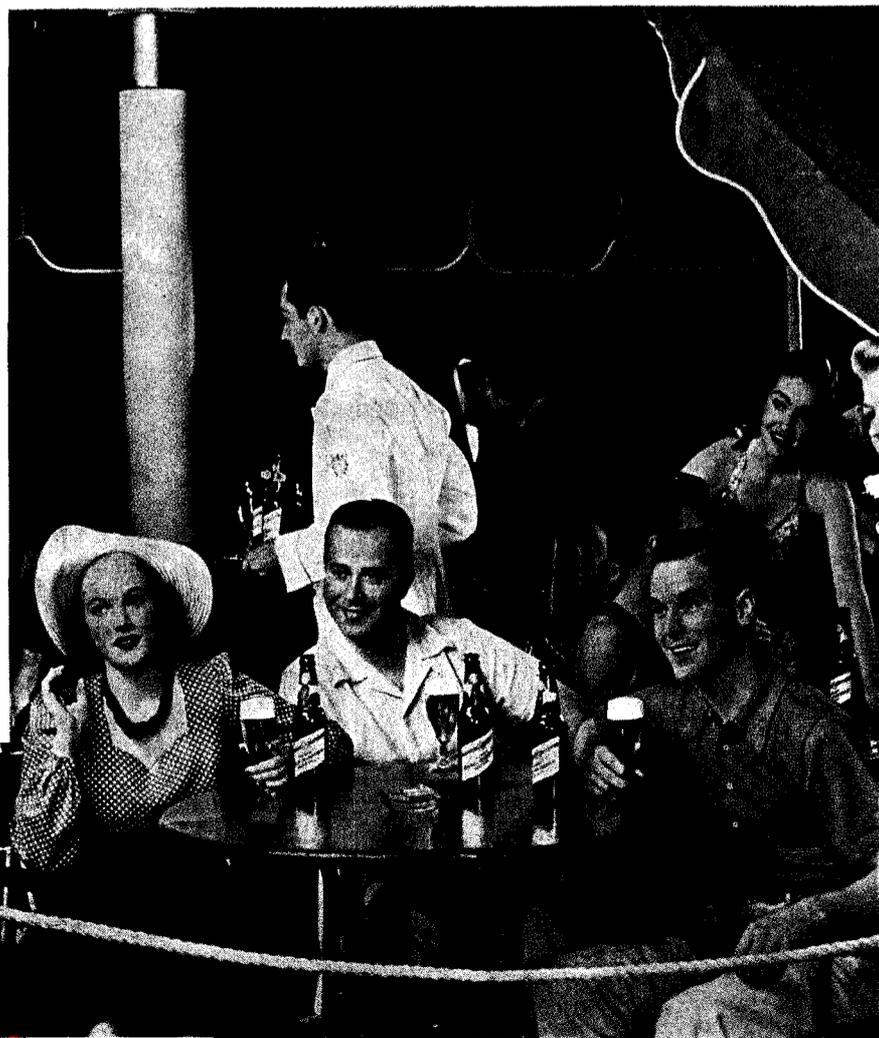
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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Up on the Step

Continued from page 21

"That's it," burst out Shane excitedly, speaking for the first time. "Find the medium you were born for and then go ahead. If you flop in the movies, don't rush into marriage. Take your time and walk around and look ahead. Then maybe try the stage again. Or something new."

Nobody said anything. Het lay there with her eyes closed. The place was sweet with flowers, heavy with smoke. Everyone was discouraged, let down. Only three reporters had come up here. Only two photographers. And the newspaperwoman hadn't shown up.

"All right," she said, stirring after a while. "Who's flopped in the movies? Charles, when do we go to see your mother?"

Downstairs Shane said goodbye again. "You're coming along," she said.

"Not to meet his mother," Shane said. "I'm certainly not going to meet her alone," she said.

"You won't be alone. You'll have him with you," said Shane.

"Of course," she said. "But would you believe it if I said I was frozen with fright?"

"Yes," said Shane. "I would." So they all walked along beside her. A small crowd, gathering, looked at her and at her hat.

"MUST we go around in a drove?" asked Charles.

"Harry's from the studio. Joe's from the New York office. And you've already met Mr. Shane," she said.

"Mr. Shane is not official," said Charles.

"I think," said Shane, "that I won't go along."

"I think I won't go along either," she said.

"Oh, for heaven's sake," said Charles. The car drew up. The door was opened. "Thanks, boys," she said, shaking hands with Harry and Joe.

She stepped languidly into the car. Charles stood back, looking at Shane.

"I'll just ride with the chauffeur," said Shane.

"You'll be cold up there, Shane, without your overcoat," she said.

"It's only a short distance," said Charles.

Charles stepped in beside her. Shane sat in front. The chauffeur closed the doors and got in. The car floated into action. Charles held her hand, kissed her cheek.

"Don't be afraid, darling," Charles said.

"Charles—what does marriage mean to you, Charles?" she asked dreamily, as if she had never got to the point of asking before. "I mean—what does it represent?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Charles. "Getting away, for one thing. I hate New York. I'm never here unless I have to be."

"You mean we wouldn't live here?"

"Hell, no," said Charles.

"I lived two years in a furnished room in New York," she said wistfully.

"My idea," said Charles, "would be for us to build a big house in Hawaii—or in Bali—any place as far away from here as possible—of glass, perhaps, with a swimming pool and a private beach for the children and never see anyone but the family—just keep the family to the family."

"Keep what family to what family?" she asked.

"Ours," said Charles triumphantly.

And here they were. The car glided to the curb. The house was so tall it seemed to bend over and look down.

When they were ushered into the library where Mrs. McCord sat awaiting them, there seemed to be layers and layers to Mrs. McCord.

"Mother," said Charles, "this is Hetty Ingram."

As Mrs. McCord looked Hetty Ingram up and down she was impassive. Her eyes moved in her head but nothing else of Mrs. McCord moved at all.

"And who is that?" she asked, looking at Shane.

"A man named Shane," stated Charles.

"Tea!" said Mrs. McCord to the doorway. "Don't stand, Miss Ingram."

Miss Ingram sank down in a chair so large that she was practically lost.

"I eat practically nothing," Mrs. McCord said to Shane. "And I never exercise. My ankles are too small."

"So I can see, ma'am," said Shane.

Mrs. McCord ate a pecan from the silver dish beside her.

"Few people interest me, Mr. Shane," she said, "but I can talk to you."

"Go ahead," said Shane.

"Miss Ingram would be wasted," said Mrs. McCord.

"Wasted where?" asked Shane.

"On Charles," said Mrs. McCord. Charles McCord threw out his hands in a hasty gesture. Then, turning away, he clasped both his hands behind him and walked over to a window.

"Charles is a bore," continued Mrs. McCord, "even to himself. He finds it hard to get through the days. The nights, for Charles, are easier."

"You mean, through the nights he sleeps," said Shane.

"Not at all," said Mrs. McCord. "Practically, Charles doesn't go to bed at all. I am devoted to Charles but I realize his limitations."

"I see you do, ma'am," said Shane.

Tea came in just then, very impressively, on a vast silver tray carried by a butler who had the assistance of a maid. Tea was elaborate here.

"Charles drinks too much, Mr. Shane," said Mrs. McCord deliberately, after the servants had gone. "He is unstable, weak, rather charming and an escapist, like his father. I put in one hell of a life with his father, Mr. Shane, who was quite mad about me. Rather recently I prevented another girl, who is now very happily married, from marrying Charles."

"NOW that we're speaking together, ma'am," said Shane, "I think Miss Ingram shouldn't waste herself on a marriage with anyone. Miss Ingram is a rare and delicate personality. Aside from her beauty, Miss Ingram could become a sensitive, exciting and compelling actress if she could for once let herself go. In fact, she's right on her way to being all that now if she's not stopped by a stupid marriage."

"You've never said any of those things before, Shane," said Hetty Ingram, speaking for the first time.

"I never knew them before."

"When did you find them out?" asked Ingram.

"You're trembling, aren't you?"

"Yes. It's—just the stuffy cold in here," said Ingram.

"You see," said Shane to Mrs. McCord. "Sensitive."

Mrs. McCord knocked the ash off her cigarette. "Perhaps she's afraid of me," Mrs. McCord said as if Miss Ingram were not present.

"I'm not afraid of you," said Miss Ingram. "I can handle people. But I hadn't thought far enough into this. There was Charles, and he wanted me,

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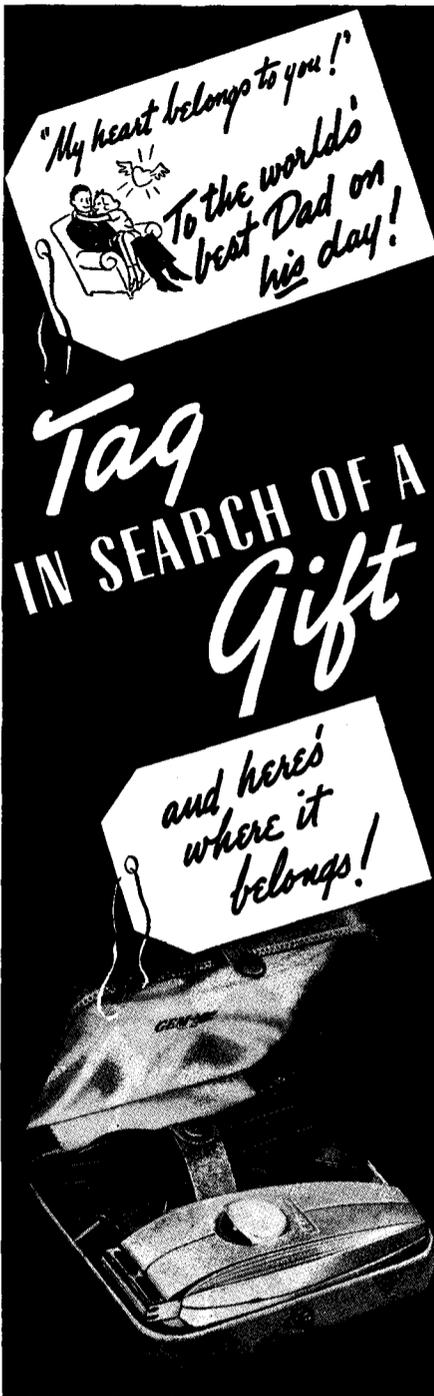


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so I thought 'Why not?' I go only where I'm wanted."

"Then the whole matter is settled," said Mrs. McCord.

"We haven't heard yet from Charles," said Shane.

"Well, if Het's willing," said Charles with considerable bluster, "I'll marry her, Mother, without your consent."

"But, dearest Charles," said Mrs. McCord, "that is silly. You can't live on your income, you can't touch your principal and I will never stake you to marry Miss Ingram. So how can you build your dream house?"

"What dream house?" asked Miss Ingram.

"Oh—in Bali—with a pretty wife and children. Charles had planned it for the other girl, but perhaps he has a different idea for you, Miss Ingram?"

Miss Ingram stood up. "No," she said, wearily. "Same idea. No different."

"Mother," said Charles in a loud, domineering tone, "I love Hetty Ingram with all my being and I shall not consent to give her up."

Mrs. McCord flicked the ash off her long black cigarette. Miss Ingram pulled on her gloves. Mrs. McCord held out one plump white hand to Miss Ingram and the other to Mr. Shane. They both shook hands with Mrs. McCord.

"Thanks, Mrs. McCord," said Ingram. "Goodbye, darling," she said to Charles.

"Find your treasure, sister," Mrs. McCord said to Miss Ingram in a rough, hoarse voice.

As they left the house Ingram glanced up behind her at the windows. "Locked," she said. "Net under lace under satin. Stone walls. Iron bars. Let's walk," she said. "Let's breathe in the free air."

"Were you crazy about him?" asked Shane.

"I had a kind of kindness for him," said Ingram.

"How?"

"Oh, they sort of love you and are helpless and you feel kind."

"God forbid that you ever feel kind for me," said Shane.

"You," said Ingram as if she had never thought of him. "You can take care of yourself."

"I can, indeed," said Shane.

THEY stepped along. Miss Ingram's hat was not made for walking.

"Well, she came clean at the finish," Shane said to Ingram. "She began as a Ziegfeld show girl herself, before she married Mr. McCord. This is grand, free air," said Shane. "You can breathe it in and breathe it in and it doesn't cost you a cent. Which is just as well," added Shane with a short laugh, "for I must have left my roll in my overcoat." Shane touched her arm and she stood still. "Look," he said. "Seventy-two cents. All the change I've got. And I was going to take you to the County Down."

"I've got money," said Ingram, looking at the small change in his palm. Fine hands, Shane had. Not hot and grasping. Not slack and uninteresting.

"We'll ride till the clock goes to fifty or maybe to fifty-five," said Shane. "and the rest to the driver. At the County Down, I sign. Did I tell you about my new offer?"

"No, you didn't," said Miss Ingram.

"I've got a fine, new offer," said Shane, "and—and maybe a contract to sign—" Here Shane searched in his pocket. "I had a letter somewhere—"

"In your overcoat," she said.

"It is," said Shane.

"I knew it would be," she said. "My feet hurt," she stated and she stood on one foot and then the other. "Gosh!" she said. "And a hole rubbed in one heel. . . I haven't walked in two years. In the movies you never walk. . . Oh, how I'd hate to be poor again!"

"You won't be poor again," said Shane.

They hopped a taxi and rode downtown until the meter registered fifty-five. "Let us out here," Shane said to the driver.

"I thought you said the County Down," said the driver. "That's still two blocks."

Shane spoke to Ingram. "You're not getting a blister on your heel or anything, are you?"

"No. But I'll pay for the ride. I'm through with walking, for life." Miss Ingram was cross. Her heel hurt and she had just lost a good-looking young man who loved her very much.

"Let us out here," Shane said to the driver.

SO THEY got out of the cab. Shane paid and the driver got seventeen cents.

"That's a fine fur you're wearing," said Shane. "How much have you in your pocketbook?"

"I don't know. About a hundred and thirty dollars."

"You're not poor yet," said Shane.

"I hate to bring the matter up, Mr. Shane," said Miss Ingram. "before anyone as stubborn and difficult to go around with as you, but Charles was worth about seven or eight million dollars to me."

"Charles wasn't worth a cent to you," said Shane.

Then they were in through the swinging doors of the County Down and the wind was gone, the dust in the eyes was gone, there was a great cheesecake facing them on a glass shelf, and there were trays of pastries facing them, both Danish and French. Mike himself showed them to their booth.

"Mike," said Eddie Shane, "do you remember the kid?"

"Wait a minute, Eddie," said Mike. "You tell me who she is and then I'll remember her."

"She's Het Ingram," Shane said with some pride. "She used to come in here with me two years ago—that is, not ever with me alone," amended Shane, "but sometimes after a late rehearsal with the crowd."

"Yeah," said Mike. "Now I remember. Where you been all this time, Het?"

"In the movies," said Het shortly.

"And that explains everything," said Mike.

"Listen, Mike," said Eddie Shane, "I've got a fine chance in a new field—I got a letter—"

"In his overcoat," interpolated Miss

Ingram, "which is checked at the Garrick Hotel."

"On a cold day like this," said Mike, bugging out his eyes, "what's his overcoat checked at the Garrick Hotel?"

"Never mind," said Shane. "To you, it is, that's all. Now after tonight I'll be in the money. Or maybe I won't be. So is it okay if I sign for the dinner and put the price of the tip on the check?"

"Eddie Shane," Mike said to Miss Ingram, "is as safe as the U. S. mint."

"Safer," said Miss Ingram. "At the moment."

"She thinks I'm broke," said Shane. "You tell her, Mike—you tell her—"

Mike put his hand on Eddie Shane's shoulder. "A finer, cleaner man never stepped Broadway than Eddie Shane," said Mike. "A pal. A trouper. And, in all that pertains to his work, an artist of the very first caliber. He staked me to my first little place on Eighth Avenue. He's made big money in his day, and when he had it he threw it around."

"And he will again," said Het Ingram.

"What's that?" said Shane. "Say that over."

"Listen, Mr. Reddy," said Het. "I've got money. I can pay."

Mike held up one hand. "When you're with a big man like this, kid?" he said.

"Let him sign. Let him sign."

THEY had hot turkey sandwiches for their dinner with plenty of turkey, plenty of gravy, with dill pickles and spicy, cut-up cabbage on the side. The coffee was transcendent. And for dessert Shane had cheesecake. It seemed to give Shane satisfaction to sign and to add a dollar to the check for the waiter.

For a moment or so Ingram leaned back and closed her eyes. For this was Broadway again—the cigarette smoke, the noise, the talk, the crowds, the free-and-easy acquaintance, the work, the dream, the never-having-enough-money—slopping along in the wet, plugging along in boots through snow, walking high-heeled in the hot sun—in your room washing out your silk things, your nearly silk things—a chicken sandwich from the delicatessen brought home in a box—a cheap finger wave—runs in your stockings, beginning at the top—finding it tough to get up the room rent—working for Shane, slaving for Shane, going home to dream about Shane, getting away at last from Shane, as far away as across the continent—getting clear away—

"Shane?" said a loud voice in the next booth. "Eddie Shane? Him make a

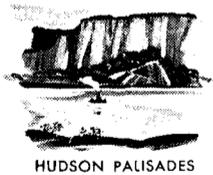
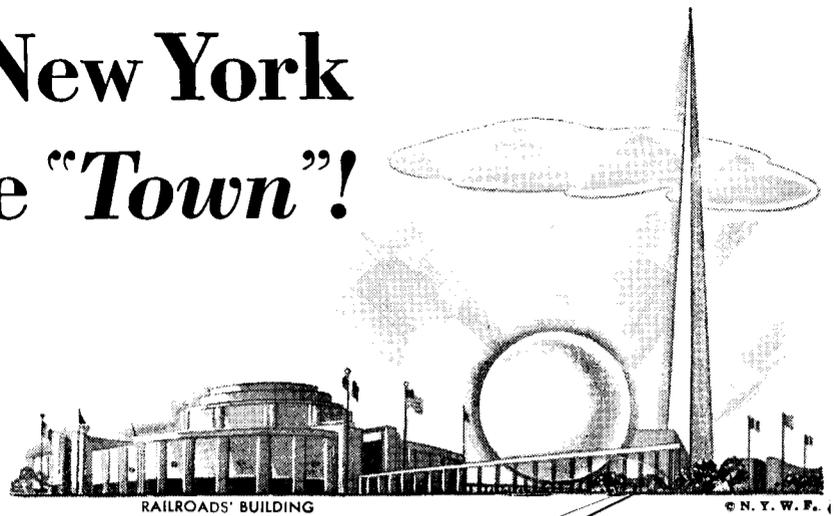


"Boy! That was fun!"

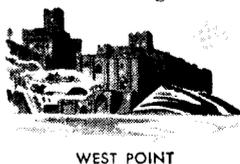
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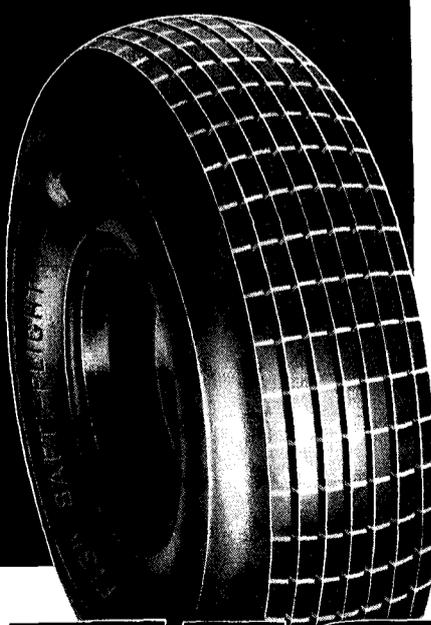
Will she **AWAKE**
in time?



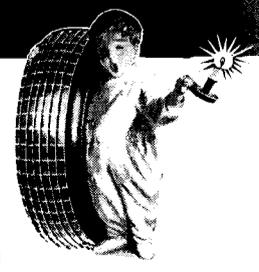
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TIME TO RE-THINK
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comeback in a new medium? He hasn't a chance. He hasn't had a hit in two years. And his spirit's broken."

"When a man like Eddie Shane," interrupted a louder voice, "I mean a high-minded fellow like Shane—when he falls for a girl it's curtains unless he gets her—that's all."

Het Ingram opened her eyes. Shane was looking at her. Oh, yes, he was looking at her. Het closed her eyes again.

"Would you believe how wrong Broadway gets things?" said Shane bravely, after a moment.

"I would," said Ingram. "Are you going to say anything—deny—"

"When they're friends of mine? And make them feel bad?" said Shane. "By the way"—he rose to look above the booth at the clock—"what time is it?"

"Why?" asked Ingram.

"YOU sit here," said Shane, "and wait for me. Anyway, it'll be quick, clean-cut. Either you click like that"—Shane snapped his fingers—"or you don't. You hear right away. You don't have to wait until morning for critics to pan you. You go straight to the people—and not to a snooty first-night audience, either—you go everywhere—farms, tank towns, clip joints—and they listen—they listen. . . . You reach out through the dark and you speak to them and you make new friends—people who couldn't ever hope to see you on Broadway—millions of new friends you make—the people out there—Americans—"

"What is this?" asked Het Ingram.

"I'm excited," said Eddie Shane, "and you've made me late. You sit here, Het. If you want a drink—ice cream, or anything—just sign my name—goodby, Het—if I flop I won't come back."

She gathered up her muff, her bag, her gloves. She said nothing.

"Goodby, Het," said Shane. "I've got to run for it. They shut the doors—"

When Shane reached Broadway, Ingram was just behind him. At the corner she caught up and they crossed together. The wind had increased and at Fiftieth her hat blew off and landed under a cab. Shane retrieved it with a dive and after that they ran, the girl carrying her hat in her hand. Later in her dreams she often ran along those long corridors with the shops on either side, and the impression of the tremendous, sustained weight of the building above her, and then on to an express elevator, and then off, to run over the deep-piled velvet carpets of a corridor, and find all doors closed—

But their door was still open—

"Mr. Shane!" cried a young man with a loop of gilt braid across his uniform, and another man who was waiting simply held up his wrist watch. Then Shane was gone from her, and she sank down on a chair. The place was full of people, an audience. There was a stage up there but no scenery, just two tables with four or five people sitting at them, all dressed up, with scripts before them, waiting for Shane, waiting for the tick of eight o'clock. Shane wasn't dressed up, thought Ingram anxiously. Would it be all right if he wasn't dressed up? The audience was applauding him now.

"I'm late," Shane said to the audience, "because Het Ingram was with me. Wouldn't you be late if Het Ingram was with you?"

Everybody turned to look at Ingram then. She bent her head, shut her eyes and held on to her hat in her lap. There was some applause for her, a man held up his hand, a bell rang and they were on the air.

It was a famous Irish story Shane had adapted for his first broadcast, and he didn't hurry any. He took his time. But with his first spoken sentences you felt the winter cold of the place, you saw the hedges and hills and the road stretching ahead. And suddenly, ex-

actly when Shane wanted you to be, you were right with him on that road, poor with him, lonely, practically beaten, but keeping on, never giving up, meeting the people on that road and the events that came with them—you trudged with Shane, fought when he fought, hoped and schemed with him. You stood a little aside when he made love, but you were there and you listened, for how Shane could make love! And at the end of the road Shane wasn't alone and he wasn't walking. He was driving a caravan and he had his girl beside him. You watched them go over the hill and after he was gone Shane still carried you along with him, for tonight Shane was truly Shane, released and restored after two years, with her here, sweeping his players, his audience and his listeners along with him, pulling them up with him, up, giving them a lift of the spirit, a happiness, a glow.

Even before Shane went off the air, the company telephones began ringing and at the end the studio audience gave it to him standing, bringing him back again and again to bow. Het Ingram, sitting there with her hands clasped tight together and her eyes shut, heard once again, in a theater, cheers for Shane.

Afterward he took her back to her hotel in a taxi.

"Look," he said when they were out in the stream of traffic, suspended between the moment of leaving and the moment of arrival, and with little to say—"fifty dollars in advance. They tell me I've got a sponsor already. Over the phone. They're the boys who pay you the money, maybe as high as two hundred a week, maybe not."

"More likely two thousand a week," she said huskily. "Think in terms of money for once, Mr. Shane." She gulped. "Like I do."

"Like you did," said Shane. "Until they let you out."

Ingram looked away from him out of the window. "So you know," she said.

"That's why I sent you my telegram," he said. "I only let you go in the first place because I couldn't pay you the money you wanted. But money wasn't what you wanted."

"Why wasn't it?"

"You got money out there and you flopped. You wouldn't have flopped if you'd been getting what you wanted, out there. You wouldn't have come straight back to me."

"SO WHAT I wanted," she said, "so what I've been working for, shooting for, not getting these two long years, was to come straight back to you."

"It was," said Shane, "or else you'd have made good out there. You're smart and you're pretty. But your heart was far from the rest of you. You were all tied in knots because you were so lonely for me. Professionally, I mean."

"Then how do you figure it out, Mr. Shane," asked Ingram sweetly, "that I came back to marry another man?"

"You didn't. You only thought you did."

At the hotel she shook hands with him. "Good night, Mr. Shane," she said definitely. "You needn't come in."

"Good night," said Shane. "I have to come in to get my overcoat."

She was waiting for the elevator when Shane, with the coat folded over his arm, joined her. They rode up together. She unlocked her door. The place was dark and cold. Shane closed the windows. She switched on the three lamps. A basket of flowers, with a card attached, stood on one table. On the card was written: "Congratulations. Mrs. Charles McCord."

Neither of them looked at the flowers. Shane sat down on a green brocade chair. Ingram walked up and down. Ingram had thrown off her coat trimmed with sable. She had pitched away her

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hat, her muff, her gloves, her bag. There was Shane's overcoat, folded over the back of his chair. Here was Shane, professional, friendly, critical, kind, impersonal as he had always been. No more. No less. As he always would be unless something happened. But, anyway, he was here. He wasn't the width of the continent away. He was here. . . . And suddenly Ingram felt stifled. For the first time in her life she wanted to scream. She wanted to reach her arms up, clench her fists, stand on her toes, yell, make things happen. Faster and faster she walked up and down. And Shane watched her.

"Why don't you go?" she said to him savagely. "What are you sitting here for? You're driving me crazy. What are you waiting for?"

Shane said nothing. He just sat and waited.

"I'm dumb all right," she cried out. "I'm blown to here, to there. I go places. I do things. And all the time I'm locked up inside. I can't get anything out. I go through the motions. I smile. I eat. I sleep. I work. . . . But I'm dead on my feet. I can't act because I'm all closed in. I can't come true. It's all inside of me here, eating me up, and I can't get it out. . . . It's killing me—and I can't get it out."

"Try," said Shane. "I'm waiting."

"Can't you help? Can't you do any-

thing but wait? Won't you—say something?"

"No," said Shane. "I'll never believe it unless it comes from you—unless for once you let yourself go."

"But you know—you must have known all along—"

"I know you're my girl," said Shane. "I know I can't work without you. I had to have you back. I know you're my beauty, my baby, my love—I know that. But you've got to bring yourself alive by saying it. If you love me, for God's sake, say it." But she couldn't say it.

"Come here, Het," said Shane then gently, without moving. "Come close."

Finally she came. She stooped. Then she knelt. She put her cheek against his overcoat. "Your overcoat," she said. "Holes—I love your overcoat—"

There were a few tears on her eyelashes. Her mouth was open a little. like a tragic mask. "It hurts," she said. "It's like birth or something—to get it out. This is love, Eddie, and it's terrible. You're so necessary to me—out there I wasn't alive—"

He lifted her up, held her against him. Her eyes closed and her head fell back. "There—there," he said. "Now it's all easy between us, my darling—we're through the waves now—and ready to fly, why, we're up on the step—"

She sighed. She turned her head on his shoulder. "Together," she said.

Why Rent is High

Continued from page 13

the privileges of citizenship in the Institute. And then things began to happen to him. After all, being a retailer, he had to buy his supplies from wholesalers and from manufacturers. But the Institute got the names of all the wholesalers and manufacturers who sold to him. They notified them that the Reliable Supply Company was not a "recognized" dealer. One by one the Reliable got letters from its sources of supply. They appreciated his business, they would like to continue their pleasant and profitable relations, they felt his credit was good, but—they dared not sell him because then all the "recognized" dealers would boycott them. And so the Institute destroyed the business of the Reliable. One year it did \$150,000 worth of business. After the Institute went to work on it, it did only about \$30,000 worth. It had orders for 100,000 feet of Georgia pine. It could not get more than 5,000 or 6,000 feet toward filling these orders.

The technique is simple. The retailer who will not join is boycotted and cannot buy from established manufacturers. The manufacturers who will not comply with this practice are boycotted. Independent dealers and contractors on one side and manufacturers on the other were caught in the compulsion setup by the Institute. You could not be a "recognized" dealer in Florida without the consent of the Institute and if you were not a recognized dealer you could not do business.

Of course this is not confined to Florida. There was the California Lumbermen's Council. Leagued against the contractor on one side and the manufacturer on the other, it aimed to prevent anyone from getting into the lumber business save by joining its membership. It fixed prices and sent the price list out to its members. It told the manufacturer how much of his product he could sell in the state. It told the dealer what percentage of the state's business he could do monthly. It kept out of its membership the people it did not want and used its great weapon to drive such people out of business. And this great weapon was the boycott. In

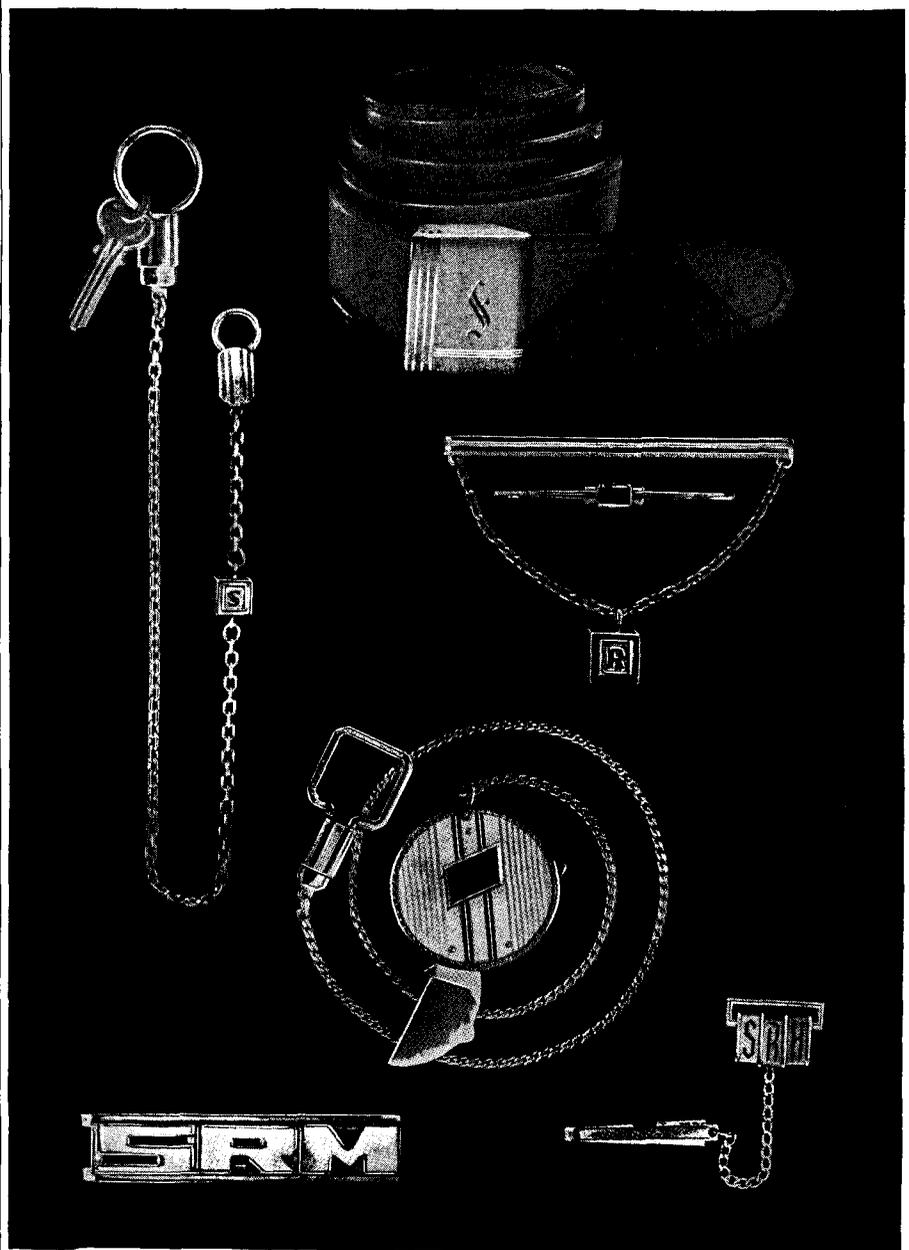
Gilroy, California, there was a dealer named Atkinson. He had been a member of the council but had resigned. After that, wholesalers and manufacturers refused to sell him. However, in some way Atkinson continued to get some supplies. He found a wholesaler who was willing to take a chance. The lumber would be sent to Atkinson's yard between midnight and 4 A.M. The yard foreman had to be there at that ghostly hour to receive the "bootleg" load from the truck that was "running" lumber. Another wholesaler would send him a boatload of lumber, landing it at a dock in the dead of the night and leaving it unlabeled on the wharf. Then a truck would cart it away before morning to Atkinson's yard.

Another wholesaler was found selling lumber to an unrecognized dealer. The secretary of the council went to him and demanded that he either stop selling this dealer or charge him from \$2 to \$3 a thousand more for his lumber, and turn this excess sum into the treasury of the council as a penalty.

At one time prices were fixed at 30 per cent above cost. One dealer told the Federal Trade Commission that the prices he was given as compulsory were so high that, had he charged them, he would have been selling at 40 per cent above his costs. And still another said that prices were 50 per cent above what they were when he first joined.

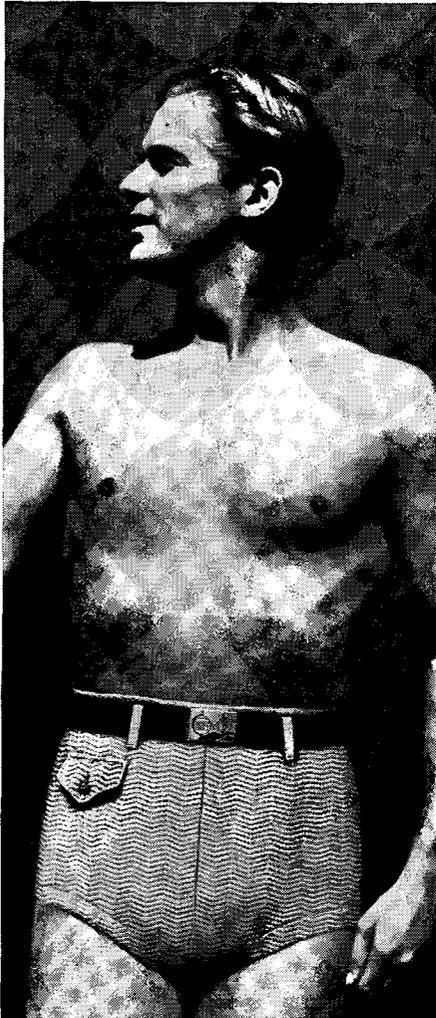
From these small incidents, which can be duplicated in most of the states of the Union, it is now possible to get a glimpse of what is the matter with building. Remember, a contractor is a producer. He is a producer of houses. Some contractors may produce a hundred or even a thousand houses in a year. In every other field of production the manufacturer buys his materials in quantity and gets them, for the most part, direct from manufacturers. Suppose the automobile makers had to buy parts from dealers instead of directly from the producer. In modern production every device of progressive organization is used to cut costs and make possible the products of American in-

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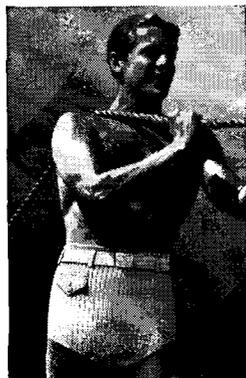
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(Write for style book)

dustry at the lowest possible prices. But here in the building industry all the materials that flow to the producers of buildings are sluiced through a bottleneck and that bottleneck is dominated by combinations of dealers organized to keep down the number of dealers, to limit production, to keep up prices. We'll see more of this.

Now while all this sounds very high-handed, the truth of the matter is that it's easy to understand the things, however mistaken they may be, that stream through the minds of the men guilty of these combinations. They have the idea that the building-materials business suffers from too much competition. That too much is produced, which in turn tends to lower prices and profits. Also they feel that the dealer is an established institution, that he renders a service to the community and that therefore he should be protected. And so they get together to hold down the flow of goods into their communities and to hold up prices. They succeed. But they succeed also in cutting down building. And when they do that they inflict not only on themselves but upon the community an injury more serious than the one they seek to escape.

But these dealers are very frank in asserting that they have the right to make the laws for the industry. Thus, for instance, Pittsburgh had its Building Supply Club. It frankly asserted in the pledge its members signed that "It is the sole right and prerogative of organized dealers in building materials serving any community to determine who shall be qualified as a recognized dealer in that community and when such recognition shall be accorded."

The Cement Squeeze

A number of these dealers' councils and clubs and institutes formed an alliance and held a convention in 1936. That convention recommended:

1. That no cement manufacturer should ship cement to any dealer outside the territory allotted to that dealer by his club or institute.

2. That cement manufacturers desist from all warehouse operation—from selling direct from their warehouses in different places.

3. That the transportation of cement from manufacturers to dealers by truck be prohibited by the trade.

This law of these private dealers against the use of the truck in transporting cement was a peculiarly highhanded regulation. Take the case of a large cement dealer in northern New Jersey. He sold cement and ready-mixed concrete. He bought his cement from producers in what is called the Lehigh Valley district in Pennsylvania. He found that he could sell cement cheaper if he hauled it from the plant in his own truck instead of having it delivered to him by railroad. Accordingly, he invested a large sum, over a hundred thousand dollars, in trucks. But when he came to get cement he was told he would have to pay fifteen cents extra per barrel on all the cement he took away by truck. He found that even with this penalty he could still haul and sell cheaper than if he had to use the railroad. So the manufacturers refused to deliver cement to him at any price. The reason for this is alleged to be that the use of the truck tends to break up the base-point structure, which is founded entirely on railroad rates. That is, the dealers quote their agreed prices, which include freight rates from certain points. And so they try to compel railroad transportation to protect that price-fixing arrangement.

The tightness of this combination is evidenced by what the dealers were able to do to the United States government when it began to buy cement for its re-

lief and recovery projects. The biggest user of cement in the United States must buy from the local dealer. The local dealers force this upon the manufacturers. The only exceptions were the United States government and the utility companies for power projects. But when the government started to spend billions on government projects for recovery purposes, the head of the alliance went to the procurement officers of the government and demanded that on all of its relief projects it buy its cement from local dealers. It forced the government to surrender, in spite of the fact that for years all ordinary government purchases were made direct from the producers. The result is that if the government is using some immense amount of cement on a PWA project it must route the order through the local dealer. He performs no service. He does not obtain the order. He does not deliver it. It is delivered direct from the producer. All he does is to make the necessary book-keeping entries and add for himself his cut on every barrel. Mr. MacQueen, the secretary of the alliance, had a right to feel proud of himself over this deal. He wrote triumphantly in his report that



"Here it is, sir. Nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-five cents. I spent a nickel for carfare."

JAY IRVING

this was "one of the finest pieces of work that the industry ever engaged in"—"bucking a department of the United States government" and thereby securing "for dealer distribution \$50,000,000 worth of cement business."

In Wisconsin a large number of building-supply dealers formed themselves into a combination to do not only many of the things described above, but also to keep contractors from buying materials from anyone outside the state of Wisconsin. Thus they set up a complete trade wall around the state to protect their price structure just as the nation sets up a tariff wall around the country to protect the national price structure from the low-wage producing countries abroad. But meanwhile, what becomes of building?

The Federal Trade Commission keeps up an incessant warfare on these practices. But the job of pursuing them in the country as a whole requires more equipment than the commission has ever been permitted to have. They are broken up and quickly re-form under some new disguise. The combinations referred to above were attacked by the commission, some only last year. They require

an immense amount of investigation to reach. And when a case is proved all the commission can do is to issue an order to "cease and desist." Then the bad practice crops up again in some other spot, in some other form, but always designed to do the same thing, to keep prices of building materials up, to limit competition, to keep down supplies and thus load a languishing industry with high costs that strangle it.

While the building-material dealer is thus weaving cobwebs and hemp rope around the building industry the building laborer is doing the same thing.

Labor is an important part of the cost of building. Raise labor costs and you raise the cost of building. The wages of all workers in all industry have been rising for years, as they should. But at the same time the productivity of the workers has also been rising. Modern machine methods have made the output of each individual laborer very much greater. At the same time, of course, the wages of the building-craft laborer have also been going up. But the building laborer has steadfastly resisted any kind of technical improvement to increase his output. On small houses he still uses the methods and tools that were in use fifty years ago. So that what we actually have is this: While all other labor has been paid more for producing more, building labor has been paid more for producing less.

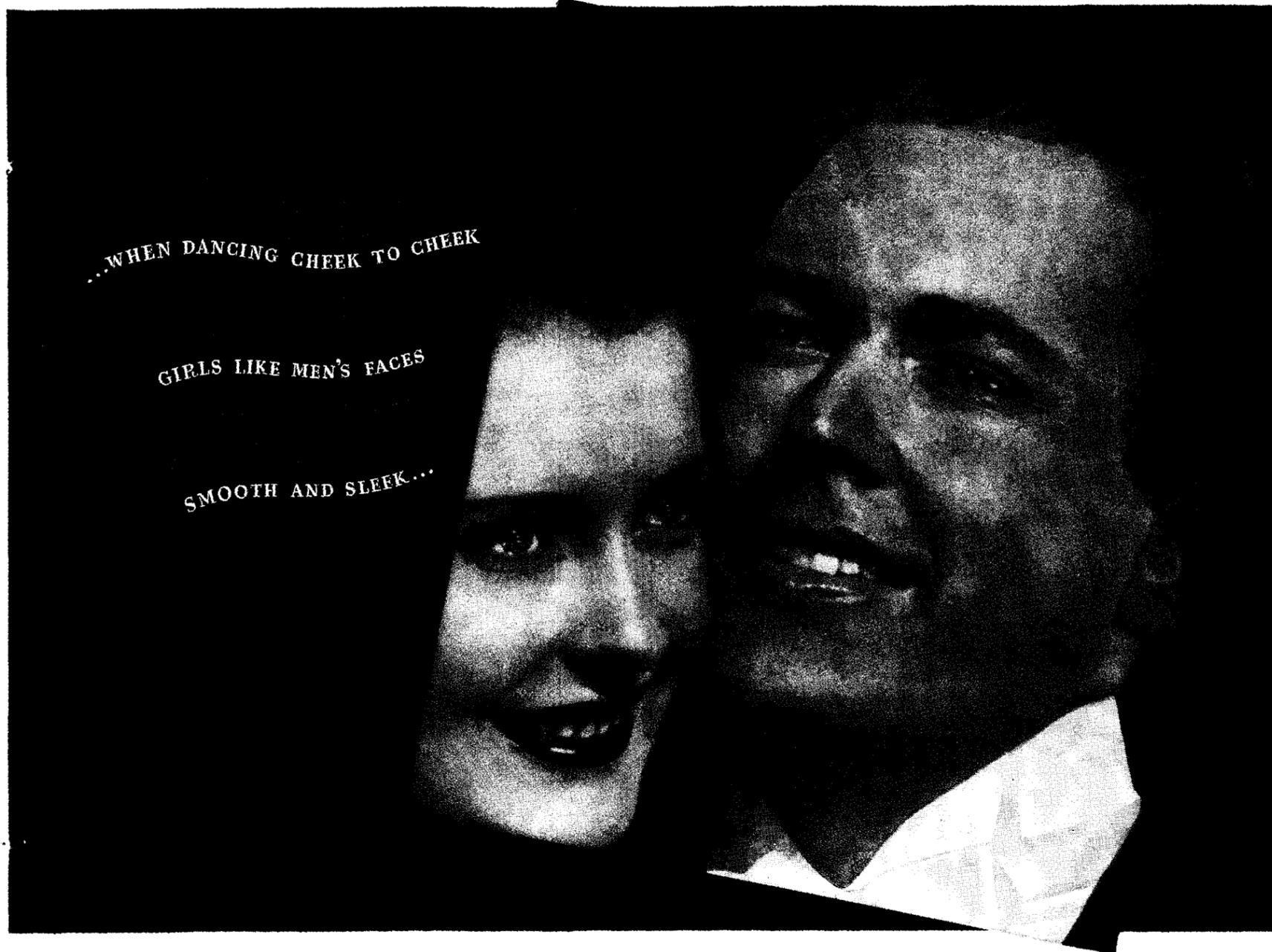
Where Modernism Isn't Wanted

This refers to hourly wages. But because of the lethargy of the building business, the laborer has been working very many fewer hours. Therefore, while he is being paid more per hour, he is earning less per year.

It is a little more serious than this, for in the building industry wages have gone up much higher than in any other industry. But all the time production has continued by the old-fashioned handicraft methods. The carpenter still saws up the lumber at the building site. The bricklayer still piles one brick on top of another patiently. The plasterer still does his work much as he did it fifty or a hundred years ago. And they keep up a persistent battle against the introduction of new methods.

Now it is easy to make the mistake of flying into a rage, as some employers do, at the high wages in the building industry. The position of the worker, however mistaken, is easily understandable. After all, while production has not increased, the prices of the things he has to buy have gone up. The standard of living has risen. Then, besides, the building industry is a seasonal one. Bad weather, cold weather, continual gaps between jobs, all have the effect of reducing greatly the number of days a building worker can earn his pay.

Suppose a worker gets \$7 a day and works 26 days a month all year. He will earn \$2,184, which is not a high year's pay for a skilled worker. But if he loses two months of work in the year, he will have to get \$8.40 a day to earn his \$2,184. If he loses four months a year he will have to get \$10.50 a day to earn \$2,184. If he loses six months' work, he will have to be paid \$14 a day during the other six months to make up \$2,184. And it is safe to say that there are mighty few building laborers who get as much as six months' work in a year. Most of them do not get four months. Therefore, the worker says to himself, he must get that \$12 or \$14 wage to enable him to live. And, to help his brothers by spreading around the work, he insists on the five-day week and the six-hour day. He cannot be accused of greediness because he does not make enough to live on. The only thing he can be accused of is shortsightedness. Because it is these high wages, along



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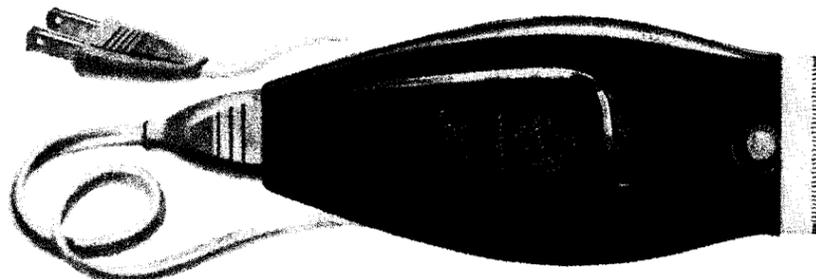
ciples. But it is the compromises they made to conceal infringement that keep their shavers so far behind the Schick in sweet and silken shaving performance.

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of blades, soaps, brushes and other paraphernalia. But your real thrill will come from those clean, smooth, nick-free shaves that end "razor-blade-skin" and kindle an approving light in your best girl's eyes.

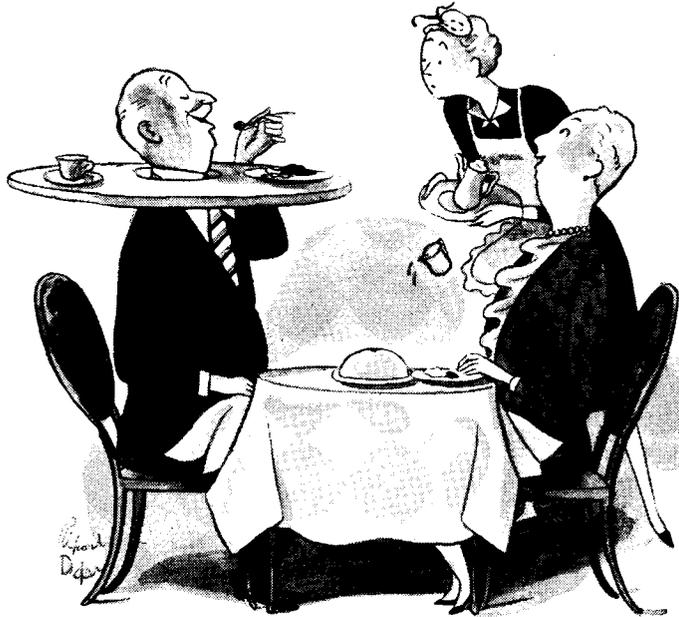
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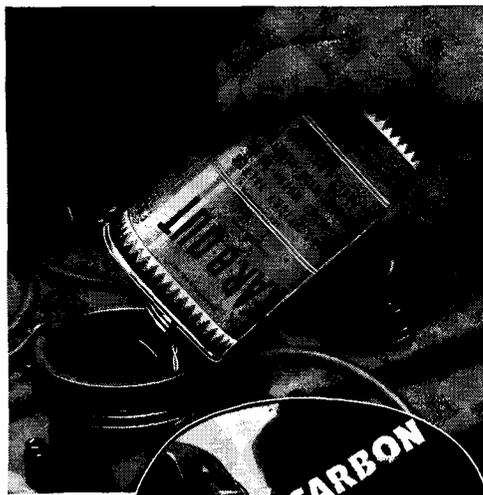
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with some of the other factors outlined here, that are killing the business that supplies him with his work. The less work, the higher he seeks to push up the wages. The higher he pushes them, the less the work. It is a vicious circle in which the industry itself is being squeezed to death.

As wages have risen, costs of building have risen, helped along by the other factors referred to here. until the building of houses or apartments or commercial structures has become unprofitable. And there is less work for the idle artisan than there was before he got his wage raise.

More Pay—Fewer Jobs

From 1923, when the building boom of the Coolidge days got well under way, to 1929, the average wage of building labor in the country rose from \$1.06 to \$1.35 an hour. On an eight-hour basis this meant a raise from \$8.48 to \$10.80 a day. But by 1928 the boom began to level off. Great numbers of building workers were thrown out of work so that by 1931 the situation was critical. Yet during those three years of 1929, 1930 and 1931, despite the panicky spread of the depression to the industry (and to all industry) and when wage cuts were being imposed and accepted everywhere and the demand for building labor was becoming extinct, the building trades forced the wage up from \$1.35 an hour to \$1.42 an hour. Wages rose from \$10.80 a day to \$11.36 a day. The fly in the ointment was that few were getting any wages at all.

Then, in 1937, the building industry began, not really to recover, but to wiggle its toes a little and show signs of life. The government was subsidizing housing and guaranteeing housing loans to put a little more life into the old girl. In the midst of that effort various crafts demanded more money. The plasterers, for instance, were getting \$12 a day for an eight-hour day. They struck for a six-hour day, still at \$12. This meant a boost of from \$1.50 to \$2 an hour—a raise of 33 per cent in a depressed market for a sick industry.

Again I warn that we must guard against being unfair to the plasterer. We have to know what was going on in his deeply troubled mind. Even at this high wage few plasterers have been making as much as \$1,000 a year. They foolishly supposed that a boost in the rate of pay would increase their earnings 33 per cent. Also, they saw great numbers of their fellow workers in idleness. Actually they made work for fewer men, because building, already so expensive, was given a serious blow.

But it is not merely this matter of wages. The building industry still lingers in the handicraft stage. Workers have stoutly resisted every effort to introduce new methods into the industry. And so in these depression years they have kept a vigilant eye for any efforts to cut corners on costs. To get back to our plasterers. The inevitable effect of the high plastering wages was that architects began to look for ways to reduce plaster in a building. They began to specify the plastering of walls, but left the ceilings to be finished in plain cement. Ceilings in large buildings have to be cemented anyway. To this the plasterers replied with a new rule which the International adopted. They decreed that in any building where the walls were plastered the ceiling must also be plastered. This was indeed a highhanded demand. Nevertheless, they struck to enforce it and tied the building industry up for four months. In the end they capitulated when they were made to see that the building industry might well get around that rule by abandoning plaster altogether, even on the walls.

And thus this struggle to squeeze out

of the building industry sustenance that is not in it goes on endlessly with the tragic result that the industry itself falls under the blows of those most concerned in keeping it alive. When you argue with them, they say, as one man in Minnesota said to me: "You would suppose we are all getting rich out of the prices we are extracting from the industry but we can show you that even at present prices and wages we cannot make a living." That is true. But maybe they could make a living if they changed their approach.

It is a fact that in the few spots where house building has been active the work has been done by building workers at wage levels well below the union rates. Since most of this work is being done with bank loans guaranteed by the Federal Housing Administration, efforts have been made in Congress to compel payment of prevailing rates of pay in these projects. But competent authorities say with emphasis that if this were done the FHA lending program would promptly fold up.

There is another aspect of this building industry that is far more serious in its implications, though perhaps, in the present languishing market, it exercises no immediately direct influence. This has to do with the work of the racketeer. One of the grave stains on the labor movement has been the history of the building trades. It must be said at once that the vast majority of union workers have nothing to do with this. Many of them refuse even to believe it. Mostly they are the victims rather than the beneficiaries of it. Also it is true that the great majority of union leaders in the building industry are hard-working, honest men trying in their own way—muddled though it be at times—to wring from the trade as much of a living for their members as possible. But in all periods when building has become active, immediately the building union racketeer appears.

A Racketeer-Ruined Trade

Back in the period following the war we had a serious pause in the building trades. Despite desperate shortages of houses, house building had ceased. Large-scale building had also run into a slump. In New York, the legislature launched what became a famous investigation of the whole industry, conducted by Samuel Untermyer, one of the greatest investigators. Untermyer promptly revealed that the three forces strangling business in New York were the depredations of Robert Brindell, leader of the Building Trades Labor Council, the price agreements of the material men and the various devices of subcontractors to do away with competitive bidding and hold contract prices up. Brindell was sent to Sing Sing for his extortions practiced against contractors and owners. Several of the materials men were sent to jail. The various combinations were broken up. And there flowered up immediately that amazing boom in building, which was the most important single element in the prosperity of the 'twenties.

Untermyer broke up these combines, but before the building boom had climbed to its top other labor leaders had succeeded to Brindell's powers and practices. One of his successors, Brandell, was also sent to jail. Then later another, Mr. Paddy Commerford, went to jail charged with violations of the income-tax laws. But Commerford's real offense was not that. He was indicted and charged with calling strikes to drive business into the hands of favored materials men. Finally his own members turned against him and charged him with using the funds of the powerful hoisting engineers' union for his own purposes and those of his colleagues. A

court expelled him from the union and later he was convicted under the favorite income-tax charge, which is the final resort of prosecuting authorities. This was only a few years ago, in the very midst of the building depression.

Of course, this does not occur in all cities. It is found most frequently in the big ones. Chicago and New York, two of the greatest building centers, have been most plagued by these types of leaders. In New York at this moment there are several gentlemen who seem to be excellent candidates to step into the shoes of Messrs. Brindell, Brindell and Commerford as soon as the building industry looks up a bit. And builders and contractors know that.

In many places and in many trades—though not everywhere—the subcontractors are united under codes, some of them holding over from the old NRA days. The object of some of these groups is to control the prices of jobs. Subcontractors are supposed to bid on jobs offered to them, the work going to the lowest bidder. But in such groups the subcontractors send their bids, not to the contractor, but to the office of the code authority or the "club." There the proper officials decide who should get the job, then the bids are fixed up to make that person the lowest bidder and proper price is assured him.

Anything to Boost Costs

There are collusive agreements found between subcontractors, labor leaders and materials men that in certain instances make great additions to the cost of building. For instance, in New York secondhand brick is the subject of an enormous industry. The wrecking contractors take down buildings. They sell the brick to the brick dealers. The brick has to be loaded on trucks by members of the wreckers' union and has to be transported by those trucks, which must be piloted by members of the truckmen's union. A year or two ago a series of agreements between the wreckers, the truckmen and the brick dealers resulted in a raise of 25 or 30 per cent in the cost of secondhand brick.

This story could be lengthened out endlessly. All these conditions are not found, of course, everywhere. But all of them are found in many cities and some of them everywhere.

The manufacturer plans production with infinite care, organizes all the processes and series to eliminate every waste, to bring down the cost of materials, to get them in the most direct and

quickest way, many enterprises even producing their own raw materials, routing the materials of final production with the smallest waste of time and energy, introducing every conceivable machine device to increase production at lower cost, saving at every point. Meanwhile, the builder is compelled to produce his product—his building—by the most primitive methods, while everyone whose skill and energy he must command is organized to increase costs and slow up the job.

Of course, one method of handling this would be to precipitate a great national investigation. That will come one of these days if the industry itself doesn't clean house. But that would take several years and meantime building must be got under way.

It may be that the leaders in the building industry and the related industries should come together and face the gravity of this situation.

There are a group of men—powerful leaders of powerful groups—who alone can do anything about the deplorable condition pictured in this article.

They may have felt, in the past, that the methods and practices that have grown up in the industry were essential to its health. Its failure now to reveal any signs of vigorous life ought to make them feel that, perhaps, changes are needed in those practices.

The situation presented is no longer one affecting the building industry. It affects the life of the whole nation. There can be no revival of sound business in the consumer industries until long-term private investment revives. There can be no revival of long-term private investment until the construction industry revives. There can be no revival of the construction industry until costs of construction are brought down to a point where building operations are profitable to the investor. There can be no such reduction in production costs until every craft group that engages in building is ready to make its contribution toward reducing costs. These groups include the architect, the contractor, the subcontractor, the manufacturer of materials, the building-materials dealers, the laborers and the financiers.

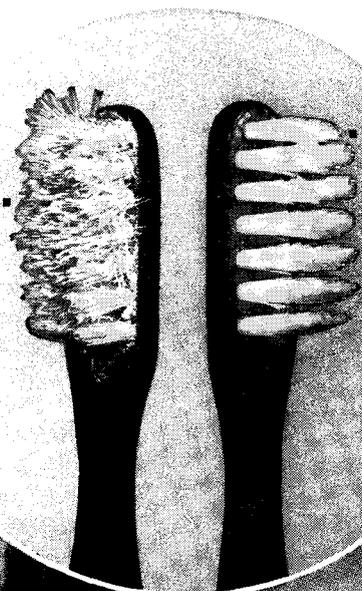
A handful of men among them exercise a powerful influence over the minds and policies of these groups. These men should come together at once and take the initiative in provoking a national conference that will undertake to deal with these problems, to free the building industry from its chains.

6 BRUSHES WORE OUT...

One after the other, six brushes, of fine quality bristles, were worn out by our laboratory Wear Machine in a test to determine the normal life of a good grade brush.

...WHILE NEW TEK KEPT ITS SPRING

Here's the new Tek after the Wear Machine Test in which it outlasted the six other brushes. Unretouched photographs.



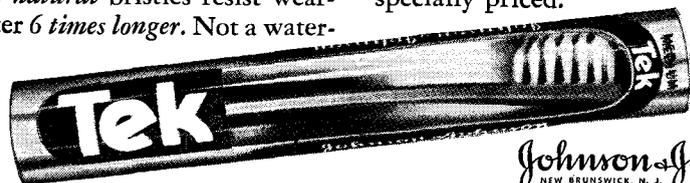
Tek
Now stands up 6 times longer

●Flood it with water... scrub your teeth twice a day—this new Tek, with amazing bristles, keeps its spring and cleaning power *more than 6 times longer than before!* And for years, for thousands of people, Tek has always been "the best brush I ever used."

Today, by an exclusive Tek process, genuine *natural* bristles resist wear-and-water *6 times longer*. Not a water-

proof coating that will wear off. But a permanent improvement.

And Tek's small, scientific shape cleans easily *both sides* of your dental arch, massages gums. In a new silver-and-blue carton: Tek 50¢, Tek Jr. 25¢, Tek Professional 50¢. *Double Tek* (one brush for morning, one for night) specially priced.

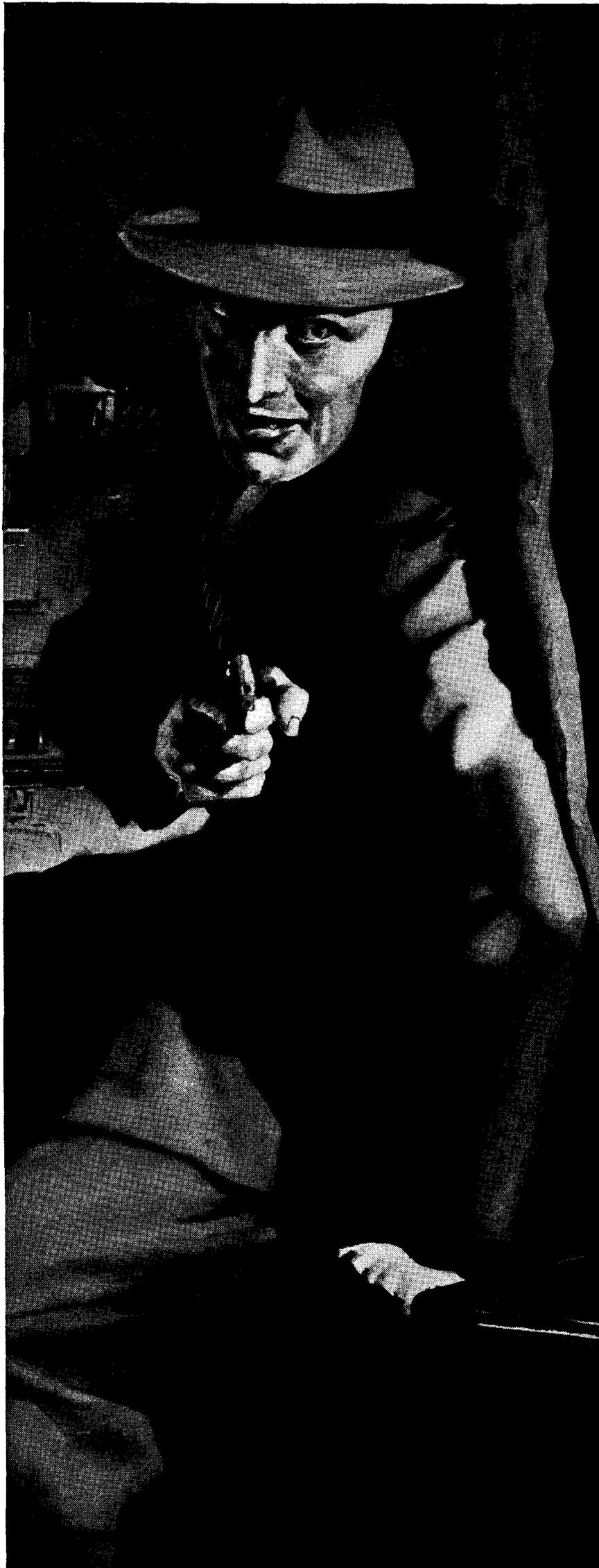


Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.



"Yes, our trees are awfully thin but we hope they're big and sturdy when you come again!"

IRV BREGER



"Send them away!" he rasped. "I will wait on the balcony. Send them away or I'll shoot and take my chances!"

Midnight Visit

By Robert Arthur

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

AUSABLE did not fit any description of a secret agent Fowler had ever read. Following him down the musty corridor of the gloomy French hotel where Ausable had a room, Fowler felt let down. It was a small room, on the sixth and top floor, and scarcely a setting for a figure of romantic adventure. But Ausable, in his wrinkled business suit badly in need of cleaning, could hardly be called a romantic figure.

He was, for one thing, fat. Very fat. And then there was his accent. Though he spoke French and German passably, he had never altogether lost the New England twang he had brought to Paris from Boston twenty years before.

"You are disappointed," Ausable said wheezily over his shoulder. "You were told that I was a secret agent, a spy, dealing in espionage and danger. You wished to meet me because you are a writer, young and romantic. You visioned mysterious figures in the night, the crack of pistols, drugs in the wine.

"Instead, you have spent a dull evening in a French music hall with a sloppy fat man who, instead of having messages slipped into his hand by dark-eyed beauties, gets only a prosaic telephone call making an appointment in his room. You have been bored!"

The fat man chuckled to himself as he unlocked the door of his room and stood aside to let his discomfited guest enter.

"You are disillusioned," Ausable told him. "But take cheer, my young friend. Presently you will see a paper, a quite important paper for which several men have risked their lives, come to me in the next-to-the-last step of its journey into official hands. Someday soon that paper may well affect the course of history. In that thought there is drama, is there not?"

As he spoke, Ausable closed the door behind him. Then he switched on the light.

And as the light came on, Fowler had his first authentic thrill of the day. For halfway across the room, a small automatic in his hand, stood a man.

Ausable blinked a few times.

"Max," he wheezed, "you gave me a start. I thought you were in Berlin. What are you doing here in my room?"

"MAX" was slender, a little less than tall, with features that suggested slightly the crafty pointed countenance of a fox. There was about him—aside from the gun—nothing especially menacing.

"The report," he murmured. "The report that is being brought you tonight on Germany's air strength. I thought it would be safer in my hands than in yours."

Ausable moved to an armchair and sat down heavily.

"I'm going to raise hell with the management this time, and you can bet on it," he said grimly. "The second time in a month somebody has gotten into my room off that confounded balcony!"

Fowler's eyes went to the single window of the room. It was an ordinary window, against which now the night was pressing blackly.

"Balcony?" Max said, with a rising inflection. "No, a passkey. I did not know about the balcony. It might have saved me some trouble."

"It's not my damned balcony," Ausable said with extreme irritation. "It belongs to the next apartment."

He glanced explanatorily at Fowler. "You see," he said, "this room used to be part of a large unit, and the next room—through that door there—used to be the living room. It had the balcony, which extends under my window now.

"You can get onto it from the empty room two doors down—and somebody did, last month. The management promised me to block it off. But they haven't."

Max glanced at Fowler, who was standing stiffly a few feet from Ausable, and waved the gun with a little peremptory gesture.

"Please sit down," he suggested. "We have a wait of half an hour at least, I think."

"Thirty-one minutes," Ausable said moodily. "The appointment was for twelve-thirty. I wish I knew how you learned about that report, Max."

The other smiled without mirth. "And we wish we knew how it was gotten out of Germany," he replied. "However, no harm has been done. I will have it back—What is that?"

UNCONSCIOUSLY Fowler, who was still standing, had jumped at the sudden rapping on the door. Ausable yawned.

"The gendarmes," he said. "I thought that so important a paper as the one we are waiting for might well be given a little extra protection tonight."

Max bit his lip in uncertainty. The rapping was repeated.

"What will you do now, Max?" Ausable asked. "If I do not answer, they will enter anyway. The door is unlocked. And they will not hesitate to shoot."

The man's face was black as he backed swiftly toward the window; with his hand behind him he flung it up to its full height, and swung a leg over the sill.

"Send them away!" he rasped. "I will wait on the balcony. Send them away or I'll shoot and take my chances!"

The rapping on the door came louder. And a voice was raised.

"M'sieu! M'sieu Ausable!"

Keeping his body twisted so that his gun still covered the fat man and his guest, the man at the window grasped the frame with his free hand to support himself as he rested his weight on one thigh, then swung his other leg up and over the sill.

The doorknob turned. Swiftly Max pushed with his left hand to free himself from the sill and drop to the balcony outside. And then, as he dropped, he screamed once, shrilly.

The door opened and a waiter stood there with a tray, a bottle and two glasses.

"M'sieu, the cognac ou ordered for when you returned," he said, and set the tray upon the table, dftly uncorked the bottle, and retired.

White-faced, Fowler stared after him.

"But—" he stammered, "the police—"

"There were no police," Ausable sighed. "Only Henri, whom I was expecting."

"But won't that man—" Fowler began.

"No," Ausable said, "he won't return. There is no balcony."