

HAVEN'T you ever met Kitty? I'll write and tell her you're coming and to look for you." Jean Billings recalled these words precisely as she folded the two telegrams she had just received, lit a cigarette and sank onto the couch until she could regain her equilibrium.

She was responsible for it—dear Lord, she herself! And her reason—she re-read the telegrams—her reason for asking Sam Troy to look her daughter up when he went to the Cape was anxiety lest Kitty should be contemplating something like this.

She had begun to worry over Kitty's letters. In the child's wake was always a confusion of boys, about whom she wrote nonchalantly; but this summer her writing had taken on a serious tone. Jean couldn't remember the man's name, and it didn't matter now anyhow. But she had been worried enough to appeal to Sam when he said that he was going to spend his vacation sword-fishing around the Cape.

She herself had to stay in New York painting portraits for a face-cream campaign; Sam was one of the executives at the agency handling the account, so she felt no hesitancy about asking the favor. "You're perspicacious," she told him without flattery. "Maybe you can find out what's what. She's in Provincetown studying drama and doing walk-ons in stock." He promised to take time off from his fishing to look into it. Sam was a man with grave blue eyes which gazed at her from considerable height.

It was only a week ago that he had left. And now this.

Two telegrams, one from Kitty announcing that she had eloped. The other an apologetic one from Sam—as apologetic as a man could be, considering that he was on his honeymoon and apparently quite pleased with it.

How it had happened she could only guess. She supposed you never could tell what a man would do when he was on his vacation and relaxed. As for Kitty, Sam must have looked picturesque harpooning swordfish.

The day they were due back Jean went to the steamship dock to meet them. She had somewhat recovered by now, recalling that she herself approved of Sam.

He was smiling, not at all abashed. Kitty was dashing around, shaking her black curls, and enjoying herself so outrageously that Jean, when she got her alone, felt it her duty to remark: "Darling, marriage has its serious aspects too. A great many adjustments—"

Kit's large dark eyes became dreamy. "Oh, we're sure of each other."

"Well, the honeymoon is over."

"Our honeymoon is going to last forever."

So there was nothing to do, Jean concluded, but let Kitty work it out. And she finished the face-cream paintings and went to Mexico for the winter.

SAM TROY had few doubts about anything he did. Having been a bachelor for thirty years, marrying Kit a few days after he met her was probably the most impetuous act of his life, but that was not to say that he had any misgivings. He bought a house in Ridgevale, in the Jersey suburbs, where he could have a cellar workshop and room enough to raise bird dogs some day. And transplanting the trophies of rod and gun that had decorated his bachelor apartment, he settled down in perfect contentment.

Oh, he and Kit had a few squalls over trivial things. She objected, for instance, to his swordfish being hung over the fireplace.

"Why, it just fills that wall space," he pointed out reasonably.

"It—it's just too much fish."

But the idea of having it mounted was

Hiawatha's Bride

By Duncan Norton-Taylor

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

Disillusionment of an impetuous young woman who discovered the truth about married bliss—and learned to like it but with considerable difficulty

13



"Why, it just fills that wall space," he pointed out reasonably. "It—it's just too much fish," she protested

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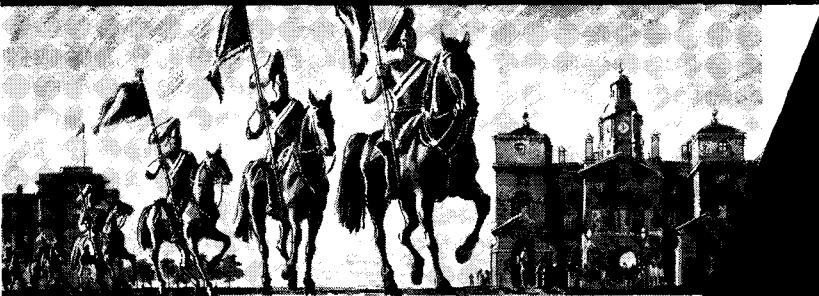
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that it was large. It was a record catch off Block Island! Kit, however, had got herself worked up. "I loathe it," she cried, and her chin began to shake.

A few quarrels like that. He handled them tactfully, recognizing that Kit's was the kind of temper that flew off unexpectedly but was of little consequence.

That fall he shot ducks, woodcock, pheasants, a few partridge and a deer, which absorbed his week ends. He was going to spend his winter evenings making a greenheart casting rod, tying trout flies, carving duck decoys. And before he knew it he was smelling the damp, fresh earth, got his waders out to see if there were any leaks, and soon was whipping the roiling streams for trout.

One morning late in the spring, puzzled, incredulous, he sat in his office and stared at a document that he had received with his mail. It was an anonymous typewritten note that inquired, "What kind of rehearsing do you think keeps your wife out?"—which he would have torn up angrily but for the second line: "Take a look-in at Jimmie Flynn's tonight."

If he didn't believe the insinuation he could go see for himself. What the devil could it mean—who could have written it?

The first line presumably referred to Kit's activities with the Ridgevale Players, an amateur group that she had joined several months back. His mouth fell open. She had said she wouldn't be home for dinner tonight. "We're rehearsing, we'll have sandwiches at the club. Hatty will get your dinner for you." He had kissed her and rushed off to catch the morning train, and had only at this moment recalled it.

He must concentrate on some copy for an airplane account—new account and vital. But the poison ate into his thoughts, gnawed all day, leaving him no peace. Now that he considered it, since Kit had joined the Ridgevale Players she had been out frequently and until late. If she actually had been cheating—damn these incredible thoughts—with whom was it? Invariably this Milton Brenner called for her and brought her home. Was it he? Sam had hardly exchanged a dozen words with him. His only reaction to him had been one of slight amusement; the kid apparently took himself so seriously. He was going on the stage, Kit said. Brenner . . .

He stood at the window scowling down at mid-town Manhattan, deep in his wretched thoughts.

A conference kept him late at the office. Afterward he telephoned Hatty and told her to go home, ate at a restaurant, without any appetite, and took the subway downtown. There was only one Jimmie Flynn's—in Greenwich Village.

ONCE a speak-easy, Flynn's had a floor show, hostesses in white satin and a band, but none of this interested Sam, who stood at the bar holding a Scotch and soda that shook convulsively in his large, usually steady hand.

All he could see was the top of her dinky little hat and the dark halo of her curls, because she was half hidden by her companion. Brenner, that's who it was. He recognized the pale, intent profile, the head of wavy hair.

Sam dreaded scenes in public places, and, oddly, he dreaded facing Kit, surprising her. He suddenly lowered his head. They were standing up; they were leaving.

This suited him better because he could confront them on the dark street. He would give Brenner just time enough to get his hat, then he would overtake them outside. Kit was looking up at Brenner and laughing as they vanished through the door at the other end of the bar.

When he got to the small lobby a party was coming in, two hilarious couples who blocked him in the narrow entrance. He shouldered his way through in time to see that the cab that must have brought them had picked up Kit and Brenner and was speeding down the street. Frantically he looked around. No other cab in sight. He ran half the length of the block, stopped, gasping for breath, as they turned into Sheridan Square, weaving and disappearing into the traffic.

Some hours later he let himself into the house in Ridgevale, hung up his hat, and struck his fist so violently against the back of a chair that it hurt. Massaging it, he paced around the living room.

It was the kind of room to warm a man's heart. From the swordfish to the pheasant on top of the gun cabinet in the corner, to the sporting prints, the large painting of mallard over a marsh, the framed lithograph of a pointer decorating the walls. But tonight he was oblivious to all of it. He could only see a taxi disappearing in Greenwich Village.

He sat down and tried to think about the airplane account. Keep his mind on it until she got home. Needed something dramatic in the copy—such as "this winged world." He swore, got up and stalked down to the cellar and felt the fresh varnish on the greenheart casting rod. He couldn't stand this—he'd go outside and walk up and down the street.

AT a small and raucous place on Fifty-second Street Kitty kneaded her fingers and gazed unseeing at the man at the piano who was accompanying himself in The Bells of St. Mary's. For an instant in Flynn's, when she had seen Sam standing at the bar, she had been panic-stricken. And although this was exactly as she had planned it from the moment she had typed the anonymous note to her husband on his own portable typewriter, she had had a wave of remorse. But she was in it, up to her ears. She wouldn't back out. Sink or swim.

The tenor was swinging The Bells, and Milton lit a cigarette. Kit put her chin out. She reminded herself grimly how she had tried to decorate and furnish their house in a modern manner. She reminded herself how his swordfish, stuffed fowl, sporting prints, fishing tackle and shotguns spoiled every effect. And these were his interests. His wife—oh, something dimly discerned in the background. She was thinking of week ends he had spent duckhunting, wading brooks, stalking birds, according to the seasons.

Once she had told him she thought she must have married Hiawatha, and he had taken it as a compliment.

She was suddenly aware of Milton clutching her hand. "It's so senseless," he was saying huskily.

"What?"

"Our going on in this—this frustrated way when you know how deeply I care for you."

It was the fourth or fifth place they had been in since Flynn's. Kitty had kept moving to discourage this sort of conversation, and now she drew her coat around her shoulders and gazed through him. "It's time to go home."

"Oh, gosh—home!"

The voice of the tenor followed them out to the street. Milton, who had been too absorbed in her to see Sam back in Flynn's, had now assumed an air of sardonic silence. She didn't care. She was thinking of the crisis she would presently be facing at home.

They had driven in from Ridgevale in his roadster, using taxis around the city; the car was in a parking lot. . . .

The scene, which she would dominate, was already outlined in her mind. She

would listen to Sam's accusations haughtily, and then inquire: "Would you like to know what has driven me to it?" Then she would tell him. How he was so wrapped up in his hobbies and his job. How she resented the attitude that she was a slightly unreasonable woman whom he must treat with tolerance. That was what had stymied her.

Milton's roadster was thundering along toward Ridgevale. When Milton was not talking he practically festooned himself in silence.

She felt only a twinge of shame over the way she had used Milton. She suspected that Milton was invulnerable, considered himself a philanderer, and even believed that he had thought up this clandestine evening himself. Well, he had a lot to learn about women.

If she had not been so preoccupied she would have realized that Milton had not once broken his silence. . . .

THEY were on her street, pulling into the curb.

At the instant they stopped she discerned the outline of Sam's figure beside the shrubbery.

"Good night," she said hurriedly, and opened the door.

But Milton caught her arm. She tried to pull free, tried to quell him with her look.

"Why don't we tell him tonight?" he demanded in a firm voice.

"What on earth—?" she whispered.

"That we love each other."

Kitty was frozen, stricken dumb.

She was aware of Sam stepping out of the hedge's shadows. "Oh—hello!" she stammered.

But he brushed past her, jumped on the running board and started pulling Milton out of the roadster, until she clutched the back of his coat and cried, "Sam—let him go!"

"Do you want to wake the whole street?" he said between his teeth.

"I'll start screaming," she threatened. "Sam—I want to talk to you."

"I want to talk to you—and Brenner. All right, we'll go inside."

"I can walk, I don't have to be carried," said Milton.

On the porch he took off his hat, straightened the brim, and put it on again, seeming to regain some dignity. Sam was holding the door open, waiting for her. With as much hauteur as she could muster, she swept in, but without stopping kept right on up the staircase, until Sam shouted, "Where are you going?"

She turned, one hand resting on her

hip and her shoulder lifted: "I refuse to be cross-examined."

Sam's flushed and baffled face and Milton's pale one comprised the vision that she carried with her to the second-floor hallway, where she paused, out of sight. Maybe she should have stayed. Maybe she should rush down and tell Sam that it was all idiotic. But she couldn't go back now with any dignity.

Off their bedroom was a sun deck. She ran out and leaned over the railing, and as the voices of Milton and her husband floated up to her through the open windows of the living room, listened.

Wrathfully, Sam looked at Brenner. "I want to know what you meant outside."

"You—you wouldn't understand," Brenner managed, lighting a cigarette. "Wouldn't I? Well, damn it—"

Brenner was regaining his composure. "You wouldn't understand a devotion to an artistic ideal which—which lifts two people above the ordinary—" He ran his hand over his hair, a gesture to show the futility of trying to explain it.

"Ordinary rules of conduct."

"Can we help it if we have come to care for each other, impelled by something so deep—our art, our mutual aspirations?" Brenner waved his hand impatiently. "Oh, I don't expect you to appreciate it." His upper lip curled. "Ours and your interests are different."

"Hmph!" Sam grunted. He took his fists out of his pockets and said, "So that gives you the license to take my wife to dinner. That's right, I saw you—I went there—because someone apparently knows all about this and tipped me off to it." Brenner's eyebrows lifted. "I would have followed you but there wasn't a cab. So I came home and waited, and then heard you tell my wife—now, young fellow—"

SAM stopped. He slowly unclenched his hands, jerked out a handkerchief and wiped his face. He scowled at Brenner, for the first time really seeing him, not merely measuring him for execution. Brenner was smirking.

Sam folded the handkerchief back into his pocket with elaborate care. Was he making a fool of himself? The kid was enjoying this.

He began to see an attitudinizing young man with a craving for dramatics. Kit still puzzled him. Her manner was somewhat that of a child who gets into mischief to attract attention. But his immediate concern was Brenner. What should he do about him?

He would dispose of him quietly;

Aunt Jemima's own Legend of her Secret Recipe



Folks comes from miles aroun' to taste my **DEE-LICIOUS** pancakes...JES' LIKE DEY DID WHEN I FIRST DISCOVERED MY **SECRET RECIPE!**



Cunnel Higby—bless him—always was a mighty partic'lar eater! An' I decided I'd happily his appetite like never befo', wif some pancakes dat would beat all for 'licious flavor!



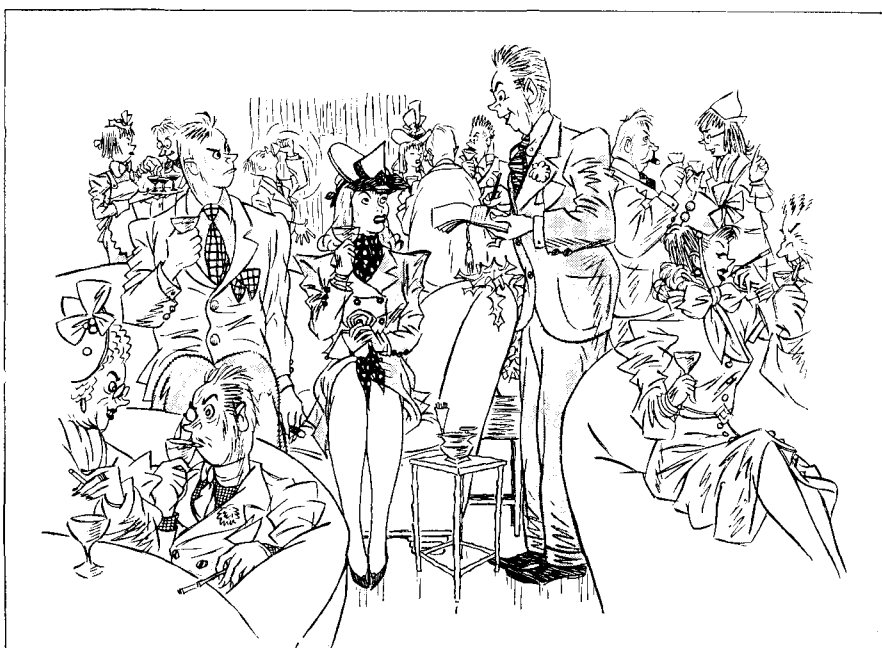
'Twas evenin' when I started fussin' aroun'. De sun was goin' down, paintin' de clouds red, an' de mockin' birds was singin', an' I could smell de honeysuckle through de window!



I tried all sorts! Finally I mixed four different flours wif other specially good things to eat an' some tricks o' my own, an' I say: "Dat's got it!" An' sho' nuff, it did!



Nex' mornin', I gives Cunnel Higby de pancakes, an' when he taste 'em he is plumb tickled. I never seen a man so delighted! He smack his lips, an' he say: "Aunt Jemima, you is a genius!"



"Miss Spink, may I have the pleasure of the fifth cocktail with you?"

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

NO WONDER FOLKS GO WILD ABOUT THESE PANCAKES!

AUNT JEMIMA'S ARE MY FAVORITE BREAKFAST!

WE'LL HAVE THEM MORE OFTEN! WITH AUNT JEMIMA'S SECRET RECIPE, READY-MIXED, IT ONLY TAKES A JIFFY!

Easy as 1-2-3 to fix! Simply add 1 cup Aunt Jemima's Ready-Mix to 1 cup of water or milk, and frisk on the griddle. Costs less than ordinary cook-book recipes. Enjoy Aunt Jemima's Pancakes and Aunt Jemima's Buckwheats for breakfast, lunch or supper. Waffles, too.

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IN THE RED BOX

WAFFLES TOO!

An' enjoy my ol' fashion' buckwheats, too!

GET BOFE PACKAGES FROM YO' GROCERMAN 'AN SERVE TURNABOUT

AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX BUCKWHEAT CORN & WHEAT FLOUR

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though he wasn't an actor himself, Sam played poker.

"Have you a job?" he asked presently.

Brenner looked uneasy. "May I ask—"

"I imagine my wife wants an immediate divorce," Sam said, noting the slightly astonished look that met this announcement. "A Reno divorce, traveling expenses, fees, establishing residence would cost upward of a thousand dollars. I won't contest it, neither will I put up the cash for it. That will be up to her—and you. She has a small personal bank account, if she hasn't drawn on it recently."

BRENNER, who had pressed his fingers to his forehead and was peering through them, suddenly lighted another cigarette. Sam shot him a glance and walked to his desk. He was beginning to enjoy himself. This was something out of a book or play—the whole thing was theatrical—but he might as well fight fire with fire. He picked up a sheaf of papers. Being an orderly person who paid his bills on the fifteenth of every month, he had them clipped together ready for the occasion. He held them in front of him.

"This is a personal matter; I trust you to respect my confidence, but these are debts contracted by my wife during the past month." He turned them over. "Milliner, \$16.30; Symonds & Company, for dresses, \$59.89; an item of \$160 for a winter coat; beauty parlor—low this month—\$13; garage—I use the car myself about once a week—gas and oil only, \$21.40; bridge prizes, \$5; caterer—"

The ash had fallen off Brenner's cigarette into his lap.

"Caterer, for a luncheon bridge, \$28—oh, well, there's the picture. A little extravagant, but it's what she's used to." And Sam tossed the bills back on the desk.

Brenner had risen and was pacing the floor. "Oh!" he groaned. "How despicable! What a despicable role I've been playing. I'm despicable!"

Sam shrugged. "Heel" was the word that came to mind. "I thought you ought to know what you'd be getting into—"

"Oh, these rotten little bills! It's the realization of how I've trespassed on another man's happiness, allowing myself to care for another man's wife. I should have gone away, anything, when the madness first came over me. I had better go—forever."

Jean told Sam later that she thought the last line was from A Doll's House. The most dramatic reply Sam was able to make was: "Yeah, you better."

He watched, fascinated, as Brenner, with a bitter expression on his young face, marched to the front door, opened it and walked out. Sam took a deep breath and went upstairs.

Their bedroom was dark. He turned the light on and saw only the top of her head on her pillow. "Kit," he said. Her face was hidden, she did not move, and he said, "Kitty."

He knew very well she wasn't asleep. He shook her shoulder and a hand darted out, clutching the covers and holding them tighter around her neck. Her head burrowed farther into the pillow.

All right, she didn't want to talk. He unbuttoned his shirt thoughtfully.

JEAN was interrupted at her breakfast by her daughter storming into the studio in the middle of the morning and announcing, "I can only stay an instant, because I've got a lot to do. Well, Sam is going to divorce me."

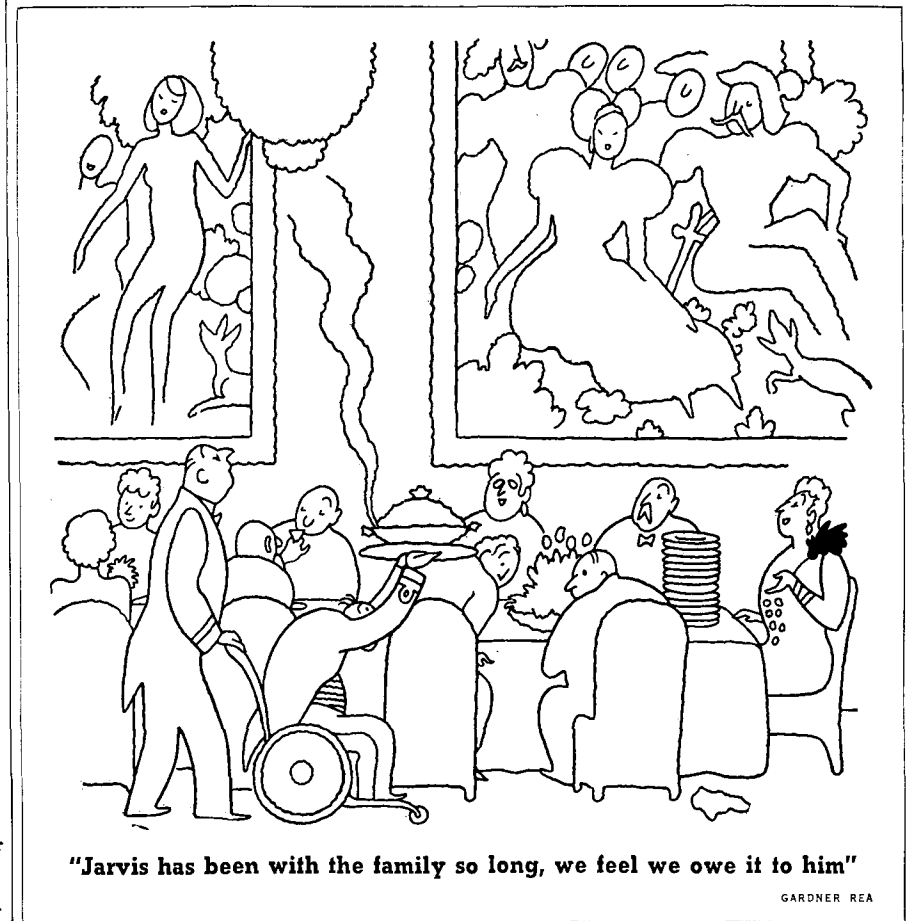
Then she poured out the whole story. Sam had left for the office when she waked up this morning. She had taken the next train into the city. Jean gazed at her ruefully. To give her credit, though she tried to justify it, Kit admitted all her duplicity.

"Why didn't you have it out last night?" Jean demanded.

"I was in bed with all my clothes on. I wasn't in a strategic position."

"No. But I don't think Sam is going to divorce you. He doesn't discuss his serious ideas so casually."

"Well, I'm furious. I didn't spend a penny last month on clothes. I never gave a luncheon bridge and I wouldn't have had a caterer. My Persian lamb is as good as new; I'm not even thinking about a winter coat. Sam uses the car as much as I do. Those bills he must have been waving in front of Milton



were the electric, gas, telephone . . . He's rotten!"

"Baby, the poor man was only scaring Brenner. He had to make up something, and I think he was quite clever, considering that he's so much in love with you that he doesn't see your real faults."

Kitty was pulling on her coat. "Clever!" she sniffed. "I've got a lot to do. I'm going."

"For instance," Jean persisted grimly, "speaking of your shortcomings—your emotions are immature. You're a coquette, with the creature's willfulness. You can't take it. Last night you couldn't take it. You're stupid enough to play games—writing anonymous letters and such—with what your husband. I know, considers a solemn matter: his marriage."

"You haven't any patience. You're a mixture of sentimentality, selfishness and vanity—for which I am partly to blame because I spoiled you—" Jean broke off to peer quizzically at her daughter, whom she loved.

"Isn't a woman's interest being noticed, being thought about, being loved?" Kitty was demanding.

"Her principal interest ought to be her husband."

"And you just hope your love will be reciprocated but you can't be sure. Your reward will be in heaven."

"Oh, you get a reward before that. A contented and devoted, if preoccupied, husband is actually a treasure. As for love, dear, you will learn that husbands may have a quiet, almost stealthy way of showing it, but it is love. I don't say there isn't some justice to your grievances, but remember that Sam will sooner or later find out he didn't marry an angel, then it might be as well to have something up your sleeve for a compromise."

"Did Pop ever hunt and fish, did he think he was Hiawatha?"

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," Jean said. "Your father played golf. You're lucky."

But Kitty had gone.

SHE was tapping her foot at the slowness of the elevator. She had a great deal to do. Her mind was like a ledger upon which were written carefully remembered figures.

Sixteen dollars and thirty cents for hats. . . . She took the subway downtown and walked over to Fifth Avenue.

Sam, the clever man, ought to see her a few minutes later surrounded by hats and disgorged hat boxes. She picked out three, at a little under the figure but she would make it up on dresses. "Charged and sent," she ordered. "Mrs. Sam Troy. . . ." A saleslady in the dress department flew up to her. "Let me see some afternoon dresses first," she commanded, and in less than an hour, for a little over sixty dollars, she had a lovely number for afternoon and a dreamy chiffon creation for evening. "Charged and sent," she instructed.

She needed a new coat about as much as a cat needs two tails, but an advertisement in the morning papers of a sale at Dunn & Dunn's, up the avenue, had given her an inspired thought. She hurried along the street, now a little breathless. One hundred sixty dollars! Sam had set the figure, hadn't he? Dunn & Dunn—she entered, and into the dignified and expectant silence said, "I'd like to see your silver-fox evening jackets. . . ."

The lady stood off to get the effect, like an artist, rapturously patting the shoulders of the beautiful little jacket while Kitty pirouetted.

"You could not have anything so wonderful for twice it—only \$179.95, ma'mselle. Madame, pardon. Your husband see it and say, 'A merveille, that is swell!' Madame is just the slender, per-

fec' figure for it. With the dark hair the complexion so delicate, the man-ner . . . You are so lucky to have a husband who will buy it for you, n'est-ce pas?"

Qu'est-ce? Pourquoi? Why does madame fling the jacket off, give her such a look, snatch up her purse—*miséricorde*—and rush out? Out of the surprised hush of Dunn & Dunn.

Madame was out on the sidewalk, bumping into people unseeingly.

Yes, he'd buy it. That was it. He would pay every single bill without a murmur. He always had. He was that kind of man.

A TRAFFIC policeman was waving his arms and shouting at her. She backed up onto the curb while the traffic hurtled past. What was it Mom had said about her? She had hardly listened, but now she was remembering and it all must be true. She was a spoiled, contrary, horrible character. She stood there, wretched, with no self-pity, only self-condemnation.

Until she was galvanized into action. The lights had changed. She ran across the street. She would send all the stuff back—maybe keep the evening dress—no, everything. There was a cigar store on the corner. Sam had gone off without waking her this morning. She wanted a telephone; she had to tell him how horrible she was, and how much she loved him.

"Mr. Troy is not in just now," said his secretary.

"This is Mrs. Troy—"

"Oh, Mrs. Troy, he tried to phone you. He's gone home."

Home! She hung up before she thought to ask if Sam was sick, if there was any trouble. She was already outside waving to a taxi.

Hatty opened the front door for her without any alarm in her black face. "Mr. Troy's in de cellar."

He was doing something at his workbench, and a little astonished as she rushed at him, took her in his arms and held her while she gasped. "About last night—forgive me—Sam, forgive me!"

"Oh, we'll forget all that business," he promised.

He didn't want any explanation. We'll forget it. It was more than she deserved. She gulped, and nodded. He apparently had been oiling fishing reels and sorting flies, which were strewn around his workbench. "I tried to call you from the office," he told her.

"Are you all right?"

"Sure, I'm all right." Then he said solemnly, "We've made a mistake in letting our interests grow apart—don't you think so? Somewhat my fault—haven't included you in—in my interests. Started thinking about it last night. Figured we better take a sort of second honeymoon. I went to the boss this morning. The airplane account is all set to go—Fred can handle the details. I said I wanted a vacation now. Okay—" He stopped, looked at her in dismay. "The play—your part in the play—"

"I can get out of it, Sam," she cried. "It isn't so important. They can get someone else; they'll have to."

"Okay," he shouted. "We're off tomorrow—you and I—to Maine, to kill some salmon!"

Jean paid them a week-end visit after they got back. The first thing she noticed was the absence of the swordfish from the wall in the living room. She could hardly fail to notice it, for it had been a rather dominant note in the decorations. A salmon, which replaced it, looked much neater. She was examining this trophy when Kit strode in, jerked her thumb and said proudly, "How do you like that beauty? I killed it."

"Do you mean caught it?"

"Killed it," said Kit with the superior air of the initiated.



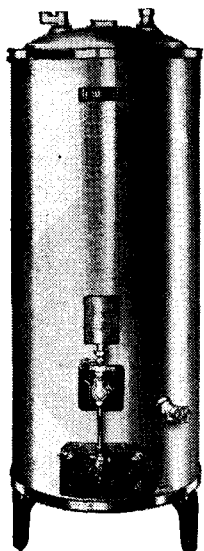
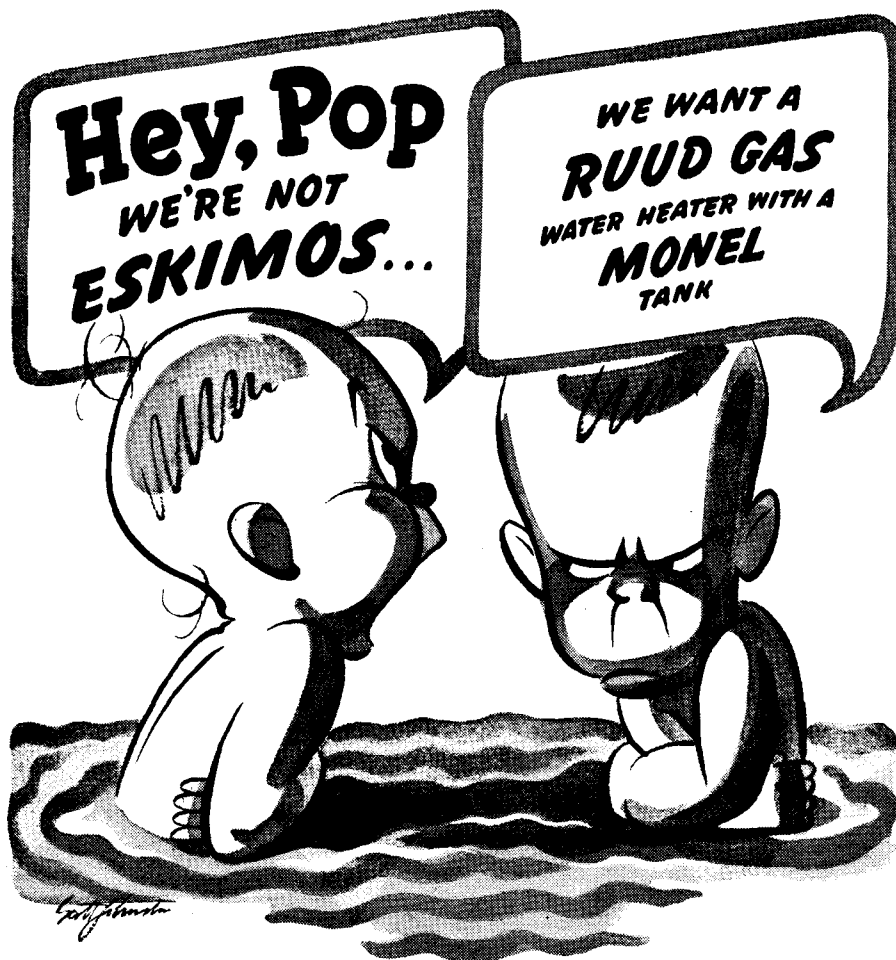
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MAYBE the twins will grow up to be arctic explorers. But why put them in training so soon? Why not let a Ruud Automatic Gas Water Heater make their daily tub less like Alaska—and more like a balmy South Sea isle?

Water from that Ruud Gas Water Heater is more than hot. *It's clean!* It comes from a Monel tank. Monel, you know, is the wonderful modern metal which is eternally rust proof. That's why this Monel tank is guaranteed against leaks or failure due to rust or corrosion for 20 years.

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IT'S almost sure to make folks unhappy. Wise girls and women join the Pin Money Club and turn their spare moments into dollars and cents. Our work is pleasant—it is easy—something the most inexperienced girl and woman can do. Think how nice it would be to have \$5 or \$10 to carry out some fond plan! Send for our free booklet.

Margaret Clarke
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Department 91, Collier's Weekly
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.





LAVORIS

Mouth and throat hygiene

Coagulates, detaches, removes objectionable matter

Finders Keepers

Continued from page 24

Paradise where, if you get sick, the nearest doctor is a thousand miles or more away."

Still, there is no shortage of boys for the jobs and there hasn't been from the first.

In 1935, Washington decided trans-oceanic commercial aviation was at hand and before other nations were awake to the situation the aeronautics bureau began to look for possible air bases. Once these were found the United States moved quickly and secretly to grab them and establish colonies.

Most of the islands that W. T. Miller of the aeronautics bureau picked were true orphans of the sea. They were barren, unproductive. No one wanted them enough to enter a claim. They are about as far from civilization as a man can get.

Twenty-four hundred miles west of California is Hawaii, an American territory. Southwest, 1,300 miles from Honolulu, lie Jarvis, Howland and Baker; 1,800 miles from Honolulu on direct line to the Antipodes lies Canton. Johnston, Kingman's Reef and Palmyra are supplementary.

We Begin Colonization

We have uncontested claims to Jarvis, Baker, Johnston, Howland, Kingman's Reef, Rose and Palmyra. Canton and Enderbury we hold jointly with Britain under a 50-year agreement. With surprising diplomatic initiative the U. S. has seized all the logical bases on the cross and up-and-down Pacific air routes.

The United States through its adventurous boys had its first three islands for months before word leaked out. Japan was chagrined. England wasn't exactly happy. The move was discussed in Diet and Parliament. But nothing could be done. After all, America had the islands and clearly intended to hold them.

Britain rushed a cruiser to her various island groups to reaffirm possession of them. When the Americans reached Canton they were met by a couple of British subjects. What might have been an international "incident" was quickly solved.

"Come up to the shack and have a spot of beer," was the Britishers' greeting.

"Fine," answered the Americans, "and after that a little poker."

The Britishers were penniless when their next supply ship arrived. But it took a year before the diplomats signed the 50-year joint-occupation agreement.

Once having decided to seize the Pacific's orphan islands, the United States had to find citizens who would fit most effectively into the equatorial environ-

ment. Hawaiians were the answer. They are of genial disposition, love the sun and sea, can care for themselves in a tropical climate. They have courage, stamina and resourcefulness.

The officials whose job it was to make this twentieth-century island-grabbing and colonizing foolproof went to Kamehameha School for their colonists. Students at this semitrade high school must be at least part native Hawaiian. They're the pick of the islands' youth, for enrollment is limited and the entrance tests, both educational and personal, are competitive and severe.

Among the first boys selected from Kamehameha was Carl Kahalewai. Carl served on Jarvis. One night a radio call came from there. Carl was ill and wanted advice.

Dr. Harold D. Lyman, U. S. Public Health Service physician at Honolulu, diagnosed the illness as acute appendicitis. Commander W. F. Towle of the Coast Guard swung into action. Honolulu radio stations broadcast calls for the cutter's crew to report on board immediately. Theater screens flashed the order. Physicians hastily packed kits. Two hours later the cutter was racing at 20 knots for Jarvis, 1,310 miles away.

For 72 hours the ship bucked heavy seas. Once Jarvis was reached, doctors battled their way ashore through heavy surf. Carl's condition was too serious for treatment on the island. He was transferred to the cutter. His condition was such the doctors hesitated to perform an operation at sea and he died on the pitching, tossing cutter hundreds of miles from home.

Baker is a fair example of these "paradise isles." Your ship steams fairly upon it before the lookout sings out "Land ho!" The highest point of land is scarcely twenty feet above the sea. Unless you are peering closely, your ship might sail right on by.

Once you locate Baker, you see a long, barren stretch of sand. So intense is the heat that clouds often split apart, dropping their rain into the sea, but avoiding the scorched land. The column of terrifically hot air rising from the sand cuts through the moisture-laden clouds like a knife.

The heat intensifies as your ship stops. You're wringing wet with sweat, even in the shade of the ship's awnings. Surf pounds with violent fury on the low land. Your ship can't anchor, so deep is the water just outside the reef. You silently curse as you are ordered into a life jacket before stepping into the ship's small boat. You don't want to wear more than is necessary.

You are tossed about and drenched aplenty before you reach the beach, if you are lucky. If you are not lucky,



"Are you ready?"

ERNIE GARZA

I hope the lead I'm
mining will be used
in your paint

LEAD is a metal that handles a lot of tough jobs. You know that. You know how it stands up against time and weather.

Well, paint has to stand up against such punishment too.

So it's only natural that good paint is made from lead.

And that's a fact. "White lead" is what they call it. It isn't the metal of course. But white lead is made straight from the pure metal, lead.

You can't use any other metal for making paint and get the same result.

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That's not just my idea. You can find out the same thing from any painter who knows his business. Most of

them won't paint their own houses with anything else.

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"What to expect from white lead paint" is the name of a book you ought to have if you're thinking of painting. Write for your copy today.

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*I'm
Eternally Yours
BUT!!*



PUBLIC NOTICES

THE GREAT ARTURO: Found lip-stick marks on your collar again this morning. Even though you are Society's favorite magician—I'm through. Eternally Yours ... **ANITA**

DEAREST ANITA: Come back before you break my heart! No more parties, no more 15,000 foot parachute jumps. Take "for sale" sign off dream house. Eternally Yours ... **ARTURO**

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presents

Eternally Yours

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RAYMOND WALBURN

A TAY GARNETT PRODUCTION
ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY BY GENE TOWNE
AND GRAHAM BAKER
DIRECTED BY TAY GARNETT
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

you may have bruises and a broken bone or two. Lieutenant Commander Frank Kenner of the Coast Guard got a broken arm and battered ribs for souvenirs of one landing.

Once ashore you rip off your soaked shirt to keep cool—and you scurry right back into it as the sun raises blisters. You look in vain for a shade tree. Nothing but vegetation and patches of sea grass. The squawking of thousands of birds beats in your ears.

You walk around the island. It doesn't take long. A mile in length, its maximum width is 1,500 yards. Daytime the birds are a nuisance; at night the rat hordes keep you company.

"Rats ruin every attempt to grow vegetables," a boy colonist tells you. "They eat the plants as soon as they appear. We trap them. We shoot them. We do everything to get rid of them. When I first came we had to put the legs of our beds in cans of sea water to keep them from running over us at night."

Food is a Problem

You want a cool drink, but the only water you can get is from a steel tank. It was brought in drums a thousand miles from Honolulu, months before.

Meanwhile, supplies have been beached, personnel transferred, and you're ready to shove off for Jarvis.

"I want a meal cooked by a cook," shouts 20-year-old George Kaahanu in greeting as you reach Jarvis the next morning. "Did you bring any bread?"

Cooking is a chore, the boys tell you, but instantly assert they have swell "kaukau"—Hawaiian for chow.

"At breakfast," continues George on his favorite topic, "we have hot cakes, bacon, canned fruit and coffee. For lunch we cook a big kettle of rice and use leftovers. For dinner we have soup, fish, canned roast beef, vegetables, canned cake and coffee."

"We tried to bake bread once but forgot you have to have yeast. The nearest yeast was a thousand miles away."

George West, 19, invites you to go fishing. "We don't bother with poles," he tells you. "We use this 'gun' made of heavy rubber bands. It shoots a spear. Just dive down, find the fish and pull the trigger. Some mornings we get 300 or so. Small ones we scoop out of holes in the coral. We've eaten so many lobsters we don't pick them up any more."

"Sharks? Sure, lots of them. See that break in the reef out there? They come through that into the shallow water. When we see their fins we wade out and chase them. We've tried to ride horseback on them, but either they are too tricky or we aren't good enough. You know, the Hawaiians really used to ride on the backs of sharks."

"No, they don't bother us. But over there on the north end of the lagoon is a school of giant ray fish. We've got to watch out for those devils. They raise hell every night, fighting among themselves. They churn the water and slap around and froth things up until you think the lagoon is boiling."

There are five or six species of rays down there. The most common is the "sting ray" or "whiptail." These are flat, with a spread up to eight feet to their batwing bodies; blue-gray on top, lighter underneath, and slick and slimy.

They are vicious, aggressive. The tail, which is a long barbed spine, is the business end. They snap it as an expert fencer uses a rapier; accurately, and too fast for your eyes to follow. It makes a deep, jagged, tearing wound, into which venom shoots from a gland in the barb.

The boys don't spend all their time eating and fishing. Meteorological observations are taken hourly during the day and every three hours at night. Readings are taken on wind velocity and direction, temperatures, barometric pres-

sures, rainfall and cloud conditions. These data are reported nightly to Honolulu for transmission to the weather bureau and ships at sea.

Prize job of all, in the eyes of 18-year-old Joseph Kim, is caring for the chickens. Uncle Sam has given each group of boys a flock. They are probably the most carefully tended chickens in the world. Joe shows you his diary.

"Aug. 20. We witnessed a funny incident today. One of our hens was walking along and laid an egg standing up. First time we ever saw that happen. (Four eggs.)"

"Sept. 7. We surrounded the school of fish. Caught 1,006. Cleaned them, and put them on rocks to dry. (Four eggs.)"

"Sept. 9. Isn't it funny? Here we are Americans on this little island holding it for Washington, and yet only one of us has seen the mainland. Wish we could see Mount Vernon sometime. (Three eggs.)"

"We know we can't let ourselves think about being marooned here for months," Solomon Kalama tells you. "If we did we'd have arguments and fights. So we organize games to keep busy. We don't use the same partners in working or playing from one day to the next. We put our names in a hat and draw daily partners by lot."

Four boys are stationed on each of the five colonized islands. Each boy signs up for four months, which is the length of time between cutter visits. If, when the cutter arrives, he is found in good health and spirits, and the records show that he gets along with his mates, he can stay for a second four-month period, or even a third. But only in rarest instances is a boy permitted to stay more than one year without return to Honolulu for a rest.

Boys get \$3 a day and keep. One of each group is a licensed radio operator and a member of the Amateur Radio League of America. Nightly contact is maintained on 10- and 20-meter phones with "hams" in Hawaii and mainland United States, after official reports have

been cleared. The radio is the only social contact with the outside world.

Unfortunately for the hundreds of boys who want to live down there, the United States hasn't enough islands to go around. When you look at your map it seems the Pacific is fairly studded with them. It is deceiving. Islands which appear to be but a step or two apart may be 400 or 500 miles from one another! During the U.S.S. Lexington's search for Amelia Earhart, planes of the aircraft carrier, flying a mile apart, covered an estimated 500,000 square miles without a sight of land.

Hide-and-Seek Islands

In 1921, the U.S.S. Eagle 40 reported seeing dry land at Lat. 6° 23' N. Long. 162° 18' W. The Navy Department paid no attention to the report. A year later fishermen found land there and reported it to the Navy and State departments. The Navy failed to acknowledge the report. The State Department replied that "there is no land at the position you specify. You are mistaken."

Provoked, L. Fullard-Leo and Lorrin Thurston, Honolulu businessmen, sailed down there, went ashore and took possession of it in the name of the United States. It was not until Admiral Coontz four years later sent the U.S.S. Whippoorwill to investigate that the Navy accepted the report of the U.S.S. Eagle 40. The Navy then announced the finding of the island, plus a deep lagoon, nine miles long and from two to five miles wide. Now known as Kingman's Reef, it was used by the Navy fliers during recent maneuvers.

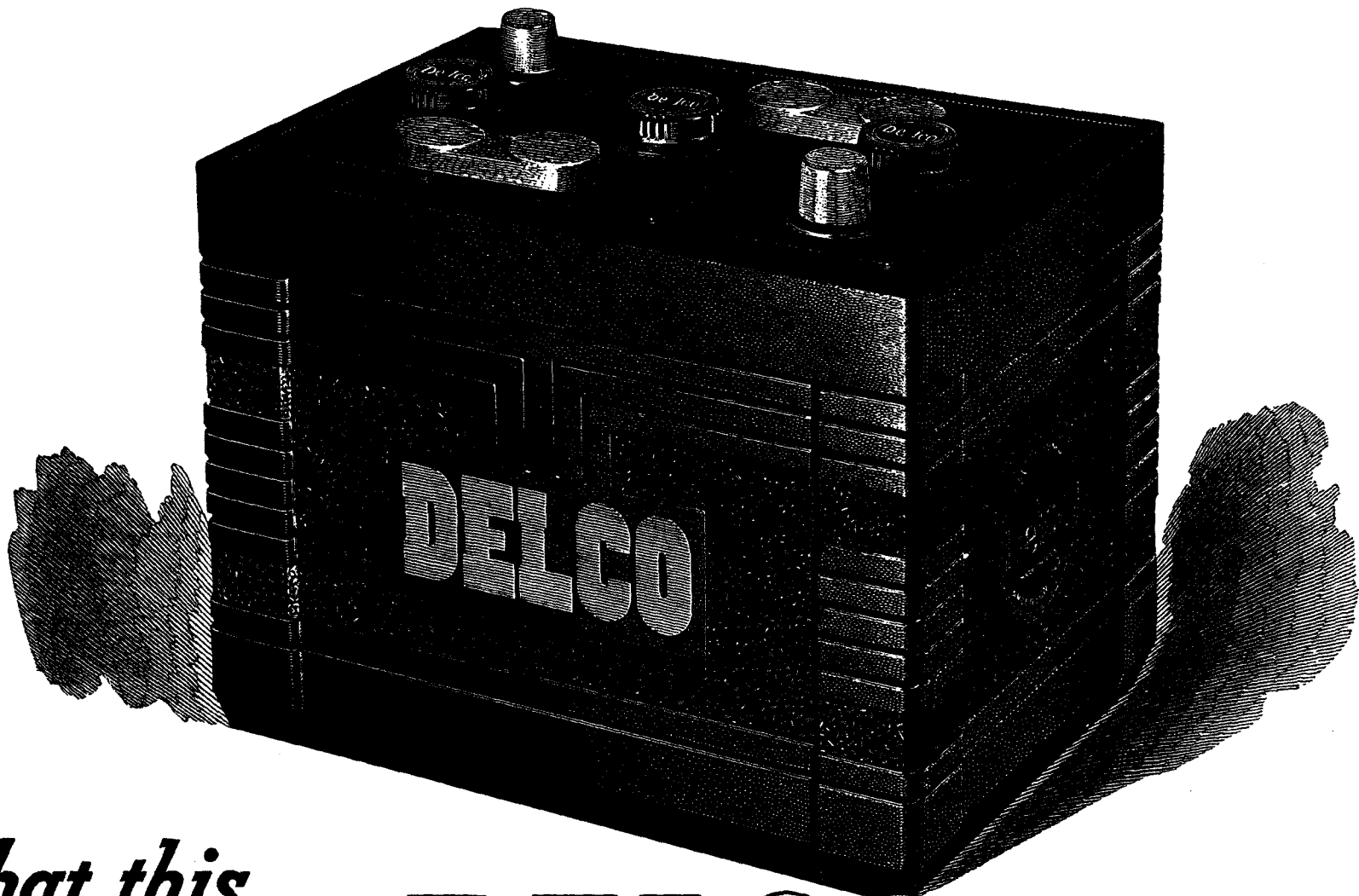
As your cutter pulls away from Howland, youngsters left behind wave goodbye. The shore quickly drops below the horizon. Your final glimpse of this outpost of the nation is the American flag flying from its mast.

On Jarvis a small lighthouse sends its beams across the lonely waters. It is dedicated to young Carl Kahalewai, aged 19, of Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A., who died just beyond its beams.



"And when I awake in the morning my face looks slept in!"

ROLAND COE



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*Replace with a
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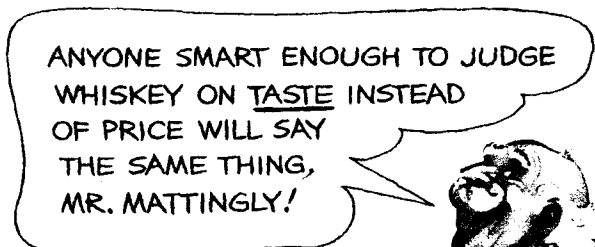
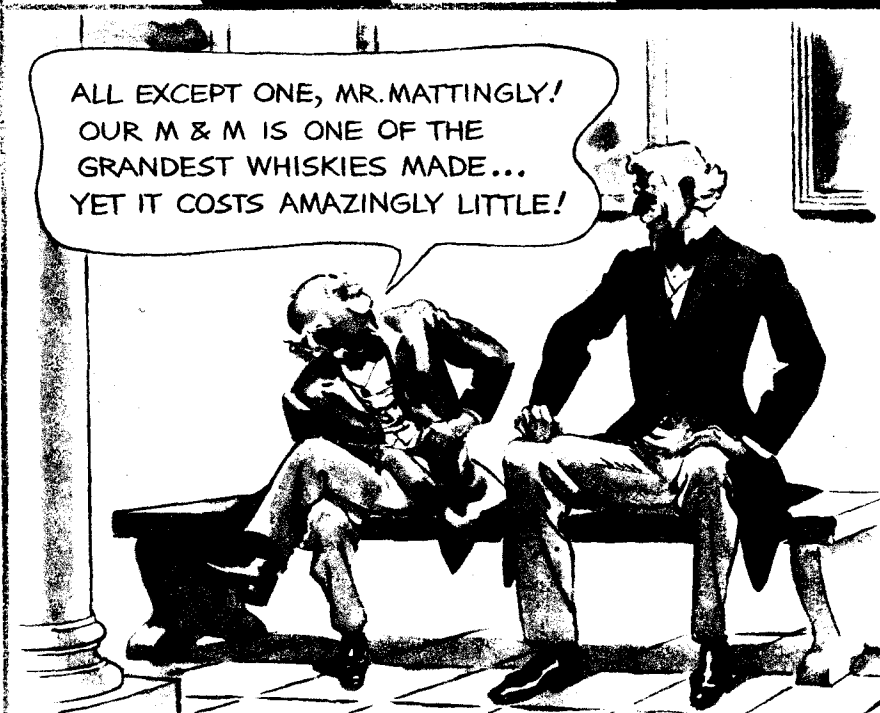
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A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof (also 86 proof). Every drop is whiskey!
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

Serene Maureen

Continued from page 11

were not prepared for the actual young Maureen who calmly took her first view of the New York sky line, who got excited only when you mentioned the word "banshee," and who—because "they didn't ask about it"—failed to tell the New York news sleuths that she had been married just a few hours before taking ship from England.

Her family name is Fitz-Simon, but her mother thought that when daughter got going in films a careless public might get it mixed with Fitz-Simmons or a couple of other Fitz's, and that would never do for a proud Irish Fitz-Simon. Better just call her O'Hara, which surely nobody could mistake or mispronounce. However, she had no more than landed in America than her shocked ears heard people calling it "O'Haira" and she shuddered. "It's O'Hah-r-r-a," she insisted with a softly burred "r."

She was born in Ireland in the hectic 1920's when Dublin was resounding with bombs, shots and riotings, but she has no memory of them. Her father is the Irish manager for a British hat firm and, between six children, hats and histrionics, has had his hands full. Though this is her first professional appearance, she says she has been acting all her life, and her family will corroborate the fact.

Supernatural Finance

As a toddler she persisted in playing scenes with her slightly older sister and when two more girls and boys were born and achieved speech they were pressed into dramatic service. Sometime after this the six youngsters began to bring out a weekly paper on things theatrical and mother, father and all the relatives were obliged to buy it. With this money the children bought equipment and condemned the relatives to further durance by performing for them original one-acters as well as Irish classics, for which they charged admission.

But despite this high finance, the family stock company was often in the red. One time when Maureen was bemoaning a lack of funds, her father, pointing to a small bowl which was decorated with figures of the "little folk," said, "And if you're needing money, why don't you ask the little people for it?" That night she did. The next morning she found just the amount she needed in the bowl. A rank heretic might suggest that her father had something to do with it, but at any rate, the money was there and the small Irish girl became convinced that the little people were a pretty good lot to know.

And today all you have to do to make the seemingly impassive O'Hara light up is mention a banshee. There is, she states, a great misapprehension about banshees. A banshee is not merely any wailing ghost or spirit. All of them are ladies. Only two in a family hear the banshee's fatal warning in advance of a death. One night, relates Maureen, when she and the other youngsters were upstairs rehearsing a play, she suddenly heard a terrible, wailing shriek. She clapped her hands over her ears and looked at her brothers and sisters. They had heard nothing. Then her father came rushing upstairs. "Did any of you hear it?" he demanded. Only Maureen. Downstairs the older members of the family and some guests had laughed at him when he abruptly registered horror at hearing the wail. Maureen and her father took the warning seriously. The next morning they got word that her grandmother had died that night.

She got through school as quickly as possible, being inherently averse to

mathematics, chemistry and Latin grammar, and she did not appear in amateur school plays.

Then where did she get whatever training she had before she became Mayflower's pride at seventeen?

She left school at fifteen, but she has a certificate from the Abbey Players in Dublin to be a teacher of elocution. "I didn't actually play with them," she hastens to state honestly, "but they have a school of acting." Breaking into the Abbey school is an accomplishment in itself. You come up before a strict committee and do scenes of your own selection and then others that they spring on you without warning. When she finished the dramatic-school course, she was given the unusual offer of a leading role with the Abbey Players themselves.

She was also offered one of those vague film chances if she'd go to England. She didn't take a film test. "They just saw me," she states without any self-consciousness. So she and her mother went to London.

She had a brief moment in a picture that died a-borning. But a small cut from her scene came before the critical eye of Erich Pommer and Charles Laughton when they were looking at hundreds of tests of aspiring young girls. According to the testimony of both of them, her make-up was terrible and they went away entirely unimpressed. Then one day, Laughton said to Pommer, "I can't get that girl's face out of my mind." "What girl?" asked Pommer. Laughton suggested seeing the scene again. Once more they came away, deciding that Charles had a brain storm. But after a few days, Pommer said, "I can't get that face out of my mind either," and Laughton muttered, "Let's have a firsthand look at her."

Seeing her, they knew the right thought had been nagging at them. Visually the short film scene had been a gross libel. So, since her film experience was practically nil, they put her into a very small part in a picture no one was likely to see in order to get her used to lights and teach her not to shy when cameras came shoving in for close-ups. Then she reported for work on Jamaica Inn.

Just an Old Scene-Stealer

Everyone prepared to be nice and helpful. She'd probably be nervous, they thought. Leslie Banks, Emlyn Williams and Marie Ney, along with Laughton himself, made an all-star cast of kindhearted tutors. But, before the first day was done, they began taking each other aside and speaking through clenched teeth. "She stole scenes right from under our noses," reports Laughton, "and it isn't easy to steal from that crowd." At first, he says, they thought it was an accident, but every time they called for retakes she did the same thing over again and she went on doing it. Finally, the baffled veterans formed a sort of mutual protective society. They stopped calling her "the baby," and things like that. "Among ourselves," says Laughton, "we took to calling her 'The Menace.'"

Then a day of battle arrived. Miss Maureen was ordered to take off her dress while in a cave by the sea and swim in her underthings across a wave-lashed bay, accompanied by Emlyn Williams.

"No," said the little girl from Ireland. "My daughter-r will take off her dr-ress in front of no camer-r-ra," asserted her mother in a ringing brogue.

And it was some time before they

could be made to see that the Eighteenth-Century undergown, which enveloped the O'Hara to her ankles, covered fully as much as any girl's evening dress and a good deal more than a bathing suit. Her smoldering reluctance is still visible in the picture, but it fits the scene and doesn't matter.

It is perfectly clear why Mr. George Brown, one of the unit managers for Mayflower, was stirred at the sight of her going through all the tortures that could be contrived by those two cinematic archcontrivers, Mr. Alfred Hitchcock and Mr. Charles Laughton. And Miss Maureen Fitz-Simon O'Hara, who had never bothered about love before, was in a strange land and in an emotional state of mind. Therefore in her free moments, while stabbings, shootings and hangings were going on, she and Mr. Brown were happily holding hands and exchanging confidences. Jamaica Inn was completed and some three months passed in which she was accoladed by the British press, and then just as she was about to board ship for America, she and George Brown impulsively signed names and ages to an application for a license and were married. Whereupon, the bride set sail.

Saying "I do" may have made her Mrs. Brown, but she still looked and sounded like young Maureen O'Hara when she got off the boat and it is understandable that no one thought to inquire if she'd paused at a marriage altar on the way to the dock. She said to us one morning, "When I have a home of my own, I hope I'll be able to keep my acting out of it." And on another occasion she volunteered that she wanted "a nice home and plenty of children." When a statistical soul asked, "How many?" she looked reproachful and a bit shy and then answered firmly, "As many as the good Lord sends."

This apparently was Mrs. Brown speaking, but it was the little deb from Dublin who sat at luncheon in one of

New York's best restaurants and saw the most luscious Napoleon she'd ever looked upon. When the man who had ordered it noticed her eyes doing their best to eat it, he asked her to have one. She said no, that Mr. Pommer had told her she mustn't eat such things because Irish girls get fat too easily. The gentleman looked at her waistline, which anyone could encircle with two spread hands and, seeing her still optically devouring the Napoleon, offered the suggestion that she might eat just one end of it without serious damage—especially since Mr. Pommer wasn't there. She had it on her fork and practically in her mouth when she withdrew it. "No," she said disconsolately, "I mustn't. The 'little people' who've given me all the luck wouldn't like it if I broke my promise to a man who has been so good to me."

When The Hunchback of Notre Dame is completed, the Laughton-O'Hara contingent will return to London to make the postponed The Admirable Crichton with Maureen playing Lady Mary and the vivid Elsa Lanchester-Laughton as Tweeny, the little slavey who always tells Crichton off.

Having done some thorough research on the subject, we are pretty sure that Miss O'Hara from Ireland has no more idea of the difficulties she's missed than if she'd landed in London from Mars. Hers is not the questioning but the simple declarative type to which all things are logical. She wouldn't know an obstacle if she saw it, and therefore has no apprehensions, and she trusts the "little people" to stand by her. It's a formidable combination. What the effect of Hollywood on her will be remains to be seen, but her effect on Hollywood is something to look forward to. Also, we wish to warn you that something happens to the placid young lady when she starts acting and one look at her in action on a screen proves that not without reason have experts called her "The Menace."



"He's the doorman from Blotz's Department Store" LEONARD DOVE

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Today's Battles

Continued from page 12

could be overcome an immense artillery, as well as an enormous expenditure of shells and much numerical preponderance in the assailants.

Fortified lines, to be effective, must be fully manned throughout their entire length by brave and well-trained troops. The idea that fortifications can be held by skeleton forces against a modern attack is absurd. Thus the main mass of the French and German armies have to face each other in their lines along hundreds of miles of frontier, and if either side withdrew too large a proportion of its troops the virtue of its defenses would disappear.

In September of last year, when war was imminent, the Germans, having mobilized forty-two divisions, sent thirty of them against Czechoslovakia, held four in reserve, and could spare only eight to guard the whole long frontier against France from the Alps to the sea. These eight divisions were of course utterly incapable of holding the German western front against a French attack. Eight divisions spread over nearly four hundred miles hardly amount to a picket line, and any heavy mass attack on a broad front would crash through them. The French General Staff considered that by the twelfth or fourteenth day their armies would have been advancing into Germany.

A Tank's Weak Points

The German position at that moment was one of extraordinary weakness. They had not sufficient superiority to overwhelm quickly in the east the Czech defenses and the well-armed Czech army, nor were they strong enough to prevent invasion from the west. Had the French attacked, the Germans would almost immediately have had to draw troops away from Czechoslovakia and send them to meet the French invasion. It is certain that Herr Hitler would never have made such a disposition of his forces if he had not felt absolutely certain that the French and British governments did not mean to fight for Czechoslovakia. His decision was taken on political rather than upon military grounds. Hitler's judgment of the psychology of will power of his opponents enabled him to pull off, on the whole, the greatest bluff of history.

Such an opportunity never again came to the Western Powers. The destruction of Czechoslovakia liberated at least thirty German divisions. The German army increased by two or three divisions every month that passed.

All European armies have developed large mechanized forces. A mechanized division consists of thousands of vehicles for carrying troops, all dependent precariously upon gasoline. Armored divisions consisting of fighting tanks and artillery that can actually fire from the tractor, instead of being dragged behind it, have become a prominent feature. It is, however, quite easy to construct defenses to delay and baffle the advance of the kind of caterpillar vehicle of which these armored divisions are mainly composed.

When we first devised the tanks in the World War in 1915 we had to face the problem of crossing the deep, wide trenches of the western front, and an engine over thirty feet long was required for this purpose. There are not many of these now. The later fashion has been to make smaller tanks with higher speeds. But concrete piles, railway rails, and above all a deep, broad ditch, will baffle these small or medium-sized vehicles effectively. The development of the

antitank gun with its armor-piercing bullet should expose the tanks to far more deadly ordeals than they suffered in the last war.

In my earliest memoranda about tanks in 1914 the idea of using smoke clouds in conjunction with their attack was considered essential. It was a long time before this idea was adopted, and only at the end of the war were the tanks properly equipped with smoke-making apparatus, or their attacks covered by barrages of smoke shells. Nowadays the life and usefulness of a tank will depend entirely upon the clever tactical use of smoke, which will enable it to gain positions disorganizing the defense of the enemy. Otherwise, against the resolute, well-armed enemy with good artillery and antitank guns, a charge of tanks, however impressive to the eye and ear, will only reproduce in a later age the disasters of the mail-clad chivalry of Europe, when at Crecy, Poitiers and Agincourt, they came in contact with the English archers.

However, tanks will fight among themselves. One land fleet will be met by another and, with the prodigious expenditure of wealth and force, ground will be fought for by armored monsters as in the days of old.

Improvements in invention do not always produce the tactical results that might be expected to follow simply from the extra mechanical power. In the American Civil War it was remarked that the soldiers who had to load their pieces by the muzzle, ramming home the charge each time, often standing up to do so, were very careful to take good aim, and that consequently their fire was deadly; but when breech-loading rifles came into use the difficulty was to stop the soldiers from firing away all their ammunition. Nowadays every rifle is a magazine rifle, firing five or six shots and rapidly reloaded with a clip. From this we have gone forward to many variants of the automatic rifle or the small machine gun, worked by two men, which can pour out a stream of bullets.

But this facility may defeat itself. The modern fighter airplane can fire away all its ammunition in a few seconds. And how will it get any more? These conditions reproduce themselves on the ground. The difficulty is no longer rapidity of fire but the supply of ammunition to the actual firing lines. This is the new limiting factor that governs alike all forms of machine guns and magazine rifles.

Feeding the Firing Line

Anyone who has seen a modern battlefield while heavy action is in progress, or who has traversed the crater fields in which it has been fought, knows well the awful difficulty of carrying the ammunition boxes up to the fighting troops. The men, staggering and stumbling along, through barrage and bullet storm, carrying the heavy loads of cartridges, falling often, rising again less often, struggling forward through mud and quagmire, drowned sometimes with their burden, only a few eventually reaching the thirsty machine gun—those who have seen this will realize that it is no longer the mechanical efficiency of discharge but the relation of discharge to supply that constitutes the power of a firing line.

Therefore when we hear that there is a machine gun made that can fire 600 rounds a minute, and that every company has a dozen or a score of these, we need not suppose that many more shots will be fired than were fired in the bat-

ties of twenty years ago. As the Germans say: "In war everything is simple; but the simple is very difficult."

Of course this problem of feeding the firing line is quite easily solved by the defense. They merely accumulate heaps of ammunition in their trenches and pillboxes, and can go on firing freely until they are surrounded or destroyed. Thus we may see how important it is that a defense should be organized in depth. To put it in a nutshell, the art of modern defense is selling ground for blood. Sometimes ground is so precious that it cannot be yielded even if the heaviest toll is to be exacted. But in the large countries of the east of Europe the whole art would be to confront an invader with a continuous series of fortified positions, even, if need be, quite lightly fortified, to take every one of which he must pay an undue price. If a defense is well-organized in this way, the assailant is compelled to bring up ponderous batteries of artillery and to gather mountainous shell dumps.

Therefore, let countries that have to defend themselves from aggressions and are blessed with plenty of retiring room not think too much of holding particular places, or strong points, or prominent geographical features, but rather let them think of selling ground as dearly as possible.

Defending Your Native Soil

In modern war the topographical features count for far less than they did in earlier times. The strongest frontier is a good army and a good plan and, may we also add, a good general. It has been proved a thousand times that, under modern conditions, troops well dug in can hold out after their flanks are turned, or even at the bottom of the hills from which they have been driven. Large areas of flat ground can be defended just as well as noble mountain ranges or the banks of deep, broad rivers.

The aggressor will have a hard time, and travel a stony road if he is confronted with a skillful, determined defense, and if that defense does not sacrifice too much life for the sake of territory. Here is a very dangerous doctrine to preach, because men have to be told to die where they stand, while others retire to repeat the process farther back. But men fighting for liberty in defense of their native soil have often been capable of these supreme sacrifices. There must, however, be discipline, training and a firm comprehension of the general idea. A well-organized, completely conducted defense ought to kill and wound three to one for every ten kilometers of ground abandoned.

I remember being with a British divisional headquarters when the great German offensive of March 21, 1918, was launched. This was, on the whole, the greatest combined attack ever delivered in world history. On the front of forty kilometers a German division was lined up behind every kilometer, and a gun every five yards prepared their advance. Behind were massive reserves; in front skillful, valiant "infiltrators." Everyone knows what happened: the British Fifth Army under General Gough and part of the Third Army under General Byng were pushed or bent backward and the Germans advanced into a tremendous bulge, at the end of which they eventually came to a standstill, pending the building up of their roads in the rear. Thus, although they killed, wounded or captured a hundred thousand British soldiers and more than a thousand cannon, their thrust failed, and the initiative passed to the haggard armies they had driven so far before them.

But, perhaps, if Napoleon had been conducting the defense the attack would

not have ended by simply petering out. A great military genius would have prepared beforehand a potential counterstroke on the flanks of the bulge, and on the second or third day after the main attack had been loosed upon him would have begun other large independent offensives against the flanks of the bulge. Here the troops would not have to face carefully prepared positions. Here they would cut in upon the vital life lines of the attacking army. Here was the possibility of making a real roundup, and a rent in the hostile front through which the avengers could walk as fast and as far as they could be fed. Something like this was actually achieved by Marshal Foch a few months later, and proved fatal to the German advance.

In all these thoughts, we have to remember the vast scale of modern war. To carry a million people out of town for a holiday easily and swiftly, and bring them home again in the evening is a feat that can easily be accomplished upon the intricate, intensely developed, permanently established road and railway systems of New York and London. In fact, three and a half million people go out of London on the morning of the August Bank Holiday, and come back to their homes at night, without any serious congestion or deadlock. But they take only their sandwiches with them or the children's spades for the seaside. To move a million soldiers, with all their apparatus and all their supplies, forward or sideways, is a prodigious task of a totally different order. The moment they leave the long-prepared permanent communications, if only they are opposed to resolute forces, they crawl like snails. Let no man therefore despair of the task of defending his native soil. With good arrangements and a good courage he ought to be able to make it not worth while for anyone to take it from him.

The air played a very minor part in the last war. To lose the command of the air for a few months was an inconvenience, but not a mortal stroke. The air will still be less important on the continent of Europe than the artillery, in this war. It will not be a decisive factor to overcome the resistance of a great nation. Nevertheless, it will affect the whole character of the war.

The Good Old Infantry

I have, in an earlier article, explained to the readers of Collier's what I conceive to be the limitations of air action, and how the weapon of terror upon the civil population will recoil upon those who use it. But now we must recognize that air attack will draw from the fighting fronts enormous masses of troops, guns, ammunition and life-strength, and disperse them over the whole interior of the country. Germany, for instance, we are told, has 7,000 antiaircraft guns for defensive purposes. In the last war these guns, or their equivalent in war power, would have been on the front. The same is of course true of France and other countries. Therefore, we must contemplate a position where the front lines will not be so strongly manned as on the last occasion, and where the resources of a nation will be spread broadly and thinly over a large part of its territory.

But let me finish these brief discursive notes at the point where war began. The brave, intelligent foot soldier with his rifle and bayonet is still the master of his country's fate. When mechanical devices have spoken their last word, a sufficiency of fierce men, eager for hand-to-hand fighting in small parties by night or day, if wisely led and conscious of their cause, will still be capable of preserving human freedom and of sustaining the honor of mankind and keeping open the portals of progress and survival.



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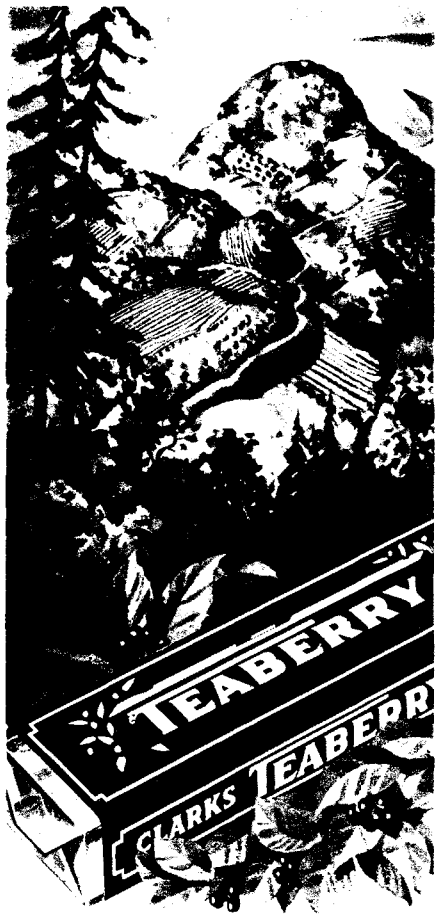
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The World is Like That

Continued from page 23



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daughter to raise had appalled her. For a while she had visited cousins and aunts, but one by one these places of refuge had altered or disappeared. Finally she and Jocelyn had come back to San Francisco, drawn by the older woman's memory of happy younger days at the Presidio, and there Jocelyn had finished high school and gotten her first office work.

By this time Catherine Britton had been crippled with arthritis. Jocelyn's holidays had been spent in only brief overnight visits to her aunt's family in Sausalito. Between her father's sister and her mother there had never been sympathy, and the two older women were merely friendly, never intimate.

So Jocelyn came back from the office to read to her mother, to adjust hot-water bags, to discuss the trivial episodes of an invalid's day, and when she did escape for a night to "Maple Den," it was always with the promise to return at a certain hour, by a certain boat, and not to keep darling Mamma waiting. When her mother died, Jocelyn had grieved deeply and truly, but at that exact time she had been launched upon the perilous and thrilling friendship with the tall, handsome, clever commercial artist whose studio was a floor or two above the offices of Fordyce, Sawyer and Fordyce. Saddened by the ending of the old life, and tortured by the half promises and half hopes of the new, she had felt all her actual moorings gone, and now, as she soberly considered the immediate past, she realized that something of her moral moorings had been swept away with them.

She was already conscious of a wish that Kent Dunham were out of the picture, safely up in Portland with Lilian, explaining to her that he must have been mad to have talked as he had of change and divorce.

The whole thing had been soiling, somehow; Jocelyn wanted to wash it away as she might an earth stain from her fingers. In this fine old-fashioned house, playing duenna to a girl of sixteen, she knew that she might do so.

ALONE in the great place, except for the servants, all during the day following, she busied herself happily in getting her effects settled, in writing a long letter to her aunt and a brief one to Kent, and in much wandering over and investigating of Hill Acres. Acres they were indeed, she discovered. The bay-windowed, turreted, balconied mansion was so placed that from its lower porches no other habitation was in view; only the sloping gardens, the beautiful winding drives.

From the upper windows neighboring estates almost as imposing as this one could be glimpsed. High windows, red roofs, white gateways peered through the massed trees. But the gates at Hill Acres were a quarter of a mile from the house, and toward the west, behind the buildings of house and garages, barns and sheds and fences, the orchards stretched up almost to the Skyline ridge.

There were two tennis courts, being treated now by mysterious laborers with wheelbarrows and scrapers. There was an oval swimming pool. There were many terraces; wherever Jocelyn wandered she found some new group of shallow steps and overarching trees and tiled levels where summer afternoon groups might form themselves under big umbrellas for bridge games or idle gossip.

Inside the house there was the same evidence of the family's love of luxury and power to secure it.

Jocelyn had never enjoyed luxury be-

fore. Her grandfather had been a distinguished general, but his day had ended long before hers had begun. Her father had been a fretful and fretted person, humiliated in the exciting war years—the first years she remembered—by having the very men he had trained promoted over him, by having to consider his one-time lieutenants his superior officers. Sometimes there had been a cook in the kitchen of Captain Britton's home; oftener only an occasional helper to wash the dishes and sweep the porches.

And after her father's death she and her mother had shared the sort of poverty that helpless little widows on small pensions experience all over the world. Boardinghouses, and the timid exchange of financial confidences with other crimped little faded ladies of the same type. Jocelyn had known in her grammar-school years just what it cost to have a white coat cleaned, just how much more the Martins paid for their downstairs front bedroom than she and Mamma paid for their third-floor apartment.

"No matter what these people expect of me, or what I have to do," she said to herself before she had been twenty-four hours at Hill Acres, "I'll remain here. That's definite. I can get a thousand things I want here, things I'd never get in an office the longest day in the world! If Norma studies French, I'll study French. If she rides, I'll ride. Thank heaven, I did do some riding when we were at Watervliet, and I can drive a car. The old lady may be feeble and troublesome, and Norma may be spoiled, but I'll manage them! I'm going to stay here from now on."

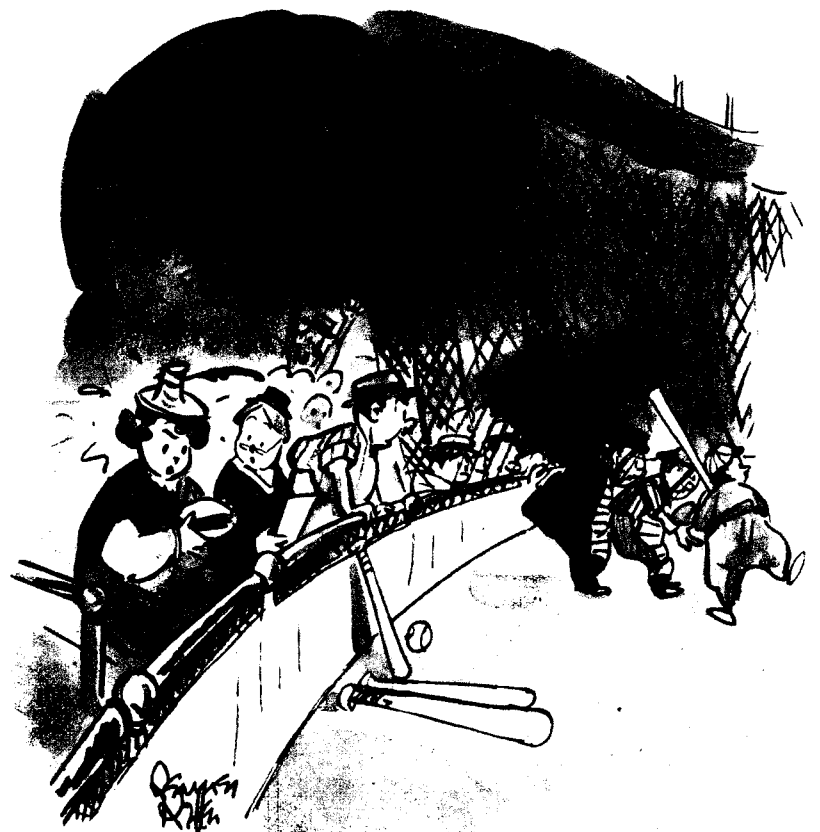
She was sitting at dinner on the third evening, beginning to get a little tired of solitude, when suddenly there was a certain confusion in the faraway arcades that concealed the front hallway, and

immediately afterward, as she still faced expectantly in that direction, a handsome woman who looked about forty came in, flung aside a smothering confusion of silver and black furs, sank into a seat that was opposite Jocelyn and said impatiently to the butler: "Oh, Lorenz! Get me two old-fashioneds, right away. Where's somebody? That stuff in the hall is to go up to my room! You're—Phil said he couldn't get poor Miss Sanderson and I suppose you're the pinch hitter? Put the portable radio on the table, somebody."

THE last phrases were addressed to Jocelyn, who merely smiled feebly in reply. She had not the faintest idea who this could be, and found it hard to answer a person whose identity was so completely unknown. Lorenz placed a radio on the table and the newcomer instantly shifted the dials to some desired point. The roar and shouting of Madison Square Garden on a packed night filled the room.

"And plants a light left on the head of—Teddy Parsons," Jocelyn heard. The statement was followed by the somewhat remarkable phrase, "Boy, is stamina and endurance to do their work tonight? This is a—it's a left, and another, and Joe Rupetti—" the voice raced on breathlessly. "—wait a minute, he is counting—three—four—and he's up again, like he was last time—he's up, and he's going—he has landed a light jab, and another on Teddy Parsons' chin—"

"I'll bet there was a count while I was getting out of the cab, damn it, I could have held the taxi," Jocelyn's companion said in an irritated undertone. "You," she said to a trim little maid who had suddenly appeared in support of the butler, "go out and see what happened about five minutes ago in the Rupetti-Parsons fight. There must be someone



"I hate baseball—the mustard always drips off my hot dog onto my dress!"

REAMER KELLER

out in the kitchen who's interested. I'm going out to dinner, Lorenz," added the crisp voice, "but I'll have a cup of soup if he's got any—ah, here we are with round seven."

The fight continued for possibly six more minutes, when there was a knock-out, and the lady relinquished the radio and had it carried away.

"I'm filthy," she said then. "I flew from Florida. I should have been here hours ago but when we came down in Reno I missed my plane. A friend came down to see me at the airport and raced me off to look at some Seelyum puppies. Adorable, but we were minutes late. Minutes. You can't do it, you know; they won't wait. Lovely woman, Cecily Baker—the candy Bakers. Millions. You're—Phil wired me he couldn't get hold of Miss Sanderson. You're Miss—"

"Britton. You're—" Jocelyn was confused enough to add, "Norma's mother?"

"Norma's mother! Darling, how sweet of you," said the lady. "I'm Phil's mother. I'm her grandmother. He told you to say that, I suppose? No; I saw her mother in New York, but Janet never will come out here. Hates it. So you're Miss Britton? I can see how Phil—" She paused. Her voice died away into a speculative murmur. "Dear boy!" she said fondly. "And that reminds me that I must call up Sally McIntosh. And I have to go to a dinner, isn't that repulsive? I need rest. I've not been in bed before three o'clock for two weeks; you know what Palm Beach is. Could you come upstairs with me now and I'll dictate a few telegrams to you. You'd be a duck if you would. You can telephone them in, and it means I can sleep late in the morning no matter what happens. There's only one thing—if a Colonel Dinsmore should call from Boston, I'd like to take that call. Nothing else."

JOCELYN accompanied the mistress of the house upstairs, and inspected and was inspected in turn by the room maid and the personal maid. Mrs. Fordyce cast all her clothing about carelessly as she prepared for her bath, stepped into it unembarrassedly and proceeded to dictate telegrams as she soaked and soaped luxuriously in the hot perfumed water. Immediately afterward she was rapidly assisted into an incredibly small amount of spangles and chiffon velvet, and seated herself with her rather small amount of reddish-grayish hair in sticky, clipped confusion around her head.

"Stay and talk to me," she said, as curlers and creams began their work under the hands of Annette Burgier. Silken curls of gray and red were taken from a box; pins and bands were skillfully placed; presently a sort of mask of cotton and wire was removed from her face, and delicate pastes and powders were applied. Her brows were touched; her cheeks brushed lightly with peach color; her lips were carefully dyed and a dog collar of blazing diamonds was taken from a traveling case and clasped about her soft, almost unwrinkled throat. "Not bad for an old stager who had supper last night in Palm Beach and played three rubbers afterward," she said with an oblique glance at Jocelyn that was almost a leer.

Jocelyn said what she honestly thought, not without a consciousness that the other would like to hear it:

"You must be more than forty. But you don't look a day more than forty."

"When I was forty," said Mrs. Fordyce, "I thought I was too old to live any longer. I dreaded forty. I cried on my fortieth birthday. But what wouldn't I give to be forty again! Sit up for me, Annette," she added, "I'll not be late. You'll be unpacking anyway. Is Johnson there? Please telephone—perhaps you'd do that, Miss Britton? Please telephone

to Mrs. Addington and tell her that I'm on my way."

A small fleet of cars had arrived at the garages that same afternoon, with two drivers in neat chauffeurs' liveries of black and gray whipcord. Jocelyn gathered that one of them was waiting, as the older woman swept downstairs and vanished into the night.

She went to her own room, just a little breathless, with her preconceived ideas somewhat shattered. She had visualized Philip Fordyce's mother as a gentle, beribboned and silk-skirted old lady, fine as porcelain and almost as breakable. To discover in her place this pretty, groomed, vivacious woman, with her beauty treatments and her interest in prize fights was something of a shock.

SHE was quietly reading at nine o'clock when there was a knock at her door. Jocelyn jumped with a moment's fright, for everything had been very still until that moment, but immediately she said, "Come in," and got up to meet her visitor, whoever that visitor might be.

A rather stern-looking woman of perhaps sixty faced her, a plainly dressed person unmistakably rigid as the ideas, morals and the corsets that supported her lean, erect form. Jocelyn half suspected who she was before she briefly announced herself:

"I am Miss Sanderson."

"Oh! Oh, how do you do? I'm Jocelyn Britton."

"You've unquestionably a great many qualifications for handling a girl as difficult as Norma, Miss Britton, or you would not have been so suddenly put into this position here."

It was delivered sternly and evenly, as if she had rehearsed the unfriendly little speech on her way to the house, as Jocelyn believed she had.

"I came straight to you," said Miss Sanderson. "Lorenz asked if he should announce me; I said I thought not. Announce me! I know my way around this house. I know this family, through and through. I taught Norma's mother."

"I know Mr. Fordyce was trying to get in touch with you," Jocelyn said mildly. The opening guns had been fired with such force that she knew an engagement was imminent.

"I was in Honolulu, and then with my niece in Glendale," said the visitor. "Yesterday I came up to the city and reported at once to Mr. Fordyce's office. He is in New York, and his stenographer believed that he had filled the position."

"He didn't hear from you," offered Jocelyn.

"I don't know how you're in a position to know that," said Miss Sanderson sharply.

"I was his secretary," Jocelyn countered neatly. Well, she had sometimes taken his letters, she thought. It was almost true.

"They tell me he is in New York. When does he get back? When does his mother get here?"

"His mother is here. She got back tonight. She's gone out to a dinner, and won't return, she said, until about eleven."

"I'll have Lena make up a room and stay here tonight," announced the other woman, after a second's thought in which she seemed to forget Jocelyn's presence entirely. "I'll see Mrs. Fordyce in the morning."

"Would you like me to ring for Lena?"

"I'll ring for Lena!" Miss Sanderson suited the action to the word. "It has always been understood that when Norma finished school I should be her companion," she said. And then, with the first sign of human weakness that Jocelyn had perceived in her she added, "What happened at the school in Florence?"

"She ran away. She climbed over a wall that had broken bottles on top of it, and cut herself quite badly. Now she's

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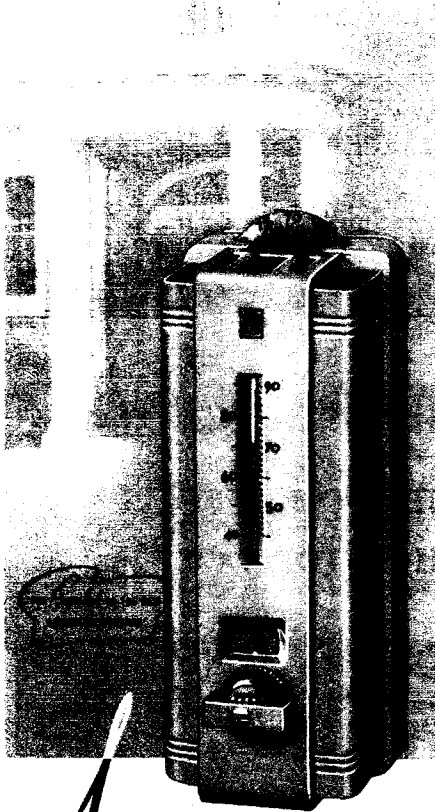
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with her mother in New York, and the grandmother has just come back from Palm Beach."

"I know all that," Miss Sanderson said scornfully. "I'm sorry the misunderstanding has arisen. I'll see you tomorrow, Miss Britton, and we can clear the matter up then with Mrs. Fordyce."

She went away in the wake of a somewhat terrified-looking Lena, and Jocelyn tried to settle down again to her book. But it was not possible; the disturbing thought that this formidable old woman and that other preposterously frivolous and youthful one might conspire to put her out of this position she was so much enjoying came between her and the words she tried to read, and she finally gave up the effort and went to bed because there was nothing else to do. She dared not take a walk through the unknown paths and gardens so late at night, and she had written what letters were necessary.

But she slept lightly and restlessly, more upset by Miss Sanderson's intrusion than she would have admitted to herself, and she roused into wide-awakeness when she heard the return of Mrs. Fordyce. It was a cheerful, audible return. Good nights were called loudly to the friends who had brought her home; car doors were slammed; house doors, far off and softened in sound, closed with bangs.

Jocelyn turned up her bedside light and looked at her watch. It was ten minutes past three.

THE next day was marked by a death-like silence until eleven o'clock, when Mrs. Fordyce awakened and everything stirred into sudden life. Maids ran up and down; trunks were bumped upstairs; telephones rang; flowers arrived. By noon friends were coming in, women as beautifully groomed as their hostess sat in the dressing room and gossiped and laughed and drank cocktails. Bert, as they all called Mrs. Fordyce, was evidently in her glory; she loved company and excitement, and expressed herself as not having enjoyed a single instant since she had left home.

Miss Sanderson went back to the city at about two o'clock, and afterward Jocelyn was sent for.

"My son has gotten us into a horrible mess, and I'm afraid you'll have to be generous about it," said Mrs. Fordyce who was again alone except for Annette, and again being put through a pretty thorough course of beautifying. "We both tried to get hold of darling Sandy—she was my daughter-in-law's governess, you know, twenty years ago. She's marvelous, inasmuch as she simply doesn't permit anything, goes right along like a Gorgon and doesn't stand for any nonsense. We thought we couldn't get her—the poor thing supposed it was all taken for granted, and didn't take the trouble to cable. She hasn't any money anyway, that may have been the reason; she had a brother who drank it all up. She tells me he's dead, but that doesn't bring it back, does it? Well, she's much older; I confess I had rather a shock when I saw her, but after all, we did send for her, and she was Janet's governess. It makes it so awkward!"

"I wired Philip on the train explaining that she was here and what should I do about you, and caught him at Omaha or Ogden or somewhere, and here's his answer. He says, 'Get rid of Sanderson or Spotty won't come home.' He's evidently told Norma, which is so ridiculous, because a girl of that age ought to have no say at all. You're sticking that right into my head, Annette! They'll both be here tomorrow morning, and so will poor Sandy; she's determined to hold her ground, and of course she feels that the way you look has influenced Phil, and no wonder. I love pretty people myself; I always have!"

At this point she paused for a few seconds to rub some injury to her scalp and whimper, and Jocelyn, who was sitting near her, and who had watched her quietly through this long speech, said amiably:

"There won't be any awkwardness as far as I'm concerned. But Mr. Fordyce said that his daughter disliked Miss Sanderson. And it does seem to me that even if she was the right person for Norma's mother, twenty years ago, she really isn't—it would be very trying for Norma—I can't see that she'd feel enough sympathy there to like it at all."

"Well, of course there's that to consider," the grandmother said on a long sigh. "But then what to say to poor Sandy," she continued pensively. "She did pack up and get on a steamer and it was quite pathetic to hear her saying that she'd get Norma out of smoking and all that. She evidently hasn't the slightest idea—! But then I was telling Mrs. Verrinder and Mrs. Kenworthy about it today," she went on, returning to her anxious tone, "and they said that she'd had the Foster girls and the Griscom girls and the little Yolander girl and been perfectly marvelous; she simply kept them in strait jackets! She's just been passed around from family to family—languages, you know, and all that. She speaks wonderful French. You speak French, I suppose?"

"Well, no, I don't," Jocelyn admitted. "You see, there we are," Mrs. Fordyce said plaintively and helplessly, "we have to think of that. Sandy's wonderful at French and at German, too. She lived in Paris for eight years, and then afterward she had Janet there. Well! I wish Phil would get home, because I do feel that with all I have to do, and not having seen Norma for almost two years—"

"When they get here," Jocelyn said soothingly in the pause, "we can settle everything."

"Well, they're due tomorrow, some time after breakfast. I used to meet them," the older woman said, picking up a mirror and studying her face attentively, "but I've stopped that. The train or the boat or the plane is always late, and someone comes out and chalks it up on a blackboard, or else bawls it through a loud-speaker, and it's so dull! Then you decide to go uptown and have a cocktail, and while you're there the wretched thing comes in. I've never known Janet—when she was my daughter-in-law, that is—to do anything but come in in the middle of a bridge hand. You pick up a good hand, and there's a racket, and of course the opponents throw down their cards gladly, and there has to be a redeal."

"YOU had only the son, Mrs. Fordyce?"

"I had only Phil. I never wanted him to marry all that money although I knew Janet's family, knew her from the hour she was born, and I was terribly fond of the little wretch. I am still. She treated him abominably; she used to hurt his feelings and then laugh at him, but I don't think anyone's ever meant to her what Phil does. I believe she'd come back to him like a shot, but he'd never hear of it. She's been married twice anyway, and now there's some count—French or Italian—haven't you noticed that all the newspapers are hinting about it? I hope she doesn't. It doesn't sound any too good. I married again myself, but afterward I took my old name back; I never loved anyone but Philip's father. Married when I was seventeen, and of course a perfect little fool, and when he died I thought all men were like him—my heavens, here she is!"

The last ejaculation was in reference to a rush of feet suddenly audible in the hall, a voice calling "Granny!" in swiftly increasing volume and nearness, and the violent entry of a running girl, who



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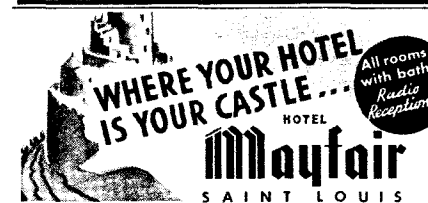
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stopped herself just short of collapse against Mrs. Fordyce, protected the beautifully arranged hair with a sudden respectful cupping of hands, planted a kiss with gingerly care upon the very top of the curls and, wedging herself closely against the older woman on the bench of the dressing table, burst into speech. Or rather, she continued more coherently the flow of words that had been pouring from her since her first footfall had been heard:

"Granny, you darling, you're too divoon—the hair-do—it's perfect—I met a beau of yours on the 'Forty-Niner,' I'll tell you all about him later! Are you glad to see me? Do you realize how much trouble I'm going to make for you?"

SHE had been eying herself in the mirror as she spoke, and hurriedly applying lip rouge and powder, and catching up a loose strand of her rich black hair; now she reached for a cigarette, lighted it expertly, and observing that it was "divoon" to be home, subsided into a near-by chair.

"No; but I mean it really is divoon," she said. "Phil asked if I remembered Miss Britton in the office, and I said of course I did; I remembered the hair. You'll soon find out I'm a perfect angel, Miss Britton, if I'm not shut up in some Italian or German place where every meal starts with macaroni or potato soup. I grew gross, positively gross. I really did, Gran. Where's the Sanderson? Have we killed her and stuck her body down a drain somewhere, or what?"

She was laughing; she was a little out of breath. But not perhaps as breathless as Jocelyn, who remembered this girl as a clumsy, big, already beautiful young thing of perhaps fourteen, on her last visit to San Francisco more than two years ago. She had been spoiled then, but in a simpler fashion. Jocelyn remembered office rumors that she had to have ice cream every day, and movies

almost as often, and that she had been too fat, and inclined to laugh and cry too easily.

This girl was like that earlier girl only in her beauty; she had the same thick, ivory-smooth skin, the same black eyes, with black silky lashes shadowing them, the same rich smoky-black hair and stain of pure apricot on the cheeks. But she was slender now, her hands looked actually delicate and thin, her movements had lost all their old heaviness and had the swift grace of a bird's flight.

There was too much artifice in evidence for her sixteen years, or for any years; her hair hung in soft heraldic locks on either side of her face; it was curled slightly at the tips, and formed into tiny waves and feathers about her forehead. There was rouge on the cheeks whose natural color made it look thick and superfluous; her eyebrows were picked to a thread; her soft baby mouth was stiff with shining vermilion paste. Even her hands, that were still so childishly young, had been scraped and chalked and painted until they had an appearance of ivory claws tipped with wet blood.

And her clothes! Jocelyn had never seen, even in the smartest window of San Francisco's smartest shop, such exquisiteness of dress. It lay in no special thing; not in the tip of the furred little hat, nor the silky lightness and flexibility of the long fur coat she threw aside, not in the severe smartness of the brief silk sheath of her dress nor the foam of frail batiste and exquisite embroidery that could be glimpsed as she crossed her silk-clad legs. It was the sum total of all these and of a hundred other details that brought Jocelyn suddenly to the realization that here was actually one of the little princesses of the world, born to the purple, and wearing it with careless royal ease.

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his family for all time; write another tomorrow; write a third, a fourth, a fifth, and go on writing them for a month, and her great fortune would not be touched nor her bank balance seriously disturbed.

Unexpectedly, Jocelyn found herself desirous of being a part of Norma Fordyce's scheme. There was a fearful fascination in the mere contemplation of a life so unlike her own, so unlike that of most girls. There was an intoxication in the mere taste of it. She knew, even now, that it was neither an entirely safe nor entirely pleasant feeling, this reverence for money and for what money could buy, but all the world had succumbed to it from the very beginning of time, and one could not quite ignore it; one could not feel that it simply did not exist, that Norma Fordyce was no more important than some humble little Mary Brown or Betty Baker who might come into the office to register shyly for a possible position.

INSTINCTIVELY she smiled at Norma, the tolerant amused smile of an older woman who finds a mischievous child engaging, and Norma was quick to respond to it.

"Miss Britton thinks I'm terrible, don't you, Miss Britton?"

"I think you're all completely crazy," Jocelyn said simply. The girl laughed delightedly, and her grandmother said dryly:

"Crazy is quite right. Any girl who climbs over a glass-topped wall and gets herself into an Italian hospital—"

"Darling, the hospital was perfectly beautiful," Norma interrupted negligently, "and the nuns were so sweet I almost became a Catholic. And long before I was on my feet Mademoiselle showed up—she'd come from Paris—and then Count Coudeau showed up, and then the Drapers decided that they had to return unexpectedly to America, and Mrs. Draper was sure Marie Louise would be a wonderful companion for me, and so we came home in a brigade. And once again, Miss Britton, I was saved from a fate worse than death!"

"Your mother met you?"

"Mother met me, and took me to Matty Marchand's that very hour to get clothes, and her new beau—did you meet him, Granny? Count Spazzolari, nine years older than I am. He bought me a puppy. It's being sent. I don't think she'll marry him, I really don't, although it's practically announced and all that. He's revolting."

"Well, I'm glad you're safely here," Mrs. Fordyce said, now fully clad and ready to depart, "and I hope we'll be able to keep you happy and give you a good time. I've got to go to May von Bahren's luncheon; I want to sell her all that boiserie I brought home. It doesn't fit this house at all and it would be divine in hers. Now do you think you'll be safe in Miss Britton's charge, and will you let her know what you want to do, and if Miss Sanderson telephones tell her to get in touch with your father at the office? D'you happen to know if he's coming home to dinner?"

"I believe he is," Norma had gotten no further in her answer when a handsome woman walked into the room and said laughingly:

"I know he is. And so am I. I telephoned the office to see if he was back, and had a chat with him, and Ned Randall and I are coming over to dinner, and to take you on at bridge afterward, Bert."

"Nita, you nice child," Mrs. Fordyce said cordially. "It's so good to see you! I hoped you were going to be at Nonie's today."

"I can't be. I've people staying with me—I've sent them on ahead. I've got to give them a dinner, Monday or Tuesday, so hold them both until you hear



from me. This is Norma, of course, but so grown up I'd never know her, and quite beautiful, too. Like Phil. Don't you think like Phil?"

"And Miss Britton, who's going to help us keep an eye on Norma," Mrs. Fordyce said, with a jerk of her beautiful hat toward Jocelyn.

"Yes; Phil told me that too. We'd all have taken on Norma and run her without any trouble at all, but perhaps it's better this way. You remember me, Norma?"

"Mrs. Royce," Norma said, very much pleased, as Jocelyn could see, with the newcomer.

"Or you can call me Anita, or Aunt Anita or anything you like. I'd like to carry you right off now, but we're playing bridge after lunch and you'd be bored to death."

"She's just in," the grandmother said. "She ought to have a bath and rest."

"She'll have a perfectly lovely season," said Nita Royce. "The younger crowd is having all the fun this winter."

SHE fell into a gossipy review of a great many personalities almost entirely unknown to Jocelyn. Jocelyn sat peacefully in her deep chair waiting for Norma to give some sign of wanting to go to her own apartment; she knew the talking women supposed her to be entirely uninterested in what they had to say. But even though she did not know the subjects of their chat personally, she knew something of most of them, and she liked piecing the pattern of the group together with this scrap and that.

Divorces, love affairs, scandals, deaths, the qualifications of this girl and the unattractiveness of that other, stories of bridge games and polo games and dinner and opera nights were all jumbled together in Mrs. Royce's fascinating talk, and Norma listened to it too, and occasionally asked a question about one of the friends she had left behind her two years ago.

"Meggy Brice is giving a big dance, and there's the Parkers' baby party," Nita said. "You should have had cards to about ten things."

"I imagine they're all upstairs," Norma said indifferently.

"Remember, you're not out, Norma, and don't accept things that will put you into the debutante class," said her grandmother. "Just the school vacation things. There's nothing so bad for a girl as to force parties too early."

"I'll remember." Norma shot a long-suffering glance at Jocelyn, and Jocelyn perceived, with rising pleasure, that they were conspirators already.

"It's impossible to think the child is only sixteen," Nita murmured. "She has all the manner of a grown woman!"

"Perhaps I've had a good many of the experiences of a grown woman," Norma said proudly.

"There's no reason why you shouldn't go on with your studies, settle down here and have your coming-out party winter after next," said Mrs. Fordyce definitely. "It's a lovely group here, and you'll get nowhere running around the world meeting new people."

"Nowhere at all," Norma agreed blandly. "But you know it wasn't my plan to stay in Florence," she reminded her grandmother delicately. "Nor to go to that school near Baltimore where we practically lived on horses. I hate horses!"

"What do you like, Norma?" Mrs. Royce asked.

"Talk, good talk," Norma said in her best grown-up manner. "People with some intelligence. On the boat a little crowd of us used to sit talking sometimes, after the orchestra went to bed, until two or three o'clock."

"Where was Mademoiselle?" Mrs. Fordyce asked quickly.

"She was there, darling, cracking her finger joints and yawning her head off. Any attack on me, by René Coudeau or anyone else," Norma concluded, yawning, herself, and getting to her feet, "was definitely out. I'm going up for a bath; will you come with me, Miss Britton?"

"Leave Miss Britton here for a minute; I want to ask her to be kind enough to send a few telegrams," Mrs. Fordyce said. But when Norma had trailed away, leaving her furs and other impedimenta just where they had fallen, she turned to Jocelyn with a hurried air of warning. "Will you keep a very sharp eye on the telegrams she sends?" she said. "I don't want her to feel that she's being watched,

but at the same time we can't have her inviting strange French counts to the place. Do the best you can with her. If she wants to go into the city to see a movie, or look up some old friend, you arrange it with one of the chauffeurs. There are two, and there are two cars, and she'll probably send for another car tomorrow!"

"You'll be back for dinner, Mrs. For-dyce?"

"Mrs. Royce here tells me I will, and Phil too, and that we're playing bridge. If you can get hold of anyone to amuse Norma, that's all right. I'll be back about five and if there's anything, come in and see me then."

Jocelyn went upstairs across the hall to Norma's suite. She had seen the beautiful, old-fashioned rooms before; weeks earlier an army of decorators had come down from the city to make everything ready for the daughter of the house, and Jocelyn had thought that even the Victorian stateliness and the outdated shape of the apartment had made it all the more attractive.

It consisted of three big rooms with a large dressing room, a bath, an enormous square bathroom that had evidently once been a small bedroom, and a bath and bedroom for the maid. There was a sitting room with tall windows looking down on the park and the trees, a bedroom primly ruffled in white-dotted swiss over pink, a guest room similarly treated in pale blue. These rooms were all in a southwest wing, and when Jocelyn went into them today bright afternoon sunshine was streaming across them, to lend an actually summerlike air to the gay colors and the masses of flowers that decorated them.

The sitting room was the largest; its windows were curtained with dark, rich, blue-lined velvet draperies that came down to the floor and touched the pure white velvet carpet.

Confusion reigned everywhere as Jocelyn came in, and Norma reigned over the confusion. Trunks were standing about, and out of them had come spilling enough glory to dazzle any woman alive, as it did Jocelyn, who had never seen or dreamed of such a display before. Frocks of striped linen; frocks of stiff checked taffeta; transparent batiste frocks finished with cunning scalloping of dark blue; evening frocks as frail as tissue and colored like rainbows. Hats broad-brimmed; tiny hats like birds with wings poised for flight; hats made all of velvety French flowers; hats as demure as Quaker calashes with veils and ribbon strings. Gauzelike

stockings in all colors; shining little shoes of every shade and every material from alligator skin to pearls; underwear so beautiful, so carelessly heaped and piled in frothy, lacy, fragrant, beribboned whiteness and sweetness that Jocelyn could get no farther; she sat down helplessly with one hand on it, and presently began to assort it and fold it into something like order.

A slender girl had joined Norma; evidently a neighbor, for she could not have been summoned more than a few minutes earlier. Norma was trying to find one special garment in the general tangle; she kept tossing fresh miracles of beauty out onto the floor, and muttering, "Damn it, where is it?"

Her personal maid and two of the housemaids were hurriedly getting matters into shape; flowers were continually arriving; telegrams; letters; the telephone rang constantly, and Jocelyn saw her charge get into a rising fever of excitement, almost hysteria, as she was swept upward by the sense of popularity and the rush of welcome.

SHE presently found what she sought, a bellboy's uniform from a Paris hotel, and explained eagerly to her guest that she could wear it when she gave a cocktail party. She then introduced to Jocelyn the other girl—Jean Kimberley. She and Jean had been at Miss Abbott's school together two years earlier, and they had much to say to each other and laughed a great deal. Jean was a year older than Norma, and was to have a coming-out party next winter. There were engagements and house parties to discuss, and Jocelyn felt reasonably safe in leaving the two together while she went to telephone several telegrams for Norma. One to her mother; a few to girl friends; one to a dressmaker; and one to Count René Coudeau. This last one Jocelyn took the liberty of suppressing. Her heart beat the faster for it, but she did not hesitate.

Half an hour later she returned to Norma's rooms to find that the girls had planned to go to Jean's house for lunch, and afterward to "have fun somewhere."

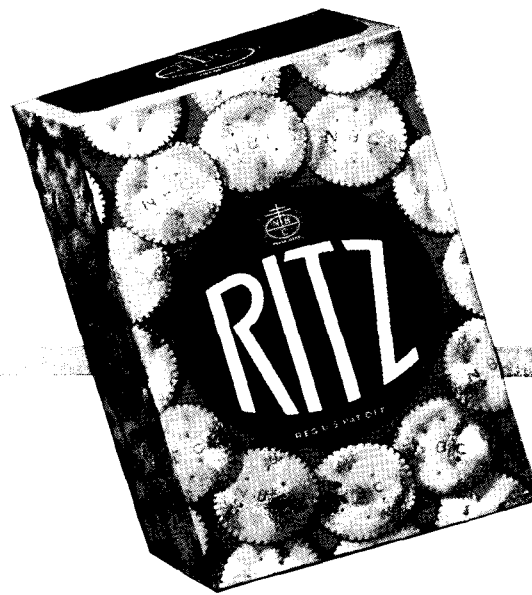
"Then you'll have to ask me too, Jean," Jocelyn said pleasantly, in a tone that made no betrayal of her inward quaking.

"No, she won't," said Norma. "Because Mamma knows Mrs. Kimberley very well, and so does Dad."

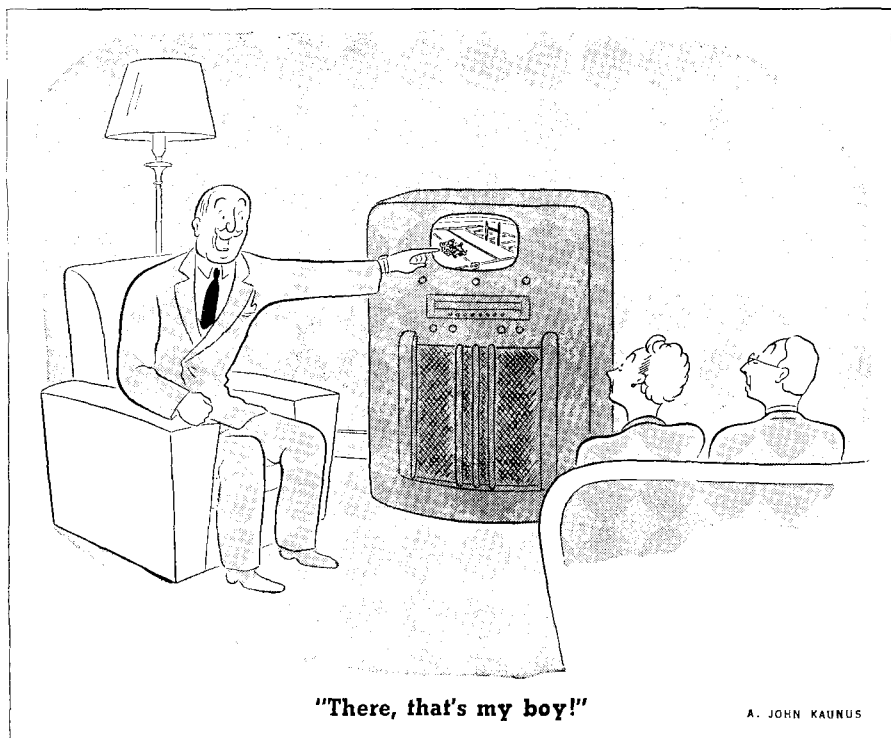
"If your father's willing, of course," Jocelyn said. And noting that she had plenty of time as Norma was in her underwear, and that her maid was only



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now displaying various gowns for her choice, she went to her own room and telephoned Philip Fordyce in his office.

"Hello!" he said. "Nice to hear from you again. Norma home all right? Good."

Jocelyn came straight to her point. Was Norma to go where she liked? Was trusting her to go that far?

"Not to the Kimberleys," he said at once. "The girl's all right, but I don't like that outfit at all. Nope. She stays at home."

"Or I go along?" Jocelyn said.

"Yes, of course," he said in a brighter tone, as if he had not thought of that possibility. "If you'll go along it'll be all right. Tell her I said so."

"I can't very well do that. The daughter's right here."

"Oh, gosh," he muttered, laughing again.

"I might tell her that you're out of your office, if you'll step out for a moment," Jocelyn suggested, inspired. "Then I can say that I must go with her until I hear from you."

"That's the idea!" Relief was in his voice. "What d'you think of her?" he asked, as an afterthought.

"She's fascinating, and she's a beauty, and a few good lickings wouldn't have hurt her," Jocelyn added the last phrase also as an afterthought; she heard him laugh, and was smiling with excitement and pleasure as she went back to the girls.

"Your father isn't in his office," she announced, "so Jean will have to include me. Is that all right, Jean?"

She said it easily, smilingly, but she knew that a great deal of what the future held depended upon what happened right here and now, in these very first hours of her guardianship.

THE two girls looked at each other, and Jean said quickly, with a little laugh:

"There's nothing to be afraid of, I assure you! Mother and Countess von Sturnberg were in school together."

"I'm not afraid of anything," Jocelyn said amiably, and left it at that.

"You make me laugh," Norma said. But she was not laughing. "It's just for lunch."

"And afterward maybe we'll go to a movie," Jean added.

"You don't want to go back to boarding school, Norma. I'll not spoil anything," Jocelyn said mildly.

"The only thing is, whether Mother expected even me back again," Jean said starting on another tack. "There's probably oceans of food, but I know Mother at the club and I'm not sure what we'll get!"

"Stay here then," Jocelyn said cordially.

"That's no fun," Norma said sulkily.

JOCELYN'S heart failed her for a moment. There were a great many hours of this day ahead, and a great many days ahead of this day, and she wondered how half of them—one tenth of them, would be filled.

"Why don't we go over to the country club," she suggested suddenly. "You'd probably see a lot of your old friends, Norma, and there might be something going on—tennis or golf—that would be fun to see."

To her intense relief, for she was beginning to feel that she was entirely inadequate to the situation, this plan pleased Norma. Jocelyn could see that she liked the idea of appearing suddenly at the club, having arrived from New York only that morning, stepping instantly into her place as one of the most interesting figures in the Peninsula group.

It was arranged instantly that Jean should take her car home, and Norma and Jocelyn should pick her up at her own gate in fifteen minutes, and Jocelyn telephoned to the club to reserve a table for Miss Fordyce, and by this time was more gratified than surprised at the obsequious attention that this simple request received.

"D'you know the Kimberleys?" Norma demanded, when they were in the big car, rolling smoothly toward Jean's gate.

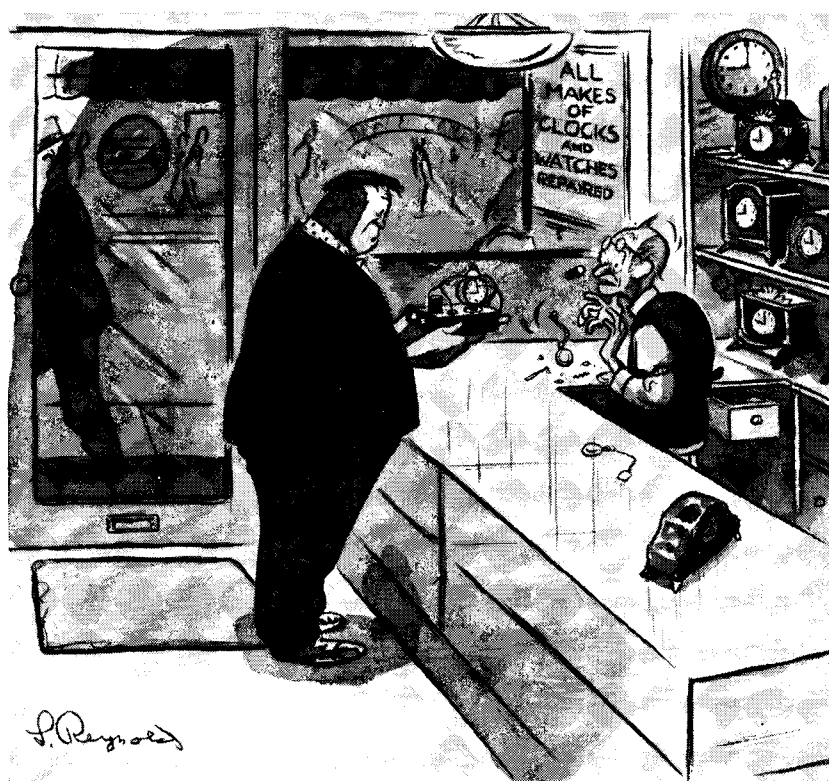
"Just the name."

"She's divorced, you know, and she's trying to marry my father. She's been trying for years," Norma said serenely, "and Nita Royce is after him too," she added. Jocelyn laughed out suddenly in desperate amusement.

"What's the matter?" the girl asked.

"Nothing. Just that it's curiously and curiously," said Jocelyn.

(To be continued next week)



"Will you look at this timepiece? This bomb was set to go off at five-thirty and it didn't!"

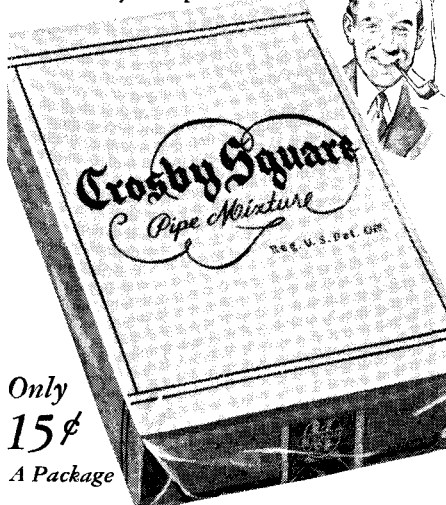
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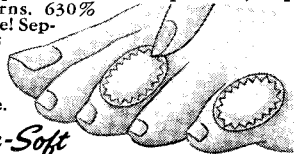
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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

Moscow Party

Continued from page 13

and I'm having a little party. Would you care to come to tea? I want you to meet my husband."

"Are you married? I thought you were Miss Shukov."

"I've been married twice, and you will meet my first husband too, if you come tomorrow. That really wasn't serious, we had known each other always, and he was living in the same apartment, and in those days"—she shivered—"you know it was rather dreadful. . . . I'm sure you will like Peter, and he talks English too; we all did as children. But they sent him away for a year to a lumber camp, and he met there his friend's sister. He's married to her now, and I like her too. But in the meantime I found Ivan and that of course. . . . Perhaps you don't know it, Mr. Wellman, but when you love somebody, well, then you love him. That's all; I can't explain it. He is older than I am, but with him, you know, it's different. I mean, like feeling you have been lost in a fog, and lonely, and then you find someone, and after that nothing else matters. . . . except that he's with you and you're with him. . . ."

She talked the way Russians do, so easily and lightly that you never know if they are making conversation or telling you the secret of their hearts.

TO WELLMAN'S surprise the door, padded thick with felt against the cold, swung open at his first ring of the bell. There stood a young man, dressed like a chauffeur in a black leather coat and dark breeches, who looked at him inquiringly.

"Madame Shukov," said Wellman.

The man nodded and pointed to a door at the end of the hall.

Nadya greeted him excitedly. "He didn't stop you," she cried. "Did he say anything? But, wait a minute, this is my Aunt Tanya, Baroness Rosencrantz, and Peter Nikitin, my former husband—I told you about him last night—and his friend Alexei. My boss—that's the right word, isn't it?—Mr. Wellman. So now you know one another and Ivan will be here any moment. He has a government job, you see, and they don't care about Sundays."

The young man Alexei wore a loose blouse buttoned up to the neck, khaki breeches and high boots. The other, Peter, was dressed in coat and trousers of thick brown tweed, rather threadbare, and a white silk tennis shirt without a tie.

But the old baroness might have stepped out of a Punch drawing in the days of Queen Victoria. She sat stately in a black satin dress, with a lace scarf, pinned by a large gold locket, across her shoulders. Her yellowish face was expressionless and her pale blue eyes stared through him as she extended a plump, well-shaped hand—the back of her hand, for Wellman to kiss, not shake. He bent over it clumsily and felt his ears go red.

"In former days," she said coldly, "I would have received you in different fashion. This, you understand, was my dining room." She waved to the heavy mahogany sideboard and square table under the big glass chandelier. "But now. . . . you can't disguise that brass bedstead nor the little brick stove near the window. Yet I think my niece and her husband are fortunate—my room is smaller still. You see, space is rationed in Moscow, like a number of other things." She spoke slow and correct English with a marked German accent.

"Yes, indeed," said Wellman uncomfortably, "these changes. . . . it must be dreadful. . . . and. . . ." He turned to

Nadya. "I don't understand what you mean. Who didn't stop me and why?"

"The man at the door, you saw him, didn't you?"

"There was a man but. . . ."

"Oh, of course, you don't understand. You see, dear mister, I have to tell you that you have walked into a mouse-trap." They all laughed loudly, but Wellman still felt himself outside them.

"Never mind," she went on quickly. "I'm very glad you came, very glad, and now let's drink some wine. Peter has found a stock of the most wonderful German wine, Marcobrunner, and brought me half a dozen bottles, because it's my name day, so you must drink my health."

He had tasted wine before but never wine like this, golden nectar to his mouth, hot brightness in his veins. "But what is the mousetrap?" he asked abruptly. "And why does it make you laugh?"

"We laugh because we are frightened. You see, it's a police trap really, and we are the wretched mice. Sit here on the sofa and I'll tell you all about it."

Wellman seated himself.

"It's one of the things they do," said Nadya, "the Cheka, you know; I mean the secret police. Not so often nowadays but. . . . when they want to catch somebody. They put a control on the apartment and let anyone come in, but no one can go out until they say so. That's why we call it a mousetrap. Of course, you are all right as a member of the American Relief, and I don't think we have any cause to worry; in fact, I'm positive that it's the old man across the hall. I know he's been speculating in foreign money. They must be after him and the people with whom he deals."

Her tone was less sure than her words, and her face was flushed. She wore the same frock as the night before at the dance, but today there were some green beads around her neck.

"I hope you're right," said Alexei. "Of course, Mr. Wellman has nothing to worry about, and you, Nadya Lvovna, are working for the Americans, so I suppose you are safe too. And naturally the baroness." He bowed to the old lady. "But don't forget, Peter and I have been in. . . ."

THE baroness raised her hand. "And why should I be exempt? Perhaps you are not aware that my late husband, General Baron von Rosencrantz, was officer in waiting to His Majesty the Emperor."

The young man looked confused. "I never—m-meant," he stammered, "to suggest for a moment that. . . . But, as I was saying, Peter and I have been in prison and so. . . . I don't much like it."

"You were in prison?" asked Wellman.

"We both were, and. . . ."

"But yours was only two months," said Peter, "and mine was a year in a lumber camp. Just look at my fingers. All the manicures in Moscow will never make my nails right."

Nadya laughed nervously. "Now, Peter, don't be silly. You know you met Marusya there, and that's why he deserted me, Mr. Wellman. I cried all night when they took him away, and then I had no news for three months, and then there was a letter saying he wanted thick boots and heavy underwear, and I wasn't to be worried because he was all right. And not to forget the toothbrush and, if possible, some soap. I couldn't get the soap."

Wellman admitted that the Russians had him beaten. "You mean. . . ." he

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"Off the bridge, you landlubber," he yells!

'Twas during one of those Northeast storms we have around here that Cap'n Ahab drives up.

"Ahoy, there," he howls, as I duck out into the storm. "Some gas for this infernal machine an' Oh! for the days of sail!"

"Didn't the 'Jennie Matthews' go down on a day like this?" I yells.

"That she did," he bellows. "An' a little oil on the troubled waters would've saved her!"

I know a fair wind when I feel one and I'm off—all sails set. "Skipper," says I, "on land or sea the right kind o' oil means a fair passage."

"None o' your steamin' tea kettles for me," he bellows. "Give me canvas!"

"Skipper," I tell him, "this Golden Shell Oil is tougher than the palm of a bosun's hand! An' it goes to work on your engine *fast*—faster than you could trim a stays'l."

"You're talkin' about speed now, son," he says.

"At 25¢ a quart it's a bargain!" I says, gettin' ready to drain an' refill.

"Off the bridge, you landlubber," he yells. "This oil of yours may be as smooth as your tongue—but you'll have to see the Chief Engineer!"

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

P. S. The Chief Engineer is his wife, an' she sure recognized a bargain the minute I talked to her.

began, but they did not give him a chance.

"Look at my fingers," said Peter. "I tell you all the manicures—"

"And then," Nadya hurried on. "there was his friend Volodya, whose sister came to visit him, that's Marusya. And so the next letter I got was all about Marusya, Volodya's sister, and she *had* brought soap, and so . . . so, after that I was lost and done with, and Marusya was the world. It's too bad that she can't be here tonight, Mr. Wellman. She's the most delightful . . . and, of course, once Peter had met her, what could I . . ."

"Now, Nadya, don't talk like that," said the baroness abruptly, "you know quite well that you and Peter were children, nothing touched you then, not deeply. But with Ivan . . ."

The girl's face changed. "Ivan," she said, "oh, yes, that's different." She caught at Wellman's arm. "I so much want you to meet him, because he's rather like you in some ways. I mean, you know, Peter's a darling and it was perfectly dreadful of him to go and marry Marusya, leaving me all alone. But Ivan . . . oh, I can't say it . . . but he's everything and everything. I do wish he didn't have to stay so late at the office."

WELLMAN suddenly felt uneasy without knowing why, unless the girl's anxiety—yes, that was it, he was sure she was badly frightened. He turned toward Alexei. "And you were imprisoned too? I hope you don't mind my asking about it but, you see, to us Americans it's so strange. In America nobody . . ."

Alexei grinned boyishly. "Why should I mind? It happened to nearly all of us at one time or another; I mean to the 'former' people, as they call us now, the ones who had titles and property, or were officers in the army. They hated us, to begin with, and when the civil war began they looked on us as enemies and, you know, the Cheka is a terrible organization. It has spies and agents everywhere. They come for you at night and . . . But I was lucky. They only held me for a month, because I had two dueling pistols as a decoration on my wall, which they said was retaining prohibited weapons. The pistols were antiques and useless, but somebody must have seen them, and I was a 'social enemy,' so . . ."

Wellman stroked his chin. "It sounds amazing to me," he said slowly.

"Oh, that's nothing," said Alexei, "I could tell you scores of cases. There was a friend of mine in Kiev who managed to send his mother's jewels to his sister in the Crimea when the White Army was still there, and she escaped with them to Constantinople. Well, my friend was arrested and would have been shot except for the fact that his father had once helped one of the Cheka officials. But that's not the point. The point is that the first night my friend was examined in the prison they told him exactly what jewels he had sent and how much they were worth. Now he swears that no one knew that except himself. He says they couldn't have known, but they did know, somehow."

"And what about me?" cried Peter. "It happened two years ago, but I still don't understand it. . . ."

"I wish Ivan would come," repeated Nadya. "He said he'd be here at six and it's nearly half past already, and I know he wanted to meet you, Mr. Wellman."

"Oh, Ivan's all right," said Peter. "He probably had to wait for a streetcar. But I'd like to ask our friend from America what he thinks of my case."

He filled Wellman's glass. "As I said, I was arrested two years ago and I had done nothing against them except, of course, being my father's son, and going

to the Cadet School in Petersburg. I was too young to serve in the war and as it happened I broke my leg out riding, and was hobbling around with a stick on our place near Pskov when the revolution came. So I took no part in any of it. Then I was in Moscow and stayed here in this apartment. You remember, Aunt Tanya, you were living here too, and Nadya and I were married and everything was all right, until suddenly I was arrested. And the second time they examined me the Chekist said, 'You have been engaged in activities against us.'

"I denied it."

"He said, 'Oh, yes, you have, because your name is on a list of young aristocrats who were willing to join Denikin.'"

"Was that true?" said Wellman quickly.

"Yes, and that is the funny part of it. Because, honestly, I had forgotten all about it. In the autumn of 1913, when I first came to Moscow, before I was married, I did agree to join a group to rise against the Reds if Denikin broke through."

"Wasn't Denikin beaten?" asked Wellman.

"Yes, of course he was beaten, and our plot, if you want to call it that, just ceased to exist. But there was a document, a list of names and instructions. My copy was Number 411, and when I was arrested some months later they shoved it under my nose and said, 'See, you have been engaged in counterrevolutionary activity.' So, for that, I spent a year in a lumber camp. But how they found out . . ."

"Ah," said Wellman, "that's what I'd like to know. You say there was a document. And where did you keep it?"

The Russian shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, just here in the apartment. You see, it was nonsense, and Denikin was beaten, so I never thought . . ."

Wellman was not satisfied with that. "But I want to know more," he said. "First of all, who had access to this document? Who could have seen it or found it?"

Peter smiled. "Well, anybody, I suppose, who came here, if he'd known about it, or been interested."

"That is what I mean: that is, we must consider this thing seriously. Anybody, you say, had access: your friends, perhaps your maid, and so forth. But what I am asking now is: Who, having access, also knew what the document meant? I may add that there is another question, which in American law we consider most important: Who could have a motive for giving this paper to the Cheka?"

PETER gaped at him. "Why, there were only three of us who knew, Nadya, myself and Aunt Tanya, but . . ." He checked himself abruptly, and Wellman could see the question growing in his eyes, could see too that he had begun to guess the answer.

"B-b-but, there were only three of us," Peter stammered.

There was a moment of silence and George Wellman felt how unreal this all was and how remote from him and everything he had known before. In America people were not arrested, ever, unless they had committed a crime. He had never known anyone who was arrested—oh, of course, driving a car too fast, or things like that—but being sent to prison, or lumber camps, in risk of your life. . . . He had legal training but he was still very young, without much experience. So he said simply, "Well, that narrows it down a great deal."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than he would have given anything to recall them, because Nadya flushed from neck to forehead.

"Do you mean to say?" she gasped. "Do you think . . . ? Oh, Peter, you

know it is not true . . . you must know I would never . . ."

Peter put his hand on hers. "Of course not, darling, of course not. But . . ."

She pushed him away. "Why talk about these things? It's horrible. Give me some more wine, Alexei . . . and . . . I know it's silly, but I wish Ivan would come home. It's nearly seven now; I can't understand why he doesn't come."

"Do you think that man would allow me to telephone?" said the baroness suddenly. "After all, Ivan is working in a government office. I don't see why it should not be allowed." Without waiting for an answer she walked to the door.

PETER drank his wine in one gulp and slammed the glass down so hard upon the table that the stem was broken.

"I see it now," he shouted; "you are right, Mr. Wellman, it has been narrowed down. Just wait until she comes back."

"Oh, Peter, you don't mean . . ." cried Nadya, and Alexei said, "Listen, Peter, you can't think . . ."

"Don't be silly," said Peter roughly. "I do mean, and I do think . . . and don't you, Mr. American?"

Wellman felt sick, but he knew the man was right. "I must agree," he muttered. "It's the only logical answer, but what in hell was the motive?"

"I don't care about the motive, but of course you see it too, it must be so. Then will you ask her?"

Nadya was twisting her beads, and Alexei sat fixed with a glass of wine in one hand and a cigarette in the other. But Peter was like some caught creature from the jungle, which can't stay still, must be always moving, to and fro across the room.

Wellman jumped as the door opened.

"He allowed me to telephone," said the baroness, "but there was no answer from the office, although"—her voice was soft and reassuring—"I don't think, Nadya, that you have any reason to be alarmed."

"Mr. Wellman wants to ask you something," said Peter, standing still at last, with his back against the sideboard.

"It can't be true," Wellman thought, "surely such a woman would never . . . and yet, I don't like her somehow. Besides, it's the only explanation . . . I shall ask her and we shall see."

"It comes to this," he said and he put his fingers together, the way Professor Adams used to do at Harvard when he reached a subtle point of jurisprudence.

"It comes to this, Madame Rosencrantz, and this is the question I must ask you. There were only three people who had access to that document, who knew what it meant and how it could be used. There was Nadya, and Peter, and yourself. And so I ask you this: Who gave that paper to the Cheka police?"

For a moment she looked at him calmly. And then her face changed disgustingly and she rushed forward, seized a bottle from the table and broke it on the floor. Her face was old and wrinkled, and her eyes, as they blazed at Nadya, were spears of hate and pain.

"Of course I did," she shrieked, "of course I gave them the paper, but whose fault was it?" She threw out her hand like a sword thrust. "It was your fault, and you know it. You . . . you . . . you had your husband, you had Peter, yes, you had him, but where was Sergei, Sergei, my son Sergei? They shot him, and you might have saved him."

She moved two steps nearer to Nadya, and Wellman's heart was chilled by the softness of her voice:

"My son Sergei, the child you played with, and I asked you on my knees . . ."

"But, Aunt Tanya," the girl's voice was broken. "Aunt Tanya, I couldn't . . ."

"Of course, you could. The man was mad for you. You know what I mean, that commissar. Yes, you knew it . . . and it would have saved his life . . . my boy's life."

SHE turned to Wellman as if he were God judging her. "Don't you understand, it was my son . . . and she could have saved him. But she did not do it." Her voice grew low and almost tender: "And so . . . first . . . I gave young Peter to the Cheka, because I thought she loved him. I was wrong, but now . . ."

Nadya screamed and clutched at her own throat. "Oh, no, you don't mean that!"

"I do," said the old lady, in the same low, dreadful tone. "And why is Ivan so late this evening? Perhaps the street-car . . . and the snowstorm . . . or perhaps Ivan has been telling secrets to the British agent here in Moscow, as you know and I know too."

The Chekist officer opened the door. "You are free to go," he said, "all of you." He looked at them coldly. "You are free to go."

"But my husband?" gasped Nadya. "Ah, yes, your husband, Ivan Petrovitch Shukov. Yes . . . we thought he was coming here. But he has been arrested elsewhere, under Article 58—Communication of state secrets to a foreign power."



You gave her a ring
to be near her . . .

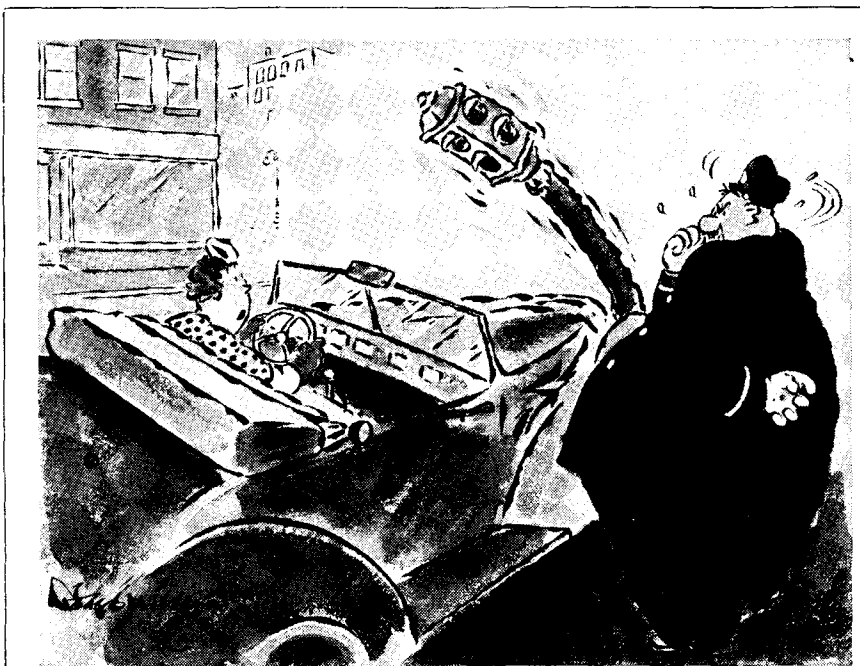


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"I assure you, Officer, it was an accident! . . ."

JAY IRVING



Blood Money

THE second European war's thunder by land, sea and air may have hammered out of a lot of Americans' memories the fact that on July 27th of this year the Roosevelt Administration denounced the United States' Treaty of Commerce and Navigation with Japan.

Well, it did; and we're still glad it did, and we hope the Administration will carry through to the logical consequences of that act when the time comes if the reasons for the treaty's denunciation still exist at that time.

Those reasons were Japan's undeclared war on China, begun in July, 1937, and the things to which that war has led.

The denunciation of the 1911 treaty meant that six months later—about the end of January, 1940, and early in the next regular session of Congress—the United States would be in position to make any changes it might desire in its trade relations with Japan. Those changes could include a total two-way ban on all shipments between the two countries.

Japan's war on China has been a savage affair from the beginning. On the list of barbarities have been ceaseless Japanese air raids on open cities, unrestrained looting and rapine by Japanese troops, whose officers claim they can't control them, increasing disrespect for the rights of neutrals in or near the war zones.

When the Japanese climaxed their long

series of injuries and insults to foreigners by blockading the British concessions at Tientsin, the President acted. We can't see that the essential rightness of his denunciation of the 1911 treaty was altered by the fact that the Japanese took to insulting Germans in China and shining up to Britons and Americans after Stalin and Hitler blew Tokyo loose from the Berlin-Rome Axis by signing that German-Russian nonaggression treaty.

The white man chiseled his way into China by gangster methods, back in the opium war days of 1842. He may have to get politically out of the Chinese treaty ports and concessions before long. Maybe he ought to get out of them.

But should he crawl out simply because some hijackers show up a century or so after his gangster act and tell him to scram? We know of nothing even in gangster ethics that calls for surrender to hijackers.

But what eats deepest into our consciences about the whole business is that the United States has been selling the Japanese gangsters by far the largest percentage of their imported war raw materials. Some figures:

In 1938, the United States sold Japan 56% of all the materials essential for war purposes that Japan bought abroad. The Philippines' contribution of 1% raised our total to 57%. Total value of these goods was about \$170,000,000.

Collier's

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Of all the scrap iron Japan bought in 1938, it bought 90% from us.

The United States, in short, has sold Japan most of the stuff with which Japan has made its savage war on China—a war that has taken an estimated 5,000,000 lives up to now.

From the best evidence available, the Japanese are dreaming of world conquest in case they win in China. World conquest would include our good selves, and most likely early rather than late.

If the Japanese military caste carries this war to the January, 1940, dead line laid down in the 1911 treaty denunciation, we move that the country stop all United States and Philippine exports of essential war materials to Japan.

We're idealistic-American enough to base this motion for a war-materials embargo against Japan chiefly on moral grounds. It is not decent, it is not right, at least by Western standards, for the United States to be selling the Japanese materials for the slow and merciless enslavement of a peaceable nation. This is dirty money.

Morally, we ought to leave that kind of trade to double-dealers and double-crossers like Mr. Hitler. Mr. Stalin and Mr. Cardenas—the last named being the Mexican president who pats Leon Trotsky on the back with his left hand and sells stolen oil to Fascist governments with his right.

But we are also intrigued by the practical aspects of this possible war-materials embargo against Japan.

It is probable that if we should clamp down now on these exports to Japan, a large and burly wrench would be thrown into the Japanese military machine in China—especially with Japan's European sources of supply disrupted by the European war.

Unable to line up other sources in a hurry, the Japanese war machine would at least have to slow down in China.

Or, still better, it might have to call off the Chinese war.

Or if best should come to best, the Japanese people might be moved to get up on their back legs and heave the military caste completely off their necks.

All these practical considerations look good to us, quite apart from the plain morality and decency of refusing, even this late in the day, to take any more dirty money from Japan.

On all scores, we believe the United States has had more than enough war-supply traffic with the gangsters who currently run the Japanese Empire.