

Dr. Arthur Steinberg, whose research resulted in the discovery of koagamin

(FOR THOMAS)

## Thicker than Blood

By Hannah Lees

PHOTOMICROGRAPHS BY DR. FRANCIS F. LUCAS

**It was Dr. Steinberg's purpose to prevent blood clots; instead, he found a way to produce them quickly. It's a neat achievement. There'll be lives to show for it**

A FEW months ago, at a Philadelphia hospital, a prominent obstetrician did a Caesarean section and delivered a fine, healthy baby. Now, there's nothing terribly exciting about that these days, but what is exciting is that when the sponge nurse finished her count her eyes nearly popped out of her head. Normally, in a Caesarean, which is a pretty serious operation, there are some twenty or thirty sponges used. This time there were only five, and two of them were practically as fresh and dry as before they had been put to work. And all because, shortly before the operation, the patient had been given a couple of injections of—you can have fifty guesses—oxalic acid, the common floor bleach, the common ink and rust remover. An incredibly small amount of oxalic acid it was—three milligrams per

shot, which is about one ten-thousandth of an ounce, but still oxalic acid. And upstairs in his laboratory, in that hospital, a young chemist heard the news with satisfaction but not much surprise. He knew it would be that way.

It's a curious, contradictory tale, the way this discovery came to be made. About four years ago this young chemist, Arthur Steinberg by name, found himself wondering if he couldn't find something (here's your first contradiction) to keep blood from clotting inside the body, something to prevent those thromboses that occasionally form in the blood vessels after operations and in the course of some diseases and do all sorts of damage from gangrene to sudden death.

There was a substance called heparin that was supposed to do that job, but

heparin had to be made in a very elaborate, intricate way from beef blood and was almost unbelievably expensive, something like a hundred dollars a dose, which is hardly practical. So Dr. Steinberg was wondering if there might not be something else.

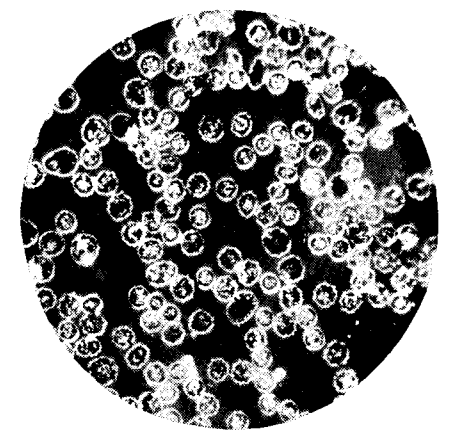
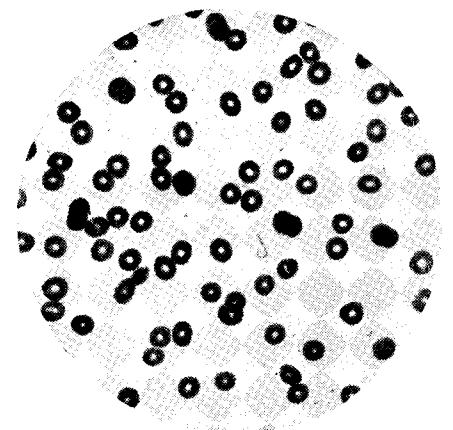
He had a full-time job, working on another problem in a research laboratory, but this thing seemed to be on his mind. Research workers are a little strange that way, and, after all, what is a man to do with his evenings and Sundays? So he began tinkering with the idea. He knew that, among other things, sodium oxalate, a compound of oxalic acid, was used to keep blood from clotting in test tubes (I told you this was a story of contradictions). He knew this compound worked by taking the calcium, which was supposed to be necessary to clot-

ting, out of the blood. But you can't remove all the calcium from a person's system. He'd die. People had been known to die, in fact, from taking oxalic acid. So he never thought of using that. Instead he began to try solutions of various animal tissues, injecting them into rabbits and then seeing how the blood behaved and whether it seemed to clot more slowly. Then one day he injected a solution of some tissue extract—spleen extract it happened to be—into a rabbit and tested the blood, and—well, it certainly wasn't clotting any slower; quite the contrary, it was clotting faster, much faster.

### A Real Need for a Coagulant

Well, that was pretty interesting even if it wasn't what he was looking for. He tried it on a few more rabbits and it looked still more interesting. Now, Steinberg is just a born research worker with a highly overdeveloped curiosity. The chances are he didn't bother to think of the medical implications right then. There was just this problem: if certain animal extracts made blood clot faster, would plant extract, for instance, do the same thing? So he got a variety of dried plants from various drug houses and started in on them—things like wood sorrel, and shepherd's purse, and rhubarb, and euphorbia—weeds we'd call most of them, but they turned out to have been a good hunch. Make an extract of certain of those weeds, particularly shepherd's purse and wood sorrel, and inject it into the vein of a rabbit. Test the rabbit's blood fifteen minutes later and instead of clotting in two and a half minutes, which is normal, it would congeal in about a minute and a half.

Maybe, he began to think, it would be a good idea to table that anticoagulant problem for a while in favor of this, because a really good coagulant that could be injected into the blood stream would help doctors quite a bit. A lot more people died of hemorrhage every year



**What happens to normal red blood cells (above) when oxalic acid is added to blood in test tubes. The blood (below) will not clot. Oxalic acid has a directly opposite effect when injected into the blood stream, hastening coagulation**



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than of having their blood form clots that anything like heparin couldn't help. Lots of other things had been tried as coagulants, of course, for years and years, snake venom among them, but none of them had seemed very successful. He tried a few more rabbits.

After testing out the extract on dozens and dozens of rabbits, Steinberg naturally began looking around for a human to try it on, still in his spare time, you understand, still on his own, quietly, evenings and holidays. He had talked to various doctors about the idea and some of them were interested but most of them were pretty scornful. Plant extract to make blood coagulate? Why, the theory of coagulation was one of the most complicated and unsatisfactory in medicine. There seemed to be at least six factors, and most of them had been only guessed at, never identified. It was crazy to think any one simple extract was the answer. Steinberg didn't know then, you see, what it was in his extract that made the blood clot so fast. If he had known, and told the other doctors, they'd have been still more scornful. But he didn't know. He just knew this plant stuff made the rabbits' blood thicken nearly twice as fast and didn't seem to hurt them, and he called it koagamin, a name that has stuck with it right up to this day.

But what about humans? Well, a man can always try a thing on himself. So he took a shot of the stuff and did a test and it worked the same way, faster in fact, and he felt just as well as ever the next hour and the next day and the next week. Of course, then he wanted more human guinea pigs, and they were harder to get. But he talked to all his friends—physicians and surgeons and other chemists—and finally got some of them to play guinea pig too . . . and it worked the same way on them. They felt no ill effects, no effects of any sort

when the stuff was injected intravenously. Their blood just clotted faster than normally when tested, much faster. Which was fine, but there's no real good in thickening, as it were, the blood of a perfectly healthy person. Where this might be valuable was with sick people, people dying of hemorrhage. Yet even the most curious research man could hardly expect doctors, even doctors who were friends, to turn their patients over to him as guinea pigs, unless, of course, they were dying anyway.

#### A Patient with Nothing to Lose

That, grimly enough, seemed to be Steinberg's only chance. If a doctor had a patient who seemed absolutely moribund, who was losing blood at a fatal rate and nothing else seemed able to stop it—well, you couldn't do any harm even with stuff made from a weed, with a funny name like koagamin. Pretty soon a case like that came along. A doctor Steinberg knew had a woman patient with a very serious bleeding gastric ulcer and nothing he did seemed to do any good. Pretty much in desperation, he gave her an intravenous shot of the shepherd's purse extract. He could hardly believe it when the bleeding stopped. He could hardly believe it when she began to respond to the treatment that hadn't done any good before, and got well.

Pretty soon another doctor Steinberg knew found himself with a patient with a nosebleed. Now, this doesn't sound so serious, but it was, because it was a sort of familial hereditary nosebleed in which nothing seems of much help in checking the flow, and the patient sometimes bleeds to death. It's not like hemophilia, which we'll come to in a minute, but it's almost as serious, and this patient was slowly but surely bleeding to death. Her doctor, again in des-



"It's a short cut!"

FRITZ WILKINSON



peration, gave her an intravenous shot of the plant extract . . . and the bleeding stopped and she got well.

Then of course, the news began to spread, and it wasn't so hard to find doctors who were willing to try this extract on their patients. They began using it to stop hemorrhages after operations, after childbirth; hemorrhages due to diseases in nearly every part of the body. And in practically every case the bleeding was checked, often in a few minutes, always within a half-hour after the extract was injected.

But there was another whole group with bleeding trouble, people who had something actually wrong with their blood; people with purpura who would get spontaneous hemorrhages all over their bodies, and especially under the skin; people with jaundice who needed operations and yet were bad operative risks because the jaundice in some complicated way affected the blood so that it was slow to clot; hemophiliacs who were born with something missing from their blood so that it would take hours to clot, or never clot at all, who might bleed to death from a simple cut. It was a question whether this plant extract would do those people any good, but the only way to find out was to try it. So they did.

#### Discovery of a New Vitamin

It all took time, for Steinberg was still working on his own at nights, still getting individual physicians and surgeons to co-operate with him, to try his stuff, when and where they could. But he did it. A hemophiliac, for instance, who had always needed to be rushed to the hospital and given transfusions whenever he so much as cut himself shaving, had an impacted wisdom tooth removed with no trouble whatever because, two hours before, he had had an intravenous and also an intramuscular injection of this extract. And this was revolutionary. Nothing had ever been known to be much help to hemophiliacs before. Things like the snake venom I mentioned earlier had looked hopeful but had not turned out so well.

Jaundiced patients needing operations, who a few years ago hadn't had much chance, have had a good deal

better break in recent years. A new vitamin was discovered, Vitamin K, which seemed to be just what people with jaundice were lacking, seemed to be what they needed to make their blood clot normally. But this vitamin was effective only in jaundice, and had to be given along with other things to make it work. Dr. Steinberg tried his extract on jaundiced patients, and it not only worked but even worked in a few cases where Vitamin K had seemed to fall down. As for people with purpura . . . this plant extract seemed just as valuable in stopping their uncontrollable hemorrhages as in jaundice and hemophilia. It was all pretty amazing.

A few surgeons began routinely using the stuff before operations . . . and found that they could work much faster and more efficiently because there was so much less oozing to obscure their vision. There were still only a few surgeons, only a few physicians using it—still are in fact. It's such a new idea, such a revolutionary one, and doctors are a very conservative lot. Lucky for you, in general, that they are. But those that were using it were sold on it. Surgeons found their operating work was being revolutionized.

Meanwhile Steinberg was worrying about what it was in this plant extract that did the job. Working in the same laboratory with him was a man named William Redman Brown, with whom he'd discussed his ideas a good deal. So he and Brown now set to work, in Steinberg's basement and Brown's garage, to see if they couldn't discover the chemical composition of this plant extract. And they analyzed and analyzed and discarded one theory after another. Every once in a while they'd get a few white crystals, but they couldn't find out what they were, because if they heated them even one degree beyond a very delicate point, *pouf*, the crystals would sublime, which is the fancy chemical name for vanish, go up in smoke.

When they finally got the crystals to stay with them long enough to be identified, and identified them as oxalic acid, they could hardly believe their eyes . . . or their test tubes. But they tested them again and again, and there wasn't any doubt. Oxalic acid it was, in spite of the fact that oxalic acid was known

to be a dangerous poison, and in spite of the fact that sodium oxalate was an anticoagulant in a test tube.

And then they remembered something they'd known but hadn't paid any attention to before: there is a certain small amount of oxalic acid in the blood, yours, mine, everybody's. A Japanese had discovered that quite a few years ago, but it hadn't meant anything then, and he'd had trouble finding out how much. So they began analyzing and analyzing again, blood this time, and found there was not only some, but quite a lot; as much as six or seven milligrams per hundred cubic centimeters, which is only a little less than the amount of calcium we have in our blood if we're healthy.

So oxalic acid was a deadly poison, was it? Well, of course, but then so was morphine, so was strychnine, so were many of the really valuable drugs if taken in anything but minute doses. The only thing was, oxalic acid had never been thought of as a medicine before. But it was a medicine, a very valuable medicine obviously, and one we all carried around inside us all the time.

And there was another odd thing: they had analyzed, among other things—because as I said before research men are curious that way—the blood of women who had just had babies, and the blood from the babies' cords, and they found strangely enough in those bloods quite a little more oxalic acid than normal. It looked as if Dr. Steinberg had just hit on a method of coagulating blood that nature had been using for centuries to keep mothers and babies from dying when the babies were born.

#### Scientists Are Never Satisfied

It was all very exciting, too exciting to believe. Last April, Dr. Steinberg and Dr. Brown carried their news to Toronto, where the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology was meeting. When they met with some skepticism Dr. Steinberg injected some koagamin into a rabbit and tested its blood and proved before the eyes of all the skeptics that the clotting time was cut almost in half. A couple of months later, in June, they received a gold medal from the New Jersey State Medical Society for their original—very original—research.

Call it koagamin, or shepherd's purse extract or oxalic acid, the stuff has been tried now on nearly 2,000 sick people in whom hemorrhage was a danger. And there was scarcely one of them in which the bleeding wasn't checked, scarcely one who, if the extract was given in time, didn't make a remarkable recovery. But Steinberg and Brown aren't satisfied. They want to know why minute quantities of oxalic acid make blood clot in the body, while large quantities of an oxalic acid salt keep it from clotting in a test tube. They want to know what the processes are that make the oxalic acid have this effect and where it fits into the whole difficult, complicated theory of blood clotting in general. Maybe it will help simplify that theory. There are all sorts of ideas they could have about these things, and probably do, but all they will admit so far is that the oxalic acid seems to be some sort of catalyst to the other clotting forces in the blood.

There are so many things they still want to find out and they're going right ahead to try to find them out . . . in their spare time. Meanwhile, Dr. Brown is working his eight hours a day on cancer and Dr. Steinberg is working his eight hours a day on endocrine research, particularly the adrenals, and wondering between times what you could use as a good cheap anticoagulant to take the place of heparin.

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YOUR PAPER...



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**READ**  
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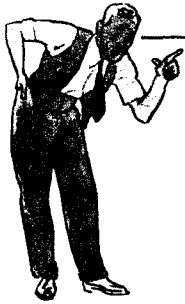
   
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going to polish  
your car again!



Bill Jones and I had sworn on a stack of old auto polish cans we'd never shine up a car again. Too much work for what it got you, we said. So you could have knocked me over with a dust cloth when I saw Bill polishing up his crate the other day. "How come?" I asked.



"I can take a hint," he said. "This morning at breakfast the little wife hands me a Du Pont No. 7 Polish ad which says it's easy as pie to use. So what can I do, to please the little woman, but try it? And say, by golly, it is easy!"



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PROTECT THE CHROMIUM on your car with Du Pont Chrome Lacquer. Use the handy new DU PONT CHROME REFINISHING KIT.

## Flotsam

Continued from page 46

"With what political organization were you associated abroad?"  
"None."

"Then how did you live?"  
"From the money I earned. You see I have an Austrian passport."

"With what group were you to get in touch when you arrived here?"

"If that had been my intention I'd have hidden myself better. I knew what I was doing when I went to see my wife."

The official continued to question him for a while longer. Then he scrutinized Steiner's passport and his wife's letter, which had been taken from him. He looked at Steiner, then read the letter once more. "You will be transferred this afternoon," he said finally.

"I would like to make one request," Steiner said. "It's a small matter but very important to me. My wife is still alive. The doctor says that at most she can only live for one or two days more. I have told her that I am coming back tomorrow. If I do not come, she will know I am here. For myself I expect neither sympathy nor favors of any kind; but I should like my wife to die in peace. I beg you to keep me here for one or two days and allow me to visit my wife."

"Not a chance. I can't give you such an opportunity to escape."

"I won't escape. The room is on the fourth floor and has only one entrance. If someone takes me there and watches the door there will be nothing I can do. I make this request not for myself but for a dying woman."

"Impossible," said the official. "I have no authority to grant it."

"You have the authority. You can order another hearing for me and you can make these visits possible. You could give as a reason that I may tell my wife something that is important for you to know. That could be the reason too for having my guard wait outside. You could arrange for that reliable nurse to stay in the room and listen to what was said."

"That's nonsense. Your wife won't tell you anything nor will you tell her."

"Of course not. She doesn't know anything. But she would die in peace."

The official reflected and leafed through the documents.

"We examined you formerly on the subject of Group VII. You did not give us any names. In the meantime we have caught Müller, Boese and Welldorf. Will you tell us the names of the others?"

Steiner was silent.

"Will you tell us their names if I make it possible for you to visit your wife for two days?"

"Yes," Steiner said after a pause.

"Then tell them to me."

Steiner was silent.

"Will you give me two names tomorrow evening and the rest the day after tomorrow?"

"I will tell you the names day after tomorrow."

"Do you promise that?"

"Yes."

The official stared at him for a time. "I'll see what I can do. Now you will be taken back to your cell."

"Will you give me back my letter?" Steiner asked.

"Your letter? It has to stay with the rest of the evidence." The official looked at him, undecided. "There's nothing incriminating in it. All right, take it with you."

"Thanks," Steiner said.

The official rang and had Steiner taken away. Too bad, he thought, but what can a man do? You're in the soup yourself the minute you show any sign of being human. Suddenly, in a flaming rage, he smashed his fist down on the table.

"LOOK at this, Marill," Ruth said, laying a slip of white paper on the table.

Marill bent over it incredulously. "A permit! A four-weeks residential permit! And it's real. How in the world did you do it?"

"I don't know," Ruth replied. She really didn't know precisely. "Others got it for me."

"You got it yourself."

"There's only one. For me," Ruth said. "And that wasn't as hard as I expected. Now I must get one for Ludwig. That will be harder. I've written to that lawyer Levi. In reply he demanded five hundred francs retainer."

"We'll get a lawyer from the Refugee

Committee; the appeal will be heard here. He can handle it in collaboration with the French lawyer, and even if the trial isn't here, it seems better to me to have a different lawyer."

"I think so too, but won't that cost more money than we have?"

"No, you have about three thousand francs to take care of all that."

"You're much mistaken, Marill."

"Unfortunately I am not mistaken. It's Steiner's money. He gave it to me and told me to turn it over to you if he was not back by yesterday."

"Do you think—"

"Yes—"

"Oh, God," Ruth said.

"Perhaps he'll still come," Marill said doubtfully. "Sometimes there are accidents. However, he expressly instructed me to give the money to you and Kern if you needed it."

"Come along, we'll start at once."

KERN was transferred to a larger cell, where he found two cellmates—an Austrian named Leo and a man from North Germany who was called Möncke. They had been arrested for working without a permit. All three were put to work pasting together paper bags.

"There comes the grub," Leo said, "and I had always heard French food was good."

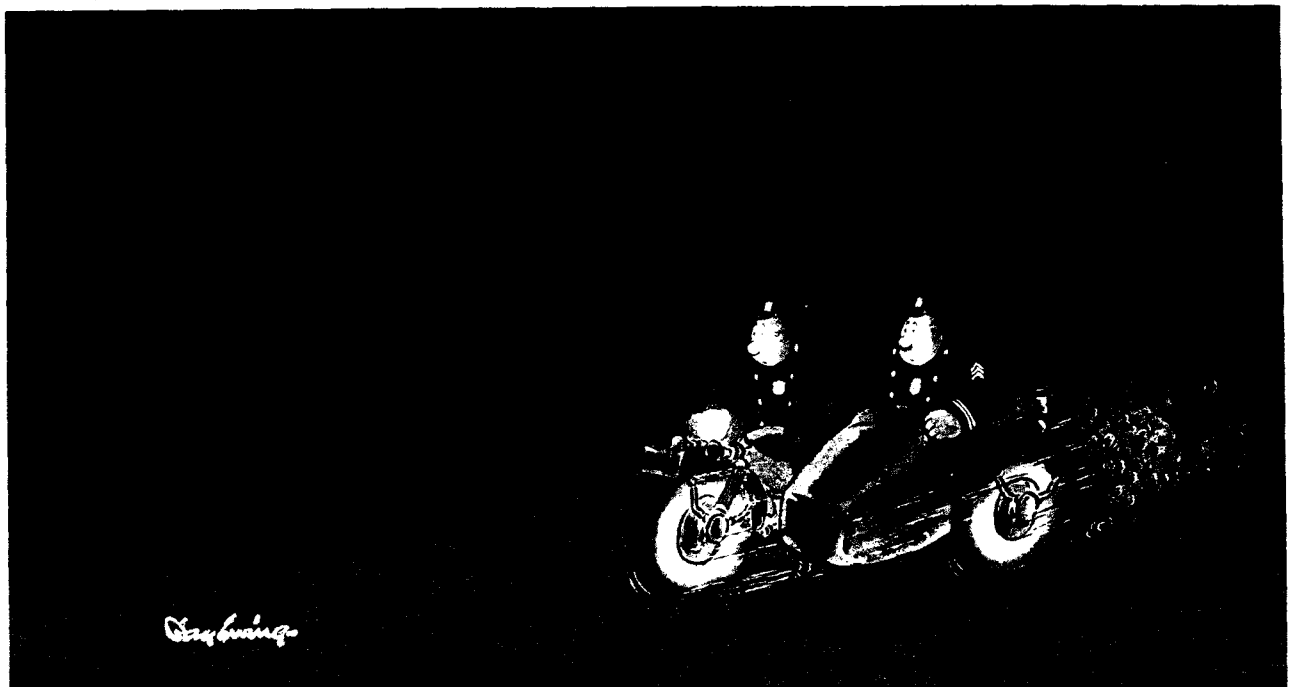
The turnkey filled three bowls with one ladle each of thin soup; that together with a piece of bread was their day's ration. The food was very meager and bad; they were under the district control of the Einsheim Penitentiary, which was notorious for the quality of its food. To be sure, any convicts who had money could order additional food from the canteen, but most of them had no money.

They devoured their helpings and stared hungrily at the bowls. "We could eat the paste," Möncke said, "if it weren't that we'd be punished for it."

"Well, at least they give us tobacco here," Leo replied. "Has anyone saved any of the three cigarettes from the morning round?"

"I have," Kern said, getting a cigarette out from under his plank bed.

"Magnificent," Leo said, drawing out from under his belt a piece of flint and



"... Edgar Allan Poe ... but of course he made 'em all up ..."

JAY IRVING



some cotton which he had obtained from the infirmary on the pretext that he had an earache. He expertly struck a spark on the iron pail while Kern kept watch at the peephole. Smoking in the cells was strictly forbidden.

Leo took a deep drag and seated himself. When he had smoked his third, Möncke had his turn and after him Kern.

"Now I feel like a human being again for five minutes," Leo declared.

"It would take a big pig's hock with sauerkraut to make me feel that way," Möncke replied. "The hock of a pig as big as an elephant. A giant elephant."

Leo frowned. "That's not the sort of thing to eat at noon. A goulash, with a small beer, that would be correct."

"The hell with goulash!" Möncke persisted stubbornly. "Pig's hock and, if you like, purée of peas."

"I guess you don't understand much about food in North Germany," Leo remarked loftily. "A nice cut of boiled beef with vinegar—have you ever heard of that?"

"Small pickings for little Austrians! Food should have strength in it. First a good lentil soup, then roast pork, plenty of potatoes, pickles, red cabbage and afterward groats with vanilla sauce—"

Leo laughed derisively. "That's for peasants. Lentil soup as a first course! Groats! Now, what you want is a fine, light pudding!"

"Nonsense, you windbag. That doesn't put flesh on your bones. That's just why we lost the war; on your account, because you had no flesh on your bones."

"What's that? We lost the war on account of you loudmouthed fellows!"

"My socialist friends, I think the superintendent is coming," Kern said.

The next instant the three prisoners were sitting completely and enthusiastically absorbed in making paper bags. Four weeks more, Kern thought—and even after that no Ruth—

MARIE regained consciousness once more. She had lain for the whole morning in a kind of twilight agony. Now she definitely recognized Steiner.

"You're still here?" she whispered in terror.

"I can stay here as long as I like, Marie."

"What do you mean by that?"

"The Amnesty has been proclaimed and I am included. So you needn't be afraid any more. Now I shall stay here always."

She looked at him doubtfully. "You only tell me that to calm me, Josef—"

"No, Marie. The Amnesty was announced yesterday." He turned to the nurse, who was busying herself in the back of the room. "Isn't it true, nurse, that since yesterday there's no further danger of my being arrested?"

"That's true," the nurse replied indistinctly.

"Please come closer. My wife would like to hear about it from you."

The nurse remained bent over. "I've already said it."

"Please, nurse," Marie whispered. She remained silent.

"Please, nurse," the sick woman whispered once more. The nurse reluctantly approached the bed. Marie watched her anxiously. "Isn't it true," Steiner asked, "that since yesterday I can stay here permanently?"

"Yes," gulped the nurse.

"There is no further danger of my being arrested?"

"No."

"Thank you, nurse."

Steiner saw the dying woman's eyes become veiled. She no longer possessed the strength to weep. "Now everything is all right, Josef," she whispered. "And now, just when I could be useful to you, I must go—"

"You are not going, Marie—"

"I would like to be able to get up and go away with you."

"We will go together."

She lay for a time watching him. Her face was gray and the bones seemed to be working their way through the skin. Overnight her hair had become dull and lifeless like an extinguished fire. Steiner looked at all this and did not see it; all he saw was that she still breathed, and as long as she was alive she was Marie, his wife, crowned by the glory of youth and of their life together.

WHEN the death rattle began, he sat beside her and held her hands. Evening crept into the room, and from outside beyond the door the impatient Steinbrenner was audible from time to time urgently clearing his throat. Marie's breathing became shallow, then it came in gasps with pauses, it grew almost inaudible and ceased like a gentle breeze falling asleep. Steiner held her hands until they became cold; and he died with her. When he got up to go out he was an insentient stranger, an empty shell that had the motions of a man. With an indifferent glance he examined the nurse.

Outside he was taken in charge by Steinbrenner and another man. "For more than two hours we've been waiting for you," Steinbrenner rasped. "We'll have plenty of chances to talk about that later on, you may be sure."

"I am sure of it, Steinbrenner. I always count on such things with you."

Steinbrenner moistened his lips. "You know perfectly well the way to address me is Herr Major, don't you? Go right on calling me Steinbrenner, but for each time you do it you'll spend weeks weeping bloody tears, my dear. Now I shall have plenty of time with you."

They went down the broad stairway, Steiner between his two guards. It was a warm evening and the French windows in the oval bay of the outer wall were open wide. There was a smell of gasoline and a hint of spring.

"I will have such a lot of time with you," Steinbrenner declared slowly and gloatingly. "Your whole life, sweetheart. And our names go so well together, Steiner and Steinbrenner. We'll have to see sometime what we can make of that."

Steiner nodded thoughtfully. The open window became larger, came closer; quite close—He gave Steinbrenner a thrust toward it, leaped against him, over him, and plunged down.

Steinbrenner got up from the stairs. He was white as chalk. "Has he—?" he stammered.

The other man looked out. "Flat as a flounder," he reported in a matter-of-fact tone. "Naturally enough; it's the third floor."

"That demon!" Steinbrenner snorted. "Wanted to pull me down with him, didn't he?"

"Looked that way."

"That demon!"

"SOMEONE is waiting for you," said the prison director as Kern entered his office to be discharged.

"I know," Kern replied wearily. "A policeman. Where's he going to take me—Basle or Geneva? I know my way around in Geneva better and I'd be sure of getting across the border there."

"It's not a policeman," the director said.

Kern looked up.

The director pressed a button. "Admit the lady," he said to the employee who came in.

"Lady?"

As he stared at the director it seemed to Kern as though a fist closed around his heart. It couldn't possibly be Ruth. After sending his letter he had heard nothing from her and had tried to think of her as little as possible. It was all



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over, he was alone and he would never return to France—that was that.

When he heard the light, quick steps behind him he turned slowly. The fist closed tighter around his heart.

"Ludwig!"

She ran to him and embraced him. She kissed his face, which had grown thin and pale with the pallor of sunless, underground cells, which was unshaven and shadowed with pain. "Heavens, darling," she whispered, forcing herself to smile, "I was just in the nick of time. I only got here two hours ago. The train was four hours late. Four hours!" she repeated. "And I almost missed you!"

Kern emerged from the tidal wave that had engulfed him. He pushed Ruth away and threw a quick glance toward the superintendent, who was attentively leafing through his calendar. "Ruth," he said, controlling his gasping breath with difficulty, "what does all this mean? What are you doing here?"

"I've come to get you, Ludwig."

"But they're just going to deport me—" Kern's head suddenly cleared and he saw the full danger. He looked again at the superintendent, who, he knew, understood no German. "Ruth," he said in a low, excited voice, "you must go at once! You must go before the man behind me finds out you have no papers. He will have you detained as soon as he learns that. You haven't said anything to him, have you?"

"Yes, Ludwig," she said, looking at him, "I've told him everything."

"You've told him—"

Ruth nodded.

"Then go quickly. Good God, why did you do that? The one comfort I had was to know that you were in some degree safe. Oh, Ruth, go at once! Perhaps you can still get away! Be careful at the station—that's where they make most of their arrests. Get on the train at the last moment. Now hurry. Go on before it's too late!"

He acted as though he were saying goodbye and extended his hand with an empty, artificial smile.

Ruth did not take his hand. "No one can arrest me," she said, looking at him with sparkling eyes.

Kern let his hand drop. "What do you mean? I don't understand you."

"He can't have me arrested. No one can do anything to me, Ludwig. Here—" She snapped open her handbag and drew out a white certificate. "Here, look, just look!"

SHE held the paper toward him. He stared at it without taking it. "Why, Ruth, why, that is—why, that's a *récépissé*! You've got a permit to stay? My God, then you're safe!"

For the first time he looked her straight in the face and searched her eyes. "A residential permit for you, Ruth! You're through with filth and fear and flight!"

Ruth gulped. "I have another, Ludwig. It is—here it—" Her voice trembled and suddenly tears poured over the rigid smile that still lingered on her face. "It's yours, Ludwig," she whispered, "it's for you. You don't need to go away. You can stay here!"

Kern grew pale. "For me?" he stammered. "For me? Why, that can't be possible!"

"Yes, it is! Just read it. Here—"

Kern took the paper. He saw his name and read that he had the right to stay in France for four weeks.

"Then it will be extended," Ruth said, laughing and crying at the same time. "I've been promised it will be extended again and again. It's not for four weeks, that's just a formality; it's for good."

Kern nodded absently, staring at the paper. He was afraid to move, he was numb and as yet could not even rejoice. It had happened too fast. He just stood there and thought that pretty soon he

would wake up and then Ruth would be gone and the paper in his hand would be transformed into the familiar order for deportation.

The superintendent rustled his papers; then he got up and came around the desk.

"That's a surprise, isn't it?" he asked.

"Is it really in order?" Kern asked softly.

"Yes, everything is exactly as it's written there. I congratulate you, Herr Kern," he said, shaking hands.

Kern took a deep breath. He saw that the superintendent, for whom he had hitherto been convict number 217, was smiling at him cordially and calling him by name—for the superintendent he had suddenly been transformed from an impersonal number into a human being. And what Ruth had not been able to do in the first moments was accomplished by this unimportant gesture on the part of a stranger—it convinced him and suddenly brought with it full realization. It seemed to him as if the days and weeks and months of flight were silently collapsing about him like gray shadows; as if the cobwebs of uncertainty, concealment and humiliation were rent by a strong beam of light; as though the inconsolable feeling of innocent guilt and guilty innocence had all at once melted into past memories—and as if he finally saw, after so much hopeless fumbling from one anxious moment of the present to another, for the first time a panorama of the future spread out before him in the bright rays of freedom.

He looked at the superintendent and at Ruth and then once more at the insignificant little slip of paper in his hand, a simple printed form on which his name had been inscribed, one sheet among millions, with the printer's number K48412, a scrap that could be torn up, but that brought back to him life,

freedom and the rights of a human being. Suddenly and involuntarily he began to laugh; he laughed and laughed, harshly and loudly. He held the slip of paper firmly in his hand and laughed as though he could never stop.

The superintendent exchanged an anxious glance with Ruth.

Finally he said, "Tell me, Herr Kern—"

Kern quieted down. "Herr Superintendent," he said softly, "if I hadn't received this slip of paper a policeman would have taken me away as convict 217. That's true, isn't it?"

The superintendent nodded.

"And now through this piece of paper I have become a respectable person, a free man who can do what he likes, haven't I?"

"Absolutely!"

"Doesn't that seem strange to you?"

"What's strange about it? The fact is that you have just received a residential permit."

KERN shook his head. "But yesterday I was the same man I am today. I had the same hands, the same brain, the same thoughts—and yet yesterday everything was prohibited and illegal that today is permissible as a matter of course."

"Not yesterday," the superintendent corrected him. "Day before yesterday. The date on the permit is yesterday."

"Well, then, day before yesterday," Kern said acquiescingly. "Day before yesterday I was officially blotted out and my existence was a crime and a punishable contradiction in the sight of the great law codes of the world—and today I can breathe and sleep and live at peace, and everything is all right. Do you understand that?"

"Of course. Nothing could be simpler. Today you're entitled to all that."

"Don't you find that strange?"



"Them police cars is stoppin' here! It must be sumpin' right in this buildin'!"

ROLAND COE



"Not in the slightest," the director replied in surprise. "I find it quite in order. Now you have the right to live, in writing, stamped and signed. So everything is clear."

"Yes," Kern carefully folded the certificate and put it in his wallet. "The right to live! That's it!" he laughed. "Perhaps you're right. Goodby and good luck, Herr Superintendent."

RUTH and Kern were sitting in the station waiting room drinking coffee. The train for Paris was due to leave in half an hour. Kern was like a changed man; each step on the way from the prison to the station had made him freer, more carefree. He had gone with Ruth to a barbershop and had a haircut and shave—and suddenly, like an imponderable happiness, had come the realization that he need no longer be afraid.

"Ruth," he said, raising his cup, "it's all new and unique. The whole world has changed. It is no longer a great unknown danger: it's a great unsuspected joy."

Ruth looked at him, beaming.

"You're not in the picture yet," Kern said. "That's still too much. It will take a few days before I can comprehend it all. But perhaps it will go faster. The other thing is already ages in the past. When was I in prison? Years ago—"

"Never," Ruth said.

"How did you manage it? What did you do, Ruth? I don't understand it." "Neither do I. And don't ask me. Sometimes I still don't believe in it. I don't want to think about it; I'm afraid it might all disappear."

"It won't disappear. I'm sure of that now. You achieved it; it won't disappear."

He looked around. "What is it?" Ruth asked. "What do you want?"

Kern flushed. "It sounds silly, Ruth. Nothing but a cigarette."

She brought out her case and opened it. "Here—"

He took a cigarette and lit it, inhaling the fragrant smoke. He no longer need fear the superintendent's eye; he was free, unrestrictedly free.

A train thundered into the shed. The windows rattled and steam rose hissing in white clouds around the sooty cars. Kern sprang up and ran to the door.

"Is that the train for Paris?" he asked the stationmaster.

The latter shook his head. "No. For Cologne and Berlin."

"I see."

For a moment Kern looked through the windows. The platform was crowded with people. The car opposite the waiting room was a long, low-sweeping car. From it a group of travelers slowly emerged. They had ridden a certain distance together and now were parting and probably would never see one another again.

KERN went back to the table. He lit another cigarette.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Ruth asked, smiling.

"Oh, I don't know. It has just occurred to me that now I shall lose you."

"Ludwig—"

"Yes! We have traveled a certain distance together, now we have arrived and the trip is over."

"That's true. The trip is over, but only the trip."

Kern looked at her moodily. "Fate brought us together," he said thoughtfully, "and it has kept us together, but now all at once it's over. We no longer have a fate that forces us together. Now we have a life like everyone else. What sense is there in your wanting to stay with me?"

"Yes," Ruth replied, "what sense? What sense was there in my coming here at all?"

"I don't know. Perhaps to get me

out." He patted her hand. "But after this? All at once I'm nothing at all; I can no longer help you. Now I'm just a down-at-the-heels young man who is going to try to get work, probably tiresome—"

Ruth laughed. "And I'm no longer a helpless refugee with an interesting fate, but an insignificant little student—"

"Don't laugh about it," Kern said. "There's something in what I say."

Ruth seized his hand. "Shall we quietly wait and see what happens?"

Kern looked at her guiltily. "You're right, I'm talking nonsense. But you know why?"

"Yes, I know why. And I know too that some things do not separate people but hold them together more strongly than ever before."

Kern looked at her. "Why can't I take you in my arms now?"

"But you can! What do people matter to us now?"

"Yes! I can. I'm not used to being able to do what I like." He got up quickly and went around the table. "I'll soon learn. I'll learn very fast indeed."

He pulled her to her feet and kissed her. The touch of her lips was warm and familiar on his mouth.

"Ruth," he murmured, "every place is home when we're together, isn't it?"

She nodded, and her large eyes beneath the thick dark eyebrows gazed at him and seemed to him to be life itself.

A BELL rang and a train came puffing into the shed. "Train for Paris. All aboard!" a loud voice called.

"Come," Kern picked up his things. "Just a minute!" A man of military appearance was suddenly standing beside them.

Kern looked at him and knew immediately what was up. It was the type of face he could recognize even in his dreams. Automatically his eyes sought a way of escape.

The detective raised the lapel of his coat under which there was a badge. "Police. You have no papers, have you?"

The old fear that had suddenly flamed up in Kern died away. He looked at Ruth and suddenly they both smiled. "Yes," Kern said, "we have papers."

"Valid ones?" the detective asked, raising skeptical eyebrows. He had caught a great many emigrants and he knew he could rely on his powers of observation.

"Of course they're valid," Kern replied cheerfully.

"Well, my boy, let's just have a look—" The detective grinned at him in keen expectancy; he knew the coming drama by heart.

Kern ceremoniously took out his wallet and produced the certificate. He unfolded it carefully, glanced through it and handed it to the detective.

The man studied it for a long time. The smile died on his face and his expression became serious. Finally he handed back the certificate. "Quite in order," he said, disappointed.

"Yes, of course," Kern replied. "Isn't that what I said?"

"Here are my credentials," Ruth said.

The detective barely glanced at them and returned them with a bow. "Please pardon the interruption. Everything is in order." He saluted courteously and stepped back. "May I wish you a pleasant trip?"

"Thank you."

"Ruth," Kern said breathlessly when they were alone, "can you believe it?"

"Yes," she replied happily.

"It's the first time since I've known you. The first time the law has been on our side." He laughed. "Now I know it's really true. When even the police salute us! Come quickly or we'll miss our train and be forced to become honorary citizens of Muhlhausen!"

THE END



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## The World is Like That

Continued from page 10

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him; her breath coming from slightly parted lips.

"What—what does Lilian think?" she presently said, vaguely aware that he had been talking on, irrelevantly and uneasily; he had said things about rents in Portland and Lilian's dislike for the fogs of San Francisco.

"Oh, she's delighted to move! Her brother lives there." Lilian had a dull, prosperous brother, Jocelyn reflected; he and his wife and their children would all help in the good work of bringing Lilian's artistic and temperamental husband back into the fold. "But there's more to it than that, Joy," Kent said, suddenly courageous and honest. "Even if we weren't going—even if things were going along here as they always have, I'd made up my mind to—to stop it."

Jocelyn looked steadily at him; she did not speak.

"For your sake, and my sake, and hers," Kent said.

"Hers?"

"Lilian's. She's always been square with me, and I have to be square with her."

"I wonder why, so suddenly, after eleven completely eventless years of marriage?" some remote part of Jocelyn's brain questioned dispassionately. "Lilian has been square." Another detached bit of thinking formulated coldly: "Because no human being has ever tempted her to be anything else." She said nothing aloud.

"I happen to be a horribly honest person," Kent was saying. "I've not been happy about all this. Not a bit! But our friendship was so sacred to me, Joy, I was so proud of it, that I think I lost my bearings for a little while. And now—that's that!" Kent went on, in a lighter tone, "and—you're walking home? Here's your coat; I'm walking too. I'll go as far as Powell anyway with you. And I was going to say," he resumed—and Jocelyn could tell from his tone that he had thought out all these phrases in advance—"we're always to be the best of friends. Here's the elevator. Good evening, Lenny. My dear," Kent said, steering her along the dusky street past the lighted restaurants and corner cigar stands, "I'll never have another friend like you—I know that. Nothing can take away from us the beauty of this friendship of ours. You're always going to have a place in my heart."

THE drab streets slipped by them; the city was ugly and dull and cold tonight. Jocelyn's chief consciousness was of a hatred of herself so violent that it eclipsed all feeling for him. Fool to play along with a man whose wife could whistle him back so easily, who could take this position of understanding and pity and kindness, and go free, as she could never go free, she told herself bitterly, of his words and kisses again! Oh, if she could have been talking this way to him, rather than he to her!

"Lilian's packing now; we'll be out by the twenty-first. That's a Monday. But she wants to get out the Saturday before and have a day or two with her mother. I'm going up to Keble's place that night. He's away, but there's a lot of my stuff there, and he left the key with me. So it's boots and saddles for the Dunhams! Luckily we have only a cat to worry about—"

Afterward, when she was alone, it all seemed too bad to be true, and she felt merely dazed and dull. She went through the usual evening routine automatically; conscious that agony was ahead but neither feeling it nor fearing it yet. She sat through dinner; went up-

stairs afterward; moved about her room quietly and steadily, making everything right for the night.

It was a pleasant square room on a little hallway of three rooms; the other two were also occupied by single women, and the three had a bath to themselves, which was very pleasant, and also an extra large closet in the hallway. There was also a big closet in Jocelyn's room, and she had a small balcony outside her window; not practicable, but somehow a nice thing to have.

The bed wore a tufted cotton cover of red and white by day; Jocelyn folded it carefully and put it on a closet shelf. It was just eight o'clock.

JUST eight o'clock. The evening was young. She tried not to think. But in her heart she was writing Kent passionate letters. One after another; one after another: "My dear Kent—Kent, my dear—Kent, it can't end this way—there's friendship, and that's all I ask. Friendship can't hurt anyone. We said we would keep it friendship because then it could always go on, and I need it. My pride's crushed, dear. I can't pretend. I need you in my life."

She brooded, mentally tossing aside these images as she had mentally evoked them.

It must be shorter. "By the way, Kent, I want to see you before you go." Or, "Save me a lunch date next week, Kent." Businesslike. She wouldn't cry or reproach or be feminine and annoying. There were eleven days before the first of the month; if he managed a luncheon or tea date at once she would have time to make another engagement with him. And if that luncheon or tea went well it would be quite simple to say, "If you're free tonight, come 'round my way about eight o'clock and we'll walk."

There had been a time when he had been tireless, ingenious, in arranging for these meetings; there had been a time when they had tucked them in everywhere. Once she had begged off; she had said that she was facing a hard session with a dentist. And he had met her outside Doctor Thorne's office with a little ice pack ready, and had taken her to a waiting taxi, tenderly reassuring as to the effect of the swollen face and cut mouth; and when she had reached her room there had been roses there, and a new book, and new puzzles, and someone had been given instructions that Miss Britton would have only hot tea and ice cream for supper, and was to stay in bed.

Oh, memories of exquisite protectiveness and concern! How they burned and tortured now! But she must not think of them now. She must think straight ahead; she must hold firm to what was left. A luncheon with Kent, and afterward perhaps a long walk and tea somewhere. They had once walked through the park from the cliff, past the big Dutch windmill and to the Japanese garden, and they had talked and talked there among the little arched bridges and canals full of lotus flowers and water lilies and fringed goldfish. They could not do that now, in forbidding winter weather. But if Lilian chanced to have a lunch engagement for Saturday—she would not though! Leave it to Lilian to want Kent that day! But if by some miracle she did have an engagement, then Kent and Jocelyn might walk across the bridge to Sausalito, scramble up hills and gasp with joy at wide bay views, come back by bus to lunch on fried oysters and hot French bread.

Or better, they could go to Keble's place in Piedmont, go through it picking



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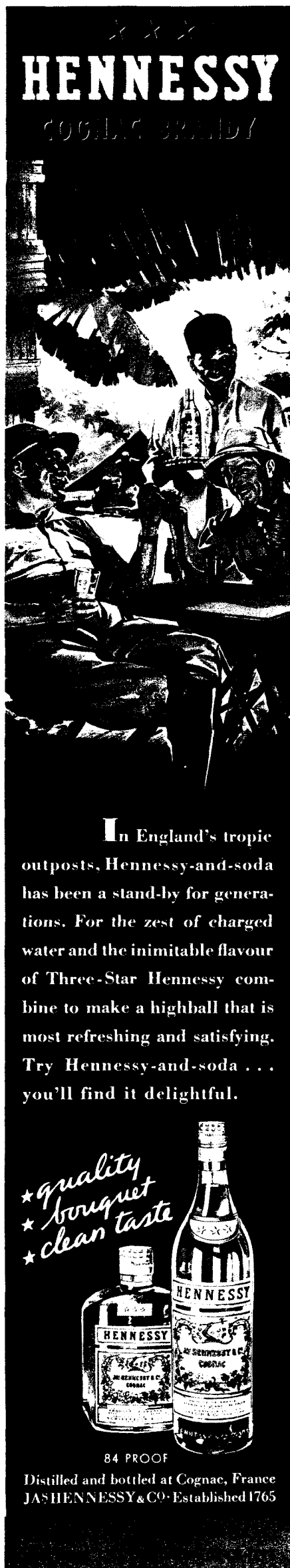
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up Kent's possessions; he had said he wanted them when he went away. They would build a big fire to warm the little-used place; they might take chops and buns and a can of tomato soup for sauce. Jocelyn's hands would get grimy from handling books and dusty boxes; there would be hot water in the stark little bathroom with its out-of-door shower and "board-and-bat" walls, and she would wash herself there, tossing her hair back from a soapy fresh face, calling out to Kent, invisible and hammering somewhere, that she was just about done. Then they would have a late lunch, and fall into long talk by the fire. And there would be afternoon shadows on the winter hills and a murmuring fire and perhaps pine branches occasionally sweeping the low shingles of the roof.

Covington Keble was a painter who lived for three or four years at a time in his tiny, isolated cabin up in the hills, and then, having sold a picture, or having saved enough money from his small income, left for an indefinite visit to the less-known towns and roadways of the old world. He took his bicycle and his dog along, and such luggage as would fit in the bicycle basket; he had various belongings in storage in Paris, and from that base he shifted about, now copying a Tiepolo in Venice, now carrying a sausage sandwich in his pocket so that he might sit uninterrupted for an entire day before a Vermeer in an Amsterdam gallery.

WHEN he was away his friends might use his studio as their own; there was no time when they were not welcome there. Kent was numbered in this select little company—Jocelyn had met him through Kent—and old Keble had capitulated at once to Jocelyn's rare beauty and quiet appreciation. She loved him and she knew that he loved her. Lilian he tolerated only when there was no escape; Kent was to him an especially beloved son, and he would not hurt Kent's wife nor Kent through his wife.

Jocelyn connected some of her happiest memories with the cabin; now Kent had said that he must go over there before he went away. Who would go with him? Not Lilian. She was going to visit her mother for a few days in Portland before Kent followed her to the new home up there. If Covington were here, how heavenly for Jocelyn to join them at the cabin, to steal just that one delicious evening from the bleak, empty months to come! It would tie her loss and Covington's together; it would mean she had company in misery. But Covington was in Switzerland, painting blue snow, "which really has a great deal of pink and green in it, too," he had written Kent.

Kent might go over alone, of course. Or he might ask the Booths. If he asked the Booths it would be perfect, for Una was a darling and Red loved to cook. Jocelyn determined that when she and Kent had lunch together she would find out exactly what his plan was. If he had no definite plan then why not say lightly: "By the way, if you're going over to Covey's, want Una and Red and me along? Let's have a final jamboree."

No harm in that. If he said, "A few fellows are going with me," that would end it. Her heart sank at the thought of the finality of that ending, for after that he was going away. But between now and the utter inevitable blankness of the future there must be one more meeting.

The days went by and he did not telephone or send her any word. Early in the week came a summons from her aunt in Sausalito; Jocelyn was wanted for Saturday night and Sunday lunch; if she couldn't make both, Sunday lunch was the important time. Probably, Jocelyn thought, studying the telephone message apathetically, another of the girls was going to announce her engage-

ment. Aunt Nell had six daughters whose ages ranged between twenty-four and fifteen, and one son, Richie, who was eleven. Two of the girls had already married: Jane was Charles Rossiter's wife; Jossy was Mrs. Peter Leicester Smith. Madeleine, called Tots in the family circle, had been going with Rusty Livermore for some years, and little Sissy, who was only eighteen, had a beau, too—one Ned Whitehouse. Bam and Peaches, christened Sarah Alice and Adelaide respectively, were supposedly too young for love affairs, but one never could tell with the Partridges.

Jocelyn loved them all; her aunt was the nearest thing to a mother that she had now, and Mrs. Partridge's own enormous family did not prevent her feeling a keen, affectionate interest in her brother's lonely daughter. She loved to have Jocelyn with her, and Jocelyn usually loved to go to "Maple Den," as the girls had named their home in a mood of high hilarious irony years earlier. There were no maples on the place, and the rambling, homely house was like nothing so little as a den, but the name clung, and Peaches and Bam had added a last touch of Victorian reality to it by planting the words in sturdy marigolds and brushy border flowers across the front lawn.

They loved to think of the casual opinion of passers-by as their eyes fell

Yelling at the other end of the line, of course. They were always yelling in the Partridge house.

"Mother says then come for supper!" finally screamed Sissy.

"I surely will, if I can." Jocelyn hung up the receiver.

Now she had to do something about it. Now she must definitely find out what Kent's plans were. This was Saturday, at ten minutes to ten. By Monday he would be gone.

FEVER burned in her veins. She sat quietly at her desk in the office and tried to concentrate, to think quietly. Was Kent upstairs, in his studio? The advertising agency for which he worked was on the top floor. She could telephone. Better, she thought, with her pulses suddenly hammering, better to go up. There was nothing to stop her. Her absence from the office for a few minutes would not be noticed.

Trembling in a sudden ecstasy of hope she went to the elevator, pressed the "Up" button; smiled at Tony and said, "Tenth, Tony." Here were the doors marked "Wilson and Williams, Commercial Advertising." And here was the one that said "Enter." And here was little Miss Pettigrew at the desk. Was Mr. Dunham in?

No, he wasn't. He might be in later,



upon this elegant decoration. Jocelyn felt that the Partridges carried their sense of humor too far in this as in other instances, but the family, once having accepted a joke, never grew tired of it.

This week end she dared not leave town, even at the risk of offending her aunt. Kent might telephone; indeed Kent unquestionably would telephone. If he did not, of course she could telephone him. Why not? Friends telephoned each other. . . .

FRIDAY came with no message. The hours went by; it was afternoon; it was night. No word. The telephone rang at Mrs. Buck's; not for Miss Britton. "I'm expecting a message," she said, loitering in the clean, pleasant, dull hallway.

Friday night. Saturday morning. Sissy Partridge telephoned—"for Mother"—to remind Jocelyn that they wanted her. Jocelyn, in her first keen disappointment, felt that she could have slapped her innocent cousin. Kent, she thought frantically, might be trying to get her on the telephone this minute.

"Tots specially wants you to come, Jocelyn," Sissy said. "I'm not supposed to say why." Sissy's tone was bubbling with excitement and happiness, and Jocelyn could hear Bam and Peaches giggling in the background somewhere.

"Oh, darling, I'm so sorry! But I have an engagement I can't get out of."

to get his things, but he hadn't come down yet.

"We're losing our darling," said Jean Pettigrew, who was common.

"So he told me, or his wife did," Jocelyn said carelessly, with a nod. "Too bad. We'll miss him!"

"Sad but true," Jean agreed flipantly. Jocelyn said she would leave a message, said she would not; asked that Mr. Dunham telephone her when he came in.

"I'll tell little Kentsy-wentsy!" promised Jean. Jocelyn knew she was laughing, deep down inside, at the stenographer who had such a crush on handsome Mr. Dunham. Well, it didn't matter what girls like Jean Pettigrew thought!

Then to wait. And how she detested waiting! There was salvation in action, in having anything to do. This was a quiet, empty Saturday morning; the office staff was almost idle. Jocelyn's only moment of real occupation was when Philip Fordyce came in, to dictate a letter to his wife, who was in New York. They had been divorced for many years, and Janet Fordyce had been married twice since her divorce, but there was a child, Norma, their only interest in common now. Norma must be sixteen or seventeen, Jocelyn calculated, as she dutifully took down the dictation; the letter was about the child.

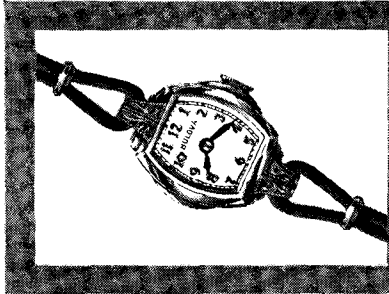
All the world knew about young



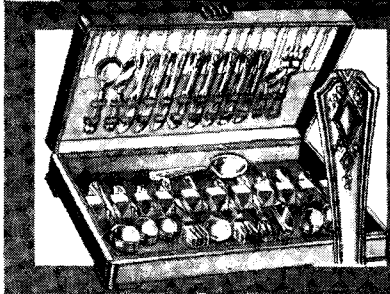


# 25 YEARS OF PROGRESS AND SERVICE!

## September is... KAY'S 25<sup>th</sup> BIRTHDAY Event!



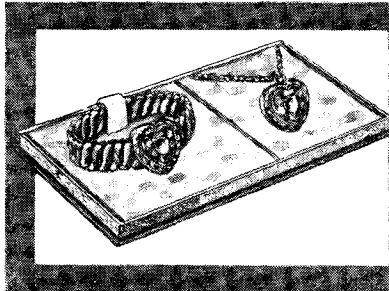
**Exclusive!**  
**LADY'S BULOVA**  
17 JEWELS  
Created especially for Kay's 25th Birthday Event. In the color and charm of natural gold.  
**\$29<sup>75</sup>**  
50¢ A WEEK



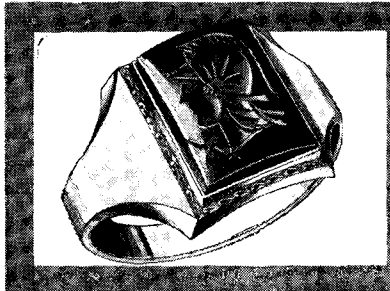
87 PIECES!  
Simeon L. and George H.  
**ROGERS SILVERPLATE**  
MADE BY ONEIDA COMMUNITY  
Surplus stock of this famous make! 87 pieces—a complete service for 8 people! With massive wood tarnish-proof chest.  
**\$18<sup>25</sup>**  
50¢ A WEEK



**5 Diamond**  
**ENGAGEMENT RING**  
An example of Kay quality and value! An exclusive Kay design in 14 Kt. natural gold.  
**\$25**  
50¢ A WEEK



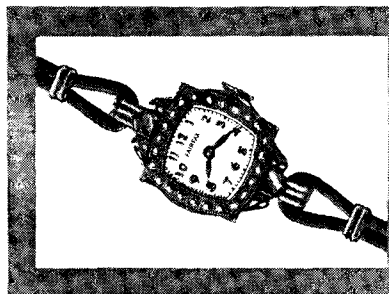
**New "Carmen"**  
**BRACELET and PENDANT**  
The original "Carmen"—each piece set with your own (simulated) birthstone. Richly designed expanding bracelet—natural gold finish.  
**\$8<sup>25</sup>**  
50¢ A WEEK



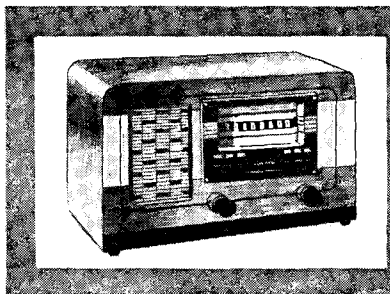
**Handsomely Carved**  
**MAN'S HEMATITE RING**  
Massive 10 Kt. natural gold mounting, with fine intaglio cut genuine Hematite. Also a large assortment of birthstones.  
**\$8<sup>25</sup>**  
50¢ A WEEK



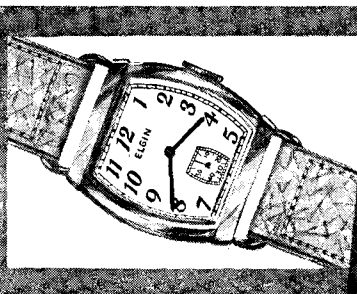
**Special!**  
**G. E. ELECTRIC MIXER**  
At Kays only with these extra attachments—food chopper, grater, drink mixer, sharpener, buffer, slicer and shredder.  
**\$25**  
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**Feature Value!**  
**25 DIAMOND FAIRFAX**  
Top is encircled with 25 matched brilliant diamonds. Guaranteed jeweled movement.  
**\$25**  
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**Exclusive!**  
**RCA SILVER RADIO**  
Made exclusively for Kay's by RCA! Silver enameled cabinet, 6 push buttons. Police calls. Many special features.  
**\$25**  
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**Nationally Famous**  
**MAN'S ELGIN**  
One of the most popular Elgin models. Kay's feature! 15 jewels. Natural gold finished case!  
**\$33<sup>75</sup>**  
75¢ A WEEK

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**NATIONALLY FAMOUS JEWELRY AT CASH PRICES -- ON CREDIT**  
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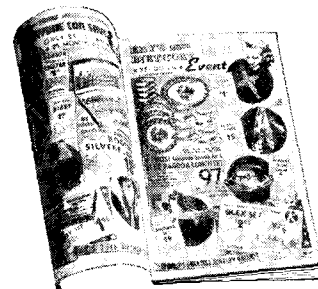
58 associated Kay stores from coast to coast join in making this event one of the greatest in jewelry values! 58 associated Kay stores stand ready to serve you—to save you money—to make it possible for you to have exquisite nationally famous guaranteed jewelry on special Birthday Terms!

You Can Depend On Your Kay Store Because...

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**JEWELRY OF QUALITY**

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(This does not obligate me in any way)

☐ Please send me..... for which  
I agree to pay..... down and..... Weekly.

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CHAPEL HILL, N. C.  
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FORT WAYNE, IND.  
FRAMINGHAM, MASS.  
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INDIANAPOLIS, IND.  
LANCASTER, PENN.  
LAWRENCE, MASS.  
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LOUISVILLE, KY.  
LYNN, MASS.  
MALDEN, MASS.  
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OAKLAND, CALIF.

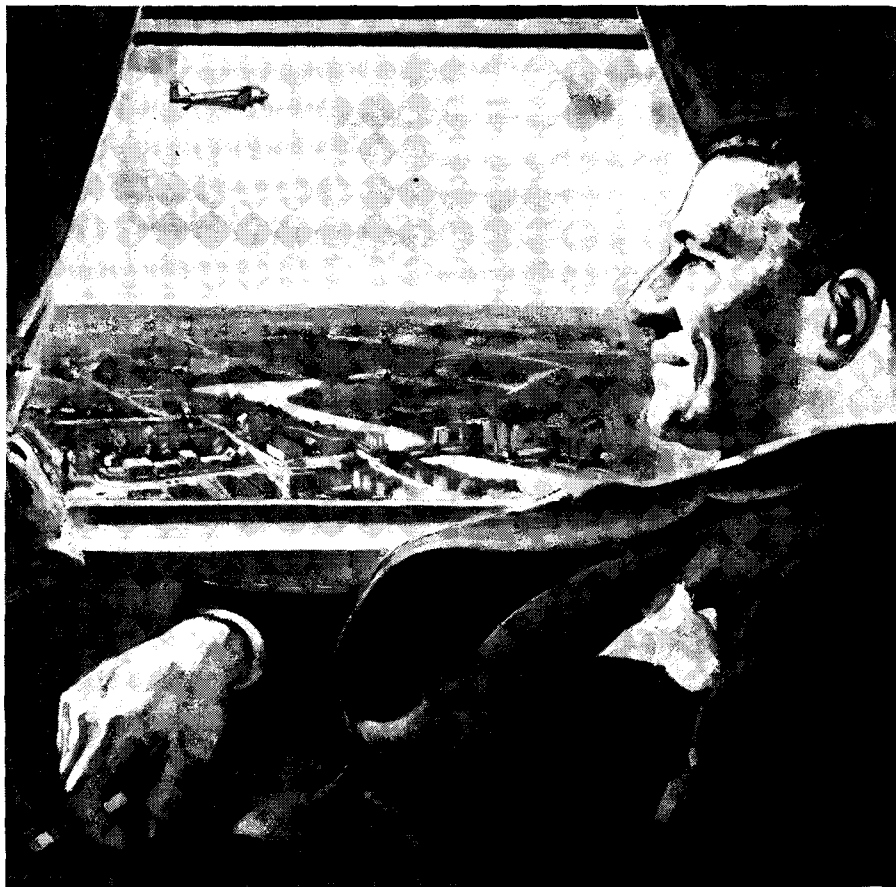
PAWTUCKET, R. I.  
PEORIA, ILL.  
NASHVILLE, TENN.  
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO  
PROVIDENCE, R. I.  
QUINCY, MASS.

READING, PENN.  
SALEM, MASS.  
SAN DIEGO, CALIF.  
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.  
TOLEDO, OHIO  
WALTHAM, MASS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.  
WATERBURY, CONN.  
WOONSOCKET, R. I.  
WORCESTER, MASS.  
YORK, PENN.  
DETROIT, MICH. (KAY)



# Not Everyone Who Flies IS IN A HURRY!

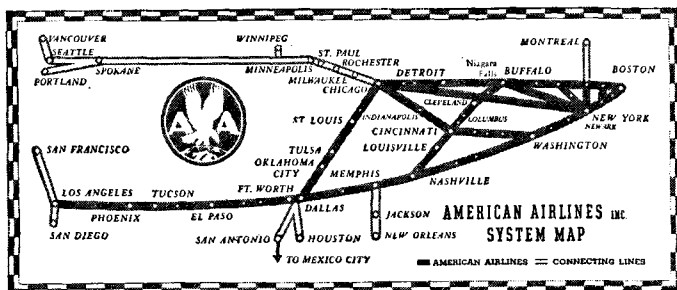


AIR TRAVEL *is* faster, of course. It *is* the way to go when you've got to get there double-quick. But of all the thousands who fly, only a few of them fly because they're *in a hurry*.

One business man expresses it this way: "I don't like to waste time or energy. I don't like to spend all night on the road. The hours—and sometimes days—which I save when I travel by air belong to *me* to do with as I please."

There's no sensation of speed in a Flagship. You scarcely know you're moving. It's calm and peaceful up there. You can relax and enjoy yourself in cool comfort above the tension of things on the ground. And you'll find new beauty in the sky and on the earth below.

Why not see for yourself just how much better and more enjoyable it is to travel by air. Ask your Travel Agent for complete information or call our nearest office.



Plan your next trip on this Flagship map. Your Travel Agent will make your reservations for you, or you may phone the nearest American Airlines office.

## AMERICAN AIRLINES Inc.

ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS . . . COAST TO COAST

Norma Fordyce, for her grandfather had been the great Locky, inventor of the Locky car, and had left the bulk of his enormous fortune to his only grandchild. His daughter had been richly benefited, too, in his will, but Janet's extravagances and her matrimonial ups and downs had considerably impoverished her interests. Norma's wealth, on the other hand, left in the original investment in the great motor company and handled by her father, had increased by leaps and bounds, so that today she was one of the conspicuous heiresses of the world, followed by newspaper and social sleuths wherever she went, proclaimed as the potential glamor girl of all glamor girls, and already bidding fair to satisfy a sensation-craving public with a diet of steady eccentricities.

SHE was a beautiful, wild little creature, who had been consigned at the time of her parents' divorce to her father's care, but with a proviso that under proper circumstances she might spend three months each year with her mother. Circumstances had not, unfortunately, always been favorable to either course, and much of Norma's time, since her small-girl days, had been spent in boarding schools, camps and trips with tutors, nurses, governesses, maids.

Usually letters concerning Norma went through the office of the Locky family lawyers, Jocelyn supposed; today's note was the first with whose contents she had ever been made acquainted. It was brief.

"Just say 'Dear Janet, I'm delighted of course that the child's coming to me,'" dictated Philip. "I've gotten hold of Mother, and we're opening the Burlingame place. There are lots of nice kids here and she ought to have a fairly decent time," the letter concluded. "And sign it 'Phil,'" said Philip. "I haven't time to wait for it."

Jocelyn smiled at this, involuntarily, and looking up expectantly for further directions, saw that he was smiling back.

"She's on the loose again," Philip explained. "Something's gone haywire with her schooling, I don't know quite what it's all about. Her mother took her to some place in Florence last September, and she's run away—she's in New York now. Janet cabled some Frenchwoman she knew to get hold of her and bring her over, but she doesn't want the responsibility of her."

"The Frenchwoman doesn't?"

"No, no, Janet doesn't. She's probably going to be married again."

"Norma!" Jocelyn ejaculated.

"Janet. It's an Italian count this time, I believe. He has estates that need about a million dollars' worth of painting and papering, that's all. She wrote us about it last week. She wants money."

To this, marveling, Jocelyn could find nothing to say. After a smiling moment, and a little shake of her head, she went back to the letter.

"You're opening the Burlingame place?"

"Yes, my mother'll be here. She's in Florida now, but she'll come. And we're trying to get an old governess for Norma; she was Janet's governess, as a matter of fact. Miss Sanderson. She'll keep the kid in line."

"The Florence school wasn't so good?"

"She hated it. Climbed over a wall and cut her arms on broken bottles so that we had to get her into a hospital. She's a sweet handful, that kid. I hope she marries young. She'll have a month with her mother, and Janet'll see that she gets some clothes and sees all the good shows, and then she'll be shipped out here. After that Janet will go to Palm Beach, I suppose. She wants to be married at Netty Rogers' place."

"What—" Jocelyn's shadowed purple

eyes danced and a deep dimple appeared in one cheek. "What, if I may ask, was the matter with this last marriage?" she asked delicately.

"Well, Count von Sturnberg kept threatening to kill people," Philip answered with a laugh. "It made her nervous. Every time she stayed away all night he suspected the worst, which generally was the case. She makes no bones about it. When she likes a man she goes off with him for as long as she likes him."

"Oh, she doesn't!" Jocelyn murmured.

"She keeps hoping to find happiness," the man began seriously, and stopped. "Well, perhaps all of us do!" he added with a sigh. And in another moment he was gone. Jocelyn looked after his departing form sympathetically. Everyone liked Phil Fordyce. He was a gentleman and a sportsman, polite and rich and appreciative and handsome and clever.

It was now twenty minutes past twelve. No word, no sign from Ken. Jocelyn telephoned his office; he had not come in. She began to tremble with anxiety and nervousness, and presently, with a sudden reach for the telephone, a sudden agitated jerking over the dial numbers, she called Una Booth. When Una answered the telephone unsuspectingly, cheerfully, naturally, Jocelyn felt something like a shock of reaction.

"Una, this is Jocelyn. How is everything?"

"My dear, this great furry cat is pressing himself right against my mouth! Tippy, get down!"

Jocelyn felt an instant chill. Something was wrong. Una was sparring for time.

"Una, what are you doing today?"

"Well—" Was she really disengaging the cat, or was she looking at Red for advice? "We have no plans. Red's out now, but when he comes back I suppose we'll make up our minds!"

"Horrible about Kent's going, isn't it?"

"Kent and Lilian. It's awful."

ANOTHER hint of hesitation. Jocelyn felt a rueful, scornful twist come into her own expression. Una was never bothered much about Lilian. This was a new attitude.

"They go Monday," Jocelyn said. The statement fell flatly into silence.

"I know; it's rotten!" Una said. And then briskly, as if she had found at last the swift way out of the conversation, "We ought to do something quite drastic about it, oughtn't we? Lilian's gone, you know; I said goodbye to her yesterday. I'll tell you, Jocelyn, I'm just awake and everything's fuzzy. But I'll tell you, let's—where'll you be this afternoon? If I can stir up anything—"

"Kent said something about going over to Covey's," Jocelyn put in eagerly, as the other woman's voice again hesitated for a second.

"Oh, did he? Was that yesterday?" Una wasn't giving her any lead.

"No. I've forgotten just when he said it." That sounded as if she had seen him casually, frequently, in the last few days.

"Well—" Another little flag in the conversation. "Well, suppose I telephone you?" Una asked.

"They're going over there without me," Jocelyn thought. Aloud she said: "I was going to go to Sausalito. But if there was any plan for today of course I'd put it off. So do telephone me, Una."

"I'll do that very thing!" It was too spontaneous; too carefully sincere; too obviously relieved.

Jocelyn hung up her telephone and sat quite still, feeling a little sick. Something had been wrong with the talk; it left her with a snubbed and chilled sensation. She had done all she could do, and it was no use. Now there were blank hours ahead. The Booths were notoriously dilatory; they might get



around to telephoning Kent at about three; they might put it off until later.

Why hadn't Una said: "Come right up here, Jocelyn; we'll get hold of Kent and make him do something?" Why hadn't she said that? It would have been so simple, then. Jocelyn, who knew the state of the Booths' finances, could have stopped for a few pounds of sausages, for a couple of pink, cold boiled crabs, for Red's favorite white-iced devil's-food cake. She could have joined them and conspired with them, and it would all have been safe and companionable and happy. If Kent evaded them all three, then they would have company in misery at least; then they would have been able to criticize him, to wonder what was the matter with him, to say how changed he was.

AS IT was, she walked home from the office nervously, restlessly, feeling that unless something happened to bring him into the scene during the next two days she would go out of her senses. She stayed in her room, lying on her bed and reading, waiting for a telephone call. It did not come, and at four o'clock, feeling faint and weary and desolate, and having had no lunch, she followed a sudden impulse, dressed herself and started to walk to the Booths' studio. She would go in on them carelessly, explain that she had an errand in their neighborhood to do, for—well, for Mr. Phil Fordyce. His daughter wanted—wanted her to find her a wig at the costumer's on Market Street—and so she thought she'd drop in. Kent might be there.

The sudden thought that Kent might be there made her heart jump with fear and joy and brought color to her cheeks. She felt a little dizzy now, and the streets reeled by her unseen. Kent might be stretched in his favorite chair. He would be smoking his pipe; blue haze would circle the cold, shadowed studio in wheeling disks of smoke. Una would say: "It's freezing here!" and Red, fat and bald and good-natured in his spattered smock, would clank open the airtight stove to throw in a few chunky logs.

Then everything would be heaven; everything would be utterly blissful and right. Whatever they did would be of all things in the world just what she wanted to do. Kent might look up with his lazy smile and say: "We needed you, Joy. We're all going over to Covey's to cook supper."

Or he might say that they would have to dine in town; he could not get away in time to go to Piedmont. Suppose they dined at some Italian place on Columbus Avenue, and afterward wandered through Chinatown and bought each other goodby presents. Then tomorrow they could get an early start for Covey's, and have lunch there on the porch in the winter sunshine, looking down at the great panorama of the cities and the bay and the far blue mountains of Marin, pale under a pale sky toward the north.

It would be the last of Kent for a long time. The last of him for all time, in one way. When he had lived in Portland for a while with Lilian's people, Lilian's old friends, Lilian's influences continually about him, he would not be the same person any more. Kent was impressionable, emotional, changeable. No, she'd never have Kent back. But this goodbye time with him she must have, and then she could be good, then she could go on.

"We've never done anything wrong. Let it go right just this one time, God," she prayed, as she walked along.

There was nobody at the studio. The shock of it stunned Jocelyn, and for a few minutes she could not believe the evidence of the deserted great chill room. For after her unanswered knock she went familiarly around through the French laundry passage and up the outside stairs and so unchallenged into the place. They never locked the passage door. Everything was quiet, empty, dreary. Una never dusted nor put things in place; socks and combs, plates and ends of loaves were left to lie where they naturally fell, and picked up again when next needed.

Jocelyn stood in the midst of the disorder and coldness, thinking for a long minute. Then she quietly went away again by the way she had come.

But which way now, and why? It was twenty minutes before five o'clock. The day, which had been sticky and heavily overcast, was at its least cheerful moment; it was ebbing fast into dark; street lights were breaking out everywhere. Jocelyn, unconscious of where she walked or what she passed, went home again. When she got to Mrs. Buck's it was quite dark. The house smelled, as it always did, of boiling sprouts and furniture oil and furnace warmth.

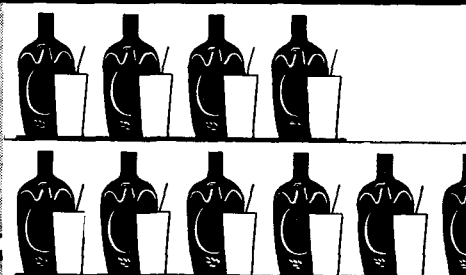
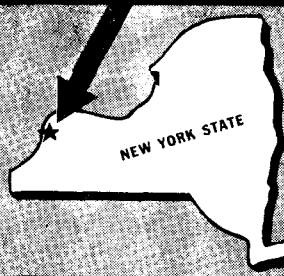
"Jocelyn," said Phyllis Buck, in the

# OLD DRUM WINNING MILLIONS FOR FLAVOR, QUALITY, PRICE, YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!



"MY LUCK WAS SURE in the day I went swimming with Ed and his pals. That's when I got my first taste of Old Drum. It's one swell whiskey—smooth, mellow and just the right flavor. And the price is *right*! Old Drum is sure tops with me!"

## BUFFALO JOINS SWING—SALES UP 38.6%



IN CITY AFTER CITY, in state after state, Old Drum is setting new sales records... with increases soaring in some cases over 100%. In Buffalo, for instance, a typical Eastern city, demand for this smooth, fine-tasting blend shot sales up 38.6%. Try Old Drum yourself. You'll know then why the big swing throughout the nation is to Old Drum.

**NATION-WIDE TASTE FAVORITE!** "Old Drum is really smooth!" "Whatagrand flavor!" "Never knew such fine whiskey cost so little!" These are a few of the remarks people are making about Old Drum! And that is why smooth, mellow Old Drum is breaking sales records all over the country today!



# OLD DRUM BRAND



*Blended Whiskey*



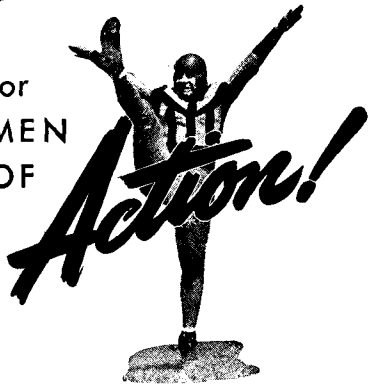
Old Drum Brand BLENDED WHISKEY—90 Proof—75% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copr. 1939 Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.



"Smithers sure put up a good fight, poor guy!"

PAUL WEBB



for  
MEN  
OF

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\$3<sup>50</sup> UP

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## BERG HATS

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FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK  
Sold in Fine Stores Everywhere

hall, "there was a telephone message for you."

Jocelyn stood quite still. Everything inside her—heart, mind and soul stood still.

"It was from Mrs. Johnson," said Phyllis. "They're away this week end and if you're going to Sausalito you can have their car. It's in the garage."

"Oh. Thanks."

"Are you going to Sausalito, Jocelyn?"

"Not tonight, I think; it's too late. I'll probably go over for lunch tomorrow."

"Phyllis!" called her mother. "Did you give Jocelyn her message?"

"I just did, Mom."

"I mean the one that came just after she went out. From that Mrs. Booth."

JOCELYN, halfway up the stairs, stood stricken to stone again. There had been a message from Una, then? What?

"Your friend Mrs. Booth telephoned," Mrs. Buck said heavily, "and said—I've written it here. They were going out of town and she would telephone you tomorrow afternoon or Monday."

"Thanks," Jocelyn said, proceeding upward to her room. She could not analyze the meaning of it; she was too confused. She went in and shut her door and sat on her bed. They had gone to Piedmont, then, to Covey's? Hadn't they tried for her? Hadn't they wanted her? The message did not say. If she had been here Una hardly could have telephoned her without including her in the plan. Why telephone at all if not to do that?

They'd gone over to Piedmont, and she'd missed them. The bitterness of it swept over her like a vertigo, and for a few minutes she could not seem to collect her thoughts at all, or move hand or foot. When she did heavily begin to prepare for dinner, it was apathetically. She wished it was not too late to go across the bay to her aunt; the distraction of the big family, however unsympathetic to her mood, would still have been a tonic.

Quite suddenly she began to pack an overnight bag; there was a twenty-minute ferry service to Piedmont, and she could get a taxi to take her up to Covey's. She would find them all there, with a big fire of logs blazing in the low cabin room, and dinner not half ready. Una was always dilatory, and in the end the men would have to finish up preparations for the meal themselves. She could go in, laughing triumphantly: "I had your message, Una, and decided, since this devil is really leaving us Monday—"

The joy of getting there, of really seeing him and hearing his voice and answering his nonsense! She had been following him, hungering for him for so long!

Quickly, calmly, she packed. It was good to be determined, to know exactly what she was going to do. Phyllis, seventeen, and a great admirer of the beautiful older girl, came into the room.

"Oh, you are going across the bay?"

"I thought I would."

"Is your cousin engaged?"

"I think so."

"And is he nice? Mr. Livermore?"

"He's a darling. He and Tots have been friends since she was a baby. They know him, at least."

"What kind of a car is it?" asked Phyllis.

Jocelyn looked at her, not comprehending.

"I mean the Johnsons' car, that they said you could have."

"Oh!" Jocelyn had forgotten that detail. Of course, she had a car. She could drive straight from Bush Street over the bridge to the cabin in Piedmont; that made it all the more explainable, all the simpler. "I had Ann Johnson's car, and I thought I'd come over and see what you all were up to."

It was all plain sailing now. Fifteen

minutes later she was on her way. She stopped at a big market, bought a dozen doughnuts—dark rich doughnuts, chocolate bars, a dozen enormous golden oranges. She bought an evening paper, and hummed with delight and triumph as the little car crossed the gigantic bridge across the dark waters of the bay.

Once on the other side she had merely to drive steadily along the brightly lighted magnificent roads to Oakland, through Oakland's blazing theater and restaurant district, on toward the Piedmont hills. Undulating Oakland Avenue, straight ahead, and then Coolidge until you came to the school, then past the Tunnel Road and up a slanting cut.

She leaned from the car under the bright lights of an oil station.

"I think I'm off my road. Which way is Wickson Street?"

The white-clad, nice young man got out a map, after observing: "You have me there." They looked at it together.

"You'll get wet!" Jocelyn said, for it had begun softly, warmly to rain. He smiled, spattered and cheerful.

"Here you are. You've got to go back to—well, almost to the Tunnel Road, see? They changed it in there, that's what threw you off. Slant through Hodgson Place, see? You cut into Wickson there. What's your number?"

"No number. It's up at the end of Wickson, and over a little crest; there's no real road up there. It's an artist's studio; he's been there since long before the road was put through."

"May find those roads pretty muddy. We had a cloudburst here today."

"We didn't have any rain in the city at all. But it felt heavy and muggy. Like rain."

THE car clock said five minutes of seven. It would take her only twenty minutes to get up the grade; she would arrive at exactly the right minute. Jocelyn set her windshield wipers to working, and drove on into the dark to the tune of their brisk creaking. Rain was falling steadily; her lights bored into a crisscross pattern of silver and black.

She knew this road. It was fun to follow it up and up, finding fewer and fewer houses as the hill rose, finally coming out on the ridge, and seeing the warm squares of light that were Covey's windows. The lane that led from the broader road in to his place was indeed soft and muddy; the car lurched and bumped on holes; Jocelyn turned it about in workmanlike fashion and backed it into the empty shed that served as a garage. Her heart rose on a wave of deep thankfulness and joy; Kent's blue car was already there. They were here, no question of that now!

She picked her way in almost pitch blackness to the front door; carrying her bag and her packages. Rain fell thickly; the windows gave her the only light she had now; it was not bright enough to save her stepping into a pool of ice-cold water here, or into the soft, sinking earth of a flower bed there. Covey had done little in the matter of cultivation, but there was a path, and there were finally firm, wooden steps under her wet feet, the doorknob in her wet glove.

She dropped her bundles in the dark hallway; shed her hat and gloves. Pushing her bright hair into a damp cap as she opened the door of the cabin's one big room she called challengingly: "Hello, everyone!"

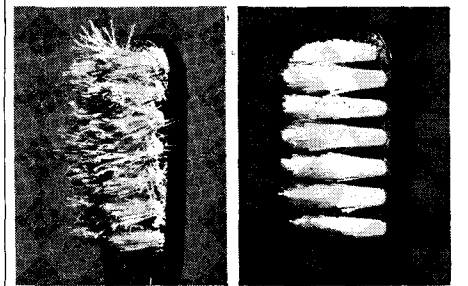
There was a good fire roaring on the open hearth, and an oil lamp was lighted. The dear shabby chairs, the long table, the curtained bunks, the lines of books were all half revealed; she loved every inch of the place. The warmth of it was delicious after the bleakness and darkness and wetness outside.

No one was in sight. The rest of the house consisted merely of a small piny kitchen, walled, as this room was walled,



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in raw pine, and a bathroom. In summer weather a canvased back porch could be used as an additional bedroom; in winter Covey merely drew an old corduroy curtain across the center of this room. Women took the berths on one side; men those on the other, and if a good deal of hilarious conversation went on across the curtain, it did not tend to make visits to the place less enjoyable to the artist's lighthearted friends. Tonight, Jocelyn reflected, she and Una would take their turn at the bathroom, washing shudderingly in its icy chill, but with hot water and fragrant soap and Covey's mismatched towels to aid them, and then snuggle under their warm blankets and watch lamplight and firelight shine on walls and faded rugs and the backs of books, and listen to the rain on the low roof.

When the men returned from their ablutions there would be the usual nonsense: "Girls, don't hesitate to call us at the least alarm in the night." "Don't worry, we won't." "Anything alarming you, Jocelyn?" "Only you, Kent." "This is very distressing to me, Jocelyn, you know what a stickler I am for the conventions." "I know, Red. We both feel for you deeply, don't we, Una?"

Then laughter, and their light out, and the men's light out, and finally, "Oh, hush up, both of you! We're sleepy!" and then the silence, and once again the soft patter of the rain overhead.

Jocelyn had stayed here several times under those conditions. They were perhaps the happiest times that she and Kent had ever had together. They had expressed wonder sometimes, that those who loved each other did not find some such place as this in which to be happy. So little money was needed, and so many persons had that much money! A garden, trees, a wide, glorious view, wild poppies spangling the hills in May, Michaelmas daisies thick beside the lanes in autumn. And French bread and cheese and good hot coffee, and the utter peace of dreamless sleep and quiet days—

And love, they had always said. A man and a woman loving each other desperately, completely, gloriously. She in faded Chinese coolie smocks; he in a daubed shabby jacket and worn cords, and sunrises and sunsets and the white-wash of summer moons and the delicate frosts of winter mornings, theirs forever and forever!

Just to be back in the beloved room brought back the old dream, and it was as if he loved her as much as ever he had, as if she were happy again. She turned from where she was standing, rain-spattered, when he came in from the kitchen, and the light made an aureole of her gold hair and shadowed her eyes as she laughed at him.

"I had to come! I had Una's message, and I knew it was my last chance. But what a night! I went up to Red's and no one was there, and I'd telephoned and everything was all mixed up. But when I got back to the house Una's message was there, and a message that I could have the Johnsons' car. It all seemed to fit too nicely. Instead of going to Aunt Nell's, I came over here."

HE CAME over to her, and the look she loved was in his eyes. Kent smiled, and for a moment his arms were about her, and heaven was in her heart. He did not have to speak, and there was a moment of silence.

When he did speak it was amusedly, tenderly, as she had feared never to hear him speak to her again.

"What are you apologizing for?" he demanded. The tone rather than the words caressed her; seemed to enclose her in sweetness and warmth and safety again. She drew back from him laughing, bewildered, her soft gold hair still disordered and damp, her cheeks still fresh and chilly from the cold and storm. "When have you had to apologize for coming where I am?" he asked.

All so much better than her most radiant dream! Jocelyn's face bloomed into sudden radiance.

"But I couldn't get hold of Una. I wasn't sure they were here!" she explained. And as his expression, still amused and tender, took on a new note of mischief and triumph she added, in dawning surprise: "Why, aren't they here?" And then with a shocked and half-delighted laugh: "They aren't? Oh, Kent!"

"Oh, Jocelyn!" he returned, in the same tone. And again she was jumbled against his heart, and she felt his kisses on her hair and her temples. Outside, high above the low roof, the wind roared, and branches creaked and swished, and on the shingles and dripping from the eaves they could hear the steady pattering and splashing of the rain.

(To be continued next week)

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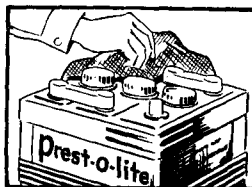


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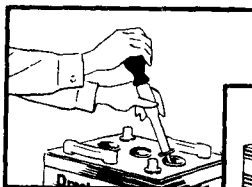
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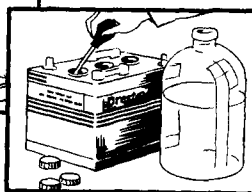


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## No Private Lives

Continued from page 15

I think you should wait. For the moment you must give everything to your career."

"But Betty helps me," Joel insisted. "I'm sure of that. But what will a few months matter?"

IT WAS hard to tell Betty about that interview. It was difficult to answer her, "But I can't see what possible difference our getting married now or in a few months could make." He wished Betty could talk to Mrs. Fletcher. When he quoted her it was rather silly.

"I don't know, darling," Joel said. "I want to marry you this minute but Mrs. Fletcher ought to know what's best."

Betty shook her head, puzzled. "Look, Joel," she said suddenly, "I've just thought of something. Do you suppose . . . do you suppose by any chance she doesn't want us to marry at all because I'm a nobody and you're going to be a big star?"

Joel was shocked. "Oh, no, Mrs. Fletcher isn't like that. She's wonderful."

Betty and Joel had planned to celebrate his new contract by going to a play in Los Angeles. Betty was pressing her white chiffon evening dress when he telephoned: "Mrs. Fletcher asked me to take a girl they've just brought on from the stage to the Trocadero. Mrs. Fletcher says it would help the girl. I'm getting so much publicity now that if she is seen with me she'll get publicity, too."

"But, Joel, we have the tickets. I'm getting dressed now."

"It makes me sick, darling, but Mrs. Fletcher has been so darn' nice to me. If she asked me to do her a favor I can't see how I can refuse."

"But I don't understand how your taking a girl to the Troc can be a favor to Mrs. Fletcher."

"I don't either," said Joel. "I think it's all crazy."

The night they were going to the symphony concert it was: "I don't know how to say this, Betty, but Mrs. Fletcher has arranged for me to make a personal appearance at the Alexandria. She says it will introduce me to the public."

And then there was Therese Service. "Mrs. Fletcher says it would be a fine thing if I'd take Miss Service to her preview. She says Miss Service is the most glamorous star on the lot and if the public thinks she's interested in me it will give me glamor, too."

Betty felt now that it was no Therese Service who was her enemy but suave, charming, motherly Mrs. Fletcher. And it was not even Mrs. Fletcher, the person, she feared, but what she symbolized. It was the studio—whatever the studio was—that great advancing robot that, for some reason she could not understand, was trying to take Joel away from her.

BETTY met Helen West one day on the lot. Helen was no longer with Mr. Lawrence but was playing a part in a Mort Donahue production. Helen, superior in make-up and costume, stopped Betty to say, "Take a tip from an old hand, Toots. That boy of yours is going Hollywood. He's out with a different girl every night—what time he isn't out with Service. If you want him you'd better do something about it."

Betty spoke with dignity: "Joel and I have a complete understanding. He doesn't want to be with these women. The studio makes him do it."

"Oh, yeah?" said Helen with cutting sarcasm. "Well, it looked like he was having a hell of a good time at La Maze last night."

She wanted to talk to Joel at once. She wanted to hear him say again that he hated his off-screen role as much as she. But Joel was tied up with a publicity man and he left the lot before she did. He wasn't at home when she telephoned that night.

The next day she could not see him because he was wardrobe-testing for a new picture, Bells of Glory, in which he had the lead opposite Muriel Banning. It was, she knew, the best break a young man could have and it showed the studio's faith in him. So by the time she had a chance to talk to him Helen West's warning seemed too trivial to repeat.

During the making of Bells of Glory she saw him only occasionally. When they did have a date they had to part early so that Joel would look rested for the next day's grind.

And then Betty got a part. Well, it was really only a bit although she did have a few lines to speak. It wasn't that she was discovered or even ready. It was just that Mr. Morris called Mr. Lawrence and asked him if he had a kid who could read a couple of lines. Mr. Lawrence sent her around to the director.

A few months ago she would have burned with excitement at being on a real set with real actors. Yet when she finished her scene all she thought was, "This isn't what I want. This isn't me. I was just meant to be Joel's wife."

She saw Joel that night and they drove down Malibu way. He told her it was great that she had actually appeared before the cameras. She told him how she felt about it and he took her in his arms and held her very close.

"That's what you were meant to be—my wife."

"Then let's get married now. Can't you see if we go on like this we'll never be together? They don't want us to get married."

He said maybe she was right, yet it wouldn't be fair unless he told Mrs. Fletcher. But, he promised, he would not let her bully him again.

THE next day he stormed into Mrs. Fletcher's office and said all in one breath: "Look, Mrs. Fletcher, Betty and I are going to be married right away. And if the reason you don't want me to marry her is because she isn't a big shot then to hell with it. We're not going to wait any longer."

But that wasn't the reason, Mrs. Fletcher insisted. She was eager to have him marry. But he must wait. She had seen great stars born and great stars die. She knew this business. And, she added, if Betty were the right sort she would wait for him, only a little while, only until after Bells of Glory was released.

He couldn't tell Betty about that. He just couldn't face her and say he had agreed, under Mrs. Fletcher's charming influence, to wait. So he did something he had never done before. He went out and got drunk. He had wanted to get plastered with a bunch of men. But he didn't know any men. So he went to Therese Service's house and got roaring drunk with her and the next day Helen West, who had it from Therese Service's maid, told Betty all about it.

Because Betty had appeared in a film a publicity man named Pete told her to come to Bowers' still studio for "leg art." He gave her a bathing suit made of feathers. Before Bowers' camera was a small set that represented a beach with real sand on the floor and the ocean painted on a backdrop. Bowers lined up on her and Pete told her to lie on

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her stomach with her legs bent at the knees, crossed at the ankles like a child reading a book on the floor.

"Come on, Betty Boop," Pete said, "peel the old ivories. You're not giving that smile any stuff."

She tried but the smile wouldn't come. Instead great tears poured out of her eyes and ran down her cheeks.

"Oh, nix," said Pete. "I didn't mean anything."

"It isn't that," said Betty as Bowers lent her his handkerchief.

THEY tried again but there seemed to be more tears where those came from. Pete said, "Never mind, Bowers," and the photographer switched off the lights and left the studio. Betty sank down on the sand as Pete called out, "Hey, mind your feathers. Wardrobe will charge the damage to publicity." But he went over to her and took her hand in his.

"I'm sorry about ruining the sitting," she said, sobbing.

"Skip it," the press agent said, "and tell your Uncle Pete all about it."

His face was like a bulldog's she had when she was a child. His eyes were bloodshot just like Mickey's and had the same gentle expression. When she was a little girl she had always told Mickey her troubles. That was why she confided in Pete.

"It's about Joel," she said. "We're engaged, you know."

"Joel?" Pete repeated. "You mean Joel Craine?"

"He was Joel Mauks but that's who I mean."

Pete whistled. "The glamor boy

wants to marry you?" The accent on the pronoun was not flattering but Betty did not hear it.

"I know it seems as if he's showing his love rather strangely. But it's not his fault!" she said passionately. "They're making him do it. The studio is making him be seen with these women. He doesn't want to, honestly. He doesn't like that sort of life. Besides he's just a kid and he doesn't know an awful lot. Last night he got drunk and he hates that. If it keeps on they'll just ruin Joel—that's what they'll do. And I love him and I can straighten him out. They're always telling him not to go Hollywood. Well, he's going Hollywood and they won't let me keep him from it. He needs me but they won't let him marry me." The passion died out of her voice. She looked into Pete's kind eyes. "Why?"

Pete lit a cigarette. "You poor kids. You just don't know nothing."

"I know I love Joel and he loves me, he really does."

"Look," said Pete. "Let me give you the slant. This kid of yours is going places, but not because he's a good actor."

"He is a good actor," Betty defended stoutly.

Pete plucked a feather from Betty's bathing suit and blew it in the air. "Maybe he'll learn but right now he's a glamor boy. The dames are going to fall for him personally. They're going to read everything about his private life and want him to be as exciting as the parts he plays. Well, how's it going to look to those girls if he marries a nice

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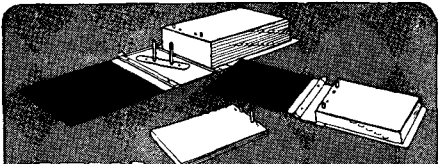
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little kid like you from—where are you from?"

"Wisconsin," said Betty.

"Wisconsin." Pete gave the Badger State his bitterest disdain.

"Joel's from Iowa," said Betty.

"They've forgotten that. He's Hollywood now. The Trocadero, La Maze, the Beachcombers—different glamorous women every night—Therese Service, are they that way or aren't they?—Muriel Banning, were those love scenes real? Gee, kid, that's the old stuff. So why don't you forget about it and go on back home? You can tell your grandchildren Joel Craine was nuts for you once."

"Listen," she said seriously. "The studio isn't going to have their old glamor boy without me. He'll be miserable. He'll crack up. He'll just drink himself to death, that's what he'll do."

Pete stood up and brushed sand from his unpressed trousers. "If you're so nuts for him and if you think you can save him why don't you just live with the guy—but keep it nice and quiet."

Betty stood up too. "The studio wouldn't mind that?"

"Not if there don't any scandals break, and I think you're the kind of kid who'd see they didn't."

JOEL found her in his bungalow when he came home that night. She was wearing a blue house coat. He saw that there were knickknacks in the living room that had not been there before—a silver cigarette box, a crystal ash tray, books on the mantel. She smiled nervously and before he had a chance to speak she said, "Now listen, Joel. Pete—he's the publicity man—he said the studio didn't mind if I just—if we—well, lived together as long as there wasn't a scandal. And I couldn't see you going on like this, so," she made a gesture to include the room, "so I just moved in."

He stood still for a moment, his eyes puzzled. "I don't believe it. This isn't like you."

"It really isn't much like me," she said quickly, "but I couldn't let you go on as you were. The studio won't let us marry and I couldn't stand not being with you. They will let me live here."

"I don't believe that either," he said. "All Mrs. Fletcher wanted us to do was wait. Mrs. Fletcher never meant anything like this. Maybe your Pete sees it that way but not Mrs. Fletcher."

She went to him and took his hands in hers. "Mrs. Fletcher sees it that I just step out of your life, but if I won't then she sees it like this."

He sat down on the arm of a chair and ran his hands through his hair. "But she was so nice, Betty. They've all been so nice. I can't figure it out."

"Call her up," said Betty. "Ask her." "I can't do that," he said, his confusion growing. "It wouldn't look right."

"If you love me you'll call her."

"How can I ask her a question like that?"

She went to the phone and dialed the studio number. "Joel Craine calling Mrs. Fletcher," she said and handed the boy the instrument.

"Yes, Joel?" he heard Mrs. Fletcher's sweet voice and decided simply to ask some question about the picture and hang up. But Betty was standing over him. "Go on," she whispered, "tell her if you can't marry me we'll do it this way."

"Look, Mrs. Fletcher," he hesitated. "I can't stand not seeing Betty. How would it be ... well, instead of getting married we just saw each other all the time and I still went around publicly with Therese and Muriel and those girls?"

"Oh, I see," said Mrs. Fletcher and Joel felt sure she was going to be disappointed in him for suggesting such a thing. Instead she said, "Well, dear boy, I would prefer it otherwise but if this

way lies your happiness then I would not want to stand in your way. I'll see you at the Bells of Glory preview tonight. Your preview, Joel."

He sat for a moment with the telephone receiver dangling from his hand. And then in a daze he put the instrument back on the table. Slowly, like a sleepwalker, he went to Betty and, pushing her hair back from her face, looked deep into her blue eyes. Her eyes met his, straight and clear. "I'm just the biggest dope in the world," he said, "and somebody should kick me right in the seat of the pants. Gee, you're a swell girl, Betty. Why would you look at me twice?"

"Then it's all right with you?" Betty asked.

"No," he said earnestly without taking his hands from her hair. "No, it isn't all right for me or for you. It may be all right for some but we're just plain ordinary people. We can't live like this. I won't let us live like this."

ALL the next day the small neighborhood theater had worn on its marquee a broach of lights announcing, "Big Studio Preview Tonight." Now it opened its doors and studio executives, directors, cutters and performers along with the gawking audience, which had already given a cheering reaction to the film, poured out. The lobby became bedlam. A group of pushing, squealing fans surrounded Muriel Banning, shoving autograph books and leaky pens under her nose. Another group surrounded Joel and, in this moment, he knew his first audience acclaim. His heart pounded. His hand shook as he wrote "Joel Craine, Joel Craine, Joel Craine" hundreds of times.

Through the din he heard someone calling him. He looked up and saw Mrs. Fletcher by the door with the theater manager and a press agent. She was beckoning to him and, followed by his chattering admirers, he made his way to her.

"Oh, Joel, you were wonderful," she said. "Nothing can stop you now, my boy. Nothing!"

"I'm glad you think so," Joel said.

Betty had cut a path through the crowds and took his arm with pride.

Joel said, "Mrs. Fletcher, this is Betty. I want you to ..."

And then a tidal wave of screaming girls came between them and Betty was swept to the opposite end of the lobby while Joel was pushed against Mrs. Fletcher. Her mouth was close to his ear. She whispered, "I'm disappointed in you, Joel. Your happiness is one thing, but do you think it wise to bring her to your preview? Wouldn't it be much better if you and Muriel Banning were seen ..."

THREE autograph books came between them and it was ten minutes before Betty stood beside him again. By now Mrs. Fletcher was trying to find her chauffeur, but somehow Joel and Betty managed to get to her. Above the confusion he managed to say, "It's all right for me to bring Betty here. I'll be taking her everywhere from now on. You see, Mrs. Fletcher, we were married this afternoon in Yuma."

"Married!"

Betty spoke, "I didn't want to. Joel's career ..."

"But nothing can stop me now," Joel quoted triumphantly.

Mrs. Fletcher's face was hard and cold. "I wish you every happiness." She had to raise her voice to make herself heard. "Come to see me soon, Betty. You and I must decide what is best for this impetuous boy." She was swept into her car.

And there in the fan-infested lobby he took Betty in his arms. "Nuts," he said quietly. "Nuts to Mrs. Fletcher. It's our life from here on out."

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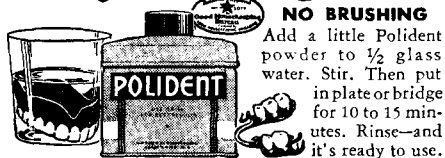
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## Interrupted Honeymoon

Continued from page 21

The punk grabbed the wheel. Louis shoved me into the back seat and climbed in the front. He said, "Now you're in this too, see?"

On the edge of town they pulled into a gas station and got the tank filled. Louis followed the attendant into the station and smacked him over the head. The big kid went down like a flag. The punk was still at the wheel and I knew I had to make my move. I hit him on his ear so hard it almost cauliflowered my hand. Louis was coming back. I went for him headfirst. There is a place on my head where no hair grows. That's where Louis' bullet made a long furrow.

But a miss is as good as the Grand Canyon. We both went down into the gravel and the gun flew from his hand. I sat on him and just shook him until he

She came in with Rock Florio.

I started to tell how it happened, but when I heard myself telling it I knew that no lawyer could tout a jury onto a yarn like that one. Only the old woman would ever have believed it. I knew Vincenzo would never sing. My luck had gone around the clock, and I didn't want Queenie waiting around five years for a guy who was tabbed a thief because I could tell by her eyes how she hated it.

"Forget it," I told her. "There's six grand out in the desk there. You take it and blow town."

She stood there, but she couldn't say anything and I'd rather have had her think I was a thief than think I'd lie to her. So I called Rock over and he led her out of the room.

I told my story to a lawyer and he laughed in my face, so I threw him out of the cell. And Vincenzo didn't sing. Neither did the punk. The punk even made it worse. He said that I planned the job, so because I was two years older than either one of them, the judge gave me two years more than they got.

TWO years is seven hundred and thirty days. That's seven hundred and thirty nights I had in which to lie awake thinking about Queenie. Once Rock came to visit and said she'd left town and refused any part of the six grand. He didn't know where she'd gone.

Every chance I had I studied veterinary. The warden caught on and gave me a job in the prison hospital. But all the time I had a feeling that my luck would switch. And it did. After seven hundred and twenty-three days they brought me a new cellmate, and he was Louis Vincenzo.

He was scared to death. I never talked to him for a week, never looked at him, except when he wasn't looking, so every once in a while he'd catch me giving him that dead-pan stare. Then I'd look away. He couldn't sleep. He could feel me staring at him in the dark. And finally he cracked. Once he started to crack I beat it all out of him. He was so glad to tell the warden the works that he cried. He had the punk brought in and after one look at Louis the punk began to talk and corroborated Louis' confession.

A MONTH later the governor's pardon came down and I walked out of the big gate. I didn't lose much time getting to the Wild Oats Club. Rock was in his office in the back. He was sampling Scotch for the bar.

"Hello, Rock," I said. "Have you heard from her?"

First he shook his head, then he started to laugh. "Hell, yes," he said; "I heard something about her. Boo-boo Bill Grief said she took a kid to an orphanage."

"Whose kid?"

"Boo-boo said it was hers. It wasn't no snatch."

I stared at him.

"Maybe it's yours, Jess," he said. "You better sneak over there to the county home and see if one of those tykes has big ears." He swiveled around in the chair, opened the safe and got out a fat envelope. "Here's your roll," he said.

I went straight out to the home. The boss was a big lady with a nose like a blackjack. I gave her the dope and it checked with the records.

"Okay," I said, "it's my kid. Wrap it up and I'll take it home with me."

She looked at me as though I'd kicked her shin.

"That's too bad," she said. "That child

was unconscious. Then I tossed him into the car.

I was just pulling away, trying to decide whether I'd turn them over to Tobias or to the cops, when around the corner comes two radio cruisers loaded with dicks. One of them jams in across the radiator and the other scrapes the running board. I climbed out into a circle of revolvers and a handcuff rapped my wrist so hard I thought it was broken off.

There are more thieves who yell "Frame!" than there are dandelions in June, and I knew I was a dead pigeon by the look on the cops' faces.

It was Tobias who really turned the trick. He said it was me lured him into bringing out the ice.

That night I sat in the clink and read the story in the newspapers, how Tobias waged a desperate battle against three armed bandits, knocking one of them cold and badly shaking up the other. Nobody asked me how I got the groove in my scalp. Nobody but Queenie.



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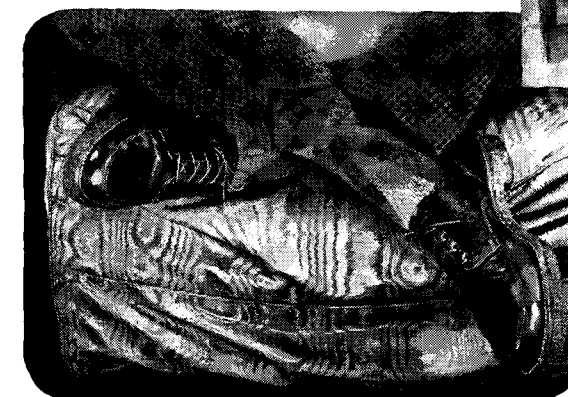
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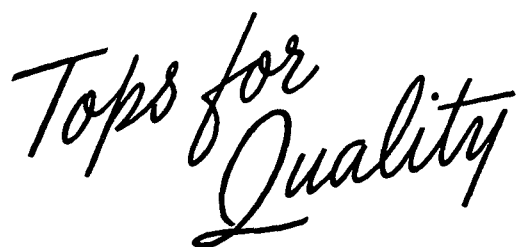
**Two Pairs Win** when they fit and look as right as *Glendale* and *Wellington*; smart Bostonians, above. *Glendale* is a new Tweed-leather quarter brogue, *Wellington*, a Wide-Tred custom Blucher—both with Bootmaker finish.

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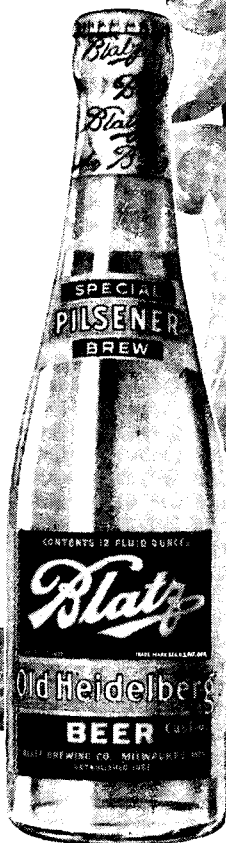
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## Foot Free

Continued from page 17

why the prize fighter's cauliflower ear and broken nose have nothing on feminine feet for misshapen ugliness. If your feet had to appear in public as openly as your hands, you'd be ashamed.

Your feet have to take a prize fighter's beating anyway. Multiply your weight by the number of steps you take, and you'll see how many tons come crashing down on them every day. Made up of intricately meshed bones and muscles and ligaments and tiny nerves as they are, it's no wonder that they swell and ache and grow weary when they have also to combat badly fitted shoes. It's no wonder they can make your whole body and your face and your outlook on life suffer. We've heard of a doctor who, when a man came to him with a pain at the back of his neck, started his examination with the feet. They're that important to the rest of you. You ought to help them out. How can you do it?

### What to Do

You can shop and shop until you find your proper last. The last is actually the wooden mold over which a shoe is built, and on its similarity to your own foot depends the fit of that shoe for you. Each manufacturer develops his own lasts, and each style must be lasted individually. Each store stocks the shoes of a number of manufacturers. So you have quite a haystack to look through.

Never demand a certain size, for sizes mean not a thing with all these variations in lasts.

In your search for the right last, check these things: The elasticity and shape of your foot. Some feet stretch more in movement than others (the open toe was an easy out). Some flare more. See that the basic cut of the last meets your particular needs. Shoes can be too long as well as too short. See that the ball of your foot fits the outcurve at the end of the bridge. The first feel of a shoe is important. Make sure it feels snug enough through the arch. Proper balance is vital to comfort. Your foot normally swings your weight from heel to base of little toe to base of the big toe. Make sure your shoe allows it to do this. Besides the feel of them, you can check

shoes you have worn by looking at the bottoms. If the whole surface of the sole is worn evenly, you're doing all right. Heavier wear in one spot is a warning signal.

Don't, says Mr. Dominic La Valle, be misled by this narrow-heel and narrow-foot business. And when Mr. La Valle talks about shoes you'd better listen, for he knows shoemaking, from studying cobbling and benching under the masters of the trade in Italy thirty years ago, to his present enviable position as one of the finest custom shoemakers in this country. He's a style leader. But he'd rather talk about the fit of your shoes.

You've got to have a broad enough foundation, he says, to come down on. Would you put a big building on narrow underpinnings? Be sure the bottom of your last is wide enough for your foot. And don't think, if your heel slips up and down in your shoe, it's all right just to haul the shoe in some more around the top. Your shoe shouldn't be kept on your foot by main force. It should be built to fit and follow your foot.

He demonstrates by asking a model to walk in one of his open-heeled shoes, with the ankle strap undone. No flapping at all. Her heel leaves the shoe by a bare quarter of an inch. The heel seats are broad enough, too, for a solid landing, and cupped to fit the natural curve of the heel. It took him a year to perfect this last, refusing orders until he had it; that's what expert shoemaking means.

In fact, one of the biggest grudges shoemakers have against you is that you don't appreciate good shoes. You don't realize that they cost more for the very good reason that they are worth more. They fit better, wear better, look better. The shoemen think your feet should be worth to you a bigger part of your budget than they get.

But the fine shoemakers are getting a break with the simple styles of today, for there is no mistaking perfect quality and trim fit when there's nothing around to clutter up the picture. And you're getting a break, too, with all the care that's going into shoe-fitting today. It's actually the fashion now for shoes to look comfortable—a long step from the foibles of yesterday. Make the most of it.



## Aunt Beulah is a pioneer woman...

Yessir, it's only the last few years the sheriff could persuade Auntie not to carry a gun.

She came to our town in '91. Raised nine kids and run a cow ranch after Uncle Alf left 'em an' went off with the circus.

Well, Aunt Beulah still yells "whoa" and pulls back on the steerin' wheel when she stops her car, like she did this p.m. in front o' my pumps.

"Evenin', Gus," Auntie roars at me. "Git out here an' doctor up this evil-eyed monster I'm a-herdin'!"

So I fill th' tank with Super-Shell and give the oil a look.

"Your oil's low an' dirty," I says.

"One o' them kids musta poured sand—" she starts, but I shake my head.

"No, Auntie, now calm yourself . . . you do a lot of stoppin' and startin' an' jammin' around in traffic. You need a tough oil to stand all the strains of your hard drivin'. And yet you got to have a fast-flowin' oil, too, to get up into those movin' parts *instantly* on cold starts."

"Can't afford none of them fancy ideas," Auntie sniffs. "Gimme some good plain two-bit oil."

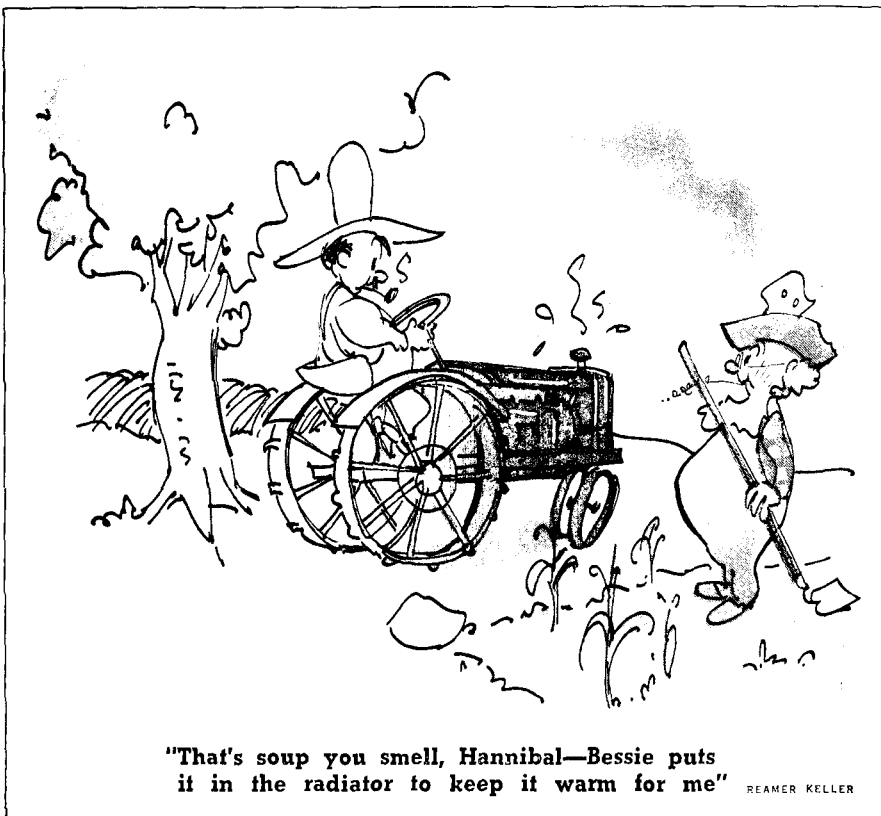
"But, Auntie—this *Golden Shell Oil* I'm describin' costs only 25¢ a quart. Shall I drain the crankcase?"

"Go ahead—an' give me some of your *Golden Shell Oil*. But if you're *lying* to me about it, I'll turn you over my knee like I used to."

She would, too.

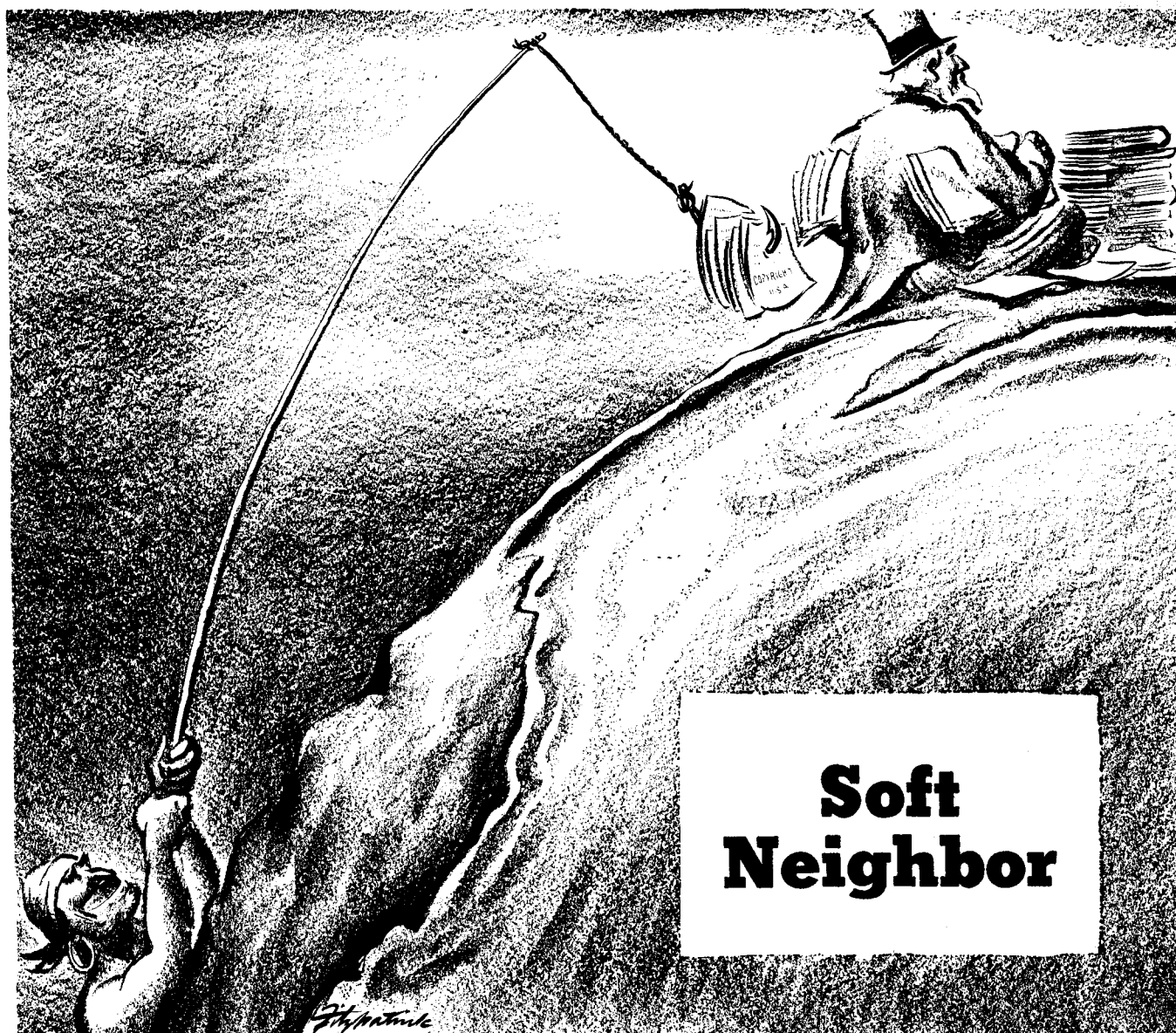
Sincerely,

*Your Shell Dealer*



"That's soup you smell, Hannibal—Bessie puts it in the radiator to keep it warm for me" REAMER KELLER





## Soft Neighbor

THE ancient muddle concerning copyrights in South America has boiled up again.

Copyrights on literary, artistic and scientific printed stuff always have been "confused" in those parts—"confused" being a polite way of stating that many South American publishers have long had a habit of snitching prime reading matter from North American publishers and printing it without paying for it.

Lately something called the Inter-American Conference of Jurisconsults, which busies itself with such Pan-American matters, suggests that the governments of North and South America "modernize" the copyright muddle. "Modernize" is another polite term in this case. It means that these governments would put a general okay on South American literary piracy; that this form of thievery would be declared

legitimate, just so the pirate in each case mentioned the name of the publication from which he stole the stuff.

The suggestion about "modernizing" copyrights is to be acted on next February at a Pan-American conference in Montevideo, Uruguay. Interested governments have until that time to file their views.

We move that the United States and Canadian governments protest this proposal with all the vigor they can transmit to paper.

We're selfishly interested, certainly, because Collier's will be among the victims if literary piracy is thus legalized in this hemisphere. Of course we favor laws to keep people from lifting and reprinting, gratis, material that has been written, printed and circulated at somebody else's expense.

But that is not our only interest in the matter. We are seriously worried over the fact that Uncle Sam is being looked upon more and more throughout the Western Hemisphere as Uncle Santa Claus or Uncle Sap, the one-time "Colossus of the North" who has now gone so soft that he loves to have his pockets picked.

The Mexicans in March, 1938, grabbed the principal American-owned oil properties in Mexico. Our State Department is still mumbling in its beard about that snatch as we write these lines; has failed up to now to take certain simple and nonwarlike but drastic steps which in all likelihood would make President Cardenas of Mexico pull in his predatory claws in a hurry. Bolivia did the same thing before Mexico did it, and at this writing our government has yet to call Bolivia to account.

This kind of thing spreads. The above outlined attempt to legalize literary piracy all over Latin America is only another symptom of this growing Latin-American tendency to play Uncle Sam for a sucker because he remarked a few years ago that he wanted thenceforth to be a Good Neighbor.

The thing has got to be halted somewhere, if our Western Hemisphere prestige isn't to be leeched away, along with a lot of our substance, by Latin-American politicians and racketeers who don't understand good neighborliness as we understand it.

When the Eagle began to soft-pedal his erstwhile imperialistic, Monroe Doctrine screams, he didn't mean to invite the neighbors to step up and jerk out his tail feathers. The Eagle had better show a few claws pretty soon now, unless he wants the neighbors to go to work on them, too.

## Costly Privilege

DEPARTMENT stores large and small, we imagine, would like to tell their lady customers a few things about overuse of the returned-goods privilege, but it's hard to picture them obeying that impulse. So, for the general welfare, we thought we'd unveil a few returned-goods truths here.

These remarks are based on facts and figures dug up by the Twentieth Century Fund, impartial economic research group founded by the late Edward A. Filene.

It seems that it's a very infrequent lady who understands that it costs her or her husband money for her to tell the store to send over four or five pieces of merchandise, and for her to send all but one or two of them back a day or so later. It's free, isn't it, this privilege of having

a little private sales counter extended by truck or messenger right into your home? You pay only for the things that you decide to keep, no?

No. It isn't as simple as that. You don't see the charges for this service on your bills. But like the overcoat, or maybe it was the blonde, in the legendary salesman's expense account, those charges will appear on those bills all the same.

They are there in the form of higher prices than you would otherwise pay for the goods you keep.

It costs the store money to send you the goods, leave them with you for a while, then call for them and take them back. If the store isn't to go broke gradually, it has to load these expenses

onto the prices of the goods it actually sells.

Some figures: In the larger department stores, returns and allowances average 14.5% of all sales. In the smaller stores, the percentage gets as low as 7.7. And in some stores as many as twenty-three employees take part in every returned-goods transaction.

The return privilege ought *not* to be abolished. It's useful and justifiable in many cases.

But every time one of the ladies resists that urge to have the store send over a lot of things that she really wants only to look at instead of buy, she does her bit toward keeping down the costs of distribution which do so much to boost goods prices. If that isn't a patriotic act, name us one.