



**A**RTURO GODOY, a mestizo from Chile, is fighting Joe Louis, a mulatto from Alabama, in Madison Square Garden for the world's heavyweight championship, for two reasons:

1. Arturo is considered a safe opponent for Promoter Mike Jacobs to risk his million-dollar asset against in an indoor bout that can't gross much more than \$100,000.

2. Arturo had the foresight and acumen to engage Al Weill as his manager.

It isn't every manager, or in fact, every thousandth one, who can get his new fighter a crack at pugilism's biggest prize to start off their partnership. In fact, I don't think it has ever been done before.

Weill was able to do it for Godoy because he's the most astute manager of fighters in the business. And he's the shrewdest manager for two reasons:

1. He never had a boxing glove on in his life except when stretching it for one of his fighters, and therefore isn't handicapped by a technical knowledge of the trade, which might serve only to confuse him.

2. His mind isn't cluttered up with a

lot of book learning that would take up space in his brain now needed for scheming.

Weill is a squat Alsatian in the middle forties who crucifies the King's English every time he opens his yap and is known in the profession as the Weskit King. This sobriquet dates back to his salad days when the proof of his last pudding was always to be found on the vest. As Al hustled around trying to spear any napping boffoes he encountered, it used to be said by rivals—no doubt motivated by professional jealousy—that "the coat and pants do all the work but The Vest gets all the gravy."

"The Vest" began in the town of Gebweiler in Alsace-Lorraine, forty-four years ago. At the age of thirteen he decided to give Alsace-Lorraine back to the French and Germans or whichever of them didn't happen to own it at the moment and come to America. His father sailed with him.

"We came storage because the old agent didn't have no sugar," explains Al.

Arriving in New York, he found to his dismay that it was necessary for him to attend school for 133 days before he

would be eligible for a working certificate. His anguish at thus being thrust harshly in contact with book learning is still reflected on his fat, round face when he recalls the harrowing experience. In school he picked up an East Side accent more genuine than that of a native gamin, but little else, and later he entered commerce as a shipping clerk's third assistant in a wholesale hosiery factory.

#### Retired at Fifteen

"That's where I foist loined about boxing," he likes to relate. "Boxing hosiery for shipment. I knew every kind of a sock there wuz."

Mr. Weill often coins bon mots like these without any preparation whatsoever.

The embryo fight manager quickly found out there were no coconuts to be had nailing up boxes all day so he managed to have himself transferred to the sales department. At fifteen he was selling veiling, chiffon and other fluffy stuff to the trade.

One night in his wholesale house the boy prodigy, now getting five dollars a

week plus ten per cent commission for his sales, was asked by one of the more important salesmen to carry his big sample case up to the Grand Central Station after he had finished his job. Weill protested that he had to go home and say Kaddish for his deceased mother—Kaddish being a prayer for the dead that must be recited daily for eleven months without interruption. The boss said Al would have to lug the sample case to the station, Kaddish or no Kaddish, so Al quit. He likes to cite this incident now as an example of his piety and filial devotion. True, he admits he wouldn't have had to say Kaddish that night if he hadn't forgotten to say it in the morning when he should have, but that was just an oversight on his part, he says. Besides, it was a long drill up to the Grand Central, lugging that heavy sample case, and even at that age our hero was nobody's lug.

Now he had his first taste of loafing and he liked it so much it became chronic. Already, the kid was showing the earmarks of a great fight manager. His grandmother, with whom he lived, put up with Al's idleness for a few

(Continued on page 32)



# Rolling down to RIO



## International Trucks and Tractors Cut Costs and Save Time on Gigantic Water Conductor Project

Gay, glamorous Rio de Janeiro moves ahead on its march of progress. A gigantic engineering project is under way to bring crystal-pure water from the mountains to the beautiful capital of Brazil. Sixty miles of twisting, turning, up-hill and down-hill aqueduct construction crosses the colorful Brazilian scene to bring the need and the source together.

Thirteen thousand 22,000-pound iron and concrete tubes will carry the water. Carrying the tubes to their places in the line called for another kind of transportation—*modern heavy-duty International Trucks*.

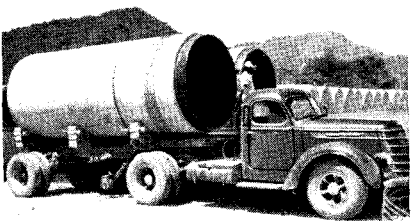
The great project demanded the best in engineering skill, business organization, and reliable equipment. Dahne, Conceição & Cia. (Adductora Ribeirão Das Lages S. A.) was awarded the contract. International Trucks and Diesel TracTractors "rolled down to Rio" and shouldered the job of clearing, grading, and preparing the

right-of-way; transporting tubes, materials, and supplies; and easing the heavy tubes into the trench without cracking.

Through the past year the snake-like line has progressed steadily across the valleys and over the hills. Soon, far-sighted Rio will enjoy the full benefits of its newest utility. Thanks to the ability and dependability of 18 International Trucks and 9 Diesel International TracTractors, a great city's dream becomes reality!

The world is dotted with such records of International achievement. If you have a hauling job to do, there's a powerful International that's built and styled for your work. Sizes range from Half-Ton Light Delivery to powerful Six-Wheelers. Ask the nearest International Dealer or Company-owned Branch for a demonstration.

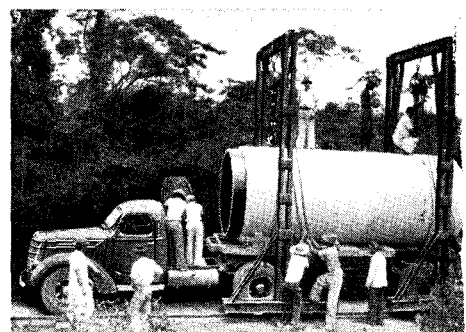
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY  
(INCORPORATED)  
180 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois



All set to go! A new load every few minutes.



International TracTractors clear and grade the right-of-way.



Rapid and careful unloading of tubes by chain-hoist system.



Easing 22,000-pound tubes into place. No cracks, no damage!

Copyright 1940, by International Harvester Company, Incorporated

# INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# IT "TAKES" ALL **LOW-PRICED** CARS... *in Acceleration and on the Hills!*



The Special De Luxe Sport Sedan, \$802\*

**This dynamic new Chevrolet for 1940, with its lightning-flash Valve-in-Head pace, is the greatest action car in the entire low-price field!**

The streets and avenues and highways of the nation are *alive* with new Chevrolets!

And when we say "alive" with them we refer not only to great Chevrolet popularity, to brilliant Chevrolet styling, to sparkling Chevrolet colors, but also to the quick, lively, vigorous tempo which Chevrolet performance lends to the traffic stream.

For here is the greatest action car of the low-price field... the car that *out-accelerates, out-climbs, out-performs* all others in its price range... and does it with *maximum safety*

and with *minimum cost* for gas, oil and upkeep!

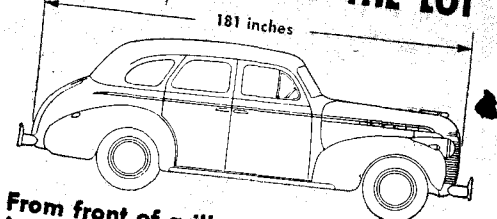
And the reason is that Chevrolet for '40 is the *only* low-priced car with a super-silent, super-vitalized Valve-in-Head Engine, just as it's the *only* low-priced car with new "Royal Clipper" Styling, Exclusive Vacuum-Power Shift and "The Ride Royal\*."

"Chevrolet's FIRST Again!"... It takes them all in acceleration, on the hills, and in all-round value, too!... All of which will become crystal-clear to you if you will take time out to *eye it, try it, buy it*—today!

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

\*On Special De Luxe and Master De Luxe Series

## "THE LONGEST OF THE LOT"



From front of grille to rear of body—for length where length counts—Chevrolet for 1940 is the longest of all lowest-priced cars! Big outside, big inside, big in value!

## NEW EXCLUSIVE VACUUM-POWER SHIFT

The only steering column gearshift that does 80% of the work for you and requires only 20% driver effort!

## 85-H.P. VALVE-IN-HEAD SIX

**\$659**

AND UP, \*at Flint, Michigan. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. Bumper guards—extra on Master 85 Series.

**EYE IT...  
TRY IT...  
BUY IT!**

# "CHEVROLET'S FIRST Again!"



## Romance in Crimson

Continued from page 19

looked out of the corners of his eyes, and managed to get a pretty fair view; the man was tall and dark and undeniably handsome; he was well-dressed; he leaned against the wall in a graceful, relaxed manner that somehow gave the impression of alertness. Apparently, he did no more than glance at Gregg.

"I'm not sure," thought Mr. Stuart.

After all, his two glimpses of Lynn's assailant the previous night had not been clear. He reflected that there were many tall, dark young men in New York—perhaps even several who lived in this very apartment house. Chances were this wasn't the man at all. He certainly looked like a good, average, healthy young American—with nothing sinister about him. Gregg guessed him to be about thirty, and by profession . . . ? Gregg shrugged. That was carrying conjecture pretty far. At any rate, he seemed totally disinterested in Gregg or his movements, and so Mr. Stuart walked past him and into the courtyard.

The five stairways giving access to the various groups led upward from a flagstoned courtyard that had responded pleasantly enough to the builders' efforts at landscaping. There were potted evergreens and a bit of a fountain set on a postage-stamp plot of discouraged grass. Just behind the two brick entrance pillars, Gregg noticed an office with a telephone switchboard and a trim young operator. He walked firmly toward the doorway marked "C." Up then to apartment four. He fitted the key in the lock, opened the door and entered. "So this," he said to himself, "is Paris."

**S**ILLY that he should get a thrill from being in her apartment. It was an oddly homelike little place, simple and tasteful. There was a narrow foyer, off which hanging closets, kitchenette and bathroom opened. To his left was a square living room. There was a pleasingly soft rug on the floor; a wide, comfortable, inviting couch; a club chair, a wing chair, a gate-leg table, a tiny desk on the top of which was a single, exquisite Wedgwood pitcher; a bookshelf in which were a few dozen well-selected books ranging from popular novels to books on art—all of which looked as though they were well-loved and well-read . . . and a sliding panel back of which he peeped to find a door bed.

It was the sort of tiny apartment for which she had prepared him, the sort of apartment in which he would naturally and logically expect to find her living; the apartment of a young lady of taste and manners and intelligence—and of not too great affluence.

"About fifty dollars a month," he reflected, "which would fit in pretty accurately with what she told me about herself and her work." The furnishings, the atmosphere—everything fitted. They checked with everything except what he had encountered the night before. Nothing seemed to blend with that, nor with the young man standing watch near the entrance.

He produced her list of instructions, found and dusted the suitcase, and busied himself with the tasks she had set him. The hanging closets were amply congested. Neat, simple, correct clothes; stylish without being extreme; good without being expensive. The place was immaculately clean, scrupulously neat. Her lingerie, of which there was rather a profusion, was beautiful.

He lifted the suitcase and started for the door. Outside, on the sidewalk, a quick glance assured him that the tall young man was maintaining his vigil.

But if the dark stranger was interested in Gregg, he gave no sign. Gregg was sure that the man wasn't even looking his way. . . .

Lynn was waiting for him, still clad in his ridiculously ample dressing gown. She seemed brighter than when he had left, and he looked at her severely. He said, "Now I know all."

"All what?"

"You'd be surprised. And why didn't you tell me that you liked tomato juice?"

"My icebox. It has betrayed me." She grabbed for the suitcase. "Mind if I slip into something normal? Perhaps it'll be good for our morale."

The bedroom door closed behind her, and Gregg rambled into the kitchen. Frenzy eyed him askance for a few moments and then ventured a remark:

He hesitated for a moment. "Sit down, Lynn."

"Your word is my law," she smiled, seating herself.

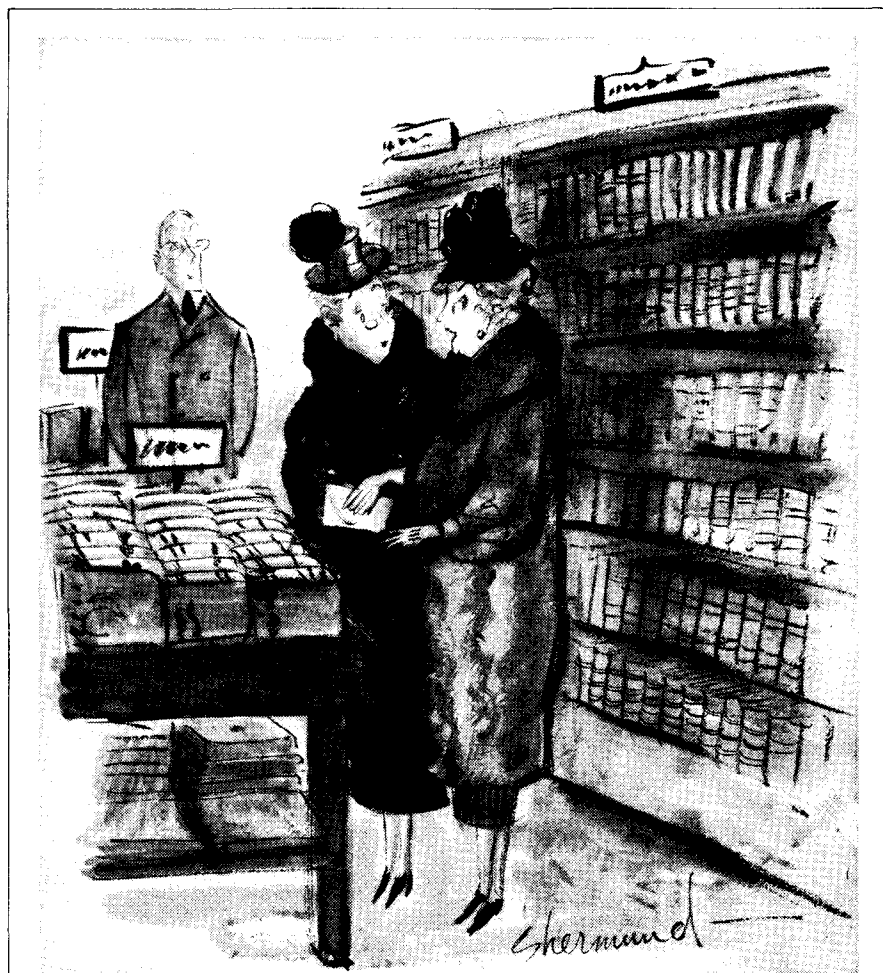
"I'm not trying to intrude, really." His manner was grave. "But I've got to ask you something."

"I can take it."

**"YOUR** friend of last night—the young man with the homicidal tendency—is he about my height, average breadth and weight, black hair and eyebrows, clean-shaven, eyes set a trifle too close together, but otherwise rather nice-looking, and do you happen to know whether he owns a gray tweed topcoat with a half-belted back?"

Her eyes were wide as she asked, "He was there?"

"A man answering that description."



"I understand the author himself didn't guess the murderer till the very last chapter"

BARBARA SHERMUND

"Miss Harrison sho is quality folks, Mistuh Gregg."

"You think so?"

"Yassuh. I know so. I c'n tell."

"Well, don't. It's a secret."

**G**REGG was back in the living room when she reappeared. She stood behind the iron grille of the dining alcove for a moment and he said, "Can this be true?"

"It can," she said. "Believe it or not."

He himself had taken that outfit from her clothes closet, but then it had had no personality. Now, as she wore it—it did things. Or maybe she did things to it. Navy and white, simple enough—and yet. He said, "You look as though you own the dress. Most women don't."

"A shrewd and flattering observation, Mr. Stuart. And now . . ." She moved down into the living room and approached him, "Tell me what happened."

"What did he do?" She was frightened.

"Nothing. I don't believe he recognized me, or connected me with you at all."

She said tonelessly, "He was waiting for me. . . . I'm not going home."

"No . . . ?"

She said, "While you were out I used your telephone. I've been talking to my boss." She traced an intricate pattern on the rug with the toe of one infinitesimal shoe. "My vacation is overdue. This is our slack season. I'm taking a month off."

"Does he know anything about this setup?"

"Nobody does."

"You're running away from this man Rick?"

"Yes."

"What good will it do to escape for a month? Won't he still be here when you come back?"

"Probably not."

"Where are you going?"

"Away," she answered. "I haven't decided yet."

"You'll need more clothes. I'll get 'em for you."

"You seem to be destined to do lots of things for me."

His eyes held hers levelly, and he said quietly, "I hope so."

"I'm going somewhere that's quiet and restful and sort of—lost."

He walked to the window and stood for a few moments staring down at the crawling traffic. When he turned back to her he was smiling, and his eyes were speculative. He asked, casually enough: "Did you ever hear of a place called Karnak?"

"Egypt," she announced proudly. "I almost went there once when I almost went on a Mediterranean cruise."

"This is another Karnak. It's way down south in Dixie where the cotton blossoms grow. It's really a very lovely spot. You'll like it."

"I . . . ?" She stared at him, gratitude and protest in her eyes. "What have I got to do with it?"

There was a great deal of warmth and of friendship in the smile he gave her.

"I'm going there—right away," he said. "I'm taking you with me."

**S**HE came close to him and took both his hands. "Do you mind my telling you," she said, looking up into his clear gray eyes, "that you are the nicest person I have ever met?"

His face flushed. "I rather like it."

"You're brave, you're generous—"

"Now listen . . ."

"You listen. I'm talking. Because you must understand. What I've gone through in the last eighteen hours seems more than worth while because I've met you. I'm not paying a compliment; I'm simply stating a fact. And I know that you are really sincere in this invitation . . . but, Mister, I'm not having any. It simply isn't in the cards for us."

"May I ask why?"

"You'll always be asking me that, it seems." She smiled a little. "Can you take it, Gregg?"

"I've been known to."

"All right then—try this." He could see that she was embarrassed and afraid. "You're getting to like me, aren't you?"

"You express it mildly."

"There's your answer. Please. . . . I'm not being coquettish or coy—God forbid! I'm trying to be intelligent. I'm trying to make you see that you haven't had a chance. I needed help, and you came roaring up in shining armor and saved me. Generations of romantic tradition are working on you. You'd keep on with that sort of thing . . . and you'd find yourself involved in something that is cheap and sordid and nasty. That's why I'm saying No."

He was still holding her hands when he said, "You'll never convince me, Lynn, that there could be anything cheap or sordid or nasty about you."

"I could kiss you for that."

"Go ahead."

"I shall. . . ." She moved closer, then drew back suddenly. "I'd better not." Their eyes were clear and they were both a trifle breathless. The moment passed. She said, "You have odd ideas about how a girl should try to retain her sanity."

"I'm not particularly anxious for you to retain yours."

"That's what I'm afraid of. You're



not thinking clearly. You're an infernal sentimentalist."

"And you're a very sweet girl. So what does that make both of us?"

"Unfortunate." She changed her tone. "Sit down, please."

"The ayes have it." He dropped into the worn club chair. "Let's hear the rest of your sound logic, Lynn—so that I can break it down."

"There's nothing else I can say. I said it all in a single, grateful word. No."

He tried to lighten the tension. He said, "They're nice folks, really. And my mother is there already—you'll like her . . . so it'd all be perfectly proper. I'm due for a vacation. So are you. You want to avoid our mutual friend . . . and if you go somewhere alone, you'll simply twiddle your thumbs and worry and wear yourself down into what is popularly termed a frazzle. Down in Karnak, with Mother to look after you, with nice folks all around you, with piny woods and good horses . . . well, the world will seem a million miles away—and even if your troubles don't vanish, I'll guarantee two things: First, that you'll forget them for a while; and second, that you'll be better fitted to cope with them when you come back."

She rose and walked across the room, then stopped in front of his chair and looked down at him. She said, "You mean it, don't you?"

"Yes."

"I won't argue any more—along those lines. I'm absurdly honest, you know. So I confess that you'd eventually break me down." She hesitated. "But there happens to be an additional reason why I can't accept."

"Try to convince me."

**S**HE smiled. "I'll try, but you're an awfully stubborn person."

"The Greeks had a word for me."

"I'd like to know what it was. Anyway . . ." again that hesitancy, that groping for the right word, that obvious effort to say enough and not too much. "There's a girl . . . I've gotten her into a jam and I've got to take care of her."

"A kind heart beats beneath yon homespun."

"And an empty head gathers no moss." She shook her head. "I'm a fine one to talk about taking care of others when I can't keep myself out of trouble."

"Tell me more about this girl."

Lynn said matter-of-factly, "She's the most vividly beautiful creature I've ever seen."

Gregg whistled. "Are you trying to intrigue me or steer me off?"

"I didn't mean it that way. Anyhow, her name is Toby Fuller. She's about three inches taller than I am, blond, and with a figure . . . they say figures don't lie, but hers does. There just can't be anything that perfect."

"Go on."

"She's a professional model. Her background isn't what you'd call social register. Orchid in a dandelion patch, or something of the sort. Not much education, but a fine, natural intelligence. She's straight and shrewd and wise. She knows all the answers. And for all our different beginnings, she's the best friend I have in New York."

"You know the most interesting people."

"Toby's one. You've seen her, provided you read the magazine ads."

"I read the ones that are illustrated with beautiful girls."

"Then you know Toby. Intimately, I might say, because she does things to lingerie that send dowagers rushing to the best shops under the delusion that they can look like that—on occasion. And you've seen her with clothes on, too."

"I wouldn't remember such."

"I met her professionally at the studio. I liked her from the jump. And her feeling for me . . ." Lynn smiled apologetically. "She happens to think I'm tops."

"So she and I are members of the same club."

Lynn's voice became more serious: "Our friend of last night—"

"Rick?"

"Yes, Rick. . . . Toby met him through me. She believes me to be a paragon of virtue—"

"Aren't you?"

"I'm afraid so—in the conventional way. But what I'm driving at is that nobody whom Toby met through me could possibly be suspect. At first she thought I might be in love with him. . . ."

Gregg asked quickly, "Were you?"

"No." There was no equivocation there; no doubt and no uncertainty . . . and Gregg sighed with relief. "Anyway, they seemed to like each other. Toby went for him pretty strong, once she was

sure that she wasn't beating my time."

"And now . . . ?"

"Now I know things about Rick that I didn't know before. I'm afraid that he—and Toby . . . well, I'd hate to see her in deep water with him, that's all."

"So you're thinking of taking her away with you?"

"I'm going to try."

"Why don't you simply tell her whatever the truth may be about Rick?"

Lynn's eyes clouded again. "I can't do that, either. And a mere warning wouldn't get to first base. I'm hoping that if Toby runs off with me, Rick may be gone by the time we return. And that's one of the main reasons, Mister Stuart—why Karnak is out."

**H**E THREW back his head and laughed. "Even your absurdities are charming, Lynn."

She said seriously, "You don't understand. I know what sort of a community this hunt club must be. I should

probably feel a bit fish-out-of-water there myself. But Toby . . . all I can say, Gregg—is that she's the finest girl I know, but she wouldn't fit in with blue-book atmosphere."

"I'm afraid you don't quite know these folks, Lynn. They're hand-picked, as it were. They'd size up Toby for what she actually is. They're so essentially right that they never worry about whether their acquaintances have also been listed."

"And your mother . . . ?"

He laughed. "She may or may not like you, Miss Harrison, but if Toby is even half what you say she is, Mother will go for her in no uncertain terms." He seated himself on the arm of her chair. "We're wasting an awful lot of vocabulary, Lynn. Why not give in now and save your strength?"

"Do you always have your way with women?"

"I never tried before." His voice was low and gentle and persuasive. "I have a car here. Frenzy will drive us. We'll take it easy. Snacks at roadside refreshment stands, stops at those lovely little towns in the valley of Virginia. We'll even go tourist and see a few Civil War battlefields: Gettysburg, maybe; and Winchester and Manassas. We'll follow in the footsteps of Stonewall Jackson's men. We'll get deeper and deeper into the South and watch the architecture change, the pines grow taller and the shrubbery greener."

"And when we reach Karnak we'll bundle you and Toby into a comfortable twin-bedded guest room and make ready for large doin's: riding and hunting and tennis and skeet-shooting and ping-pong and bowling and billiards and what have you? You can sit back and sniff the pines and ruin your figure with crisp, crumbling waffles and fluffy biscuits; not to mention real Southern fried chicken and genuine okra soup as it is prepared only around that part of the South . . . and heart of palm salad, and even—with proper ceremony—Hopping John. Now are you sold, or do I have to abduct you?"

**S**HE said, "I'm voicing a last, faint protest."

"It's overruled." He took her arm in an amazingly strong grasp and piloted her to the rosewood desk. "Sit down and write me a list."

"Of what?"

"The minimum wardrobe for Karnak. Tweedy things; knockabout stuff. And throw in a couple of evening dresses. I'll fetch 'em for you. No trunk, though. Remember, we're driving."

"I'll have to find out about Toby . . . though I'm sure she can go."

"Phone her while I'm doing your packing."

She wrote her list. They had fun, these two: consulting, debating, adding and deleting. Once Frenzy appeared from the kitchen and said, "Mistuh Gregg . . . ?"

"Yes, Frenzy?"

"Did I happen to heah you-all sayin' somethin' 'bout drivin' down to Karnak?"

"You did."

"When you aimin' to commence, Mistuh Gregg?"

"Tonight, I hope."

Frenzy's ebony countenance was split by a beatific grin. And he said, "Hot diggity dawg! Karnak!"

"He's from there," explained Gregg. "He loves to go back and strut. There's a gal, I believe . . ."

"There's the list." Lynn put it in Gregg's hands. "I'll telephone Toby immediately. I'm sure it'll be all right."

"And plenty of fun." Gregg's gray eyes were dancing like a youngster on the first day of summer vacation. "Will this be fun!"

They had both risen and were facing each other. And now, briefly and poignantly

## People of Note

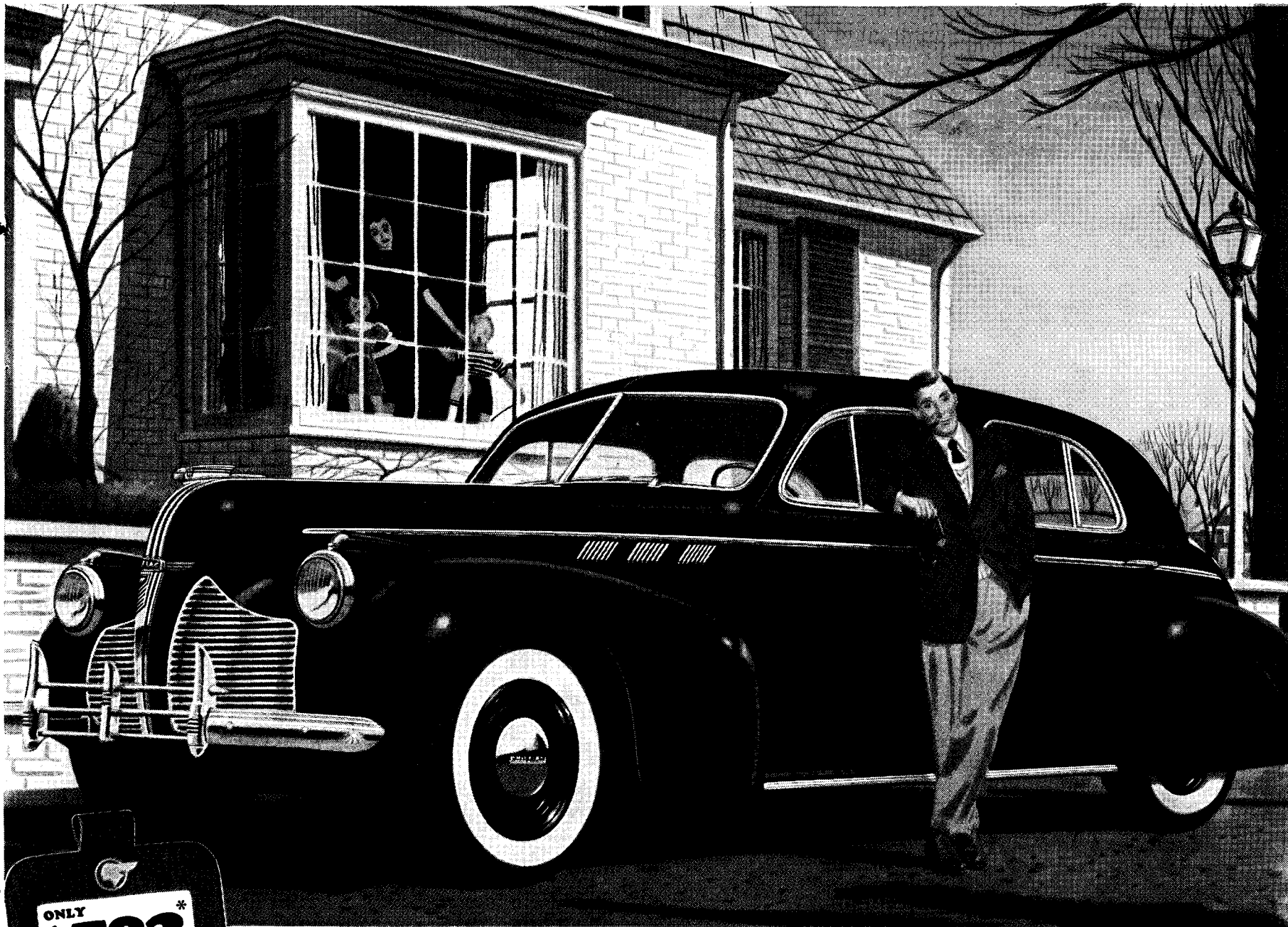
By Laurence McKinney

### 17—PERCUSSION

**When music gravitates to Russian  
The noise you hear is called PERCUSSION  
All clangorous and clattery  
It's also called the Battery  
Comprising gadgets—ten or more  
That clutter up a hardware store.  
A fellow must be extra nimble  
To beat a drum or crash a cymbal.  
To bang a gong and in between  
To tingle on the tambourine.  
Eternal triangles, if missed  
Will spoil a dainty thing by Liszt  
And he must drag romantic tones  
From glockenspiels and xylophones.  
Far back and near the door they set him  
So he escapes before they get him.**







Illustrating the "Torpedo" 4-Door Touring Sedan, \$1072\*



## ..a Credit to your Judgment, too

### ←COMPARE PRICES!

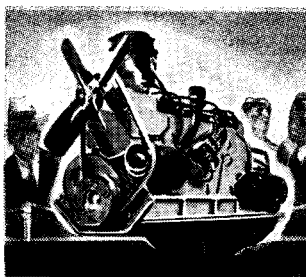
Find out the slight difference in cost between a Pontiac and the lowest-priced cars!

**Y**OU CAN'T BLAME *anybody* for buying a 1940 Pontiac on the basis of *beauty alone*. It's the most beautiful thing on wheels. But once you've owned one of these big, silver streaked beauties, you make the pleasant discovery that buying a Pontiac isn't only evidence of good taste

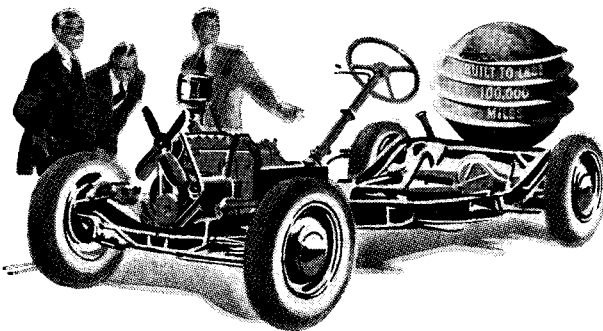
—but a credit to your judgment, too!

You've spent just a few dollars more than the cost of the lowest-priced cars. And you've got so much *extra* comfort, *extra* performance, *extra* luxury, *extra* quality and **EXTRA SATISFACTION** that you're apt to call it the best investment you ever made. Check your Pontiac dealer—and see if that isn't true!

Pontiac engines are packed with power. Yet they're amazingly smooth, quiet, and flexible. Owners report "18 to 24 miles per gallon."



Pontiac engineers were first to introduce the steering wheel shift, that outstanding contribution to handling ease which practically every manufacturer has since adopted.



When Pontiac engineering set up as its aim a car "built to last 100,000 miles" doubt was freely expressed. Now there's proof on every road of Pontiac's amazing durability.

# Pontiac

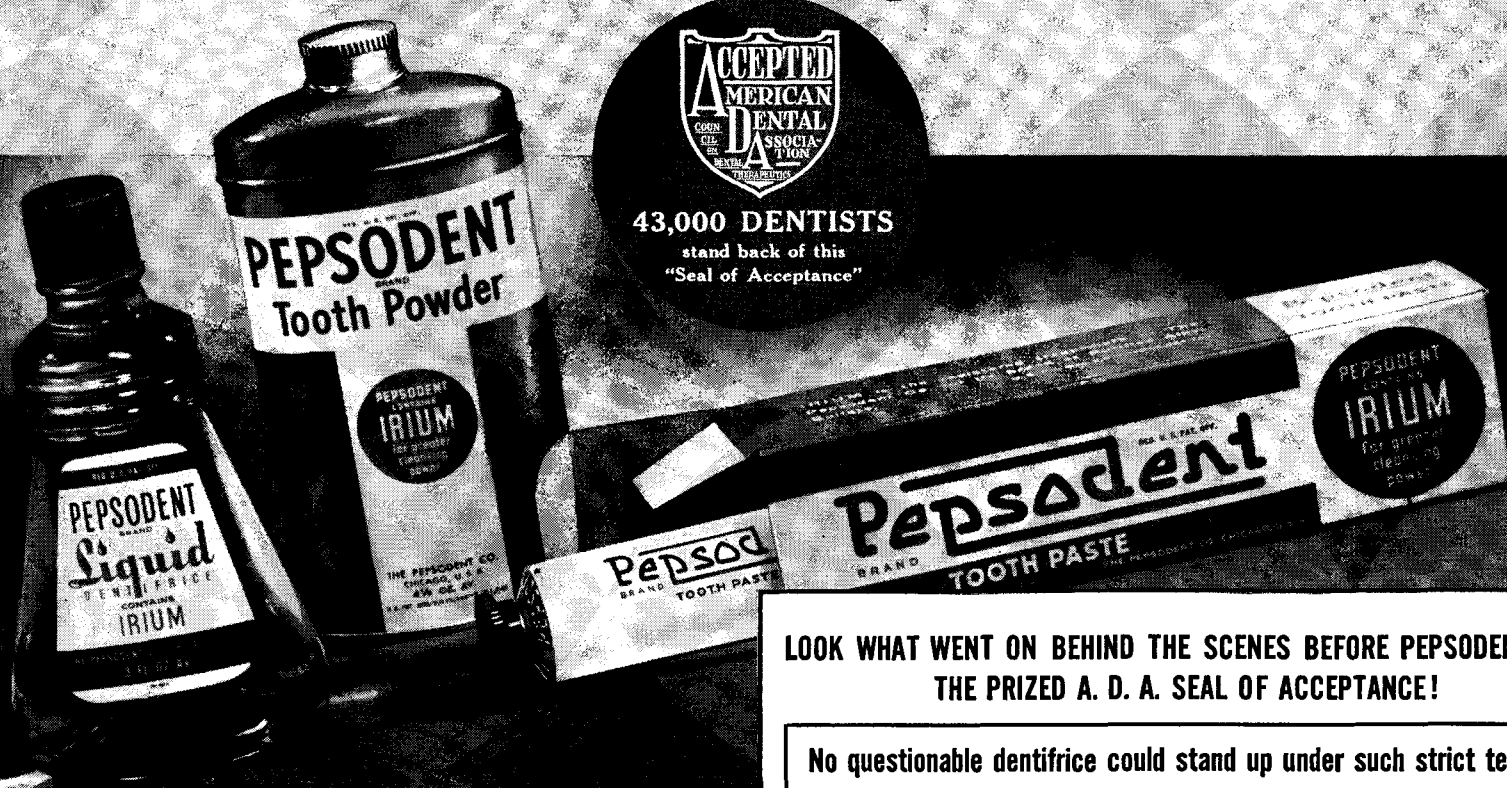


AMERICA'S FINEST LOW-PRICED CAR



Of All Leading Dentifrices...

# Pepsodent Alone Now Has American Dental Association Seal of Acceptance!



## All 3 Forms of Pepsodent containing Irium get A. D. A. Seal of Acceptance

■ The A. D. A. Council on Dental Therapeutics checked every formula, every test, every claim made in advertising. PEPSODENT PASSED ON ALL COUNTS . . . and was then awarded the prized Seal of Acceptance by the Council representing 43,000 dentists! That's why we believe that SAFE PEPSODENT is the kind of dentifrice that dentists want you to use . . . whether you prefer tooth *paste*, tooth *powder*, or a *liquid* dentifrice.

### SAFETY FIRST . . .

#### Demand Pepsodent!

1. Pepsodent Tooth Paste, Tooth Powder, and Liquid Dentifrice are **SAFE**—the *only* Council-accepted dentifrices among the leading sellers.
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antly, the old light of fear returned to her eyes.

She said, "It isn't fair, Gregg."

"You promised . . ."

"You don't know anything about me. . . ."

"I know you. That's enough."

"And knowing you is doing things to me," she confessed. "It's making me do something I've no right to do."

"Forget it," he said. "I want to."

"This thing is so serious . . ."

He looked at her long and hard. He said, abruptly, "So am I."

AT NINE o'clock that night, Toby Fuller, waiting at the curb outside her apartment house, greeted them with a hitchhiker's gesture, and as the car paused at the curb, she said, "Goin' my way, folks?"

Gregg Stuart chuckled. He opened the door of the sedan and inspected the girl who was to accompany them south.

Even in the pale glow of the corner light, he could see instantly that Lynn had not exaggerated. He thought, "She's the most strikingly beautiful girl I've ever seen." Then he thought of a word he had seen in somebody's newspaper column: "Orchidaceous." And he noticed something else, too, in those few brief seconds: that there was a twinkle of irrepressible humor behind those big, round eyes and their long lashes.

He greeted her with outstretched hand, and she said, "Don't tell me. Let me guess. You're Santa Claus—a month ahead of schedule."

She was tall and slender, and beneath the open coat Gregg could see a plaid woolen dress. She wore a little hat that was pert and stylish and seemed to blend with her vivid personality. Gregg said, "How's about a lift?"

"I sho do crave one," answered Toby Fuller. "I got me a yearnin' to go way down south to Dixie and fill up on chitlin's."

Frenzy circled the car and wrestled with her two suitcases. It was readily apparent that Frenzy Gillings approved of Miss Fuller unequivocally.

He stowed away the suitcases, and resumed his place at the wheel. They headed west, and then north—toward the George Washington Bridge. Toby relaxed against the cushions and said, "What's it all about, Lynn? Not that I'm raising any objections, but I'd like to know why I'm being pushed around."

"For the good of your soul, Miss Fuller. Haven't you felt a vacation coming on?"

"But this was so sudden. . . ." Toby made a helpless gesture. "I haven't even had time to change my thoughts."

"We're going to have fun," prophesied Lynn. "Gregg will tell you all about it."

Toby twisted in her seat so that she could look straight at Gregg Stuart. Her scrutiny was deliberate, and approving. She said, "I like him, Lynn. He's tall, handsome, young—and probably just as whacky as you are."

"You don't know half," endorsed Lynn. "He was born with his chin stuck out."

"But he's got a car," sighed Toby, "and a most efficient chauffeur, and damned good taste in women."

Gregg was thinking to himself, "She's a knockout. I never met anybody like her—which is my loss." Wise, sure. Knows all the answers. Beautiful and not spoiled. Loyal. He thought, "Mother will go for her like a ton of bricks."

Toby was a direct person. She inquired of Gregg, "You in the art racket, too?"

"Not exactly. I'm an architect."

"Same general thing. Only the pictures you draw aren't so pretty. And how is it Lynn never told me about you?"

"She probably keeps secrets."

"She would—about a lad like you. And me thinking she was wedded to her work."

"The truth will out," interrupted Lynn, "so you might as well have it now. I only met him last night."

Even Toby's worldly sophistication was not quite proof against this. She gasped, "And I thought I understood you. What's the gimmick?"

"I don't know," answered Lynn. "I haven't had time to think."

"Don't tell me it's an elopement."

"No such luck," said Gregg. "But there's an awful lot of future ahead of us."

"If you need a witness, Lynn. . . ."

Lynn was glad that they couldn't see her cheeks in the darkness. She said, "Incurable romantics, both of you. And you're all wrong, Toby." She pointed to a long, low rambling structure over which an electric sign flickered. "Home at last. That sign says Good Eats and it's talking straight to me."

They piled out of the car and inside the green-and-white building. They or-

dered frankfurters and hamburgers and coffee, and topped it off with large slices of rather flabby apple pie. Frenzy had gone to the rear of the place and purchased a fair meal for himself. This, he reflected, promised to be elegant. He was headin' south—back home—where he could impress the cullud folks with his own metropolitan magnificence.

The meal was hilarious and satisfying. Later, when Gregg was paying for that and for gas and oil, the two girls had a few moments together. Behind Toby's soft blue eyes there was a native shrewdness. She said, "He's nice, Lynn."

"That makes us unanimous, Toby."

"Where'd you find him?"

"Just picked him up on the street."

"Be yourself—I mean really."

"So do I."

She shrugged her shoulders. "All right, gal—if you won't talk . . ."

"What's the use, if you won't believe me?"

"Now you're asking riddles. But whatever it is—or why—I'm for it." For just an instant Toby was serious: "It'll be fun—taking a vacation with you."

"It better be."

They cut across New Jersey and skirted Philadelphia before swinging south. An air of festival pervaded the car. They achieved Gettysburg and put up at a tiny, immaculate hotel. "Might as well stop here," suggested Gregg. "Robert E. Lee did."

They were more tired than they thought, and they slept soundly. The following morning Gregg insisted on touring the battlefield. Lynn enjoyed it and Toby was impressed—though irrepressible. "Couldn't have been so awful bad," commented Miss Fuller, "with all those monuments to hide behind."

THEY rolled into the valley of Virginia.

Subtly there was a change in the atmosphere. Just crossing the river made that difference. You hardly noticed it at first, but it grew on you. You could tell—maybe by the expression of delight on Frenzy's face, maybe by the rather dilapidated Negro cabins in the clearings with faint wisps of smoke curling up from their mud-daubed chimneys, maybe by the venerable, dignified appearance of the better homes that they passed. Gregg said, "It's got something—no question about that. I don't look at the new places, and the old ones have an integrity that delights the soul of an architect."

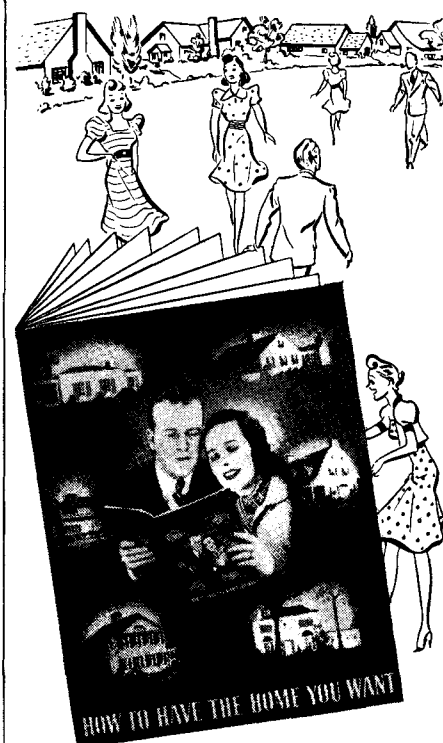
"If any," amended Toby.

They eschewed haste, and made a picnic of it. The trip took three days: three days of hilarity and of freedom from work and worry; three days of delightful, congenial, intimate companionship; three days of pressing deeper and deeper into a land that was redolent of tradition and benevolent in its welcome; three days of clear, warm skies; of stalwart pines, of gray, barren cotton fields jeweled with splotches of white—as though a snow had been here and had not all melted.

Negro families sunning themselves on rickety porches that spanned the fronts of unpainted log cabins; lean, scrawny hound dogs that raised languid eyes to regard their progress with superb impassivity; modern little cities at noon and night—cities that had, for the greater part, fair restaurants and excellent modern hotels. And then they rolled along a broad concrete highway, flanked by pines, which stretched out toward Karnak. The signs told them—"Karnak—32 mi. . . . Karnak—18 mi. . . ." and then, stretched across the road, a gaudy crescent that said:

WELCOME TO KARNAK  
Pop. 5,500

(To be continued next week)



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GEORGE WOLFE

GEORGE WOLFE







"Promise them nothin' and give them everything," says the magnanimous fellow. "Never ask a fighter for advice or he'll lose respect for you. Don't treat him like a pal or a mug will be movin' in on you, just like he was your equal."

Weill became big-time stuff and shed the vest when he found Ambers. At the time, he was scouting talent for Tim Mara's club and happened to stroll into the Coney Island Velodrome one night when Ambers, then an unknown, was engaged in a hot battle with Tony Scarpati. Weill needed only one look to convince him that he was scouting for himself, not Tim Mara. Making a few discreet inquiries, he learned that Ambers was being managed by a Filipino postal clerk so, after asking himself whether he should do it, Al consented to take over the management of the new-comer.

#### Just an Old Softie

Al's tender heart asserted itself the night Fritzie Zivic broke Ambers' jaw in Pittsburgh. Though blood gushed from Lou's mouth like ketchup from an up-turned bottle when he came to his corner after the seventh round, his old softie of a manager didn't have it in him to disregard Ambers' plea that he be permitted to finish the fight. The bout went on, and for the last three rounds not only did Ambers avoid being hit but he scored enough points himself to win the decision.

Weill's tender streak also asserted itself that night on the train back to New York. Instead of going to sleep and letting his fighter suffer, as almost any other manager would have done, this magnanimous fellow "stood up all night," as he will admit when pressed sufficiently, and talked to Ambers, who was suffering excruciating pain from the fractured jaw. That accident laid Lou up for six months. It would have ruined almost any other fighter, but Ambers emerged from the experience a better man for it. With Weill picking the right spots for him, he worked his way back up the ladder until he won the lightweight title. And then, after losing it, he won it back, which proves either that Lou is a good fighter or that Al is a good manager, or both.

"It's all a matter of steadying fighters' styles," Weill said when asked how he had been so successful with Ambers and, more recently, with Joey Archibald, a mediocre boxer who nevertheless has acquired the featherweight title under the Weskit's guidance.

"You steady their styles," repeated the Pundit of Pugilism; "and after you've steadied them long enough, you know which style will beat which and why."

Al's contributions to pugilism, great as they are, do not begin to compare with his gifts to the mother tongue. It was he who invented the present-past tense. In Weill's lexicon it's not "he won the fight" or "he lost it," but "he win the duke" and "he lose a close one."

It was he, also, who matched the editorial "we" of journalism with the man-

agerial "I" of pugilism. To listen to Weill talking, you'd think he did all the fighting. A verbatim transcript of one of his monologues would probably sound like this: "That bum? I licked him once but I'll fight him again if he wants me. This time I'll take forty per cent, though. He says he knocked me out two years ago but the thief is lyin'. I broke me arm in the thoid and the referee stopped it. It was only a typical knock-out."

Other fight managers modestly cut their fighters in on some of the credit, if little of the cash, by saying, "We'll fight him again," but Al, who "steadies their styles," knows all the credit belongs to him, so, singularly enough, he sticks to the first person.

"Steady" as a synonym for "giving deep thought to a subject" isn't Al's only linguistic invention. Recently, after his fighter had won a semifinal bout in Providence and Al was asked by a sports writer how he thought his man, Archibald, would fare in the main event, the Great Man reflected a moment and replied: "Well, if the last bout was any critation, I'll win the next one, too!"

Too busy with his geometry lessons, figuring out the angles, to concentrate on learning "draw-ring room" English, Al nevertheless knows how to talk turkey. It was he who hornswoggled Promoter Mike Jacobs, most cold-blooded businessman in boxing, into guaranteeing Ambers \$80,000 for his title bout with Pedro Montanez on the Carnival of Champions card two years ago.

When Tony Galento became a figure of importance in the heavyweight division, Weill, as usual, six thoughts ahead of his fight-managing brethren, recalled that one Arturo Godoy, a Spanish-Indian fighter from Chile, had twice licked Galento and began communicating with him by cable. It took a month for the cable people in Chile to decipher Al's messages.

#### You Just Steady the Style

Any other manager, confronted with a similar situation, would have concentrated on trying to steal Galento from Yussel Jacobs. Weill, mindful of his ethics but more so of the fact that no one has ever yet succeeded in stealing one of Yussel's fighters, didn't waste his time in that direction.

The result was, Godoy, who, remembering how Weill had pried \$80,000 out of tight-fisted Mike Jacobs for Ambers' fight with Montanez, didn't need urging when the Weskit's hieroglyphics were finally translated.

The next step was to sell Godoy to Promoter Jacobs as Louis' next opponent. Leery though he is of Weill since the \$80,000 "stick-up," Michael has profound respect for his former matchmaker and was all ears while Weill worked his wiles on him.

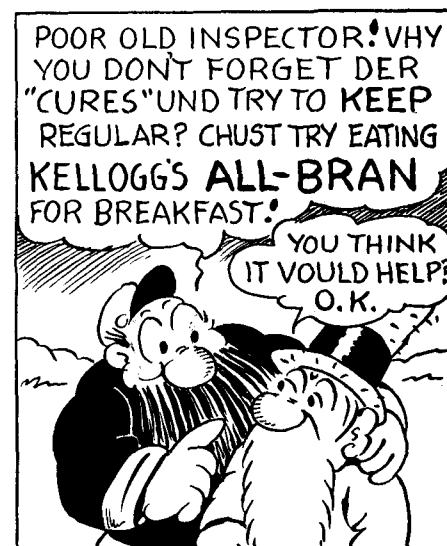
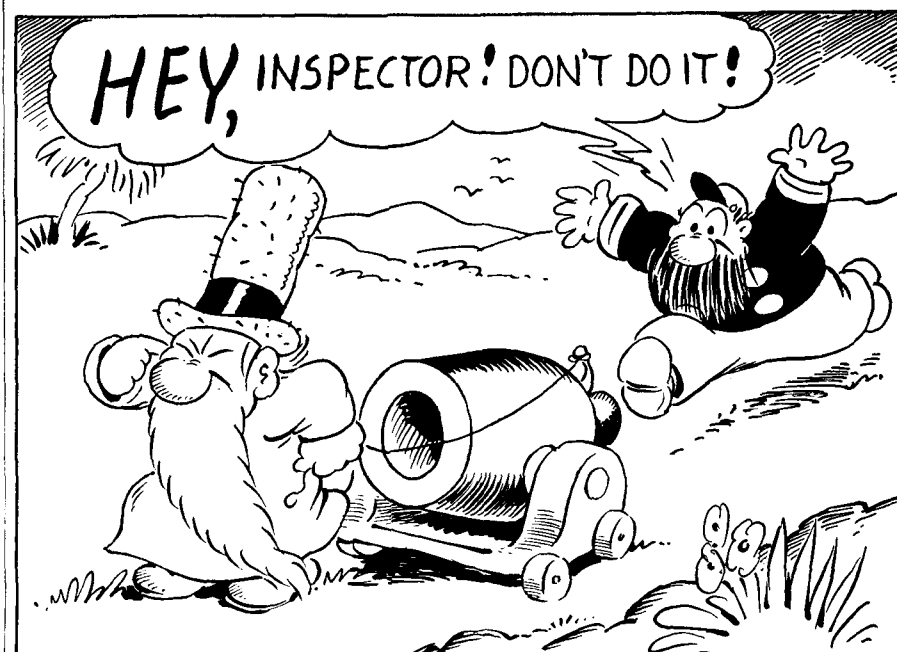
"I licked Galento twice, didn't I?" Al demanded. "And Galento almost win by a kayo from Louis, don't he? So where's your argument?"


Meantime, the Weskit didn't neglect to mention that "I lose to Nathan Mann and Roscoe Toles, don't I?" just to impress Mike with the pertinent fact that while Godoy is good, he isn't too good to be acceptable as an opponent for Louis in a midwinter tune-up bout. Thus it was that the Weskit King sold Promoter Jacobs as Louis' next opponent a fighter who has been away from the United States for two years, isn't even listed in the current Boxing Guide and is here on his honeymoon as well as to fight for the title, a bad combination in any man's league.

"How do I do it?" repeated Weskit Weill when asked for the hundredth time to explain the secret of his success. "I jest steady the styles. That's all—jest steady the styles."


## THE CAPTAIN AND THE KIDS

—By Rudolph Dirks



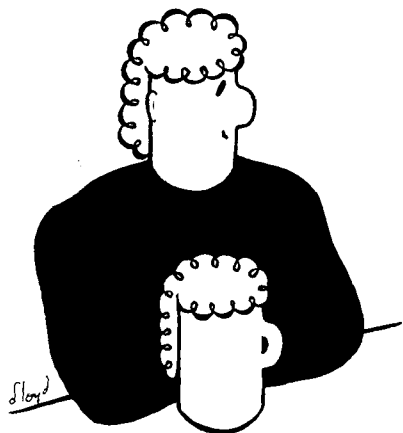


**YES**, folks, the modern idea about constipation is not to bear it first and try to cure it later. If it's the ordinary kind (due to lack of "bulk" in the diet), the better way is to *prevent* it by getting at its cause. How? Eat a crisp, bulk-rich cereal—Kellogg's All-Bran. Eat it daily, drink plenty of water, and join the "Regulars!" Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.



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## The Kids Grew Up

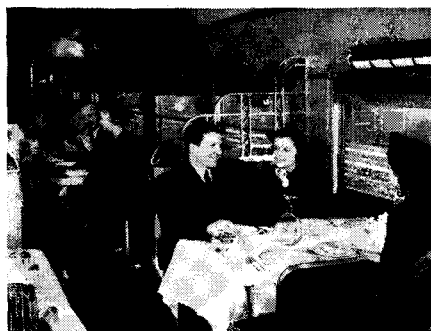
Continued from page 11



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And so the young Lawrence grew up. She went to the Italia Conti Dancing Academy first as a pupil, then as a student teacher. Whenever she had a spare shilling she hot-footed it for the nearest theater. She studied dancing, singing and acting as a doctor studies veins, arteries and bones. This was a serious business with her. She was tired of poverty and fish and chips. But she had to stand them for a long while.

They were tough years and she has never forgotten them. There were long barren stretches when she couldn't even get the smallest bit to play. There were times when companies were stranded in small towns and there wasn't train fare available to get as far as Liverpool or London. There was the time that a company exploded financially and, to keep from starving, she had to take a job as bar maid in a small hotel in Shrewsbury.

"I played in the provinces for seven years," she recalls. "I danced and sung and acted and did everything but sell tickets. London was my goal and finally I got there."

### Bea Lillie to the Rescue

She made it by becoming a chorus girl in one of the earlier *Charlot's Revues*. Monsieur André Charlot was an astute producer. He liked to sign up a girl with some ability and nurse her along for a couple of years. Then he'd spring her on an unsuspecting public. He saw something no one else had seen in this tall, slim girl with the large, wistful eyes. So he signed our heroine to a three-year contract. She was to get three pounds a week for the first year and six pounds weekly the following two years. All she had to do was to sing and dance in the chorus and understudy a half-dozen parts. Among those she understudied was a young sensation named Beatrice Lillie, who had just emerged to stardom from the obscurity of playing bits for Charlot.

One day La Lillie went a-riding in Richmond Park with a very unfriendly horse and the horse, objecting perhaps to carrying La Lillie's huge bulk of one hundred and four pounds, tossed her into the autumn air and onto the hard Richmond Park turf. Lillie emerged with a broken leg, which was the greatest favor she ever did for Gertie Lawrence. Gertie has been grateful ever since. She took over Bea's routines and sang such songs as *Back to the Shack* with *My Little Black-eyed Susan*, and the customers loved it. So did Monsieur Charlot, who puffed contentedly on a large cigar and shook hands with himself complacently for having a star under contract for three pounds a week.

"I thought I was off on a real career then," she said. "But when Charlot's next revue came along I was back in the chorus again. Charlot wanted me there in case he needed me. And once more Beattie rescued me."

Much to the annoyance of Monsieur Charlot his Miss Lillie decided to get married and leave the show. So again Gertie Lawrence got a chance to do something more than simper, "We are the dancers . . . the hit of the show." Once more she got nice notices and six pounds a week. She couldn't eat the notices and she couldn't eat much on six pounds a week. But she was getting great experience dancing, singing, acting in sketches. Then finally the break came. The next year she, Lillie and Jack Buchanan came to New York to do the unforgettable *Charlot's Revue* of 1924. Lawrence, Lillie and Buchanan were very hot. They were capable and

experienced. All had labored in the provinces and had learned their trade well. Their material was magnificent and they took New York by storm. Gertie sang a little number called *Limehouse Blues*, and within a few minutes everyone in the country was singing it. Lawrence's star had finally risen. She was a musical-comedy star now and she didn't have to pay in advance at hotels or shop around for an inexpensive lamb chop.

Meanwhile, Noel Coward was busy in his own right. He was the bright young man of the London theater now, acting, writing, singing, dancing, directing. He had written a musical, *London Calling*, and he casually asked Lawrence to co-star with him in it. She as casually accepted.

"You never forget any first night," she says, "but that, above all, I'll remember. We did a dance together, an imitation of Fred and Adele Astaire and when we danced off stage the audience really gave us an ovation. We stood in the wings, Noel and I, looking at each other. Noel said, 'That's for us, Gertie. That's for us. We've arrived, Gertie, two kids from the London suburbs. Let's stand here and see how long they applaud.'"

Well, they've been applauding Coward and Lawrence ever since. Not long after *London Calling*, Gertie got a chance to play something other than musical comedy. Gilbert Miller, suspecting her hidden talents, gave her the lead in *Candlelight* and she emerged as a capable exponent of light comedy.

"I hadn't had much experience in playing a legitimate part," she says, "but I'd played in a lot of sketches, some dramatic, some comedy. An actress is like a piece of blotting paper. You don't consciously learn the technique of acting, you absorb it. You're learning all the time."

Coward had promised to write a play just for her, a casual promise that flattered her but which she didn't take very seriously. In fact she had signed with Charlot to do another revue when a script arrived from Coward. Coward himself was in China having a bout with malaria.

"I read the script and I liked it," she

says, "but I was pretty precocious then. I read it and cabled Noel, 'Read script. Nothing wrong that can't be fixed.' Imagine me cabling that to Noel Coward. The script? It was *Private Lives*. It cost me five thousand dollars to buy my release from Charlot but playing *Private Lives* was worth it."

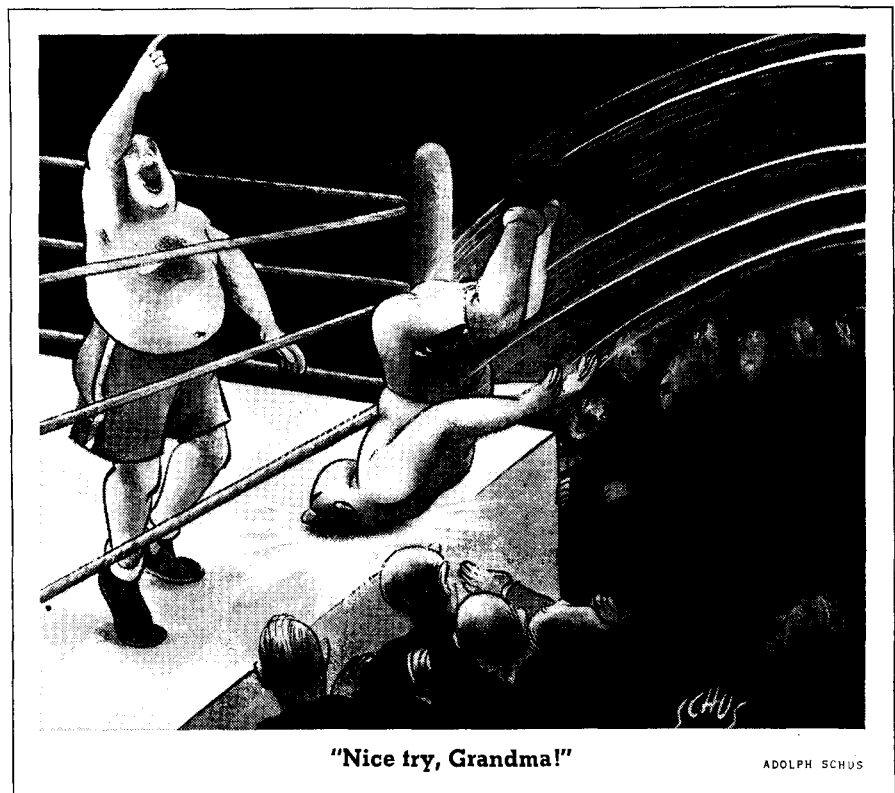
Since *Private Lives*, Gertrude Lawrence has been the acknowledged queen of the light-comedy stage. There is a legend that Madame Modjeska once wrung the hearts of a London theater audience by merely reciting the alphabet in Polish. Lawrence has a voice too that can do strange things to even the incredible first-night audiences of the New York theater. Her fertile powers of invention that blossomed forth in *Private Lives* really matured in Coward's play, *Tonight at Eight Thirty*. In this series of nine short plays Miss Lawrence did everything but balance a rubber ball on her nose. So, of course, did Coward.

### Conqueror of a Country

When she toured with John Golden's production, *Susan and God*, the play broke attendance records in practically every city where it appeared. Critics were unanimous in plying the lady with the kind of accolades previously reserved for Helen Hayes and Katharine Cornell. She had conquered the provincial towns of England; she had stormed London and had captured New York. Now she had laid siege and won the hinterland of this country.

"Now and then," she says, with honesty rare in an actress, "I find myself reverting to the old habit of overplaying a part, of emphasizing and banging home points that should be underlined. But now, thank goodness, I know when I'm doing so, and I have a horrible thought of what Noel would say were he out front."

If Noel Coward could get excused from writing pamphlets to drop on the heads of defenseless German soldiers and if he would drop into the Morosco Theater he would undoubtedly say something very pleasant, for his star pupil is doing a right nice job in *Sky-lark*, which John Golden has produced with loving care.



ADOLPH SCHUS



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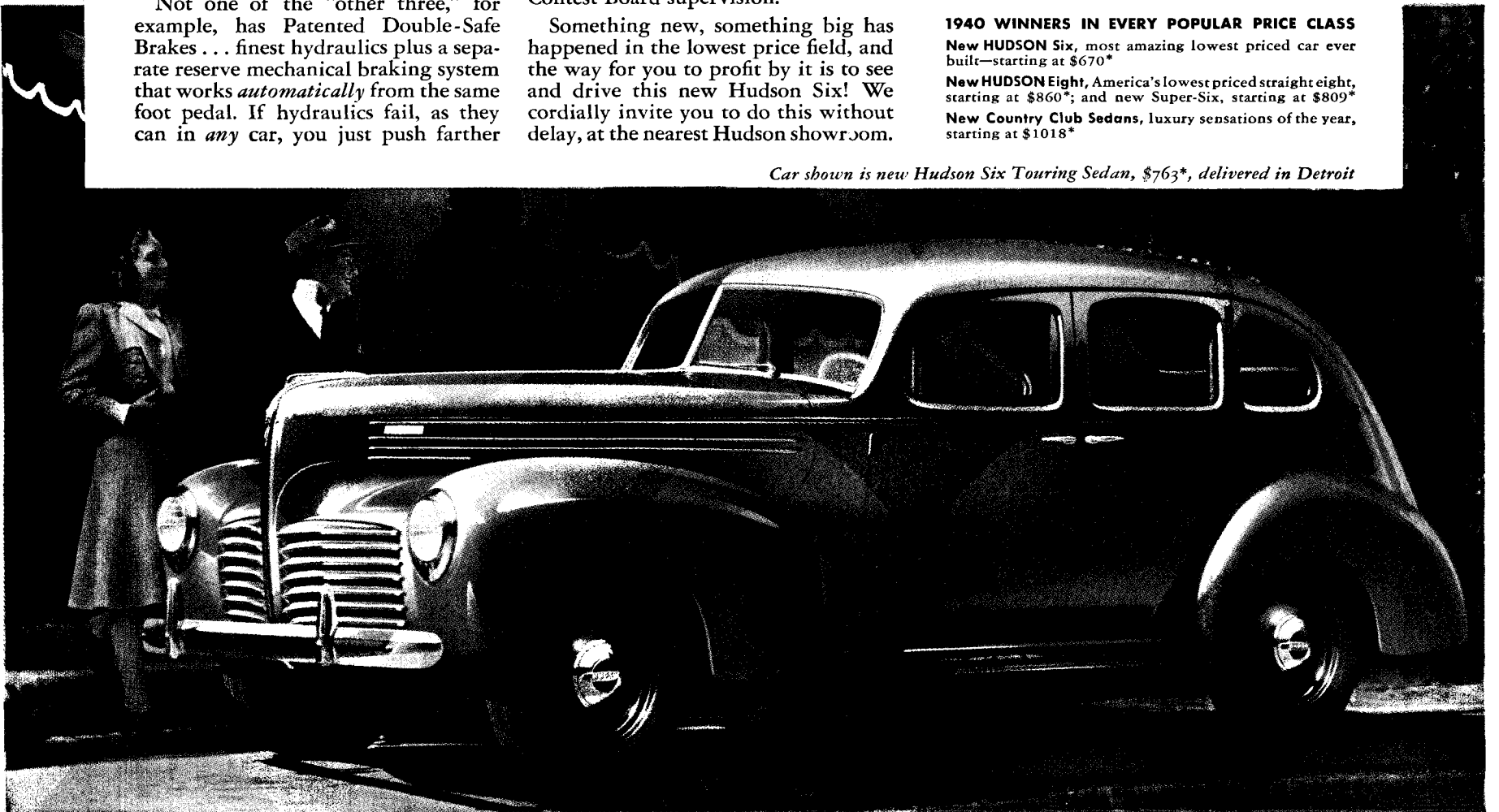
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## Red Petticoat

Continued from page 12

lights of Scottsburg below him. And the riding lights and tall poles of the ships. One thing, now it was night he wouldn't need to shake hands with his cargo till morning.

He knew now he wasn't taking that cargo home—the cargo Ailse had sent East for. Ailse had said, "We've got to have a school and a teacher on the Umpqua," and Abel had laughed, and dropped a hand on her shoulder. That always made her straighten her slim shoulders. He'd said, "Why, little Abe is only crawling yet. Hon, you want him to go to school on all fours, like a jack rabbit?"

Ailse had snapped her black eyes. "Plenty of others old enough—half-grown animals running half bare. They are the ones little Abe will grow up with. We want them started first."

Then the letter had come for Abel—the travel-worn letter of application for post of schoolteacher—from E. D. Yearian, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania State. Three years before, Abel had wed Ailse Yearian in St. Louis and he knew dimly of her people in Philadelphia. There was a parcel of brothers and sisters and he didn't know who all.

**A**BEL hunched on his wagon tongue, looked down at the ship lights, sampled the strange tang of tidewater. He'd had a four months' fight with the settlers, getting them to accept Ailse's school and teacher, and it was different from Indian fighting. It was all jawbone work, and that was worse.

He could almost chuckle at how Alf Calahan had pawed his red whiskers, at the meeting at Abel's house. "School?" bellowed Alf. "More fantods and fire-crackers. I got my learnin' at my mother's knee whilst she shelled corn with her two hands. And maybe batted me with a heavy ear if I didn't do my sums, with charcoal on a clean pine board. I've got around thirteen young'uns and they're learnin' the same. Schools is for women to get rid of their young'uns, so's they won't have nothin' to do at home but think up ways to devil their men."

And Jeter Boggs, the spade-bearded young bachelor, had said bitterly, "It wasn't schoolin' when our pas whipped the British at New Orleans. There ain't no known public school this side the Missouri, where we rolled our wagons from." Ailse had tongue-whipped him back: "You're such a skinflint you never supported chick nor child. If we were all like you, where would the country be tomorrow?"

"In hell, with women runnin' it," Jeter grumbled. But he shut up. They didn't like women speaking out in meeting but then, Ailse was Ailse. There wasn't a female article on the river as soft and smooth as Ailse, and Abel wouldn't trade her for the parcel, with Sheba tossed in. But . . .

The meeting had authorized him to write this E. D. Yearian to take ship and come out to Oregon. He could teach three summer months—if he could lick the students. They'd give him twenty dollars a month in beaver money or square gold slugs. At the end of the term, if he didn't last out he could find his own pay.

Abel got up from the wagon tongue and paced. No use trying to find peace in his blankets. Down below, the ship lay, safe at the head of Winchester Bay. And the schoolteacher. They'd authorized Abel to fetch them a schoolmaster. And yesterday, piling her best quilt and cushions in the wagon, Ailse had confessed in a whisper against his shoulder.

E. D. Yearian was Elnora, her sister.

No, no, she hadn't lied. She hadn't once said E. D. was a man. The letter hadn't said it.

And you might buffalo wildcats like Alf and eagle-eyed Jeter into trying a schoolmaster, with a strap in his hand and gun on his belt—but never a schoolma'am. in the wilderness of the Umpqua. Ailse's female knavery—they'd call it that and he'd have to whip them singly each time they took his wife's name. "Whippin' a man," Abel thought, "don't prove he's wrong."

Elnora wasn't going to need Ailse's prize Pennsylvania quilt. She wasn't going to set foot off ship. She was going back where she came from. . . .

At sunup he shouldered aside twang-tongued down-East seamen and looked

in the big house of the settlement, when Abel came in at dusk.

Nora would be home from the log schoolhouse on Abel's lower forty by the road and creek. She and Ailse talked in a far corner of the kitchen. Everything that was wrong, Abel thought, was his fault. He brought a cloud with him.

Of nights Ailse pushed a bench against the kitchen door. Abel hadn't fixed the latch that had broken in his hand.

**O**F MORNINGS when Abel went out to the well, he looked downriver to see if any lingering curl of smoke told that the schoolhouse had turned to ashes in the night. He saw Ailse look when she dragged the bench from the door and it swung open. It was known Jeter Boggs

hearthside. Abel caught shot and shell from both sides and he began to lay his ears back.

Morning till night he swung the heavy cradle in his own wheat field, dumping the bunches regularly for hand binding. . . . When harvest was over Elnora would have plenty of students. The big lads, the seventeen-year-old cockerels, tougher than mountain goats, better fed in this land and often bigger than their dads, would be loose. They would go to school to learn their letters. If there was enough left of the school to be found after the first day, it would be a holy wonder. If there was anything left of Nora but a ragful of tears . . . And what would Ailse do then? Or Abel—before then?

The evening shadows of the forest crept across the clean stubble and Abel saw Nora coming out of the shadows. She wasn't swinging her willow lunch basket as usual. She walked slowly.

She stood beside him, watching the tall stalks lie down before his blade. He worked on a moment.

Nora said, "Abel, Ailse and I didn't know they'd be so set against a woman teacher. They—they have them in the East. When the men went to war the women came in. I've brought you trouble. Why did you ever bring me off the boat?"

Abel said, "I thought maybe you needed to be here."

**S**HE looked at the mountains and the new land. "I do need to be here! I don't want to go back! Ailse says it will be all right. She says you'll find a way to whip them all. But there'll be terrible trouble—over me. That awful Mr. Boggs—I've seen him watching, like an Indian—"

Abel thought, trouble's what women seem to be for. But he said, "Jeter? Pay him no mind."

"But I do—" Suddenly she was crying, then running blindly, swaying across the stubble. Abel started after her. This was the damndest thing. Had she been eating larkspur? He saw she remembered to gather up her billowing dark dress with her left hand as she ran. He figured she'd be all right. He swung his cradle and the tall wheat fell into it.

He stopped that abruptly, made for his barn. He caught up Duke, gave the long-legged bay a whack as a reminder and jumped aboard. He didn't set off in a cloud of dust; he set off quietly, by back trails he knew. One thing, Abel figured, if hell was going to pop, he'd just as well pop first.

The meeting was of an evening two weeks later and it was under the maples and oaks in Abel's yard. There were no women—only men. The cloud with the brimstone in it, awaiting the spark, was over these men.

Abel Chottaw measured them as they came, noted the men he had talked with quietly on his evening rides over the back trails. And he took notice of Jeter Boggs, with the fierce light on his young, dark face, and Newt Brewster, heavy and sullen.

He lifted a small, sandy man to a barrel head—Clark Hathaway, who treasured in his cabin a thick book: The Complete Works of Lord Byron. The book set Hathaway apart from other men. The muttering groups fell silent, waiting.

Hathaway had been well chosen; instead of soaring on fanciful flights he talked the settlers' language, quietly: "Neighbors, when they go to start a school back East, they organize a school district and elect a school board of three trusted men to run it. There ain't any



"Wonder what kind of bait he uses"

ROBERT DAY

at her, where she stood by the ship's low rail, guarding her pile of roped boxes and luggage. She'd brought enough goods to stock a cabin. Seabirds spoke insolently on spars and rigging. Morning sun topped the hills above the bay, young and fresh. Elnora looked up at him with clear dark eyes, young as the day. She was Ailse over again, fresh, untouched as Ailse had been when Abel had lifted her into his great wagon at St. Louis. Something had made Ailse go where he went. From her father's house in the States, to his homestead spot on the lost Umpqua. Something made women follow men. Women of all kinds, they were the same. Girls in the gold camps. . . .

He slung a box on his right shoulder, put his left arm around Elnora. He held her offside elbow, guided her through barefooted seamen to where Ned and Duke waited.

**S**UMMER day followed summer day: the river sparkled a rich blue and tossed its wavelets at the infinite blue of mountain and sky, where the sun wheeled over. But it was always frosty

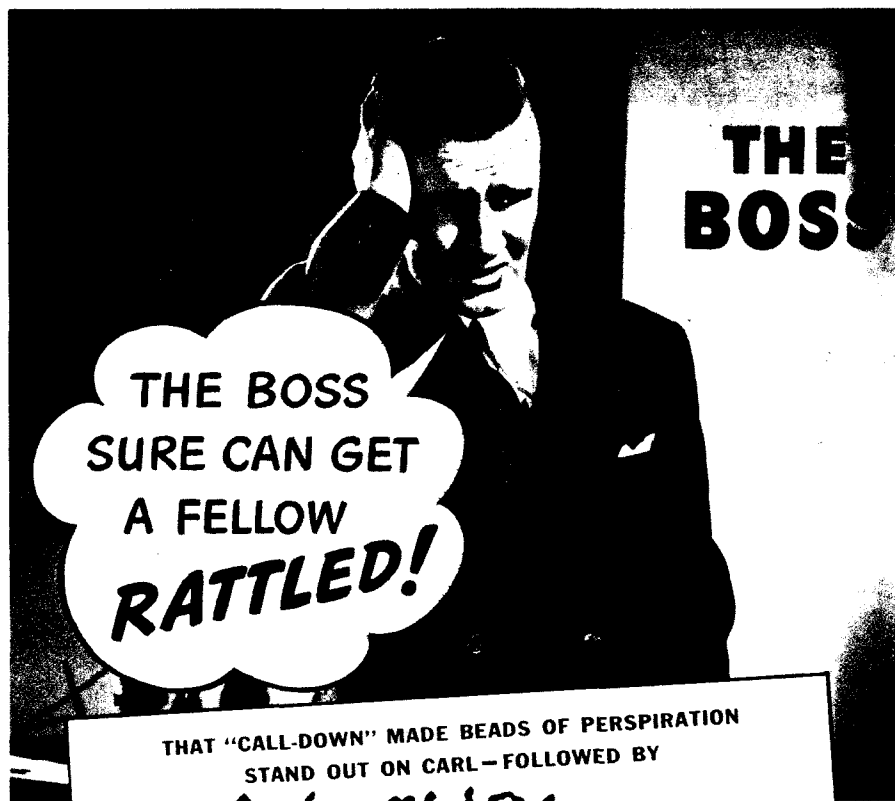
had said that the schoolhouse would make a fine bonfire. Others agreed, substantial men like Hathaway and Brewster.

From the fields a little later Abel would see Nora walking to her school and in the distance her swinging figure could have been Ailse's. Women were gun steel, nothing else. At least his woman—and her sister.

The cloud that hung from the school to Abel's house had fire and brimstone in it, but they gave it no heed. For Nora's first weeks, no students had ventured near her school. She had taught an empty recitation bench, empty slab desks—if she taught anything. Didn't seem to learn her lesson herself, Abel figured.

Then a few braver settler women staged domestic rebellions, sent a few little tykes slipping through brush, keeping off the road, to the school. These were tots too small to help their fathers and brothers in the wheat and oats harvest. Now Nora had a handful of students with new Webster's Blueback Spellers propped up before them. The settlement had war flaming on every





THE BOSS  
SURE CAN GET  
A FELLOW  
RATTLED!

THAT "CALL-DOWN" MADE BEADS OF PERSPIRATION  
STAND OUT ON CARL—FOLLOWED BY

**NERVOUS  
B.O.**

(NERVOUS  
BODY  
ODOR)

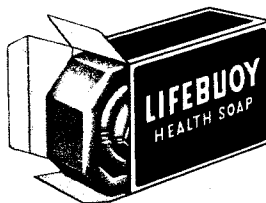
LATER ↓



## SCIENCE tells you WHY



strong feelings cause your sweat glands to act, especially those of the under-arm, palms, soles of your feet, and other places. Out comes nervous perspiration. "Nervous B.O." follows unless proper precautions have been taken. So change to Lifebuoy Health Soap to avoid offending. It's different. Lifebuoy's mild lather contains an exclusive deodorizing ingredient not in any other popular toilet soap. You are safe hours longer from "B.O." whether due to nervousness—or heat, exercise, work. When time is short, take a Lifebuoy "quickie"—hands, under arms, and feet. More folks like Lifebuoy than any other bath soap.



# LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

ITS CRISP ODOR GOES IN A JIFFY—ITS PROTECTION LASTS AND LASTS

laws yet in Oregon about schools, so we can get the jump on them. We can be the first an' go down in history books. We can organize our district reaching from the Pacific Ocean to the summit of the Rockies and then some, if desired. I hereby nominate for director—"

Jeter Boggs pushed forward and his beard was blacker in the torchlight. "That ain't the question. We don't need no school at all, if the women will do their duty and teach their own. If we got to have a school we want a man teachin' it. Firstly, a teacher's got to keep order. He's got to strap the little devils to make 'em mind. Now it's fitten for a man-child to mind his ma, but no other woman. If he's strapped by a female schoolteacher, he'll learn to be afraid of all females. He'll grow up to be tied to his wife's bustle strings all his days. Now many's the time my ma's strapped me—and rightly—but no other woman ever laid finger on me. An' won't! We don't want to raise no race of weaklings, a-skulkin' an' a-hidin' in the cabins, cleanin' the pots and a-tremblin' when their wife shakes her bonnet strings—"

SOME heckler called, "How many you raised, Jeter?" and Jeter whirled on the crowd. Clark Hathaway said clearly, "I hereby nominate Hon. Abel Chottaw, Mr. Alf Calahan and Mr. Jeter Boggs to be—"

"Division! Division!" one of Hathaway's men shouted.

Jeter was choking on wrath and Alf Calahan preparing to explode, but the men divided, left and right. Hathaway counted. "Twelve and twelve I make it," he announced. "I cast my vote with the ayes. That makes it thirteen and we win. You three gentlemen are hereby duly elected an' you are responsible to the rest of us for running the school as constituted, for nourishing it and seein' no harm comes and tappin' each and every man for donations to pay the teacher and the meeting stands closed." Hathaway jumped from the barrel head and got behind Abel as Jeter pounced for him.

"You can't make me a director over a petticoat school! I aim to turn you over my knee, Hathaway—"

"You've already been doing plenty of directing, Jeter," Abel said.

Jeter looked around. The crowd had turned to horseplay, as mountain men are apt to; he heard gurglings and saw jugs of elderberry wine jumping from hand to hand. He stalked off and somebody yelled, "If you don't raise some young'uns to send to your school, Jeter, you'll be paying taxation without representation."

Some mounted, some afoot, the settlers left and Abel stepped over his kitchen-door log, strangely tired. He saw the women in the big room. Nora stood at a far window—Abel Chottaw had the only glass windows on the Umpqua—staring out. Ailse said sharply, "We heard it all. You had Jeter put on the board! Now he'll have a right to start trouble. The schoolhouse—Nora—won't be safe from him!"

Abel tugged at his boots. He said, "Fightin' a pack of Indians, sometimes it's safer to have their chief inside your camp than outside."

With the grain laid by for threshing, Abel watched the weather. September was just over the mountain and it should bring a light frost or two. Abel's hogs had ranged far up the hills, where the fat acorn mast lay thick under the black oaks. He did a thriving packing business with the Jacksonville mines south on Rogue River; with the first frost, the first pork cured and freighted south would fetch a dollar a pound gold. If the big timber wolves hadn't taken too many, Abel should slaughter a hundred head. He kept plenty of fighting boars

in his droves, who weren't afraid of men or wolves.

He watched the weather and he watched Nora's school. He found ax work to do in the timber on his lower forty, where he could keep an ear cocked toward the schoolhouse. Abel felt a deep disquiet. The big boys—the young men old enough to wed—had started to school after harvest and they were tame as mice. Abel warned himself, "That ain't natural in nature."

At home Ailse was red-cheeked with success but Abel held away from it. That "E. D. Yearian" knavery hadn't been forgotten; it was still a cloud over things. It could pop up among the settlers any time. At the school meeting he had slipped over his slate, by one vote—but he had been organized and the opposition hadn't. He'd almost had to bribe Lord Byron Hathaway, by saying nothing about a missing fat steer that he figured had gone down Lord Byron's gullet, a steak at a time. Being charitable couldn't be called bribery.

Ailse jounced little Abe and explained: "All those men's threats about a woman teacher! A woman makes the best teacher. She's kind with the little ones; she's naturally a mother. The big ones respect mothers. Men teachers—they teach with a cane. They whip it into them."

Abel didn't answer that, but as he saw it, unwed boys didn't take to being bossed by a lone unwed girl. It was in nature for them to rival one another in subduing her.

And Nora didn't chatter about her success; she seemed hushed, waiting. Ailse encouraged her: "Don't fret about that Jeter. He's all bluster. He hasn't bothered you, has he?"

Nora shook her dark head. "I haven't once seen Mr. Boggs."

"He's sulking," Ailse proclaimed.

Abel went out the kitchen door and looked over the weather. Mr. Boggs might be sulking and he might be seething. He'd be seething if he heard the way Nora called him "Mr. Boggs." He returned and couldn't open the kitchen door; Ailse had dragged the bench in front of it. He had to pound to be let in. Some day the black-eyed little witch was going to find herself fiddle end up across his knee. With his paw rising and falling, ker-whop.

He told Ailse, "Going to be frost in the morning. If Alf Calahan comes by, tell him I'll be up in the hills. He's to help me with the hogs."

HE WENT on foot into the hills; a riding horse is no use with hogs. He found the black hogs feeding, their jowls hanging with fat and their little eyes watchful. At Big Spring he repaired vat and platform and hanging beam, while the day raced by and Alf didn't come. The big wing corral on the slope might need some bracing, but a sleek drove of hogs rooted the oak leaves almost within the wings and Abel didn't resist trying his hand at putting them in alone, to sample their temper.

The drove headed in when he whooped, ran on like a solid black river and the corral exploded as they struck the far side. Cedar rails fell and lay every which way. The hogs stopped just beyond and began nosing acorns. They were in fine shape. The corral would need some work on it.

Abel took the home trail in long, swinging strides that evening. The hills were good and his homestead fields below were neat as quilt blocks.

There was a quietness when he came into the home lot. No snort from Duke, in the pasture behind the barn. Abel stopped. Then he saw the slate.

It was the slate he kept in the kitchen and used for his bookkeeping. It hung on the outside of the kitchen door, on a peg that had been part of the latch.



He had it in his hand, staring at it and rereading it. He couldn't get the meaning of it till he mumbled it out slowly: "They burned the school. Nora knows it was Jeter. She says she can't stay another minute where she's hated so. I can't stop her, she was going to try to walk to Scottsburg. So I'm driving her. Little Abe and I will bring the team back—you have to be busy with the hogs now—your Ailse—"

Now he saw the light wagon was gone from the shed and a bright cushion lay where it had been hastily dropped. He jerked the slate from the door, walked and picked up the cushion. Tiny silk blocks, red silk, a little dulled—the bridal petticoat Ailse had worn across the plains, riding high in his wagon, or walking and driving his cattle in the red dust. Red Petticoat. On that long honeymoon march he had called her, of evenings, Red Petticoat. He had forgotten this.

He took the cushion in the barn and put it in a mouseproof grain bin. The proper harness for Ned and Duke was gone from the hooks. Duke the Loafer had a hidden devil in him and no man's hands save Abel's ever had been able to handle his reins. Let alone a tiny woman's. And little Abe's.

**JETER BOGGS** hadn't been sulking and he hadn't been seething. He had been warring with himself; he was worn out with it. His homestead joined Abel's on the north; he was at his evening chores when he saw Abel coming across country on a long lope. Jeter ran for his line fence to meet him.

Abel swung over the rail fence with a hand on a post, held out the slate to Jeter, said at the same time, "They took my horses. I want horses."

It seemed to take Jeter moments to read the slate. His lean, dark face above his short beard turned a sullen red, then a whiteness crept out beneath.

"She knows I did it—I did it! Abe, they did it—they. I know every man-jack! Wasn't I on their side? I'll—"

Abel's words were sharp hammers: "My fault. I went to the hills instead of watching. They saw me go. They were

watching me. The big boys. They were waiting for the frost, too. My horses are gone—I want horses."

"They burned her out and sent her away hating—"

"I'm taking your horses."

"I'll blast this canyon end to end—"

Jeter was as tall as Abel; he was younger. Abel cuffed him across the mouth. Sanity returned distantly to Jeter's eyes and he looked at Abel. "That road at night—that crazy Duke horse will kill them."

Abel was running for the barn; Jeter passed him in the door. He slung saddles on a pair of tall geldings that were the pride of his eye. He slammed his boot into the ribs of one and yanked the cinch tight. As they jerked the horses outside, Jeter mumbled, "Abe, you think I did it?"

"I told you," Abel said, a tight rein on his patience with this man, "it was the big lads. A pack of overgrown lads with one girl. Unless one of them licks the pack and takes her, they all trample her."

A hunter's moon, an orange globe, edged over the escarpments and, where it could, touched the eastward road up the Calapooya. There were short cuts Abel knew and they slid their horses into deep draws and hazed them up the steep sides. Emigrant roads are contour roads, winding the long way round.

The hunter's moon was fairly up and useful when they rode through an open, widely spaced fir forest, across a wide bench. They had led the horses through a gorge to reach the bench; they had cut off miles as they struck into the road again. They heard drumming hoofs and saw the light wagon wheeling out of sight around a bend ahead.

Abel thought, "That Duke is running, dragging Ned with him." The bend was a double bend and the wagon was out of sight when they rounded the first of it. Past the second turn the road straightened out. They saw the wagon strike a log at the roadside and go over, down the bank into timber. There was a squealing and the crash of kicks. Duke tore the singletree free. He jerked Ned end for

## It takes a woman to fight a COLD!\*



"Men are such babies! The other evening my husband arrived home drenched to the skin, and sneezing his head off. Yet he wanted to go to his club that night, didn't want to take anything for his cold."

"Well, I put my foot down. I made him stay home and I gave him my double-help cold-fighter—Sal Hepatica, famous saline laxative."



"How does Sal Hepatica give double-help? Well, first, it's a gentle yet especially fast-acting saline laxative—and speed, you've got to admit, is important in fighting a cold."

"Second, Sal Hepatica helps Nature counteract the acidity that so often accompanies a cold."



"And now, hear my husband talk—"

"I never trifle with a cold," I heard him telling his partner. "At the first sign, I take a glass of sparkling Sal Hepatica. Its speedy, two-way action helps me chase a cold faster."

"The ingrate! Never a word about me!"

\* A recent survey conducted by seven leading medical journals shows that 7 out of 10 doctors prescribe a *saline* laxative, in treating colds.

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TOM HOLLOWAY



# How to Save Money on travel to California



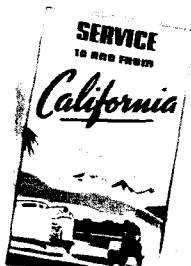
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end before the harness broke and Duke bolted.

The men slid their horses down to the wreck and found the women and little Abe.

A ILSE stood tight in Abel's right arm, with little Abe caught in his left. Nora stood up as though she didn't know she was standing. She was scratched but Ailse didn't seem to be. Ailse kept saying, "We're all right, Abe, we flew and fell on that moss. It was like being birds—flying—"

Little Abe sucked his thumb; his mother slapped his wrist and he popped out his thumb, focused on the offender. Abel saw Jeter standing; there were drops of sweat on his beard and he was all big hands, with nothing to take hold of. One of the geldings wheezed in a breath as deep as his cinch would let him and blasted it out through fluttering nostrils.

Abel told the helpless Jeter, "See if you can turn the wagon right side up while I bring in Duke." Duke was threshing in the brush where his harness had caught. He quieted as Abel stroked him. When the arch had gone out of his neck Abel led the big horse back.

The harness was mended with horse-tail strands, Abel's wife and child were in the wagon seat, and Abel, with a fresh-cut goad, swung up beside them. He lifted the goad and the team clawed up the bank to the road. Duke could see backward to the goad and he set off for home with a jingle of harness, keeping perfect pace with Ned.

Ailse cried, "Abel! We're leaving Nora!"

"Jeter will fetch her. He came to fetch her. He rode like a drunk Indian trying to kill his horse. I had to hold him back from breaking his neck."

"But Nora don't want—"

"Nora," Abel said, "don't know what she wants. She's burned up, just like her schoolhouse. Maybe Jeter can figure it out. . . . One thing, she don't want to go back east. She told me that. So this isn't any time for her to go east."

THE three men who stopped their horses before Newt Brewster's house were cool, deliberate. But Alf Calahan, one of the three, muttered to Abel Chot-taw: "Look at Jeter there! Says he's changed his mind about things. Hell, he never had no mind."

"Change o' heart."

Alf grumbled, "Touch of liver complaint," and watched Jeter.

Jeter stepped from the saddle with sure, smooth movements. Halfway to the cabin door Newt Brewster came out grinning, his big son, Nat, following him. Newt put out a hand but Jeter, standing face to face with him, said with a trace of stiffness:

"Newt, your son here was one of them burnin' down our schoolhouse. Come sunup tomorrow, he's to be down there helpin' build a new schoolhouse."

Newt sucked in a breath. "Why, you—you was the main one didn't want a school. Now you say we're to rebuild it. Jeter, I'll see you in hell first."

There was cool, controlled iron coming to the surface in Jeter Boggs. Abel watched him. Jeter told Newt. "We're the board of directors. We're runnin' the school, we're responsible, we're the school law. Your lad's gonna put back what he burned down."

Newt's answer was a swing that lifted Jeter, but it was a mistake. The two big men fought across the yard till they hit the cabin, fought back again till Newt was knocked into Alf's horse. Young Nat rushed up behind Jeter, lifting an ax-handle billet. Alf rode between, bobbed his stirrup into Nat's face.

Abel said, "Easy, son. Men don't gang up on each other—or on girls. That's Indian style."

Newt was coughing on the ground, trying to roll over. When he got up Jeter ordered, "You can be there too, an' help. That's for talking back to the school board. And every other overgrown son in this canyon's going to be there—or his pap'll get what you got. At sunup, Newt." Jeter held out his hand and Newt had hold of it in a dazed way.

Jeter climbed onto his gelding and led the board toward the next homestead. Alf Calahan combed his carrot whiskers in wonder. He muttered to Abel, "Whatever Jeter's got, he's got it all over."

THE frost went after a week and Abel had enough pork packed in salt for his own freight wagon and two hired wagons. His would be the first fresh pork at the mines. He swung down from the oak hills toward evening, leading Ned and Duke packed with the last of the ham meat. He made a swing around the new schoolhouse on his lower forty. When he came back from the Rogue he'd bring glass windows for Nora's school.

It was dusk at his own place before he was ready to enter the kitchen. While he ate, Ailse operated a tiny needle on some green dress goods, as if her life depended on it. The needle rasped regularly on her thimble. She was worried about Nora. It was Nora's first day in the new school. She should be home by now.

Abel let her worry till he came to the huckleberry pie. Then he said, "I came by the school and it's making out all right, after a ruckus or two."

"Ruckus?" Ailse's needle stopped.

"Jeter was there first thing this morning. Some of the big boys got the jump on him, with no other men around. But he got 'em inside and into their seats. Then Jeter cut three nice long hazel browses. He braids them together into a goad that'll knock an upstart a mile without breaking anything. Jeter stands guard outside the door all day. Any time anyone inside speaks above a whisper except Nora—he sticks his whiskers and that goad inside the door. There was a year's tall learnin' done in Umpqua school today. Though it didn't all come out of the Blueback Speller."

"But it's dark and Nora's not home!"

Abel ambled to the bench by the door, stretched his long shanks before him. "This ruckus," he said, "caused Mr. Boggs to get a black eye or two. When I saw him a while ago he'd have to pry

'em open with two fingers, to see. Him being blind, Nora will have to lead him home to his place. The blind move along slow, stopping to feel around—"

"Abel!"

Abel went out to the barn, gathered up some tools. From the mouseproof bin he took Ailse's fancy cushion—and a thing he'd bought in Scottsburg, and kept here. He went back to the bench in the kitchen, dropped the things he'd brought on the floor.

Ailse moved across the room to see these things. When she came close enough his long arm snaked out, swept her over his knees face down. "This E. D. Yearian knavery," Abel began, and his arm fell, *whop*. Ailse screeched. "It wasn't different than your giving Hathaway that steer. You bribed him. You let me up!"

Abel's hand rose and fell, but before the second falling he jerked the quilt-blocked cushion between his hand and Ailse. He gave the cushion a good whop-ping. Ailse, with her head hanging down, saw a grease spot on her floor. She'd been neglecting her duties. . . . She slipped up the leg of Abel's jeans and jabbed in the needle she still held. He set her on her feet.

Then he got on his knees before the door, picked up what he'd brought from Scottsburg for Ailse. It was a chased bronze door lock, with doorknobs and a huge key. There was a knocker for the outside of the door. It was a modest bronze cupid in a circlet of roses. When the neighbor women saw these new treasures of Ailse's their eyes would pop.

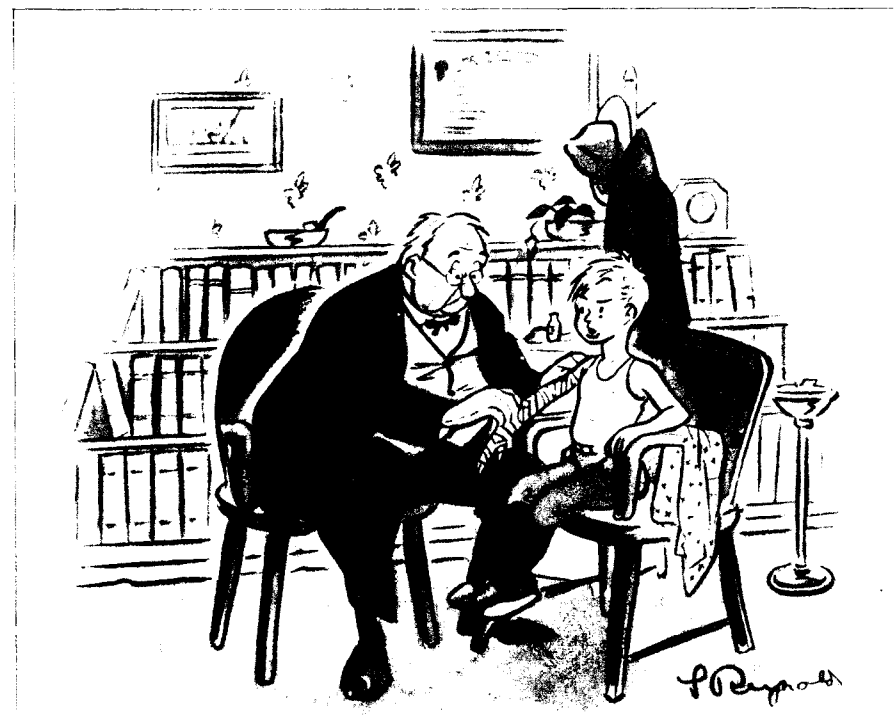
A ILSE tackled Abel around the neck and spilled him backward. She wrestled the big gaunt man over the kitchen floor till they stopped on their hands, heads touching. Little Abe stood up in his rocker crib, crowed and shook the bars till the crib pitched to and fro.

"But it means," Ailse gasped, "Nora and Jeter are in love. They'll marry and we won't have a teacher—"

"We'll send for a man teacher with pants and steel specs. Trouble with female teachers, they don't last long enough."

"If the bachelors would leave them alone—"

Abel asked, "What do you think Nora came out to Oregon for? Red Petticoat, what did you come out for? For the scenery?"



"That's a neat job, Doctor—a bandage any Scout might be proud of"

L. A. REYNOLDS



## Bright Leaf

Continued from page 23

already drunk of the milky-looking water, even the babies.

They often had conversations over baby-raising, and Mis' Ken, who had none, never agreed with Callie, who had six. It was very strange. Now she was arguing over Callie's giving the new baby sweet potatoes!

Pinck was squirming to get down, so Callie put a chair across the hearth, and dressed him in a clean dress made from a flour sack. She sat him down on the floor by the box of canned dog food Mister Ken had brought up for his setters. Pinck loved the cans. There was a picture of a dog on each label. He rolled them happily about.

CALLIE stood at the door with Mis' Ken and they admired the new red pump. Callie guessed she was more excited over it than over her new baby, but she'd never tell Mis' Ken that! People like Mis' Ken, used to water from a faucet, didn't know what it meant to count every drop, because it must be carried by the barrel on a tobacco sled, from the well at Bright Leaf lodge.

She watched Mrs. Kenyon walk slowly with bent head through the trees toward the low, attractive log cabin that was her husband's hunting lodge. The wind in the pines was like the sound of rain. Far above her head, the graceful tops swayed and murmured. . . .

Perhaps she really did not hear Dan Kenyon calling her as he came through the farmyard with gun and dogs. . . . He was a troublin' young man, Callie thought, transferring her gaze to him. He was quick and restless, with reddish-brown hair and bright eyes. Callie had never heard of magnetism . . . personality. She only knew that something in the swift turn of his head, in his bright eyes, disturbed her. Something untamed. His ears, close-set and alert, gave him a foxlike air that frightened her, yet when he threw back his head and laughed, his eyes dancing, her knees always went weak with pleasure. . . . A troublin' young man, and she couldn't take her eyes off him.

She remembered how foolish he used to act over his wife, a year or two ago—warning her about the woods, about snakes and yellow water and poison ivy. He always walked with his arm around her, and when they rode, with his hand on her horse's bridle. In fact, Callie had watched them once, fascinated, through the black pencils of the pines. Their horses had browsed unheeded, nipping the tops of the new dogwood trees, while Mister Ken kissed his wife for so long a moment that Callie turned over a whole pitcher of buttermilk.

She felt flustered now, thinking of this, as he looked up, his face puzzled. "What's the matter with Mrs. Kenyon, Callie? Gone deaf? She didn't stop when I called her."

"No, sir, she didn't." At her noncommittal tone, he wheeled, stared at her with that dazzling intentness of his.

"She's been over here. What's up? Does she want something?"

For a blind instant, Callie considered saying, "Yes, sir, a baby." Then she went cold with fright at the bare thought of such a thing. "N-no, sir," she stammered.

He whistled to the dogs, then hesitated. "How—how's the new baby?"

"All right, sir." Then Callie did dare to do something. "Sam and me—we aimed to name him Mister Ken—I mean, to name him for you, sir, if it's all right."

"For me!" He looked startled. Then he said, with an effort, "Of course. Very

nice of you and Sam. . . . Er, thank you."

Callie was silent in pure surprise at anyone thanking her for anything. Then she said, "He'd be Dan Kenyon Earle, sir."

The young man said nothing, but she saw his lips move as if he silently repeated the name. Then, without a word, he turned and strode off through the woods.

Sam brought in a bucket of white water at dinnertime, and Callie, remembering Mis' Ken's warning, put it aside to settle before drinking. But they were all so thirsty.

She was putting the steaming dinner on the table when she noticed Sam letting the new baby drink from the dipper. . . . "Lookit the cute little tyke, Callie . . ." he called, as the baby gasped and choked over the water. Callie felt vaguely troubled and scolded Sam for getting the baby's dress wet. In no time at all, the baby began to throw up.

All afternoon he was sick. He cried fretfully no matter how hard Callie joggled him. She was distracted. She set the children shelling peanuts on the porch, so she needn't leave the feverish little bundle on her bed. The afternoon waned and Callie left him long enough to slap on a pot of hominy to cook, and put sweet potatoes in the oven. Then she hurried back to wipe his burning hands and face with cold water.

"Ma, I'm tired shellin' pindars," whined Ruby-Mae, the oldest girl.

"Then run quick to the lodge and ask Mis' Ken for some soothin' syrup for the baby. Tell her he's hot as fire."

Out the window she could see the hunters, with dogs drooping at their heels, coming in the farmyard gate.

She looked down helplessly at the baby, and Sam and the other children receded from her mind.

When Mis' Ken arrived breathless, the house was in an uproar. The new baby was having convulsions.

SAM had a fire roaring in the stove, heating pots of water, and the place was stifling. Carol threw open windows, flung three quilts off the baby, and sternly ordered the frightened children out the house.

"Fill a tub with hot water, Sam," she cried. Then she covered her eyes, terrified, as the baby was racked by another spasm. She didn't know what to do. She wanted desperately to run away, to hide. . . . Then Callie moaned down in her throat, an animal-like sound, and a steely strength came over Carol. She gave sharp orders, trying frantically to remember anything she had ever heard or read about convulsions, as Callie thrust her elbow in the water to test its heat. Together they immersed the baby, Carol holding its tiny head up with shaking hands. Steam rose, shrouding them all in a mad, witchlike vapor. In the midst of this, Dan Kenyon walked in.

"Darling, do something!" Carol cried, tears running down her face. "Send to town for the doctor! The baby's having convulsions. Oh, he'll die—and we can't let him die!"

Dan Kenyon wheeled, without a word, and shot out of the house. They could hear him crashing through the underbrush, his voice shouting for his car.

The baby was quieter. After vomiting terribly, he had fallen into a deep, exhausted sleep. . . . How deep. Carol dared not think. She knelt by the bed, her fingers on the tiny wrist. The pulse beat was like a small flame that fluttered raggedly and sometimes seemed to go out altogether.

A shaft of late sunshine fell across



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the wet floor and the tubs of water. She knew a faint surprise that it was not dark as night outside; they seemed to have been working hours. She turned dull eyes as Dan Kenyon's shadow blotted out the light.

"I sent Bart for the doctor," he whispered. "I came back to—to stay with you . . ." then he added, ". . . darling." And his voice shook.

She went to him and laid her head against his shoulder. He held her tight, with something almost desperate in the grip of his arm, as if he had lost her for a little while. Then he said, in an undertone, "They're upset at the lodge. Someone asked if the baby had been christened and the bishop heard. He thinks it should be in case—something happens. . . . Ask Callie if she minds. It's her baby—even if it is going to be named for me." His face worked suddenly, like a small boy's. Carol gazed at him, wondering. She touched his cheek almost timidly, and he caught her hand and held it hard against his lips.

She left him and bent over the crouched figure on the bed. "Callie," she whispered, "will you let the bishop come over and christen the baby? He asked to. He thought—we all thought . . ." her voice faltered, ". . . that he ought to be christened. . . ."

Before he dies, Callie thought. "Let him come," she said dully.

She did not move as they hurried off. The baby slept on beside her, shrunken and still. She could do nothing now but wait. Fragments of thought came to her. . . . Perhaps she was being punished for wanting a real christening for her baby. She had been wrong; too prideful; too headstrong. She was only a plain country woman with a plain little baby. Dreams were not for them. . . . All this she did not phrase in her mind, but it was there, an intuitive knowledge, an anguished fear.

SAM tiptoed in. Callie did not see or hear him. Suddenly, he said:

"Little tyke knows me, Callie! Lookit him catch holt my finger!"

But the sound that brought her up-right was the soft gurgle of Dan Kenyon Earle.

The baby was awake, his deep blue eyes intent on Sam, hanging over him. Callie felt wildly of his hands and face and feet. They were cool and moist. Color stole into his waxen cheeks.

With the miraculous recovery of childhood, the baby was hers again!

"Better put him on a clean dress," Sam muttered. "All them folks coming."

With a shock of fright, Callie remembered the bishop, the christening.

She rushed around straightening up the room, then hastily pulled a clean dress over the baby's head. She stopped short, frowning. The trade-mark on the flour sack from which it was made showed dimly all across the front. It wouldn't do—it simply wouldn't do for the christening. With a sort of heart-break, she remembered the long white dress of Miss Victoria's baby.

She whirled and, quick as a cat, ran across the room and pulled aside the calico curtain where their clothes hung. She snatched up a great armful of folded cheesecloth, and the cigar box that held her needles and thread.

"Callie, you gone crazy!" stammered Sam, as her scissors cut a wide swath through the cheesecloth. He sprang to his feet with an oath, but Callie went on cutting.

"You hush yore mouth, Sam Earle!" she said, through set teeth. She threaded a needle, swiftly. "My baby's been near dead, and he's gonna have a long dress for his christening—if we starve for it!" She began sewing desperately. . . . Hurry, hurry! . . . A group of people

were leaving the lodge. She could see Mister Ken coming down the path, followed by a tall man whose hair shone silvery in the late sun.

It took only a moment to run a gathering thread around the top of the cheesecloth, cut two holes for arms, and tie the white length around the baby's neck. It fell soft and filmy, long and full around the little body. Callie lifted him tenderly.

Sam was staring as if his eyes would pop out of his head. The dress floated white as plum blossoms across Callie's arms. Her heart swelled. It was prettier than Miss Victoria's baby dress.

"Callie Earle!" Sam almost shouted. "You've gone and ruined the tobacco crop!"

She whirled on him so savagely that he backed away:

"Don't be a plumb fool! I guess I can sew it back in agin, can't I! I guess I can patch the net!" She glanced out at the group crossing the sandy yard. "Sam, don't you tell 'em the baby's better. You hear me!" she whispered, fiercely. "The bishop might not baptize him. Go, ask 'em in, but if you open yore mouth," her eyes glittered at him over the baby's head, ". . . if you do," she swore, "I'll drown all yore young turkeys!"

"You're crazy as a coota!" Sam gasped feebly.

She motioned him away with a commanding gesture, and he went, looking dazed.

Steps sounded under the window; voices murmuring. Someone said, pityingly, "I hope it doesn't die . . . !" The steps went on to the front of the house.

Callie clutched the baby tighter. No, he wouldn't die, now. She looked down into his rosy face. God was good. He had given him back to her . . . maybe because great things were going to happen to him. Some day he'd be a big tobacco planter, maybe, or the governor, even! Great things—beginning now, with a real bishop to christen him.

The baby's hands fluttered; he blinked, stared at them enchanted, made soft, vague sounds. Gazing at him with passionate love, Callie grew scared again. He didn't look a bit sick, now. Maybe the bishop wouldn't . . . ! But, that was too dreadful to contemplate. . . . Those great things. . . . It might set him back, years! Steps were on the front porch now, and low voices.

Callie rushed back into the kitchen and laid the baby in the old rocker. She

picked up two stove lids—the baby hated loud noises. She held the lids high, then dropped them on the stove with a frightful clatter. As she knew, the baby's face doubled up and he began to yell.

She snatched him up and hurried into the front room. He was wailing heart-brokenly against her shoulder, as she confronted the distressed group from the lodge.

"Oh, he isn't any better!" cried Carol Kenyon.

"Don't, darling!" her husband said, "the doctor'll be here any minute."

Not too soon, prayed Callie. Not till after . . . ! She stared speechlessly from one face to another, then past them at the bishop bending his dignified head to get through her low doorway. Callie knew then she was in a dream.

"This is Bishop Wayne, Callie," Mister Ken told her gently. "You don't mind if the others come in, do you? They're my friends, and yours, too. They're so distressed over the baby."

"I'd be proud to have 'em," murmured Callie.

THEN the dream came real, with all these fine people crowding her little house. Even the baby stopped crying, in wonderment.

Hearing a sound, Callie glanced back and found the open windows lined with faces, both black and white. She knew what had happened. The news had traveled via the grapevine and the frightened children, who had scattered in every direction. And here were her neighbors, come to help or to mourn. Callie felt lightheaded with happiness.

Even now, the bishop was saying those slow, solemn words. His muted voice was like music which drew Callie's mind and heart, compellingly. It was like the organ's song in Miss Victoria's church, that made her want to cry. Out the corner of her eye, she glimpsed the Kenyons, standing close together. The deep, hushed voice must have moved them, too, for Carol's eyes were closed, lashes clinging wetly to her cheeks; his face was near hers and it was quiet and happy, as if the restlessness had gone out of it forever.

Now, the moment had come. Callie held out the baby, who looked up into the bishop's face with his intent, blue stare. And the long white dress swayed like plum blossoms in a vagrant breeze, as the bishop took him on his gentle arm.



"You guys go ahead without me. If I get hungry I'll just grab  
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JOHN A. RUGE





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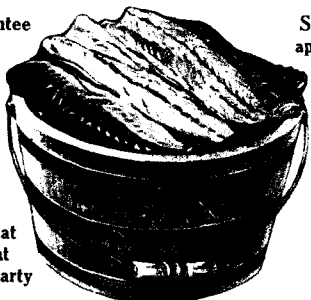
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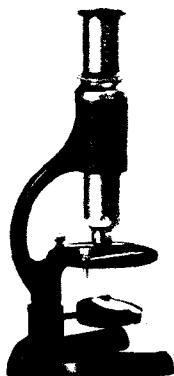
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thinks you're after him with money in your hand he's harder to find than Mr. Roosevelt's foreign policy or consistency in Russia. So Vallee telephoned Joe Stokes, secretary of the Houston office of the Musicians Union. And Joe, knowing Houston as well as Peck, found Kelley playing like an inspired archangel in the back room of a barbecue dive—for nothing. Peck quit his arpeggios long enough to hear that Vallee would give him two hundred and fifty to play a five-minute spot on Vallee's commercial broadcast. But Peck disconsolately shook his head.

"Tell Mr. Vallee I'm just not ready to make my debut yet," mourned Peck.

"Rudy says," said Joe, "he can up the ante—maybe three hundred. Listen, Peck—"

"Listen, Joe, Mr. Vallee's a big hot," said Peck. "I ain't fit."

So Peck didn't play for Vallee.

Bob Crosby telephoned twice from New York, thrice from Philadelphia and wrote letters that would have made the Statue of Liberty shake it. Peck told Joe Stokes he had to practice and Joe got a little peevis.

"Practice, hell!" yelled Joe. "It's two hundred a week and you can practice all day if you want. Listen, Peck, do you know that this country's jammed with pianos who'd trample one another to death and cut one another's throats—"

"They ain't going to trample me to death, Joe," sighed Peck. "I ain't gettin' any throat cut."

## Peck Has Everything He Needs

Orville Knapp wooed Peck something scandalous. Orville had a schedule that thousands of musicians spent their lives dreaming about—the Mayflower in Washington, the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, the Drake in Chicago, eight weeks in the big movie houses and then a picture in Hollywood. Knapp was leaving nothing to agents or go-betweens. He tracked Peck down.

"What do you say, Peck? Two-fifty until we get to Hollywood and then up she goes."

"Sorry, Hots," said Peck, his voice almost breaking with emotion. "You sure are friendly. But I gotta spot at the Tremont Tavern in Galveston."

Knapp became a trifle profane as he asked Peck how much he was getting in Galveston.

"Hittin' me with fifty bucks, Hots," said Peck.

Knapp got a little more profane.

"Hots," said Peck, "you sure can talk. Thanks just the same, Hots."

And Peck Kelley loafed around to a music store, bought several new scores and half a dozen records and leisurely caught a bus for the melancholy little house that is his home. He may too have bought himself a handful of those cigars. We didn't find out what kind of cigars they are, but they won't burn. We spent almost half the day with Peck listening spellbound while he embroidered The Shag, Star Dust, Lady Be Good, Pango Pango, Ain't the Gravy Good? and Have Your Ears Been Burnin', Baby? with Debussy, Ravel, Chopin and Bach, and watching him waste a cord of matches on asbestos cigars. Occasionally he'd lose patience with a cigar and throw it away. Those cigars bounce but never break.

"Where do you get those cigars, Peck?" we asked.

"In the store," Peck replied ruefully. "Must be okay. The man said they were okay. He sells cigars and ought to know. Maybe it's me."

## Kelley Won't Budge

Continued from page 20

Peck never met Paul Whiteman, but that wasn't Paul's fault. Whiteman tried to sign him up for thirty-six weeks at two-fifty but, when Joe Stokes told him, Peck fled to Galveston. Whiteman was playing Houston, and Peck, waiting until he was sure the hue and cry had subsided, sneaked back at night. Begging the proprietor in the name of long friendship to ignore him, he crowded into a corner of the ballroom and listened to Whiteman for three hours. He left—on the dead run—because somebody had double-crossed him—had told Whiteman that he was present.

"It ain't that I ain't grateful to all those big hots," Peck told us. "It ain't that I fluffed a fine artist like Whiteman. It's just—it's just—oh, hell, fella, I just don't wanta. I'm tryin' to be a philosopher. Look; a guy's got to live like he wantsta. Look."

And Peck got up from his piano, tightened his tie, shot his cuffs, shook down his coat and gave his shoes a few rubs on the legs of his pants. Then he flipped his hand at the room in general.

"Look," he said with a little more spirit. "Look. Look at this suit—a good suit. I got another, maybe not so good but okay. Shirt. Got shirts. Got good shoes. Got a piano. Maybe you don't think it looks so good, but nobody could buy my piano. No sir, they couldn't. Look. I got a phonograph and a mess of records. I got a good room. I eat steady. See?"

Perhaps we looked a bit vague. Anyway Peck seemed to think so—so he elaborated:

"See? I got everything I need—phonograph, piano, good clothes, three squares, sleep fine. If I had a lot of money the only thing I could do with it is buy what I already got. I could buy another piano, another phonograph, another suit. But I couldn't use two of everything. Kinda put that down, willya, so's the big hots will understand. If a man's got all he needs he don't need any more of the same. The more you got, the more things you own, the more time you gotta spend watchin' them. After a while you get so many things you ain't got time to live like you want. I ain't sayin' I'm right for anybody else. That's only how I feel about Peck Kelley."

Just before we met Peck he'd had quite an argument with a representative of a recording company. This fellow, agent for the fourth such outfit, tried to argue. After it seeped into his dazed brain that Peck wasn't interested in a hundred dollars a week and royalties he made a flank attack.

"But Peck," he reasoned, "how about the future?"

"What future?" demanded Peck.

"Your future. A guy oughta lay up something for the future."

"How do you know what's in the future?" scoffed Peck Kelley. "You don't know any more about the future than I do. That's the trouble with folks—always worrying about the future and they don't even know there's going to be any future."

## He Plays What He Feels

The phonograph man with some effort steadied himself.

"Maybe," said he, measuring his words, "you don't get me. Listen. I come all the way from Atlanta because New York told me to give you—No, listen. Peck, you're forty-one. Some day you're going to be maybe sixty. Think of that. You're some day sixty maybe and, socko—you retire. You retire on money you've saved up. No more piano playing maybe. Sittin' pretty on your savings. Get me?"

"How do I know I'm going to be sixty?" asked Peck. "Even if I was sixty and had—oh, maybe a couple thousand dollars saved up, maybe more, I dunno—even if I was sixty like that, I wouldn't live any different from what I am now. And even if I was sixty who says I wouldn't play the piano? If I live to be a hundred I won't play the piano like I wanta. How do you know I wanta retire at sixty? Lemme tell you something—"

But the phonograph guy had lammed out, a wild light in his eyes, his fists menacing the oil-sprayed heavens over Houston.

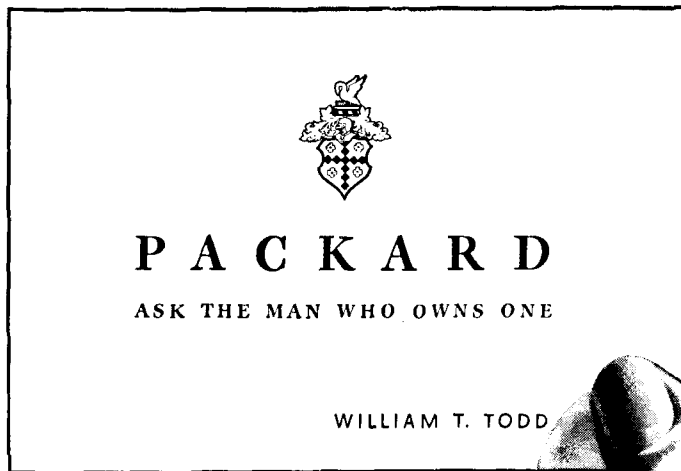
It is wholly possible that by now you've concluded there's something wrong with Peck Kelley. If you think so, you're the one that's wrong. He's merely a cross between a philosopher and a guy who doesn't give a damn, rid-



"We'll sue for \$50,000 and settle, if we have to, for \$500; half a loaf is better than none"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN





*1940's best business card for outstanding auto  
salesmen who are looking to the future.*

## To top-flight automobile salesmen who have their eyes on bigger things!

**T**HIS is the kind of opportunity that comes to an automobile salesman once in a blue moon. *Here, in brief, is our situation.*

Packard, ever since its entry into the lower-price field, has been growing fast. But this year—with the prices of Packards at a new low and the cars at a new high in excellence—the spurt has become almost a landslide.

Packard sales up 72%. People switching to Packard by the thousands. In short, business expansion—and we need more car salesmen capable of sharing this growth!

### *Are you the man?*

We want *top* men. Men with a record behind them. Men who can team up with Packard and do us—and themselves—proud.

For such men there's opportunity unlimited.

The door is wide open. Packard is going places and you're invited to come along.

The field is uncrowded. You'll have all the scope you want. And the opportunity isn't confined to any one section—it's as broad as the U. S. A.

Since the first of last September, 577 new dealers have heard opportunity knock and joined the Packard ranks. More are being, and will be, added. And these dealers—as well as many old ones—need top-flight salesmen *now*.

### *Four cars to sell*

When you join Packard, no price hedges surround you. You have four cars to offer—ranging in price from \$867 to \$6300 (delivered in Detroit, State taxes extra). Every car owner is a potential Packard owner.

And Packard owners *stay* Packard owners. Packard owner loyalty is almost a legend in the

trade. That means that when you build a clientele, you *keep* it.

So if you're the man for Packard, do one of two things. Contact your nearest Packard dealer. Or mail this coupon *now* to headquarters.

W. M. PACKER, Vice-President of Distribution  
Packard Motor Car Company  
Detroit, Michigan

DEAR SIR: I'm interested. Last year my sales totaled \_\_\_\_\_ cars, and I'd like to do still better. I know I can top that record with the right product and the right dealer. Please put me in touch with him.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Home address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



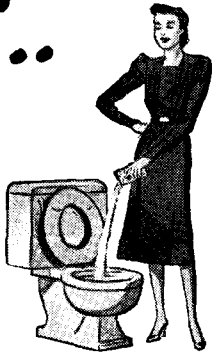


## STYLES CHANGE

• When Sani-Flush was introduced, 28 years ago, dresses hung low, and hair was piled high. This odorless chemical compound freed women of a disagreeable task. It took all the work and muss out of cleaning toilets.

*But...*

• Although many things have changed, Sani-Flush has not. It is still the easiest and best known way to keep toilets clean and sanitary. Use it twice a week. Cannot injure plumbing connections. (Also effective for cleaning out automobile radiators.) See directions on the can. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.



**Sani-Flush**  
CLEANS TOILET BOWLS  
WITHOUT SCOURING

## TRUTH ABOUT CORN



• Corns are caused by pressure and friction. But now it's easy to remove them. Fit a Blue-Jay pad over the corn. It relieves pain by removing pressure. Special formula acts on corn—gently loosens it so it can be lifted right out. By avoiding pressure and friction that caused corn, you can prevent its return. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters—25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

**BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS**

## GIVE YOUR LAZY LIVER THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"

FOLLOW NOTED  
DOCTOR'S ADVICE.  
FEEL "TIP-TOP"  
IN MORNING!



If liver bile doesn't flow freely every day into your intestines—headaches, constipation and that "half-alive" feeling often result.

So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel. Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients troubled with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Made from purely vegetable ingredients—Olive Tablets are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods, but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All drugstores.

**Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS**

ing the highroad toward a place he has never bothered to ask the name of.

Peck was baptized John Dickson Kelley. He's a tall, spare, somber man who for two cents would take his hair shirt and piano and move into a cave. He'd play a sensational John The Baptist. His father, still living, was an accountant. Peck is the only one of six children with the music talent. Neither his father nor his mother, who died a year ago, was musical although Peck quotes his father that his mother had a beautiful singing voice. He adds, however, that his father was possibly biased, having been right partial to Ma.

He got the name Peck from the proprietor of a honky where he was doing such feathery chores as bottle hustling, dishwashing, sweeping out after the night's doings, carrying beer to the orchestra, guiding overwhelmed ladies and gentlemen to the exits and hollering, "He ain't here," into the telephone. Whenever the orchestra left the platform for a breath of air, young John Dickson Kelley, aged fourteen, would drop what he was doing—even dishes—and scamper to the piano. This frequently annoyed the proprietor:

"There's that damned kid peckin' at that piano again. That's the damndest peckin' kid. Peckin', peckin' all the time."

Hence Peckin' Kelley, which convenience subsequently shortened into Peck. All other native entertainers are known as Tex. Until five years ago he couldn't read a note of music, which accounts perhaps for his free and uninhibited transcriptions of what he reads today. Twice he has put himself in the hands of Houston teachers, neither for more than a few weeks. Both of them, able but conventional musicians, shrugged off the unhappy job of tutoring genius. Peck plays what he feels, not necessarily what the composer wrote. Inevitably he has turned to composing but says that he's not the man to add to the world's confusion by playing what he has written. But he'll play music already scored with improvisations that would stun the authors whom one can readily imagine inquiring weakly: "Did I do that?"

He played the nostalgic Night and Day for us with interweavings of Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart and Gluck. And

then Ruddigore in a way that would have suited even Sir W. S. Gilbert who thought that Sir Arthur Sullivan was okay but . . . A moment later he blued Claude Debussy's Girl with the Flaxen Hair and boogie-woogied Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor. Peck, you see, is somewhat uncommon.

He names no composer nor artist as his favorite—they're all hots. But he admits with gloomy awe that Jerome Kern, George Gershwin, Manuel De Falla, Igor Stravinski and Johann Sebastian Bach are wonderful, which ought to be okay with them. He likes women provided they let him alone and don't rush around his piano—which they refuse not to do. He doesn't drink. He isn't married. His sole dissipation appears to be those fireproof cigars.

### And the Money Still Rolls in

"Hell, man, I got money," says Peck. And after much fishing through all pockets he produced four dollars and twenty-two cents.

And that must have reminded Peck that Joe Stokes, at union headquarters, had got a pay adjustment check for him from somebody he had worked for last summer. So we went to see Joe, who handed him six dollars.

"Shouldn't be six," protested Peck.

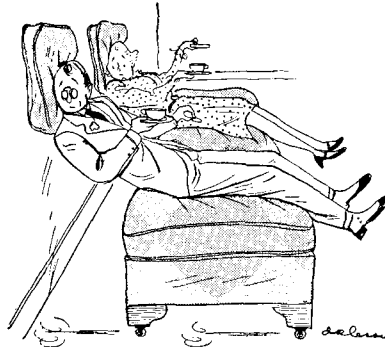
"Came to five in all. Wasn't worth five."

"They sent six," said Stokes. "Something about overtime."

"Wasn't any overtime," said Peck.

"Send him back a buck."

"I will not," replied Joe Stokes, warming up. "Here, take it. It's your dough. Send it back if you want to. I won't."



## Death in the Present Tense

Continued from page 15

asked what work. "Everyone works," the mother said, "even the children. We have refugees from the city here and we feed them and find clothes for them and our children take care of their children."

The house was big, shabby and comfortable, not rich, though these people had the largest farm in the region. They urged us to spend the night. When we said we must go they put us in the car and the farmer called after us, into the cold night, "Come back any time you can; we'll be staying here."

The army would stay where it was too, as long as could be, against those odds. And the workers would run the factories and the farmers would stick to the fields and the women would be as enduring and quiet as the men. But if you had made schools and hospitals and universities and theaters, if you have 7,000 co-operatives and wage-and-hour laws and health insurance and old-age pensions and state-owned industry and state-owned land, if you publish thousands of books in every language every year for a literate people to read, if you have tolerance for all religions and all ideas and universal suffrage, if you have built up a hard-working, self-sufficient, law-abiding country where men

So Peck surrendered. He turned to us. "Sin and a shame how the money rolls in," said Peck.

"Peck," called Joe Stokes, "I got a spot for you."

"Nope," said Peck.

"This won't interfere. They want you over at the Rice Hotel. Hour and a half working lunchtime—from noon to one-thirty. Thirty-five bucks."

"Can't do it," replied Peck mournfully. "Gotta practice daytimes."

And Peck Kelley oozed out bemoaning the tribulations of man—in particular his own. Somebody was forever trying to steal from him the precious hours wherein he should be striving to make himself as great an artist as the big hots say he is.

But we lingered long enough to ask Joe Stokes how many big shots have angled for Kelley.

"You can name them down the line," said Joe, riffling through his records. "You won't make but one or two mistakes. Let's see—Artie Shaw, Kay Kyser, Paul Whiteman, Ben Bernie, Guy Lombardo, Rudy Vallee, Fred Waring, Horace Heidt, Jack Teagarden, Orville Knapp, Ted Lewis, Bob Crosby, Jimmy Dorsey. That enough? There's more. Then there's the movies, the recording companies and the radio. Did he tell you what Jimmy Dorsey said?"

"No."

"Well, Jimmy Dorsey called up one day and said he had a radio spot for Peck that would build him up to fifteen hundred dollars a week," said Joe with a catch in his voice. "And do you know what Peck said?"

"No."

"Peck said," replied Joe Stokes in almost a whisper, "that he wasn't worth it, that folks would laugh at him and if they didn't he'd laugh at himself. If I didn't know Peck so well I'd say he was a screwball. Do you know what's the matter with Peck?"

"No."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Joe Stokes. "That Peck don't give a damn about dough."

"Did any of these big hots ever try offering him fifty a week?" we asked.

"Mister," said Joe, "maybe you got something there. But Peck'd probably turn it down—say he wasn't worth it."

are remarkably equal, it is disaster to see the villages and forests burning, to see bombs tear down the cities, to have the young men killed by shells and the women left homeless. If people wept in Finland, they would be weeping for the waste and cruelty of this; but they would not be weeping from fear.

THERE were three women and eight children in the plane. The sun shone on a young woman with a delicate mouth and a tired forehead, who slept with her child on her lap. The baby looked like a snowball, all done up in white woollens, with a limp white bow holding its bonnet on. The older children sat quietly during the cold trip.

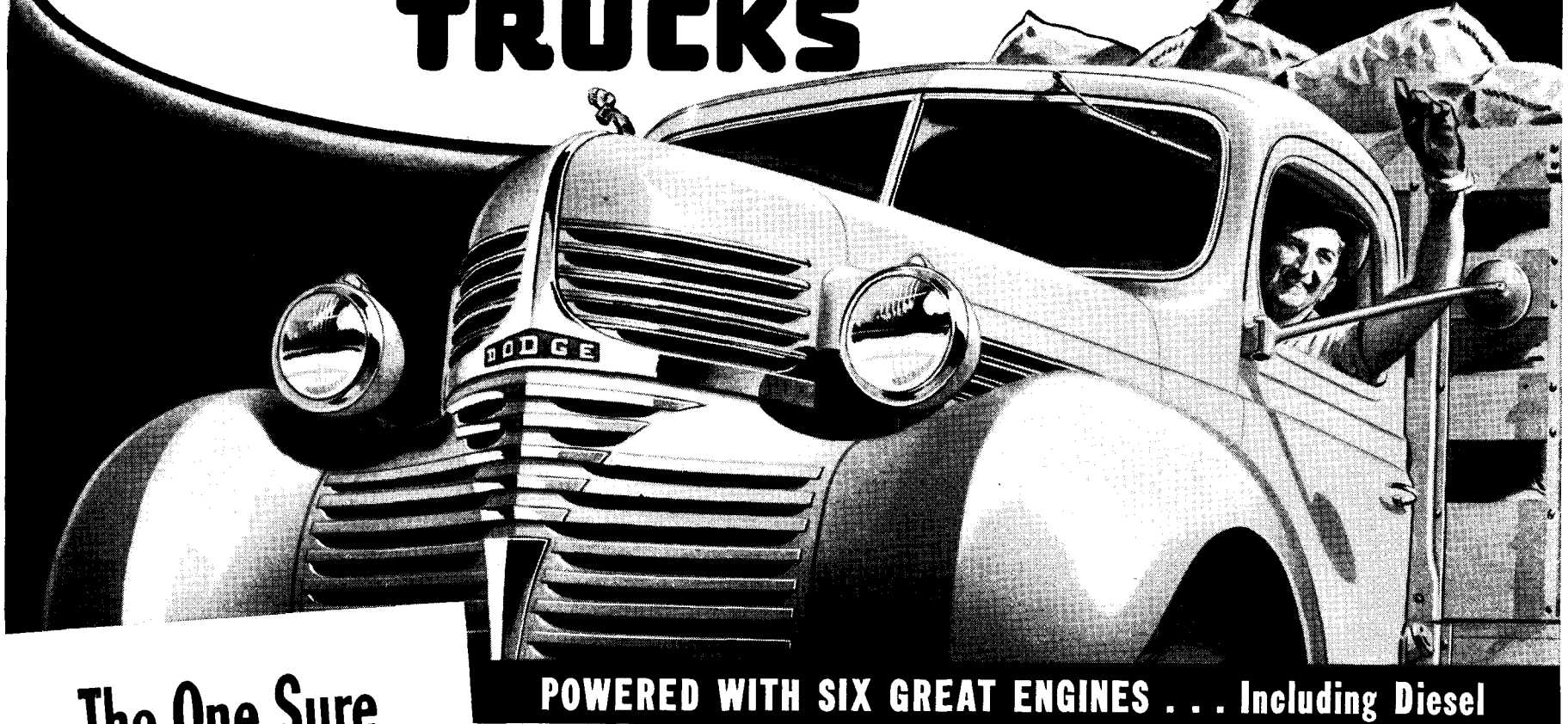
At Stockholm the customs officials and the airport attendants and the porters were kind to us because we had just come from Finland.

A young pilot held the snowball baby while the mother opened her suitcases. I stopped to tell her goodbye and wish her peace here. She straightened up and looked at her child.

"I am taking him to the country to friends," she said. "His is the right to live. But I am going back, where I belong. I shall stay in Finland."



# PRESENTING DODGE *Job-Rated* TRUCKS



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*\*Job-Rated MEANS: A Truck  
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	DODGE	TRUCK 2	TRUCK 3
ENGINES	6	1	3
WHEELBASES	17	9	6
GEAR RATIOS	16	6	9
CAPACITIES (Ton Rating)	6	3	4
STD. CHASSIS and BODY MODELS	96	56	42
PRICES Begin At	\$465	\$450	\$474 <sup>18</sup>

Prices shown are for 1/2-ton chassis with flat face cowl de-  
livered at Main Factory, federal taxes included—state and  
local taxes extra. Prices subject to change without notice.  
Figures used in the above chart are based on published data.

WHEN YOU BUY a new 1940 Dodge  
truck you get a Job-Rated truck! You  
can get a truck that *fits your par-  
ticular hauling needs*. You get a truck  
that is designed and built through-  
out for dependable, money-saving  
operation.

Each truck in the broad line of  
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truck engines—for capable, economi-  
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axle to transform engine power to *pull-  
ing* power—with greatest efficiency!  
It has the *right* sized springs to  
*cushion* your load—the *right* sized  
brakes to *stop* your truck safely and  
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Make your *next* truck a Dodge Job-  
Rated truck . . . the *best* truck you ever  
owned . . . more dependable, more eco-  
nomical . . . the source of more satis-  
faction . . . *a truck that fits your job!*

## 6 ENGINES

Each Dodge truck is powered right for the  
hauling job—with an engine specifically engi-  
neered for the truck in which it is installed.

## 8 REAR AXLES

In 1/2-ton to 3-ton capacities a total of eight  
different rear axles is used. Each is sized for  
the truck . . . and the load it will haul.

## 4 CLUTCHES

Each Dodge Job-Rated truck has a clutch  
that is extra big—extra strong—and built to  
last because it's sized for the truck.

## 20 FRAMES

One of twenty frames gives durable strength  
to each Dodge Job-Rated truck—assuring the  
right foundation for its rated load.

## 3 TRANSMISSIONS

Dodge trucks have 3-speed, 4-speed or 5-speed  
transmissions according to the power and size  
of the truck. All *rate* for the job!

## 9 SPRING Combinations

Dodge springs "stand up to the load" because  
correctly sized and designed springs are used  
on each Dodge Job-Rated truck.

DEPEND ON DODGE  
*Job-Rated* TRUCKS

3-2-1 1/2-1-1/4-1/2-TON CAPACITIES . . . 96 STANDARD CHASSIS AND BODY MODELS ON 17 WHEELBASES  
PRICED WITH THE LOWEST FOR EVERY CAPACITY

Dependable  
DODGE  
TRUCK SERVICE  
Everywhere

SEE YOUR  
DODGE DEALER  
FOR  
DEPENDABLE  
USED TRUCKS

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## Why PIPE SMOKERS MAKE GOOD FRIENDS

ONE SWELL FELLOW you can count on every time—the pipe smoker! He's the type that comes through for his friends.

WE HAVE every reason to say so. Pipe smokers have been good friends to Crosby Square—have made this master blend a national favorite.

BEGINNERS ENJOY this mild, mellow tobacco. Old timers relish its deep, rich flavor. For a cool smoke, try Crosby Square. We'll rest our case on your opinion.



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WRITE FOR A GENEROUS SAMPLE

Send 6¢ in stamps to cover mailing. Mention your dealer's name. Address CROSBY SQUARE, 102 Delmar Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

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**IS IT THINNING OR FALLING OUT?**

If your hair is causing you this kind of trouble and it is due to poor blood circulation in the scalp, rent a Crosley XERVAC and try home treatments with this amazing machine. It is designed to help correct just such conditions of the scalp as the lack of proper blood circulation.

**Rent a CROSBY XERVAC**

Write for free particulars, how you can rent a brand new machine, the same type now used in many barber shops and scalp clinics, for a small rental fee per month, without any obligation to buy. The Crosley XERVAC operates on the principle of alternate vacuum and pressure, known to be effective for forcing fresh, stimulating blood into the deep-rooted blood vessels. Very compact, easy to use. Now that you can rent one you can get its benefits on easiest of terms. Write for details of home rental plan.

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**FINEST BLADE MONEY CAN BUY — OR YOUR MONEY BACK!**

**Marlin HIGH SPEED BLADES**

**Try Them at Our Risk! MONEY BACK IF YOU'RE NOT SATISFIED**

**SINGLE EDGE 15 FOR 25¢**

GUARANTEED BY THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO. NEW HAVEN, CONN. "Fine Guns Since 1870"

Advisory Committee of Aeronautics come to install acceleration recorders. They are placed near the center of gravity. They record acceleration on smoked glass during tests. The manufacturer may see for himself exactly how his ship performed.

The last preparation is made. Nothing to do—but wait for tomorrow.

A chill dawn greets us. The sky is overcast and the ceiling is slightly under two thousand feet, but we don't need altitude. It's wind and a rough sea we're after. Dusty weather. Sometimes we've had to wait two months to get the right conditions, but this morning the wind whistles around the hangar and we've got all we need—and more.

Pop is launching the first plane. Ahead of the tractor, and tugging from it, is the silver giant in its cradle. The cradle rolls into the water, goes under. The plane floats. She rocks impatiently in the sheltered inlet. There is only a slight chop but outside, near Thimble Shoals, where we'll conduct the tests, there is spume in the air.

Joe, Pop and I go aboard. We are always together—The Wrecking Crew.

### When Your Neck is Out

We are dressed as we dress for normal flight: Joe and I in aviation green uniforms, Pop in dungarees and wearing an ancient leather jacket. We've had to hold up flights while Pop went back for that jacket. There's no special safety measure for us; just an ordinary web belt to hold us in our seats. While pilots testing land planes have tape and bandages spread about their anatomy, we have no protection whatever. There is a reason. Land plane test pilots make long power dives at lightning speeds with sudden, violent pull-outs that strain every organ and fiber and so they have supports nature failed to provide. In the lingo, "their necks are out."

Our necks are out also, but in a different way. We have a very definite danger zone and it doesn't come at the end of a dive, a spin or a roll. It is that narrow band of altitude just ten feet above the water. That is where we come crashing, bouncing in. That limited space, representing a split second, is where things happen.

If during a take-off or landing we succeed in tearing the bottom out of the hull, knocking the wings off or breaking the main struts, all the protective clothing, bandages and tape we might use would never help us. In case of a severe crash we hope for two things: To remain conscious and to be able to get clear and swim. Fractured skulls, broken arms and legs, or being caught in the debris and drowned account for the great number of deaths in seaplane crashes.

The only thing that would help us would be a suit of armor that would float.

Those are the lurking possibilities when we climb aboard.

We warm up, taxi around for several minutes and head into the wind. We give her the gun and with the freshening gale she takes but a short run to get in the air. We climb into a drab sky, toward a cheerless dawn that remains a gloomy gray, and begin winging our way to the frothy Atlantic. Presently, the open sea is under us and I think of the ten landings. I wonder if she'll stand ten. Joe breaks in on my thoughts when he motions out of the window.

"We won't have to try very hard to bounce her this morning," he says. "Those waves will do it for us."

They do look ominous, like clutching

## The Wrecking Crew

Continued from page 13

hands. Then in the distance, a couple of points on the port bow, a small, squat object looms into view. As we draw nearer I see that it is the Mary Ann, a raftlike boat, and we dip down to see her better. She is part of our show; a very necessary member. Serving to remind us of her real duty is a crane rising from her deck. It is used to haul wrecked planes from the water. At its base groups of men stand huddled. They will take moving pictures of each landing and take-off we make. Following the Mary Ann is a restless, high-powered crash boat. It is another reminder—it is used to reach a crashed plane in a hurry—one more thing I hope we won't have to call upon for help.

As we sweep past I signal that we are ready. Then we turn and circle astern. This is the time. The first test.

My jaw muscles tense as we start down. Joe adjusts the stabilizer of the tail surface and I lower the flaps—they'll slow the landing. The throttles are partly closed. The engines turn at 1,000 to 1,200 revolutions a minute, with the propellers shifted into low pitch. But the ship is coming in fast in spite of the reduced power. Out of the past come the words I heard that first day: "She's coming in fast like a bat out of hell . . . you're setting her on hot!"

Down . . . down. Nearer to the water. The sea is angrier than I thought. Wind whips spume from wave crests and sends it showering. Rough water.

Skimming along about ten feet above the surface, I hold her steady. She's leveled off but still coming in fast. I throttle back gently—she's nearly stalled, barely hanging in the air. I bring the nose up a bit . . . the tail touches . . . a wave rises in our path and my hand jerks the throttles open.

"Pour the soup to her!" I hear Joe say. He's not coaching, but he is following every move I make. I know how he feels with someone else doing the flying while he rides. All pilots feel that way.

The increased power takes hold and cushions our drop as we strike a wave. Rrrum . . . thump . . . thump!

Although I know what is going to happen, I find myself blinking. But this is what we have been waiting for—a good bounce. It comes. A shower of spray leaps around the boat, and when I open my eyes a moment later the Mary Ann,

the horizon and the waves around us are hidden from view. Noises fill the air—strange noises that sink into your bones. With them comes the shock to our bodies. I leave my seat, but the safety belt cuts in and holds me against the strain. My fingers grip the controls and I hang on.

We leap clear of the spray for a split second . . . strike a second time. The full shock of it travels the length of my spine.

Wham . . . rrrum . . . thump!

Metal groans weirdly for an instant. Suddenly I feel the forward motion of the ship stopped while she rocks dizzily like a drunken fighter staggering from a blow. Water runs off our hull and from over the windows. The spray settles and once more the horizon comes into view. I feel better; much easier.

### Still in One Piece

Joe looks at me for a moment and then reaches over to punch me. "Man, that was a killer-diller!" he laughs. "I guess we can put our back teeth in now."

"Not bad," Pop snorts from his position in the doorway. His hands still grip the metal frame. "I seen worse. But I can tell better after I see what she looks like under these floor boards."

He's on his knees and peering around the hull. Joe and I also look to see if anything has been carried away by the terrific impacts.

Even the people on the Mary Ann look us over, and when I glance their way they signal, "Okay." Assured we are all in one piece, we taxi into position for the next take-off.

The waves are running a little higher but they don't stop us. I hold her to the course while she plunges into it. Joe mans the throttles again and when he opens them wider the increased power lifts her a bit. But we are flying blind, blanketed by spray. It beats a tattoo against the windows, peppers the hull. Even the sound of our engines fades in the crescendo of tumbling water.

The moments drag . . . then she skims along higher . . . she's reaching, on the step . . . her keel barely touches the waves. We strike a bearded crest, bounce into the air. She stays there.

We climb quickly. The altimeter reads a thousand feet when I circle



"In the future, Finnegan, you will bear in mind that your badge is not a fraternity pin!"

JAY IRVING



for another landing. Nine more to go.

But we never reach the full limit of her tests. When the fourth landing is behind us we rest on the water a few minutes. She's taken everything that man and sea together have imposed upon her. It has been the toughest kind of abuse—metal-fatiguing punishment.

"The next take-off," I tell Joe, "we'll try throwing the power to her sooner. We'll probably bury our nose under some green ones until she takes hold—maybe we'll smash her bow in trying it, but now's the time to find out."

Joe yanks the throttles open, watching the manifold pressure while he does it. A wave lifts us to its crest . . . we slide off, half leap to the one ahead, but the power is not enough to give us speed. The bow dips under . . . I see it coming but it is too late . . . the power takes hold but instead of helping us, lifting the ship, it only tends to drive us into the waves. It is like plunging into a series of stone walls.

We all wait . . . wait for the great walls of water that threaten to rip aside the thin shell of silver metal in front of us and come crashing in. Torrents of green seas pour over and the ship replies by quivering her protests.

After long seconds, we come out of it . . . Joe holds the throttles to keep them from creeping. In the blinding confusion of spray and wave I can't see whether my wing tips are clear or burying themselves. The plane careens from side to side and our track through the water is wild, giddy. I wonder if the tail surfaces are still intact, if I have cracked a wing . . . there are a thousand things that could be wrong. . . .

Joe looks at me and just when I am about to tell him to ease her a bit, she makes a final desperate leap from a wave. Anything can happen now; she can "stall in" with certain destruction, or she can—

This is the time you thank the powers that be for a good co-pilot. Alert to our perilous situation, Joe gives her all the power at his command. We settle and I hold my breath, expecting the unexpected. We fall . . . but only the tail creases a wave . . . the power grips the huge boat and we have flying speed. Thundering, lifting her, the engines never miss a single beat.

We are in the groove again.

### The Big Smash

"Get set, boys," I sing out. "This is the one." I don't hold back a thing for this landing; it's studiously intentional, for I want this one to be a sockeroo. After that last take-off she should stand anything. A take-off always imposes more strain than a landing in rough seas.

Her nose is up, fully stalled. The tail strikes.

It's brutal punishment—but it's in the specifications. The bow slaps down, but before we feel the full shock of it the ship jumps clear, shaking herself. She's going to strike again. It's no use, the throttles won't help a bit. We hit again and it sounds like the explosion of a five-inch gun. It sounds final, conclusive. With it comes a shooting pain from my head to the soles of my feet.

We fall off from the wind and begin rolling heavily in the trough. To bring us back I try the throttles . . . they are jammed. I try again. Force won't budge them. We've got to swing around, head into the sea or be swamped. I hear the click of Joe's safety belt. Mine comes off a second later.

The engines are still running but not enough to bring her out of the trough. I snap off the switches on one side. The other two engines bring us about. Pop is at my side with a screw driver in his hand. He begins removing the cover plate that encloses the throttle control cables where they pass over sheaves.

"What a hell of a mess!" he exclaims disgustedly when the plate is removed. "Look at them cables. Jammed tighter'n a paymaster's heart!"

"Whew!" Joe whistles.

To have caused this much trouble something had to carry away, get out of line farther aft. I leave my seat and begin looking for the cause. When I glance along the compartment reaching to the tail, I see daylight streaming in through the upper curved portions of the hull. The metal skin has been sliced through!

Closer inspection shows that the strut fittings attaching the wing to the hull are carried away. They're sheared off very oddly—in one of those unexplainable ways. But there is still greater, more important damage. The wing has fallen forward and down. It is resting near the hull. In tearing loose, it dropped enough to permit the propellers to slice through the hull on each side.

### Bring on a New Ship

"Well, if this isn't something!" Joe shouts. It brings Pop running.

I shake my head and a thought pounds home.

"Good thing those throttles froze," Pop ventures.

"Best break we ever got," I say.

"Just about the time we got her in the air again that wing would have come off and we'd have—"

Pop finishes it for Joe: "Taken one hell of a dive straight for the bottom."

For a long moment we look at one another in the way all men do when things like this happen. A funny feeling. . . .

"That finishes this ship," I say. "Better signal the Mary Ann for a tow."

They tow us in and we call it a day. We've had enough. Tomorrow we'll test the second ship.

The next morning we're over the Atlantic, proceeding with the tests while wind and sea hold. Thimble Shoals Light, the Mary Ann and her tag-along crash boat, a dusty sea and an unknown plane.

We're in the groove again, coming down. It's bounce and sock 'em. Head her into it and try some more. Pop stands at his usual place in the doorway and checks off the landings.

"It's about time," he says caustically. "This next landin' oughta do it."

But she takes the next one and those following. One more left.

I wink at Joe and we swing in for the last landing. This is the scorcher. She comes on burning. Once, twice, three times the stanch flying boat strikes. Pop ducks, is down to his knees and holding on with all his strength. Joe and I lunge against our belts, hang there until a great thud throws us to our seats. The ship rattles, sways and groans. But she takes it like a veteran. Before she has a chance to stop dead we give her the gun. She catapults forward and is off.

The last test landing.

We remain quiet for a while and then suddenly we begin to talk idly, happily.

"How's that suit you, Pop?" Joe asks.

Pop waves a grimy hand. "Nothin' to it." Then adds: "I'm tired. This standin' up all day gets me."

In a few minutes we land in front of the hangar. A tractor is waiting to pull us on the ramp. Later, when the factory representative joins us, his smile is broader than ever.

"Swell ship, isn't she?" he joyfully yells. "Got the stuff."

"She'll do," Pop grudgingly admits.

Joe and I laugh, but not at Pop. She is a swell ship, a great ship, and we may be flying her in the fleet one of these days. And you can bet that Pop will be there.



## Professor of Character

People often referred to Prof. Williams\* as a "character builder" because so many really outstanding men had come out of his classes, and in their later successful years held him in such high regard.

But the professor scoffed at the idea.

"You can't do much about molding a man's character in four years," he said, "though you can make a good start in four generations."

Character is the ability to rise to any emergency. It isn't something you can apply to the surface . . . it grows from the inside out. It comes by being a certain way so long you can't be anything else.

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# THE american MAGAZINE

## SCATTERGOOD

### Mystery Novel



Laughing crowds in fancy dress thronged the gay Panama streets—none dreaming that one of their costumes would become a shroud... "Death Came Dancing," Kathleen Moore Knight's newest and most exciting short mystery novel—a thrilling and colorful story of romance and intrigue in the tropics—appears complete in the March American.



### HOW TO CUT YOUR INCOME TAX

Can you deduct from your income tax for an unborn child? Can a writer deduct for an encyclopedia? How about interest on your auto installment payments? William Mapel brings you authoritative answers to these and a dozen other questions that may save you money when you pay your income tax next month.



### HOW'S YOUR STYLE?

Whatever your favorite sport—golf, tennis, badminton—if your score seems to get worse as your style improves, you need the encouraging suggestions Stanley Frank gives in the March American.

Scattergood Baines—best-loved character in modern American fiction—is butting into other people's business again. And very lucky it was for old Miss Seraphina Chu Ti Mansfield... First of a new series of genial, heart-warming Scattergood stories by

**CLARENCE  
BUDINGTON  
KELLAND**



### "That Blond Hussy" from BALTIMORE

Clarissa was tired of hearing about her. "What do you care if she's tired of her bullfighter-husband?" But Vice-Consul Randolph was a southern gentleman, and he wasn't going to see an American girl ill-treated—certainly not one as beautiful as Vivian. So, despite Clarissa, he intervened in his best diplomatic manner, and the result was one of the most hilarious duels ever fought by a romantic diplomat. Winston Norman tells about it in "The Handsome One," one of the eight fine short stories in the March American.



It's not often that the cash register rings when John Kieran answers a question on the "Information Please" program—whether the question is about poetry or sports, bird calls or painting or what have you. Now he answers the question millions of radio fans have wanted to put to him: "How did you get to know so much?" Read it in the March American—you'll be surprised!

## 8 SHORT STORIES

Is the woman you love too snooty? Try the cure Hank used—and enjoy the seven other grand short stories in the March American, including the one about the bridegroom who was allergic to fire sirens; the swift-paced hockey yarn; and Margaret Culkin Banning's radiant story of a boy, a girl and a dog—plus two exciting serials and the complete short mystery novel.



# 29

### OTHER FEATURES

The whole family will find page after page of absorbing reading in the March American. They'll enjoy eight really fine short stories, eight up-to-the-second articles, a complete mystery novel, two serials, two sections of unusual photographs (many in full natural color) and scores of gay cartoons and helpful, amusing shorter features, including a psychological test, a word-puzzle, and a matchless poem by Ogden Nash. Get your copy at your favorite newsstand today! The biggest quarter's worth of entertainment and help you can buy!





## Let Me Call You Comrade

Continued from page 10

he can possibly fritter away is his monthly income. In the years to come, as I sit on the poorhouse steps, I expect to see Touter dashing up at irregular intervals in his sixteen-cylinder sports job to give me tips on preposterous parlays. The solemn truth is, my dear Audrey, that once more you have made a chump of yourself!"

Audrey gave me a slow, stubborn, pitying stare.

"Why a chump, darling?"

"Did Touter reform?"

"No, but—"

"Have any of them reformed?"

"Yes!"

"Name one."

"Artie Hibbs reformed!"

I DID not have a chance to demonstrate once more that Artie's case could not be fairly cited, since he gave up women and entered a monastery only after a dozen specialists told him his heart might conk out on him with one kiss.

"I'll soon have a better example to cite than Artie Hibbs!" said Audrey, folding her arms dramatically.

"Touter, I suppose?"

"No, not Grevvy. He's a lost cause. All I ask of him now is that he go away to some distant race track where I can't see what is happening to him. I may sound harsh, but"—oh, those pauses—"I feel I must concentrate on Barney!"

"Barney Craddock?"

"No, not that horrible creature!"

"Barney who, then?"

"I cannot tell you any more now, Ralph."

"Good!"

I started to climb out of the car.

"Except that there may be a big story in it, later on. Involving a wicked organization."

"Ha! The Pinochle and Poker Club. This Barney must be a heller."

Audrey's maid, Phyllis (Tehachapi Reformatory, '37, shoplifting) rushed out to the car.

"He wants to see you, Miss Audrey!"

"Oh . . . he does?"

"He looks awful bad, Miss Audrey. Beat up like and sick. He's half-cryin', and—"

"No, Phyllis—I can't."

"The doc thought maybe if you was just to speak to him from a safe distance kind of—"

"Well, I—"

Audrey started to climb out of the car. But Clarence (San Quentin '26, burglary) hurried down the steps and spoke to her firmly.

"It's just a play fer sympathy, miss," Clarence said. "Don't you go in there."

"Oh, Scoop, what shall I do?"

"Go home to bed," I said, and slid rapidly to the curbstone. "That's where I'm going! Good night!"

The next afternoon, when I got to the office, my city editor beckoned.

"Scoop," he said, with cold derision (he always calls me Scoop with cold derision) "the Miss Audrey Atkinson has been phoning for you since ten-thirty. She says she has a big story. Get out there!"

"It's just a stall."

"Indeed?"

"She never has anything but Girl Scout notes, doings of the happy visitors and—"

"Maybe she shot a happy visitor. Who knows? Get out there, Scoop!"

Sunny Haven, the Atkinson estate, lies snug and smug in a canyon but a short flight by a dissolute pigeon from the fleshpots of Hollywood. The house is a big white-walled Spanish affair set in acres of lawn, pepper trees, oaks and

shrubbery. It all looks like a movie set for "Ramona" or maybe "The Old Mission."

Blissful calm in a naughty, noisy world might be said to characterize Sunny Haven as I turned my flivver into the big gates. George, the day watchman (Keeley Institute '38, habitual drunkenness) was dozing in the gate house. He woke up in a hurry and announced: "Miss Audrey's been expectin' you since before lunch. What took you so long?"

"I was drunk," I said.

"No! Tch . . . tch . . ." George said.

I saw Clarence pretending to flick dust off Audrey's roadster on the front drive as I parked. He whistled conspiratorily and hurried over.

"Aunt Tissy's got a scheme cooked up to cure a guy named Barney of gambling," Clarence said. "Don't take no part of it!"

"Trust me," I said.

Holmby, the butler (Jefferson City '22, confidence game) had the fidgets when he opened the door. He whispered that I was to go straight up to Miss Audrey on the second-floor sun deck.

But Aunt Tissy nailed me as I passed the library door.

"You come here, young man!" she said.

"Miss Audrey wants him to—"

"That will do, Holmby!"

Just write it down: "Duncan fears Aunt Tissy." She is a big-boned six-footer with a husky contralto voice. The Los Angeles papers frequently mistake her picture for one of the Long Island blue bloods—the horsewomen. Her favorite costume is an old-fashioned black riding habit, divided skirt, white stock, boots and all. Other dowagers have lorgnettes, ear trumpets, canes or crutches; Aunt Tissy has a whip—a short, stout blacksnake. Aunt Tissy believes she was put into the world to tame things. Lions, tigers, buffalo, stallions, mastiffs and men—particularly men.

"Oh . . . hello, Aunt Tissy," I said.

"Sit down!"

I sat down.

"I'm tired of all this drivel about Barney," Aunt Tissy said.

"Oh . . . you are?" I said.

"Audrey's too namby-pamby!"

"We-ell—"

"Either she wants to break Barney of the gambling habit or she doesn't. If she means to break him, she can't do it with talk . . . tears . . . pleading as she tried to do with that Hailsham rascal. Bah!"

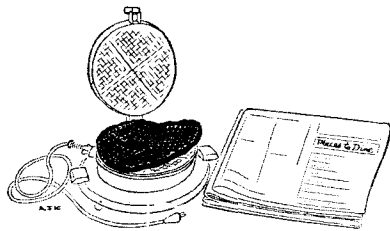
"No, I suppose not."

Aunt Tissy halted and shook the whip at me.

"I cured Audrey's Uncle Dolph of gambling!"

"Oh . . . you did?"

"Broke him in six weeks. Shut myself up with him at the Virginia place. Said: 'We're going to make three hundred five-dollar bets a day. On cockroaches.' There were thousands of 'em. We raced 'em, straightaway, track and obstacle. We fed 'em poison and bet on the seconds it took 'em to die. We put 'em in mazes and jumped 'em out of matchboxes. Three hundred bets a day. And Audrey's Uncle Dolph had to keep the books!"



"Uh . . . how long did he last?"

"Thirty-eight days. He was damn' stubborn. But a man is just like a studhorse, just like a studhorse. You've got to break 'em or knock 'em on the head!"

"Yes, but—"

Aunt Tissy scowled thoughtfully at me.

"You," said Aunt Tissy, "remind me of a Hambletonian studhorse I used to have named Little Nemo."

"Yes," I said, "but what do you propose to do with this Barney Whosit?"

Audrey barged in just then.

"Oh, Aunt Tissy!" she said.

"Now what?"

"You promised not to say a word to Ralph until I talked with him. You know you did!"

Aunt Tissy snorted.

"Look at her," she said. "Frills and fiddle-faddle. Soft. Peaches and cream."

She walked over and whacked Audrey across the panties with that whip, but lovingly. Audrey winced.

"You come upstairs with me, Ralph—"

"Clear out! I've said nothing at all to him about the plan. I was just trying to stiffen his backbone."

I moved toward the door.

"I'll try to play the man, Aunt Tissy," I said.

This brought an up-and-down appraisal from Aunt Tissy's handsome brown eyes.

"Little Nemo," she said, and shook her head. "It's damn' odd!"

AUDREY dragged me very willingly to the second-floor sun deck.

Our Elsie Dinsmore of last night had changed her role. Audrey was wearing a sophisticated aquamarine frock. She was now the *femme fatale*, her thick red hair smoothed into a middle part with Dutch braids coiled about the ears.

"Purple Irish eyes should laugh and sparkle, my child," I said. "This is in technicolor."

"Stop being smart alec for just two minutes," she said, "and tell me—how is Grevvy?"

"He'll live."

"He's sent me three telegrams, already."

"Don't bother to get them. I'll take your word for it."

Audrey frowned haughtily.

"This is not very funny. I sent for you because Barney's whole future is at stake."

"Atkinson Says Barney's Whole Future at Stake—boy that'll sell papers!"

"It would, if you only knew!"

"I'm practically breathless."

This was Audrey's cue to do a little floor pacing. She paces floors very well, having a stride that a British novelist would describe as "a lithe, shootin' field gait."

Supposing, said Audrey, she were to tell me that the mysterious Barney was a brilliant young genius? Supposing she were to add that a sinister, criminal organization was trying to get Barney in its power?

"I'd say, 'Fancy that!'" I said.

"Oh, you are horrid!" Audrey said. "I am not being melodramatic. This is a real-life tragedy. That poor boy has weaknesses, and they are deliberately encouraging him in them."

"He drinks?"

"Yes."

"Gambles, of course?"

"Yes."

"He . . . er . . . likes the ladies?"

"Oh, Ralph, I'm afraid so!"

I was a bit startled.

"Why, this one must be an 18-karat

## COUGHS

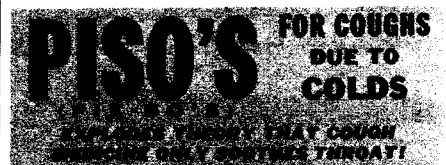
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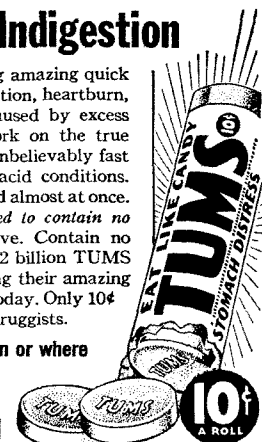


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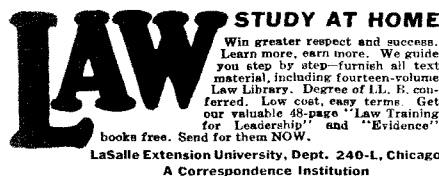
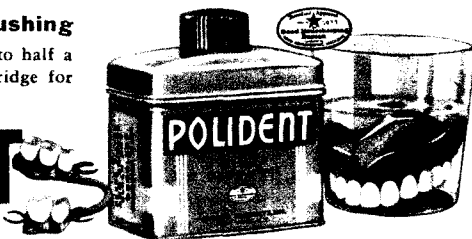
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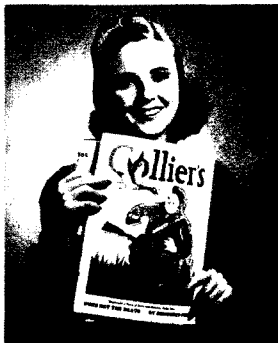
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bum, Audrey," I said. "Usually they're just drunkards or gamblers or chasers. Uh... by the way, he isn't a hophead, too?"

Audrey said I was callously jumping at unfair conclusions. Barney was not a hophead nor even far gone in any dissipation. His gambling fever was his worst failing and most dangerous one. If a determined effort were made immediately, Barney might be cured before he plunged too heavily into debt.

"Aunt Tissy's right, Scoop," Audrey said. "I didn't try hard enough with Grevvy. Mere moral suasion isn't enough. But Aunt Tissy's plan would work!"

"I'm all agog," I said.

"Will you really help us? Oh, darling, I knew you would. I told Aunt Tissy your cynicism was just a pose—"

"Not so fast, my girl. Tell me first!"

**W**ELL, children, Aunt Tissy's plan was to be a modern variation on the one she had used to cure Uncle Dolph. I must lure or shanghai this Barney chap aboard Audrey's motor yacht at Santa Monica. I must then keep Barney aboard while the Skylark sailed up the coast to an island off Santa Barbara that the Atkinsons owned. Aunt Tissy and Audrey would then take over, with the help of numerous reformed jailbirds on the Atkinson staff. Barney would be required to make five hundred bets a day on the behavior of sea gulls. Marooned on an island... forty miles from the nearest leased wire... and betting on sea gulls.

"No!" I said.

Audrey looked startled.

"Don't you think it would work? It cured Uncle Dolph, poor dear. What makes you—"

At this point, I exploded. I informed Miss Audrey that the United States government strongly disapproves of kidnapping. I reminded her that I worked for a living and had no time to be playing games with unknown 18-carat bums named Barney. And I finished off with the following eloquent passage:

"Why do you keep on wasting your time over no-goods like Touter Hailsham and this Barney So-and-so? You deserve far better of life. Go fall in love with some nice, decent guy who hasn't any bad habits. And marry him. This is a voice from the gutter."

It appeared to bewilder Audrey.

"But, Scoop, I don't seem to like the good ones!" She smiled charmingly. "I like wicked men. I like you. I mean—when you're kind you're so much kinder than the ones who are kind all the time. And when you do something truly noble it's like a miracle."

I'm afraid Audrey got me, momentarily.

"You're a sweet kid," I said.

"Why, Ralph Duncan Punkun!" she gasped. "I'm going to throw my arms around you and kiss you!"

She did, but it was just kid sister stuff. Then came the girlish confidence:

"I think I'm going to fall truly in love with Barney, dear!"

"Oh, no, you're not."

"What makes you say that?"

"When a girl really loves a guy she takes him as is. She doesn't monkey around with adolescent storybook efforts to reform him."

Audrey smiled with a you-say-that-because-you-just-don't-know superiority.

"There's more to *this* than mere reform."

"Oh, yeah?"

"They are trying to make him betray his country."

"Tch... tch... tch... not treason?"

"You refuse to help me?"

"Definitely."

"Merely because it's illegal?"

"That element does enter in."

"Could Barney sue us for shanghaiing him?"

"For millions."

"But Aunt Tissy cured Uncle Dolph—"

"They were married."

"Oh, I see."

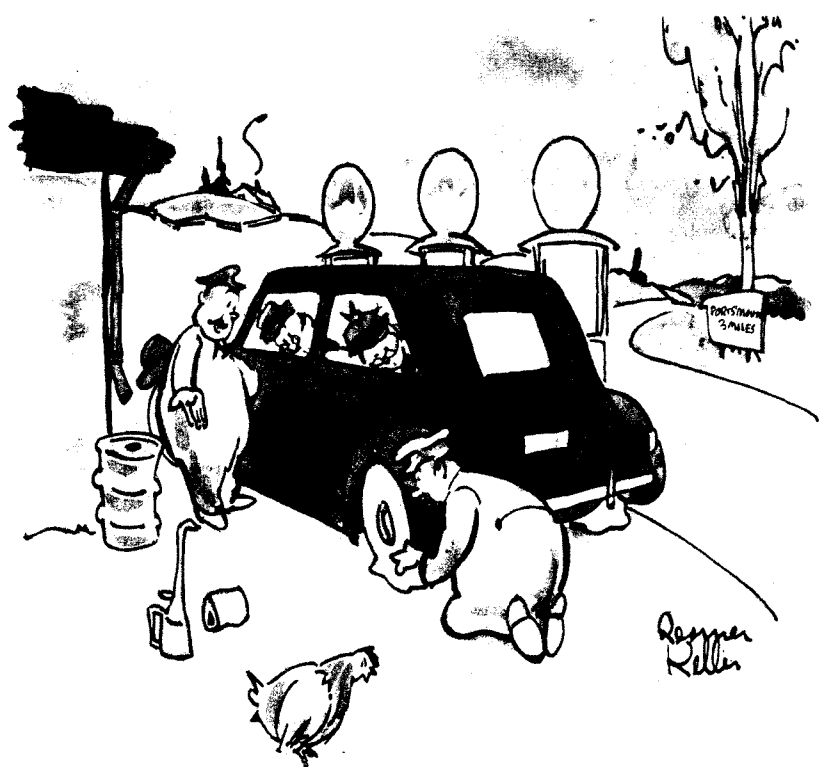
I put over the fast ball, the dazzler: "Do you want to marry Barney? If you'll marry him, you can abduct him anywhere."

She thought a long minute.

"No, Scoop," she said slowly, "I couldn't marry Barney... as he is."

"Q.E.D.—she loves him not!"

I had spent several odd moments over a long stretch of years trying to figure Audrey out. I decided that the early death of her parents in an automobile accident and Aunt Tissy's upbringing accounted, somehow, for her reformation complex. But the words that Audrey spoke next were more revealing than



"He always lets the air out of the tires before he fills the tank. A guy drove off once without paying him"

REAMER KELLER



anything she had ever told me before. Very funny, but revealing:

"I could never marry a man who had bad habits expecting to reform him *afterward*. That's what poor Aunt Tissy did. She took Uncle Dolph with all the bad habits a man can have—except drugs—and, oh, what she went through! Why, Ralph, Uncle Dolph was fifty-six years old before Aunt Tissy had him cured. And then the poor misguided darling only lived a year after that. What's so funny? Why are you laughing?"

"I'm sorry, Audrey."

"What was so funny?"

"Nothing, nothing at all."

"Is it funny . . . that two people suffered so?"

"No, no—of course not."

Audrey stood up, her eyes smoldering.

"If I ever told you what Aunt Tissy—"

"Please, Audrey—a highball. I thirst."

"If I ever told you what Aunt Tissy went through breaking Uncle Dolph of the drink habit, you wouldn't laugh. And you wouldn't ask for highballs. I was only a little child then, but I remember lying in my bed and shuddering with fear that Uncle Dolph would have delirium tremens."

"Did he . . . ever?"

"Thanks to Aunt Tissy, he did not."

I FELT a bit ashamed of myself. There is pathos under all humor, or humor under all pathos (watch young Duncan, he's deep) and even Audrey's screwball floundering with reform had an honest rationalization.

"I'm sorry," I said, "and if you will tell me who Barney is and convince me that he stands in imminent danger of hell-fire, I shall go straightway and take him by the hand and be a big brother to him!"

Have the nation's poets dabbled much with the cold, red heat of a ministering angel's temper?

"You are hardly the character I would choose to bring in contact with Barney, my dear Ralph!" said Audrey. "And since you refuse to help me with practical measures, I shall not call upon you for spiritual assistance."

"Oh, indeed?"

"Yes . . . indeed. I shall have Holmby serve you a highball in the library. Goodby."

"Now, Audrey—"

"I may add that I am deeply disappointed in you! Goodby."

Aunt Tissy, who had been giving instructions to Alfonso, the head gardener (Leavenworth, '29, income-tax evasion) halted me on the front terrace.

"Well, young man?"

"She's decided not to do it, Aunt Tissy."

"Why?"

"Well . . . uh . . . kidnaping is—"

"Fiddle-faddle! That's not the reason!"

"It's reason enough for me."

Aunt Tissy sniffed and regarded me with mild loathing.

"If Baby falls in love with that Barney person, she won't quibble about a few laws. That's what held her back with Hailsham . . . didn't love him. But she'd break Barney—in spite of hell and high water!"

"Yes'm," I said.

"Did I ever tell you how I cured Audrey's Uncle Dolph of the drink habit?"

That highball gurgled guiltily in my tummy. I said: "The very next time I come, Aunt Tissy. I got to go now. Emergency call from the office." And I fled.

During the next week, all was tranquil on the Atkinson front. Touter Hailsham gave up and went off to Flamingo Park, Florida, to spend the rest of the racing season. From there he sent me a bombastic telegram announcing that he had two hundred dollars on the nose of a 20-to-1 shot named Sweet Leilani and tip-

ping me to a sure-thing daily double at Santa Anita. He concluded by saying: "Give my regards to Audrey." I was going to do this, just by way of proving they never reform, but I lost sixteen bucks on Touter's tip and determined his name should rest in silent ignominy.

My telephone rang at 1:51 A. M. of the ninth day.

"Scoop?"

"Wrong number—"

"Scoop! It's Audrey! I'm in terrible trouble!"

"Where?"

"At the Cosmos Club. I'm locked in a room."

"Locked in a room! . . . Why?"

"Hurry!"

She had named a tough, all-night joint in Culver City. It was no place for an old cathedral choir boy, much less for the Atkinson heiress.

I made it in eighteen minutes flat, which is not bad.

Pounding on the locked front door, I grabbed the waiter who opened it by a handful of shirt front.

"You've got a girl locked in a room here!" I said.

The waiter shoved me back.

"We got twenty gals locked in a room, mister," he said. "You can look 'em over, if you'll just calm down!"

I was on the edge of hollering copper and maybe doing a little fist work, when Audrey stood up in a booth near the door and cooed: "Yoo-hoo, Scoop! Here I am!"

John Dorsey, one of the Atkinson lawyers, was with her. I'd trust my best girl with Dorsey, the fatheaded old poop.

I walked to the booth, and I'm afraid I snarled.

"The next time you cry 'Wolf!', I'm going to bite your silly head off," I said. "This is a voice from the pit."

Audrey was the white sister tonight, in an ermine-trimmed snood and heavy white velvet theater cloak. She wore no make-up, her face was pale and her eyes shone with spiritual fire. Grabbing both my hands, she pulled me into the booth.

"Forgive me, Scoop darling. I had to see you. I need your help, after all—with Barney!"

"Oh, is he here?"

"Yes! And I'm *in love with him* . . . really in love for the first time in all my life!"

Old man Dorsey got up.

"Ahem . . . it's very late," he said. "I have pleaded with Miss Audrey to leave this place. I must now telephone her aunt for instructions. Excuse me."

"Yes, yes . . . so good of you," said Audrey, not paying any attention.

I swiped Dorsey's drink and gulped it.

"Aren't you going to ask me which one is Barney?"

"No."

Audrey pointed dramatically toward a table at the edge of the dance floor.

"It's that man . . . right over there!" she said.

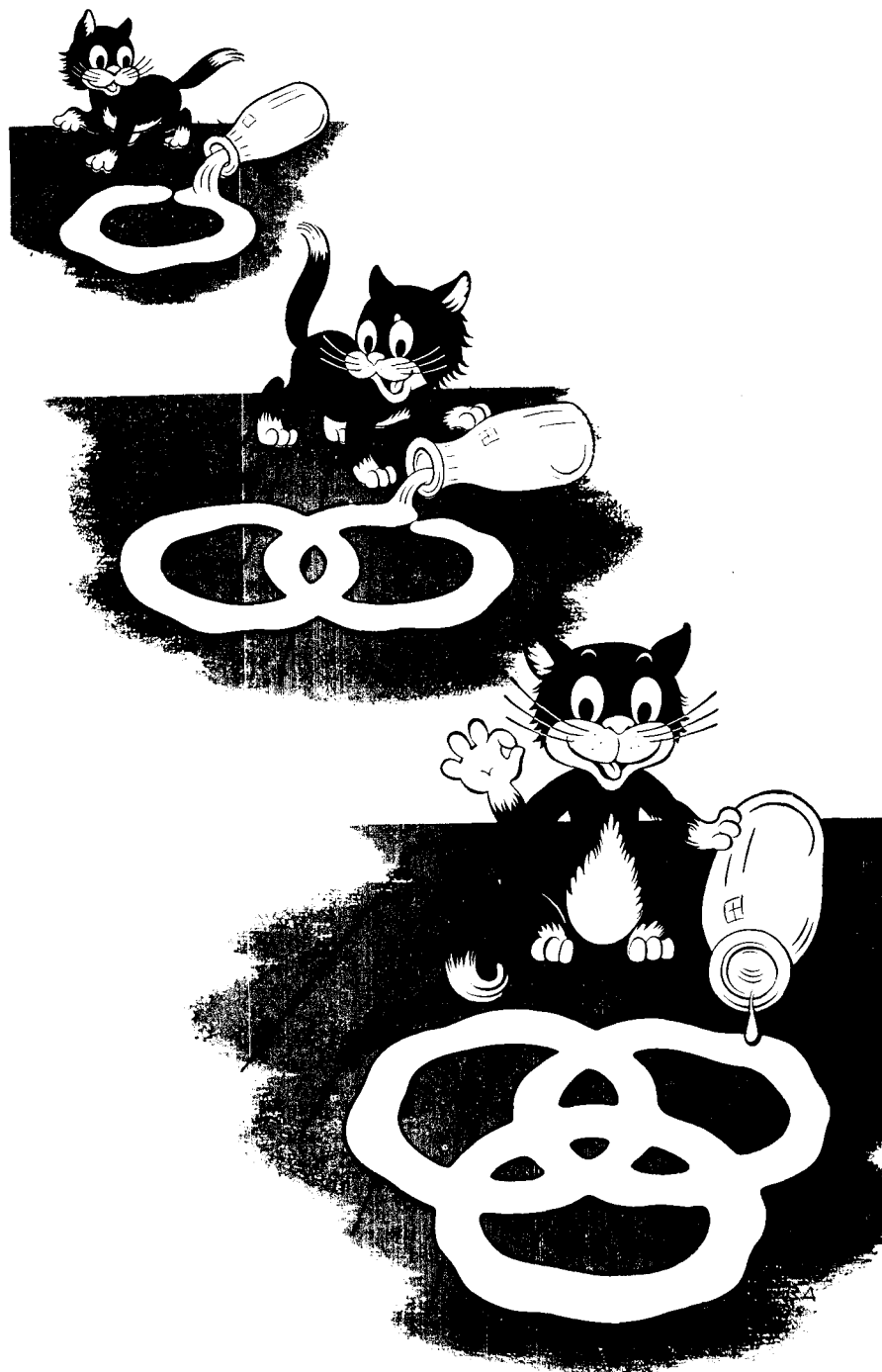
In spite of myself, I looked.

THERE were three couples at the table.

I knew Herman Beckstein, editor of a Hollywood trade journal; Dot Walker, a magazine and movie writer, and Joe Hollis, the actor. But Audrey was pointing at a tall, thin guy seated next to a blonde. I suppose a casting director would peg him somewhere between Jimmy Stewart and Freddy March but, thank God, I am no casting director. All I saw was a pleasant-looking chap who had drunk about three sidecars too many and was not in very good company.

"Isn't he the most wonderful creature you ever saw?" Audrey whispered rapidly. "Aren't you tingling, just to look at him?"

"I never tingle," I said, "but I am surprised. I thought I knew every bum

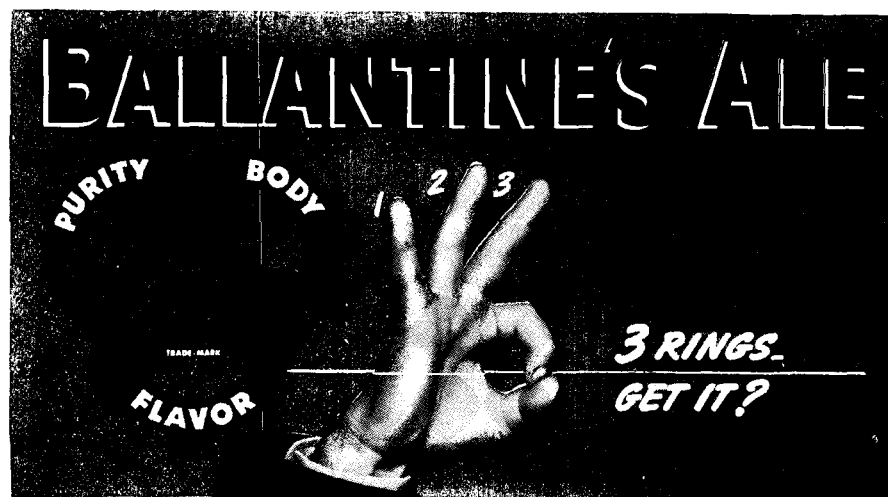


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in town. He must have just got in from Sioux City."

Audrey gave my arm a vicious pinch. "He's not a bum and he isn't from Sioux City," she said. "He's the man I'm going to marry!"

"Will it be soon?" I said.

"Perhaps."

"Why not tonight?"

"I've got to meet him first."

"You mean to tell me, you haven't—"

"No! I had to be sure I loved him. But now that I am sure, I've got to meet him before we can be married."

"There's something in what you say."

"And that's where you come in, Scoop. I wanted you to be the one to introduce us—"

"Nope. Big Bruvver Scoop goes home now."

But it wasn't any use. Audrey's sentimentalism had gripped her like a powerful drug. She began a gaspy, starry-eyed monologue during which I learned a number of startling things. The boy's full name was Bernard J. McGill, but everybody called him Barney. Such a sweet nickname! He was twenty-seven years old, a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology and a brilliant aeronautical engineer employed by one of the big airplane companies. A brave, daring pilot, too! Audrey had first laid eyes on him at a polo game in Santa Barbara. He was with the Baroness Thiele, a notorious woman. Audrey had seen at once that he was a babe-in-the-woods, a tender, innocent, poetic soul in thrall to that woman. She plied him with liquor—

"Tch . . . tch . . . tch—and in Santa Barbara," I said.

AUDREY had found out all about him from Madge Condict, but before she could arrange to have him introduced that woman spirited him away. She knew, however, that the baroness and her crowd infested Cloverdale, a high-stake gambling resort on the coast road. Sure enough, when Audrey just dropped in there that evening, with Clarence for bodyguard, poor Barney McGill was at a table gambling. He was in a party containing Joan Bakewell, the movie star, that horrid, immoral thing. But before Audrey could be introduced to warn him—

"Stop it!" I said. "Liquor . . . gambling . . . and now Dot Walker! I can't bear to think—"

Tears in Audrey's eyes stopped me cold.

"Oh, Scoop," she said, "for once in your life quit wisecracking. If that poor boy was just sowing a few innocent wild oats, I wouldn't dream of interfering. But remember who Dot Walker is. She's in the Trojan horse."

"Hunh?" I said.

"You can ask Mr. Dorsey! She and that Beckstein man and Joan Bakewell and the baroness are all parts of the Trojan horse."

She jumped to her feet. "Come," she said, "you're introducing me!"

She marched straight toward Barney McGill and party. What could I do but follow?

Then a very odd thing happened.

Young Mr. McGill looked up when we were about at the table. He seemed to recognize Audrey.

"Oh!" he said. "Excuse me!"

He leaped to his feet and walked rapidly away in the direction of the men's room.

Audrey stopped in her tracks and gasped.

Beckstein tried to cover up.

"Hello, Scoop," he said, coming over to us. "Isn't that Miss Audrey Atkinson?"

"Miss Atkinson, Mr. Beckstein," I said.

I rather imagine that Audrey would have gone right after Mr. McGill, men's

room or no, but old Pop Dorsey bumbled into the situation. He grabbed Audrey by the arm and said: "Your Aunt Tissy says to come home at once!"

Dot Walker got off one of her celebrated cat's miaows.

"I'll bet Aunt Tissy's in a snit!" she said.

Audrey didn't bother to listen. She turned to me, the white sister about to depart from scenes of sin, yet not a whit dismayed.

"Go talk to that poor boy, Scoop," she said. "Be a friend to him!"

Then she made a beautiful exit on Pop Dorsey's arm.

Even Beckstein was awed.

"Does Barney know her?" he asked.

"Not yet," I said.

I should have gone away from there in a hurry. But Mr. Barney McGill interested me mightily. I had never seen any man, bum or saint, turn his back on Audrey Atkinson.

"Excuse me," I said to all and sundry, "I go to the little boys' room."

"If it's that nice, I wish I was a little boy," Dot Walker said.

Mr. McGill was bent over a washstand soaking his head when I entered. He straightened up, mopping with a towel. He was in pretty good condition.

"I'm Ralph Duncan," I said, "of the Journal."

"Who is that girl?"

"Miss Audrey Atkinson."

"Friend of yours?"

"Yes."

He looked embarrassed.

"I didn't mean to be rude," he said, "but I had a hunch she might be the one."

"The one what?"

"Well, I've been getting notes."

"Oh, you have?"

This Barney guy was beginning to impress me. He didn't know who Audrey was and didn't care. I gathered that he had fled more to spare Audrey an awkward situation than himself. He frowned worriedly and dug through his pockets. Then he stopped.

"No," he said, "you're a reporter."

I told him a little huffily that I wasn't prowling washrooms at the Cosmos Club for news. I mentioned knowing Beckstein and the others, adding that in fairness to Audrey I didn't want him to get any wrong ideas.

"Just my jitters, I guess," he said grinning sheepishly. "Of course, Miss Atkinson couldn't be the one. I—I apologize to you both. Forget it."

I said: "I'd still like a peek at the notes."

Barney turned back and handed me a wad of papers. They were all signed "A Well-Wisher" . . . and they went like this:

1. She is beautiful, but that isn't everything.
2. Should you really drink so much?
3. Can you afford to gamble here?
4. That girl in gray should wear scarlet.

5. Surely this is not your better self? There were several more—all in Audrey's schoolgirl scribble. I knew that nothing was to be gained by denying that I recognized her fine Foxcroftian hand. Audrey must be thwarted in her noble designs on Barney McGill.

"Miss Atkinson wrote them," I said.

Barney looked decently astonished. "A gag?"

"In a way," I explained. "She comes of a fine family with forty million dollars, but there's a strong missionary taint. Audrey wants to save young men from the dogs."

RUBBING the side of his face, Barney thought this over a moment.

"They told me all that kind were dead."

"That's right, pal. Audrey is the reincarnated spirit of Elsie Dinsmore." Then I uttered a cautious word of warning: "Shun her as you would a plague. Reform is always her objective, but her methods smack of Lucrezia Borgia."

Barney started.

"Oh, she wouldn't try . . . but that's preposterous. Of course!"

"You wouldn't want to be reformed?"

"Good Lord, no!"

"Not even if she insisted?"

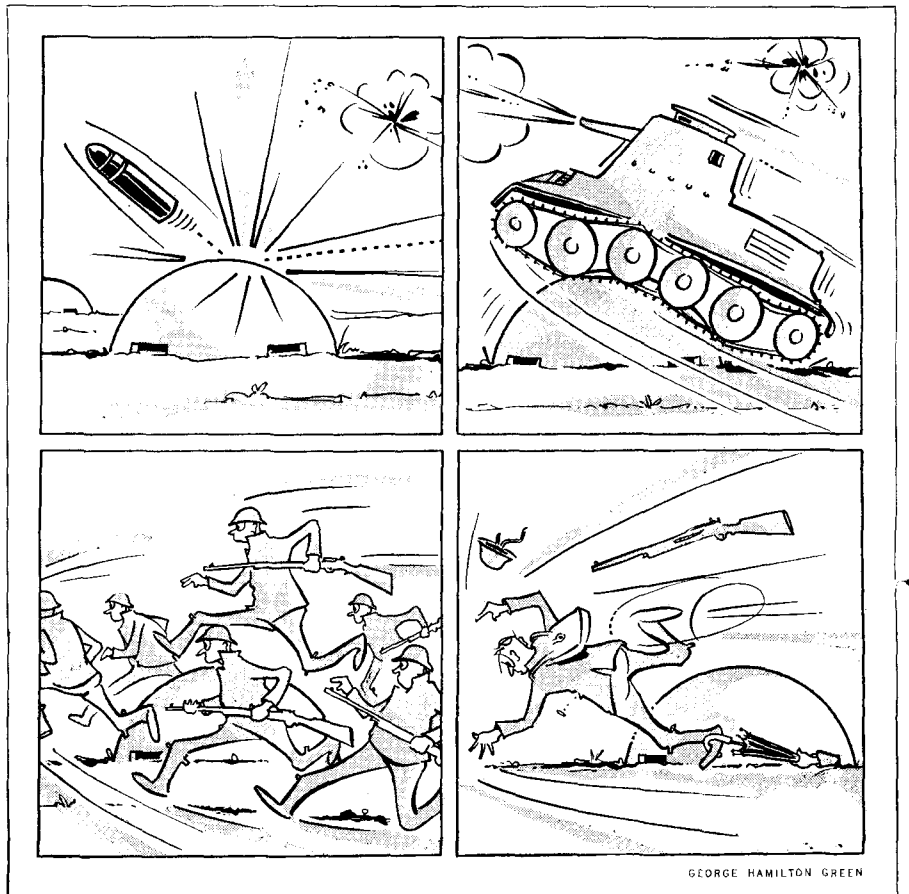
He clutched me with frantic hands.

"I can't be . . . understand? There's reasons why . . . not at liberty to explain . . . thank Miss Atkinson for her interest . . . but no thanks . . . positively not! Uh . . . sorry . . . good night!"

Mr. B. J. "Barney" McGill, with the groaning squawk of the hunted, lunged out the washroom door.

I sat down. I had to think.

(To be continued next week)



GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN



## Ed Mahoney's Boy

Continued from page 17

have traced the letter. But I thought of you every night, as God's my judge. Every night for twenty years!"

His mind still caught in that frozen inaction, Eddie could think of nothing to say. The stout man sobbed then, while he stared at him; he put his head in his hands, and the choked sounds he made roused in Eddie an uncomfortable embarrassment.

"Here," he said, his voice sounding strange to himself. "You'd better rest. There's a bed inside, and you'd feel better for some sleep. I'll be back in an hour from the hospital. We'll—we'll talk then."

"Better!" Joe Mahoney said bitterly. "When a man's heart is broken, boy—" Five minutes later, when Eddie finished dressing and looked in at him, he was asleep.

AT THE hospital Big Tom O'Rourke was sitting on the same bench. They went in to Ed Mahoney's room together. His eyes were open now, the fingers of one hand moving a little on the blanket.

"I don't know," O'Rourke said angrily, "but that I'm ashamed of you. Will you never learn to be properly careful, man?"

On the pillow Ed Mahoney moved his head sideways to them, and then winked.

"Next week," Eddie said, "he'll be eating a big steak. The doctor says you came through fine; all you got to do now is take it easy. How're you feeling?"

"Good," Ed Mahoney whispered painfully. "Good, son."

But the paleness in his cheeks was mottled and ugly, his hand was dry.

"You can't kill a Mahoney with two little holes," Eddie said, and grinned at him. He had been almost reluctant to come in; there was a feeling in his heart that something had changed between them. And yet, when he saw the old man, nothing had changed. The feeling vanished completely. Joe Mahoney seemed not to exist.

"Don't talk, Pop," he said. "I'll be in tonight again. Kathleen and Mr. Stone wanted us to say hello for them."

Ed Mahoney winked again. When they turned to go his eyes followed them.

On the steps outside the hospital Big Tom blew his nose loudly. "It's a hell of a world," he growled. "But he'll be all right. It's only his looks that—" He came down the steps at Eddie's side with a heavy breath, and did not speak again until they stopped at the Automat on the corner for a sandwich and coffee.

"Tom," Eddie said then. It was difficult to speak, an effort to mention Joe Mahoney. For a moment he did not know how to continue. When Tom grunted and looked up he said it some way, not thinking of the words at all, watching the other man's face.

"If you know," O'Rourke said slowly, after he had finished, "why, then you know."

"It's true?" Big Tom, looking helpless and sullenly angry, nodded after a moment. "Pop never told me," Eddie said quietly. "Why?"

"Because his brother is a bad man. good for nothing but trouble and worry. He never wanted you to know him, or hear of him."

His voice was low, rather savage; he spoke without looking into Eddie's face: "I'll not tell you much about him; I know Ed wouldn't want me to. But he never took care of your mother, or of you. Ed is a kind man, and a good one. I don't think he ever wanted another man dead in his life but your father. He didn't hate him. It was because of

you. He—" Stopping there, he shrugged his shoulders.

Eddie nodded slowly. A lot of things became clear to him—little pictures rose up in his memory. He said: "Pop was afraid I'd be like him?"

"God forbid," Big Tom said harshly. "There's this you should know: he killed your mother with neglect and abuse. What food there was for her and for you, Ed bought. Wherever you lived, Ed paid the rent. What clothes you had, Ed provided. And when the trouble came—"

"The trouble," Eddie nodded. "He used that word too. What was it?"

Big Tom looked at him deliberately. "It was a man that died one night, with a bullet in the back of his head. An honest little man who ran a tailor store, and who had a bit of money in the till. When they found him the money was gone, and your father was gone too. There was no proof—the girl that saw it happen was not sure it was your father. But Joe Mahoney did not wait to learn that. Or was he running from himself? Men do, lad, when something's heavy on their minds."

Whiteness touched Eddie's lips. Softly, as if he was making an effort to clarify his own thoughts, he said: "I felt that sometimes—about Pop being afraid. For me. I never understood it. I knew I wasn't like him; sometimes I wondered about it. I did things he'd never have done. I—"

Under his thick brows Big Tom O'Rourke's eyes were steady and piercing. "You're Ed Mahoney's boy," he said. "That's the thing you're to remember. That's the thing you've got to be proud of. You'll not forget that, Eddie, because there's nothing can change it. Nothing in God's world. There was no one else that Ed ever lived for but you. He gave you what he was. He made your heart and soul. And they're the things that count—they're more important than arms and legs. You're not to forget them."

"No," Eddie said. He wasn't thinking of O'Rourke's words at all; they weren't coherent to him till long afterward. There was something else in his mind—the memory of Joe Mahoney's eyes, and his own.

WHEN he got back to the apartment late that afternoon Joe Mahoney was sitting in the parlor, shaved, with one of the old man's clean shirts on, and the whisky decanter empty at his side. While Eddie broiled a steak for supper he sat by the kitchen table and talked, telling him how he'd just got back from the West the week before, and had been trying ever since to find them.

Listening, Eddie said little. There was a curious deadness of emotion inside him, as if Joe Mahoney were something inanimate that he neither despised nor hated; something that was here, before him, and gave him no feeling for or against, as empty of ordinary human reaction as a chair or a table. He talked of all the places he'd been—Cuba, the Southwest, Alaska—and he talked well and vividly, with a crude humor that made them live.

"Perhaps," he said, as they sat down to eat, "it would be as well for you to say nothing of me to Ed yet. The shock, d'ye see, might do him harm. When he's better, when he's home—that's the time to let him know."

"Yes," Eddie said. "I guess it is." "Fine places," Joe Mahoney said, sighing, "I've seen, boy. I was born with wandering feet. That was a thing Ed could never understand. Set him in a

*Heavy Date*  
...BUT LOOK AT MY NOSE!



### PROM NIGHT

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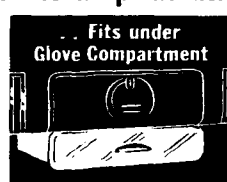
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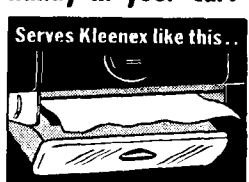
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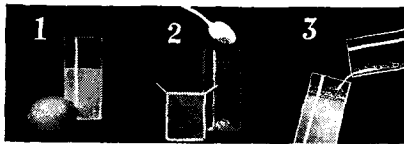
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place and he stayed there. . . . But tell me now—he's looked out for you well? He's got you a fine job?"

He nodded over great forkfuls of steak while Eddie told him about the bank. At the end, small eyes gleaming, he pointed the knife out.

"You're your father's son, for all that. It isn't the job you should have, Eddie. You'll have felt that, many a time. You'll have wanted to get out—"

Eddie said shortly: "It's okay."

Stretching enormously, Joe Mahoney leaned away from the table.

"It's rotting while you live, boy, while you're young. Ah!" He yawned and got up, watching Eddie curiously, but he said nothing more. With the evening paper in his hand he went in and sprawled on the couch, while Eddie washed and dried the dishes. At half past seven, as Eddie was leaving, he coughed and sat up.

"I'm low," he said. "I've had the rotten luck lately. There wouldn't be a dollar or two, or maybe five, you could let me have for my pocket?"

The five-dollar bill Eddie handed him he took and flung carelessly on the table.

"It won't be long," he said, "till you see more like that in my hands than you ever dreamed of. I've made fine money in my time; I'll make it again. And I'll not forget you for this."

It was only when Eddie was downstairs, in the street, that he remembered Joe Mahoney had not asked about the old man at all.

THAT night Kathleen went to the hospital with him. They sat in Ed Mahoney's room for five minutes, talking cheerfully to him, and telling him all the things that had happened. He listened with his eyes half closed, not speaking very much. When they were going he raised one hand and waved to them; it fell back on the pillow, limply, before they reached the door.

"I can see he's better," Kathleen said. "Much better. You mustn't be worrying about him any more."

"Yes," Eddie said. "I saw it too." He wanted to believe his words; there was no reason, he thought, why he shouldn't, there was no logic to account for the intolerable oppression that weighed down his heart. But he could not lose that oppression; it stayed with him even after he left Kathleen at her home, and walked on alone. It frightened him. He fought it savagely, and could not lose it. When he got back to the parlor, to Joe Mahoney, he took a long drink out of the fresh bottle of whisky on the table.

And he sat up for a while, talking, finding it a relief to talk, to be forced to think of something else besides the look on the old man's face—the blue-lipped, tired look that would not leave his mind. He had seen that look on other faces before, on faces that did not lose it, and changed it only for another, cold, tranquil, still.

But Joe Mahoney was not touched by that feeling. He laughed at it. What was the sense in worrying? He talked of all the places he'd been, all the things he'd done, all the men he'd known. And then somehow, insensibly, he wasn't talking so much; he was only putting in a question now and again, while Eddie told him what he had to do at the bank.

It wasn't much of a job, but Mr. Stone liked him, and it might lead to something better. He worked in the cage, and sometimes he made up the pay rolls, with Barnes the messenger. He could handle a gun; the old man had taught him that long ago. So occasionally, when it was Markham's and Markham's pay roll, or something big like that, he went out with Barnes and Bill Langford, the guard.

Joe Mahoney said it would be nice to get out of the office, even for a few minutes. It would give him a chance at some fresh air and sunshine. But it didn't happen more than once a week, he supposed. Fridays?

Fridays, Eddie said. Tomorrow. They

pulled out about half past ten, and walked over; it was only two blocks. They'd never had any trouble. The streets were crowded and—

He stopped there suddenly, watching Joe Mahoney's face. What did he want to know all that for? And Joe Mahoney laughed, throwing his head back to the ceiling. It was a huge joke. He began to talk of Florida, and the things a man could do there with a few thousand dollars. The beaches, the pretty girls, the moonlight, the fine clothes—

"Living," Joe Mahoney said. "Not rotting, boy. Not rotting. Life is sad and short, and it's a sin to waste it. Do you never wish for the things you've missed? Thirty-five dollars a week—can a man live on that?"

"Some live on less," Eddie said. His voice was unsteady; he couldn't seem to lower his eyes from Joe Mahoney's.

"Ah," the fat man said quietly, "let the slaves and the fools take that. Let them rot that were made to rot! You're not one of them, boy. You've got your father's head, and it's shown you things. They give you a gun, and a few rotten dollars; and you'd risk your life for them, if you hadn't a chance in the world. Why?"

"It's my job," Eddie said. "But nothing ever—"

"It was Ed Mahoney's job too. D'ye think he'd do it the same way again, if he had the chance?" Putting his hands on the table edge, he leaned his body forward between them. "If you got a call in the morning, at half past ten, before you went out with the pay roll—a call about Ed, let us say, that would be from the hospital—they'd send no one in your place. There'd be but two men to go to the store—the guard and the messenger. It could happen you'd get that call, boy. It could happen that afterward you'd get more money—"

"Listen," Eddie said. His eyes were dangerous, and then something changed in them, something changed in himself. He felt it as a flow of weakness—a sudden, thick flood that left him without words. Joe Mahoney, bent forward from his chair, was silent a moment. Then he laughed again, and drew back.

"What's in your mind?" he asked. "Is it taking me seriously you are? Go to bed, boy. You need some rest. You're tired and worked out. A night's sleep will fix you up."

But a long while after, in his room, Eddie was still awake, remembering that the laughter had never touched Joe Mahoney's eyes.

IN THE morning he was gone before Eddie awoke. There was a scrawled note on the table, that said something about a job, and an appointment downtown. But even as he picked it up Eddie knew what it meant.

He called the hospital mechanically. There was nothing new; Mr. Mahoney had spent a comfortable night. Then he made some coffee, in the kitchen, and went downtown in the subway.

At ten o'clock he started to work on the pay roll. The heaviness inside him seemed not to affect that; he ran the figures off quickly and without error, and together with Barnes the messenger he stowed the bills tightly away in the bag. They were nearly through when one of the tellers came in.

"Mr. Stone wants to see you," he said.

Mr. Stone was standing in the office, by his desk. He said quietly: "They just called from the hospital. Collins couldn't find you, and asked for the message. I'm damned sorry, Eddie. Your father was a fine man."

"The hospital?" Eddie said. He thought this would be Joe Mahoney; it was just twenty-five past ten. He could tell Mr. Stone now, and—

"His heart," Mr. Stone said. "There was nothing they could do; he'd been too weakened."

For a moment Eddie had the strangest feeling that it was true, that the old man really— All he did was grin foolishly



at Mr. Stone, to nod his head at the other man's words. Then he was out in the corridor, and someone yelled, "Mahoney! Phone."

"Eddie?" Joe Mahoney said. "I'm at the hospital. Poor Ed is bad. He wants to see you. Will you come right over?"

"You called already," Eddie said. "You called just now."

"Me?" Joe Mahoney's voice broke a little, nervously. "What are you saying? Five minutes I've waited to get in the damn' booth. Hurry now. Poor Ed—"

His words lost themselves as Eddie put down the phone. If Joe Mahoney hadn't called the first time, the hospital had. His heart—there was something Dr. Lincoln had said about the condition of his heart. It had to hold out; because if it didn't—

Barnes came in with the bag in his hand. "Okay," he said. "Time to get started, Eddie."

THEY met Langford the guard at the cage door, and walked out together through the long stone lobby to the street. It was a bright day of wind and sunshine; the streets were crowded, traffic passed, a boy went by them whistling, the bag made little thumps on Barnes' leg with every step he took.

Bill Langford looked at Eddie curiously as they turned into the entrance of Markham's and Markham's. He said: "What's the matter with you? You look dopey."

Then the elevator doors closed on them, and they moved upward. The floors dropped past them smoothly, numbered, monotonous, stupid, like the years of Mahoney the cop's life. That had been a shaft too; he'd never got out of it. Forty-two, forty-three, forty-four, forty-five, forty-six—that's where his shaft had stopped. That's where it ended. What had he wanted? He'd believed in something that wasn't true, and that he knew wasn't true. Yet he'd held on to it. Why? What was there in it for him? Mahoney the cop, who couldn't talk any more, or listen—who was lying somewhere now, finished and done. A sad life and a short one, a wasted one too. Because—

When the elevator stopped Eddie got out before the others, and saw Joe Mahoney standing at the wall desk ten feet away, facing him. There was a man by the elevators—a short man with a strained white face, who put out one hand and touched the down button as soon as they got off.

Joe Mahoney was pale too; his small eyes narrowed and glittered when he saw Eddie. Casually, not too fast, he walked toward them at a right angle to their way, so that he'd meet them just before they came to the cashier's door. Watching him, for a moment Eddie forgot the other man.

He must have moved up behind them, and smashed his gun against Bill Langford's head. The guard fell forward limply, into Eddie, rolling off him to the floor. And then Joe Mahoney had a gun pressed into Barnes' stomach, he had the bag out of Barnes' hand, in a fraction of time.

Still the only thing Eddie thought of was Mahoney the cop coming around the corner, swinging his club—a big man as solid and steady as a rock, so vivid that for an instant he winked at Eddie, in the habitual gesture that was his smile. There was no reason for Eddie to

pull his gun; even as he did, he knew no one would ever blame him or question him or suspect him. Before he had it out the short man fired at him, snarling, and his hat jerked off his head as if a hand had caught it. And then he fired, and the short man's hat stayed on his head; it didn't roll off till he hit the floor, and shuddered a little, and moved one hand in a feebly groping motion across the cold marble.

Joe Mahoney ran. An elevator door had opened at the end of the corridor, and while he ran for it time stretched out; it was so intolerably long that before he was halfway to the door Eddie had his gun raised and leveled. He wouldn't miss; he couldn't. Now—

He didn't fire. Something heavy and moving, striking his legs, knocked him off balance. There was report over report from the floor at his feet, from Bill Langford's prone body twisted catlike now to face the elevators. Joe Mahoney reached the open door and pitched through it, all but his legs. From the knees down they sprawled outside, the soles balanced awkwardly on the narrow-pointed tips of his shoes. They wobbled a bit and then they stopped, tipped over on their sides.

Eddie followed Bill Langford down to them, and looked in over the guard's shoulder. A woman passenger screamed; the operator stayed frozen motionless against the wall of the cage, his eyes held downward. "Boy," Bill Langford said, breathing heavily. "Dead center. Twice. He's stiff as a ball bat, Eddie."

"Yes," Eddie said. The fact was meaningless. Joe Mahoney, on the floor of the elevator, meant nothing to him, conveyed nothing, left nothing; he was not even a stranger. Everything he had, everything he was, had died with him. It was a death different from Mahoney the cop's, who had left something at the end after all, as fragile as mist perhaps, but as enduring as memory, too. Something that if you did not see it, you would feel forever in the heart.

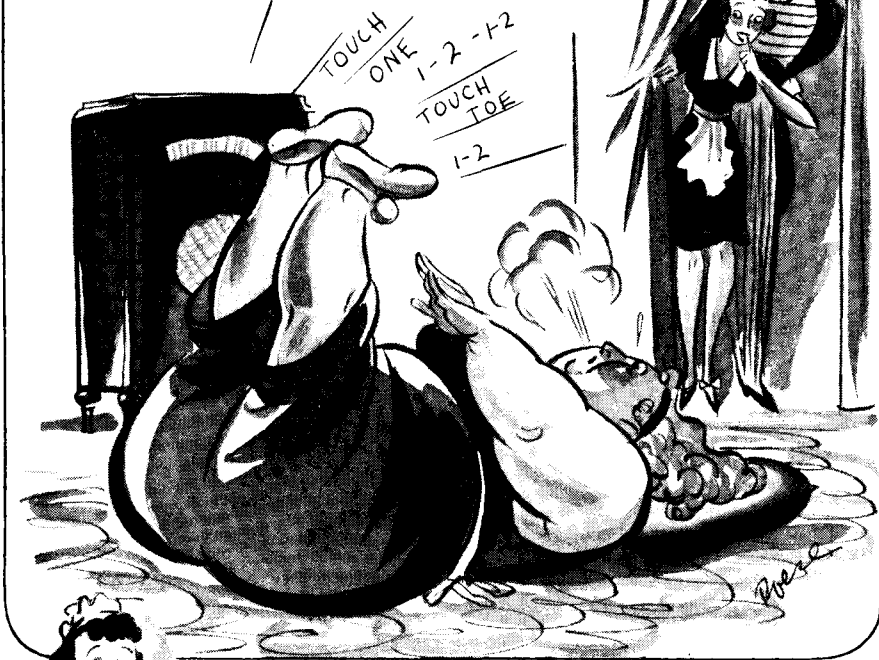
KATHLEEN was waiting at the hospital, when he got there an hour later. Her father, she said, had called her this morning; and she'd wanted to be there when he came. But Eddie went in alone to the old man, and stayed a long while in the quiet room, his hat in his hands, his mind quiet, too, cold and clean, steady within him.

When he came out at last to Kathleen it was strange to think that he'd almost lost her, that in the end it was the old man who had saved her for him. Palm Beach, girls, money, moonlight—Kathleen's small dark face, the touch of her fingers in his, made those other things words now, fantastic and incredible. They had no place with her, or with himself. Was it Kathleen who had changed them, or the old man? There was no way of telling, but it did not matter greatly. They had changed; that was the important thing, the thing that mattered.

At the desk they met Inspector Bohannon, from Mahoney the cop's old precinct. "Are you—?" he asked, clearing his throat and looking at Eddie. "Are you—?"

"Yes," Eddie said, not as if he were explaining to them, but to himself—as if it was so clear in him now that he could never question it again. "Yes. I'm Ed Mahoney's boy."

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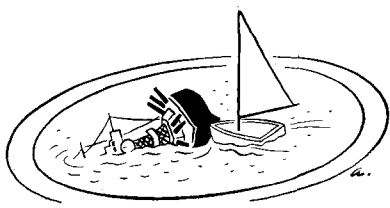
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# COLLIER'S

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## Do We Need An Antilynch Law?

IT COMES out that lynchings in the United States during the year 1939 hit an all-time low—three for the whole nation, with one of the victims a white man.

The news makes us wonder whether we need the antilynch legislation that bobs up in almost every session of Congress, causes various law-makers to fight the Civil War all over again with their mouths, and comes fairly close to passing but has never passed yet.

Without such a law, lynching has been cut down in this country from a peak of 231 mob murders in 1892 to the three reported last year. The thing has been accomplished by education of public opinion. Press, educators, clergy—all the forces of civic decency—have crusaded against this barbaric custom for sixty years.

Lynching seems to be definitely on the run in this country, though, of course, the total may swing above three this year or next or later.

But until and unless lynchings threaten to go a long way toward that 1892 peak of 231, we'd say it would be wise to keep up the nonpolitical crusading and sidetrack the proposed legislation. A law decreeing some reform should be the last recourse. It's far better to bring about a reform by bringing public opinion around to favoring it—and civic decency, in the matter of lynching as in all others, is better generated voluntarily inside any community than imposed from outside.



## Stop the Witch-Hunters

A CHICAGO AFL labor leader named James C. Petrillo has recently tried, unsuccessfully, as it turned out, to use his position as Grand Mufti of the Chicago musicians' union to keep John L. Lewis' name from being mentioned in any play showing in Chicago.

The Cambridge, Mass., city council recently ordained that the name of Nikolay Lenin must be struck out of all books, magazines and newspapers in Cambridge. This ordinance, among other things, would, if enforced, have sent censors snip-snipping with their scissors into the library of Harvard University and wherever else printed matter reposes.

When such things happen, we wonder what kind of nut tree, anyway, is blooming in the United States. For our own sanity let's slash down this kind of idiocy whenever and wherever it rears its head in this country.

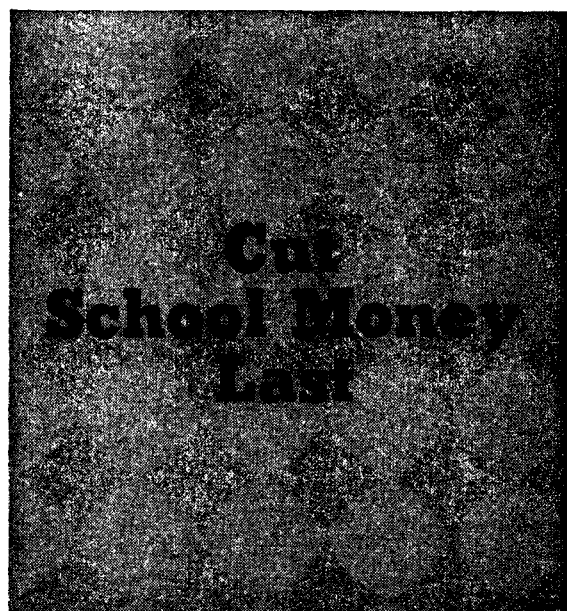
Such witch-hunt stuff reminds you of ancient days in England, when you could be hanged, drawn and quartered for "imagining the king's

death." It also reminds you of present times in Russia and Germany, where you can be concentration-camped, shot or have your head trimmed off at the neckline for mumbling in your sleep that the government might be a shade better than it is.

We cannot let witch-hunters chisel chips out of the Bill of Rights if the Bill of Rights is to survive. And if the Bill of Rights does not survive, our democratic system will not long outlast it.

The mayor of Cambridge, Mass., pocket-vetoed the Lenin monstrosity like a statesman, a gentleman and an American who knows what Americanism is. Assorted civil liberties groups started after Petrillo and the Lewis gag, and George White, the well-known producer, said no show of his would obey Petrillo's hush-hush order.

More power to all such smackers-down of witch-hunters. As hates and prejudices grow fiercer on the other side, let's keep our heads screwed on.



PRESIDENT AMY H. HINRICHS of the National Education Association views the next few years with alarm, as regards the schools. She says:

There are few public enterprises so economically managed as schools. On the average, throughout the United States, counting in all expenses of instruction and supplies, it costs less than \$900 to send a child through one entire twelve years of grade and high school. It is hard to see how the amount could be decreased without reducing the advantages of education. Yet there are organized forces trying to curtail support.

Tax levies are being cut. School funds are being diverted. No sooner had the schools survived from the blows of economic depression than they were hit by demands for revenue from the increasing number of public welfare agencies such as old-age pensions and relief. "Deficit" vacations will be enforced in some of our wealthiest cities in 1940. Schools will close early in thousands of rural communities.

Here is the punch line in Dr. Hinrichs' statement:

Unfortunately, those services of the schools which mean most to the maintenance of democratic government are often eliminated first in the name of democracy.

We don't know that we can add much to that—except to advise interested readers to clip this Collier's editorial for any use that may suggest itself when their local politicians propose to lop off another school service.

After the heavy spending of the thirties, we're more than likely to have to do some heavy economizing in the forties, if our financial setup is to remain solid. But the last institutions on which economy should be practiced are the schools. And by schools we mean all the educational institutions from kindergarten to college, inclusive.