

First You Buy a Horse

By Quentin Reynolds

That's exactly what a sophomore at Yale did, and look at young Al Vanderbilt today. At twenty-seven he's president of two race tracks and trains his own string of thoroughbreds.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY I FOR THOMAS

WELL, you know, yourself, how it is at auctions: You sit there quietly minding your own business and then suddenly you hear a strange voice shouting, "Three hundred dollars." You look around in the dead silence that follows to see who the rash bidder is and then, to your horror, you discover that the voice is your own and that you now possess a hundred-year-old bird cage, a two-hundred-year-old copper foot warmer or a one-year-old horse.

That's what happened a few years back to a nineteen-year-old sophomore at Yale named Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. He had gone to the yearling sales at Saratoga that night only because he had seen the one moving picture in town. He liked horses all right, but had about as much intention of buying one as he had of flying a kite. Then, when they had led this one-year-old dark beauty out, some force over which he had no control had made him shout, "Three hundred dollars."

That put him in the horse business and he's been in it ever since. Today Al Vanderbilt is the biggest figure in the turf world. He's president of the Pimlico track, president of ancient Belmont, and he owns and trains a fine string of colts. He works at his job old age until sundown and, at the ripe old age of twenty-seven, his opinion is respected by owners and trainers from Santa Anita to Empire, from Narragansett Park to Hialeah.

But to get back for the moment to the incident which put young Vanderbilt into the horse business. The filly he had bought was named Sue Jones. Sue was a good-looking lass but, like most good-looking brunettes, she ate a great deal. In fact, young Al found to his horror

that it would cost him seven dollars a day to board Sue. At Yale they hadn't taught him about the healthy appetite traditionally displayed by good-looking brunettes. At Yale the emphasis had always been on blondes. She gave mother was generous enough. She gave him an allowance of two hundred and fifty dollars a month out of which he had to pay for room, clothes, board, books and tuition at New Haven. Keeping pretty Sue in the style to which beautiful young brunettes like to become quickly accustomed demolished \$210 of that \$250 allowance. Of course Al had to cut down. He cut down on clothes—didn't even buy a tie for a year.

About Men Who Buy Horses

He entered Sue Jones in a race as a two-year-old and the pretty lassie finished fourth. The intrepid young owner was furious. He had distinctly seen his pet bumped on the far turn, pocketed the final furlong. Highly indignant, young Vanderbilt took pen in hand and wrote a scathing letter to the stewards. They replied promptly and courteously telling him that they had held a special meeting to consider his regrettable conclusion that Sue had merely been the victim of bad racing luck.

"I certainly had a lot of nerve," Vanderbilt says ruefully now, "but I hated to see my horse get kicked around like

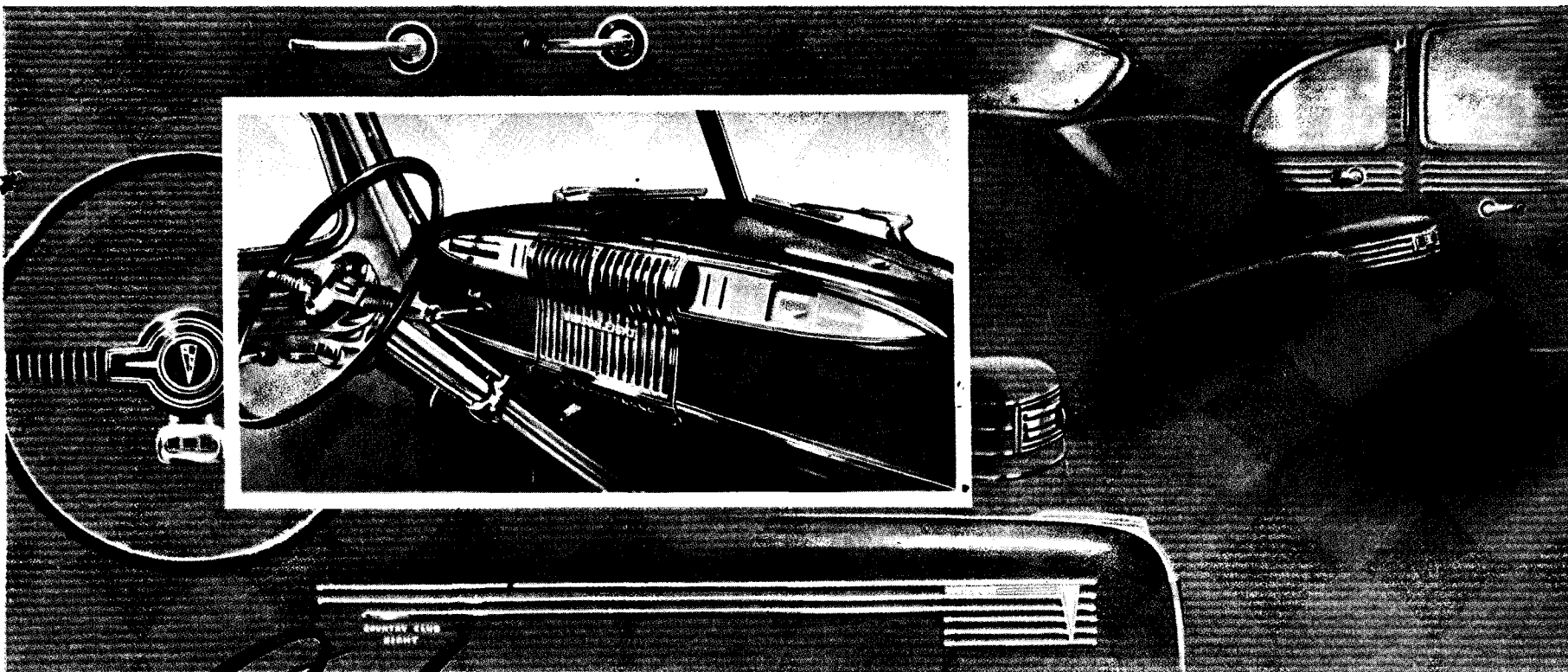
that. But that race did one thing. It made me horse crazy and I haven't been interested in anything else since."

There are several types of horse owners. First there is the wealthy man who buys and runs horses as a child runs electric trains. He doesn't know anything about 'em—he just gets a kick out of watching them run in his colors. Then, too, it contributes to his social prestige to be able to sit in a box with a nice, shiny owner's badge on his lapel. He hires expensive trainers who buy expensive colts for him and sometimes he'll win a stake race and buy champagne for everybody in the joint. He doesn't, as a rule, own breeding stables. He just outbids others at yearling sales.

Then there is the gypsy owner with one or two horses who frankly tries to make a living out of the game. Gypsy owners support the very small tracks and are supported by them. Colorful, robust characters, these gypsy owners and they know as much about horses as any other men in the land. They train their own nags and they are clever at spotting their entrants in races where there isn't too much class.

Then there is the type of owner who is in the game just because he's crazy over horses. The backbone of American racing is composed of these men and women. William Woodward is one. So is Warren Wright, and Hal Price Headley of Kentucky, and John Brann, who owns Challedon, and John Hertz, and the whole Whitney family. They know horses and love horses and they don't merely let their checkbooks race for them. There are others: E. R. Bradley and Joseph Widener and C. S. Howard and Maxwell Howard and a young fellow in Hollywood named Bing Crosby. These know the difference between a windsucker and a cake of soap. Racing isn't merely a rich man's play to them: racing is an avocation. And among this group no one commands more respect than the 27-year-old young man who got into the horse business by not keeping his mouth shut.

By the time Al Vanderbilt was twenty-one he had quit Yale and had inherited both a fortune and Sagamore Farm. He quit Yale, he says, because they had no (Continued on page 52)



Color CREATES A SYMPHONY... In This New Custom Hudson

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Would you like a look at the future? A glimpse of the *complete harmony*...inside and out...the goal of automobile designers for years?

Hudson has achieved it, in this new luxury car! A carefully selected range of rich body colors... and, blending with them, a choice of harmonizing upholstery tones with matching interior finish!

Seats are tailored in the broad, smooth strokes characteristic of custom-built bodies. Fabrics are French whipcord specially woven for use in costliest cars. Fittings are lavishly complete.

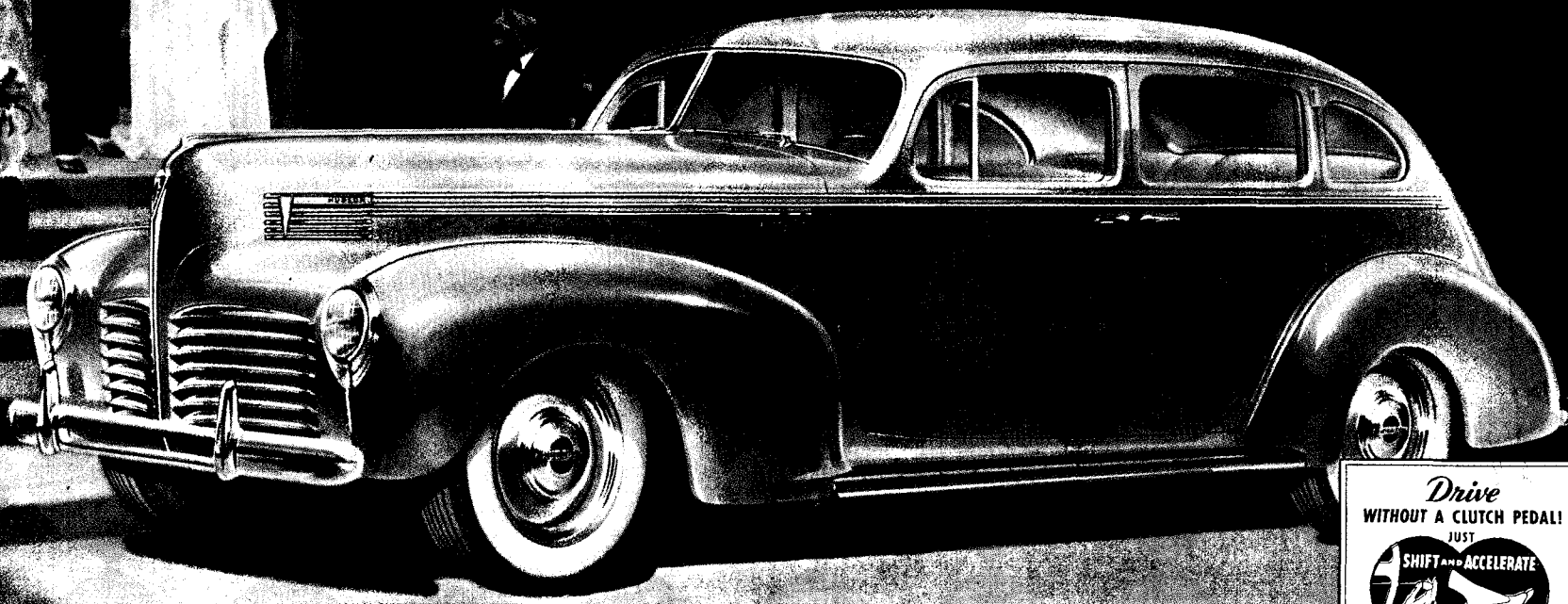
This new Hudson is one of the roomiest of all cars. You ride on seat cushions of Airfoam, unmatched for comfort. Underneath, there's a chassis famous for its precision and endurance. Ahead, a silken motor (Six or Eight) that whispers its way through city traffic, or takes a continent in its stride.

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*Model shown is 125-inch wheelbase Hudson Country Club Custom Eight Touring Sedan, \$1144**



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They bought their Pontiac for him



You know how it is! He's three—and always wants to go wherever his mummy goes. Especially when she takes the car!

So she has to have a car that's easy to handle—that steers easily—has big, safe brakes—and lots of room inside.

And, too, when you have a swell fellow like that, you want a big, beautiful car to show him off in! Yes—they really bought their Pontiac for him.

OF COURSE, those same virtues which make a Pontiac such a logical choice for the parents of a three-year-old boy—make Pontiac a logical choice for almost everybody.

Everybody wants a car that's safe, that's easy to handle, that's big and comfortable and beautiful.

Pontiac is unique in that it gives you all these big-car features—at a cost that almost anyone can afford. Pontiac is not only priced down near the lowest—but it gives amazing gasoline mileage. Owners actually report 18 to 24 miles per gallon.

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Special Six 4-Door Touring Sedan, as Illustrated \$876★

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Help promote Safety—
Dim your lights when passing

Pontiac
AMERICA'S FINEST LOW-PRICED CAR

Spring Training

Continued from page 13

and maybe it ain't, but . . . are you still in love with him?"

She stepped right into it, like she always did with fast ones: "I'm married to him. That's as far as I'll say."

"If you had it to do over . . . ?"

"But I haven't."

I said, "You know I'm still in love with you."

"Yes. . . ."

"Just one more thing, Ellie. If you're happy—swell. If you're not . . ."

She didn't pretend to misunderstand. She said, "That goes deep, Jim. But I'm not having any. I couldn't leave Buck."

"Reasons?"

"Yes. But I can't explain. So let's forget it."

WELL, I laid off that line of attack, feeling pretty good and pretty miserable, all at the same time. Good, because I knew she wished now that it had been me instead of Buck; miserable because it hadn't been, and because she thought she had good reasons for not doing anything about it.

But it was one of those things I couldn't argue. She'd closed the door tight, and I had to take it, knowing Ellie as I did. There were things going on, but I couldn't find the answer. And then something else happened that didn't add up right. It was Buck, and he drifted by my place one morning when I wasn't busy and said he wanted to talk a while.

He was a long time coming to the point, and even then I didn't figure the play in advance. He eased into it by saying—in that sort of sneering, patronizing way of his—that I'd been a smart guy, and I asked how. He looked around and said, "This."

"Meaning what, Buck?"

"It's a better racket than baseball. You make it slower but you spend it slower, too—and you've got it for the future. Making out pretty good, ain't you?"

"I'm getting along."

"How much is a joint like this worth?"

"If I wanted to sell, which I don't, ten thousand might buy it."

"Ten thousand!" He looked at me as

straight as Buck ever looks at anybody. "I'll give you five. Cash."

"I wouldn't take charity," I said. "So quit gagging."

He said, "I'm serious. I'm looking for a spot."

"With the season just starting?"

"I'm fed up with baseball. I'd rather get out while I'm on top. My offer's on the level."

I started to say something about what was the idea of ribbing me, and then I realized that he wasn't kidding. Here was the best pitcher in the world offering to buy a bush-league service station . . . and him a guy who had built up a rep for spending his off hours on wine, women, song and himself.

I asked him a few more questions and he gave the same answers. I knew he was lying, but I couldn't figure why. I had a hunch that Ellie was in the background somewhere, and I told him most of what he wanted to know about the business: That it paid well provided you did most of the work yourself and watched it every minute. Finally he got up and said, "My offer of five thousand cash still holds. Think it over, Jim."

I thought it over all right. I wanted to ask Ellie what was happening, but that didn't seem the right thing to do so I let it slide. And the answer came accidentally one evening on the porch of the little Sunrise hotel where I was sitting with Charley Becker, the manager of the Ramblers, talking baseball.

"Swell club you got, Charley," I said. "Three pennants in a row—two world's championships—and this year looks like another push-over."

Charley didn't look awful happy. He grunted, "Maybe. It all depends."

"On what?"

"Pitching. I ain't got enough good pitching."

That was a laugh, and I said so. I started checking over his staff, leaving the best for the last. "And Buck Harrison," I wound up. "He's a cinch to win twenty games, and maybe twenty-five."

Charley looked me straight in the eye. "Buck's through."

I gulped and asked a question with my

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Helen Hokinson



Hettie: Why, Horace! Congratulations! We hear you're engaged!

Penelope: He doesn't seem very happy about it!



Penelope: Hettie, a little job for us. He hasn't any "pep appeal!" We'll take him in charge and teach him his vitamins.

Hettie: You poor boy! What have you been eating? You just can't have "pep appeal" unless you get all your vitamins. You come with us.



Hettie: Yessir, you'll start right with that delicious cereal — appropriately called KELLOGG'S PEP. For it's extra rich in two of the most important vitamins, B₁ and D.

Horace: Saay! I didn't know PEP tastes so delicious. You bet I'll eat it—every day!



Horace: Thanks a million for that tip about vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP. You just watch what a change there's going to be in your nephew!

Penelope: You know what they say—"Where there's pep there's hope!"

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

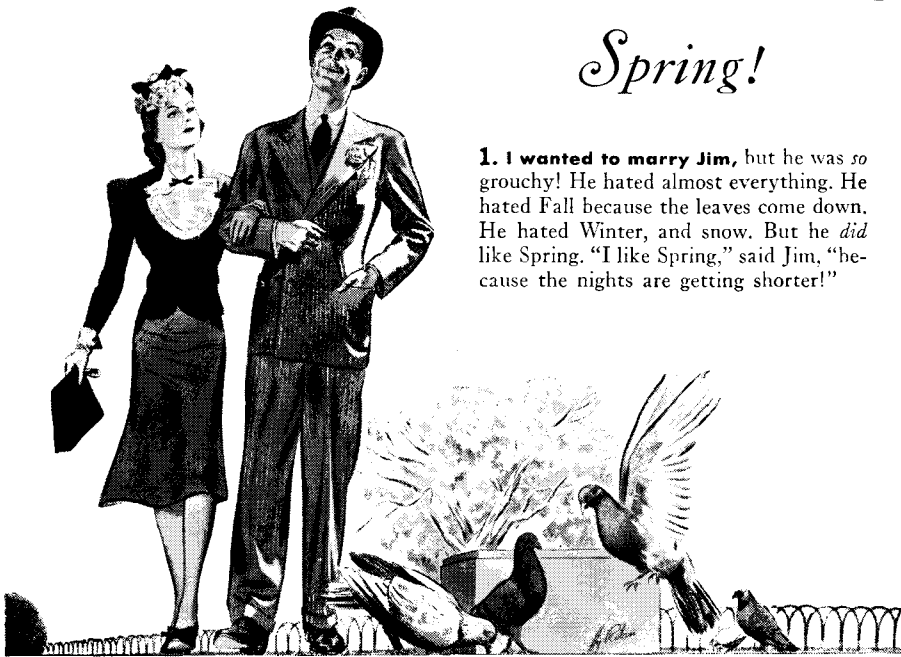
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"Now that we've moved to the tenth floor George has time for an egg, too"

ROLAND COE

Jim had the funniest reason for liking Spring!



1. I wanted to marry Jim, but he was so grouchy! He hated almost everything. He hated Fall because the leaves come down. He hated Winter, and snow. But he *did* like Spring. "I like Spring," said Jim, "because the nights are getting shorter!"



2. "He's gone crazy!" I thought, backing away. Then: "I don't sleep well," he explained. "Long winter nights are terrible! But in the spring and summer the nights are shorter, and I don't have so long to lie awake!"



4. "It's not the coffee," I told him: "it's the caffeine. Have you tried Sanka Coffee? It's delicious, and it's 97% caffeine-free so you drink it and sleep!" "Who says I can drink it and sleep?" he grunted!



3. "What keeps you awake?" I wondered. "I'm not sure," he said. "Some people tell me it's coffee. But if it is, that's just too bad 'cause I'm a man who can't get along without it. I just *love* coffee!"



5. I found a Sanka ad. "Look," said I: "the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffeine effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.'"



6. That impressed him. So much so that he tried Sanka. No reason for not marrying the man now! He's as chipper as a June bug, claims he sleeps like a top, and seems to be in love with the whole world—especially me!



SANKA COFFEE

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

No matter how you prefer to make coffee, you can use Sanka, for it comes in both the "regular" and the popular, new "drip" grind.

TUNE IN "WE, THE PEOPLE"... laughs, pathos, thrills, drama, as real people tell true experiences!—Tuesday evening—Columbia network—see your local paper for time and station.

NOW SELLING AT THE LOWEST PRICE IN HISTORY!

eyes. So Charley said: "His arm's gone to hell."

I couldn't grab it at first, and I said the usual thing about kinks always working out of a sore arm, but Charley cut me off: "I'm not telling the world, Jim. I'm telling you. Buck threw that arm just after the big series last fall—playing handball. Just one of those things. He's spent the winter with the best doctors in the country. No soap. He hasn't got any arm—that's all."

"It ain't possible, Charley."

"Of course it ain't. But it's true. Only a few insiders know it. I couldn't trade him for a thin dime. He couldn't pitch for a high-school team. I can't use him anywhere else on the club because he couldn't hit half his weight."

I TOOK that idea back to my service station with me. It explained a heap of things I hadn't understood before. Most of all it explained why Buck wanted to buy my gas station. He was looking for a soft spot. And unless I was all wet—he was offering five thousand because that's all he'd been able to save out of the fancy salary the club had been paying him. Night clubs and dizzy dames run high in the big leagues.

And, of course, he happened to pick that night to see me again. I was sorry for him, but sorry or not, you couldn't help getting sore at the way he played big dog. Kind of sneering, and me knowing what I knew. "Last chance," he said, "five grand cash or forget it."

That baby always did get on my nerves. Things began to boil up inside. He'd joined the Ramblers when things were going good with me. I'd had the low-down on myself, and, what was more important, I'd had Ellie. I was fixing to quit even then—but it was a neat idea, because she was going with me.

I did quit . . . and he cut in on me with her. He married her. And he'd done a lousy job of making her happy. Now I knew her reason for sticking . . . she was too good a scout to walk out on him when he was about to be slapped down.

I said, "Forget it, Buck. I ain't playing."

He scowled and said, "You better."

"And if I don't?"

"I'll open a place of my own across the street. I'm famous, and I'll grab the cream of your trade. It's five thousand or nothing."

I knew he didn't have enough dough to do what he said, but there was always a chance he could raise it. I said, "You're talking to the wrong guy, Buck. Go peddle your apples somewhere else."

I was good and sore. I hoped he wouldn't be able to raise the money. I hoped he'd get what was coming to him. I hoped he would . . . and then I remembered Ellie.

She was in on that, too. What hit him hit her. Where he was, she'd be, too. I commenced to think how it would be to look across the road day after day and see Ellie helping Buck—and Buck and me most likely unfriendly. I'd be knowing that she wasn't happy.

It didn't total up pretty no matter how I figured it. Mike wanted to know the next morning was I sick, and I said no, I simply hadn't slept. I kept on being like that for days, and finally I went to Charley Becker.

"Club's pulling out next week, ain't it, Charley?"

"Yeh."

"What about Buck Harrison?"

"He's gonna announce his retirement from baseball. He says he wants to do it that way."

I hesitated. Then: "How's he fixed for dough?"

Charley shrugged. "He's got a little. I guess. But mighty little."

"Suppose, Charley, Buck wanted to go in business. Suppose he needed a nice wad of money to finance him along: could he get it?"

"Not these days, Jim. They got all the crazy people locked up in asylums."

"Is it that bad?"

"It's worse. Buck was a great pitcher, but financially he's a screwball."

All the way back to my place I tried to feel happy. Charley was right, of course. Nobody who knew Buck would lend him a cent. So there wasn't any danger of me having him underfoot all the time . . . him and Ellie. They'd go somewhere else—they and their five thousand dollars. . . .

I discovered that I wasn't cheering at that prospect, either. They were facing a whole lot of no fun.

Thoughts like that grow inside of you. Now me, I ain't a sentimental guy, but hell—when a man really loves a girl, he doesn't enjoy seeing her pushed around. The more I thought about it, the more it seemed that there wasn't but one decent



"S 'at stuff really any good?"

JAY IRVING

OWN CAR LEADER



"CHEVROLET'S First Again!"

Men and products may vie for leadership, but it is the public that confers it. And again in 1940, for the ninth time in the last ten years, people are buying more Chevrolets than any other make of car!

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

*On Special De Luxe and Master De Luxe Series.

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MASTER 85
BUSINESS COUPE
Other models slightly higher

All models priced 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.

The public names its own car leader . . . and names Chevrolet again in 1940 . . . for the ninth time in the last ten years!

It stands to reason that people wouldn't buy more Chevrolets than any other make of car year after year over such a long period if they didn't know from actual experience that Chevrolet gives them more for their money than any other car they could buy.

It stands to reason also that the car which has won this overwhelming endorsement is worthy of your own careful consideration, regardless of what automobile you may have purchased in the past.

Buy a Chevrolet for '40 and you'll get ultra-luxurious Fisher Body beauty, ultra-smooth Ride-Action* riding qualities, and ultra-safe braking with Chevrolet's Perfected Hydraulic Brakes.

Buy a Chevrolet for '40 and you'll discover that it out-accelerates, out-climbs and out-performs all other cars in the low-price field!

Buy a Chevrolet for '40 and you'll get so many advantages, at such a big saving in purchase price, gas, oil and upkeep, that you'll find yourself asking, "Why pay more—why accept less?"

Good-looking Hair can win you Admiration and Respect



Use VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"



1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



2 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

EVER notice how good grooming—especially neat, handsome hair—seems to go hand in hand with business and social success? For well-groomed hair wins the approval and regard of everyone you meet. And that's why men everywhere are turning by the thousands to Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout".

What a difference Vitalis makes!

For good-looking hair—apply Vitalis briskly on your scalp. Notice the lively tingle as sluggish circulation speeds up. Soon your scalp starts losing its tightness . . . becomes more flexible and supple. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement natural oil of the scalp—overcome dryness—impart a rich lustre to your hair.

And Vitalis routs unsightly loose dandruff—helps prevent excessive falling hair. When you comb your hair, it stays neatly in place. And there's no objectionable "patent-leather" look!

Have hair that will work to your advantage—that will count in your favor with everyone you meet! Keep it neatly groomed—help to keep it healthy, too—with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout". Get a bottle of Vitalis at any drug store.

Ask Your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis comes only in sanitary, individual Seal tubes. Next time you go to the barber's insist on Vitalis Seal tubes.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

thing to do. It meant helping Buck—which I hated. But it also meant three squares a day for Ellie and a chance to get something besides misery out of life.

All right. I was a sap. So what? A guy can afford to be that way once in a while, can't he? And if he can't—or if he shouldn't—well, that's his business. So I went to Buck Harrison the day before the club pulled out of Sunrise and I said, okay, I'd take his offer of five thousand cash. I said I had a better proposition in mind somewhere else, over in Cove City—because there was one thing I was sure of: I wouldn't stay in the same town where Ellie was living. Buck with my business and my girl—there was a combination I didn't want any part of.

The way Buck took it, I wanted to slap him down. He said, "I thought you'd come around. It's the only way to save your neck."

DRAWING of the papers didn't take awful long. And while it was going on, I kept away from Ellie. Seeing too much of her had started to hurt. I got Buck's five thousand, and I could tell from what he said that he didn't have much cash reserve, but I knew how the business was going and that he'd have a daily profit right from the start.

I checked out of Sunrise. I went over to Cove City and took up the option on that other station.

It was plenty hot in Florida, and I worked hard. I had a little office in the rear of the station and it was while I was sweating over my books one day that somebody came in and a voice said, "Hello, Jim," just casual like that.

I jumped up like I'd been shot. I said, "Ellie! What are you doing here?"

She looked out of the window, and then she said, "I've left Buck."

Something grabbed hold of me inside and kept me from saying anything. She waited a minute and went on: "He and I have decided to get a divorce."

I said, "Ellie, did you come over just to break the news, or are you trying to tell me something?"

She looked straight at me. "That depends on how you want it, Jim."

Well, what happened right then must have given her a pretty clear idea that I wasn't a very changeable guy, and I told her I couldn't figure what the hell she was crying about and so she laughed

and said, "All right, Strong Man—what's wrong with your own eyes?"

We had a lot of talking to do, but we couldn't find the right words. It was a long time before I got around to asking her how come.

"I couldn't stand him any more, Jim. That's about all there was to it. So I simply waited until I was sure he didn't need me. . . ." She pressed my hand. "That's a nice little business you sold him, Jim. He'll make out all right with it if he's willing to work."

I said that was swell, and then I asked what particular match set off this wonderful skyrocket.

She said, carefully, "A girl can stand certain things, Jim. She gets used to it. Then something new crops up. . . ."

"Like what, for instance?"

"He's been boasting about how clever he is, about how he bluffed you into selling the business to him at half price. I stood all the good things he said about himself and all the bad things he said about me. But I began to hit back when he took that tack . . . especially," and she took my hand again, "especially when I knew exactly what you really had done."

I said, "I didn't do a darn' thing."

"Tell that to someone who doesn't know you so well, Jim. You knew Buck was all washed up. You just the same as gave him five thousand dollars so you could be sure I'd eat regularly. It was . . . mind putting your arms around me, Jim?"

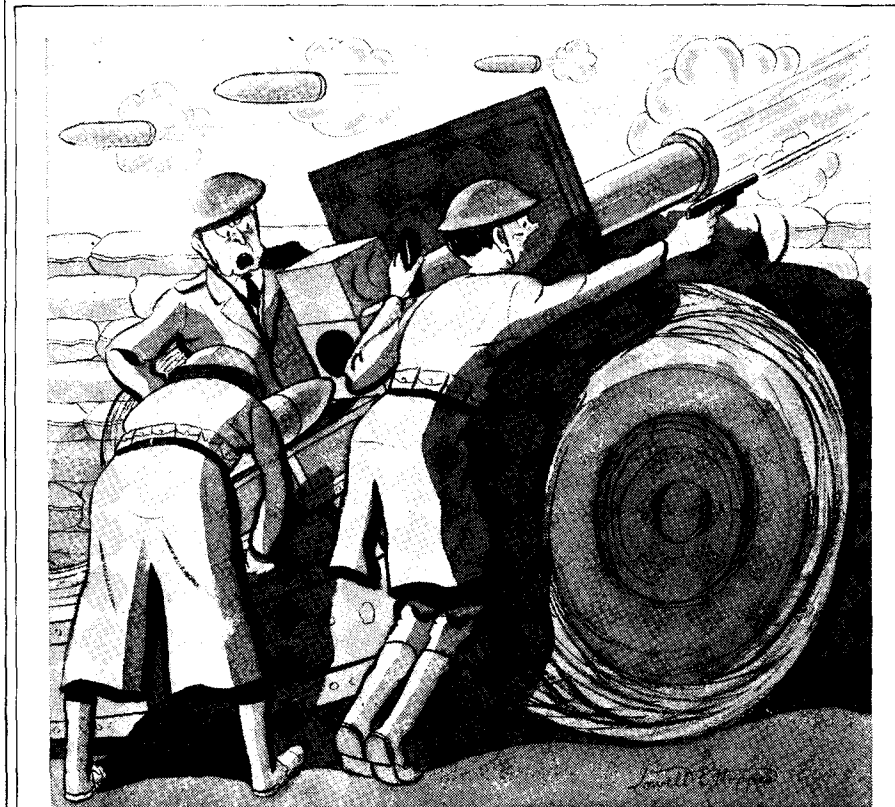
I wrapped her up tight, and said, "Go on, honey, and take as long as you want. I like this."

"I was just thinking," she said to my shoulder, "how queer this thing worked out. Trying to do something nice for me—making a sacrifice that you figured would separate us forever—you put Buck on his feet, and because of that I didn't mind leaving him. Then letting him think he was smarter than you made him boast so much that I got the courage to do what I wanted to. It's kind of sweet, isn't it, Jim?"

I said, yes, it was sweet and then I suggested we go downtown to see a friend of mine.

"What about?" she asked.

"I want to find out how quick you can get that divorce," I said. "I've waited an awful long time for the right partner."



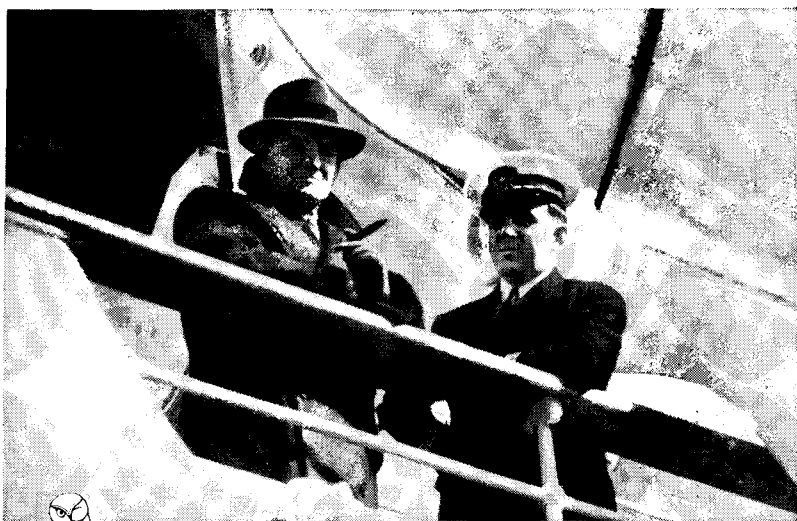
"Just fire the big gun, Summers, and we'll see that you get credit for doing your part"

LOWELL HOPPES

JUST OFF THE BOAT FROM HAVANA:



Octavus Roy Cohen O.K.'s HAVANA TASTE of NEW WHITE OWL



OCTAVUS ROY COHEN, one of America's top-notch fiction writers, recently returned from his latest of many trips to Cuba. We interviewed him at the dock, while his memories of Cuba were still fresh in his mind.



OWL: Welcome back, Roy. Been down for some Havana inspiration?

COHEN: Been down for it—and brought it back... plenty of hunches for new stories.



OWL: I suppose you've kept the edge on your keen taste for Havana cigars... you'd know a true Havana flavor?

COHEN: Guarantee to spot it at ten paces.

OWL: Will you do us a favor... light up one of our new White Owl Cigars and tell us whether or not you think it has a Havana flavor?



COHEN (puffing cigar): Right! Of course, it is a lot milder than the all-Havana cigars of Cuba—but it sure has a real Havana flavor!

MR. COHEN is known to his friends as a "Havana commuter" because of the frequency of his trips to Cuba. A connoisseur of fine Havana tobacco, he knows intimately the rich taste of a good cigar. Note what he says about the *new* White Owl.

The *new* blended-with-Havana White Owl does have a rich Havana flavor—thousands of smokers will go along with Octavus Roy Cohen on that. And the fact that you now can get this preferred cigar taste in a good 5¢ cigar accounts for White Owl sales record. Are you missing out on this cigar "find" of the year?



**NOW
BLENDED
WITH
HAVANA!**

Try a

NEW

WHITE OWL—Today 5¢

See how the new White Owls are made—New York World's Fair, 1940

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Rain Before Seven

Continued from page 10



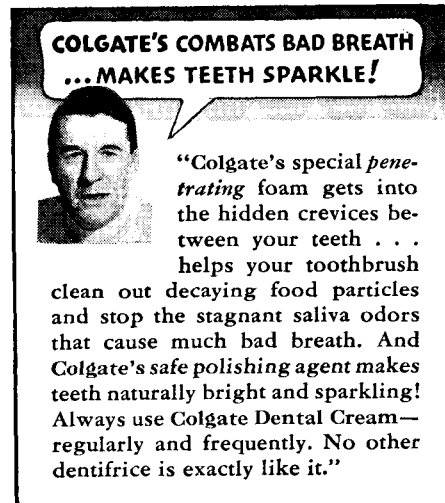
WHY, JUST A FEW MONTHS AGO...

DON'T RUB IT IN, SUE! OF COURSE I HAVEN'T A BID TO THE CLUB DANCE. YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL WHAT A DUD I AM WITH THE BOYS!



AMY CHECKS UP...

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...



LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

AMY, YOU MUST TRY MY NEW FORTUNE-TELLER! SHE'S MARVELOUS!

LISTEN, SUE—AMY DOESN'T NEED A FORTUNE-TELLER! SHE KNOWS HER PAST AND PRESENT--AND HER FUTURE BELONGS TO ME!



statement." He looked troubled, hesitant to offend her. "There's a war going on. People who believe as he does are natural enemies of us all. Any moment an enemy can be dangerous."

She felt little quivers in her knees, it was so unanswerable and so unjust. But John's solemn face had such shame in it, as if he'd violated the code of the Gabriels, that she thought suddenly, he isn't saying what he means, he's jealous, jealous because of me! Hostility went out of her and she had a novel impulse to touch his cheek. Then she felt shy. "I just helped him work his boat when I was twelve, John. He's exactly like my old boots, dependable and nice but hardly fascinating."

There was a disarming slowness about John—not Caleb's quick, acid mind but something much more solid. And he felt such an absurd reverence for her! Her pulse skipped; she felt an odd, pleasant alarm. She thought for a moment that John was going to kiss her but he didn't—only looked as if he wanted to. Then he looked bleak, and said, "I wanted to take you to the yacht-club dance. You'll never know how much I wanted to. But Natalie wants to go—she's had a dull time since Mark died—it's proper for her to go out now, but she ought to go there with a member of the family. Will you—well, I'll want you to dance with me—a lot."

If it had been Caleb she would have grabbed his hand, but maybe she'd better suppress impulses the way John did. That made her flutter like a young girl and she said awkwardly, "Of course!" So John daringly took her hand instead, and looked frustrated. She was left wondering if the kiss you didn't get wasn't the one you wanted most. That was an astonishing, a disturbing notion.

ALL Caleb Thatcher wanted in Wallisport was to forget the war. Slowly his spirits revived and he even felt a faint stirring of ambition. He was moved, one day, to ask Greg Ashburn, his nearest neighbor, if there was a job in Greg's firm—which gathered industrial statistics and analyzed them for subscribers. Greg looked like the Spirit of Great Britain and said, "Sorry, old chap. The office won't survive me and I'm always packed to go." The plunge taken, he went round to see John Gabriel. John looked skeptical, a composite of Boston rectitude, and asked Caleb what he thought he could do in the Gabriel mills.

Automatically Caleb stiffened with a hostility that was as old as both of them. "Why," he said, "haven't you heard I'm too clever for my own good? I'm offering to sell some cleverness in a promising market."

He had never been able to resist baiting John. And now John said slowly, "Maybe you're only reckless and imprudent, Thatcher. Maybe your reputation is unfair to you. But in times

like these it's a dangerous reputation. The mills are important to the national defense. I can't take a chance on you."

"That's right," Caleb said, "I might sabotage you, I might be a spy. Red, Nazi or only C.I.O.?" He couldn't feel angry at John's self-righteousness and he could feel only amazement at the town's belief that he was a dangerous person. Just how?

It was clear, though, that after all he wasn't heartbroken. Meeting Natalie at the houses that were still open to him, he could impersonally observe her rich loveliness without feeling either regret or anticipation. So you could fall out of love. But he had an indefinable feeling that Natalie didn't want him to. She rode a lot in the woods between the hunt club and Witchcraft Creek, and though he sometimes saw her horse at Greg Ashburn's place, accident seemed to bring her to Caleb's place quite frequently. She would talk intimately, regretfully, unhappily.

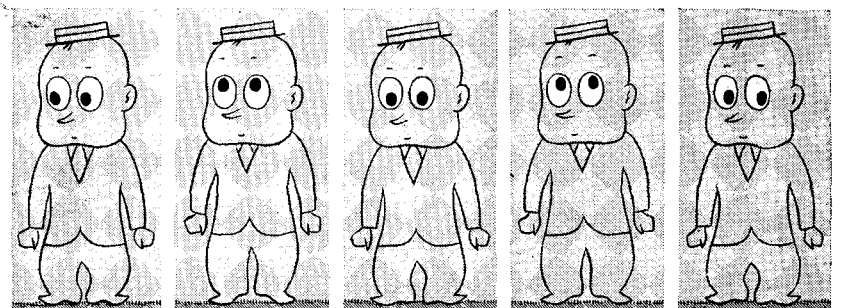
One Sunday morning she slid out of the saddle and leaned against the fence beside Caleb. "Why don't you ever come over to see me, Caleb? I used to be worth your while." A felt hat curved away from curls of sand-blond hair above the white forehead, above the sea-blue eyes he had once all but drowned in. Those eyes turned toward him, unhappy, ambiguous, shadowy with something. "You were right about me—I didn't want to marry Mark. I thought I did, but I didn't. I suppose I had to prove it but you were right."

Caleb said nothing. There was something wrong, out of harmony, an indefinable insincerity. Her shoulder was touching his, soft, yielding, her arm round and warm in its moleskin sleeve. She whispered, "How much do I have to say, Caleb?" Three years ago he would have been on fire, but now it was with a kind of experimental curiosity that he took her in his arms. Her lips were cold. Caleb stood away. "You didn't want me to kiss you," he said quietly. "Just what is the idea, Natalie?"

She turned antagonistic and flippant: "Only to live up to what they say about us." Then she mounted the sorrel mare and rode away.

A SUCCESSION of battered men, sometimes ragged, sometimes furtive, came into town and touched him for a dollar or five dollars or ten because they had been comrades in arms. All of them were down on their luck, some of them were probably wanted by the police, and they made for the war veteran with a sure instinct. The town would label them Communists because their clothes were shabby, and would hold them as evidence against Caleb. The hell with the town!—these boys had been under fire.

Then one evening he came back to



Leap Frog

CROCKETT JOHNSON

Cute...



No question about this little cocker's pedigree. It includes twenty-six champions in five generations.

but *WHAT'S HIS* PEDIGREE?

WHEN you're paying out good money for a dog, you're interested in more than his looks. The first question you ask is "How is he bred?" And you want to see *proof* of his pedigree—because without that proof he's just another dog.

It's plain common sense to buy *tires* the same way. Choosing new tires for your car is mighty important. It involves the safety of your family. But in the confusion of extravagant tire "claims" and glib sales talk it's easy to get bewildered.

Remember this. Almost anybody can build a tire that *looks* good. Almost anybody can *say* his tire will give long, safe mileage. But what you want is *facts*, backed by proof of performance.

A good tire has a "pedigree," just as a good dog has. Before you buy tires, find out who made them, how long they have been making tires, how many tires they have made and how those tires have performed in service. Find out what their production

facilities are for making quality tires to sell at a low price.

Goodyear makes a *complete line* of tires, for every driving requirement and every purse—now at *new low prices*! For example, Goodyear's Great "G-3" All-Weather Tire, road-proved favorite of millions, is now made *better*—priced *lower*—in all popular sizes. And you get the same values in all Goodyear Tires.

You can't pay less than Goodyear's low prices and get the same safety and the same service—and you don't need to pay more!

More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind. Are you one of them? Ask your nearby Goodyear Dealer about his "90-10" offer and his Easy-Pay Plan.

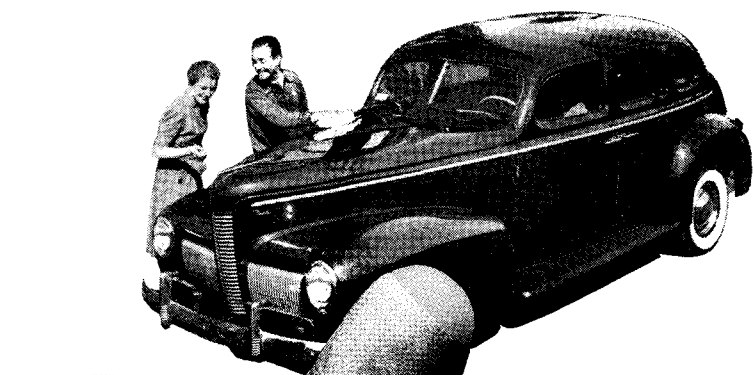


THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER
GOODYEAR
"ALL-WEATHER"—T. M. THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.

Goodyear's "All-Weather" Tread —
Proved for Driving Safety — Under
All Conditions — By More People —
Over More Miles — Than Any Other.

GOODYEAR TIRES

Always as good as you think.
Now cost less than you imagine.



**The First
Thing to
Remember . . .
when buying
a New Car**

Every Car Needs Simoniz

Modern cars are built to run well for thousands of miles. But no car looks well for long unless Simonized. Beauty soon dies. The lacquer or enamel breaks down—gets dull and discolored—on exposure to weather, dirt, and the sun's rays. Simoniz alone stops this destruction. Protects the finish always. Lets you enjoy gorgeous lustre and color year after year. In fact, each application of Simoniz builds up more beauty! Besides, you save washing. Dust and dirt wipe right off with a dry cloth. *Is your car dull?* Clean it the new way with the wonderful Simoniz Kleener. It restores the true beauty of the finish so quickly and easily. Simoniz your car right away!

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ
MAKES CARS STAY BEAUTIFUL

Always insist on world-famous Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. Sold at hardware, drug, grocery and auto supply stores, filling stations and garages.

THE SIMONIZ CO., Chicago, U.S.A.



the hunting lodge and a short, muscular figure got out of his armchair, a tanned, freckled face was grinning at him, and Bert Hendricks was saying, "Salud! I always thought you was a millionaire! So here you are, puttin' up at the Ritz."

Caleb shouted joyfully and before the hour was out two war veterans were handsomely tight. It was a reunion of men who had gone through war and fear and boredom together, who had faced death together and had come through. Bert was hard enough to turn the edge of a rock drill—and the best man Caleb had ever known.

"At the moment are you ahead of the cops?" he asked Bert the next day.

"Even if I wasn't, they couldn't prove nothing. This is a business trip."

The business was sweetly simple. The Labor Relations Board had ordered an election in the Gabriel mills and Bert was here to keep an eye on it for the C.I.O.

"That's just dandy," Caleb said, "more pitch to defile me in John Gabriel's eyes. John already knew I made bombs secretly—now he'll know I use them. I was the Red menace before you came, and you came straight from Comrade Stalin."

"I tell you," Bert said, "I'll come up to you on the street and you call a cop and tell him to keep them mendicants from annoyin' you."

Unobtrusive men at all the factories would be watching Bert. For Bert was the real stuff: a union organizer with a long record of agitation, a man who had felt deputies' clubs on his skull, a man who knew the inside of jails. Quite possibly, Caleb knew, a man who was dangerous to John Gabriel and others. If the town had needed any further evidence about Caleb, here it was.

But he brought a zest that had been lacking. They sat in dingy saloons drinking beer late at night, fighting the war over, spinning the interminable reminiscence of old soldiers. Hope Shaler liked Bert at sight, and some nights now there were three of them racketing about in Caleb's car and eating hamburgers at ungodly hours in dining cars.

"He's a sweetie," Hope told Caleb privately, and it was an uproarious word for Bert's reinforced concrete structure. She accepted him on his own terms, he belonged, and she was deeply interested too. "Is he a real Red?" she asked.

Caleb grunted: "If you mean is he a Communist, no—he's as white as your handkerchief. But he doesn't want to hold out a helping hand to John Gabriel. If that's being Red, maybe sometime you'd like to take a look at John through Bert's eyes."

BERT went about his business in Wallisport, and no doubt a lot of people checked up on him. And in due time his errand there failed. The Gabriel employees voted for the company union. Bert had sulphurous remarks to make but took the defeat in his stride. It was just a skirmish; they would keep going on for a long while yet.

"But I must be gettin' soft," he said. "Or else you showed me too good a time. Most towns I make ain't got a Ritz I can get into."

Caleb had a sudden, vivid glimpse of Bert's life—on to the next place, to turmoil that never ended, perhaps a cracked skull, perhaps a penitentiary. "Come back sometime," he said. "This is Veterans' Rest. You've got a latchkey."

Bert grinned. "Maybe I'll be back for another crack at the Gabriels." His gaze went round the room. "Chairs, sofa, rugs. Whisky in the cupboard, food in the bin. No mud, no lice, no bits of plaster fallin'. . . By the way—what would you do if some day you run into a fat machinist captain with a scar on his jaw?"

"I'd light a pipe and curl up somewhere with a good book."

Bert stood up. His eyes were metallic. "Me," he said, "I hope I make his acquaintance sometime."

In this familiar room, surrounded by the books and possessions he had known all his life, in Wallisport, in a peaceful nation, Caleb found it hard to believe he had ever sworn to kill a man at sight.

SMILING acidly, Aunt Elinor said, "I remember how all of us New Women fought to abolish the ancient bondage of our sex."

Squirming, Hope panted, "You grab that lace and pull!" She felt as if her diaphragm had been tilted at an angle, and she could have used a lot more breath than she was getting. "Ouch! More still, I can take it—I've got to. Tighter! I'm no sissy." The pink satin instrument of torture, edged with a froth of lace, gouged into her middle, and the mirror showed her expanding above and below it. "Forty dollars to mingle your liver with your upper lungs! But the Shaler girl has hips tonight if I have to do my breathing through a tube."

She could bend over just far enough to fasten the garters, and that felt as if the steel boning had come loose and penetrated the abdomen. But results had been achieved and she patted them with honest pride. "Look at the elsewhere! Look at the also! Grandma was cuckoo to want them and I know now that grandma didn't fake those fainting spells, but I can look Natalie in the eye and tell her to go to hell."

"You can't look John in the eye and tell him you're not a fraud. You ought to rest your case on those agreeable legs, or go for a man who likes nature unassisted."

"Mystery, darling, mystery and feminine glamor. Nature let me down."

But when the golden-yellow dress had covered that artful aid, though the waist was unquestionably wasp, it was the eyes she liked. Why, they were shining! She would remember tonight forever. She went sedately down the stairs to Caleb—the corset made you go sedately—spun on a spike heel so that the yards of skirt dipped and ballooned, and, pointing, said, "Look—hips! Would you have thought it possible?"

Caleb studied her. "Trying to live up to the underwear ads, huh? Just how would you swim Dullard's Gut in an iron lung?"

"Is that all witchery means to you? Next time you overturn a boat in Dullard's Gut you'll be alone. From tonight on I'm languorous fragility in a forty-dollar corset." She squeezed his arm. "It's got to be a big night, Caleb. It's got to be youth and lilacs and the last spring of all."

It was a month short of lilacs but the April night was warm and soft, and from the moment when their taxi drew up at the yacht club it was more delightful than she had dared to hope. She danced with Caleb, an excitement traveled down the side lines and she danced with a dozen urgent young men, she danced with the all but inarticulate John for a tantalizing moment till some youth took her away. The whispering skirt swirled reassuringly around her legs, maybe square shoulders weren't so bad, maybe the women who looked at her were whispering something it would be good to hear.

Even Natalie! In a black net dress that nobody would ever mistake for mourning, Natalie was as lovely as a crystal statuette. The weariness in her eyes, the unhappy droop of her carmine mouth only added to the effect. She said, "It's a first-rate effort, dear. I wonder! They call it Castle Gabriel but sometimes I've thought the Big House would be a better name. And John is so simple it's hardly sporting." She got

contrite about that barb and touched Hope's arm. "I'm a cat. Have a good time."

She looked unhappy, she looked lost somehow, and sadness for her touched Hope's heart. But she forgot it, for John was coming back, purposefully, as if to a stockholders' meeting. He was so solemn, so absurd—and it was dear to have him solemn and absurd.

He whispered, almost defiantly, "You're beautiful!" That was an overstatement but she secretly made a snoot at all the people who had ever called her a tomboy, and her pulse had begun to flutter. This was getting—well, more serious than she had thought. The music was no longer tunes, it was an insistence in her veins telling her that this grave, inept man thought a lot of her, that she was glad he did. He muttered, "A man can't—this is no proper place. . . ." and her hand tightened on his shoulder and his arm tightened on her waist. A sweet, confusing apprehension broke out in her. He said, "Let's not dance!" and this was she, Hope Shaler, whispering to the crown prince of Wallisport, "There are better things to do." She had never before trembled because a man was going to kiss her.

AS THEY went up the stairway that had brass ship's trimmings she saw Caleb grinning at her knowingly across the hall, and John, seeing him too, said angrily, "He won't be coming to places like this much longer." An automatic defensiveness made her say, "If he hadn't tonight, I wouldn't be here, John."

Then she forgot Caleb and everything else, for in the half-darkness of a little chartroom, John took her in his arms. It was not like anything she had expected—no wild ecstasy but quiet, comforting, too sweet to be borne. Tears were stinging her eyes. But clearly John wasn't feeling quiet and when she had stepped back, hands at her hair, he said hoarsely, even desperately: "Hope! I didn't mean—not here—darling, there are so many people! I'm crazy about you."

Her voice broke: "You're—sweet. Something is happening to us."

"I've got to take Natalie home." He was just short of groaning. "Hope, wait

up for me when you get home! No matter how late. I'll come—I'll surely come. There won't be anyone there, we'll be—oh, private! Will you?"

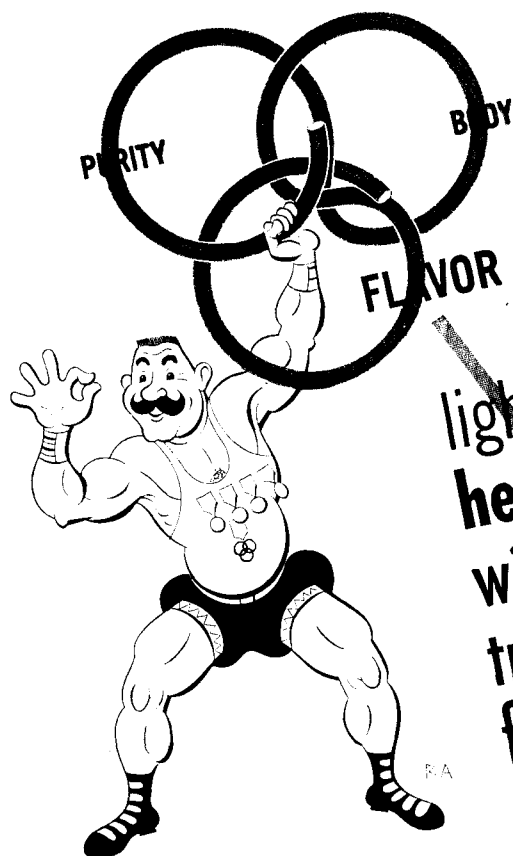
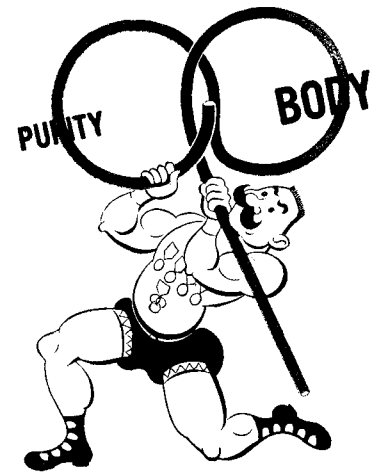
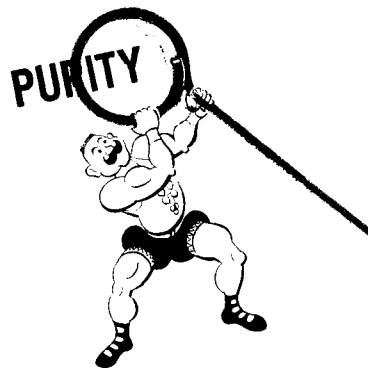
She said, "Darling!" and was being kissed again, and whispered against his cheek, "I'm—I can't get my breath, and it's not this darn' corset, either! Go find Natalie. I better fit the pieces together before anyone sees me. I'll wait till dawn for you, till breakfast time, till noon!" So he was gone and in the darkness she really did cry a little and then, after a long time, she went out and there was a strange peacefulness in her heart.

She would not dance again tonight! . . . Afterward, looking back, she was to realize that if she had now done anything at all differently none of the ghastly things would have occurred. But she did what she did—there was no other way. And at the top of the stairs, seeing John and Natalie's black dress going out, suddenly she wasn't peaceful any more, suddenly she was ecstatic with the knowledge that it had happened. She was in love.

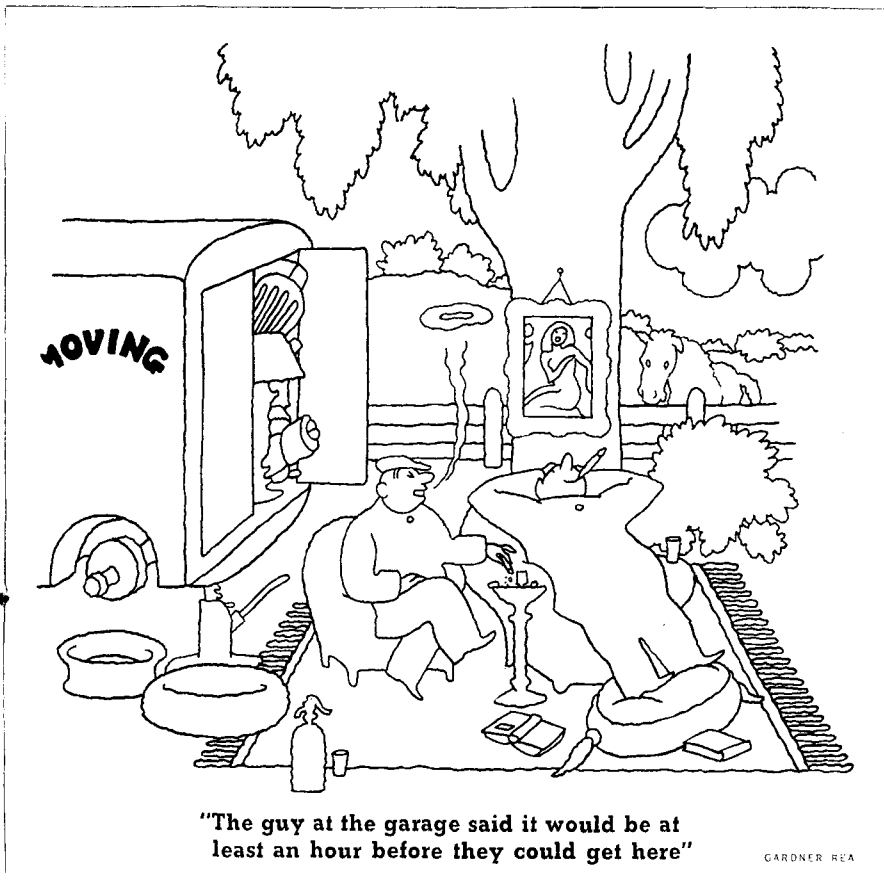
Caleb said at her shoulder, "I'm amazed that Robert's Rules of Order would kiss a girl in a vulgar crowd but I know when a girl has been kissed."

She had a flash of anger for that, then couldn't be angry at anyone, least of all Caleb, who knew all there was to know about her. Then she was in the bar with him and that was a pretty girl looking at her from the mirror—see how love was the very best cosmetic! Caleb bought champagne, saying, "Don't listen to me, child—I hope you'll be happy as all hell." She had had a couple of glasses of champagne earlier in the evening and now this—the mirrored girl's exaltation being increased by the gayest of wines. Then she was strolling with Caleb, who understood that she didn't want to talk, didn't want to dance, only wanted to realize what had happened. He said, "Get your coat." She wrapped herself in its velvet folds and here they were out at the end of the pier in darkness.

The water was absolutely motionless. Scents of plowed land and marshes, of salt water and kelp, of flowers blooming hundreds of miles to the southward, were in the warm April air. From Boar Island and Sow Island the Navy's searchlights stabbed crisscross in the



light...not
heavy—yet
with the
true ale
flavor



"The guy at the garage said it would be at least an hour before they could get here"

CARDNER REA

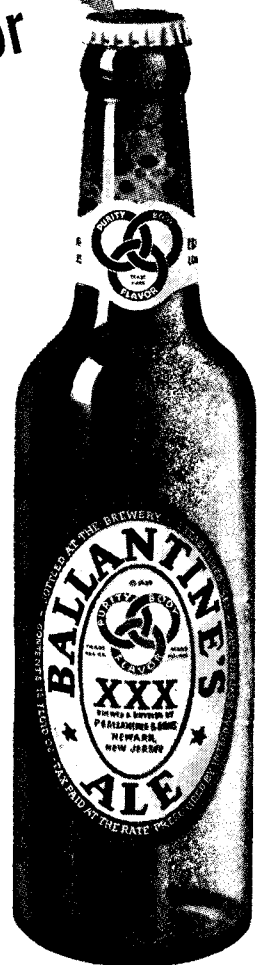
ARE YOU permitting a mistaken notion to stand between you and the most enjoyable of brews? Ale needn't be a heavy, filling drink—Ballantine's Ale is *not*!

Here, in generous measure, is the extra flavor and life coming from ale yeasts . . . for Ballantine's is a *true* ale, brewed in the traditional way. And yet it's light . . . *not* heavy.

Before you've drained your first bottle you'll know why millions get more enjoyment from Ballantine's Ale than from any other brew . . . In bottles (12 oz. and full quart) . . . in copper-colored cans (12 oz. and full quart).

Copr., 1940, P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.


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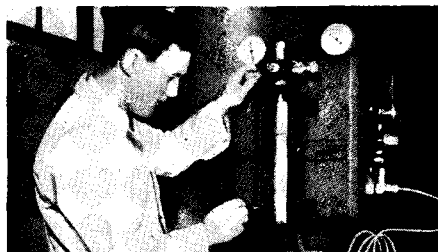




THAT HELPS EXPLAIN

Why Sealright s s s Milk Bottle Caps mean Better Protected Milk

This little Sealright Symbol  on milk bottle caps, and the Sealright Emblem which it represents, identify modern, extra-clean milk bottle caps, paper milk bottles, ice cream and cottage cheese containers—all made under Sealright's exacting sanitary control—as illustrated by the pictures below.



Even the Water used in making paper for Sealright Caps is purified—in Sealright's modern water purification system, similar to that used by many cities for drinking water.




White Clad Workers, gleaming machines, spotless floors—everything at Sealright is immaculate. Millions of Sealright caps are made daily under ideal sanitary conditions.



To Safeguard Your Milk, every step in the manufacture of Sealright milk bottle caps proceeds under rigid laboratory supervision. Constant tests insure true cleanliness.



Drink More Milk! Buy from dairies that give you Sealright Sanitary Service. Look for this  symbol on their bottle caps, or the Sealright Emblem in their advertising.



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sky half a mile above Dullard's Gut, so there were fireworks for her . . . for her what? Betrothal? She giggled.

"That's better," Caleb said. "What I said was, 'Stop mooning.'"

She was indignant. "If I'm mooning, you get to push me off the dock."

There was no knowing that this was the last chance of all! If Cayley Brown's outboard hadn't been exactly below them, if they hadn't both noticed it at the same time, if Caleb hadn't said, "Want a ride?" It was an idiotic suggestion, but when in their lives wouldn't it have been a good idea? They climbed down into that little boat and, twisting the motor awake, Caleb took them away in the roar of four cylinders that had won the outboard race last summer.

THEY made straight toward the beacon at the southern tip of Sow Island and, fifty yards from it, swerved in high white spray and curved partly back again. No boat could go so fast, no one could feel so glorious, and then Caleb slowed down till the exhaust was just a ripple. Dim water-line bulks told Hope that they were in Farrow Shoals and she had a momentary alarm, but Caleb knew every inch by heart.

He zigzagged through the shoals for a while and then cut off the motor and let the boat drift in darkness. Two miles northeast the searchlights still probed the sky, farther south there was the white-red-white flash of Sachem Head and northward the white-white of Persis Neck, and the lights of Wallisport Center ran along the shore. They must be opposite Witchcraft Creek, where Caleb lived. Everything was unbelievably quiet. No sound, no movement of water, only silence and peace.

"I didn't hear any alarms," she said, "but here we are on the fire engine. My slippers are ruined, I'm cold as a side of refrigerated beef, and do I buy dresses like this to go speedboating in? I've seen this picture before."

"Maybe you think a tail coat and boiled shirt keep the wind out?"

She said, "That's one good thing about a corset," and suddenly they were overwhelmed with mirth, laughing till they were weak out here on the dark water.

The searchlights went out and the night was even darker. You couldn't see fifty feet. "Do they really have to have drills so late?" she said. "Why?"

"That's so when the Blue force comes over to lay eggs on the Navy or the shipyard or the chemical plant or the Gabriel mills, they can look up Plug A and find out where to shoot."

"Heavens! I always forget how important a target Wallisport could be. Maybe you better show me how to dig a bombproof."

Caleb said lazily, "The chemical works are making gas for the Army—one day some of this sabotage your beloved fears will happen there and a green cloud will drift across Wallisport. Then you won't have to ask questions about war. I've been waiting for the town to start some witch hunts for spies. Of course, at Castle Gabriel they'll tell you now that I sell information to Soviet Russia."

That was a jarring note and she said indignantly, "You're crazy—"

But Caleb was serious. "War is the time when people go crazy. Haven't you heard about strain and anxiety and plain panic? Why shouldn't the Gabriel mills suspect everything? If anything happens there, dozens of factories that are making things for the Army and Navy will be slowed up. He's right—maybe I am a spy—anyway, don't take chances. You think it's crazy but you don't own any Gabriel stock . . . yet."

"You don't look a bit like Mata Hari. Nobody in town does, either. Anybody who talks about espionage and sabotage in Wallisport goes to too many movies."

"Information about every factory in town is going straight to half a dozen headquarters this minute. It's bought and it's sold, you little fool—there are such things as spies. They turn out to be the ones they couldn't possibly have been! They turn out to be the only one you've trusted! In wartime never trust anybody at all. What's your life, or your sacred honor? Just something for somebody to sell out."

Hope leaned forward in the darkness, quivers of shock traveling up her arms. A terrifying violence had been in his voice, a brutality unlike anything she



"Well, how much longer are you going to be?"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

QUICK response...

STEPPED-UP 1940 FIRE-CHIEF

With *STEPPED-UP* 1940 Fire-Chief gasoline in your car you will find you can depend on it more than ever. You'll have:

QUICKER STARTS... just a *hint* from the starter pedal and you're off.

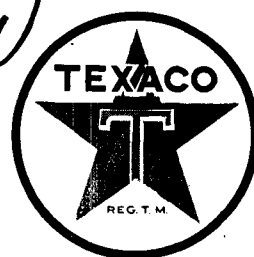
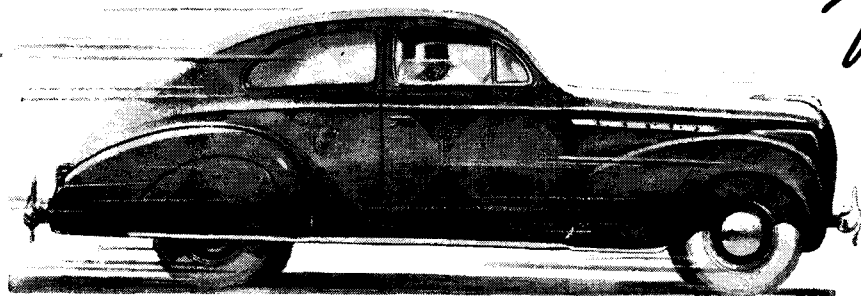
QUICKER WARM UP... smoothness instead of stuttering during that "first half mile" when engines tend to buck.

And, on the road... smooth anti-knock performance... full lively power... instant throttle response... more miles per gallon... all combined to give you outstanding performance.

See your Texaco Dealer. Try *STEPPED-UP* 1940 Fire-Chief today.



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



CAL SAYS: When I find a whiskey that's smoother'n Old Drum I'll tell you about it. Meantime, I'm getting more'n my money's worth out of this bottle. *You can't beat it!* For Taste... Quality... Price.



Old Drum Brand BLENDED WHISKEY: 90 Proof—75% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copyright 1940, Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.



knew about Caleb Thatcher. As certainly as she could see the flash of Sachem Head Light, something from the war in Spain had been in that explosive bitterness. Something darker than night, something cruel and horrible. But it passed at once, for he said, "Lord, I'd wow them at Chautauqua!" Then, even more lightly: "Three p'int's off the sta'board bow, what did I tell you, spies!"

There were channels of a sort through Farrow Shoals, if like Caleb you knew them, but few boats ever took the risk. But now about a hundred yards away a boat was moving through that blackness, fast enough to indicate familiarity. You couldn't tell what kind of boat it was but the soft murmur of its engine meant power. "They call her Fiammetta, the Little Flame," Caleb said. "She has sold out half the foreign offices of Europe. She's speeding to a rendezvous with a submarine off Whampoa Ledge. She drugged the commandant and got the newest Navy code. He's not the first, nor the last, to die of her fatal love. When I slip you the blueprint of our new bomb sight, hide it under that iron lung and leave me to my fate."

BUT the evening had lost its edge. The boat was out of sight and hearing now, and the bottom of her skirt had got wet. "I'm frozen," she said. "This ocean is colder than it looked on impulse."

"You'll learn to veto impulses now," he said with horrible cheerfulness. "There'll be a corset on your behavior too. You'll go no more a-bumming, my dear."

Resentfully: "Do you have to be so jubilant?" Bright pain wrung her, for it was true that her adventurous days had better end now. "You're about as safe for me as a wooden leg on ice. And you're probably right, I'm very dull indeed. So take me home. Hey!" she interrupted herself, "did you hear that?"

She heard it again—faintly, somewhere inland, the shrill whine of a siren.

Another. Another. Somewhere south of town a red column climbed upward, opening out like an umbrella. Enchanted, Hope cried, "They never let us down! One gets you ten it's a four-alarm. What are you waiting for?"

He was already starting the motor. "We'll go up Witchcraft and get my car." The boat raced shoreward at a certain unsafe speed and there were no bell buoys, no lights, only the darkness and the blacker shore line rushing at them. Could he possibly know the way? "If you drown me, no cigar," she yelled. There was a rushing sound from behind and a plane, climbing, passed over. "Fiammetta's," Caleb shouted. "The pilot is Damroff the Faithless, the Red Scourge of Europe." Hope said, "Never mind the Red Scourge, we're clanging to a fire." The red glow grew as they closed in. What could it be? There were old icehouses in that direction, the Country Club maybe, the mattress factory. "Get me there on time," she said, "or you're a Republican."

More slowly, they entered a black maw and the smell of marshes was in her nostrils. He had made Witchcraft, and she saw black, curving banks. There were sharp turns and the tidal creek narrowed. He slid past something black and there was a jar and a scrape under the keel, the boat leaned over like a skidding car, and shudderingly cold water closed over her. She came up strangling and tried to swim but the velvet coat pinioned her arms and she couldn't breathe until she managed to get out of it. Her feet thrashed and Caleb got an arm under her shoulder. She contrived to say, "Let me get the iron lung off when you give another swimming party," and a moment later he said, "Okay, let your feet down." It was waist-deep and Caleb carried her out to a muddy bank.

"At a guess," she panted, "we've missed the first act."

He saw that her teeth were chattering and, taking her arm, urged her through twenty yards of ankle-deep mud to



"You tell your father these are the same problems I gave him twenty-five years ago. Seems to me he could work them by now"

DAVE GERARD

It's What You Wanted!

KELVINATOR'S new Program of Large-Volume Production and Low-Cost Selling gives you a complete new line of big 1940 models to choose from—at savings of \$30 to \$60—They're at your Kelvinator Dealer's Now!

*Look at the Size!
Look at the Name!
Look at the Price!*

IT'S a DANDY—that big new 6¼ cubic foot Kelvinator that's priced at only \$114.75* delivered in your kitchen.

But that's just *one* of Kelvinator's amazing 1940 values. You have a complete line of big 6 and 8 cubic foot models to choose from. And every one is a brand-new, up-to-the-minute 1940 Kelvinator—which means the finest refrigeration money can buy—and on *every one* you save from \$30 to \$60 compared with last year's prices.

Sounds impossible? Here's how we did it!

FIRST, we found a more efficient way to distribute Kelvinator products . . . and we cut the cost of selling. This made a big saving.

SECOND, by putting 96% of our production on 6 and 8 cubic foot size models, we are able to build better refrigerators at *lower* cost.

THIRD, because of greatly increased sales, we have doubled our production schedules, and passed the manufacturing savings to you.

But first cost is only *one* of the ways that Kelvinator saves you money. Every Kelvinator is powered by the famous Polarsphere sealed unit that uses current less than 20% of the time, and has power enough to keep 5 refrigerators cold,



under average household conditions. On current costs alone you can save many more dollars a year.

If there's an undersized, wasteful refrigerator or old-fashioned ice box in your kitchen, right now is the time to get rid of it.

You can have a beautiful big new Kelvinator—with easy-to-clean Porcelain-on-steel inside and gleaming white Permalux outside—with an automatic light, a glass chilling tray, an automatic Kelvin Control, and 17 other famous Kelvinator features—for as little as \$114.75.*

It will pay you to see your Kelvinator dealer *immediately*. And remember to—Look at the Size! Look at the Name! Look at the Price!

KELVINATOR DIVISION
Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Mich.

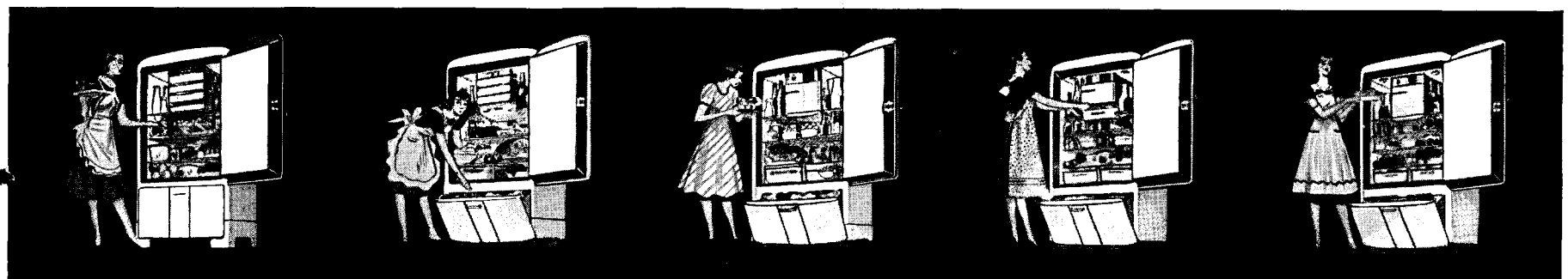
For complete authoritative information regarding refrigerator values, ask your Kelvinator dealer for a free copy of "The 1940 Refrigerator Guide."

SEE the outstanding values in 1940 Kelvinator Electric Ranges, Washers and Water Heaters.

*Prices suggested are for delivery in your kitchen with 5 Year Protection Plan. State and local taxes extra. Prices are slightly higher west of the Rockies.

See these other big **KELVINATOR** Values for 1940

Copr. 1940, Nash-Kelvinator Corp.



WANT GREATER BEAUTY? Model SS-6 is in the true Kelvinator tradition of beauty—and it has two extra-fast Freezing Shelves, Kelvin Control, Chilling Tray, etc. Kelvinator's new low price only . . . **\$124.95***

WANT A COMPLETELY EQUIPPED REFRIGERATOR? Model S-6 has big Vegetable Bin, New-type Ice Trays, Sliding Crisper, Cold Storage Chest, etc. Kelvinator's new low price only . . . **\$139.95***

WANT "MOIST-COLD"? Model HS-6 has complete equipment plus the new "Moist-Master" System that decreases the loss of moisture from foods. Kelvinator's new low price only . . . **\$169.95***

WANT ALL DE LUXE FEATURES? Model R-6 has De Luxe equipment. Two glass covered Sliding Crisps, Vegetable Bin, Speedy-Cube Ice Trays, etc. Kelvinator's new low price only . . . **\$179.95***

WANT THE FINEST REFRIGERATOR MADE? Then you want Model HD-6. Has all modern conveniences, plus exclusive new "Moist-Master" System. Kelvinator's new low price only . . . **\$209.95***



**SOME SMOKERS THINK IT'S
FIERCE!**

Others know there's no tobacco on earth that equals this truly AROMATIC pipe mixture

Some people don't like anything that's new.

Here's such a new, different smoking-experience that some men don't like it. But thousands of smokers won't touch any tobacco but Bond Street.

Bond Street's like expensive custom-blends in flavor, fragrance and bite-free coolness. Contains rare aromatic tobacco never before used in a popular price mixture. Even women approve Bond Street's aroma.

In fairness to yourself, spend 15¢ for a generous pocket-tin of Bond Street today!



Today—try a tin of

**BOND
STREET**
Pipe Tobacco

A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

higher ground covered with crackling marsh grass. "We're a couple of hundred yards from my place," he said; "let's run for it."

"I can't—my slippers sank to a watery grave."

"Say this for me, when I'm a damned fool I go all the way." He picked her up and started across the marsh grass. She clasped her arms around his neck—and that dank pulp had been a stiff shirt. Well, the icy shroud round her had once been a ravishing dress that dazzled you. "Don't try to take any jumps," she said, "all this needs is a busted collar-bone."

"Stop laughing!" he grunted. "You're a hefty girl, Hope."

"Rather I bawled?" He'd done it now, she had to laugh, and though he muttered "Shut up!" she couldn't. He staggered, then he was laughing too, and he set her down on his front porch and they stood there in the dark, clasping each other, water-soaked, chilled to the bone, and guffawed till their last breath was used up.

Inside, when he turned a light on, Hope had to shriek again. His face was brown with slime, marsh grass and water moss plastered his shirt front, the arms of his coat had come unsewed, and a pool of black water was widening round his feet. "Davy Jones!" she said. "The Old Man of the Sea! Nobody can sail you again till you've had a refitting."

"Well, now I know what a water nymph looks like."

You bet! That marvelous dress clung to her legs like a pair of tights and was a saturated bath sponge at her heels. She scraped seaweed from a bare snoulder, and said, "The quiet life is getting me down. Show me the drydock and find me some clothes."

HE TOOK her into his bedroom. Not much of a mirror but enough to show her hair plastered down like fur, her face muddy, the dress slipping from her shoulders, moss and slime and seaweed all over her. He got some clothes for himself from the closet and said, "Towels in the bathroom. I'll get a fire going and some whisky. I guess you'll have to put on some of my stuff."

"I'll try to bear up under it, but get out. Beat it!" She made a gesture to take off the dress and snickered when he slammed the door.

Something over a hundred dollars worth of the very nicest clothes became just a repulsive pulp on the floor. Holding the corset at arm's length, she wrinkled her nose distastefully—even dry it would have been ridiculous. She towed herself violently and her blood began to flow again. With returning warmth she felt even giddier and had to stifle a laughter that the concerned Caleb would certainly have mistaken for hysterics. It wasn't hysterics, it was delight—if she was insane to enjoy a midnight ducking, okay, she was insane. . . . Neatly folded in his dresser, shorts and undershirt. A pair of corduroy trousers in the closet; she rolled the legs up. Big thick shirt. Pair of old shoes. She started to wash her face and thought suddenly, "Look here, if it was true about him and Natalie, I wouldn't have to wear his clothes!"

Natalie! Oh, Lord! John! John waiting at the white house, and she had promised to wait for him till dawn, till breakfast time, till noon!

For a moment the thought that she had forgotten paralyzed her, then she burst through the door to the big room. "You've got to get me home fast! You've got to get me . . ."

Her voice trailed off. Caleb had got some logs burning in the fireplace and most of his clothes changed. But he was still bare to the waist and what had broken off her demand was sight of a

scar that began near his lower rib and went clear across his back just below his shoulders, a red, curving, angry welt.

She said, "No, you never saw any action, you just drove a truck."

He got into a flannel shirt fast. "Well, shut up about it," he said gruffly. "What about getting you home fast?"

Her anxiety roused again. "We've done it this time. Get your car—"

But Caleb dashed to the door. Following, she saw him cut around the house and heard him thrashing through shrubbery. "Come on back!" she cried. He came back. "I thought there was someone looking in the window," he said. "There wasn't. Things have been happening too fast for me."

"Who but us fools would be out in a swamp at three o'clock? Get your car!"

Her urgency got results. He backed the car out of the shed, she climbed in beside him and they shot up the lane. Past Greg Ashburn's dark house, past the hunt club, out to the highway at last. She noticed there was no sign of a fire.

"I guess you had to take a reef in those trousers," he said. "Maybe you ought to keep a full set of spares at my place."

His lightness jarred on her and she didn't answer. They'd done it this time, no, she'd done it, none of the blame was Caleb's. How could anyone understand, least of all a man waiting to ask you to marry him? If he wasn't there, she couldn't bear it. If he was there—well, she couldn't bear that, either. Maybe she'd better get out a block from home and face him alone—in Caleb's clothes. No, that wasn't honest, and anyway Caleb wouldn't let her go alone. They'd go up together and tell the absurd truth. If a man was in love with you, everything would be all right. But the bottom was out of everything, and her spirits drooped lower still, and she'd be bawling in a minute.

Caleb said morosely, "I'm poison for you. If I could ever scrape up half a

grain of common sense. If I could even be depended on to steer a boat!"

"It wasn't your fault." She was exhausted, she was sunk. "It's just that we do things like this. It's what happens to us. With the most innocent intentions. It always would. So we're stopping. This is our last escapade. I'm sorry, but now we're getting sense. From now on we just send each other post cards."

He was silent for a quarter of a mile. Then, somberly: "You're right, Hope. I know what happened at the dance, and you're right. We've had a lot of fun and now we'd better not. I'm sorry."

THEY came into North Wallisport and anxiety tightened its grip. When they came round the corner she saw that there was no light in the white house. John wasn't there! She couldn't tell whether that was worst or best. She stumbled out of the coupé and Caleb took her hand, saying, "If I forgot to say it anytime these ten years, party dress or my corduroys, you're a damned pretty girl." She broke away without saving anything and hurried up the walk, his shoes flopping on her feet.

She got a light on in the lower hall. Nothing on the table, no note from John. A light went on upstairs and there was Aunt Elinor in a nightdress looking down at her, first curiously, then with an amused smile, a satirical smile.

"I didn't know they contemplated turning it into a costume ball," Aunt Elinor said tranquilly.

"John!" Hope said frantically. "Was he here? Did he come?"

"John? John Gabriel? No, he hasn't been here."

Hope's knees buckled and she sat down on the stairs. Relief flooded over her. He hadn't been here! She hadn't hurt him! She was saved.

"I imagine he went to the fire," Aunt Elinor said. "There was a fire a while ago. At the Gabriel mills."

(To be continued next week)



"You act as if you didn't trust me, hiding this note from your secretary in that cigar box up in the attic in that old trunk with the two padlocks"

GEORGE LICHTY

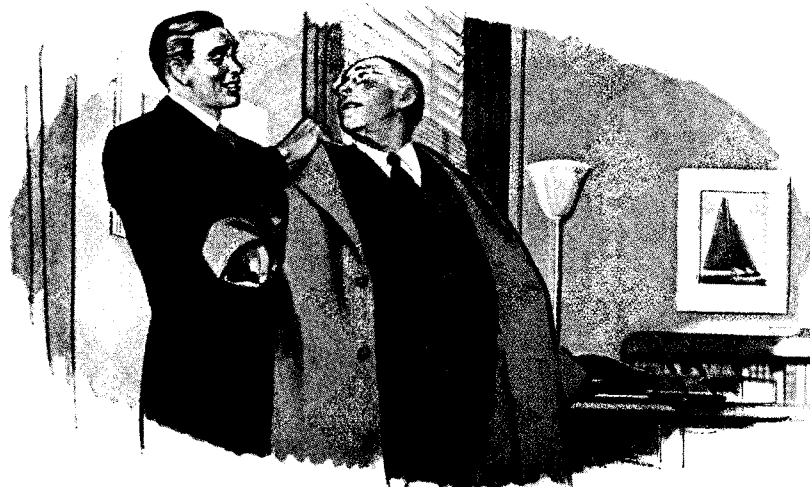


"Start off by asking him about his new Packard"



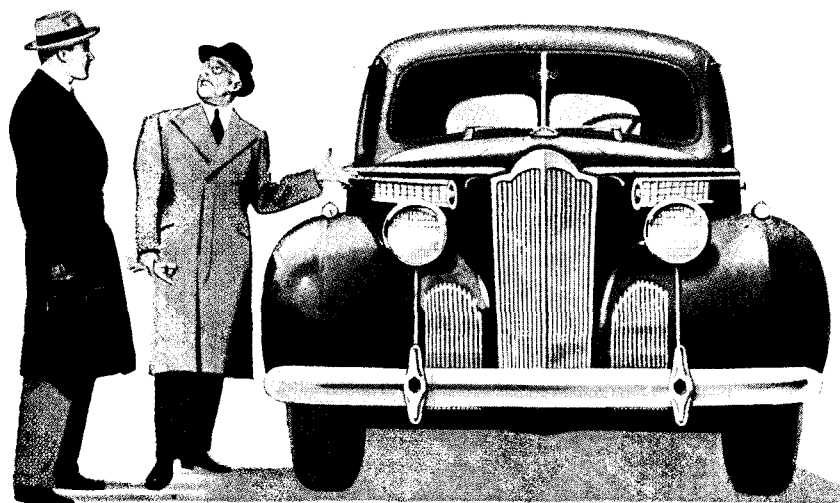
BOB: I hear you've bought a new Packard, sir. How do you like it?

THE P.A.: Listen, son—if those fixtures you sell had *half* the all-around value that my car has, you'd be in clover! Best value on the road, bar none. And *travel*? This Packard sniffs *nobody's* dust—I've got to *hold* her in. You wouldn't believe me if I told you how she irons out the pits and ruts on the road, either—glides over 'em like a dancer on a ballroom floor. I don't mean to bore you with all this, but you *did* ask me!



BOB: Gee, I'd like to own that car! But I couldn't support it.

THE P.A.: Nonsense! Why, my big Packard costs me only a trifle more to run than my daughter's small roadster. You just ought to see the mileage I get from my gasoline and oil. What's more, there's more *room* for arms and legs than in any car I've ever ridden in! But say—you've got to *ride* in the car to see what I mean. I've got an appointment down town pretty soon, and I'll give you a lift. O. K? (P.S. BOB GOT THE ORDER!)



BEFORE YOU BUY ANY CAR, see and drive the 1940 Packard!

Compare it, on your *own* basis, with anything else at anywhere near its price. Get the facts on Packard's low upkeep costs. You'll find, for example, that Packard service charges compare favorably with those of *much* smaller cars. Yes, and 4 times out of 5, the down payment is *more* than covered by the car traded in. Why not drop in on your Packard dealer and talk it over—*now*?

PACKARD-\$867

AND UP. Packard 110, \$867 and up. Packard 120, \$1038 and up. Packard Super-8 160, \$1524 and up. Packard Custom Super-8 180, \$2243 to \$6300. Prices delivered in Detroit, State taxes extra.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

5,000,000 Members Showing their
Crusade against "SCREWDRIERS"
"SCREWJAYS" sweeps the Country

**Join now—help cut STOP-and-GO 35%!
New DAY-and-NIGHT Emblem says, "SHARE THE ROAD"**

MOTORISTS by the thousand are pouring into Shell dealers' to get their new 1940 Share-the-Road Emblems . . .

This day-and-night emblem is the symbol of the 1940 crusade to cut Stop-and-Go driving 35%—by putting the screws on "Screwdrivers" and "Screwjays." These heedless drivers and pedestrians cause more than one-third of all Stop-and-Go, according to Shell research.

Already, more than 5,000,000 motorists are showing their colors—displaying Share-the-Road Emblems on their cars. *Your* emblem is waiting at your Shell dealer's—FREE for agreeing to share the road!

And for the Stop-and-Go you can't avoid, Shell brings you two NEW gasolines. New Super-Shell

and new Shell Premium have the highest Road-Performance Rating (RPR) in Shell history!

Road-Performance Rating (RPR) is the true measure of a gasoline's performance *in your car*. "Highest RPR" means faster starting, faster pick-up, higher anti-knock, more power and "go" *in all gears, at all speeds*. Either of these new Shell gasolines, in its price class, cuts the cost of Stop-and-Go *more* than the fuel it succeeded.

Highest RPR results from Shell's "balancing" process—no single performance quality is emphasized at the expense of others. There's no "robbing Peter to pay Paul."

With new Super-Shell or new Shell Premium in your fuel tank, and a Share-the-Road Emblem on your car, you're *doing something* about Stop-and-Go!

**Here's your emblem—and to cut
the cost of Stop-and-Go, I've got those
new high RPR gasolines**

"Glows day and night—you've got to see this emblem to appreciate it. The mariners' signal flags mean, 'I am giving way'—I'm sharing the road! And while you're here, let me fill your tank with new Super-Shell or new Shell Premium—honest, these new gasolines are so good you should try a tankful *straight!*"





(left)

"When the Share-the-Road movement started, traffic officials welcomed it—but no one could have predicted it would reach its present amazing size. Now, going after the heedless pedestrian as well as driver, this crusade is doubly deserving of success!"

Chas. Lypham

Director of the
American Road Builders Association

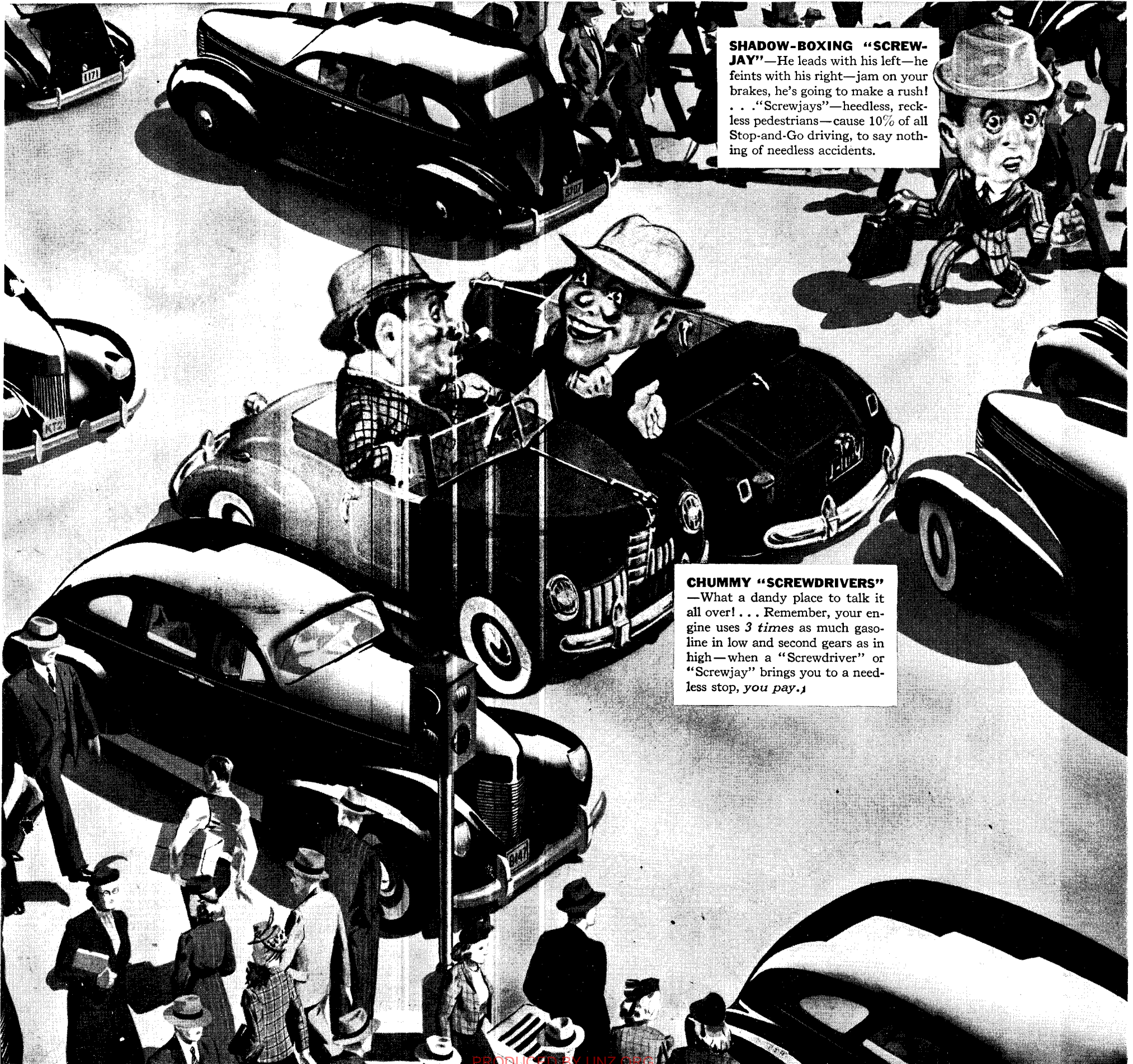


(right)

"Traffic-accident figures for the last year show that pedestrians are 14 times as liable to injury—they're taking 14 times the chance—when they cross streets against the signal or between intersections. If the Shell Share-the-Road Club can impress on pedestrians the folly of being 'Screwjays,' traffic will not only flow more smoothly, but pedestrians themselves will benefit greatly."

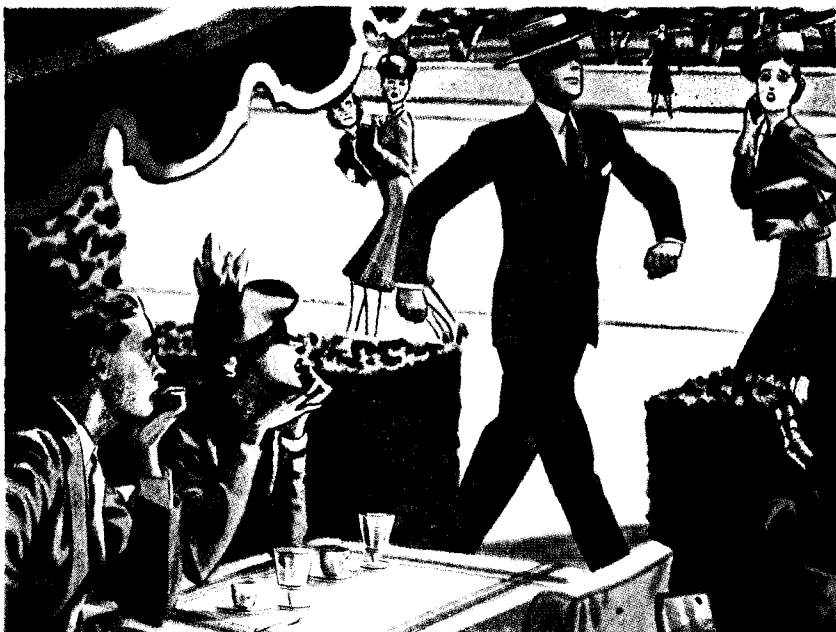
John Stetson

President
National Safety Council



SHADOW-BOXING "SCREW-JAY"—He leads with his left—he feints with his right—jam on your brakes, he's going to make a rush! . . . "Screwjays"—heedless, reckless pedestrians—cause 10% of all Stop-and-Go driving, to say nothing of needless accidents.

CHUMMY "SCREWDRIVERS"—What a dandy place to talk it all over! . . . Remember, your engine uses 3 times as much gasoline in low and second gears as in high—when a "Screwdriver" or "Screwjay" brings you to a needless stop, you pay.



Why no one can marry Richard

1. **This is Richard**, as nice a young man as ever didn't give a girl a tumble. Richard credits much of his charm to a pilgrimage he makes during a certain week each May . . .



2. . . . In this week, *National Arrow Week*, he goes to his Arrow dealer and *splurges* on Arrow Shirts . . . the smartest patterns and collar styles, with flawless tailoring and fit. He also picks out Arrow

Ties that harmonize with the shirts: handsome, wrinkle-resistant ties at \$1 and \$1.50. Girls ogle him and purr. "Mm. what good taste!" But Richard is completely unresponsive.



3. **Being intelligent** as well as personable. Richard then gets Arrow handkerchiefs (25¢, up) designed especially for the shirts and ties. Passing females "oh" and "ah"—but no dice.

Copyright, 1940, Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.



4. **Next come Arrow Shorts** (at 65¢ and up) the most comfortable shorts in captivity—they have no center seam, they have more room in the seat . . . and, like Arrow Shirts, are Sanforized-Shrunk: the fabric won't shrink even 1%! Ah, but Richard shrinks—from casual feminine eyes.



5. **Richard goes home**, dons his Arrows . . . a lovely young lady named Mary shrieks. "You look wonderful!" . . . kisses him shamelessly! *And that's why no one can marry Richard.* For do you think Mary'd be fool

enough to let him get away? Nossir! She married him five years ago! . . . For handsome haberdashery, go to *your* Arrow dealer this week (National Arrow Week). Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.

Broken Glass

Continued from page 19

Miss Cassing had had an apartment with two other nurses, and one of the girls was home. Her name was Miss Vallin. She showed us Miss Cassing's pleasant room. The girl's things were about, and a case on the dresser had held three small bottles of perfume. One bottle was missing.

"How come the perfume?" O'Malley asked Miss Vallin. "Nurses don't use it."

"Not when we're on a case."

"Well, Miss Cassing was on a case."

He took one of the bottles.

"Is there anything in all this, O'Malley," I demanded, "to show Burm didn't kill the girl?"

"No; nor to show he done it."

WE WENT to headquarters. The evening newspapers said Burm was being held for questioning but didn't charge him with murder, and the morning papers told nothing more. I saw O'Malley.

"Well," he asserted, "this shapes up this way: we can't find no witnesses that seen the girl in the park. Some little wool threads was under her fingernails that the laboratory says come off of the guy's coat when he was choking her, but Burm's got no clothes made of cloth like that; if he had, he got rid of 'em. And now we got a new thing: Smeed has disappeared."

"Disappeared!" I exclaimed.

"You said it. I'm going out there."

I went along with him. We saw Mellit.

"What's this about Smeed?" O'Malley inquired.

"I really don't know. He was here last evening. This morning he wasn't around and Mrs. Mellit inquired for him, and he's not in the house."

"You know where he might go?"

"We don't. He'd been with us a long

while, and so far as we know, the man has no relatives."

"Let's look at his room."

We searched the room thoroughly. Most of the man's clothes were gone; there weren't any letters, and the knick-knacks he'd left were such as he would have been willing to part with.

"This must be your man," I whispered to O'Malley.

"Yeah? You said that about Burm. Now you got two guys that done it and I ain't even got one. What would be his reason?"

"I don't know," I told him; "that's for you to find out."

"Sure, we'll see can we find it. You mind if we leave a plain-clothes cop here in case Smeed comes back?" O'Malley asked Mellit.

"Not if you think that necessary."

We left a cop there. Then we went all around the neighborhood to see what we could learn about Smeed. We found nothing important. He was known in a grocery, a drugstore, a cleaner's and in a small bookstore that had a lending library where he had exchanged books for Mrs. Mellit.

"That dead nurse ever change books for her?" O'Malley asked the woman proprietor.

"Yes, and all other members of the family did, too."

"Smeed ever say anything to you about the nurse?"

"Well, he admired her, but he said she made trouble sometimes."

A pretty young woman of about twenty was exchanging a book and O'Malley waited until she had gone out.

"Lady," he informed the woman, "we're going to leave a cop here. He won't look like a cop and he'll always



"I'm so glad you like it"

MICHAEL BERRY

Those in the know...ask for

OLD CROW

A TRULY GREAT NAME

Among America's Great Whiskies



As in years gone by, men who know fine whiskey continue to ask for and enjoy Old Crow. Today, you can do so with added pleasure because of the REDUCED PRICE now effective.

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BOURBON OR RYE • KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY
National Distillers Products Corporation, N. Y. 100 Proof

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always
stand up...

**THIS ONE
EVEN HAS
LEGS!**

**Liberal
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**GOOD
GIFT
FOR A GRAD**

*The only Portable
with a Built-in
Typing Stand...
Exclusively
Underwood!*



Imagine... an Underwood Universal Portable with its own Built-in Typing Stand folded right into the carrying case. No need for makeshifts such as a card table now. You can set up your Underwood anywhere indoors or out and with three adjustments for height you can always type in comfort.

No typewriter but the Underwood offers this complete typing unit. You not only get the exclusive Underwood Built-in Typing Stand... you get the famous Champion Keyboard plus Touch Tuning plus the Sealed Action Frame and many other time-tried Underwood features.

See the Underwood Universal Portable with Built-in Typing Stand at **YOUR DEALER'S**... ask him about liberal terms... or mail the coupon for a free trial of the complete unit in your own home.

**NOTE THE UNDERWOODS
WHEREVER YOU GO!**

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get an Underwood Universal
Portable with Built-in Typing
Stand for Free Trial and with
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Address.....
City..... State.....

G-5-25-1940

be reading a book. That'll be hard on the cop but he'll have to stand it."

We left a plain-clothes cop there. O'Malley went back to headquarters and I didn't see him for several days. I phoned him.

"I was just thinking about you," he told me. "We got something about Smeed. Meet me at Mellit's."

I went and waited in front of the Mellit house until O'Malley appeared. We went in and saw Mellit.

"We got that Smeed at the precinct house," O'Malley informed him. "I thought maybe you'd like to be there when we question him."

"I would," Mellit agreed heartily. "Will you wait while I change my clothes?"

We waited. Then we all went to the precinct station. They had Smeed there, and Burm, and the woman who ran the lending library, and I was surprised to see the pretty girl there whom we had seen exchange a book. Her name was Miss Parmel. Then the cop who had been at Mellit's came in, bringing the clothes Mellit had taken off, and they ripped open the seams of the coat and took out some little packets containing a white powder. Then they arrested Mellit.

"I don't get this, O'Malley," I declared.

"Think it over."

THEY took the people into the detectives' room and I waited till O'Malley came out.

"I'm still in the dark," I stated.

"You ain't been thinking. Like this: A nurse is taking care of a sick lady and she calls up a doctor she knows, and when she goes to meet him she has something in a bottle. Before she can see the doctor, she gets knocked off."

"So what?"

"You're dumb. This Mellit was poisoning his wife. Miss Cassing suspected Mrs. Mellit was being poisoned in the medicine she was giving her, but she didn't dare say nothing till she'd had the stuff analyzed. So she called up Burm. Mellit had got the idea the nurse was suspecting poison, and when Smeed heard her telephoning, Mellit was listening too. When Miss Cassing went to meet Burm, Mellit followed her in his car and come up with her in the park. He questioned her and learned his suspicions was right, and he grabbed the bottle out of her handbag and smashed it on the sidewalk, and when she started to scream he knocked the girl off. He figured if he let her meet Burm he'd get caught for the poisoning.

"The murder setup was this: Mrs. Mellit was a rich widow, older than him, and he married her for her money. Then he met that Miss Parmel, and he wanted to get rid of his wife but he wanted her money. Nobody'd seen him meet the nurse in the park, and he took the chance he could kill her without being suspected."

"A cold-blooded business!" I said.

"He's a cold-blooded guy. His idea was he'd give his wife enough poison to make her sick, then let her get better, then give her some more. He'd keep on doing it, and when, after a while, she died, her doctor wouldn't suspect."

"Did you guess this all along?"

"Why, not at the first. Cops pick up everything around where a murder happens, and they picked up pieces of a busted bottle. The one piece I and you picked up later was just one they'd missed. I and you seen some bottles at Miss Cassing's apartment, and the laboratory said the one I took was the same kind of glass. Well, Miss Cassing wouldn't likely be carrying perfume with her when she was on a case, so what was she carrying? It looked like she was using a perfume bottle so if someone saw it in her handbag they wouldn't

know what. That made us suspicious.

"Cops seen Mrs. Mellit's doctor and he said that was a respectable family and there wasn't a chance of poisoning; but after he'd thought it over for a while he said the way Mrs. Mellit was sick could have been caused by arsenic. So the laboratory tried the pieces of the bottle for arsenic and got a reaction."

"I see," I said. "Then you concluded that whoever was poisoning Mrs. Mellit had murdered the nurse."

"You said it. The question was who, and how, and why? The bottle made us think maybe the poison was in Mrs. Mellit's medicine. Well, we wouldn't find no poison in the medicine now, because as soon as the nurse was knocked off the poisoner would have got rid of it. We wanted to question everybody in the Mellit house without them suspecting we was doing it; so what looked best to us was to plant someone in the house."

"Through Smeed!" I exclaimed.

"You got it. Smeed is a long-while servant of Mrs. Mellit's family and he thinks a lot of her. We told him to disappear. Then we went there like we was investigating Smeed, and Mellit couldn't refuse to let us leave a cop there because he was afraid refusing would look suspicious. It didn't get us nothing. The cop couldn't find any poison in the house, and we couldn't find where anyone had bought any. We seen Mellit could have wanted his wife's money, but he had the reputation of being fond of her, and we had to have more motive than that. We knew if some other woman was his motive, he couldn't go long without communicating with her, and we staked cops in stores and places around to see what he did. He didn't mail any suspicious letters or do any telephoning.

"Then we had luck. Mellit come into that bookshop to exchange a book for his wife, and he took down a book at the end of one shelf and then put it back again. After he'd gone, a girl come in and took down the same book and put it back. All at once the cop we had in the bookshop got smart. He followed the girl to where she lived and says to her, 'Give me the note you took out of that book.'"

"**SHE** was Miss Parmel," I said.

"Sure. It just happened you and me seen her in the bookshop. That didn't mean nothing to me then. Miss Parmel wasn't in on the poisoning or the murder. All she knew was that Mellit wanted to marry her. He'd told her his wife was sick and would probably die, and he couldn't see Miss Parmel while that was going on, but they'd put notes in whatever book was at that end of the shelf. We decided to pinch him. When he asked to change his clothes, I give the cop the high sign, and after we'd left, he examined the clothes Mellit had took off and felt something in them."

"The poison," I said.

"It turns out to be that. Mellit hadn't given up the idea of poisoning his wife, and he was afraid he couldn't get no more poison without being suspected. It's our idea he got what he was using when him and his wife was in Florida."

"Did he confess?"

"We don't need any confession. We hadn't told nobody about the little threads of wool under the dead kid's fingernails, and the cop in Mellit's house had took threads off of all his clothes, but there wasn't none like 'em. Now we tried the suit he put on before he come to the station. That suit was at the cleaner's when the cop took his samples. The laboratory says it's the same wool."

"Good work!" I told him.

"Yeah, I think that too. Killing a nurse, I figure it, is next bad to killing a cop, except a nurse don't leave no widow."

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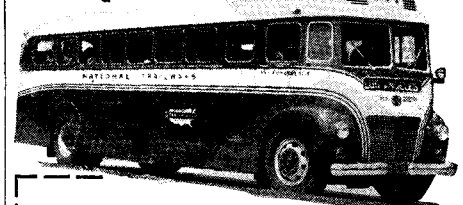
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Double or Nothing

Continued from page 21

give everybody a little money—make it go as far as I can. We'll be back in the bucks in a month." He grinned. "There's nothing new about this. It's all happened before."

"Too many times," said Dorothy.

Her voice was tired. Shadow lay across one cheek. She turned and he saw new lines at her mouth. She was a stranger, self-contained, aloof. "It won't happen again, George. Not to me."

"Dot—" His smile was a shaken white. "I'm no financial wizard, but that's no reason . . ." He pushed out one hand. "Look—you scared the pants off me."

"I meant to, George. We've got to call a halt now. No more parties, no more golf—"

"Hey!" he protested. "My club membership doesn't cost me a dime. And I get most of my business out there."

"Bar bills," she said, "crap games . . ."

"You've got to spend money to earn money."

"And spend more than you earn?"

There was no break in the white stiffness of her face. "You've got a golf date at three," she said, and her voice was bitter-bright, thin. "Well—keep it!"

His throat was tight. "I'll do just that!"

The others were waiting on the first tee when George Peterson reached the club—Dave Rogers, Johnny O'Hara and a dark, stocky stranger.

"This's Morgan," said Rogers. "He sells cars."

Morgan's hand was hard; his grip firm. O'Hara said, "We fixed up a match while we were waiting, George. Morgan and I'll play you and Rogers. Nine holes and adjust. Okay?"

George Peterson nodded, remembering Dorothy's, "We've got to cut expenses. . . ." He was about to speak when O'Hara said, "Ten bucks a hole. George's taken too much of my dough. Today I'm getting some of it back."

Rogers chuckled. "Don't bet on it." "Well," said O'Hara. "How about it, George?"

"Hooked!" thought George Peterson savagely. "I won his money at ten dollars a hole—so now I'm a heel if I don't give him a chance to win it back. I—"

"How about it, George?" O'Hara asked again.

George wet his lips. "Whatever you say."

And O'Hara said, "Let's take 'em, champ."

That "champ" was part of a joke that was old and not very good. George Peterson had won the Western Open while still in college. The reporters had had fun then, for it isn't often a brown-faced, smiling, likable kid takes golf's big names for a ride, and then says, "No, I'm not turning pro. . . ."

So he wasn't a pro, but something less—and that was a bitter thought. He was a salesman, a one-time champion, who sold insurance between tee and green.

Today he played not to win but to break even. That wasn't hard, for a pint of Scotch and a flaming temper wrecked O'Hara's short game completely. Morgan was no match for the steadier George. Morgan and O'Hara, as a team, were six down at the turn. More simply, each man had lost thirty dollars.

ON THE tenth tee, Rogers said, "So you were going to take us, O'Hara?" He had been born to money, this Rogers. He was middle-aged, a little fat and he loved to win. That gloating was in his voice:

"Come on, start crying. How many strokes do you want?"

The drink, as always, had turned John O'Hara truculent. He reacted as Rogers must have known he would. "To hell with you!" he said hoarsely. "We'll play you even and take you yet. Boy"—he dropped one hand on his caddy's shoulder—"trot into the locker room and tell Charlie I want a pint of Scotch. Run—"

"I think—" Morgan began.

He stopped, turning away, but not before George Peterson had seen the pallor that lay beneath his tan, the jerk of taut muscle at his jaw line. "In over his head," thought George. "He tried to sell O'Hara a car and got pulled into this game."

George Peterson said, "You're six down, O'Hara. Why don't you let us give you a stroke a hole?"

"They want to play even," said Rogers, quickly.

The match went on, though it was no longer a match. O'Hara halved one hole in five, lost the others. There was



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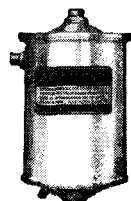
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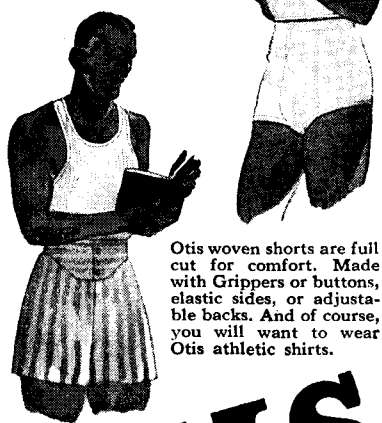
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a desperate brilliance about Morgan's play, a daring. He tried to carry the weight of his drunken partner and managed it for a breathless while. The strain got to him, finally. On the sixteenth, gray-faced, he called George Peterson aside.

"We're twelve down—that's sixty bucks apiece," he said. "O'Hara pays Rogers and I pay you. Okay?"

"Sure," said George Peterson. "Why not?"

"How's to play this hole for sixty?"

George Peterson bent his head, thinking, "He's trying to get it back—trying to break even." Aloud, he said, "It's your money. Whatever you want."

Great oaks lined the seventeenth fairway. A low branch of one of these caught Morgan's drive, sent it deep into a rock pile. He took an eight, and then lifted a bloodless face to say, "Same thing again? Double or nothing. . . ." George Peterson nodded silent agreement. And on the eighteenth Morgan put two tee shots in the river. It was all over. . . .

"... twenty," said the club steward. "thirty—and ten is two hundred and forty dollars." His smile was polite. "You must have had a good day, Mr. Peterson."

George said, "Good is hardly the word."

He had money again, more than enough for the need of the moment, but there was the nagging memory of Rogers' triumphant cackle—of Morgan's proud, white face, his stiff. "I'll have to give you a check. . . ." And so there was no pleasure in the winning—not even with the glow of three tall drinks warm inside of him.

HE BOUGHT orchids and a huge box of chocolates on the way home. Dorothy met him at the door. She wore a dinner gown of smooth, heavy blue, and she was frowning. "You're late," she said. "You'll have to hurry. We're due at Peel's in half an hour."

George spilled the packages on the table. "These are for you," he said. "Presents for a lovely lady."

"Orchids," she said. "We can't afford—"

He said, "We can now. I got lucky."

"You sold Rogers?" Her voice was low, happy.

"Well, not exactly. But I won—"

He stopped, for her mouth turned down, and the gray, troubled look came again to her eyes. "Maybe it's a good thing you can play golf," she said. "We'd starve if you had to sell insurance for a living."

He said, "Thanks, pal. Thanks a lot."

"We're late," she said. "You'd better change."

THE house was ablaze with lights. Music and the murmur of voices met them at the doorway. A maid took their wraps; and stocky, smiling Henry Peel said, "You know where to find things here. Have fun, kids. You're on your own. . . ."

"Thanks," George said. "We'll manage."

The playroom was crowded. They had reached the bar when a fat man, who had been swinging an umbrella in imitation putts, sidled close to say, "Aren't you the Peterson I saw in the Open?" George was about to speak when a light voice said, "Sure, but he was good then." George Peterson turned to face that voice.

"Perry Schramm," he said. "Hello, heel."

"Mr. Heel." Schramm smiled. "Hi, Dorothy."

George said, "How about a match, if you—"

"It was a gag," said Schramm, and smiled again. He was tall, dark, and he wore clothes well. He had an easy smile and deft, brown hands; his name was

old—one of the city's solid business names. "I came over to talk your wife out of a dance. How about it, Dorothy?"

She did not look at George. "Why not?"

They moved away, and the fat man said, "Have one with me, George. Say, remember when Bobby Jones—" and George forgot the noisy crowd. They talked of golf's great, of nerves worn thin by strain, of putts that didn't go down. The Haig, Sarazen, Smith—the fat man knew them all. The tournaments they'd won, and lost.

IT WAS late when the fat man wandered away and the girl in white moved down the bar to stand beside George.

Bitterly, she said, "Are you going blind?"

"Not to my knowledge," he said. "Why, Ann?"

"Your wife's been dancing with Perry Schramm all evening. He's an old boy friend of hers, and you—"

"Whoa!" said George quickly. "Dot's old enough to take care of herself." He forced a grin. "Don't worry about her. Good night, Ann—"

He found them on the terrace. "Sorry, Schramm," he said, "but the lady's husband wants to dance with her." Later, when they were safely on the floor, he said, "You wouldn't make a fool of me, would you, Dot?"

"What do you mean?"

"Ann's talking about you and Schramm."

"Ann talks about everyone," Dorothy murmured.

"He asked you to marry him once," said George, stiffly. "I don't like him—I don't want him around."

"You're being silly," said Dorothy.

"Sure," said George. "But we're going home—now."

Music followed them through the warm dark to the car. Dorothy would not look at him—somehow made a point of not looking at him. Her voice was cool and low:

"I want to drive, George."

"Hey," he said. "I'm not tight."

"I know. But I want to drive anyway."

"So it's that way," he said. "You did want to dance with Schramm; you're mad because I made you leave. Okay!" He got the keys out of his pocket, handed them to her. "Here you are. Drive, by all means."

Dorothy was still. She looked up at him, lower lip caught between her teeth. And for a moment George expected her to throw the keys back at him—that look was on her face.

It was a bad moment. George didn't realize just how bad until they started home and he found his hands were clenched and sweating. The anger went out of him, then. He felt kicked around, lousy. He'd made a fool of himself, and no mistake.

"Tomorrow," he said huskily, "—tomorrow, I'll probably beat you." He forced his hands open. "It turns out I'm that kind of guy. You know—a bum."

She said, "Forget it," tiredly.

George frowned. "I can't. Neither can you. And that's our trouble. Three months ago we'd have laughed this off. Now—well, we're dragging it home with us."

"So you've noticed it too."

He said, "Dot, why is our marriage cracking up?"

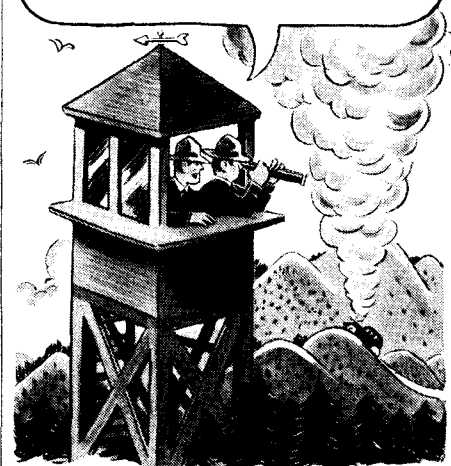
"It's quite simple." There was no doubt in her voice. "It's the club. Drop your membership, and things will straighten out."

"I'm damned if—"

He got that stopped just in time. He leaned forward, pushing his hat away from his eyes. This was important. He couldn't lose his temper now. They were nearly home before he trusted himself to speak.

"Look," he said. "It's not the club. or Schramm. It's the old first-of-the-

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month blues. We can't pay the bills, so we take it out on each other. And here's our trouble: we live too high. We pay cash for parties and liquor and then we stall the grocer. We're not practical."

Dorothy said, "Practical is a nice word."

And they left it like that through the moments it took them to reach the house. Dorothy ran the car into the garage, and George helped her lock up. They were in the bedroom, when George tried again.

"So we'll cut down. Economize."

Dorothy said, "Is the club an economy?"

"My membership is free—you know that."

She slipped out of her dress, put it away.

"I know the rest of it, too," she said. "There's only one reason we can't pay our bills, George Peterson—the club is that reason."

"I sell more insurance in the club bar—"

"That's the only place you try to sell!" she said quickly. "You earn a lot of money, but you put it back—drinks, poker, craps. Yes, and playing ten-dollar-a-hole golf with men who could use your income for peanuts." She lifted her hands. "It won't get better; it'll get worse. You'll get in so deep nothing will get you out. Can't you see?"

"I can see one thing," he said stubbornly. "If I drop my membership we'll starve." Anger roughened his voice. "But why the fuss? I've always managed to pay the bills. I'll pay them this month."

"Yes—with money you won from Morgan! You're not a salesman; you're a gambler. . . ."

THE next day, Wednesday, things were pretty much the same between them. George paid most of the bills. On Thursday—well, on Thursday, Morgan's check came back.

The club steward was sympathetic but firm: "Naturally, the club can't be responsible, Mr. Peterson. Mr. Morgan was Mr. O'Hara's guest. You might talk to Mr. O'Hara. And there's no

hurry, Mr. Peterson. Take plenty of time. Say—until Monday . . ."

The hardest part was telling Dorothy. He thought about not telling her, but somehow that seemed a lousy thing to do. So he gave her the check. She looked at it, gasped and her eyes went wide.

"No good," she breathed. "But, George—we've spent that money!"

"Don't worry," said George hurriedly. "I've got till Monday. I can get the money from Morgan before then."

Dorothy said, "We'll go see him—now!"

IT WAS a very ordinary house in a very ordinary neighborhood. The porch needed paint, and there were worn spots, here and there, which spoke of children in that rough age between seven and twelve. Mrs. Morgan was small, middle-aged, gray. A child tugged at her apron.

"Mr. Morgan isn't here," she said, and the words were old on her lips. "It's hard to say when he'll be back. But if you'd care to come in and wait . . ."

"Another time will do," said Dorothy.

And there was nothing for George to do but follow Dorothy's square, determined shoulders back to the car. He was fumbling with the ignition when he saw the bits of paper falling at her feet.

He closed his eyes. He kept them closed. He pushed his hat back and took a deep breath—a sort of a count-to-ten breath. And then, carefully, he said:

"Did you have to tear up that check?"

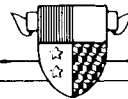
"Yes." Her voice was low, colorless. "I thought Morgan would be like O'Hara—able to afford it. But he isn't. He's just a poor fool who never learned to say no."

"Like me, I suppose."

Dorothy's hands trembled a little. "Do you know what I saw, just now?" she asked. "That woman was me—fifteen years from now, at the rate we're going. Four or five children, a rented house, a memorized speech for bill collectors. . . ." She shook her head. "George, I can't. . . ."

Her tone brought George's eyes up. For the first time he saw, clearly, how

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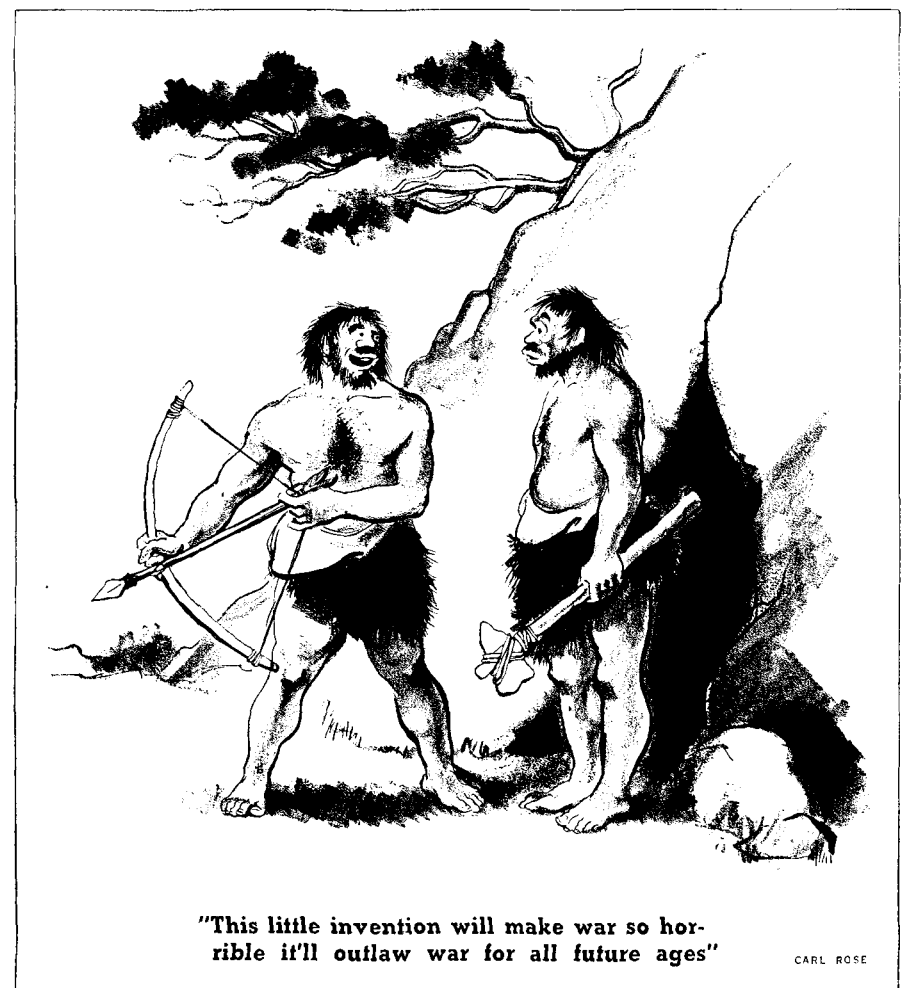
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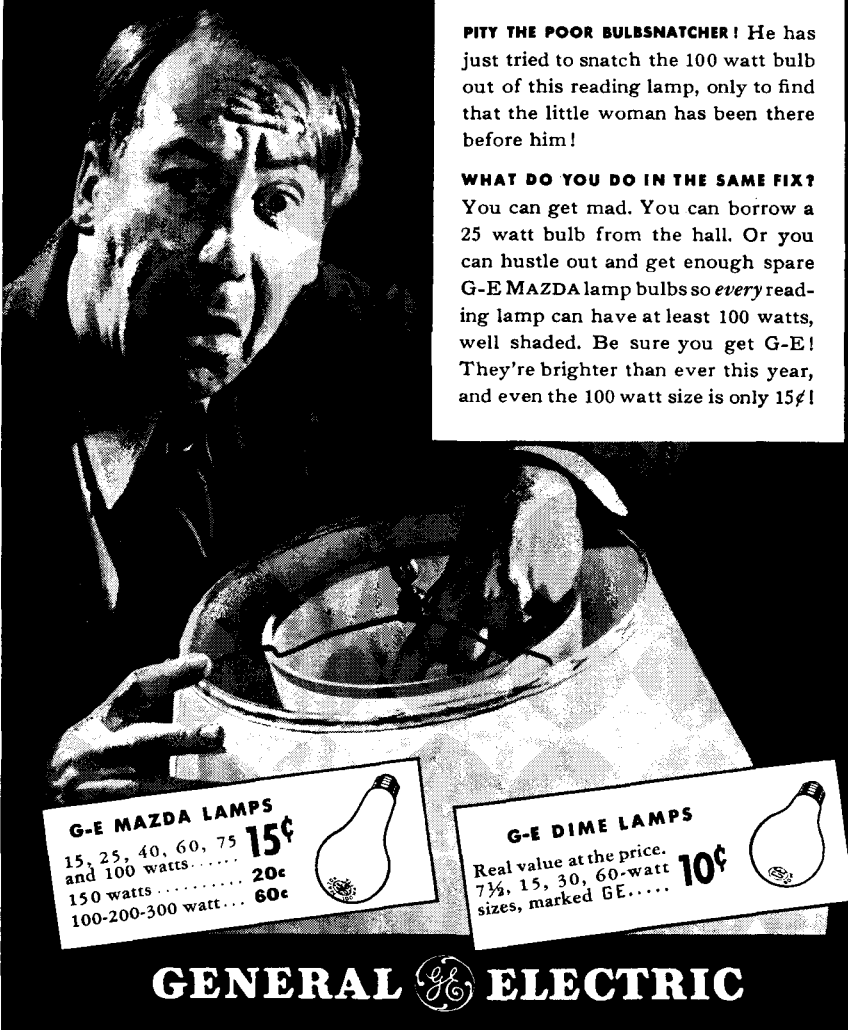
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things stood between them. The check was forgotten; it no longer mattered.

"I think I'll take you home," he said.

He made only a pretense of working that afternoon. He went home late, hoping to find Dorothy no longer angry. But at dinner she was the same—cool, reserved, distant.

"So I'm still in the doghouse?" he said.

"Not exactly." Her eyes were grave. "But I've got to tell you something—something you won't like." She took a deep breath. "George—I've got a job."

"No!" he said. "You can't."

"Perry Schramm gave me a job."

George Peterson got slowly to his feet. He pushed out one hand, blindly, and a tall goblet fell to splinter against his plate. He let it lay, unheeded.

"You can't do this to me," he said, and his voice was hoarse.

Nothing more was said that night or the next morning. George did not believe that Dorothy was meeting Perry Schramm. And, deep down, he didn't believe she really wanted to. So he wasn't spying when he went to the Benson the next day at lunch time—Dorothy simply would not be there.

But Dorothy was there, lovely and charming in her very best blue dress. There was something warmly intimate in the way she smiled at Perry Schramm across the table. George Peterson turned away.

And so there it was. Perry Schramm would give Dorothy a job... and everyone would know George Peterson was a failure.

THE locker room was deserted save for John O'Hara and a white-jacketed attendant. O'Hara waved and said: "Just the guy I was looking for. How about a twosome?"

"Not for me," George said.

O'Hara said, "What's wrong? Hang-over?"

George got a cigarette from his pocket. "That's a good answer. I've got the grandpappy of all hang-overs."

"I'll fix you up," said O'Hara. "Hey, boy!"

The drink was tall and cold and smooth to the taste. They had another.

The afternoon hours wore away. They were still at the bar when Schramm came in.

"Gentlemen," he said, "—and blotters. How are you?"

O'Hara said, "Fine, Perry. What'll you have?"

"Nothing, thanks. I've got to work tomorrow."

"So what?" said O'Hara. "We work, too."

"When?" Perry grinned. "You're here every day."

O'Hara wagged his head and laughed. "Sure, but we do all right. Take George here. He sells insurance between shots. Yeah, and wins plenty, too."

Schramm said, "I hear he's pretty good."

"And where did you hear that?"

George Peterson's voice was ugly, for that was the way he felt.

Perry Schramm said, "What difference does it make? Relax, George. There's nothing to get excited about."

"Right," said O'Hara thickly. "Give him a stroke a hole, George. Play him a match. Settle it that way."

GEORGE looked at Perry Schramm, hating him suddenly.

"I know where you heard that," he said. And though a cool, remote inner voice cautioned, "Don't be a fool!" he went on, moving close to Schramm, saying in a tight, driven whisper, "Dorothy doesn't need your help. Stay away from her. Hear me—stay away!"

Schramm's face was pale. "You're tight, George."

"Maybe I am—but I meant what I said!"

"Aren't you being a bit medieval?"

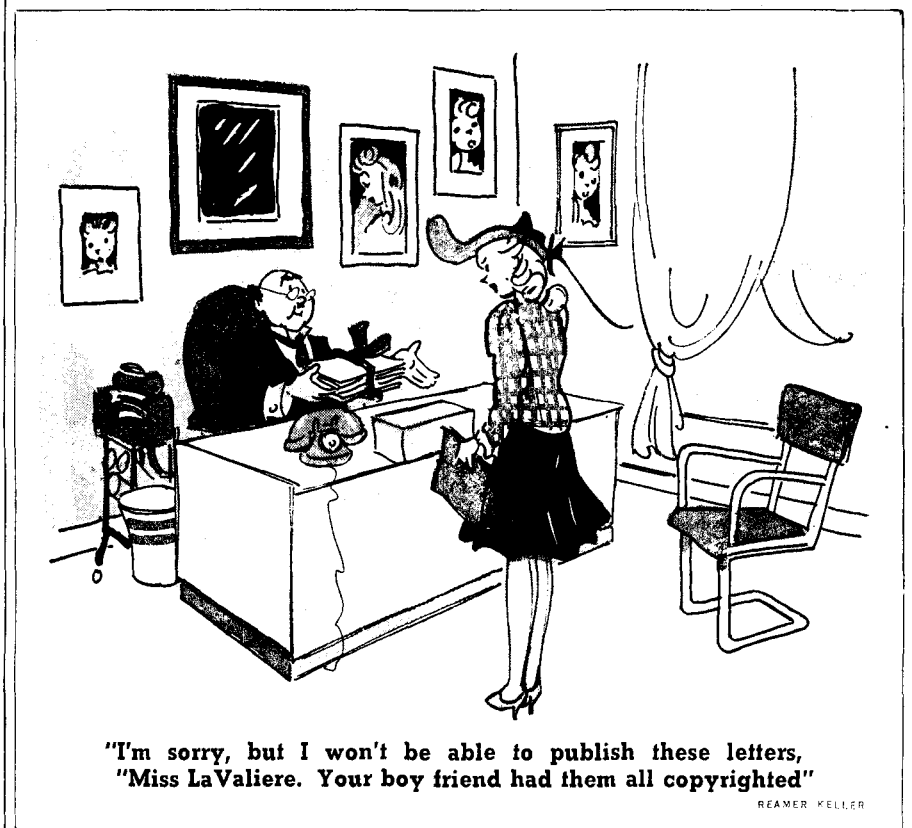
George Peterson hit him. He felt the shock of the blow in his hand and shoulder, and yet... it was somehow unreal, as if he'd watched another man drive his fist into Schramm's face. Schramm staggered back; his, "Damn you!" loud in the raw quiet. And then O'Hara was between them, saying, "Easy, boys. Take it easy..."

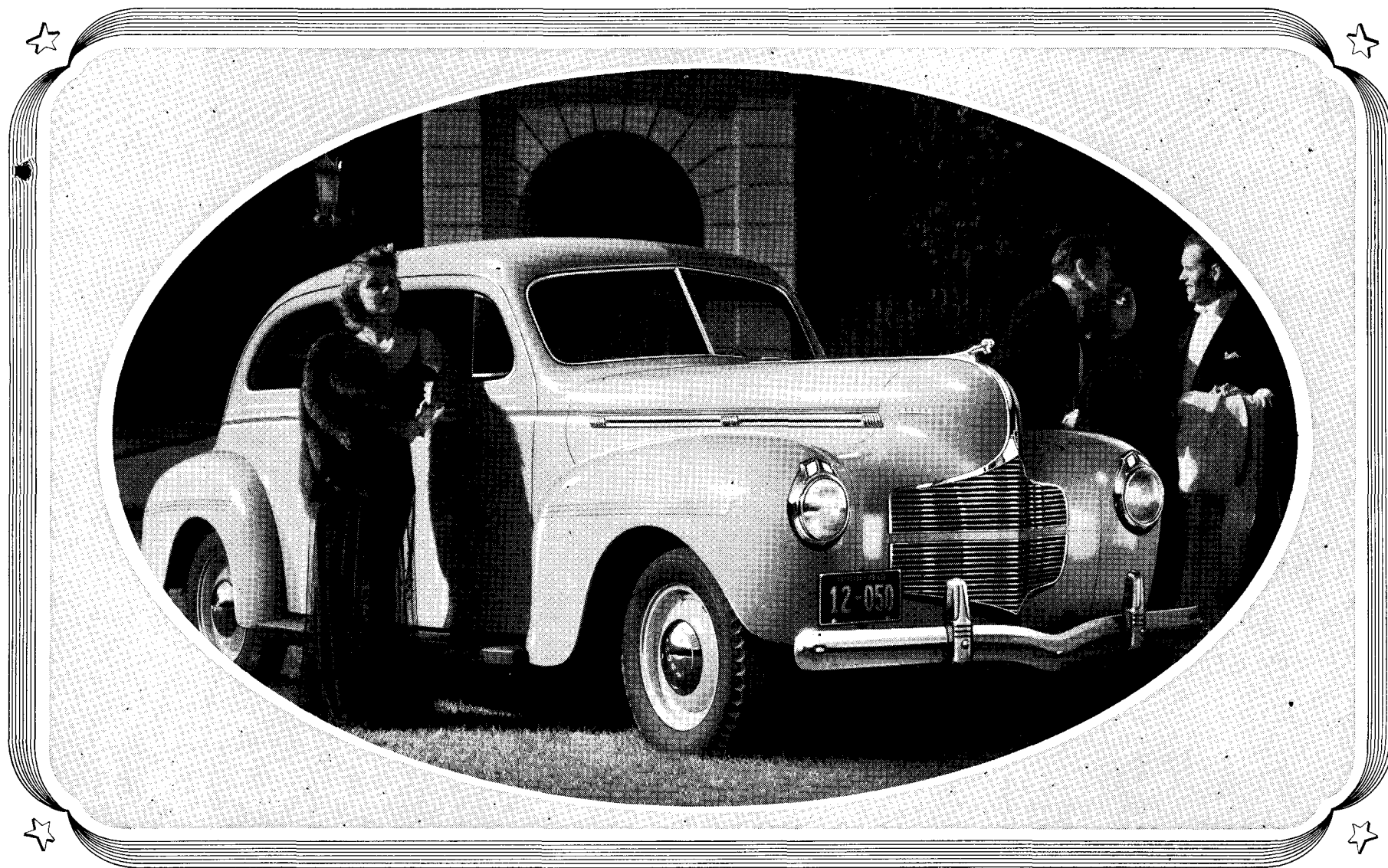
Afterward, George Peterson was not quite sure what happened next. The club steward came, small, polite, probing. There was a blur of watching faces, the flat sound of O'Hara's voice, saying, "They were arguing about golf, an' George took a swing at him..." Then, quite clearly, the steward said, "You gentlemen should settle these matters on the course."

O'Hara said, "Give him a stroke a hole, George."

Perry Schramm lifted eyes bright with anger. "It's all right with me," he said. "If the bet's big enough."

George Peterson pressed his shoulders hard against the steel locker. They





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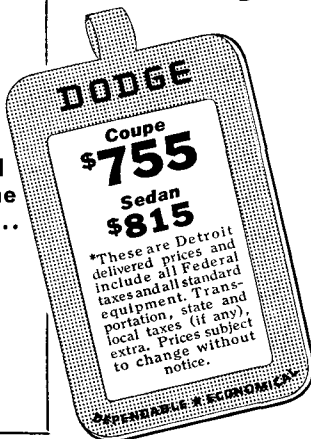
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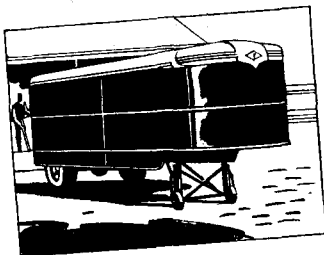
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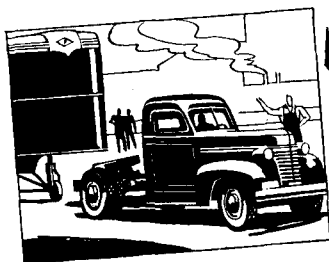


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were waiting, watching him. The sure grin was on Schramm's lips again.

George said, "I et's make it a thousand."

Schramm said, "Done!"

SATURDAY morning. . . .

Blue mist lay across the fairways. It was cold. A crowd had gathered around the first tee when George Peterson arrived—a low-voiced, waiting crowd. O'Hara broke away and came to meet George.

"I'm keeping score," he said, nervously.

"Fine," said George. "But why the gallery?"

"You know how people talk," O'Hara lifted blocky shoulders in an uneasy shrug. "They heard about the match, and came out to see—"

"—the slaughter," George finished.

O'Hara said, "It's kind of my fault."

"I hunted trouble," said George. "I found it."

He thought about that as the coin spun, flashing upward from O'Hara's hand. Anger, Scotch, fool's pride—and here he was playing a match he couldn't win, for a thousand dollars he didn't have. He was giving Schramm—the utterly dependable Schramm—eighteen strokes. Half that would have been a generous handicap.

Perry Schramm drove. George watched the swift white climb of the ball, wishing he'd been able to tell Dorothy what he'd done. He had tried and failed. And now—well, she'd know soon enough. Everyone else knew.

George lost the first hole when his putt rimmed the cup. He lost the second. He got into his drive on the third, put his brassie close to the pin. He was down in three, a birdie, but he only halved the hole. Schramm's stroke advantage was beating him.

He was two down at the turn.

Dorothy joined the gallery on the tenth. He saw her moving along with the crowd—a quiet, pensive little figure. Somehow the sight of her pulled at nerves worn raw. He halved that hole. He lost the next.

The twelfth was long. Perry Schramm's tee shot was good; George's faded, far out, pulling deep into the rough. Head down, he walked away from the tee.

Dorothy fell in step with him there. He saw the run of her shadow on the grass beside his own; and he tightened inwardly, waiting for what would come.

She said, quietly, "Hello, chump."

"You know stronger words," he said. "Use them."

But she said no more. Her face was thoughtful—not angry, not friendly.

"Dot, give me another try—just one."

"And go through this again?"

"No, Dorothy," he said. "Not ever."

GENTLY, she said, "You mean that now, George. You're like the man who gets religion on his deathbed. But how do I know you won't forget this, when you're in the money again?"

"Not me," said George. "I admit I've got to learn the hard way—but I have learned." He spread his hands. "Match play for a thousand dollars. I'm three down with seven to go. Schramm will win the three short holes with the strokes I gave him. Even if I take all the rest I still lose."

Dorothy said, "And then—?"

"And then I'm cleaned out—our equity in the house, our insurance, the car, everything. I'll have to start from scratch again. I'll have to ring doorbells, carry my lunch in a paper sack, ride busses. No, lady. I'll never forget. I'm cured. Forget that job with Schramm and I'll work my head off."

"You make it sound like a good bet," she said.

"It is—if you don't mind being broke."

Dorothy said, "You know it's not the

money, George; it's—well, we'll see. . . ."

George's caddie called, "Over here, sir."

The ball lay in a tangled mat of grass, but somehow that didn't matter. George didn't trouble to reason it out. He simply knew the pressure was gone, the good looseness was back in his shoulders. Unhurriedly, he mapped his shot. And he refused the niblick, saying, "The five iron. We'll play this the tough way. . . ."

The stroke was strong and smooth and right. The feel of the ball was a pleasant shock to his hands. Applause spattered out quickly, and the caddie said, "On the green . . . pin high!"

He dropped his putt—a curving ten-footer—and won the hole. They were moving toward the thirteenth when Dorothy said, "Nice going, George."

"But too late," he said. "Look, Dorothy, if we take a cheap apartment somewhere. . . ."

He played golf, then, an effortless, machinelike game. He won two holes, halved one, lost one. His long iron dropped close to the pin on the seventeenth, and there Dorothy said, "This might be close after all."

He grinned. "Maybe we won't have to move."

He thought about that as he watched the swift, straight run of his putt. He met her eyes, smiling as the ball went down. There was an excited up-rush of sound from the gallery. O'Hara said, "The match is all square. George, it's your honor. . . ." And Dorothy's face had that old troubled look as she turned away.

THE eighteenth was a long par four.

George put two screaming woods together to reach the green. Schramm was on in three. His twenty-foot putt stopped three inches short of the cup. George knocked it away.

"Call that good," he said.

A rustling murmur whispered through the gallery, and then taut silence came. George Peterson waited, thinking, "A four-foot putt for a win. . . ."

He could see Schramm from where he stood, see the stiffness of the man's face, the tension in his hands. Beyond Schramm, he found Dorothy, slender and small against the solid bulk of the crowd. A strange Dorothy who would not look at him.

Funny. Twenty minutes ago the break between them had been almost healed. He'd been losing then, making plans for a new start. And now, when things were right, when he could win this match. . . .

He saw the answer then. She was remembering Morgan's check and what it had done to them. She was afraid he would win, pay the bills, and say, "We've got money—why worry?" She was afraid he'd forgotten the promises of an hour ago. Then he knew what he must do—what he wanted to do. . . .

George Peterson deliberately missed the putt.

He was smiling as he walked across the green. "We've played eighteen holes. We're all even, Perry." His voice was steady, clear. "This is where I get off. I'm not playing an extra hole. I can't afford this kind of golf. I'm quitting." He thrust out his hand. "Sorry about this, Perry. Come down to the municipal course any day. I'll be glad to play you a dime a hole."

There was relief in Schramm's, "Okay, George."

George Peterson turned to meet Dorothy—and the last doubt was gone from her eyes. He caught her outstretched hands.

"I told them," he said huskily; "I put your husband back in the class where he belongs. And it didn't hurt, Dorothy. It—"

"It never will again!" she said.

We Eat if They Do

Continued from page 15

The chickadee goes where other birds do not. It finds insects and eggs of a size that would be overlooked by most other birds. Moreover, it searches out these insects and their eggs at a time when they are in a dormant state in the cold weather of winter or early spring. Killing one at this time means preventing it from laying more eggs or hatching out when the warmer weather comes. One unusual habit of this industrious little bird deserves mention.

The chickadee is one of the few birds that pecks the wax coating off the seeds of poison ivy, leaving the seed to shrivel up. Poison ivy enthusiasts may feel that this is a shame, but I for one will not join the anti-chickadee league.

In 1938 our forest products, lumber etc., had a total value of some seventy-seven million dollars. Lumbering operations must be carried on almost entirely with sound, live wood. Few of us realize the part the woodpecker plays in conserving our forests. He is one of the best natural guardians of standing timber. He is perhaps the greatest natural enemy of ants and other wood-boring insects. It is a curious paradox that, in order to preserve properly our woods, not all dead and rotting trees should be cut down. If this is done, it will drive away the local woodpeckers who will not be able to find proper trees to nest in.

Look Before You Shoot

One of the most common misapprehensions about birds is that hawks and owls are pests and should be destroyed whenever possible. The mouse plague in Nevada is only one example of the sort of work that these birds do. All the way from the smaller owls like the Screech Owl to the largest, the Great Horned, these birds have great beneficial qualities. The screech owl is a great insect destroyer that eats small birds only very occasionally. The great horned owl, considered such a dangerous enemy of beneficial game birds, has been proved to be fonder of skunks than any other food, a preference which everybody I think will be quite glad to allow him.

The Barn Owl is a shy and vanishing species everywhere. This unfortunate bird's efforts to nest in church steeples and vacant buildings are usually heavily discouraged. And why? It has been estimated that an average daily haul for one of these birds is three rats or mice.

"Chicken Hawk" is the commonest name for any or all of our hawks of whatever size, color or shape. Actually there are only two or three kinds of hawks that can be called harmful. And this out of some forty-odd species of hawks in this country. The others are all beneficial to a varying degree. One of the best proofs of this is what happens in the area where all the birds of prey have been killed off. Unless some other agent of destruction happens along at the right time, the rodents will have a

picnic. In other words, don't shoot the next hawk you see unless you know for sure what kind it is or actually see it diving at your flock of chickens.

The Sea Gull is highly important as a scavenger along the seacoasts and on the Great Lakes, but there are other species such as Franklin's Gull, a small black-headed variety, that are inland residents during the summer. In these regions gulls are known to be of great value as insect eaters.

One of the most famous incidents in the history of the Mormons in Salt Lake, Utah, was the near destruction of their first crops of grain. A contemporary witness of the scene wrote: "Black crickets came down by millions and destroyed our grain crops: promising fields of wheat in the morning were in the evening as smooth as a man's hand—devoured by the crickets. At this juncture sea gulls came by hundreds and thousands, and before the crops were entirely destroyed these gulls devoured the insects, so that our fields were completely freed from them. The settlers at Salt Lake regarded the advent of the birds as a heaven-sent miracle." Miracle or not, let's hope the gulls stay around to keep an eye on those black crickets.

And so it goes. Almost every family of birds is helpful to us in one way or another. Even the shore birds, sandpipers and plover, whose value would seem at first to be rather remote, have been proved to be great eaters of mosquito larvae in the stagnant salt ponds behind the sea beaches. And as for the common species, well you can just go on and on figuring out the average haul.

Take the Phoebe or Flycatcher, which ranges all over the United States in one or other of several forms. The phoebe is apparently so busy catching insects that it works not only all day long but for some time before dawn, altogether an average of about fourteen hours a day during six months of the year. During that time the bird is getting rid of wasps, flies and spiders at the rate of one every three minutes. There are approximately enough phoebes in this country to eat about a quarter of a billion insects a day—enough to cover any of our largest cities with a blanket of insects in a month, a rather horrifying thought, to be sure, but still impressive.

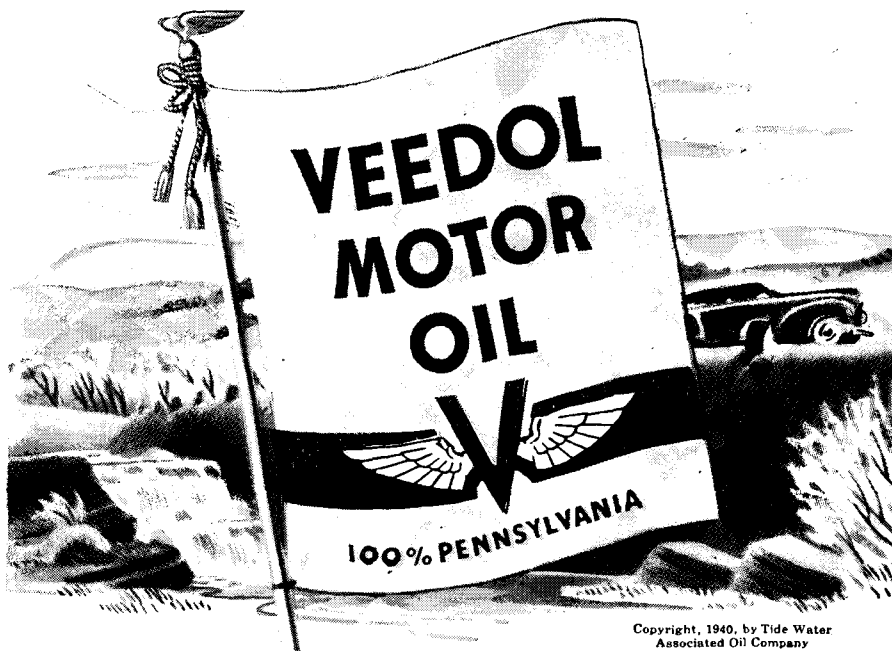
These figures and all the others become staggering when you consider that there are about 800 different kinds of birds belonging to 75 families in North America, and that all of these are carrying on in much the same way as the phoebe. Take the barn swallow, for another example.

But no, let's not take the barn swallow. We'll leave him right there doing his own job in his own way, a superb combination of beauty and efficiency. He's probably back by now, over by the barn, flying in and out of that broken sash. If by some mischance he hasn't come back yet, let's hope that he will soon, he and all his relatives. Let's hope they all come back.

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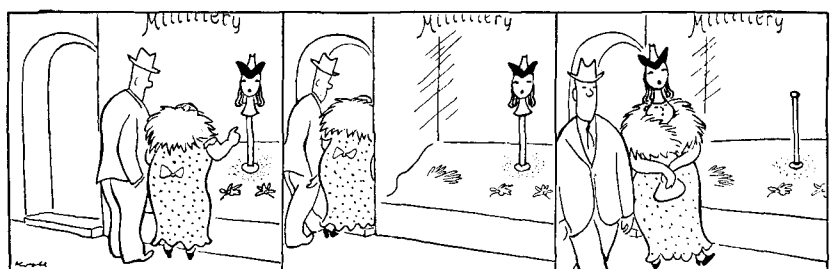
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First You Buy a Horse

Continued from page 22

course in horse training there and he wanted to know more about horses than he knew. Al went to work and learned the horse business.

In two years he had learned a lot. He liked a two-year-old called Discovery. When a horseman "likes a horse" he isn't happy until the colt is racing under his colors. Discovery hadn't done much as a two-year-old; except for his fine conformation and the knowledge that he was a horse who liked to run, there was little about him to suggest real turf greatness. Two-year-old horses are as unpredictable as the path of a porpoise in the sea. Yet Vanderbilt went as high as \$25,000 in his bid, and finally the big colt was eating his mash and oats at Sagamore Farm.

Discovery started fifty times for Vanderbilt and won twenty-five races. He was usually burdened with a terrific weight handicap. Discovery won practically every big handicap stake in the country. He won the Arlington Handicap by eight lengths with 135 pounds on his broad back and he did it in 2:01½, the same time that Seabiscuit made a couple of months ago in winning the Santa Anita Handicap. And the Biscuit carried only 130 pounds. Vanderbilt thinks that Discovery's greatest feat was in winning the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap, at Saratoga, with 139 pounds on him. Only one other horse, Whisk Broom II, ever won a big stake race in America carrying that murderous load. They put everything on Discovery but a load of hay. In one of his last races they made him tote 143 pounds. The track was muddy, and the race was won by Esposa, who carried 100 pounds. Discovery finished fourth.

Bucking the Conservatives

To get back to the incident which brought Vanderbilt out of the class of amiable young owners and led to his becoming a juvenile colossus of the turf world: Because Sagamore Farm was so close to Pimlico it was natural that Vanderbilt should develop a fondness for the old track. Because he raced there, it was likewise natural that the officers of the corporation owning the track should be interested in Vanderbilt. Finally, to his surprise, they elected him to the board of directors. He was twenty-four and it was the first time he had ever attended any kind of board meeting.

Pimlico was old in tradition, and its directors followed suit. They were conservative, easygoing Marylanders who had grown up with Pimlico and who looked upon the track as something that had always been and would always be. What if there had been a few unsuccessful seasons? What if the rich Santa Anita purses were luring more and more Eastern owners to the West Coast? What if the Kentucky Derby was becoming accepted as the premier race of the country? They didn't care. After all, the Derby was only a young upstart that hadn't been founded until 1875, two years after the historic Preakness had been born at Pimlico. True, the Preakness only offered a \$25,000 purse, and often owners of good three-year-olds refused to enter their pets in the race.

Vanderbilt knew only that he was crazy about thoroughbreds and that the bigger the purses, the better the racing would be. He suggested mildly that the directors vote a purse of \$50,000 for the Preakness so that it could compete with the other big stakes.

"Why not make it \$100,000?" an old member exploded.

"That's an idea," Vanderbilt said thoughtfully.

Before he could elaborate on this the board hurriedly voted to make the Preakness \$50,000.

After the meeting broke up, one of the unhappy members announced that he would be glad to sell his stock. Vanderbilt promptly bought it. In an hour he had become an important factor in the success or failure of Pimlico. Within a month he had become a fanatic on the subject of making Pimlico the best-run track in the country.

First of all, he discovered that spectators who stood at the rail couldn't see the far stretch. Within two years he had been elected president of the board of directors and now he could do just about what he wished.

"For seventy-five years there had been a hill in the Pimlico infield," Vanderbilt says. "Spectators who stood on the green lawn in front of the clubhouse or who stood at the rail couldn't see across the far stretch. They never really saw a race at all. I decided to get rid of the hill."

Engineers had told the Pimlico officials that it would be virtually impossible to remove the hill, except at a prohibitive cost. Vanderbilt talked to other engineers and finally found one who thought it could be done. One bright morning the scream of steam shovels was heard outside Pimlico Park. Thousands and thousands of tons of dirt were removed and finally the hill was leveled. It cost \$80,000, but Vanderbilt had a track at which every spectator could see the whole race no matter where he stood. Then he dressed the track up in bright new colors and then made his most radical move of all. He installed the Puett starting gate.

The chief feature of the new gate was the fact that a horse never had to be handled by assistant starters. Once a horse backed into his stall, a gate was closed in front of him. When all the horses were ready the starter pressed a button and the gates flew open. It was impossible for any jockey to beat the barrier and it was impossible for an assistant starter to hurt a horse by tugging and yanking at the rather cruel twitches formerly clamped over a horse's nose.

Vanderbilt liked the new gate, which had at that time been tried only at one small California track. He installed one

at the track and asked the trainers to try it out. Trainers weren't accustomed to being consulted by track presidents. He asked the racing writers to look it over and tell him what they thought. They all liked the new barrier. Vanderbilt decided to try it out. He announced that it would be used in a race a week away so that trainers having horses entered in the event would get a chance to school their nags in the newfangled starting gate.

Vanderbilt entered one of his own horses, Heelfly, in the race. Heelfly had (and has) a world of speed, but he often leaves it at the starting gate. Heelfly is a very bad-mannered horse at that barrier. He just never did like assistant trainers and he never did like to wait for that starting gong. But once in the stall of the Puett gate, Heelfly stood meekly enough. There was nothing much else for him to do. And so after a delay of less than half a minute (Heelfly has been known to hold a race up ten minutes) the field was off and, to give the story a real happy ending, Heelfly won the race. The new gate was declared a success, and this year it will be used on all New York tracks.

On Top of the Racing World

It was a year ago, however, that Vanderbilt put over the biggest coup of all. At that time the whole turf world was discussing the relative merits of War Admiral, who had been the champion three-year-old of 1938, and Seabiscuit, acknowledged to be the handicap king. Because of varying track conditions and weight handicaps, comparative times mean little in comparing thoroughbreds. To be a better horse than another, a horse must actually gain the honor in competition.

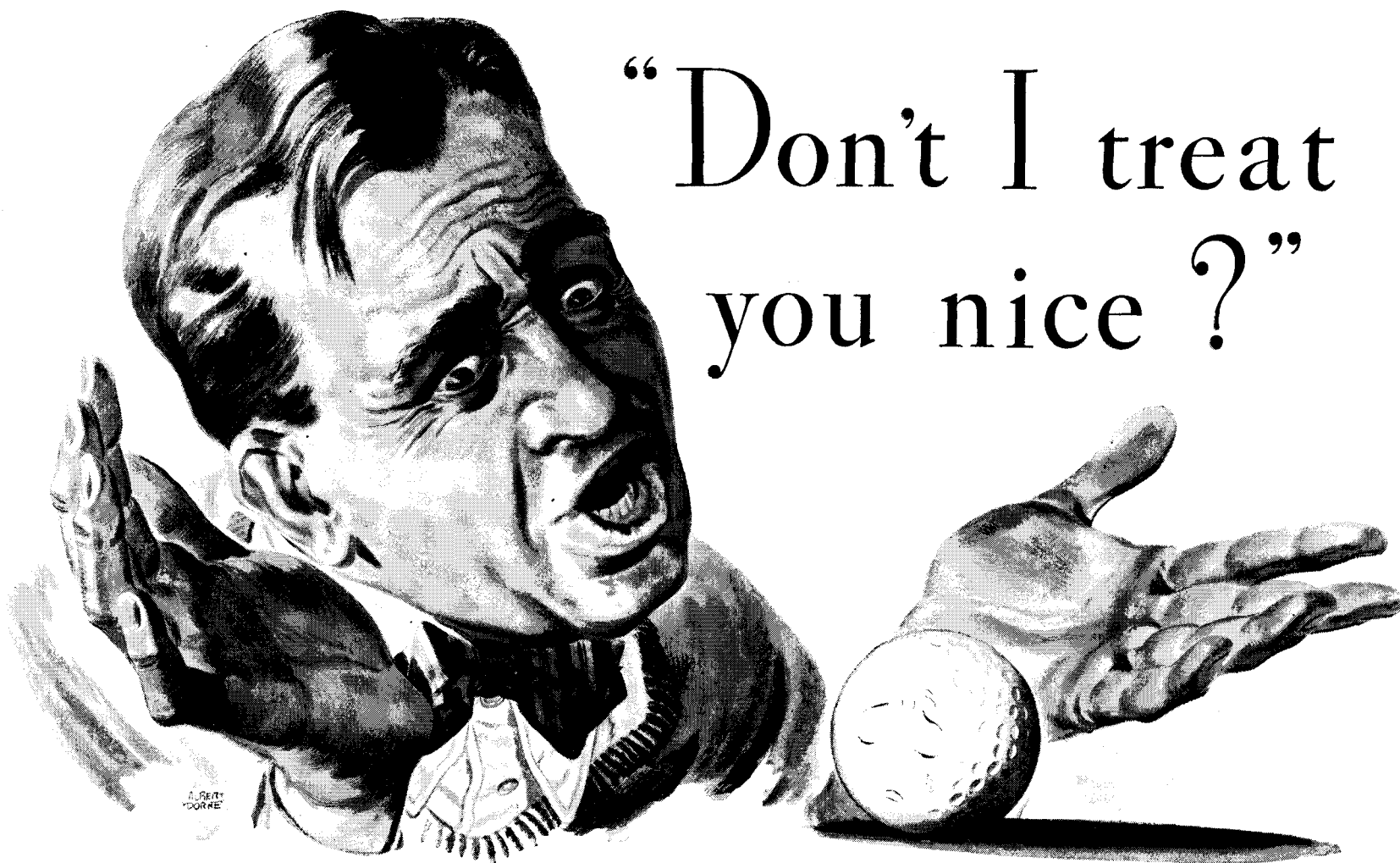
After months of negotiating, Charles Howard, owner of the Biscuit, and Sam Riddle, who owned the Admiral, finally agreed to terms and conditions. A match race was to be held at Belmont Park for a purse of \$100,000, winner take all. It was the biggest sports story of the year. Sports writers haunted the stalls of these two fine horses, reporting their activities as fight writers chronicle the progress of heavyweight champions. Belmont Park was enlarged for the occasion and high-powered press agents were hired to keep public interest aroused. Then, three days before the

OUT OF THE WORLD

went Collier's flying reporter, W. B. Courtney, to bring you your first look at the latest thing in aviation. . . .

A VIVID ACCOUNT OF A FLIGHT IN THE NEW STRATOSPHERE AIR LINER

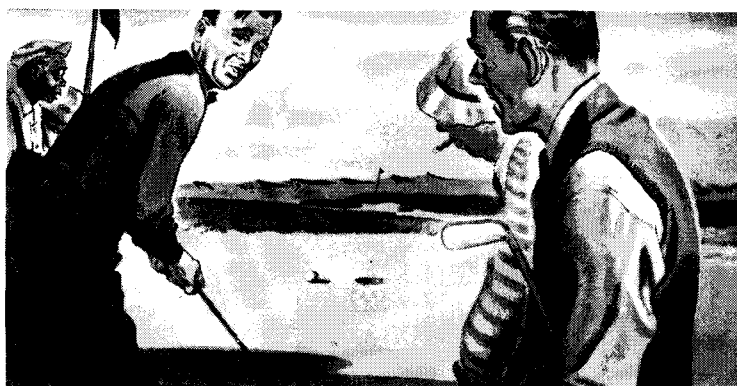
In Next Week's Collier's



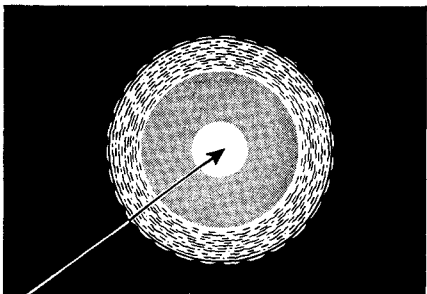
"Well... jumpin' Jimminy... there you go again! I give you a nice sweet kiss and *zwoosh* you're heading for the woods in a haywire hook, fading like a dead duck. Last time you sliced. Listen, I'm not asking for eagles but..."



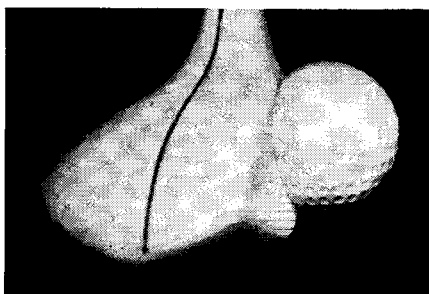
"And when we're in trouble — do I ever try to take it out on your hide? No! But if I'm even just the least touch off... *blooie* — your cover looks like I'd slugged you with a meat axe..."



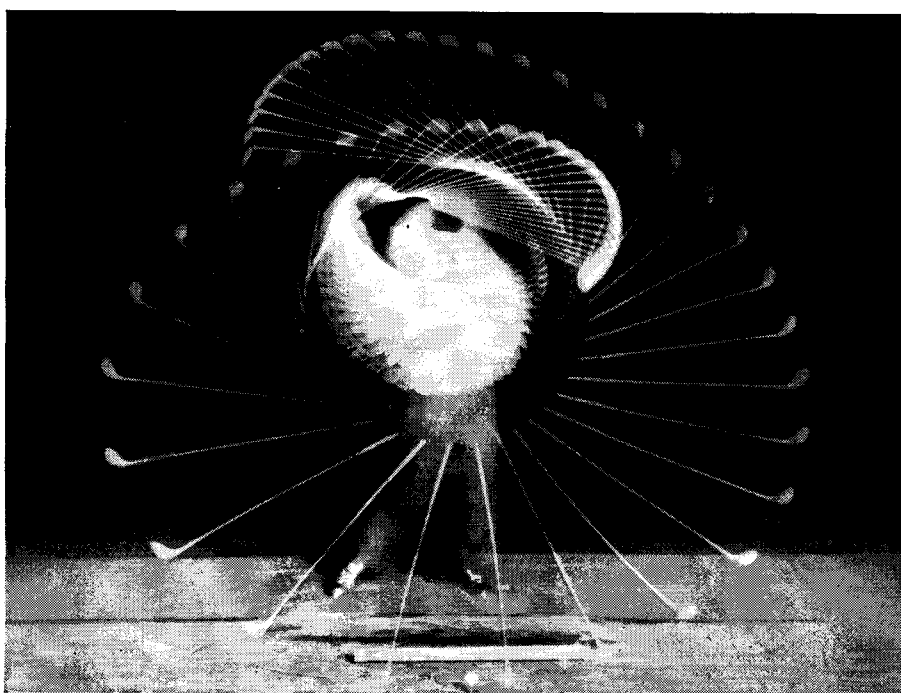
"Oh, hello Mac. Gosh, I'm ready to..." **Mac the Pro:** "Whoa! Your form's okay. Here, next round, play this **DOUBLE DOT**. New kind of ball — toughest Spalding's ever made. Distance? This baby's shot full of it. And straight! *She'll* never give you those undeserved hooks and slices..."



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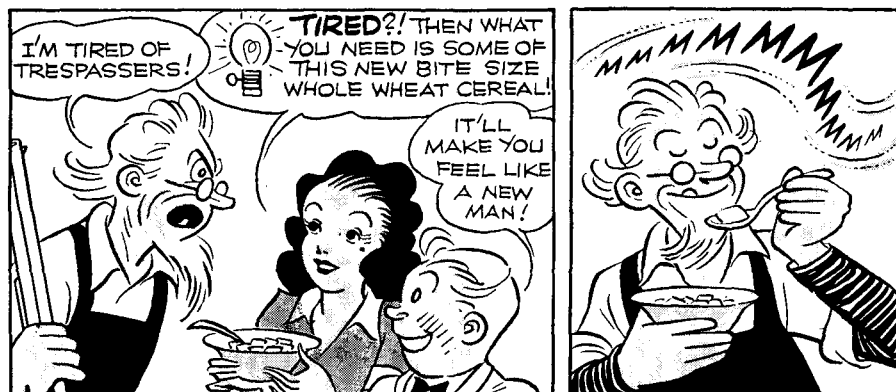
Look at that compression! **DOUBLE DOT** is speeded up for extra distance by "needling" — Spalding's *shot-thru-the-cover* that builds up tension, gives long fast flight. And *tough* — **DOUBLE DOT**'s Geer patent cover is specially armored to take the sharpest topping.



How are you hitting 'em? Here's Bobby Jones of our research staff caught by Spalding's high-speed camera. Studies of multi-flash photos like this have led to recent important developments in Spalding clubs as well as the new **DOUBLE DOT** ball. Your Pro will show you how these improvements can help your game. © A. G. SPALDING & BROS. DIVISION OF SPALDING SALES CORP.

Spalding

INTRODUCES THE NEW GOLF BALL
D • O U B L E D O T



race was to be run, Seabiscuit hurt his leg.

Sorrowfully Owner Howard had to withdraw his horse from the race. Sorrowfully Belmont had to refund the advance sales of thousands of dollars. Sorrowfully the turf world went back to arguing futilely as to which was the better horse. When the Biscuit recovered every big track in the country tried to revive the match, but Riddle and Howard just couldn't get together. Finally everyone gave up the idea. Everyone but Vanderbilt; he worked on Howard first.

"You think your horse can beat War Admiral," he said. "I know the size of the purse doesn't matter to you. Let me make the match for Pimlico and put up a \$15,000 purse."

"All right," Howard unexpectedly agreed, "if you can get Riddle."

Vanderbilt was in New York then. He phoned Riddle's home in Philadelphia and learned that the owner of War Admiral had taken a three-o'clock train to New York. Vanderbilt met the train, talked fast for five minutes, and the match was made. He took out an envelope, wrote the terms of the race on its back, and Riddle, amused at the persistence of this young track president, signed it.

And so Pimlico got the greatest sporting event of the year. No one who was there that day will ever forget it. Everything clicked. Even the weather was good. The race was run perfectly, honestly, intelligently and the best horse won. It was the most thrilling sports spectacle I have ever seen, and let me hasten to add I saw the Dempsey-Firpo fight, generally considered to be the ultimate in spine tinglers. The race did more than establish Seabiscuit as the ruler of the turf: it put Pimlico on the top of the racing world, and those who had thought of Vanderbilt as merely another nice youngster had to admit that he was a shrewd, sound executive.

Last fall when Joe Widener resigned as president of the Westchester Racing Association (which owns and operates Belmont Park) there were two experienced horsemen mentioned for the vacancy—C. V. Whitney and John Hay Whitney. It developed that each had

another candidate—Al Vanderbilt. Vanderbilt was unanimously elected.

In many ways Belmont is the aristocrat of tracks. That very fact has hurt it to some extent. The New York public has never felt at home at Belmont. Vanderbilt wondered about that. One day he asked his secretary if she ever went to Belmont. The girl shook her head and told Vanderbilt that she didn't like Belmont, she liked Aqueduct and Empire City.

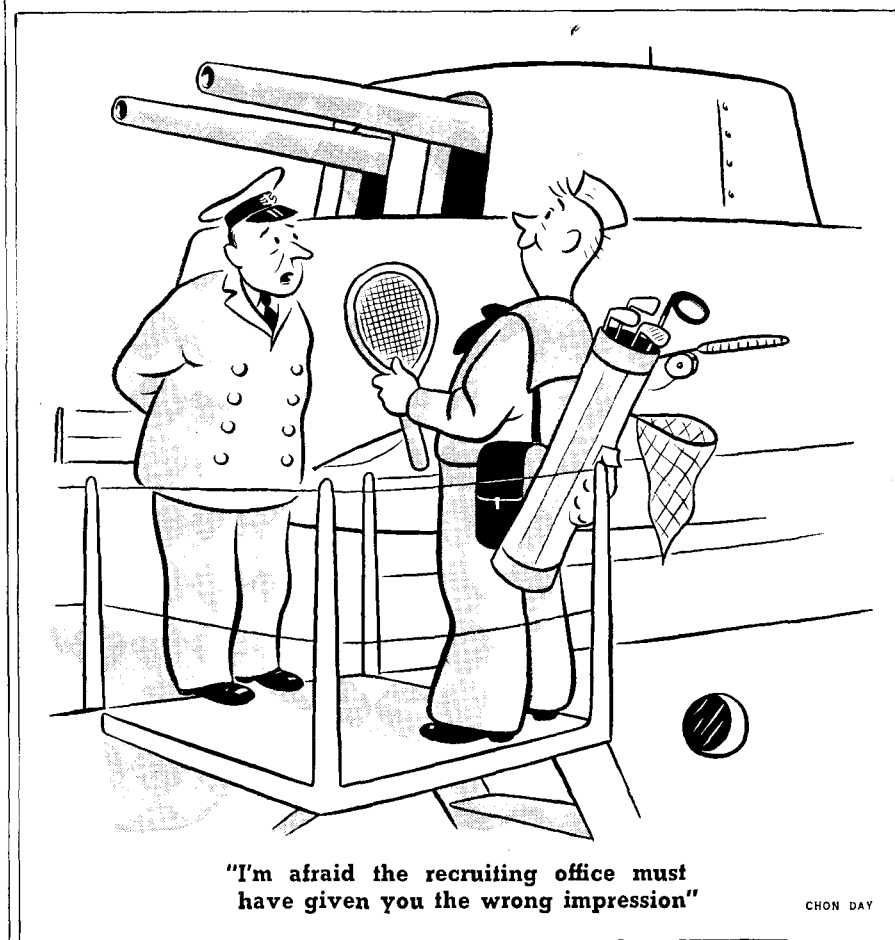
"If you go to a night club like El Morocco and they don't know you," she said, "you'll get a bad table. It's like that at Belmont. It's not for the masses."

Vanderbilt is now trying to sell Belmont to the masses and it's a cinch that he'll do it. The Fashion Stakes for two-year-old fillies has long been a feature of Belmont's spring meeting. This year Vanderbilt is having dozens of Manhattan's prettiest models parade around the lawn before the race. With the aid of Dave Woods, a clever publicity man, Vanderbilt is working on other stunts calculated to bring Belmont Park to the attention of the man in the subway.

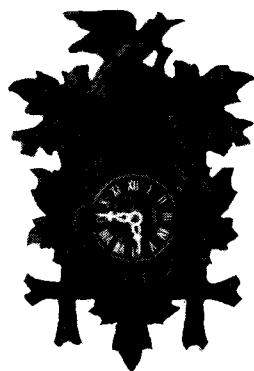
During the season, Vanderbilt works as hard as any other man in the United States. To begin with, he gets up at five. And he actually trains his own horses. He is rapidly becoming known as one of the keenest trainers. Stable boys, exercise boys, assistant trainers, all like to work for Vanderbilt, and he is Al to all of them. He talks their language.

He'll appear at the barns at five-thirty and look at the charts which hang outside each stall. He'll inspect and prescribe for sick horses, and then it's time for the morning workout. Usually he has about twenty-five horses in training. He sends them around in batches of six. He'll say, "Milton, take Nedayr. Break him at the half-mile pole. Open him up and breeze him three quarters in fifteen. . . . Ernie, Impound is getting good. Work him a mile in forty. . . . Jimmy, take Now What. Breeze her by herself. Breeze her a half, see what she can do. The Acorn is up in a couple of weeks."

That's the language of the jockey and of the trainer. It's the language of Al Vanderbilt, who has done mighty well, considering that he was born on the wrong side of the tracks.



THE MODERATION HOUR



GOOD BEER AND ALE

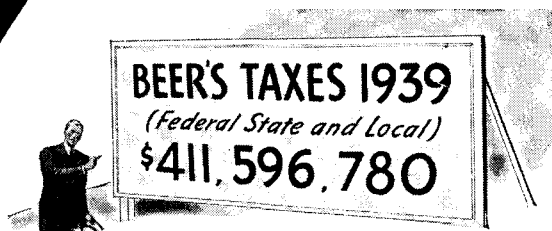
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ENGINE BEARINGS FOR EQUIPMENT—FOR
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When Mussolini Steps Down

Continued from page 11

sincerely a Fascist from conviction rather than convenience and has no personal ambition. Moreover, and most important of all, Italians know him to be constitutionally anti-German and anti-Bolshevik and, above all, highly pro-Italian.

They know he is one of a handful of Italians who wear the gold medal for bravery in the field. Usually the bauble is awarded posthumously. And the story of why hundreds of fat Fascist politicians wish that that was how Muti had received his is the story of the fall and winter purge of Italian politics—a purge that was one of the major events in Italian history and, because of its influence on Italy's position in the European world line-up of 1940, an event of surpassing importance in world affairs.

The Boss Names His Heir

In the rise of Muti, too, there are portents of the Italy of that inevitable tomorrow when there will be no Mussolini. Muti is a Ciano man. That Ciano has placed not only Muti, but others, in positions of power in the government and in the diplomatic service is the first concrete proof that Il Duce's successor is unmistakably the young, energetic, ruthless diplomatist of Palazzo Chigi who married the boss' daughter.

That the purge received scant attention abroad is no more surprising than that it was merely called a "changing of the guard" in Italy itself. When a Blackshirt big shot like Starace is purged he merely goes out like a match in a blackout. There is no noise. No bullets, blood or martyrs.

Besides, even if Rome correspondents had got hold of juicy details they could not have sent them to their papers. Censorship in Italy is curative, not preventive. A correspondent may transmit anything he likes including the condition of Mussolini's stomach ulcer. But retribution is swift as it is sure. Twenty-four hours before the story is printed abroad the correspondent pays his own fare to the nearest frontier.

So it is not surprising that Rome correspondents, even if they knew about it, did not cable the story of what happened behind the scenes when Muti was shoved into Starace's job. In an important northern city—it fancies itself as the Piedmontese Paris—a high Fascist official and his police chief placed pistols against their temples and pulled the triggers. If they had not done that they would have had to answer charges of corruption in connection with widespread protection for panderers and prostitutes. The officials were buried with political honors.

From Veintimiglia and the Brenner Pass in the north, down to Conca d'Oro, the golden horn of Sicily, and in distant Sardinia, Italy underwent a swift political dry-cleaning. Muti pilots his own plane. He turned up unannounced in scores of cities within a week. In some places he strode from the airport to the local Fascios to find the local ward heelers had closed up shop for an afternoon nap or had not bothered to open up at all that day. Muti would then go out into the streets into stores and factories, anywhere, and name temporary district leaders, usually young, intelligent men grown up in the Fascist credo of obeying, believing and fighting. Out went the oldsters.

Within a few weeks of his appointment the extent of the Fascist internal revolution became even clearer. One of the biggest of the Blackshirt wheel-horses, Vincenzo Zangara, vice secre-

tary of the Fascist party, was expelled from the party rolls with what, for Italy where dirty linen is washed in dark corners, was a damning tale—"in discharging the duties of his political office he showed himself unworthy of serving in the ranks."

Nepotism is an inseparable companion of pork-barrel politics everywhere, and Italy is no exception. Muti used a sharp pruning knife on the Fascist pay roll. He snipped off Zangara's brother, Ignazio, and eight important buddies for "immorality." In fairness to these gentlemen, however, it might be said that "immorality" in Italy usually means promiscuity and not what it means in Germany.

Whereas these expulsions are documented facts, another is not. It was rumored in Milan and Rome that Starace's own son was under investigation for having received a war medal in Spain when he did not deserve one. That, of course, may be libel upon the pure character of Signor Starace's offspring, but as far as Italians are concerned the report is as true as it is that Starace did more to make Fascism an arm-pumping, heel-clicking, overuniformed comic opera than anyone else.

The Hero of Albania

Muti hates red tape, is annoyed by inefficiency. He led the Blackshirt battalions in the occupation of Albania on that Good Friday a year ago when Mussolini told them to "oil the cogs of history with blood." Muti tried to get Rome on the telephone to tell the War Department about the show. He tried for an hour or more, shouting into a telephone instrument and jiggling the hook with a size-fifteen hand.

Waiting behind him to telephone the Associated Press in Rome was correspondent Charles Gupthill. Muti turned to Gupthill, handed him the receiver. "Here," he said, "you take the damned thing and see if you can get your party." He might as well have said: "Here, damn it. We have not learned how to operate telephones efficiently yet." That was his tone.

Gupthill got his party—and scooped by hours his competing colleagues on the Italian occupation of the tiny Balkan country from which Italy dominates the Adriatic and stands ready to halt a Hitler drive to the southeast if it comes anywhere west of Rumania, or to block a Russian thrust to the west.

It was the Albanian affair that brought Muti into the focus of the news-camera lenses. He was photographed standing beside Ciano on the balcony of the Palace at Tirana when the Foreign Minister harangued the conquering heroes.

It was the Albanian affair that gave



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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

the fellow Blackshirts an idea of what manner of man this Muti is, and should have given them an idea of what would happen to some of them when he got to running things. As the commanding officer of the advance guard entering Tirana, Muti rode into the city immediately behind the first squad of motorcycle troops and far in advance of the real army of occupation.

In retrospect it is easy to say that the Albanian business was a comic-opera invasion of a little country by a big one and that the Italians could not possibly fear the Albanians.

The Italian army, no, but Muti personally, yes. He certainly could have, for Albanians have a well-earned reputation for being fierce, imprudent feudists and excellent sharpshooters.

Feeling ran high against Italy among the tribesmen of the Albanian hills. It is true that any outbreak against a handful of Italians in the advance guard would have been ruthlessly and quickly checked. But it is equally true that the three-foot-wide Muti, revolver in hand, striding up the middle of Tirana's main street, disposing troops to cover and deploying motorcycle squadrons, would have made a swell target for a sniper. Those who saw the man in action all got the impression he would have been just as cool, just as efficient if he had been under fire.

Dress Rehearsal

Physically Muti reminds one of Tommy Loughran. He is just under six feet tall. He moves easily with a natural grace. He has something the Philadelphia light-heavyweight "fencing master" never had. Muti is a killer in the ring sense if not otherwise.

He is shy on fanfare. He is at home in the bivouac but embarrassed in the Fascist chamber of the corporation where he sits beside Mussolini, clasping and unclasping his hands and looking down at his big feet. The last time the dictator and the gun-toter were together Mussolini spoke to him several times, as if to encourage Muti to relax and enjoy his new prominence. But it didn't work out very well.

Lately Muti has taken up golf because

Ciano likes the game. He is timid about getting into plus fours and tight shoes. American Ambassador William Phillips, and Allan Rogers, second secretary of the Rome embassy, spied Muti recently threatening a dandelion with a driver and dressed to the nines. This is a far cry from the earlier party leaders jumping over barriers of bayonets and leaping the rumps of moving baby tanks to prove their political valor. Some occasionally came to grief; one was stuck like a pig in huddling a bayonet row two years ago.

Muti doesn't need or like that kind of showmanship. He does not have to wave his arms to impress anybody or to raise his low voice. He casts his dark brown eyes on you and right away you can see he is annoyed at you.

Starace was detested by Italians for his formality and his insistence on what amounted to servility from subordinates—a servility dressed up in military discipline.

One of the first things Muti did was to advise subordinates or local leaders who came to see him to stop turning Fascist meetings into rigmoroles of Blackshirt behaviorism or disciplinarian exhibitionism.

At thirty-seven Muti had fought in three wars. Born May 22, 1902, in Ravenna and, like Mussolini, a Romagnolo, he was only fifteen when, by lying three years onto his age, he was accepted as a volunteer in the infantry. He saw service in 1917 and 1918. He became a gangster in 1919. He was one of the first to join the Fascist party as a skull-cracking, catch-as-catch-can tough guy. He was repeatedly wounded in street fighting and there is no easier road to Fascist glory than to have been socked on the head with a Communist brick or winged by a Socialist bullet.

When the late Gabrielle d'Annunzio, the poet lover of the immortal Eleonora Duse, occupied Fiume, Muti was one of the legionnaires who captured the Adriatic seaport. He commanded a unit of Fascist militia in the March on Rome in 1922. He didn't go in a sleeping car but by motor truck and on foot and on some of the way saw snappy street fighting.

He volunteered in the Ethiopian War. He was a lieutenant in the Desperate Squadron and became Ciano's bodyguard, but it was before that that he met Ciano. Muti, like Ciano's Chef du Cabinet, the Sicilian poet Fillippo Anfuso, and a few others, were members of the radical element of Fascism. They had a hangout in the Café Aragno diagonally across the street from the Palazzo Chighi in Palazzo Umberto in Rome.

One of the frequenters of the café's so-called inner salon was the author Gian Borgese. Another was reported to have been Sandro Sandri, who died in the bombing. There the Fascists and Liberals, like Borgese in the early days of the Mussolini regime, mixed it frequently in the historic room. Rare was the day that table or chair didn't crack a skull as Matteotti's supporters clashed with the Mussolinians.

Fascist Fundamentalists

In those fights always were Ciano and Anfuso and Muti. These three are inseparable now as they were then.

Whereas Mussolini, like a fullback with a ball trying to find a hole somewhere in the opponents' line, had to adopt a swivel-hip kind of diplomacy in his foreign relations and in his internal policies was obliged to alter the character of Fascism at least in externals, the younger Fascists, Ciano and Muti, clung to fundamentals.

It would be hard to prove this. It might mean Ciano's head for him to admit that he is in favor of freedom of the Fascist press or at least that he is against the overrigid control that exists now. Ciano, I know from personal, intimate knowledge, thinks Abraham Lincoln was one of the greatest men who ever lived because he was "one of the true democrats of the modern world." He thinks Shakespeare is literature's greatest dramatist, and Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass shares on his bookshelf the place of honor with Machiavelli's Prince.

He personally never wanted the Berlin-Rome Axis. But he used the nuisance value of Italian-German collaboration as a powerful lever to pry loose from England an admission that Italy must share guardianship of the Mediterranean with Great Britain.

This was proved to me by an important lieutenant of Ciano's, who said: "Without the Axis we would never have had the Anglo-Italian pact of friendship." England and Italy in April, 1937, with the Spanish War raging and with Italian troops mounting guard on the Egyptian-Libyan frontier, signed a treaty of amity that has proved to be an important document in Italy's case for participation in the war.

Italian intervention in Spain was largely Ciano's idea. Certainly the conduct of the Fascist share of General Franco's war was Ciano's. What was known as the "Bureau" was established in Palazzo Chighi, and with the Italian defeat at Guadalajara and a few other reverses Ciano's political life frequently hung by the hair that sustained Mussolini's temper.

Ciano, however, was anything but a front man for Mussolini. Il Duce was training him in statesmanship and leadership for that inevitable day when he must yield power. In the past Mussolini has frequently said he would some day give way to a younger man.

But while Ciano, despite his youth, was able to establish himself as a figure in world affairs—he is only thirty-six years old—through his administration of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the contacts that gave him with Europe's diplomats, he never had a chance, until the time came to break with Berlin, to take hold of internal politics. This, in Italy, always coincides with a change in

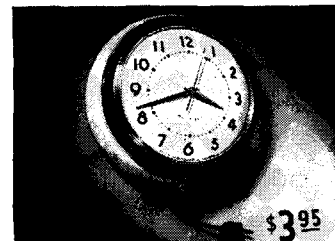


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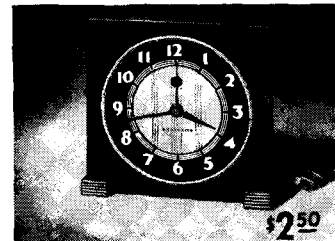
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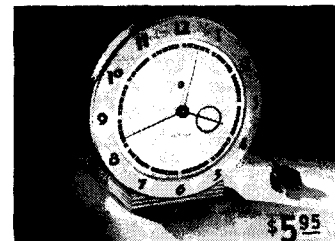
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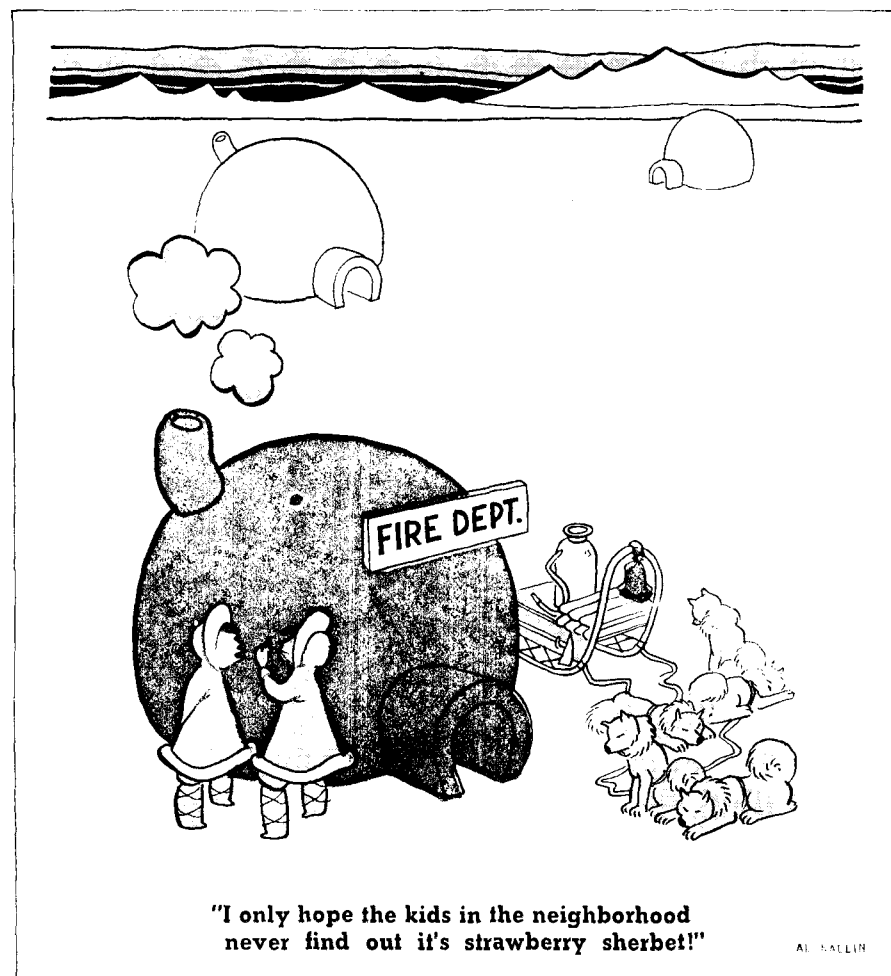
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26	.87	38	1.25	50	2.15		
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route in Italy's international politics. This last one was no exception.

The disappearance of Starace, of Dino Alfieri as Minister for Popular Culture and of the secretaries for War, Aviation and the Ministry for Foreign Exchange among others—all mesmerized by the belief that Nazism could whip the world—meant a change in the direction of Italian foreign policy. When Italy broke with Germany because Hitler refused to heed Mussolini's warnings against war, Ciano got his chance.

Now there is a Ciano man as Minister for Popular Culture. He is Alessandro Pavolini, anti-German and vigorously anti-Bolshevik. A Ciano man, Ruffaello Riccardi, is chief of the Ministry of Foreign Exchanges, and with these the youthful Foreign Minister controls the press and radio, and economic relations with foreign nations.

Strong Enemies Make Strong Friends

Through Muti, Ciano controls the Fascist party. If Starace was a sycophantic shadow of Il Duce, Muti has become the towering big brother of Ciano. There is a Ciano man as ambassador to London. Ciano's candidate was chosen as ambassador to Ankara. Ciano's brother-in-law is Counsellor of Embassy in Berlin and is the key man in the Hitler camp.

The diplomatic service, once a hunting ground for mediocrities and for broken-down counts who knew their social protocol but didn't know much about pacts and history and international relations, has been overhauled on a civil-service basis and now, or so friends of Ciano maintain, nobody gets in except on merit. So Ciano controls the diplomatic service.

Machiavelli taught Ciano that a powerful enemy makes also a powerful friend. Governor of Libya. Balbo was an enemy of Ciano and a contestant for post-Mussolini leadership. The Libyan exile and the young Foreign Minister are now fast friends. They lunch together at the beach at Castel Fusano and amazed on-lookers last year by walking together, arms about shoulders, in public.

Dino Grandi, the spade-bearded former ambassador to London, is now Minister of Justice. He too was a rowdy of the Aragno Café in the old days. He too was once in line for Mussolini's rattle. He too opposed Italian entry into

the current war as a German ally. And now he is a Ciano friend.

In Ethiopia, Ciano got along fine with Rodolfo Graziani, scourge of the Arabs in Libya in the War of 1922 and hero of Italy's southern front against the Abyssinians. Ciano didn't get on so well with the chief of staff, the Marquis Badoglio, because Badoglio dared to wire Mussolini, "How shall I treat Ciano, as a minister of state (Ciano was then Undersecretary for Press and Propaganda) or as a captain in the air force?" Mussolini telegraphed right back, "Treat him as a minister when he is on the ground and as a captain when he is in the air."

Of course Badoglio, a king's man, still is Chief of Staff, but the field marshal is getting old. And it was the field marshal, the young Fascist recalls, who during the march on Rome asked King Victor Emmanuel for a regiment of troops and a few "rusty machine guns to disperse this blackshirted rabble." Ciano may make Badoglio eat those words.

Ciano has even been nice to Crown Prince Umberto, the glamor-boy heir to Emmanuel's throne, once a bitter opponent of Fascism. It is whispered in the café's of Rome that Ciano and the prince get along very nicely now, and that when the time comes for the succession there is less likelihood than ever that the streets of Italy will flow with the blood of civil war.

Ciano is even building up a personal Virginio Gayda. The highly pro-Nazi editor of *Giornale d'Italia*, a touted "mouthpiece of Mussolini," lately has been taking a back seat to Guglielmo Ansaldo, a Ciano man and editor of Ciano's own *Telegrafo di Livorno*, a daily. Mussolini has his *Popolo d'Italia* and Ciano his *Telegrafo*.

But the big weapon in Ciano's hand is Muti, that same Muti who made 160 successful bombing expeditions in Spain and dared once to engage enemy planes in singlehanded combat and came out alive. Measured by every standard he is just the man Ciano needed to keep the Italian people in line. Muti's name in the plural means *mute* in English. When he was appointed he is supposed to have sent Mussolini a telegram saying, "I assure Your Excellency that the Italian people will remain as they always have been—Muti." It doesn't make as good a joke in English as in Italian. But maybe it wasn't a joke, but a prophecy.



"If you can't find your way back, dear, just follow any ant"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

Britain's Best Bet

Continued from page 18

to describe him as looking like any Middle Western businessman.

There are other precedents that he has broken. Usually, a newly arrived ambassador calls on the Secretary of State, spends only five or ten minutes asking him to arrange a meeting with the President, and a week or ten days later presents his credentials at the White House, again spending only a few minutes. Lothian went directly to the White House the day after his arrival in the United States, was received in the President's office instead of in one of the State department's and remained for an hour and a half. This is probably a manifestation of the belief he has always held that direct discussion is the best way of solving problems.

In 1937, for instance, he put in a plea before the House of Lords for the "human touch" to end a deadlock during Gandhi's attack on provincial governors in India. "I think," he said, "there are possibilities of bridging this gulf by personal contact which never could be accomplished by legal statement. If Zetland (Secretary of State for India) himself visited Gandhi, it would be all to the good."

He Knows About America

Described once in a newspaper article as "Modern as a six-o'clock sporting extra," he likes to drive his own car at terrific speed and usually travels by airplane.

He is even modern enough to recognize the existence and importance of the United States. There is probably no one in England today who knows this country as well as he does. As secretary of the Rhodes Trust he has been coming over here every year since 1925, keeping in close touch with the heads of our universities, meeting people and talking to them, and has been in forty-five states of the Union.

He has studied our history, actually read our Constitution, is a great believer in the federal system of government, understands the meaning of the Monroe Doctrine and our policy of isolation, pointing out that the present American attitude is exactly that of Great Britain herself during her own period of "splendid isolation" in the nineteenth century.

Unlike the average British statesman who remembers "Uncle Shylock" only when he needs him, he has always advocated an intimate relationship between the two English-speaking nations and has gone so far as to say it was a tragedy that American history had no part in British education. In various speeches he has asserted that Great Britain could not have emerged the victor from the World War except for the assistance of the United States before and after her entrance; and in July, 1938, and April, 1939, he demanded that Britain reopen the question of war debts. The government's only reply to that was that the debt question never had been regarded as closed.

According to him the British tend to overestimate the unity between the United States and England while Americans overestimate the differences between the two countries. The French are criticized in England for not understanding the working of the Anglo-Saxon mind, but he thinks that the English appear equally unable to understand the working of the American mind. That he understands the working of the American mind was made abundantly clear in a recent speech he made at Chicago where he led off with a pretty compli-

ment to the Middle West. He said that in Europe people heard mostly about New York and the East and the Far West—particularly Hollywood—but recently they had come to realize that "the real heart of America beats beyond the Alleghenies and that it is there that the real decisions about American policy are made."

Until he was "torpedoed" over here as ambassador, as he put it, Lord Lothian never stood completely alone in the public limelight. He remained more or less behind the scenes. He has been connected with four extremely important enterprises: the formation of the Union of South Africa; the Round Table, a quarterly that played an enormous part in the development of the British Commonwealth; the Versailles Peace Conference, and the Indian Constitution. The first is probably the greatest success that the British can point to in this century; the third was a failure, and the fourth remains an open question.

Had he been born a member of the lower or middle classes, instead of the aristocracy, his career would no doubt have seemed far more colorful and spectacular than it does. His father, Major-General Lord Ralph Drury Kerr, was the third son of the seventh Lord Lothian, a member of the Scotch family that dates back to the twelfth century and was tagged "The crabbed Kerrs." His mother, Lady Anne Fitzalan Howard, was the daughter of the fourteenth Duke of Norfolk and, as such, a member of the foremost Catholic family of England. When Philip Kerr was born on April 18, 1882, his father was stationed in Ireland, but a few years later the family went back to Scotland, where they lived in the country near Edinburgh. There were six children: Philip; David, who was killed in action in 1914; Mary, who died in infancy; Anne; Margaret; and Minna, who married Captain Francis Wendell Butler-Thwing, the only son of the president of Western Reserve University.

Background of an Ambassador

Philip Kerr was sent to Roman Catholic Oratory School at Birmingham and finished his education at New College, Oxford. In 1904 he went to South Africa to work on the Railway Committee of South African Railways. From 1905 to 1908 he was assistant secretary of the Inter-Colonial Council of the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies, and then he became secretary of the Transvaal Indigency Commission.

In South Africa he met Lord Milner, who had been the governor of Cape Colony and who from 1902 to 1905 was governor of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colonies. Kerr became a member of what was known as "Milner's Kindergarten," a group of young Oxford men including Lord Tweedsmuir and Lionel Curtis who assisted Milner after the Boer War and later helped to form the Union of South Africa.

Kerr and his friends were profoundly influenced by reading a life of Alexander Hamilton, and The Federalist. These two books convinced them that the best solution for international problems was some form of federation, a belief he still holds and has long advocated as the true solvent of Europe's troubles. In 1908 he embarked on his first journalistic adventure, The State, a magazine advocating the union of South African colonies.

In 1910 he returned to England where he became first editor of the Round Ta-

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ble, a quarterly dealing with international affairs and surveying critically the whole English-speaking world and which, as has been said, had a great part in the shaping of the modern British Commonwealth of Nations. He was editor of the magazine until 1916 when he became secretary to Lloyd George. He was active at the Paris Peace Conference and is credited with authorship of the covering letter handed to the Germans before the treaty was ratified.

In 1922 Philip Kerr resigned as Lloyd George's secretary, refusing any title of recognition for his services, but he was awarded the rare Cross of the Companion of Honor. During the next three years he devoted himself mostly to travel and journalism. Always deeply interested in education, he became secretary of the Rhodes Trust in 1925, an appointment he held until last year when he was named ambassador to the United States.

In 1930, at the death of a cousin, he succeeded to the title as eleventh Marquess of Lothian, becoming as well Earl of Ancrum, Earl of Lothian, Viscount of Brien, Baron Ker of Newbottle, Baron Jedburgh, Baron Ker of Kersheugh. He also inherited some 28,000 acres of land, the font at which Mary Queen of Scots was christened, the saddle of the Bruce and three country houses: Blickling Hall in Norfolk; Monteviot in Roxburghshire and Newbattle Abbey in Midlothian, one of them complete with the ghost of a lady who is reputed to ride around the countryside on moonlight nights, driving a coach and four and holding her head in her lap while a headless dog runs alongside. He gave Newbattle Abbey to the Scottish Universities as a center for adult education.

When he is in England, he lives at Blickling, a magnificent place with beautiful gardens, which once belonged to Anne Boleyn's father. His Scottish house is a wartime hospital with his sister Margaret as commandant. During the week he lives in a flat in London.

A considerable fortune went with all this but, inheritance taxes being what they are in England, he had to sell the famous library of illuminated manuscripts and incunabula and many other things in order to pay them off. The library brought over four hundred thousand dollars at the Anderson Galleries in New York.

You Can't Dodge a Title

The title and inheritance added little to Lothian's stature. As Philip Kerr he had been an important figure in England and most of his friends still refer to him by that name. There is an impression that, had it been possible, he would have set the title aside, for, inasmuch as a peer cannot step onto the floor of the House of Commons, a title is apt to be more of a drawback than an asset in the career of an ambitious statesman. But that couldn't be done; in England if you inherit a title you're stuck with it.

The following year he became a member of the government as chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and he went to Russia with Lady Astor and Bernard Shaw. They saw Stalin but since he was traveling with two of the most adept space-grabbers and scene-stealers of our time, little was heard about his part in the expedition. The newspapers reported that Lady Astor asked Stalin when he was going to stop killing people and that Shaw fell asleep at the races but they made no mention of Lord Lothian's remarks or activities.

In 1932 he became parliamentary undersecretary of state for India and went to that country as the chairman of the Franchise Committee whose function was to lay the franchise foundation

for a system of responsible government in India, both provincial and federal. A difficult task in a country where only about eight per cent of the population are literate, where there are ten languages, two main religions, the caste system, prejudice against according women the vote and where one third of the country is governed by medieval princedoms. He remained six months and worked out a system for giving to all classes, including the poorest, some hope of being able to influence the government in their own interests, which the home government was satisfied was as practicable as possible under the difficult circumstances. During a later visit he had several conversations with Gandhi, whom he describes as the only man of whom one can honestly say that he is both a politician and a saint.

The Liberal's Weakness

After his return, he gave up active participation in the government except as a member of the House of Lords and continued to travel, making several trips to Germany during which he met Hitler and the other leading Nazis. The rumor arose that he was pro-German and had Fascist leanings. This was started partly by a man called Cockburn, who invented the term "Cliveden Set" for the group that gathered at Lady Astor's country place (a "set" that, according to her and the others, never existed), and also by the fact that he made several speeches asserting that Germany had some legitimate complaints against the Treaty of Versailles and suggesting its revision before Hitler tried to revise it. He has the liberal's weakness for being able to see the other fellow's side of a question.

In 1937, in a speech at Chatham House, he said that he did not think it was possible to say that Germany alone was responsible for the last war. When Wickham Steed arose to remind the speaker that in 1919 when the Germans protested against the text of the draft of the Treaty of Versailles a very able and penetrating reply had been written, putting the case very cogently, of which Mr. Philip Kerr had been the author, Lord Lothian replied that the reason he had changed his mind in regard to war guilt was that in 1919 his reply was based upon information then available to the British public during the war and after four years of continuous propaganda. He had since read a large number of books published in English in regard to the origins of the war, of which the best were the American, and they all pointed to the fact that the information obtained in 1919 was neither accurate nor complete. He was not in the least ashamed of having changed his opinion.

All of these passages in his speeches were more spectacular and made better copy than the ones in which he reiterated his belief in the democratic form of government. As far back as 1933, for instance, he asserted that the dictatorships were no more successful in preventing war or ending unemployment or returning prosperity than the democracies; rather the reverse. And, in 1937, discussing the prevalent fear of Fascism that was stronger in England than the fear of Communism he said, "I see myself no fundamental difference between the two systems of government."

As a gentleman, he had of course been unable to understand the gangster mentality of Hitler, but in 1939 he read the unexpurgated edition of *Mein Kampf* (like most other British statesmen he had for some strange reason failed to take this turgid piece of literature seriously) and promptly made a ringing speech calling for general conscription in England. He was being true to the

Lothian family motto, *Sero sed serio*—Late but in earnest!

In private life Lord Lothian displays the same qualities that he does in public life. He is a thoughtful talker, has a dry humor and is an independent thinker. He is a convert from Catholicism to Christian Science. In his own words, he decided that Christian Science was "the go-go" twenty-five years ago and has since seen no reason to regret the change. Lord Lothian hasn't taken a drink in twenty-five years and he doesn't smoke. He drinks incredible quantities of orange juice; there is always a pitcher of it on his desk and a tall glass at his place at table. England may not be buying fruit from the United States any more but her ambassador seems to be doing all he can to make up for it. However, he doesn't impose his teetotalism on his guests; cocktails are always served before dinner, wine during the meal, and whisky and soda after for those who want them.

Fair Game for the Ladies

Lord Lothian is the second bachelor to be sent to the United States as ambassador from Great Britain. The first was his mother's uncle, Lord Lyons, who was here during the Civil War. The new ambassador caused great flutter among the women of Washington. He is tall, healthy-looking and Roman-nosed. When he first arrived in Washington, Dr. Harry Kerr, one of the well-known physicians of the capital, remarked that he wondered if they were in any way related but said he would be able to tell because all Kerrs had the same kind of teeth. After seeing him he decided that they were related. To the outsider there is nothing curious about Lord Lothian's teeth except a distressing gleam of gold that would imply he hasn't been completely Americanized. He usually wears horn-rimmed spectacles but in spite of these remains a handsome figure of a man, and with this attribute added to a great name, position and fortune, should in theory be regarded as fair game for the ladies.

He gets on well with women and apparently enjoys talking to them but they are put off by his excellent habits and detached politeness.

He enjoys entertaining and it is lucky that at the moment he can do so in the way which he prefers—small, informal parties. He is very proud of being Scotch and insists upon being referred to as a Scotsman.

He has the English love of gardens and flowers as well as sports. Golf is his favorite game—he used to play in the seventies but now complains that his swing has deserted him. It is his great regret that he now hasn't time for more than one game a week. He also likes fishing and tennis. Reading, music, the countryside, with occasional theaters and movies are his favorite diversions in that order. He doesn't like the radio and says he'd rather read a newspaper any time than listen to it.

His day begins at seven and he arrives downstairs at nine and reads all the New York and Washington papers. From then on he describes it as "one damn' thing after another." Ordinarily the embassy staff consists of about forty people;

at the moment there are one hundred and ten, including a barrister who is an expert on international law and the ambassador's four personal secretaries—three women and a man. His office, a large room with comfortable leather chairs, has a door leading into the chancellery, which makes close contact with his staff possible. They enjoy working for him because he doesn't bother about small details, but the trained diplomatic attachés find it a bit bewildering to work for a man who leaves all matters of diplomatic procedure to them and cares nothing about protocol.

Lord Lothian has had to face some difficult problems brought on by the war. First there was the sinking of the *Athenia* which, because of several accusations made by the Germans, made it imperative for him to convince this government that she carried no arms and was not sunk by a British mine. The Graf Spee incident got him involved in the discussion of the Panama neutral zone. In November he had to issue the announcement that the British government was again going to launch the navicert, a commercial certificate granted to American exporters, designed to provide that the goods in question were not being exported to Germany and so could be passed through the blockade. After the invasion of Finland he was invited to a reception at the Soviet embassy and sidestepped that for a time with a plea of previous engagement. The examination of American mails by the British for contraband and to secure evidence as to how Germany was trying to evade the blockade created the greatest hullabaloo of all and was the one that he handled the most adroitly. The inside story is naturally a state secret but the ultimate outcome was that after the first stiff note sent to Great Britain, it was announced that such notes no longer would be made public but the matters in question would be settled by diplomatic discussion.

With Hope for the Future

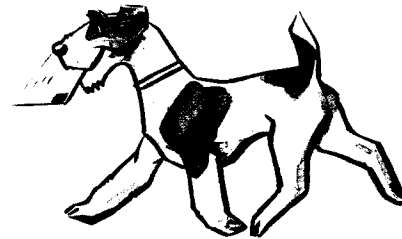
The question of Allied war aims keeps recurring too. In a speech to the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations he mentioned two objectives in war aims that seemed to him clear: freedom for all nations of Europe and some security against constantly recurring wars of aggression. It was in this same speech that he enlarged upon one of his pet theories—the ultimate foundation of a federated United States of Europe as the only final solution of the European problem.

Propaganda, which has become the great American bogeyman, must begin to seem like one to him too now, for every time he opens his mouth he risks being accused of talking propaganda.

In spite of this, however, his speeches have had a good press and only one government official has accused him of spreading propaganda. Representative Tinkham of Massachusetts wrote an open letter to Secretary Hull in which he said that Lord Lothian's speech in Chicago was, "a clear violation of diplomatic privileges and immunities," and that another such violation should be followed immediately by a request to the government of Great Britain for the ambassador's recall. It doesn't seem to have troubled Lord Lothian much. He is never bothered by small difficulties and has the British ability to think in centuries.

He is apparently one of the few men in public life today who look forward to the future with any optimism. He regards the present situation as a severe crisis but adds that in all crises of history the issue is between a great advance or a great setback. Crises mean that the old order is perishing and that something new must be born.


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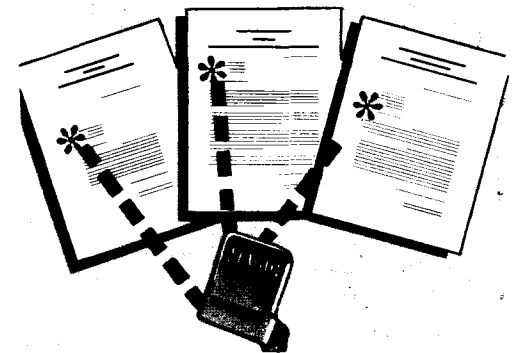
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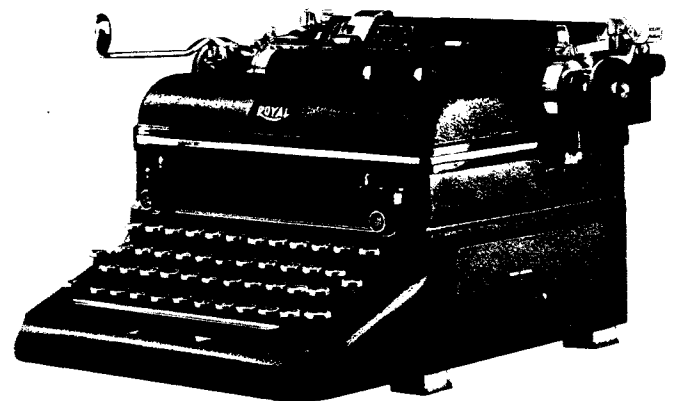
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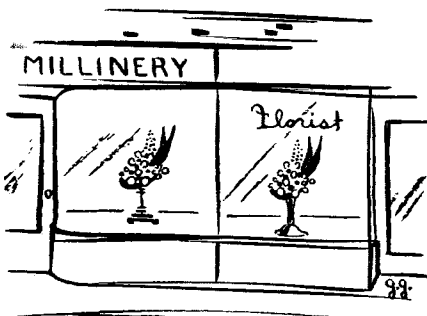


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The Secret of the Marshbanks

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

KNOWING almost nothing concerning her past, Charlotte ("Cherry") Rawlings has been a student at a school for underprivileged girls for thirteen years, when one of her guardians—Judge Judson Marshbanks, of San Francisco, calls on her. The judge informs her that old Mrs. Porteous Porter, of San Francisco, needs a secretary; and that her other guardian ("Emma," once her mother's nurse, now Mrs. Porter's companion) wishes her to take the job.

A few days later, Cherry, comfortably established in Mrs. Porter's beautiful home, is hard at work. And presently, although she has little time for pleasure, she is seeing much of, falling in love with, Kelly Coates, a young artist.

But she is far from happy. Mrs. Marshbanks, the judge's mother, snubs her; Amy, debutante daughter of the judge's dead brother, Fred, patronizes her, looks down on her; and Fran, the judge's young wife, "uses" her so that she (Fran) and Kelly Coates can meet clandestinely, without the judge's suspicions being aroused!

Then comes a series of shocks: Emma, in a confidential moment, informs her that her mother had been Emma's sister! Concerning her father (of whom Cherry knows nothing), the old woman will say nothing. . . . Mrs. Porter, an invalid, dies; and following the reading of her will (by the terms of which, Cherry is to receive fifteen hundred dollars)—Judge Marshbanks, in an unguarded moment, divulges the fact that his brother, Fred—Amy's father—had been Cherry's father, and that he had never married Cherry's mother.

Crushed, wretchedly unhappy, Cherry turns to the one person who can comfort her: Kelly Coates. He gives her his sympathy, does what he can to cheer her up; and after that they meet often—sometimes at Topcote, Kelly's house near Sausalito, sometimes elsewhere. And Cherry soon learns that Fran, while making it appear to her that she is meeting Kelly secretly is, as a matter of fact, avoiding him. . . .

Cherry, preparing to enter Stanford, takes a room in Palo Alto. A short time later, she runs up to San Francisco, goes to the Marshbanks home. The judge's mother meets her, tells her that she is unwelcome at the house. Then, to her amazement, Kelly asks her to marry him! Suspecting that he still loves Fran, Cherry will not listen to him. . . . In the judge's chambers, the judge and Cherry have a talk. Cherry says: "Your mother asked me not to come to the house any more."

The judge frowns. "My mother did?" he says.

"Yes," Cherry replies. "She said it wasn't—decent."

VII

"H'M!" the judge said, gravely enough. "I'm sorry she did that. You know how much we all like you, and what reason I have for feeling that I've something to make up to you. Fran was saying only a day or two ago that you'd forgotten us."

"I'll never forget you! But there's more to it than that. Amy came in while your mother was talking to me the night she said that. I'd reached the house before Amy did, and I was in my room, reading, and your mother came in and said how much she resented my being there. But you see," Cherry interrupted herself to say in self-defense, "you see that I didn't know any reasons for my not coming, when I was first there. I didn't know I was her granddaughter as much as Amy was!"

"How much did Amy hear?"

"Cherry," Emma said suddenly, interrupting the girl's flow of talk. "I wanted to see you. I'd rather tell you than write"

"Well, your mother had just said that if I didn't break off all my relationships there, she'd have to let everyone know, and Amy too, that we were half sisters. And she said that would hurt my father, and my mother, too. And I said that that meant injuring the reputation of her own son! Amy heard that."

"And guessed the rest?"

"Guessed that it was you, instead of your brother Fred. After your mother had gone Amy said that she always had suspected that I was—" Cherry's throat thickened, she looked at him imploringly—"that I was your daughter."

"I see," he said thoughtfully.

"I didn't contradict her—I don't know what I thought for a few minutes—but I couldn't say anything. I kept trying to think which would be worse, telling her, or letting it go and talking some day to you."

"Fran and I were in Los Angeles then?"

"YES. And then I went to Palo Alto and didn't see you, and I knew that your mother cared more about keeping it from Amy than anything else, and I hoped that Amy wouldn't talk. But now Amy's back, and she wants me to come in to spend the night with her next Saturday, and go to the Quatres Arts Ball, and I don't know what to do!"

"My mother's a proud woman, Cherry," the judge said, after a silence during which he had marked a neat, firm row of crosses on a scratch-pad. "She's had a sad life. My father's illness ended her social interests, after twenty years in which her position had been everything any woman wants—big house, opera box, jewels, Europe. Two years later my young married sister died in childbed, and that embittered her; she's never been the same. The baby died, too; it was a crushing blow to my mother. I was away at the time; Fred was married, and she was a good deal alone with my invalid father. She had queened it here in San Francisco; she seemed to have nothing left. Fred's wife was heiress to all this money Amy'll have, but she was a delicate girl and years went by and there was no child. Fred was restless and unhappy and altogether things weren't in any too good shape when I decided to give up Washington and come home."

"My mother had been living in an apartment hotel and hating it. Fred and his wife, Amelia, had had a little place in Burlingame. But after years, five or six years, I think, she was going to have a baby, and everyone was anxious that this time it should go right. Old Wellington, her father, was an immensely rich man; he was going to come on from New York for the event, and do everything for the baby. Fred, who'd been restless and unsatisfied, settled down all of a sudden. Mother had opened the city house by this time, and they were all together. The baby was coming in November—"

"I know. I'm four days older than Amy," Cherry, listening absorbedly, put in as he paused.

"But you came two months too soon. (Continued on page 69)