



She dropped back into the berth, picturing to herself Henry's tanned face and his dark almond eyes

Over Night

By Nancy Hale

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY THOMAS

Growing pains of a girl who was too young to play at being a woman

JAN felt funny, standing there in the apartment, now that everything was all over and she was going home to Boston. She thought suddenly of a week end she and Curly had spent on Long Island last summer, when the people had taken them over to one of those summer theaters to see a rehearsal. It was on Sunday, and the play for the week before was over, but the scenery that had been used for it was still up.

The actors rehearsed the new play against a background that was done with, that didn't have anything to do with what they were acting. It had been nifty getting to see actors rehearse and really seeing behind the scenes. They had stood about watching, and one of the stage people had said, too loud, "Look at the solid-gold babies set with tennis rackets from Westbury." There had been she and Curly and Babs Greenough and Lefty Vandercliff and the Fenno girl. Maybe that was when Curly started getting this terrific sneaker for the Fenno girl.

Anyway, something about this moment made her think of that. She was standing in a place that had been home

for four years and that now suddenly wasn't any place at all, just an apartment on Sutton Place with a lot of furniture in it, a lot of wedding presents that didn't have any significance any longer. She didn't belong to it any more; she had already started a new life; it was already the past, this apartment, a place she would remember, maybe: when I was married to Curly Mayson we lived in an apartment on Sutton Place.

Maybe she would remember that night right after they came home from the honeymoon and sat in front of the fire in the living room in their bare feet; maybe she would remember coming home from the hospital after Funny-face was born, how funny it had felt to them both that there was a baby in the place that belonged to them; maybe she would remember all the good parties, people barging in after the theater, the Negro from Harlem they used to get in to play the piano, the night she drank too much champagne and did a dance in the middle of the floor.

And maybe she wouldn't remember at all. Already the four years were sort of a blank, unreal. Maybe she would be having such a wonderful new life that she wouldn't remember the one with Curly because she wouldn't have time. This moment was set like a wall between the two lives, the end of one, the beginning of the other. The end of Mrs. Charles Mayson, the beginning of Mrs. Mallory Mayson. The Fenno girl would

be Mrs. Charles Mayson soon. It was funny having three different names in your life before you were twenty-three. First Janet Mallory, then Mrs. Charles Mayson, now Mrs. Mallory Mayson. . . .

Her mother-in-law moved about the living room in a distracted sort of way. She had come in from Long Island to see Jan off and to start the work of having all this stuff put into storage. It was nice of her to see to that; Jan was glad she didn't have to fool with it. She never knew how to cope with that kind of business; she felt about twelve when she tried. Mrs. Mayson was dead set against the Fenno girl; she thought she had lured Curly away. But it was all right with Jan. Curly couldn't help it if he got this terrific sneaker, and the Fenno girl was divine, all right. You couldn't help falling in love with people. Maybe she would fall in love with somebody herself. She was beginning a brand-new life in which anything could happen.

"I STILL can't believe this awful thing is happening, Jan dear," Mrs. Mayson said. She sank down on the big sofa and lit a cigarette. "You and Curly were so perfect together. It's so heartbreaking to have it break up now, before you'd hardly got started. You're being so brave, Jan."

"No, I'm not. . . ." She really wasn't. There wasn't anything to be brave about. She and Curly had had a divine time ever since the night she met him

at the Hasty Pudding dance up in Cambridge. They'd had everything they wanted: got married two months later with a swell big wedding and millions of parties and scads of bridesmaids and ushers; had a honeymoon in Honolulu and done simply everything marvelous; come back to this apartment and had a big time in it, parties and going out to Long Island for long week ends; had Funny-face dumped in their lap like a prize package, terribly cute and sort of surprising. Now Curly was mad for the Fenno girl and wanted to marry her. It was all right; it had been fine.

"Curly doesn't realize what he's throwing away," Mrs. Mayson said. "If he was a little older maybe he'd have more sense and realize that you are the girl he really loves. Or ought to. I just hate to have you get hurt, darling. I feel as if you were my own child. It's odd for me to say it, but you mustn't feel your life's over. You'll meet dozens of other men and fall in love with someone and marry him."

"I feel okay," Jan said. Mrs. Mayson thought her heart was broken, but it wasn't. She just felt through with something, and ready for what came next. She had loved Curly, she still did. But after all when you were eighteen you didn't know anything. You just knew how to have fun. She felt about Curly the way you would about a brother, maybe. Of course they'd been married and had Funny-face. But all that hadn't

sunk in, exactly. It was all just gay and fun, not important. It certainly wasn't anything you called passion. Things like that, real grown-up love, lay ahead of her in this new life. That was what made it so exciting. She moved restlessly around the room and ran her hand over her pale blond, shoulder-length hair.

"It's absolutely fair for Curly to have to be the one to go to Reno," his mother said. "He broke it up. I know he wants to go, to be near that girl while she gets hers, but anyway I'm glad you don't have to go out there. It's an absolutely savage place. Horrible women. You oughtn't to be exposed to anything like that, darling. Don't tell me. I know."

Jan didn't answer. Curly wanted to go to Reno, and she didn't care. It might have been fun to see what it was like, but it was going to be fun this summer up on the North Shore too. It didn't matter who got the divorce. It was all cooked up anyway. Mental cruelty. Her being mentally cruel to Curly. How would you be mentally cruel to anyone?

At last Nana was coming in with Funny-face. Jan put on her red straw hat in front of the mantel mirror. It looked nice, with her red-and-white foulard print. Funny-face looked sweet in his lavender romper, running around the room holding on to Nana's hand. Jan looked at him with the curiosity she always felt; how funny that that fat little tootsie was her child! She never really felt that he was, more as if he was a baby brother. It hadn't bothered her any while he was coming; they used to go dancing right up to near the end. . . .

MRS. MAYSON was kissing the baby. "I'll miss little Charles horribly," she said. "It's been divine for me, having a grandson at my age. I can't wait till he comes back for our six months of him. Gran's baby, yes, oh, you darling! I hope it won't be too awful for you giving him up part of the year, Jan. But I promise you I'll see he's well taken care of. I won't let that girl neglect him as I'm sure she would. I'll keep my eye on things. And Nana will be right on deck, I'm sure, won't you, Nana?"

The big-boned, horse-faced Irish nurse smiled back at Mrs. Mayson.

"I know it'll be all right," Jan said. She put on her white gloves and picked up her red purse from the coffee table. "Well," she said.

Mrs. Mayson got up and put her arms around Jan.

"Goodby, Jan darling," she said. "I could kill Curly for acting like such a dummy, even if he is my own child. You're a sweet, darling little girl, and it makes me sick. Remember I'm terribly fond of you and I'll always be. I'm absolutely on your side and I wish you could come and stay with me, although I suppose you won't."

Jan kissed her. "You're an angel to attend to all this," she said, waving her hand around the room.

"It's the least I can do. And it would be so heartbreaking for you to have to send away all your lovely wedding presents. It seems yesterday that we had such fun fixing up the apartment. Oh, dear," she kissed Jan again.

She saw them off from the door of the apartment, standing there while they waited for the lift, the three of them. Then it came, and they got in, and the door slammed, and that was the last time Jan would ever go down from the apartment. She felt fresh, as if her face had just been washed, and ready for what was to come next.

Fifty-seventh Street was bright and hot and beautiful in the afternoon sun. The heat put a sort of hush over the East River where tugs floated languidly on the grayish oily water; people strolled slowly down the street; the cart loaded with flowers in pots crept along

the curb, and Jan waved to the man driving it as she got into the taxi after Nana and Funny-face. She would probably never see him again. This early June heat made her feel expectant; it was the kind of afternoon when you left to drive out on Long Island for a big week end; it was the kind of afternoon that made you look forward to smelling the salt sea, and playing tennis, and having fun with lots of people. The whole summer lay before her, mysterious and unimaginable.

The taxi stopped and went, stopped and went, through the hot city over to the West Side, toward the dock where they would take the boat for Boston. They passed pier after pier, going far downtown.

They got out of the taxi and Jan paid the driver and gave him a fifty-cent tip and they walked slowly along the pier, slowly on account of Funny-face's short fat legs, and onto the Boston boat. They had two large staterooms side by side. Their bags were carried in and Jan

She leaned over the rail and scowled gravely at the New York buildings sweeping by. She wondered if she was horrid, the un-motherly way she felt about Funny-face. But she didn't see how she could help it. She simply didn't feel maternal or whatever you felt. Funny-face had popped out at her from nowhere as a big surprise and he might as well have said boo. He didn't need her, with an expert like Nana, and Jan didn't feel any need for him. She adored him. But she didn't yearn toward him or any of those things. He was just a funny little thing she had picked up somewhere who was, incredibly, part of her life just as her mother and her father were part of her life. But she didn't feel like a mother, she never had.

She hadn't been ready to be a mother, that was it. A sort of quick clarity invaded Jan's mind and she felt she had an explanation. Because she still had the feeling she had had in school, that some day it would be wonderful to have babies, to be married. She still felt that



"You have just heard Major Fortescue's analysis of our overseas broadcast. This will be interpreted by our Washington expert, Mr. Greeley. Mr. Marshall, our networks expert, will then analyze Mr. Greeley's broadcast. You will then hear from our overseas correspondents again, who will analyze Mr. Marshall's talk"

JACK MARKOW

tipped the porter. Then with Nana and the baby she went up on deck and stood against the rail looking down at the swirling, dirty water. A lovely fresh smell came from the sea down beyond the harbor. They would sail in a minute now. Lots of people crowded the deck and hung over the rail.

"It's time Charlie had his supper," Nana said. "I wonder if I shall be able to order the proper things."

"Oh, sure," Jan said. "Take him down into the dining room, I guess. They can get you everything."

Nana took Funny-face away by the hand. Jan watched them go. Then she looked back at the water. They were nearly around the Battery and steaming up the East River. Pretty soon they would pass the end of Fifty-seventh Street. She must remember to look up and see the apartment house once more.

Barges and tugs passed, the wash from them spreading out fantails in the dark and oily water. They were going up to Boston, to a new life. Curly was all gone; not part of her life any more; somebody she'd see sometimes and be glad to see and feel fine friends with. He had been her husband. But it had always felt kind of silly to know that she had a husband. The word sounded so much more important than any way she felt. Curly kept on being a boy, a beau, somebody to have fun with. And then there was Funny-face, the only thing that would live on as an actual proof that she had been married, and had a child.

anticipatory way in spite of the fact that she had been married and had a baby. She hadn't been ready to be married, either; it had just come along and overtaken her. A whole lot of things had happened to her prematurely, as if she had dreamed them, and they hadn't taken hold of her because she simply wasn't ripe for them.

SHE was still twenty-two and she felt that young, and at the beginning of things, ready and waiting for life to begin. It was as if she hadn't been to enough dances; hadn't met enough boys; was still waiting for the moment when she would fall in love with somebody and then would want to marry him and want to have a baby. It had all happened, but it hadn't happened to her inside; she was still twenty-two, waiting for everything.

Funny-face was like a tangible reminder of a forgotten dream she had had once.

They were way uptown now and she hadn't looked to see the apartment house. It didn't matter at all. The breeze from the Sound was battering at her straw hat and she started below. The crowds that filled the boat were an odd lot; not like on an ocean liner, not settling down, because they would land next morning; milling and laughing and acting crazy on the Boston night boat. Jan looked at them curiously, going down the stairway. Near the bottom she passed a young man who looked at her fixedly; his dark face was somehow fa-

miliar to her, but she could not remember where she had seen him before. She went on along the lower deck to the staterooms. Funny-face was being put to bed.

"Have you got everything you need?" she asked Nana, awkwardly.

"Yes, madam. I expect so. It's not to say like a proper boat, is it? More like one of them excursion boats. I hope it's quite safe."

"Oh, yes, it's perfectly safe, honestly. Why, you just go along the Sound and then through the Cape Cod Canal and you're hardly ever in the actual ocean."

She bent over the pink child in the bed and kissed him. He was sleepy and soft and his fair hair was damp on his fat neck. He was a cunning baby, she thought.

"I'll be glad when we reach Mrs. Mallory's, madam. I'll feel so much safer. And I expect Mrs. Mallory will be glad to see her little grand-baby, yes, she will, won't she, Charlie?"

The baby smiled and said, "Nana kiss." As Nana was kissing him Jan went away. She went soberly down to dinner and ate a club sandwich, had two glasses of milk and a dish of chocolate ice cream. As she came out of the dining room it was beginning to get dark. In the large hallway she came face to face again with the dark young man. She looked at him and walked on, but then she heard his voice behind her.

"Aren't you Jan Mallory?"

SHE turned around. He was tanned very dark and smooth, and he wore a gray-tan gabardine suit. His hair was dark and his eyes were very dark and long, and he was smiling.

"I'm Henry Bolton. I met you ages ago at a dance."

"Oh . . . Bolton. Was your brother Jenk Bolton?"

"Yes. That's right."

"He could hit a target spitting through his front teeth. I've never forgotten it."

"He still can!"

She remembered this man now a little, at some dance in Boston, dancing with her, and that he danced very well. She remembered hearing his name, Henry Bolton, long ago, oh, back in school.

"You haven't been living back in Bean-town, have you?" he asked.

"No, you see. . . . I've been married and living in New York. My name is Mayson now."

"Oh, yes," he said, as if he remembered. "Sally Gray's cousin, isn't he, your husband? Curly Mayson, or something?"

"Yes, only . . ." She realized she would have to do this often now, explain. She might as well get used to it, telling people in Boston, like this boy. "I'm divorced. I mean, getting a divorce."

"Oh," he said, looking off casually. "Getting it up in Massachusetts?"

"No. Curly's out in Reno."

"Oh. Well. . . ."

"I'm going up to mother's. I'm taking the baby up."

"So?" he said, lifting his eyebrows. He smiled at her with his long eyes.

"Well. Would you like to dance? It's a lousy orchestra but we could give it a try."

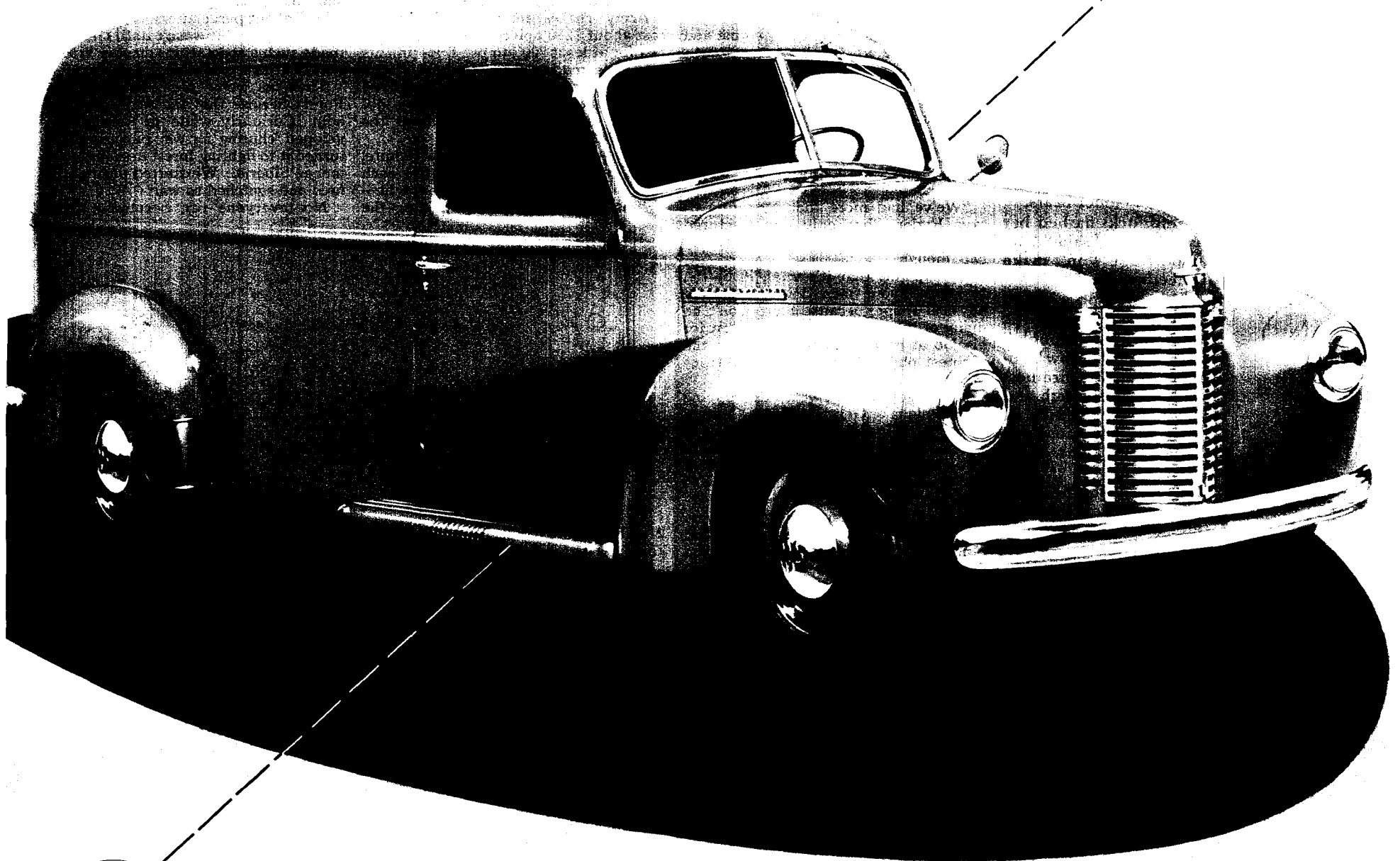
"I'd love to."

They went along to the upper deck where the orchestra was playing noisy music. He did dance terribly well. She felt gay and happy and excited. They sat down at a table and ordered lemonades and Henry took a flask out of his pocket and poured gin into them. He kept looking at her with those dark, almond-shaped eyes, and she looked back at him. This all felt so brand-new. She was on her own, back to being a single girl again, out dancing with a boy.

They drank and danced some more

(Continued on page 43)

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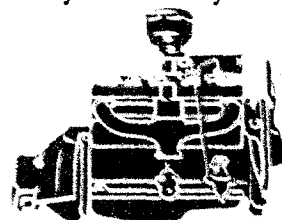
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Out of the Blue

Continued from page 31

Goldilocks said:
"all porridge is
bad for bears"



Goldilocks was brightening up her smile with delicious Dentyne the day she found the home of the three bears. Of course she tried their chairs, their beds and their porridge—and you've never seen three madder bears.

But Goldilocks flashed her lovely smile and said "Anyway, porridge won't make your teeth shine."

"But it's nice porridge," wailed the big bear.

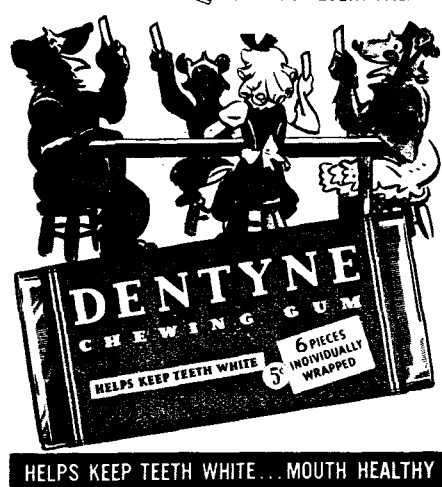
"And not chewy enough," said Goldilocks. "Now Dentyne has an extra firmness that helps polish teeth and makes them gleam. It strengthens jaw muscles—firms up your gums. Here try some."

"M-M-M," said the little bear. "It's delicious. That nice cinnamon taste is different—and extra good."

"Right-O," laughed Goldilocks, "and note the flat handy package. It slips neatly into purse or pocket. More smiles to you and brighter ones—with Dentyne."

Moral: Help your teeth stay lovely and sparkling by chewing Dentyne often. Get a flavortite package today.

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE



Their problem is to land in a group on a target about thirty feet square. The dangling bodies swing back and forth as the jumpers manipulate the steering flaps to counteract air currents. Two of them almost collide, but quick work saves them.

There is the crack of a shot from the sky and then a short volley. Captain Ryder is practicing marksmanship as he descends. Pretty good at it, too, considering this is only his tenth jump.

Less than a minute after they have left the plane the eleven men and the captain are grouped, hauling in their 'chutes, within the limits of the target. They have come down about 700 feet in fifty seconds. Just before each lands, you see him reach up with both hands, grip the lines and give himself a lift just as his toes touch earth. This trick, which calls for split-second timing, breaks the shock of collision. If you do it too soon, or too late, chances are you'll break a bone, probably an ankle.

One man is pulled over by a gust and tumbles, like an acrobat, as he hits. He's up in a second.

"You see why we need tumblers," grins the captain—and to the 'chuters: "Good work, men. Any bruises?"

There are none this time, it turns out.

The Army's not Copying Anyone

"We've had more than 300 jumps," says Ryder, "but only one fractured ankle. Plenty of bruises and a sprain or two, though."

He explains that it's vital, in battle, to get all your men down in perfect physical shape, because there won't be many of them, and each must be fit for his job at once. There mustn't be the slightest physical—or emotional—trouble.

"Don't get the idea we're just copying the Russians or Germans," says Captain Ryder, back in the orderly tent. "We're starting in where they leave off. Can't win a war by copying the other fellow—you have to outsmart him."

"You can't go much by what the Germans did in Holland or in Norway. Their parachutists came down in ideal conditions, with a lot of preparation done for them by spies and secret agents."

"By the way," he adds with a grin, "all our men are volunteers. Our information is that the Germans had to order their men into 'chutes and that they had a tough time getting good ones. We have hundreds of volunteers. Look here..."

He displays a file of letters, from all over, pleading for a chance to join the 501st—letters from civilians and kids and privates and sergeants and majors in the Army and Reserve and the National Guard. Most of them are man-to-man letters, from Private George Spelvin to Major Miley, in defiance of War Department red tape. But, horrified as they may be at this democratic way of running an army, the brass hats at Washington haven't done a thing to Private Spelvin—that sort of spirit is too good to discourage... Couldn't get away with it in any other army, though.

All the jumpers with whom I talked agreed that the surprise of the game is that the 'chutist has little or no sensation of falling. Most of them were afraid they would. It was the same story from the newest rookie to Captain E. Vern Stewart, of the Illinois National Guard, who has more than 400 jumps to his credit. The captain has jumped at 500 and at 22,000 feet. The long jump took thirty-six minutes and the main sensation was boredom.

"If I ever jump that far again I'll take along a good book," grinned Stewart.

You'd think, if you stepped from a plane going nearly a hundred miles an hour and then were stopped by a parachute's opening, there'd be a mental or physical jolt. But there isn't. In the Army you don't even have to worry about pulling a rip cord.

"The way we've developed it," explained Captain Ryder, "each man has a twelve-foot 'static rope,' one end of which is attached lightly to the 'chute on his back. He holds the other end of the rope. When he is ready to jump he goes to the door of the plane, clicks his rope fast to a gadget, leans forward a little, half facing toward the ship's tail, and steps off, arms folded over his chest. The rope tightens, opens the 'chute and then snaps at the 'chute end. It's pulled back into the plane. The soldier by that time is dropping like a feather—more or less—guiding himself down."

Army 'chutes are made of silk and cost about \$250 apiece. With care they last for at least 200 jumps. Experiments are being made with nylon, rayon and cotton. Some of the sharps think even tough, waterproof paper may be developed with strength enough for the shocks and strains.

Each Army jumper has his own 'chute, takes care of it and folds it after each jump. A 'chute has to be folded right—if it isn't, the next time you jump the

They haven't decided yet whether to send men down with guns and grenades, or cargo-'chute these down separately. The Germans claim to send their troops down with machine guns, bomb loads, trenching tools and even bicycles. It's safe enough to chute down grenades, in case you're worrying. You can play ball with them all day—unless you pull the firing pin.

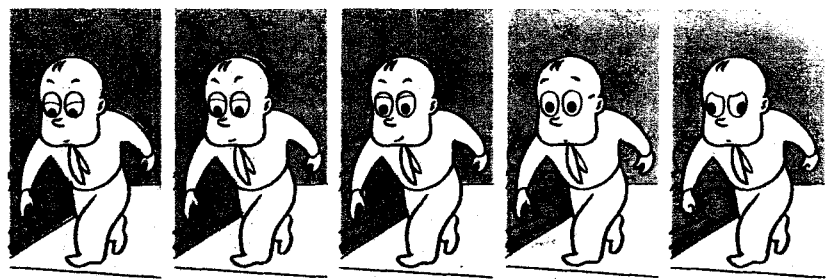
We're Underway Now

In 1917 and '18 General Billy Mitchell of the Air Service tried to sell General Pershing the idea of parachute troops, but Black Jack thought, as did most others at the time, that the parachute would never replace the horse... Incidentally, there's an unofficial move today to name our first 'chute outfit the Mitchell Battalion.

Ten years after the war there was some more talk, by people called "visionaries," about parachuters. Nothing came of that, either. It wasn't until Germany made such a spectacular display in Holland that any real progress was made.

Then, as we've seen, it was to the Forest Service that the Army went for help. Curiously, while the Russians developed 'chuting for war purposes, they turned it to fighting forest fires last summer in Siberia. We started out fighting fires and switched to war.

Not everyone can become a para-



Split

CROCKETT JOHNSON

War Department notifies your next of kin.

Some of the Army's early experimenting was done at Hightstown, New Jersey, from a 125-foot tower operated by a private concern. This was something like the famous parachute jump at the New York World's Fair, and was used to get the men accustomed to the idea. At Benning, the Army is building a 250-foot tower, for the same purpose. It will enable the men to learn each move slowly, and give officers a chance to correct mistakes before the actual jumping from planes is done.

In actual warfare, men will be 'chuted down from as low an altitude as possible, in order to shorten the length of time they're exposed to enemy fire. It's planned to have the boys jump from only 300 feet, which would give them less than twenty seconds in the air. Surprise is an important element in attack by parachute troops, and the sooner they can be grounded, the less chance there is of discovery.

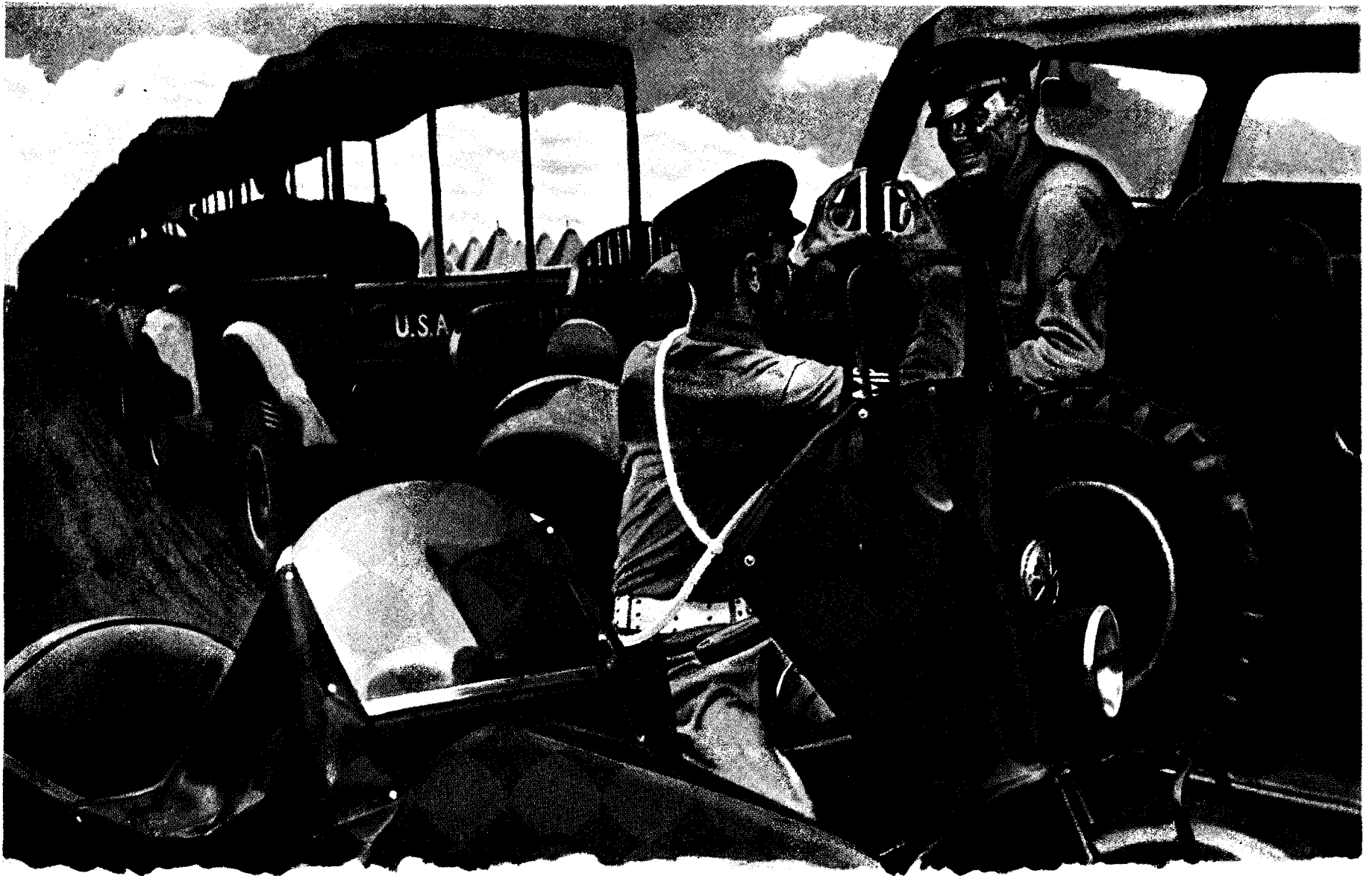
The Army hasn't tried it yet, but landing in a dense forest is easier than on open ground—according to the veterans of the Forest Service. They call tree-top stops "featherbed landings." Only trouble is, after a 'chute gets tangled up in the trees, to get it down. The smoke chasers want to recover the 'chute because it's expensive; the Army will want to because its presence would be a giveaway to enemy planes.

The experience of the Army so far is that if you pick your candidates to start with, you can expect about ninety-five per cent of them to become jumpers; taking the Army as a whole, perhaps ten per cent would fail, some physically, some psychologically.

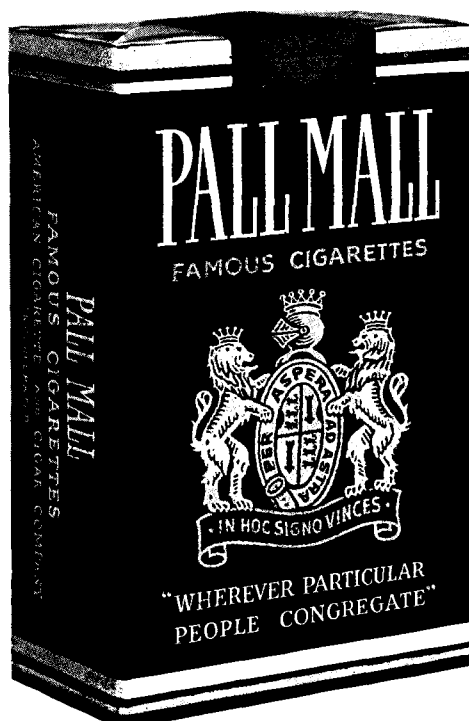
The percentage of civilians who never can become jumpers is pretty large. That is why, in early days, commercial air lines resisted well-meaning campaigns to make them supply 'chutes for each passenger. The lines knew that, in the emotional grip of a fall, some passengers would freeze in the doorway, refuse to jump, and thus block passengers who would; that other passengers would jump and then forget to pull the rip cord to open the 'chute.

Late in 1940 we had only a couple of score jumpers in our Army, but new ones were being developed fast; by this time next year we'll have thousands. A parachute battalion includes 412 officers and men—and 379 of them, including all the officers, are jumpers. We have just one battalion getting under way. How many Germany and Russia have isn't definitely known. Not many, though.

Just as old General Forrest's mounted infantry was composed of Southern lads, so is our new 'chute outfit. Your correspondent asked Captain Ryder where most of his flying doughboys were from. The captain grinned. "They're all Southern boys," he said. "That is, all but one. He's a No'the'n boy—from Kentucky."



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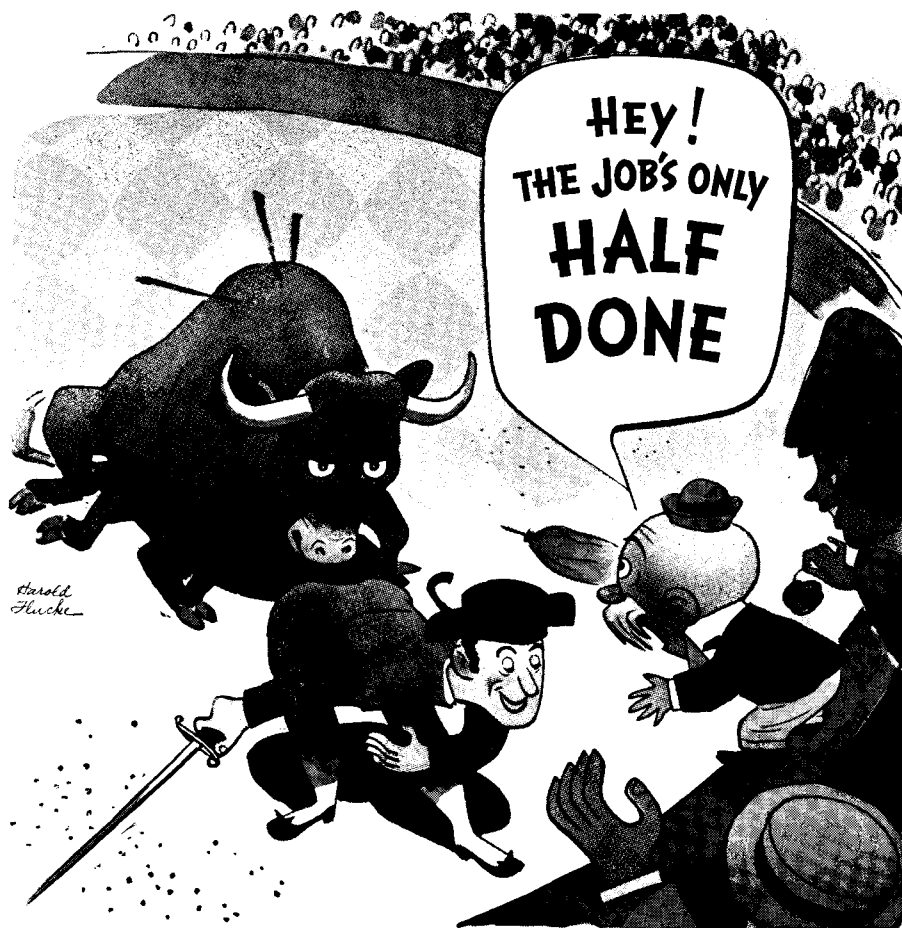
alone a longer cigarette but a better cigarette — a definitely milder, a definitely cooler smoke.

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Kid Tinsel

Continued from page 20

surprise as Jimmy Watson appeared. Cliff rubbed the heaviness out of his eyes and said, "Sorry, Jimmy—but I'm still broke."

"Yeah. I figured."

Watson reached into his pocket and produced Cliff's three-thousand-dollar IOU. "Been worrying about this?" he inquired.

"That's one way of stating it."

"Want it back?"

Halliday had the grace to grin. He said, "Listen, Jimmy: a burnt dog gathers no moss. I'm off poker for life."

"That's smart, for a sucker like you. But it wasn't what I came for." Watson's narrow face was expressionless, his voice flat. "If you want to do me a little favor—and ask no questions—you can have this."

HALLIDAY frowned. "That doesn't sound right sensible, Jimmy. What you've got in your hand says three thousand. There's nothing I could do would be worth that."

"It would to me." Watson seated himself by the side of the bed. "I'll give you the setup and you can say yes or no. There's no use asking questions, because I'm not talking."

"Go ahead . . ."

"You're pretty good friends with Miss Patricia Mallory," stated Watson, pretending not to notice the start of surprise which Halliday made. "She's got a bank box somewhere. In that box is a .32-caliber, pearl-handled, nickel-barreled revolver. It doesn't mean a thing to her, but it means plenty to me. Ask her for the rod, slip it to me—and I give you this IOU."

Cliff was sitting up straight, his manner grave, his eyes thoughtful. He asked, "What's the gimmick?"

"That's for me to know. There is one, sure: otherwise I wouldn't be offering three grand for a gun worth maybe twenty bucks. But I'm not telling, see. Now look: I'm not asking you to do anything that's under the table. You don't steal the gun. You go straight to

her and ask her for it. Open, like that. Tell her why if you want. Tell her who for—it don't make any difference to me. It's all on the up and up. She either does or she doesn't. What's it to you if I got my own personal reasons for wanting it?"

Halliday smiled. "You make it sound plausible. But the thing seems screwy. Miss Mallory's got a gun that's worth three thousand dollars to you. But it still doesn't mean anything to her. You figure that if I ask her for it, she'll hand it over. It doesn't check."

Jimmy Watson shrugged. "Maybe it don't check, Cliff—but you know what you can do if you want. What's the answer?"

"I don't know. . . ." Cliff looked up at the other man. "I've got to think it over, Jimmy. That all right with you?"

"Yep. You know where you can reach me."

He went as unceremoniously as he had arrived. Cliff got out of bed and put some coffee in the percolator. A few minutes later, with the first hot sips of the coffee, his brain began to clear, but the answers continued to elude him.

He walked to his dresser and opened one of the drawers. Digging down beneath a pile of shirts, he uncovered a revolver and picked it up.

That was it, all right—.32-caliber, pearl handle, nicked barrel.

The more Cliff considered the situation, the crazier it seemed. Obviously the gun had been used in the commission of some crime—else Watson wouldn't want it. But he wondered where Pat fitted in.

Cliff also wondered why Jimmy Watson didn't think that Eddie Gordon had the gun. "It's insane," he decided. "I've got to carry it to the right spot."

He called long distance and asked for Eddie's training camp. He got the camp but there was a long wait before Eddie came to the phone. He said, "I'm driving up, Eddie. Got the day off. I want to make palaver with you—alone."

Eddie seemed enthusiastic, and a half-



"Now here is something nice—if you go in for home movies"

GEORGE PRICE

hour later Cliff was at the wheel of his little car headed into the wilds of New Jersey. He'd already thought so much about the thing that he was only confusing himself. There simply wasn't any answer, and he hadn't invented one when he reached the training camp three hours later.

He closeted himself with Eddie in the latter's bedroom, and told the whole amazing story from the beginning. "And that's all I know about it, Eddie. It's your gun. You gave it to me. And I brought it back to you."

Eddie was thinking, too. He wasn't having much luck piecing things together, but he was remembering something. He recalled the night when a strange man had frisked his room. There had been a fight, and the intruder had escaped. But nothing had been stolen. It seemed clear now that whoever it was must have been after that gun.

Even that, however, didn't check, because Cliff described Jimmy Watson as a small, wiry man, and the person who had invaded Eddie's room was a husky individual. He heard Cliff saying, "Why's it worth three thousand dollars to this guy Watson? Why did he think Pat Mallory had it? And where did you get it?"

Eddie walked up and down the room. He said quietly, "I'm in a fog, too, Cliff. I'll tell you how I got that gun."

HE TOLD the story of the collision and subsequent assault on Shades Mountain the night before he left Birmingham. Cliff nodded and said, "I figured there was something violent behind it, all right. Look, Eddie . . . how did this lad shape up: the one who slugged you?"

"I don't know. He conked me before I got a look."

"And you didn't get even part of a gander at him?"

"Not really. He was small, as I remember it—and certainly not very strong."

"That's a hell of a vague description," commented Cliff. "But what there is of it would fit Jimmy Watson. And presuming he *did* kill a man with that gun . . . he'd certainly want it back."

"Yeah . . ." Eddie was staring at the floor. "I don't know your little friend. But if he's been a naughty boy, that's his business. I'm a lot more interested in getting you out of your jam."

He studied the revolver intently. It was harmless enough looking; gay even. He carried it to a writing desk in the corner, scrutinized it closely and wrote something on a piece of paper.

"What happens?" inquired Cliff.

"I'm noting down the serial number," grinned Eddie. "Just in case."

"What a brain. . . ." Cliff touched his friend on the shoulder. "You happen to be pretty regular also, Mr. Gordon."

"Thanks." Eddie turned toward his bedroom door. "Mind waiting here a moment, Cliff?"

Eddie walked alone into the other room and closed the door behind him. Cliff relaxed in his chair. He gazed out through the window at the late afternoon sun as it streamed through the foliage and bathed the training camp in golden splendor. He knew that there was more to this thing than appeared on the surface. He fancied there might be more even than Eddie had told him.

He sat up suddenly, his figure rigid. He had heard the bark of a revolver: dull but frightening.

Cliff leaped toward the door of Eddie Gordon's bedroom, his face white.

For the merest fraction of a second, Cliff Halliday paused with his hand on the doorknob. Then he stepped inside.

Eddie Gordon was standing near the foot of the bed with the gun in his hand. From the barrel there came the faint remembrance of a wisp of smoke, and

the room was pungent with the acrid smell of powder. Eddie looked at the gun in his hand, and then at Cliff.

"Nothing to get excited about," he said. "Just the same old story: Gun went off accidentally."

Halliday made an impatient gesture. "Don't give me that," he said. "What happened?"

"Okay." Eddie placed the gun on his dresser and walked to the bed. "Give a look."

He stripped off the bedclothes and started doing things with the mattress. He ripped it in the middle and inserted probing fingers. He wore an expression of concentration, and eventually he smiled. He withdrew his hand and held it out, palm up, toward Cliff.

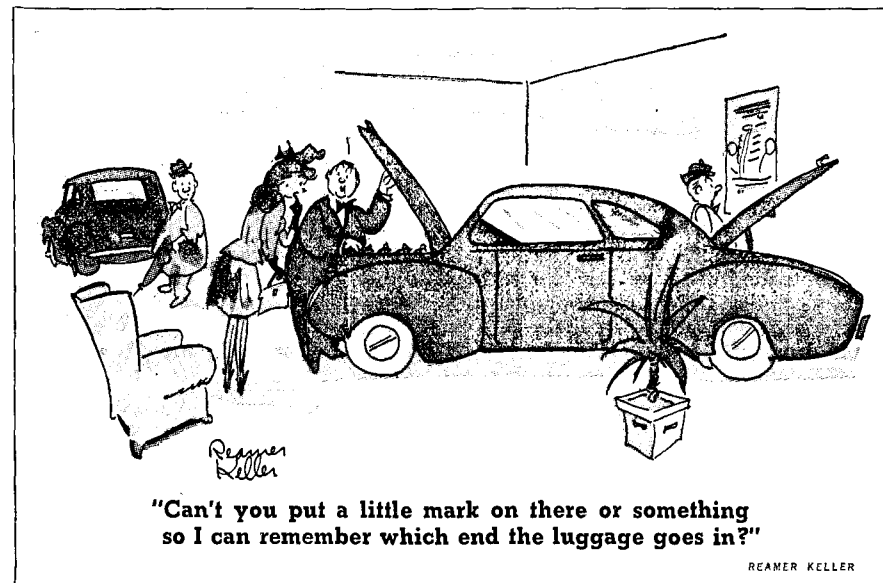
"There's the answer," he explained. Cliff looked down at a bullet, and then up at Eddie.

"Out of that gun?" he inquired.

"Sure. I thought I could muffle it completely."

"What's the idea?"

"Ballistics. Plus a hunch. I'm going to send this airmail and special delivery to the Birmingham police. They undoubtedly have the bullet which killed that poor lug at Buzzard Roost. They



can test one against the other. It's as sure as fingerprints."

"And if you find out that he was killed with this gun—?"

"We can then discuss what to tell the cops—if anything."

Eddie seated himself at the desk, and started to write. Cliff watched him. Nice guy, this Gordon. Odd how Pat Mallory got in his hair. Seemed as though the two couldn't get together without scraping. Eddie got up and handed him a sheet of paper. "Look it over," he suggested. "See if it's literate."

Police Department
Birmingham, Alabama

About eight months ago a man was killed somewhere near Buzzard Roost. I imagine you have kept the bullet which was taken from his body. If this killing has not been solved, may I suggest that you make a ballistics test of that bullet in connection with the one I am enclosing, to determine whether they might have been fired from the same gun. Please answer to my New York address which is . . .

Cliff nodded and smiled. "It ain't only literate," he compliments, "it's classic. You must have done more in college than play football."

"Maybe . . ." Eddie took Halliday's arm and propelled him toward the door. "Out you go, fella. You got some business to transact."

"Meaning you want to get this off right away?"

"Yowzah. Airmail, special delivery, registered, and from New York."

"Do I get to see Pat?"

"You do—but briefly." Eddie waved, turned away and walked toward the old barn which was doing temporary service as a gymnasium. Two battered pugilists were sitting in front of a rickety old table pushing checkers around, and Eddie beckoned to one of them.

"Listen, Happy," he asked, "didn't I hear you say you had a brother on the New York police force?"

Happy Madden nodded. "Sure you did, Boss. He ain't no ordinary flatfoot, either. He's—"

"Skip it. How'd you like to do me a favor, and to keep your mouth shut about it?"

"You call it."

EDDIE handed him a slip of paper. "That's the serial number of a gun," he explained. "Maybe it's a New York gun and maybe it isn't. If it is, I want to get whatever dope they have on it. You know, where it came from and who it belongs to."

Happy took the paper. "Can do," he grunted. "Easy."

"Can keep mum, too?"

Eddie's thoughts flashed to Max Ellison, whose co-operation had made the break-in possible. "She's done all right," he conceded. "But there are certain things you don't understand."

"Tain't me that don't understand." Feets' ministrations became more violent than he realized. "It's you, Mistuh Eddie. Honest, I never seen no man with so much brain an' so lil sense. If you knowed which side yo' bread was buttered on—"

"I probably wouldn't eat it." Eddie refused to let Feets disturb him. He said, "Did you know that Mr. Ellison is still trying to buy my contract?"

"Co'se I knowed it. But shuh! he ain't no good manager like Miss Patricia is. An' anyway, how come him to want it now? Fust off it was 'cause iffen he was handlin' bofe you an' Mistuh Grogan—he could keep you fum fightin' under the law. But now . . ."

"He figures me to win, and he'd like to be handling the champion."

"Well, Miss Patricia would like to handle you better. So she was right to say she wouldn't let you go."

"You're partisan, Feets."

"That ain't so, Mistuh Eddie. Ise an honest, decent man, an' you know it."

"I apologize." Eddie turned over on the table and pillowed his head on his arms. "You been having a bit of trouble yourself, haven't you, Feets?"

Mr. Johnson grimaced with distaste. "Ise gittin' awful fed up with the female gender," he confided. "Seems like they don't never want nothin' essept what they ain't got."

"Doesn't that go for you, too?"

"It wouldn't if I was rid of Magenta. That 'ooman . . ."

"Does she know about Marvel?"

MR. JOHNSON emitted a long, low, unhappy whistle: "Mistuh Eddie, she knows plenty—an' what she don't know, she makes up. Ise glad Miss Geech departed away fum this vicinity on account else they might have been an embarrassin' situation."

"What do you mean: Embarrassing?"

"I mean Magenta was threatenin' to commit mortality on Miss Geech." Feets shook his head and veered away from the subject. "Look, Mistuh Eddie—there ain't on'y a few days lef' befo' you fight Mistuh Grogan. How come you cain't git relaxed 'twix now an' then?"

"I'm relaxed."

"No, you ain't. You is skittish as a young colt when he's fust turned loose in a clover field. All the time fightin' with Miss Patricia; all the time gittin' grouchy . . . what it's doin' to you, Mistuh Eddie, ain't no good."

Eddie turned over and sat up. "I've been in better shape," he confessed. "But I'm still all right."

"I sho Lawd hope so. You is the best middleweight that ever was . . . but this Mistuh Grogan, he ain't no bum. Pop always used to say that a champeen had somethin' extra special, an' that when the goin' got bad, you'd find out plenty quick what it was that made him champeen. Well, tha's what Ise skeered of, Mistuh Eddie. You sort of got the idea that this is just another fight. You ain't trained right. You don't seem to give no hoots fo' nothin'."

"Maybe I don't."

"Tha's foolishment, Mistuh Eddie. Ev'ybody wants to be the best in the world at somethin'. Heah you is gittin' yo' one big chance, an' you're doin' yo'-sef' wrong. 'Tain't yo' muscles Ise worried about—it's up heah . . ." and Feets tapped his forehead. "You ain't got the correck psych—psych—what you call the way you is thinkin'. Tha's the thing you ain't got."

Eddie started to dress. Underwear, sneakers, soft flannel shirt and slacks. He ran a comb through his hair and

turned away from the mirror. "Maybe you've got something, Feets," he said at length. "I'll think it over."

He walked out of the house. Evening was at hand, and the camp was rich with the gold and purple of the setting sun. It was quiet and tranquil and soothing, and the coolness of the September night was settling about the woodland.

Eddie walked toward the river. He wanted to be alone; he wanted to think—undisturbed.

ORIGINALLY the placards stated that the event would be held Thursday. But early that morning billposters, and employees of ticket agencies, pasted red-lettered strips across the word, "Thursday," so that it read "TONIGHT."

Thursday morning's newspapers blazoned the tidings:

**DIXIE GROGAN DEFENDS
TITLE TONIGHT**
Eddie Gordon Favored to
Win Bout at Yankee
Stadium

There were numerous photographs of Eddie and of Dixie Grogan; there were physical comparison tables which supplied the interested public with all essential details: age, height, weight, reach, chest (normal), chest (expanded), biceps, thighs. . . . There were prophecies, and analyses of records; there was a calm assurance that if the weather happened to be clear (which the forecaster promised) the Stadium would be jammed.

There were many mentions of Pat Mallory, and a couple of pictures of her culled from the files and reprinted.

But on this particular morning, Miss Mallory was having a very difficult time. The sun streamed into her apartment and marked out the lines of concentration in her face. She reached for another slip of note paper and made a fresh start:

"Dear Eddie:

"Tonight you are fighting for the championship of the world. Tonight is your big chance . . ."

Pat quit writing and gazed with distaste at the flat, colorless words on the paper before her. With a quick, nervous gesture, she crumpled the sheet into a tiny ball and tossed it into a wastebasket which was already more than half full of similar false starts.

There was so much she wanted to say that words seemed inadequate. He was

going to need all the help she could give him, all the help anyone could give. The chips were down now—he was either in proper shape or he wasn't; what happened was in the laps of the gods and in Eddie's two hard fists . . . and in his mind and heart.

Her mind probed into the immediate future. She was thinking, "This time tomorrow morning I'll know the answer. So many things might happen. . . ."

She was afraid of Dixie Grogan. He didn't have the essentials of greatness that Eddie definitely had; but he was clever, shrewd, courageous and a hard hitter. He had more experience than Eddie. He knew all the tricks. He was a calm, methodical fighter who was at his best when the going got toughest. He was better and smarter than any other man Eddie had ever fought.

Eddie was going to need everything Pop had taught him, everything he'd learned from the other boys he had fought. He needed to be keen and alert, needed to carry into the ring with him a degree of concentration and determination exceeding any he'd ever needed before.

The buzzer sounded. Pat put down her pen and crossed the room, a slim, attractive girl in figured house coat and toeless mules.

She opened the door and arched her eyebrows in surprise.

Pat said mechanically, "Come in . . ." and stood back as Babs Ellison walked into the room. The very young, very wise, very spoiled daughter of Max Ellison seemed utterly sure of herself. She walked to the middle of the room, turned, smiled, and said in a voice that was rather pleasant, "Shall we shake?"

Pat controlled her bewilderment with an effort. She said, as matter-of-factly as she could, "Of course we shall."

Babs dropped her gay red-and-white bag on the sofa, selected a cigarette from

the humidor, lighted it and inhaled gratefully. "Surprised, aren't you?" she asked.

"That's natural, isn't it?"

"Sure." Babs' wise young eyes were amused. "Why should we fight, anyway? Up at the training camp you went nuts and I got sore. I'm not popular with you, and maybe that goes double—but there's no sense acting like a couple of kids."

She looked around the compact little apartment and nodded with approval. "Cozy," she commented calmly. "Neat, rather than gaudy." And then, in the same tone, "How's Eddie?"

Pat met the young eyes levelly. She didn't know what this was all about, and she was waiting. She said, "Eddie's all right."

An impish grin appeared on the lips of Babs Ellison. "I expected you to say, 'Don't you know?'"

"That would have been pretty obvious."

"I've seen you that way. But we'll skip it. I suppose you're wondering what brought me here. And no matter what you might guess—you'd be wrong. My real reason is screwier than anything you could think up."

Pat smiled in spite of herself. There was something frank and honest and likable about this amazing child. "I'm listening," she said.

Babs said, "Eddie is due to cop the title tonight. We think it calls for a celebration."

"Who do you mean: We?"

"Joe Barton and I. It was his idea, really. He wants to fling a party at the Penguin Club right after the fight. You and Eddie and Joe and me. And Cliff Halliday, of course."

"Why 'Of course?'"

"Maybe Joe doped it out that you and Cliff would be lost without each other. He's never been right yet."

Pat said hesitantly, "It's a nice invitation, Miss Ellison—"

"Oh, for the luvva Pete—be yourself. My name is Babs, and it isn't a 'nice invitation.'"

Pat laughed. "That's my story and I'll stick to it. What I'm wondering is whether you haven't left something unsaid."

The younger girl looked straight into the eyes of the older one. "Still looking for the low blow, aren't you? You're figuring that maybe I'm building up a beautiful slap in the face for you. You're thinking that maybe Eddie and I might have something to announce, and that I wanted to watch you take it on the chin. Come clean: Weren't you thinking something like that?"

"Perhaps . . ."

"Of course you were. Well, I'll be honest, too. I'd like it to be that way. I'm goofy about Eddie. But that isn't how things are. Not yet." She shook her head. "I'm still trying, though."

PAT was thinking fast. There was something so disarming about this girl; something so grotesquely and intriguingly unashamed. Pat said, "I can't give you a definite Yes or No."

"Why not?"

"It depends on Eddie. He and I haven't been hitting it off so well since that little episode up at camp."

"Forget it." Babs' voice was impatient. "Eddie's maybe trained down too fine. They tell me that's good. Let him get through with Dixie Grogan and he'll be in the mood to step high, wide and handsome."

"I hope so." Pat was speaking gently. "If it works out that way—and if he wants me—I'll string along."

"Why not make it definite?"

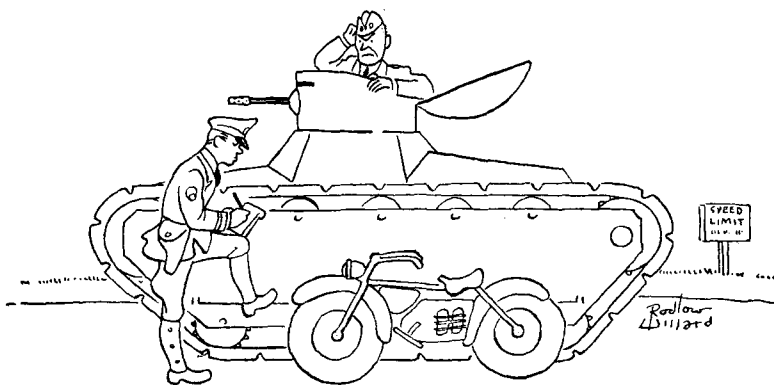
Pat shook her head. "No can do," she said lightly. "There's something I must attend to first."

They chatted briefly and then Babs departed. For a long time after she had gone, Pat sat staring at the opposite wall, trying to fit the pieces of the jigsaw puzzle.

She dressed and went out. She rode to the west side hotel where Eddie had taken a suite of parlor, bedroom and bath. There was a definite absence of warmth in the greeting he gave her, and his manner remained indifferent.

She finally said, "I came over to ask you something, Eddie . . ." and she told him of Babs' visit. "And that's the way she put it, Eddie," Pat finished. "So I'm asking you: Do I go or not?"

(To be continued next week)



Down with Shoulders

Continued from page 32

dress that will be good next season as well as this. More emphasis on quality. Your accessories and the perfection of your ensembling will count for more. This doesn't mean strictly classical clothes. But now that American-made clothes are to the fore, it does mean that the American way of selecting and wearing clothes will dominate the fashion scene. That means comfort—clothes easy to get into and easy to shed with the pull of a zipper.

The most talked about color is beige and that old favorite, Shantung, is due for a comeback.

You'll dress not only to suit your life and climate, but yourself. If the long torso line isn't becoming to your figure, the bloused one is pretty certain to be. Two-piece dresses give you a wide choice; you'll find a proportion of top to skirt that hits you in the right spots. If you've developed a bewitching pompadour, wear a pompadour hat on the back of your head to show it off; young-

est is the felt derby. But if the forward-pitched hat is more suited to your beauty, there are plenty of them in the picture, too. They've lost their silly, doll-hat look and now fit the back of your head in a way that is infinitely more becoming and more practical. If you keep your hair perfectly groomed, be sure your hat shows it off. If it's difficult keeping your hair within bounds try one of the new turbans that will cover it entirely, even your ears, making you more sleek and trim than ever.

Now for the basic wardrobe which is fashion's theme song for 1941. Carefully selected, it carries over from season to season and breaks down those sharp distinctions between winter and spring. Then you have clothes that look well in any season of the year. A help when you travel from climate to climate. A boon when spring is delayed and you need the warmth of your heavy coat but hate its wintery look. Think of these things:

Your coat. Consider the boxy great-coats that can be worn over a suit.

If the color of your coat is an off shade, your ensembling problems can be more than half solved by ordering a half yard of the material for a matching hat. (Often your store can get it from the manufacturer. It's worth trying.)

Nothing will give you more return for your money than a collarless wool suit, to wear now under your fur coat or top-coat. It can be crisp and sporty with a shirt, extra warm with a sweater, and charming for evening with a chiffon or satin blouse and a few fresh flowers. Pick the color and fabric with spring and early fall in the back of your head, and the suit can carry you round the calendar. The skirt will be straighter-hanging, perhaps pleated, and the jacket a little longer than last year's.

With these simple clothes, accessories will count enormously. Pick shoes and bags of the same simplicity. Pumps are back as fashion favorites. Bags are big-

ger than ever and softer, fitted out to hold your paraphernalia in neat order. But heft the bag of your choice first, to make sure it isn't too heavy for all-day toting. Buy the best quality you can afford; your bag is a conspicuous and important part of your costume. Fabric and string bags are your best bet for ensembling different outfits.

Gloves are another important accessory item that can make or break your costume.

Try placing your very best jeweled pin on your hat instead of your chest. Or, for your only jewelry, wear enormous colored stones as earrings and match them with even bigger stones in the cuff links of your shirt sleeves.

There you have the fashion picture for 1941. Wearable clothes, well made in America, with your own individual stamp. For no matter who designs and makes her clothes, the American woman decides what she will wear. She's really America's fashion dictator.

Our Designs on Martinique

Continued from page 15

friend. A warship at anchor in times of peace is a ship at rest. It retains its pride. In wartime it is an eager thing, readying for a fight. In defeat, an anchored warship with guns for which there is very little ammunition in the magazines is a sad thing. The Bearn and the Bertin lay motionless on a motionless blue sea, blue as the Mediterranean, so blue it defied the refuse of 53,000 people.

On the docks, men sat and idled in the sun. The docks were littered with rubbish, but there were no sacks of flour, no barrels of gasoline, oil, paint. No sacks of cement, no piles of lumber, none of the paraphernalia of commerce. None of the goods and the movement and the noises and the machinery that make a port a vital part of people's lives. The machinery of the port was dead too.

In the grocery stores, there were empty boxes of macaroni and soap in the windows, and a flyspecked assortment of useless packaged goods in sun-faded containers that only foreigners or tourists would require. There were no bulging bags of rice inside, or of chick-peas and beans. Bottles of old wines were on the shelves, but who wants wine in the tropics? Most important of all, there was no codfish. Salt fish is the staple of native diet. It's been so since slave days.

The Consul Isn't Talking

You drop in on the American consul, a tall, quiet gentleman from Texas. His name is V. H. Blocker. The "V" is for Vinkler, which is an unusual name for a first name, and you ask him about it and he blushes and says, well, just call me Vink. In the consul's office you also meet Commander Ernest Blankenship, who become Buck practically at once. He was yanked from a peaceful almond ranch in California and he talks with, we thought, a certain nostalgia for Paso Robles. Get that in about Paso Robles somewhere in your story, he says.

"Commander," we said, "while I was looking at the harbor, I saw what looked to me like an American flying boat, a PBY-1 or maybe a PBY-3, drop down and then a boat went out to it and standing in the stern of the motorboat was you with a brief case under your arm."

The commander said something like "Tsk, Tsk, Tsk" and shook his head and looked at that guy from Texas and their faces were as blank as though they had just filled inside straight. The daily patrol boat taking reports from Martinique is a secret known to about 500,000 people. We talked of other things.

There was, for instance, malaria on the island. The marshes were aboil with it. The town of Fort-de-France teemed with typhoid and the dobie itch. Try to cure dobie itch! Only white people try. Five hundred lepers were "confined"—that was the official word for it—to the hutches they call houses in Fort-de-France. There are at least 1,000 on the island, perhaps 1,500. And there are only 250,000 people on the whole island. There is no leprosarium and Frenchmen who rule the island admit leprosy is a "problem." There have been appropriations by the French Chamber of Deputies in Paris for a leprosarium, but these, like those for roads and other improvements, vanished in graft, imported mistresses, cigarette smoke and rum.

Rum is the great prophylactic of the tropics and the indispensable anesthetic against the boredom of an inbred island, a cure for the abysmal weariness of sun and rain, heat and sweat. Rum makes the men forget why they came to

the island, or why they married half-castes, why their children are sometimes black and sometimes the color of tea with milk. Women forget about enlarged pores, about the fidelity of husbands. They grow fat and either their bodies lump and sag or they become skeletal and they dream of France and know they'll never go back. All the women, with few exceptions, look like the rain-whipped palms.

Syphilis, in Martinique, is a household word. Amoebic dysentery is known as a "congestion" of the intestines. Sooner or later it gets them all. Even the blacks boil their water and the whites and near-whites drink bottled water out of unsterile bottles.

Since ships stopped coming to Fort-de-France—in a normal year an average of 600 came to take away the rum, sugar, molasses and bananas and leave flour, codfish, perfumes, meat, winter vegetables, clothing and medicines—the island has suffered. There have not been a dozen ships in the harbor since June 13.

The other day an American tanker arrived with a few tons of gasoline and another Yankee freighter with 8,220 sacks of flour. If the bakers don't argue too long and the flour doesn't rot in the sheds while they discuss who should get how much of it, Martinique's quarter-million people will eat for the next month. The arrival of the ships was an event.

Until some ether was obtained from a transient tramp steamer's lockers, there was none in the hospital for operations. There still is no catgut for sutures. The hospital needs cotton, bandages, every variety of medicine. It has about two years' supply of antimalarial serum, but none for typhoid. An epidemic would wipe out Martinique unless the typhoid serum arrived in time.

The sugar mills need machinery, parts for machinery, and coal to run the machinery that's to grind the year's crop. They start cutting cane January 15. More than 30,000 cutters will swing the machetes—if the coal arrives to feed the locomotives that lug the cane cars from the fields to the factory and to feed the old steam engines of the mill, flat-bed single-cylinder affairs that went out with Dardanella.

Eggs are Important

There isn't a pair of shoes to be bought in all Martinique. The Czech, Bata, sold out long ago. Oh, there are a few pairs for the ladies who live in the bougainvillea-shaded mansions on Didier Hill, 500 feet above the fevers and stinks of Fort-de-France. But none for the men and women who work in the city. A shoe is a sign of caste. It distinguishes the European of island birth from the native.

An egg costs a franc, in Martinique. A franc is only about two and a half cents, but it's a lot of money when a worker earns 20 francs, less than half a dollar a day. Eggs would be cheap if the hens laid properly. They don't because the feed that used to come from the States via France stopped coming. Eggs became scarce. Poultry that survived the mongoose that infests the island has died of starvation or has become diseased. Arrival of a supply of "Lay or Bust" from the States called for a village celebration in the hills. The blacks and the tens all got sozzled on rum and danced the beguine by firelight. The beguine began in Martinique, by the way, and not in Tin Pan Alley.

Back in the hotel a tall, handsome

There's One in Every Neighborhood!



1. ONE DAY Marge and I are having ourselves a cozy little gossip when up strolls this neighbor we call "Mrs. Trouble." You know the kind that is full of conversation—but only about *herself*, and usually about her *ailments*? Well, today it was the irregularities of her intestinal tract.



2. AFTER SHE HAD GONE, Marge, the imp, sparks an idea. "These eternal sympathy-seekers!" she says. "Most of them just don't eat right. I'll bet a little 'bulk' of the right kind in her diet would take the blues out of her conversation. Let's be her fairy god-mothers and send her a letter and a package of KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN."



3. "'MADAME,' WE'LL SAY, 'why endure your constipation first, and then try to "cure" it with purgatives? Better to get at the cause—and prevent it! If it's the common kind that's due to lack of "bulk," ALL-BRAN should do the trick. Eat it regularly and drink plenty of water.'



4. I FORGOT ABOUT IT, until one day when Marge and I were together, in waltzes our "Mrs. Trouble" as chipper as a robin on a May morning. "A friend of mine told me," she says to Marge, "that it's to you I'm indebted for a wonderful favor. I've knitted you a little sweater to celebrate my joining the ALL-BRAN 'regulars.'"

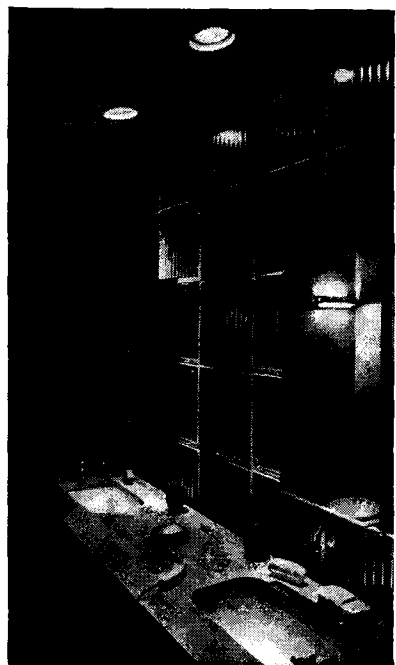
Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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Collier's

OPEN HOUSE



Collier's "House of Ideas" is now a reality! On one of the terraces of Radio Center the house you have read about in Collier's has been built. It's two stories high, beautifully landscaped, and completely furnished down to the last monogrammed sheet.

You are cordially invited to visit this "House of Ideas" at Rockefeller Home Center any day except Sunday, between 10 a.m. and 6 p.m.

For a complete illustrated booklet on the house, send 10 cents to:
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"Collier's House of Ideas"
Rockefeller Home Center
630 Fifth Avenue
New York City

Negro with a sculptured mustache was waiting for us. He had the manners and speech of a Louis XIV flunky at Versailles in the French era of wonderful idiocy just before Madame la Guillotine got busy. He, too, had gold teeth, but Gold Teeth, new ones.

The name sounded like that of the Monsieur So and So whom Coffee-Cream mentioned on the dock earlier. Gold Teeth said he was a journalist. This turned out to be as reliable as most of his information. He was a baker's second assistant bread-shoveler. But he had been to Paris, on a scholarship, and he used polysyllabic words. After three rums, he was a cinch. Ninety-five per cent (not 90) of the island's population was ready to become American. No matter that Martinique, of all the islands of the Caribbean, never changed hands in the ebb and flood of imperial fortunes in the New World and remained French for 315 years.

This pro-Americanism could easily be proved, continued Gold Teeth, with a plebiscite. He overlooked the matter of convincing the French administrators of the island, tough sailormen like Admiral Henri Robert, newly appointed West Indies high commissioner, that a plebiscite would be advisable. In fact, that goat-bearded little admiral might object with the help of from 4,000 to 5,000 soldiers he could muster and equip from the crews of his ships and the garrisons of the forts. Gold Teeth merely waved his handsome size-18 hands.

Gold Teeth Has the Answers

We saw a good deal of Gold Teeth after that. Practically every day, in fact. Pretty soon we began to suspect that he was an agent provocateur of the admiral's. The admiral scotched this by sending one of his agents in uniform down to the dock to see us off a few days later and to inquire if we had talked with Gold Teeth and what did we think of him and so we looked very blank.

Not having time to make a house-to-house canvas of the huts in the jungle and the huts in the cities and towns of Fort-de-France, St. Pierre and Lorrain to ascertain exactly how the descendants of slaves felt about becoming Americans, we listened to Gold Teeth and four or five others of his "party." Before we left we found the answer to Gold Teeth's attempts to proselytize American reporters.

He and his gang want America to take Martinique so that the island shall be "freed." Then Gold Teeth and his pals would become big shots. Martinique as an independent state couldn't survive a month. It would die of starvation. It could not sell, as it does now, its \$2,250,000 worth of sugar every year to France at four times the crop's true market value. France pays premium prices for sugar as part of a huge subsidy for the colony.

After 40 years the United States hasn't been able to Americanize Puerto Rico. That island's still belligerently Spanish. Martinique would be French for another 300 years. Gold Teeth, to measure his intelligence and, therefore, the accuracy of the song and sizzle he hands every correspondent silly enough to listen to him, said he could make Martinique American in five years.

The Creoles want Martinique to become American, but in a special kind of way. The Creoles are all businessmen, merchants, big farmers, importers and exporters. They want to retain their French nationality and trade with France, whose economy is geared with that of her colonies. But they want American soldiers, sailors and fliers, and American military and naval protection. They want Martinique and they want to sell it too. Now don't be hasty and say, "How French!" That's more Creole.

The Creoles are thinking in terms of profits and of the money which America would have to pour into Martinique to make it livable and to convert it into the Gibraltar of the Lesser Antilles, which it very definitely is not at the moment. But Creoles want the Tricolor, not the Stars and Stripes.

The big planters, like the bearded little lord of Usine Laurenty, largest of the sugar plantations and rum mills, would like American intervention too. As this man expressed it, Martinique may die on a pile of her own sugar this next year. What if France can't take the rum and molasses of the island this year despite her promises to do so? Britain may declare the rum and molasses, the base for the extraction of alcohol needed in turn for the manufacture of carburetors, to be war materials. Big planters don't care. American intervention would include them in some kind of sugar-quota system. The American taste for Martinique rum could be developed. The little planters would be absorbed, killed off. Instead of receiving worthless paper francs the big planters would

really don't know whether they'd like to be anything but Martiniquiens. Their world is an island, and so it has been for 315 years, and they breed among themselves and only the scourges that kill the infants keeps the islanders from spilling off into the sea.

The men to contend with on the island are not these, nor their half-white masters, but its new rulers—the officers and men of the Emile Bertin and the Bearn. These number at the very outside about 1,200, probably less. These are the tragic men of the island, lost Frenchmen who've fought Germany at least once, often twice and whose fathers fought Germany before them and knew the humiliation of Bismarck's peace.

No Time for False Moves

To understand them through their own lies and propaganda and censorship is a difficult thing. It is only when you come to know that their untruths and propaganda and taboos are a defense mechanism that their tragic position becomes clear. They are men with the thong of an armistice around their necks. One false move on their part and the thong is tightened and France, the France that is choking but, miraculously, still breathes, will suffocate.

They can't come out and say they hate Germans and will fight them again if given a chance. But take the men of the Bertin, or the Bearn. They are all Bretons, long-armed men from Brittany, farmers and fishermen and sailors. They have families in Brittany, wives, mothers, sisters, all manner of kin from whom they haven't heard a word since the occupation began. Can these love the Germans?

To keep them from going crazy with worry over their families and with shame in defeat, they've been turned loose on the soil of Martinique and near-by Guadeloupe. They slog around in the mud tending onions, spinach, corn and radishes and a couple of cows. Their arms are corded and they are reasonably happy with sweat. They wear the wooden shoes of Brittany.

When Commandant Robert Battet read from the quarterdeck of the Bertin the orders informing his men that France had fallen, his sailors wept. Their ship had been hit by a 2,000-pound German bomb at Namsos. They don't like Germans. Commandant Aubert and his men on the Bearn are Bretons, too. To say that any of these men are pro-German because as soldiers they must obey the orders of Vichy is a libel on their honor as men and Frenchmen.

Any German attempt to seize Martinique would be a violation of the armistice. The French on Martinique would be within their rights to fight. But would they? We asked a high officer of the Bertin. His reply:

"We would fight to the last man and the last gun. We would be exquisitely right in doing so. It would be our sacred duty to fight. But we would need help to defend the island if the Germans came in great force—an eventuality I do not foresee except as a hypothesis."

By needing help he meant that his ship and the Bearn are disarmed. The disarmament of a warship under the armistice does not mean the removal of guns. It means only that the crew is reduced to the minimum required to maintain the ship, keep it from deteriorating. The crew has been reduced to somewhere between 250 to 400 on the Bearn, which has a normal complement of about 800. The Bertin's normal complement of 700 to 800 men and officers is, as far as we could make out, intact. The demobilized sailors of the Bearn have been sent home.

Disarmament also means that all but a small fraction of the ship's ammuni-

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 21



Marvin K. (Tony) Barlow, a native of Bellingham, Wash., attended the University of Washington, studied at the Chicago Art Institute, and later worked in Chicago studios and agencies. Blew into New York with the 1938 hurricane, and sold his first cartoon to Collier's. Hopes some day to break 100 in golf, but is pretty busy now breaking out with gags like the one on page 44.

receive American dollar bills. The big planters frankly don't give a rap whether they are French or American or English. Not German, however. They don't want Germany. That means paper money and barter.

For all of the islanders—those who can read and write and do, which would be about 100,000 out of the island's 250,000—it is safe to say that they would rather be American than German. It is equally safe to say that if the Nazis should prove so dumb as to send any mission to Martinique, that mission would be murdered. They hate Germans on Martinique. And they don't like Italians, either. And they don't like the English, what with Dakar and Oran and one thing and another. But Americans—why, everybody loves Americans.

The other 150,000 islanders, a cough-racked, skinny lot who know only life and death and sweat and toil when they can get it and calalu when they can stew it with codfish and breadfruit—

tion has been taken off and stowed ashore.

Briefly, the two ships could put up a hot fight. Maybe the ammunition could be lugged rapidly about half a mile and got on board them to do a better job, but both ships couldn't take to sea. Only one could be properly manned, with combined crews and pick-up sailors ashore.

The Bearn and the Bertin carry batteries of six-inch, four-inch and three-inch guns. They have five or six sea-plane scouts—there's not a usable bomber on the island.

Which brings us to the planes that menace the Panama Canal and arrived in Martinique on the Bearn when she was trapped on this side of the Atlantic June 13th. There aren't 110 and there aren't even 100. Anybody who sees them can count them. There are 65 of them, six Brewsters, 59 Curtisses.

I examined the planes personally, taking samples at random. All machine guns have been removed and stored in the arsenal, a mile away. All vital instruments, compasses, altimeters, bank-and-turn and air-speed indicators have been removed. The pilots' seats have been taken out. And there isn't a single air field on the whole island. One could be built in three months, no less.

Contrary to all reports, the ships are in excellent condition. They are not made of fabric, but are all-metal jobs. Only the movable tail, rudder and aileron surfaces are of fabric. Carefully tended, there isn't a rotten spot on them—yet. What will happen even to the metal of the ships in the sun, wind, rain and salt air of the tropics in another couple of months is easy to guess.

The island's also supposed to have terrifying fortifications. Well, there are none that can't be reduced in a few minutes by fire from one battleship and a couple of cruisers. The six-inch guns of the forts at St. Louis and Desaix are so old the officers of the Bertin decided to

mount the better four-inch guns taken from the "auxiliary cruisers."

There are on the island, according to some amateur military experts movable batteries of eight-inch guns. There's only one road along which they could possibly be moved. It runs from Fort-de-France to St. Pierre. The other day a storm washed it out. That's how good it is. The other roads are narrow, twisting, winding affairs that are roads only in name.

There's only one menace on Martinique. It's that gold the Bertin loaded at Brest and carried to New York, via Halifax, to buy armaments for the defense of France. There's \$368,400,000 worth of it stowed away in Fort Desaix. It might leak out. France might suddenly decide to give it to, say, Germany to propagandize in South America or secretly buy needed war materials. This might, conceivably, happen.

American warships patrol the seas outside Martinique's harbor day and night. Flying boats check the smallest fishing boat that goes in and out, ascertain its destination. Consuls at strategic points ascertain their cargoes. The gold might slip through, but it's about a 1,000 to 1 bet that it won't.

A destroyer lies gray and comforting on the horizon and with an ordinary glass you can read her silhouette clearly. see the four funnels. She's there at night, too, two points of yellow light or the black slab of the sky. We called her "Our Guardian Angel."

No, as a menace Martinique is highly overrated. One move by Germany to seize it and the island's ours. The Havana conventions of last July provide for that. We can occupy it any time it's a threat to our security. And the Monroe Doctrine enables us to grab Martinique with any attempt to change the sovereignty of the island. Martinique a menace? No—but she has a swell harbor. And that we ought to have it is a different story.

Over Night

Continued from page 34

and had another drink. The crowd was noisy and foolish, and big fat men plowed around the dance floor with middle-aged women in flowered chiffon dresses, who threw back their heads and laughed as the fat men hugged them. Henry danced very smoothly and beautifully and as if disdainful of the other dancers. It was such fun to be dancing with him, somehow much more fun than dancing in the long-ago days before she had married Curly, more exciting and important.

"Let's go up on the boat deck for a breather," he said. He poured the last of the gin into their drinks and they finished them and left.

UP THERE it was very quiet and the sky was full of white stars that stood still overhead as the boat swept through the water. They went and stood close by the rail between two lifeboats.

"It's wonderful, meeting you like this," he said. "I have to make this trip often on business and I usually take the boat because it's cooler, but I never see anybody attractive, hardly."

"It's wonderful," she said. She looked up sideways at him beside her, undimmed in the darkness but attractive. She remembered how he looked at her while they danced; she remembered his long dark eyes.

"I hope you'll be around this summer," he said.

"I'll be up on the North Shore."

"Good. We'll have to get together."

"I'd love to."

"You certainly don't seem like a Boston girl," he said. "I guess it's the New York influence. You're pretty smooth, all right."

She laughed, and did not know just what to say.

Quite suddenly he turned and put his arms around her and kissed her. She was surprised and then she was happy. He kissed her a long time and she clung to him.

"Darling," he said.

"Darling." This was overwhelming and she could not think at all. This was wonderful and unexpected and somehow what she wanted. What she had wanted for a long time. It was so terribly strange how he suited her need that she had not understood herself.

They stood for a long time on the open deck in each other's arms, kissing. She moved her hand across his smooth hair she knew was so dark, and felt, with her fingers, his features that were dark too. He was so strong and eager and the way he kissed her was so wonderful and unknown and demanding. This was the thing she hadn't ever had. She had never felt like this with Curly, nice Curly with whom she had fun like children. This was the thing she had felt that she had missed. But it was so wonderful that it should come to her at once.

It was a long time that they stood together, swaying slightly, in the shadow of the lifeboats; with the boat plowing steadily through the black whispering water, the boatful of people underneath them, but, where they were, a great dark



1. **DAISY** needs a laxative. But she's going to see a man about a job at 10—so she puts off taking anything, scared to risk possible embarrassment, scared to do anything that might interfere with a successful interview.



3. **DAISY—SUFFERING** from the heaviness and headache that often go with constipation—makes no impression on the man she hoped would be her future boss.



2. **MAISIE** needs a laxative. She's got a job interview scheduled for 10 o'clock, too—BUT Maisie says to herself—"Never put off till tonight the laxative you should take this morning"—and she knows that Sal Hepatica's speedy.



4. **MAISIE IS HER VERY BEST SELF . . .** Sal Hepatica worked fast, brought such gentle relief. She gets the job and as they shake on it she silently thanks Sal Hepatica.

Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

WHEN SIGNS of constipation announce that you need a laxative, don't delay: take speedy Sal Hepatica. It usually acts within an hour. Acts without discomfort or griping; acts gently by attracting water to the intestinal tract.

Sal Hepatica—keep in mind—is more than a laxative. It is decidedly helpful in



counteracting excess gastric acidity. Helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

No wonder 3 out of 5 physicians recent-

ly interviewed recommend Sal Hepatica. Try it, the very next time you need a laxative!



SAL HEPATICA

"TIME TO SMILE!" Tune in on EDDIE CANTOR—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

peace and the smell of salt and the sight of the stars.

"I guess I have to go to bed," she said. "It must be late." She hoped he would ask her to stay up on deck with him longer; they could stand here and watch the stars wane. She was anything but tired; she felt fresh and exalted and beyond thought. But he didn't.

"I'll see you to your room," he said instead.

All the crowds had disappeared and the decks were empty as they walked down the stairways and the corridors hand in hand. It was as if there was nobody on the boat but themselves, Jan thought; as if it were a ship in a dream, being propelled through dark waters for them, under eternal stars; a magic boat, belonging to them.

When they came to her door she stopped. Henry put his arms around her and kissed her slowly, on her mouth and on her eyes. She opened her door and switched on the light inside. He stood leaning against the side of the door, looking at her. His eyes were extraordinary; long and dark and strange in his dark face. She put a hand on each side of his face and reached up to kiss him; he looked foreign, like an East Indian perhaps, looking down into her face before her smooth mouth touched his.

"Let me come in," he said, talking into her hair.

"I don't believe I'd better," she said, moving away and looking at him earnestly. "I mean it's terribly late and we'd wake Funny-face, maybe, and Nana, right in the next stateroom, with our talking."

He looked at her.

"Okay," he said. "You know best."

INSIDE her stateroom alone she stood still in the middle of the room, feeling breathless and bewildered. The cool salty air blew in through her open porthole. Suddenly she drew a long breath of the air and threw out her arms and jumped on her berth; she hugged her shoulders with her hands and grinned hard with the joy she felt. Henry was so wonderful. She was terribly happy. She jumped up off the berth and undressed, throwing her clothes around the room, and dropped back into the berth, hugging the pillow, picturing to herself Henry's tanned face and his dark almond eyes.

Everything about him, everything about being with him, was so different from anything she had ever known. Entirely different from the old, old days before she was married, and the way she had felt about kissing then. And different from anything she had ever felt with Curly. It was all wonderful and miraculous. Oh, this was what she had wanted obscurely, not knowing its name. This was where she belonged. She felt so right, not awkward or too young, not merely gay and friendly, but uplifted. Perhaps she was falling in love. She felt about Henry that he was what she had been wanting, that for him she was ready, all ready. She was ready to fall really in love with him. At last she was not doing something before its time; she was not unprepared. It was so strange that it should have come to her at once, like this, at the very beginning of her new life.

She had caught step again after being out of it so long. She was living in key with what she felt inside. It was like the expression "act your age." She was acting her age.

She dropped slowly off to sleep with great, beautiful anticipations filling her mind. There was the whole beautiful blue summer ahead. The whole beautiful white winter. Freedom, and this happiness of being in tune. There was Henry. He would come for week ends at the family's on the North Shore, and they would dance, and sail, and dance

some more, and kiss in the moonlight of other nights.

The knocking woke her out of her sleep. She was confused and could not think where she was, what the noise was. . . . She was on a boat, she could hear the water sweeping by outside. . . . It was knocking she heard. Half asleep she jumped up and opened the door in her nightgown.

Henry stood outside leaning against the wall close to the door.

"Weren't you waiting for me, darling?" he said, reaching out for her and coming in through the door part way. He grasped her very close and began to kiss her.

She struggled away and tried to get her eyes open, to think straight.

"Go away, please," she said, as calmly as she could. "I don't want you here. Go away." She wrenched open the door and pushed him part way out.

He stood still, looking at her with his long eyes. Then, without a word, he turned and walked away down the long empty corridor with its dim night lights.

She slept a little, after a while, and

"Oh, it's all right. We'll be getting in in a few minutes," Jan said, looking at the stockings she put on. Nana was acting funny. Perhaps she had heard Henry last night. Perhaps she didn't understand either. And there wouldn't be any explaining to her.

"I was about to say, madam. I'll keep Charlie right here in our stateroom while you have your breakfast. It's a very rough crowd outside. All sorts of people. He might catch something. He can play with his own clean toys right here."

"All right," Jan said desperately. "I'll come back and get you in a few minutes."

NANA went away and Jan hurried down to the dining room. There were not very many people there. She looked around the large sunny place and saw Henry in a corner at a table, and went over to him. When he saw her he got up from his chair without saying anything. She sat down.

"Listen, I wanted to explain to you," she said.

"There's no need to explain," he said,



"Your busy season?"

TONY BARLOW

when she woke up it was morning and the water outside her porthole was bright blue and sparkling, and sunshine came through and lay in dancing patches on the floor.

For a minute she could not think why with all the freshness of the morning she felt so wretched. Then suddenly she was obsessed with the urge to see Henry and explain to him. To tell him what she really felt and what she meant. To explain to him how wrong he had been, but that she was crazy about him, only differently, he didn't understand. She felt hot under her skin when she thought of what he had wanted, but the other memory, the stars last night up on deck and the cool, smooth feeling of Henry's cheek were just as important, and if she could explain to him perhaps it would still be all right.

She began to dress in a hurry. There was a knock at her door and Nana came in. She did not have Funny-face with her. She looked about the stateroom stiffly, as if there was something the matter with it.

"Charlie and I have had our breakfast, madam," she said. "I hardly slept a wink all night. I couldn't feel any confidence in this boat with all the running and laughing. Goings-on," Nana said.

and went on eating eggs. The waiter came and she ordered orange juice and coffee hurriedly.

"Listen," she said. "It's so awful you shouldn't understand. I didn't mean anything awful last night. I mean, it was wonderful, I thought. I don't go around kissing people. Only this was different. I didn't mean to make you think anything different from what it was. I just liked kissing you. I mean, I wasn't being a—tease, or anything. Honestly."

"Oh, yes?" he said. It was horrible, like some awful movie. She felt words struggling into her mouth and none of them were any help to her. She wished she knew how to express herself, to make it clear the way she was.

"Look," she said. "I'm not like that. I've never done things like that, ever. I'm—I'm not that kind of girl."

"Not that kind of girl," he said, mimicking her. He seemed more cold than angry. "Listen, don't for heaven's sake get all the way back to that one."

"I'm not, I'm not," she cried. "If you'd just see . . ."

"Thank you for a very charming evening, anyway," he said. "There was nothing in the world wrong with the way you kissed me last night. It was keen.

I'll be seeing you about Bean-town, I'm sure. Better luck next time. Sorry I wasn't your type." He put some money down on the check that lay beside his plate and got up. He bowed to her, looking at her with those long dark eyes, and walked away.

She wanted more than anything else in the world to cry. But she couldn't cry here. She swallowed down some hot coffee and paid her check and went up to her stateroom blindly. She went in and stood still staring around the room. Then she went out again and into Funny-face's room. Nana sat with her hat on, on the edge of the berth. Funny-face was playing on the floor.

"You're all ready?" Jan said. She felt as if she were bursting with something inside. "We're in."

"Yes, madam," Nana said coldly.

Jan bent over and picked up Funny-face. For a moment she had an impulse to bury her face in his sweet neck and cry there, to hug him to her close.

But that wasn't any good either. Funny-face couldn't help her. He was someone she didn't even know very well. She stood up again, feeling limp and frightened.

They all went down together with the porter and the bags, out along the gangway and onto the pier. The air was cool and fresh, the sunshine lay in bars; it was like a bad dream.

There, standing facing the boatside, was her father, tall and familiar, in a gray suit, holding his hat in his hand. Jan ran ahead of Nana and the baby and threw her arms around his neck. His arms that had held her when she was a little girl, and comforted her, came around her now. Now she could cry.

"There, there," he said in the voice that was so well-known to her. "There, my old girl. It's all right. You've come home to your own Daddy, and Mother's waiting for you. My old girl. Daddy loves you. Everything's going to be all right. I know. We'll make everything all right."

SHE realized that he thought she was crying for Curly. It didn't matter. She stood away from him and shook her head slightly, shaking the tears from her eyes. Her father had Funny-face in his arms now, tossing him while Funny-face screamed with excitement. They were grandfather and grandson. But she didn't belong anywhere. It wasn't any good. She wasn't his little girl any more, to be patted and comforted; she was too old for that. She was too young for anything else.

Together they all walked down along the dock to where the car waited. Her father took Jan's hand and swung it.

"We're moving down to the North Shore house tomorrow," he said. "The boats are in the water already. Everybody's looking forward to seeing you. It's going to be a grand summer. You'll have the time of your life."

She thought gravely about the summer before her, the years before her. Things would get to be all right sometime. Sometime she would find that things fitted her, that she was not always either ahead of everything or behind everything. But now she felt lost. There was no place for her at all. She felt like one kind of person and looked like another kind of person. She was too young and too old, both. Her whole life was out of step with everything, she had everything by the wrong end.

"You're looking a little tired, dear," her father said. "But this summer will fix you up fine. You'll see. Everything will be easy."

No, she thought, it won't be easy. She would go on living, and eventually things would get straightened out and be all right. But she knew this much now. Nothing would ever be easy again. Maybe that was what growing up meant.

When someone's eyes are judging you
can you be sure it's Safe to Smile?...

the Answer's on the tip of your tongue

1

Make the Tongue-Test...

Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth . . . inside and out. Feel that filmy coating? That's Materia Alba . . . and it doesn't belong on teeth! It collects stains, makes teeth dull, dingy-looking.

2

Your Tongue Tells You

Your tongue tells you what others see . . . the filmy coating that dims the natural brilliance of your teeth, your smile. And it's this filmy coating that makes teeth look dull . . . bars your way to romance.

3

Switch to Pepsodent with Irium

Know the joy of Teeth that feel bright to you
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Pepsodent will remove the filmy coating that clings to teeth . . . the coating your tongue can feel, your friends can see. Because only Pepsodent contains IRIUM . . . super-cleansing agent that loosens and flushes away sticky particles that cling to teeth.

Use Pepsodent regularly. Because Pepsodent also contains an exclusive, new high-polishing agent that safely buffs teeth to such a shiny smoothness, this filmy coating slides off before it can collect and stain.

Only Pepsodent gives you this wonder-working combination that makes your teeth feel so smooth, look so bright. Make sure of the loveliness of your smile. Get a tube of Pepsodent with IRIUM today.



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It was a "Blind" Date

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KLEENEX TISSUES TO POLISH
MY SPECS. WHAT A BREAK-
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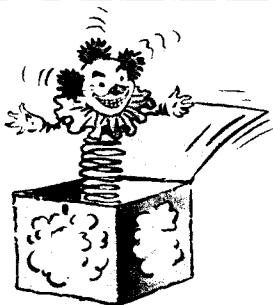
(from a letter by G. S., Redding, Calif.)



NO MORE Washday Blues

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OF HANDKERCHIEFS
WHEN WE HAVE COLDS.

(from a letter by M. S., Bessemer, Mich.)



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(from a letter by L. W., Chicago, Ill.)



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(from a letter by E. M., Seattle, Wash.)

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Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

States within time and population considerations that originally kept major-league interest in the northeast.

Imaginative sportsmen talk of transfer of weak or duplicating franchises, like the Browns or Phillies, to Los Angeles and San Francisco or Portland—"hot" towns in the sense of population, fan insanity and player sources. Harry Stuhldreher, ex-Four Horseman, made the point it would be less difficult for baseball clubs than for football teams, because the latter never postpone their frolics on account of bad weather; further, that habitual air travel for college teams would be welcomed by faculties since less time would be lost in travel.

Since the day Tunney flew from Stroudsburg to Philadelphia and thus gave Dempsey a psychological cuffing before he entered the ring, planes have carried many champs and nears. Tennis barnstormers, boxers, poloists. Most college football teams in the Middle, South and Far West fly once or more each season to intersectional games. At least one team, Texas Tech of Lubbock, flies to all its games. Famous basketball teams maintain far-flung schedules by plane, notably the Phillips Oilers of Oklahoma.

The Brooklyn Dodgers, as you might expect, were first (in 1939) to introduce extensive flying into professional baseball. They require two chartered ships for their 42 men—30 club members, 12 reporters. The players like it because they get an extra day's rest, also sleep tucked snugly in their little hotel beddies and don't have to tip Pullman porters. The Green Bay Packers brought planes into professional football this autumn when they flew east for a match with the New York Giants. The great, big, strong laddies balked at first: they had never flown. Yet when bad weather

caused grounding en route three line-men refused to budge from the plane: said they would await clearing weather. It may not be true, but it is fast becoming legend on the airways that the stewardess finally coaxed them out with peanuts.

THE BACK SEAT

Occupied, this first week, by the "Flying Braniffs"—who are not, as you might suspect, a troupe of circus aerialists, but our first family air line. They make Braniff Airways unique in corporate setup and background. Tom E. Braniff, Oklahoma City, papa and president, is not one of those aviation Alger boys who neglected farm chores to build planes in the barn out of spare tractor parts. He was a successful insurance man who, at 44, got stuck with an airplane as a sort of bad debt. It was the year of the Lindbergh Madness. So practical Tom put his liability running between Oklahoma City and Tulsa. Now just look!—whole fleets of the latest deluxe air liners flying more than 10,000 miles daily up and down the center third of the United States. And the Braniffs are their own best and most regular customers. Mrs. Braniff (she was Bess Thurman, daughter of a Missouri circuit judge) brings her knitting, a motherly supervision over menus and stewardesses (who must speak English, Spanish and Chicagoese) and a cozy front-parlor homeliness into the great planes. Daughter Jeanne, in charge of interior decoration, prettifies the ships right from the factory. As well as feminine taste for upholstery patterns and colors, she introduced something really novel and beautiful into air travel—photo murals on the front cabin walls.

Free manicures next.

W.B.C.

Partly Primitive

Continued from page 23

frequently disappeared into the bush for days on end. It was necessary for the proper accomplishment of her field work that Katherine have the support of the elite, and she spent a hectic few weeks rushing back from her peasant friends and their dances to prim and disapproving teas in Port au Prince. Many a hostess was confirmed in her belief that Katherine was definitely "not nice" when she discovered "L'Americaine's" hair still sticky with the eggs and feathers of a voodoo ceremony.

Happily gathering interesting data on native dances and their origins, Katherine chose to ignore the glowering looks of the "better element" until she was warned that they were preparing to ask her to leave. Then she rented the biggest theater in Port au Prince and announced a concert. Drawn by rumor and gossip, the entire literate group of the island fought for seats, and some, expecting the worst, came armed with ripe fruit. They didn't use the fruit, for the performance Katherine gave wouldn't have offended a minister's maiden aunt's maiden aunt. Wearing a long tulle dress sprinkled with rosebuds, she minced politely through a bit of Debussy, a soporific Spanish number complete with castanets, and climaxed the evening with The Fire Dance, at the end of which she released a flock of doves into the audience. People cried "Lovely, lovely!" and "How artistic!" and Katherine was *persona grata* everywhere; a friend of the peasants and a

guest member of the local aristocracy.

In addition to a highly original report and a lot of pictures which won her another six months' fellowship, Katherine brought back from Haiti a lot of new ideas and a strong regard for voodooism. The ideas she put into practice in primitive ballets for the Federal Theater, and the voodooism she used to bring her luck.

She grins about it, the way lots of other women grin about astrology, but deep down she feels her voodoo spells work. For instance, she won't go on for a performance without first spraying the stage with perfume, "so Damballa will be pleased."

Katie plans to go back to Haiti. She'll start a dancing school in Port au Prince one day—a school where the native talent can be fostered and furthered, and where no one will pay tuition or ever be cold. For four or five months each year she'll live happily in a land where no part of society is closed to her; where she can dine with a peasant or visit a cabinet minister with equal welcome. Then she'll come back to New York for the rest of the year to work hard—for the theater is in her blood.

The members of her troupe know that dancing for Katherine is a full-time job, and that she'll always take care of them. "We used to worry a little," says Carmencita, one of her most loyal employees, "but now we know that when she is wrong, we'll find out much later that she was right."

Silently the Conquered

Continued from page 12

restaurants along little lagoons, women in big white caps, selling fish, and girls pedaling bicycles while their light clothes fluttered like moth wings in the soft air. He thought of the Little Mermaid on the Langelinie who stared sadly down at her lost home under the sea. The old free, gay Copenhagen must seem as remote to many Danes.

He pushed away the disloyal thought and snapped at the lieutenant, "Your reports, please!"

Danish business was running for German profit, farms were surrendering butter and cheese, and even killing off the cows that produced both. Schools banned all the books they were told to ban. Parliament did as it was told. And the tall king was silent and sad.

"Everything is in order," the lieutenant said. He paused. "But sometimes one has the feeling—I don't know." He stopped, embarrassed at having an idea of his own.

"Go on," Roth said, and wondered why there had been so many accidental fires lately.

"I have the feeling"—the lieutenant rushed the words out—"that things are too quiet. People look at you as if they were *thinking*."

Roth suddenly slammed down all the reports in his hand. "They would hardly dare," he said sarcastically.

IT MIGHT have been ten years ago, or three, since he had seen the Haunstrup farm. The house was newly whitewashed as it was every year, and ripening pears clustered against the walls. No one would have guessed that in the great thatched barns were only two cows, or that in the dairy there was only one great wheel of cheese among all the shining, empty containers and silent machinery.

Roth had his hand raised to rap at the lower half of the door—the top half was swung against the wall—when old Anton suddenly got up from the low chair in which he was seated.

"Yes?" he said. "You wish?"

"This is Roth," he said hesitantly. All his new assurance and pride seemed to have left him and he kept remembering the first time he had come here, when he was eight and a refugee.

Anton drew his heavy brows together. Then he slowly put out his hand and said, "I had almost forgotten. There are so many uniforms. But welcome, in the name of older and better days."

That was not a wise greeting, but Roth supposed he spoke so only because he had known him so long.

"I am glad to see you again," he said. The old man opened the door and invited him into the kitchen with its sideboards and polished, dark furniture. He took some citronvand from the icebox and poured the yellow soda into glasses.

"Tell me what goes on," Roth said, and sat down, to put the old man at his ease.

"Mathea has died," Anton said slowly, and Roth realized that he should have known that was why things seemed so different and so quiet. "I am glad she

does not know what has happened to our country because it would make her unhappy."

He spoke gravely, so that his words seemed to be carved out of feeling as solid as wood. They seemed more seen than heard.

"I am sorry," Roth said, and there were tears in his eyes. He felt suddenly lonely, orphaned for a second time. Aunt Mathea would have welcomed him as she had when he was a boy, and old Anton was definitely treating him like a visitor not quite to be trusted.

"Anton did not come home from Finland," his father said, and Roth knew better than to ask why he had gone there in the first place. He was glad he had missed that campaign.

"Anton was a good friend," Roth heard himself saying. His voice shook a little and he realized that he had looked forward to seeing Anton again.

THERE was a long silence before Roth asked almost diffidently, "And Margreta?"

A softness came into the old man's face, and Roth knew that Margreta, at least, was alive and well. He waited eagerly to know more, and felt his heart beating heavily under his trim, fitted uniform.

"Margreta is as always," her father said. "She is not unlike her mother." He said that as if he could think of no more perfect praise.

"And where?" Roth asked, getting up restlessly.

"She was working in Copenhagen," her father said. "For an exporter—Margreta always loved to have to do with the world, you remember. Now that she has no job she is helping Holger." He paused. "Co-operative work."

Roth felt that inward prickle of attention that warned him of danger.

"I'm going to find Margreta," he said, as the old man looked at him with grave dislike. Old Anton would not like his daughter to marry one of the enemy—Roth knew that was how an old-timer would regard him. Yet Roth could arrange things so that this one farm would be restored to prosperity, and the old man must know it.

Holger was talking to half a dozen men under a great tree and Margreta was folding and stuffing some sort of a circular into envelopes at a table near by. Roth saw people looking at one another, as they did whenever he joined a group. Their faces grew blank and their eyes hard. Holger looked Roth over from gold-braided cap to polished boots.

"A general has come to call," he said to Margreta, whose hands seemed to slow at their work for a moment and then she began to fold and stuff again. Then she sprang to her feet and came to welcome Roth. She held out her hands and he took them in his ruthless grasp, knowing that women must be hurt a little. She looked at her reddened fingers and Holger looked at them too.

"A great man and a strong," he said unpleasantly, and Roth stiffened.

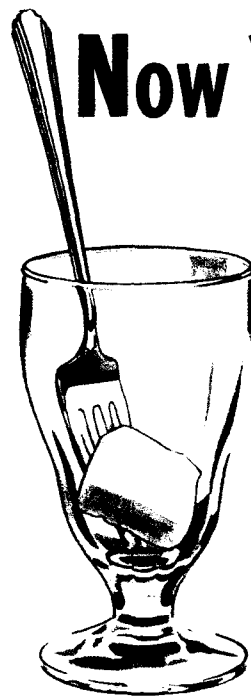
"Yes," he said, "that's true. And let me say that I'll not be lenient even to those I have known before if they break the rules."

The group of men turned into statues until Holger's voice brought them to life again.

"What have poor farmers like us done to make you worry?" he asked. "We obey all the rules and only meet now and then to talk over poor crops and such country concerns."

As if at a signal the farmers got up,

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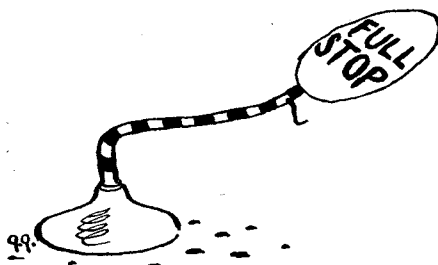


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nodded to Holger and began to leave. Margreta said, "Don't forget the meeting tomorrow night." She unfolded the circular in her hand so Roth could see its innocence. "Danish farmers," it said. "Preserve your land! Meet at the Lunoe Farm, Thursday night, and learn new ways to eradicate all kinds of pests!"

Again Roth felt that prickling as he noticed that the big silo behind the barn had recently burned down to a pile of blackened embers.

Margreta spoke suddenly and smiled so that Roth felt a wave of warmth sweep over him. She slipped her hand through his arm and turned him away from the burned silo.

"Are you going to take me to dinner?" she asked, and as they left Holger standing in his yard, it seemed to Roth that perhaps she and Holger had meant him to come so they could find out the temper of his mind.

But as Margreta smiled and chattered with him, laughing in the old, merry way, as if he were not an enemy, he forgot everything but the pleasure of knowing that he could make this beautiful woman his whenever he wanted to.

He took her first to have a drink at the Yacht Club on the Langelinie. The swastika floated over it, too, but otherwise it might have been any summer evening in another year. People sat at little tables drinking from tall glasses, talking with one another and looking out at the harbor where the king's yacht rode at anchor.

MARGRETA said, "Holger and I have argued about you so many times. He says you cannot separate a man from what he does—that if a man is a"—she hesitated tactfully—"conqueror, let us say, he will be ruthless and violent. I said there was in a man still some of what he once was." She raised her eyes and looked steadily at him. "I wanted to see which of us was right." Her voice fell a little, and Roth thought of the brook on the Haunstrup farm where they used to have picnics.

"I did not want to have memories hanging about in my head if—" She blushed.

"If?" Roth asked triumphantly.

"If I married Holger." Her voice was still lower.

"Holger?" Roth said. "My dear girl, he is left over from the old days. You and I are young and strong. We want success."

Margreta looked at him silently. She was tanned, he noticed, and her leaf-green dress was beautifully becoming.

"Is it success to be hated and feared?" she asked.

He said, "That proves how strong we are."

She said, "Do you never wonder—?"

"No," he answered, taking her hand. "We are in control and nothing can defeat us." That was to warn her.

She was looking at him with a long, questioning glance that angered him a little and he snapped his fingers for the waiter, who sprang to serve the uniform.

"Let us leave," he said. "I have things to say to you, but not here."

As they got up to go, Roth noticed that theirs was the only table occupied, though when they arrived every table had been taken. He looked at the sky to see if a storm had frightened people away, then at his watch to see if they had stayed late without knowing it. They had been there less than an hour, and the sun was shining on the harbor and on the people walking by. The waiters bowed as they left.

"What happened to all the others?" Roth demanded. There was something about those empty tables that was almost threatening.

Margreta said, "They were all Danes, perhaps." He flushed.

"They have no right," he said.

"Is there a law?" Margreta asked in a level voice. "Have you passed a law yet that people may not leave a café when they choose?"

Roth didn't answer. They walked on slowly. On the road, bicycles went by, and a few official German cars. It was hardly a private place, but Roth was suddenly too full of a hard anger and determination to conquer this woman, as unwilling countries were conquered, to care. All the softness had gone out of his feeling for Margreta. She had become only a beautiful woman, to be taken by force. He pressed his mouth down on hers, glad to feel her amazed and furious resistance, glad to know he could overpower her by brute strength. That made him feel proud, for he was completely the conqueror.

Margreta stood still after the first second of wild struggle, so still that at last he released her, knowing she was not responding. But he told himself it was because his attack was so sudden and

so charming and so gay, he was like one plague-stricken, calling out, "Unclean! Unclean!"

"Thank God I am free of whatever attraction you once held me with," Margreta said. "I am going back to Holger now, to help him."

"Help him what?" Roth asked stupidly.

"Do what he has to do," she said, and Roth wondered what Holger did, and why his cattle were sick, his crops poor, and his silo burned down. No one could blame a man for accidents that befell him, but Roth found himself thinking again there were so many accidents lately. So many fires. So many factories reporting broken machinery that could not be fixed. So many dead animals and when you inquired into their deaths you got a shrug for an answer or, at most, "You took our feed. Cattle don't live on air."

Yet there was nothing to complain about, officially. People were polite, they did as they were told. It was only in the things about which no regulations had been laid down that you might



"He never quite makes it"

CHAS. ADDAMS

because she was so utterly vanquished. When he looked at her face it was still and hard, and her eyes were as gray and remote as a wintry sky.

She spoke slowly, dropping her words like cold stones. "I am glad you did that," she said. "If you had not, I might have gone on defending you to others, like my father and Holger, and thought myself that you were the Roth I knew as a youth. Now I know you are exactly what your uniform proclaims. You have betrayed our friendship and hospitality. You have trampled on all we free Danes held dear. I thought perhaps I was wrong and prejudiced about you who have come to destroy us, but now I know there is nothing evil enough that I can think about you."

Her words were hurting Roth. He felt one last upsurge of old and soon to be forever lost emotions—shame and self-questioning and that queer, horrible loneliness that he had been struggling against ever since he had been in Copenhagen. It attacked him when he saw people's faces go blank as he approached. When, as this afternoon, he seemed to spread a shadow before him. His uniform, his speech, his presence there might have marked him with a medieval bell, so that when he walked out in these streets that had once been

sometimes sense that under their quietness was a hatred for the conquerors that burned like swampfire, unextinguishably. People who left restaurants when an officer came in, as if they had lost their appetites. People who did not understand questions. Old ladies who preferred to cross a street without your hand under their arm.

MARGRETA began to walk away and Roth hurried after her. It was incredible that this should happen to him, who was so powerful!

He said almost humbly, "Please, am I never to see you again?"

She turned to look at him one last time before she crossed the street. She looked at his polished boots that walked heavily in streets of countries where they did not belong. At his uniform that fitted as closely as his firm, hard thoughts. At his cap. At his sword.

"You have the power to order me into your presence," she said.

It was only then, as she was walking away from him forever that Roth realized that a conqueror is doomed to loneliness. His footsteps echo with a hollow sound, and words of greeting in a foreign tongue, "Good evening, Herr Captain. Everything is quiet," hang heavy in the unresponsive air.

Evil Under the Sun

Continued from page 18

ing slightly in his incoherent haste to get the words out.

"You're mad—quite mad—Christine? Why, it's impossible. It's laughable!"

"All the same, Mr. Redfern, jealousy is a very powerful motive. Women who are jealous lose control of themselves completely."

Redfern said, earnestly: "Not Christine. She's—oh she's not like that. She was unhappy, yes. But she's not the kind of person to—oh, there's no violence in her."

Hercule Poirot nodded thoughtfully. Violence. The same word that Linda Marshall had used. As before, he agreed with the sentiment.

"Besides," went on Redfern confidently, "it would be absurd. Arlena was twice as strong physically as Christine. I doubt if Christine could strangle a kitten—certainly not a strong, wiry creature like Arlena. And then Christine could never have got down that ladder to the beach. She has no head for that sort of thing. And—oh, the whole thing is fantastic!"

Weston scratched his ear tentatively.

"Well," he said, "put like that it doesn't seem likely. I grant you that. But motive's the first thing we've got to look for." He added: "Motive and opportunity."

WHEN Redfern had left the room, the chief constable observed with a slight smile:

"Didn't think it necessary to tell the fellow his wife had an alibi. Wanted to hear what he'd have to say to the idea. Shook him up a bit, didn't it?"

Hercule Poirot murmured, "The arguments he advanced were quite as strong as any alibi."

"Yes. Oh! she didn't do it! She couldn't have done it—physically impossible as you said. Marshall *could* have done it—but apparently he didn't."

Inspector Colgate coughed. "Excuse me, sir, I've been thinking about that alibi. It's possible, you know, if he'd thought this thing out, that those letters were got ready *beforehand*."

"That's a good idea," Weston said. "We must look into—"

He broke off as Christine Redfern entered the room.

She was, as always, calm and a little precise in manner. She was wearing a white tennis frock and a pale blue pull-over. It accentuated her fair, rather anemic prettiness. Yet, Hercule Poirot thought to himself, it was neither a silly face nor a weak one. It had plenty of resolution, courage and good sense. He nodded appreciatively.

Colonel Weston thought, "Nice little woman. Bit wishy-washy, perhaps. A lot too good for that philandering young ass of a husband of hers. Oh, well, the boy's young. Women usually make a fool of you once!"

"Sit down, Mrs. Redfern. We've got to go through a certain amount of routine, you see. Asking everybody for an account of his movements this morning. Just for our records."

Christine Redfern nodded.

She said in her quiet, precise voice: "Oh, yes, I quite understand. Where do you want me to begin?"

Hercule Poirot said, "As early as possible, Madame. What did you do when you first got up this morning?"

"Let me see. On my way down to breakfast I went into Linda Marshall's room and fixed up with her to go to Gull Cove this morning. We agreed to meet in the lounge at half past ten."

"You did not bathe before breakfast, Madame?"

"No. I very seldom do." She smiled.

"I like the sea well warmed before I get into it. I'm rather a chilly person."

"But your husband bathes then?"

"Oh, yes. Nearly always."

"And Mrs. Marshall, she also?"

A CHANGE came into Christine's voice. It became cold and almost acrid. She said, "Oh, no, Mrs. Marshall was the sort of person who never made an appearance before the middle of the morning."

With an air of confusion, Hercule Poirot said:

"Pardon, Madame, I interrupted you. You were saying that you went to Miss Linda Marshall's room. What time was that?"

"Let me see—half past eight—no, a little later."

"And was Miss Marshall up then?"

"Oh, yes, she had been out."

"Out?"

"Yes, she said she'd been bathing."

There was a faint—a very faint note of embarrassment in Christine's voice. It puzzled Hercule Poirot.

"And then?" Weston asked.

"Then I went down to breakfast."

"And after breakfast?"

"I went upstairs, collected my sketching box, and sketching book and we started out."

"You and Miss Linda Marshall?"

"Yes."

"What time was that?"

"I think it was just on half past ten."

"And what did you do?"

"We went to Gull Cove. You know, the cove on the east side of the island. We settled ourselves there. I did a sketch and Linda sun-bathed."

"What time did you leave the cove?"

"At a quarter to twelve. I was playing tennis at twelve and had to change."

"You had your watch with you?"

"No, as a matter of fact I hadn't. I asked Linda the time."

"I see. And then?"

"I packed up my sketching things and went back to the hotel."

Poirot said, "And Mademoiselle Linda?"

"Linda? Oh, Linda went into the sea."

"Were you far from the sea where you were sitting?"

"Well, we were well above high-water mark. Just under the cliff—so that I could be a little in the shade and Linda in the sun."

"Did Linda Marshall actually enter the sea before you left the beach?"

Christine frowned a little in the effort to remember.

"Let me see. She ran down the beach—I fastened my box—Yes, I heard her splashing in the waves as I was on the path up the cliff."

"You are quite sure of that, Madame? That she really entered the sea?"

"Oh, yes." She stared at him in surprise. Colonel Weston also stared at him. Then he said: "Go on, Mrs. Redfern."

"I went back to the hotel, changed, and went to the tennis courts where I met the others."



"Who were?"

"Captain Marshall, Mr. Gardener and Miss Darnley. We played two sets. We were just going in again when the news came about—about Mrs. Marshall."

Hercule Poirot leaned forward. "And what did you think, Madame, when you heard that news?"

"What did I think?"

Her face showed a faint distaste for the question.

"Yes."

Christine Redfern said slowly:

"It was—a horrible thing to happen."

"Ah, yes, your fastidiousness was revolted. I understand that. But what did it mean to you—personally?"

She gave him a quick look—a look of appeal. He responded to it. He said in a matter-of-fact voice:

"I am appealing to you, Madame, because you are a woman of intelligence with plenty of good sense and judgment. You had doubtless during your stay here formed an opinion of Mrs. Marshall, of the kind of woman she was?"

Christine said, cautiously, "I suppose one always does that more or less when one is staying in hotels."

"Certainly, it is the natural thing to do. So I ask you, Madame, were you really very surprised at the manner of her death?"

"I think I see what you mean. No, I was not, perhaps, surprised. Shocked, yes. But she was the kind of woman—"

Poirot finished the sentence for her:

"She was the kind of woman to whom such a thing might happen . . . Yes, Madame, that is the truest and most significant thing that has been said in this room this morning. Laying all—er" (he stressed it carefully) "personal feeling aside, what did you really think of the late Mrs. Marshall?"

CHRISTINE REDFERN said calmly, "Is it really worth while going into all that now?"

"I think it might be, yes."

"Well, what shall I say?" Her fair skin was suddenly suffused with color. The careful poise of her manner was relaxed. For a short space the natural, raw woman looked out. "She's the kind of woman that to my mind is absolutely worthless! She did nothing to justify her existence. She had no mind—no brains. She thought of nothing but men and clothes and admiration. Useless, a parasite! She was attractive to men, I suppose—oh, of course she was. And she lived for that kind of life. And so, I suppose, I wasn't really surprised at her coming to a sticky end. She was the sort of woman who would be mixed up with everything sordid—blackmail—jealousy—violence—every kind of crude emotion. She—she appealed to the worst in people."

She stopped, panting a little. Her rather short top lip lifted itself in a kind of fastidious disgust. It occurred to Colonel Weston that you could not have found a more complete contrast to Arlena Stuart than Christine Redfern.

It also occurred to him that if you were married to Christine Redfern, the atmosphere might be so rarified that the Arlena Stuarts of this world would hold a particular attraction for you.

And then, immediately following on these thoughts, a single word out of the words she had spoken fastened on his attention with particular intensity.

He leaned forward and said:

"Mrs. Redfern, why, in speaking of her, did you mention the word *blackmail*?"

(To be continued next week)



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Miss Rear Admiral

Continued from page 26

took her arm. "You're getting paid for it."

"But I'm not having any fun!" She jerked loose from me. "And it's all your fault! I wish I'd never laid eyes on you, that's what!"

"Okay, baby," I said shortly. "We'll wash it up right here."

"You're washing it up too late—I'm in the movies now."

"Don't worry, babe," I said shortly. "You won't be long." I slammed off. At the corner, I looked back. She was standing there, blond hair flying in the wind, watching me. She lifted her hand as if to wave, and then let it drop slowly. She looked sort of lonely. But I was through.

They premièred Manny's Navy epic at the Carthay Circle, and before the picture had run three reels people began buzzing to one another about that cute little blonde who had the priceless lines about her grandfather's getting his stern seared at the battle of Manila Bay.

The old man dragged me out in the foyer. "Where is that Higgins girl?" he hissed. I said I didn't know. He yelled: "You better know! If you don't have her here by curtain time, you're—"

"Not working for Steinberg any more." I went out to my car, got in, slammed the door, and lit a cigarette.

If Zone didn't care enough about her own future to show up the night they premièred her first picture, why by golly, she knew where she could go! I wasn't chasing around after her any more!

ALL I had to do was ask the first uniform on the Navy landing, where the Navy hop was. Then I went there and, of course, I found Zone. She had on a smart-looking evening thing that set off her light hair. She looked wonderful.

I pushed my way through the Navy to her side. "Come on, smarty pants—get going," I said. "You're wanted by your public."

She turned off her smile quick. "Look here, Bob Henry, I am sick and tired of being dragged at Manny Steinberg's chariot wheels."

I said: "And I am sick and tired of having to pull you out of screwy joints and get you back up to Hollywood to be dragged. And I wouldn't do it, except that—"

"Except, if you don't, you'll lose your job," she mimicked.

It made me mad. "Yes, I will," I shouted. "But after six weeks of you, I'd rather go back to Del Rio, anyhow."

"I'm sorry, Bob," she said, instantly contrite. "Of course I'll come along with you."

But it wasn't a pushover. She brought the major portion of the Fleet—all I could crowd in my car.

We made the Carthay Circle just as the curtains were swinging to across the screen. The lights went up, the orchestra spied Zone and the Navy coming down the aisle, and swung into "Anchors Aweigh!" and the audience went mad! They stood up and yelled and screamed; they surged toward Zone and tried to mob her.

Right there was where the jolly tars earned their salt. They lifted Zone onto their shoulders, formed a flying wedge, and leaped up on the stage with her.

Then Manny Steinberg appeared, put an arm around the cause of it all, and raised his hand for silence.

Someone tugged at my elbow. I turned. It was the old man. "Bob, I'll never question your judgment again," he blubbered, and wrung my hand. "This is the most tremendous stunt I

have ever seen. Let's go have a drink."

Manny was promising the fans another great picture, starring his newest discovery, Miss Zone Higgins, as we went out.

WHEN the phone rang next morning, I rolled over, groaning, and lifted the receiver. "Hello," I said.

It was Zone. She said: "Bob, for heaven's sake! There are agents and things all over the place!"

I said: "Lock the door and hold everything, baby. I'm on my way."

When I pushed through the gang in the hall and got inside, Zone was pacing the floor.

"Everybody's got contracts!" she said. "Manny's secretary phoned and said he had one for me to sign, too. What for?"

I explained contracts, and Zone blew up. "But I don't want to be a movie actress!" she cried. "It's no fun!"

"Baby," I said, "I can't wait to see Manny's face when you tell him that."

It turned out the way I knew it would. Manny didn't believe Zone was on the level. He thought Zanuck was after

watching a March of Time which showed the battle wagons on their around-the-Horn cruise. When sailors started pouring out of hatches and racing to battle stations, some nasty-smart dame in the back of the room said right out loud: "Where's Higgins?"

It caused a gale of laughter, and was in McMann's column next morning. Manny was burned! He called Zone in and issued orders that she wasn't to be seen with any more Navy men. Zone said he could take his half-finished picture and jump off the breakwater with it.

Right in the middle of the row, they sent out an SOS for me. Zone was fighting mad, and crying; and Manny and the old man both looked as if they'd swallowed the back end of a sound truck.

"All right, all right, we compromise," Manny said. "One Navy man—you can have—I don't argue which—you take your pick and we give him a big build-up."

"But," Zone objected, "if I only go with one, then I'll likely get awfully fond of him."

"Come on, baby, be reasonable," I said. "Give the other girls a break."

So after a while she dried her tears and picked Perry, and went to her drama lesson. Manny turned to the old man. "I want you should start a campaign on this Perry guy—what's he do in the Navy?"

"He's an aviation mechanic," I cut in.

"Oyoy, oyoy," Manny moaned. "We got to get him a ensign at least."

"Won't that be a little difficult?" I asked.

Manny gave me a look. "For Manny Steinberg? Nah, nah, my boy. All I got to do is call the admiral." He started pressing buttons and the old man and I got up and went out, but quietly.

I'll pass over what happened rapidly.

Of course I wasn't there to hear, but those things get around the lot. And soon grapevine had it that Manny almost burst a blood vessel when it was socked home to him that Navy cooperation on making an epic of the Fleet and making an ensign out of a mechanic were two totally different things.

As far as the admiral was concerned. Zone's boy friend was a mechanic and he was going to stay a mechanic!

Manny let the big build-up slide, hoping for the best. After all, if Zone turned out star material, the public might overlook a little thing like a Navy man in her closet.

IT WAS raining when I turned in, and still raining when the telephone rang and wakened me in the small hours before dawn. Zone was on the wire. She said: "Bob, can you please come over here, quick?"

I said: "For the love of mud, what time is it?"

"He says every store and church and theater are open and still there's no place for them all," she said. "Twenty thousand of them caught ashore—I can't get any sense out of him."

"That makes us even," I said. "Who's he, and where is everything open, and who is it that's all caught ashore?"

"There's a terrible storm, Bob—the Navy men can't get back aboard their ships. You've got to get me to Long Beach quick."

"I'll be right over," I said.

She was pacing the floor when I got there. "Perry called again," she said. "He's crying—he sounded drunk, but that wouldn't make him cry, would it?"

"How should I know?" I said shortly.

George Windsor

CITIZEN OF LONDON

A Collier's correspondent tells you some of the things he saw—and felt—when, with Britain's King, he recently visited a ruined English town

An article cabled from London by
QUENTIN REYNOLDS

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

her. So he upped his ante to three fifty.

Then Zone pulled a line about wanting to ugh in Long Beach where she could have fun, so Manny jumped to five quick.

At seven fifty and a six months' option I said we'd take it, and rushed Zone outside before she could open her mouth. . . .

Manny had his promotion staff in next day—he had a wonderful idea for a publicity campaign on Zone: Have her fans pick a new name for her. Zone blew up. "My menfolks didn't have to change their name to get in the Navy," she said. "And I reckon the Navy's more important than the movies." Only we weren't screening a Navy epic any more, and the blurb wasn't good for newspaper space.

Then we went into a huddle, trying to hit an unusual angle on Zone for publicity, like Dietrich's legs or Garbo's seclusion or Marie Wilson's eyelashes. But we couldn't think of any.

Meantime, Zone was always appearing some place with half a dozen or so Navy uniforms. At first, it was considered cute. And then after a while, the columnists started poking fun at her, especially McMann.

Then there was the night at Frank Capra's house. Capra's guests were

"Let's get going." The road out San Pedro Avenue was flooded; we had to detour.

When we reached Long Beach it was a fuzzy gray daybreak, rain still drizzling down. The town was blue with sailors. "Where is this Perry supposed to be?" I asked.

"He said he'd be waiting out in front of the P. E. station."

"But that was hours ago!"

"Pull over to the curb." Zone had already spotted him. He was in front of the P. E. station.

He was a slight, dark young man—this Perry—with a mess of uncombed black curls hanging down from beneath his soggy white hat, and in his gray bloodshot eyes. He was dripping wet, but he didn't seem to know or care. He just stood there, swaying in the rain, eyes on the street unseeingly. Zone climbed out of the car and ran up to him. "Perry, I came as quick as I could." "You were a long time," he said thickly. He pulled her hand through his arm and started walking away, swaying as he went.

I parked the car and went after them.

IT WAS all so crazy: it was like a bad dream—that next hour. Zone and Perry walked in the rain, down Ocean Boulevard, bumping into sailors, and I trailed after them, why, I didn't know. None of it made sense and it wasn't any of my affair, and yet I stuck.

Perry kept talking—his words came back to me on the wet wind: "I should be out there! I should be out there, too! Only I said it was too rough to risk the motor launch. But the others went! They went because they were supposed to—and now they're at the bottom of the bay—" He covered his face with his hands. "They crashed on the breakwater—they're at the bottom of the bay!" Zone clung to his arm.

They were far down the beach road now and they stopped and leaned against a stone balustrade. The sea was roaring up beneath them, black and ugly with white foam on its top.

Perry leaned his slight body against hers, as if for protection and comfort, and peered out through the murk toward the ships.

He was trembling all over.

I stepped forward and said. "Can—I can help?"

"Yes, Bob," Zone said. "He's done in—he needs sleep. Get him a room at the Hilton—a room with a radio. Please hurry."

It was while I was whizzing back up

the street on a run that I bumped into McMann. He said: "Hi, Bob, what gives?"

I said, "Nothing," and started to run on again, but he grabbed my sleeve.

"What's the little Higgins doing down here?"

"You wouldn't get it if I told you," I said, and jerked loose.

His cold, light blue eyes glinted icily. "Look here, Henry, you're being nasty to the wrong guy at the wrong time."

"So what?" I said, and pushed past him. "Out of my way, snoop."

THEN I galloped off in the downpour and left him standing there. The significance of his presence in Long Beach never hit me till after I'd bulldogged a room where there wasn't any room, and helped Zone get Perry into it, and ordered up a bottle of rum and a hot-water bottle and a radio. Perry wouldn't quiet down till that was installed, and Zone was sitting by it, waiting to hear when the word was passed that all liberty was canceled.

Then I went back downstairs to find McMann at the desk, poring over the registry. I put on a smile of cordiality and walked over. "Hello, Otto," I said.

He swung around on me. "Since when did you start stooging for Dan Cupid?"

I said: "You're all wet." I felt my grin going.

"So?" His smile was nasty. "Well, you can't deny that she is upstairs in a room with a sailor, can you?" I didn't answer. "Go on," he urged. "What gives? Or do I just make a guess?"

"Don't be like that!" I begged.

"Are they married?" he demanded.

"No," I said. "But it's not what you think."

"In cases like this, I don't have to think," he said. "So long, Henry."

I went back upstairs and routed Zone out into the hall. "You're in a jam," I said. "You've got to get out of here on the double." I told her about McMann. Her chin went out.

"Perry needs me and so I'm staying right here till liberty is canceled and that's all there is to it, Bob."

After all these months, I knew better than to argue with Zone. So I went in and sat with her till the seas went down at dusk, and the men were called back aboard their ships.

When I came to work next morning, the old man pounced on me. He had the morning News. I'd already seen it, and it wasn't good. "What do you know about this mess?" he demanded.

I tried to explain it, but somehow

it sounded a little stupid and mushy.

The old man interrupted me in the middle to say: "I think you'd better get over to Manny's office and give your act there."

When I came into the office, Manny was shouting at Zone: "A morals clause in your contract, you've got!"

Zone, her chin out, countered with: "Where I came from, you don't need a morals clause to help a person out when he's in trouble!"

"You don't deny it?" Manny roared. "You admit you was in a hotel room with a sailor?"

"It was pouring rain," Zone snapped. "Why shouldn't we get in out of the wet?"

"Why should you get in out of the wet where McMann could see you?" Manny bellowed. "Do you want every fan in the United States should think you're just a—little—"

"Hold it," I said. I was boiling mad. "Nothing happened that wasn't on the up and up. I don't care what McMann put in his column. I was there—I was with them—I know."

Manny swung around on me. "Well, that's a difference," he said, blowing relievedly. "That's a big difference."

He turned to Zone. "But the damage is already," he said to her. "And you got to learn your lesson. The minute this picture is done, you get suspended—for ten weeks—without pay. And that's final."

"No, I don't," Zone said. "I'm quitting—right now!"

MANNY got up from his desk, his little round face working. "I got a contract, young woman. Nowhere in Hollywood do you work. In pictures you are through before you are even started!"

"Listen," Zone got up and walked over to his desk, her little chin out. "Contract or no contract, I'm not working for you!"

Manny sat back and started turning a light mauve. I went over and put my arm around Zone. "Come on, baby," I said. "We'd better go."

Zone's not in Hollywood any more. Last I heard from her, she was living in Pensacola. Perry got transferred to the air base there, and they've got a little house on the bay. Zone writes nice letters, all about the petunias in her garden and the new kittens and the neighbors and the weather and Perry—and Perry Junior, who's expected any day, now.

She still sounds like Beaver City—or Del Rio.

Lighted Windows

Continued from page 13

Lunk's. There were more men in the place than he had ever seen before. Lunk had put up a big sign saying, "Happy New Year!"

The door swung open and a man walked out with stiff dignity and went downstreet.

A warm current of air followed him and Burdock smelled the keen, high odor of whisky. He swallowed.

It was hot inside. Lunk wiped his hand on the apron and pumped Burdock's. Burdock said, "We're out on the main camp on Township 21. You remember Cort Gregory? He was here with me two years ago."

He looked around at the double line at the bar. He saw men from other camps—Guy Merchant, from Lubec; and Merrill Colcord, and Block Ash—and he felt the strength of their handshakes.

"What you going to do, Tom—set the town afire?"

"Hey, Tom, where do you keep the women?"

Chet Loving had a good start—the bottle that had kept him warm on the long ride to town began to work in the heat of the place.

Burdock let the talk surge around him. In a lull he spoke to Lunk alone. He said, "I'm going upstairs for a while." He passed Lunk a bill. "Set them up, Lunk. Tell them I'm coming back later."

The back door led out onto an alley. Halfway down the alley toward Water Street there was a small house set flush with the sidewalk. As Burdock passed he heard a woman's high, full-lunged laugh against radio dance music. He went along Water Street to Walnut. He stopped there at the corner and looked up toward Maple.

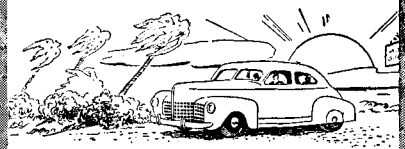
The day he had seen Alice Baines for the first time he had been in Parlow's barbershop waiting for a haircut and she

had been sitting in a car just outside the window. She wore a blue polka-dot dress and her dark hair was smoothed into flat waves on either side of her round head. She had very white skin and her arm, which rested along the door of the car, was plump. There was about her that self-confidence, born of security—the protecting respectability of her home.

"That's the Widow Baines' daughter," Jim Parlow had said, reading the look on his face, "and lumberjacks like you best lay off."

Burdock left the corner and began walking up Walnut. He walked slowly, uncertain of his plans. He tried to find reasons for delay—to put off going. He asked himself—why in hell would she care to see him anyway? The whole thing was just an idea in his head. He almost turned back to Water Street. Instead he went into Slade's restaurant and ate hamburgers and drank a cup of

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coffee. After that he spent an hour in the Bijou Theater without remembering anything he saw. It was ten-thirty when he came out into the cold northeast wind, smelling of snow. He lowered his head into it and walked on toward Maple.

In Carter's drugstore he saw a crowd sitting around the back tables. They were the kids of the town, the sons and daughters of the people who lived on Walnut and Maple. He had brought Alice Baines in there once and they had watched other couples dancing. That was about as far as it had gone between them. He had called at her house three times.

He remembered the friendly warmth of the big kitchen, the way old Mrs. Baines sat there in the rocker and looked him over. Once she had ordered him to take off his coat so that she could sew on a button and he had sat there in his shirt sleeves, as if that house was his own home. He had gone away after that, following work, living the life he knew best. But when those moments came when he thought of settling down in a real house, with an upstairs and a downstairs to it and stacked stovewood in the shed he saw Alice Baines in that house—not because he had fallen in love with her but because she belonged in a house like that.

He hunched forward. He slanted his body into the wind and felt the dry snow from the drifts hiss against his boots. . . .

THERE was a light in the Baines house. When he walked up to the front door and knocked, he heard young, high heels tapping on the bare floor and the fumbling rattle at the lock. The door opened an inch or so and he felt the heat of the house rush out to greet him, like a friendly dog.

"Who is it?" Alice Baines asked.

"Tom Burdock."

He heard the surprised catch of her breath, the step back and then he saw the door open.

"Tom! Well, I never. Come in, come in."

He pulled off his hat and with it turning in his hands in front of him he followed the still-opening door into a dimly lit hallway.

Alice Baines walked ahead of him into the brilliant light and soft, warm air of the kitchen.

"It's been a coon's age since I saw you last," she said, smiling. "Where've you been keeping yourself?"

He shifted his weight. "Around. We're working up on 21. I thought I'd come in and say hello."

"There! I'm glad you did. Sit down, Tom. Let me take your hat and coat."

She seemed pleased at his coming, but he felt in the way she moved, the way she looked up at the window when she returned from the hall where she had left his things, that she was apprehensive, as if she were expecting someone. After the first moment of welcome, her attitude was divided between listening for something outside the house and pride in showing him, without speaking of it, the changes in the room.

He had felt these changes the moment he came in. Now, sitting in a new leather armchair, he saw these changes—the new linoleum, the electric refrigerator, the long, smooth-lined sink.

She watched him look around and said, finally, "It's been done over. Do you like it?"

"It's dandy," he said.

He thought of the old rocker, with a plush footstool, where her mother used to sit. He wondered about the old lady, but something, a feeling, stopped him from asking about her.

"Where did you spend Christmas, Tom?"

He looked up and, half laughing, half shamefaced, said, "Well, I dunno—around. In the city, mostly."

Alice Baines looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, and then, her mind going back to her own problems, she said, "Judith is here—you remember my sister? She had a job in Calais for a while, but the place went out of business so she's living with us now."

HE REMEMBERED her, a pretty kid, with lively dark eyes, about seventeen. She would be nineteen now.

He said, "Yes, I remember her."

The wind was getting stronger outside and the snow beat against the black panes, like many moths. A gust blew open the back door into the woodshed and he got up to close it. There was a light in the shed and he saw stovewood piled roof high. Just as he turned he saw on a workbench the inner tube of an auto tire stretched across a vise. There was a new patch recently put on it. A man's heavy coat hung on the door.

When he came back into the room

mind—to get out before the man came. He didn't want trouble.

But he couldn't move. He didn't know what to say to get out with. He hadn't taken in the whole thing yet, but already he was saying to himself, "What were you expecting anyway?"

Alice put three blue-and-white cups on the breakfast-nook table.

"Edward's down at the police station. There's been a lot of trouble on Water Street . . ." She stopped and an embarrassed expression went across her face as she looked up at Burdock, still standing there. She didn't go on to explain, but began a tuneless hum as she moved the coffee pot onto the hot part of the stove.

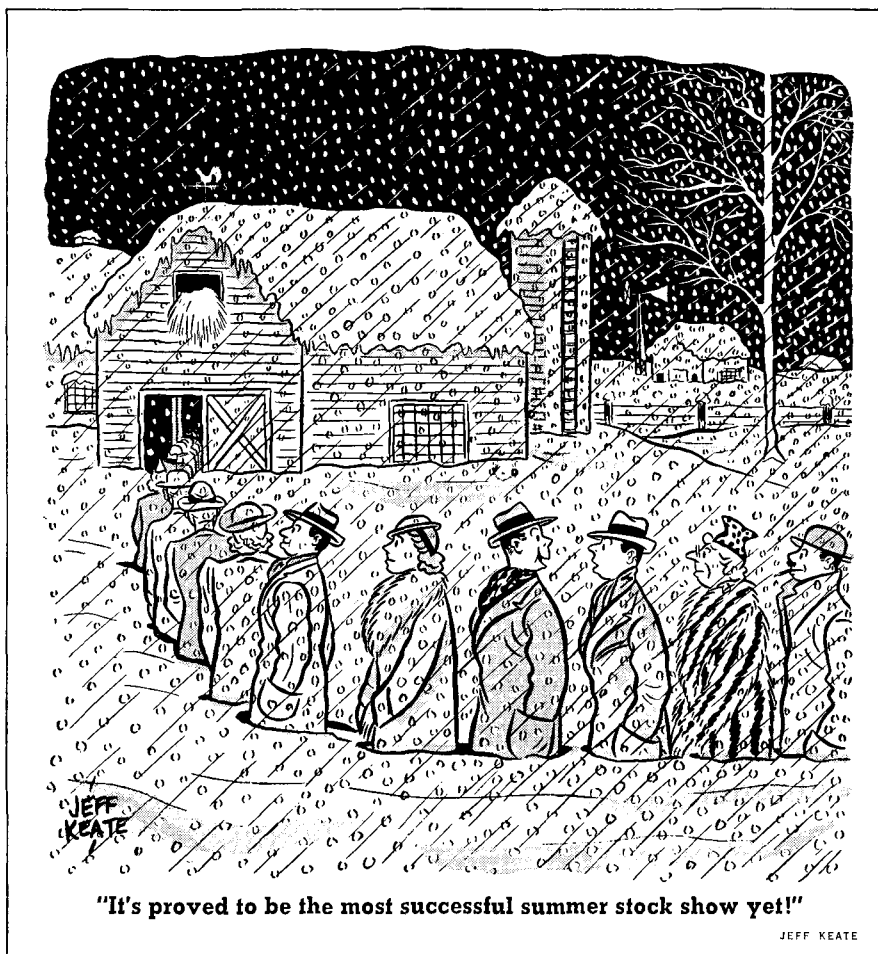
"How long will you be up on 21, Tom?" she asked, after a moment.

"A month or so. I don't know where we'll go from there."

"Come in and have dinner with us sometime. And—"

He heard the stamping of shoes on the back porch.

"That's Edward," Alice said.



"It's proved to be the most successful summer stock show yet!"

JEFF KEATE

Alice was looking out the window—her hands cupped against her face to shade the light. She turned and a worried expression stayed in her eyes for a second. "I don't know what's keeping him," she said. "He ought to be back by now."

Burdock felt the heat of the stove and sweat start on his forehead. He didn't say anything. He knew now what he had felt in the flash as he saw the coat and workbench in the shed.

Alice shrugged her shoulders. "Well, he'll be here any minute. I'll get some coffee ready." Then, startled, laughing a little, she said, "Why, Tom! I don't believe I told you I was married. Isn't that the limit?"

"You married?" he said, feeling the awkward way he still stood there.

"It's been almost a year now. I'm so used to it I didn't think to tell you. You see, after mother died we set up house-keeping here."

Burdock's mouth closed and a muscle in his throat contracted. So low, it was almost a rumble in his chest, he said, "Well, that's fine, Alice."

There was one thing uppermost in his

A compact, darkly dressed young man hurried into the room through the porch door. His face was disturbed. He glanced at Burdock and his eyes went cold when he saw Burdock's leather boots and checked shirt.

ALICE started to introduce him, but Edward's nervousness alarmed her. She crossed the room and put her hand on his arm. "What happened, Edward? Is there anything wrong?"

"Plenty," he said, his voice harsh, and Burdock felt excitement in it. "The town's full of bums. They're everywhere, drunk and yelling at respectable citizens. I got one locked up. Carlton can't do a thing with them. Where's Judy—is she in yet?"

"No."

"She oughtn't to be out on the streets alone." He looked at Burdock again—sizing him up. Alice completed the introduction.

The wind sent a puff of smoke back through the chimney and a few ashes whirled in the heat above the stove.

"You're logging back on 21?" Edward asked.

Tom nodded.

"Yes—I'm still logging." He felt himself stiffen.

"Your gang is going too far," Edward said. He turned to Alice. "I went home with Stanley to see if everything was okay there." Then, suddenly: "Call the Wilsons right away. Tell them to tell Judy to stay there the night. Tell them what's happening."

He took off his coat and went into the hall to hang it up. When he came in he looked at Burdock again and Tom saw the resentment in this man's eyes—resentment and at the same time that complacent superiority of the man of the town over the woods worker. Burdock said to himself, "I got to get out of here." He would say goodbye to Alice as soon as she came back from telephoning.

But before she had hung up someone passed the kitchen window and Edward shouted, "Alice! Judy's come. Tell them she's okay."

The back door opened and Burdock saw Alice's sister standing there, shaking the snow off the fur of her coat. Her cheeks were stung to a high color by the wind and snow still clung to her dark hair under the hat.

"You all right?" Edward asked.

The girl was looking at Burdock. She said, "Hello. I remember you. I saw you when you came to see Alice once." She turned to Edward. "I'm all right. But it's blowing a gale outside."

"Anyone follow you?"

She laughed. "No such luck."

"This is no time for fooling," Edward said. "There's a bad bunch in town tonight."

"My—is it that bad?" Judy looked at Burdock and he saw, or thought he saw, a twinkle in her eyes as though she didn't take her brother-in-law too seriously. Burdock felt lighter—more at ease.

Edward suddenly said, "Listen!"

OUTSIDE on the street there was the clumping of boots on the walk. Then someone shouted. Edward went through to the front room and looked out from behind the drawn curtains. When he came back he was paler than before.

Two men looked in at the kitchen window. One yelled, "That's him! That's the guy who had Chet locked up."

Burdock saw Edward glance around the room, as if looking for a place to hide. Then, when pride came to him, he pulled himself together and stood there in his own home—all the fright gone from him. He closed his hands into fists. He walked to the back door and pulled it open. He held back the first man by the suddenness of his appearance. He squared himself and said, "What's the meaning of this? Clear out of here!"

Burdock could see four men below, their faces weaving in the light. As he walked to the door he saw another climb the porch steps and the two grabbed Edward's arm and yanked him to the ground.

Burdock felt Alice trembling beside him. She cried, "Stop them! Stop them!"

Both women ran to the window.

Earl Stone was standing at the foot of the steps when Burdock came down. Burdock could see his face clearly in the light from the kitchen. There was complete surprise in his expression.

"Tom! Well, look who's here! What the hell's going on?"

"Let that man go," Burdock said.

"Hey—wait a minute," somebody shouted.

"Let that man go!" Burdock repeated.

"We want Chet," Guy Merchant said, now coming up from the group behind Earl. "That feller there had him locked up."

Burdock could see Edward struggling with the two men who held him. Bur-

dock knew these men. Words would not stop them now. For one second the thought passed his mind that maybe after all this wasn't his business, mixing up with town people this way. He realized, dimly, that he was on the wrong side of the fence. But because he had been in that room, fed by the warmth and safety of that house, he felt he had to fight for those things.

Burdock moved quickly toward Edward who had broken away from one man and was still struggling with the other. Burdock turned that man around with a pull on the shoulder. As the man spun around and came face to face with Burdock, Burdock hit hard. The man backed away, holding his hand to his jaw.

For a moment there was stunned silence. The others couldn't take it in.

Burdock said, "Get the hell out of here and go back to Water Street."

Earl Stone said with sarcasm, "Listen who's talking. Come on boys, let him have it. He's asked for it. Throw him in the snowbank. That'll sober him up."

Burdock turned quickly and sized up the three men coming toward him. He said to Edward, "Take the outside man. I'll see what I can do with the others."

One was Merrill Colcord. Burdock waited for the first giveaway move. When it came, he hit. Guy Merchant came in quickly and Burdock felt the solid weight of the man's fist against his left guard. In the whirl of motion which followed, Burdock was aware of his complete lack of joy in this fight. He was mechanical, accurate, deadly. He was conscious of every move he made and knew the position of each man. He hit hard, but, for some reason, it wasn't the wallop of a good free-for-all.

It was over as suddenly as it had begun. Stone, picking himself out of the snowbank, said, disgustedly, "What's all the shooting for? We just came out here to get Chet Loving out of the jug."

"A swell way to go about it," Burdock said, "disturbing these people."

"Get Chet out and we'll go along."

"You'll go along anyway."

He saw then, cutting across the snow, a V of light from the kitchen door and Judy ran out to the porch railing. She beat her fists against the wood and shouted: "Cowards! You ought to be ashamed. Five against two! Get out of here—go away."

The faces of the men swung up to the porch. Judy stood there outlined in the yellow light, the wind whipping at her skirt and her hair.

"Edward!" she cried. "Tell them you'll let the man out if they promise to behave and be responsible for him. Tell them if they don't you'll put them all in jail."

Someone whistled. Another shouted, "Hello, sweetheart!" Colcord said, "You tell 'em, sister! Boy—ain't she the spitfire!"

"Get indoors," Edward ordered.

IT WAS Earl Stone who came up to Burdock and said, "Well, what about it? We'll go if Chet gets out."

Edward began to sputter—a sputter that was already turning into grudging agreement. Tom stood there beside him not saying anything. He felt let down, ashamed. He had come out to one of the homes on Maple Street and had brought with him a Water Street brawl. To Burdock, fighting was like drinking—to be done in barrooms and bunkhouses—but never in front of women.

He saw Edward rubbing his knuckles, watching the men disappear down the street. Edward said, with some satisfaction, "Well, that's that. Better come in."

Burdock was uncertain. He didn't feel like going in there now. He said, "I'll get my hat and coat."

Judy was standing just inside the door and she took a step toward him as he

came in. "That was wonderful," she said. Her eyes were shining.

Alice said, "I don't know what we would have done without you, Tom."

Burdock shifted his weight. He saw Judy pour coffee into a cup and bring it to him. "Sit down here," she said, pointing to the breakfast nook. She put cake and doughnuts in front of him. There was a small pitcher with real cream in it.

Burdock said, "Gee—thanks."

Edward sat down wearily. He was still breathing hard and his hand shook.

Judy said, from the stove, "Now, if that coffee isn't hot enough . . ."

Burdock began to feel good. His taut muscles slacked off. He saw Edward sip at his coffee. He said to Edward, "You've got a nice place here. You've fixed it up fine."

"We like it," Edward said. He leaned back in his chair. He, too, was easier now. He looked at Tom and said, unexpectedly, "Why don't you come in and have dinner with us tomorrow? We have a big dinner on the holiday."

Alice said, "I had already asked him to, Edward."

Burdock hesitated.

Judy said, eagerly, "I'll make an apple pie for you."

Slowly, still uncertain, as if he didn't quite understand, he said, "I'd like to."

TWENTY minutes later Burdock walked down Maple Street toward town. The wind, at his back, quickened his steps and the snow rushed by him. Most of the houses were dark now, pulled within themselves. He hardly noticed them. In his mind's eye he still carried a picture of the warm room back there and the people in it.

He walked on, without considering his direction. He found himself, suddenly, in front of Lunk's. He went in. The place was hot, filled with smoke and the throbbing noise of many voices.

That noise, or most of it, stopped abruptly as the door swung behind him. Some of the men at the bar turned to look at him. It began to dawn on him that there must have been talk of the thing that had happened on Maple Street. He felt tension grow.

Earl Stone, Guy Merchant and Merrill Colcord regarded him closely. For a moment no one spoke. Then Cort Gregory left the bar and strolled toward Burdock. He began talking before anyone else could speak. His voice was clear, deliberate, soothing, with a little chuckle threading through it: "Well, Tom—we're all glad to see you back." He laughed, all the time watching the action of those at the bar. Then he said, "They tell me she's a honey. The drinks are on you, Kid. Set 'em up for Tom, Lunk."

The room relaxed. Men turned back to the bar. Burdock heard Colcord say, "Boy—what a spitfire! She was just as set to fight for Tom as he was for her. Never saw anything like it in my life."

It came to Burdock then that they were talking about Judy. He had a quick picture of her standing there on the porch, the light from the kitchen on her, the wind whipping at her skirt—and he remembered how strong and defiant her voice was. And he saw again the quick, warm smile as she gave him his coffee.

He looked around the crowded room and thought of other New Year's Eves spent in places like this. And he thought of that road divided ahead of him—but with this difference: He knew for sure which road he was going to take this time.

Cort Gregory was standing beside him at the bar. He said, quietly, "Hope the boys didn't spoil things for you with her, Tom."

Burdock felt the warmth go up over him like a tide as he said, "Guess not. I'm going to see her tomorrow."

My man-eating dog is gone forever



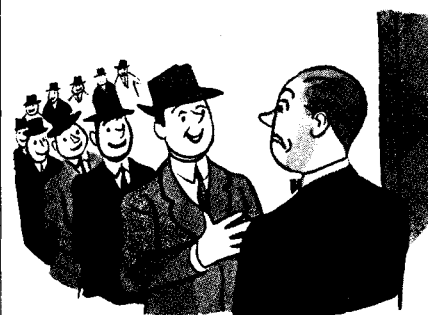
UNTIL a few months ago, the kind of dog I loved was the kind who wags his tail at everybody.

Then my friends became a problem. Despite the new, higher price of liquor, they kept dropping in on me like flies and saying, "How about a

to go to *their* homes to see them.

One night I tasted an elegant whiskey at Jim Evans's place. I asked him how he could afford to serve it.

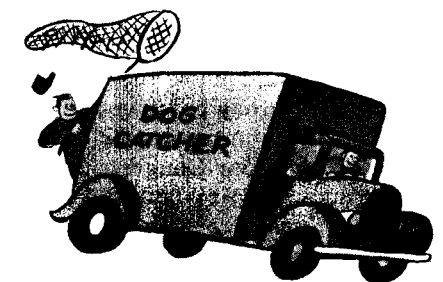
"You should read the ads in Collier's," he said. "This whiskey is M & M. It costs less than the whiskey I used to serve and *tastes better*."



drink?" At that time, I didn't serve M & M. I thought you had to pay a fortune for good whiskey. And as I had no fortune, I got me the meanest dog in town.

After he had torn the seat out of seven pairs of pants, my friends didn't drop around any more. I had

I agreed. Then I went home and called the dogcatcher. Next day I ordered a case of M & M. Once again, I have fun, friends, and drinks. It's a good life, thank you.



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Go It, Jackson; Go It, Dies

THE F.B.I. is superb. But human beings are ambitious; and the F.B.I., unchecked and unbridled, could grow to be an American Gestapo.

The Dies Committee does excellent work on keeping the spotlight on the Reds, Nazis, Fascists and fellow travelers around the American stage. But the Dies Committee for some reason has an appeal to the Ku Klux Klan and Black Legion instincts of some people. Unchecked and unbridled, the Dies Committee could become a threat to civil liberties.

So we think it's very healthful to have these two outfits jealous of their separate authorities and we hope they don't make up, as they threatened to do recently. Think how much healthier life in Germany would be if the Gestapo had a rival; in Russia if the NKVD (the old OGPU) were not the only secret police agency on the map.

Go it, Jackson; go it, Dies . . . and between the two of you boys the rest of us will have a better chance of hanging onto democracy.

We Weren't Amused

TO WHOM it may concern: I am sorry for everything I ever did to hurt anyone at any time anywhere.

Signed, W. C. R.

A humorous magazine picked up the above item from the personal column in the Chicago Daily News the other day, clipped a flip quip to it, and printed it as something pretty rib-tickling.

Sorry, but it didn't tickle our ribs. It came closer to wringing the heart-strings. We know too well how W. C. R. felt.

Pardon us, then, if we don't laugh at W. C. R.'s little ad. We, too, are sorry for everything we ever did gratuitously to hurt anyone at any time anywhere, and wish we could undo it, or somehow make amends.

Quit Fooling About Taxes

LEERING like a hobgoblin at the incoming Congress is the question: How about taxes?

Do we simply go ahead this year and invent some more bizarre, partly invisible taxes which will soak too few people to make any difference ballotwise, and hook these grotesqueries into the already crazy patchwork which we grandly call our taxation "system"?

Or can the new Congress find the courage to undertake a top-to-bottom revision of the tax setup? Seeking more revenue for the government and a more decent deal for the taxpayers (meaning all of us, directly or indirectly), can Congress tackle such sore spots as the following?

Income Taxes. Politicians concede that income taxes in the upper brackets are so high that they produce less revenue than they would if they were lowered somewhat. Yet politicians also concede that up to now they haven't had the courage to lower them. Can they find the courage this year?

How about the fact that great numbers of wage earners pay no income taxes at all, and hence do no worrying about government economy?

How about the injustice of taxing a windfall like any yearly income of the same size? For example, Ernest Hemingway, reputed pretty much broke for the last half-dozen years, has just made a small-sized mint out of sales and movie rights on his new book, but must pay income taxes next year just as if he made that much every year. That can't be just.

How about the assorted exemptions, which grow more complex each year—meaning more money for tax doctors and less for government?

Gift and Inheritance Taxes. One professed purpose of these taxes is to prevent piling up of great, perpetuated knots of inactive wealth.

Well, then, why are gift taxes almost as stiff as inheritance taxes? If we must have gift taxes at all, why can't they be a good deal easier than inheritance taxes, and sharply graduated. That would encourage men of wealth to make moderate-sized gifts in their lifetimes, thus breaking the wad up, and thus keeping the money in circulation.

Corporation Taxes. Do the existing arrangements stimulate hiring of labor and payment of reasonable dividends? Or do they keep firms shaving the pay rolls; and do they force out so much money in dividend payments that it is impossible for most concerns to build prudent backlogs for lean years? Does anybody really know? Isn't it about time we found out, adjourned politics on this topic, and streamlined our corporate tax methods?

State and Municipal Taxes. Mayor LaGuardia of New York has said he hopes the federal government will some day collect all the taxes, and blow back proper percentages of the money to states, cities, counties. We hope no such thing will ever come to pass; we believe that the closer the people are to the tax collectors the harder they can kick back at unjust or oppressive taxes.

But isn't it time to do something about tax raids into one another's legitimate tax fields by federal, state, city and county governments? Does this chaos simply have to go on and get worse, to the progressive impoverishment of taxpayers—meaning, to repeat, all of us?

We're building up the national defenses, lopping off deadwood here and there, streamlining many a government department and process. The President has even uttered a kind word in public for some economy in government. Can't we get action on the tax mess, too, in the next few months? Action that will count?