

# The Average WOMAN

BY JUDITH CHASE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

## What Does She Do with Herself at Home All Day?

HER housework, which her husband will claim isn't enough exercise to keep her weight down, is enough to make her take a daily hike of more than eight miles around her home—and she walks—a distance greater than that from Boston to San Francisco each year—more than 3,000 miles, without leaving her home. Since one out of every three steps she takes is unnecessary, she takes the equivalent of a walk from Quebec to Chicago each year all for nothing.

To add to her misery, odds are ten to one she'll have foot trouble, caused not by her stiff daily workout, but from badly fitting shoes, which likely as not, she'll buy "to make her feet look prettier." And she'll buy them just about twice as often as her husband. Chances are eight to one she'll get corns because she'll tackle her housework in "any old shoes." And when she wails that her feet hurt, it's five to one her husband won't have had that ailment enough to give her the amount of sympathy she thinks she ought to get.



For her average family of four she spends 9½ whole years of her life in the kitchen. She will cook more than 47,000 meals and scrub 34 tons of family laundry. She will spend almost two whole years of her life just washing the dishes. She washes and dries some 26,280 dishes every year, which, if she "left them to do later" over the entire period of her married life, would make a stack over five miles high.

She totes home most of the lending library books—even if she does get a good many of them because of colorful covers or because her neighbor suggests "Haven't you read it yet?" And if her husband usually snags his pick of the five novels and biography or travel books she brings home each month, she shouldn't complain. After all she can wait—she's better educated than he is, anyway.

Despite the fact that both she and her husband have each been drinking 15 lbs. of coffee along with the 1,415 lbs. of goods they each eat annually, the chances are that she can't brew a cup of coffee that her husband will call "very good." But in spite of this, he seldom complains.



She spends ½ hour a day in front of the mirror primping and powdering. This pastime will account for almost a whole year of her life. With the polish she uses 2,236 times on her fingernails, she could paint a fair-sized kitchen table.

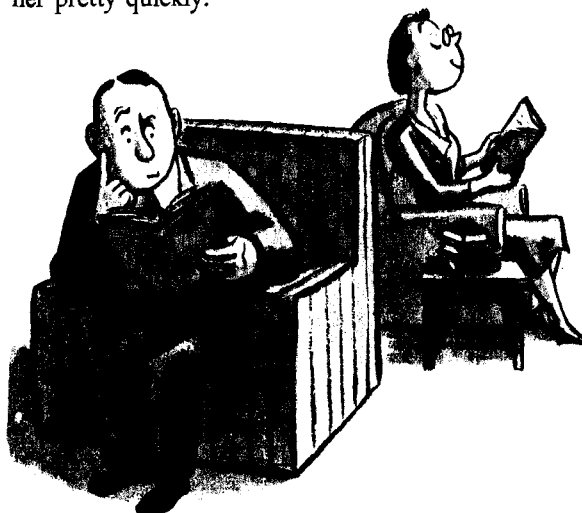
She cleans her teeth more than 31,000 times, and breaks her glasses about 86 times, mostly because she "just put them down somewhere and forgot where," and then piled things on top of them, or because she stuffs them into her purse.

## Conversation

SHE'S going to talk for over eight years of her life and spend more than ⅓ of a year on the telephone. Chief audiences for the remaining years of her discourse will be (1) her female clubs and cronies, (2) her husband, (3) tradespeople.

On her husband's work days she'll spend only about one hour in steady conversation with him, during which time she'll talk about 25% faster than he does and use many more useless adjectives. Three of her most over-worked ones being: "cute," "thrilling" and "darling."

She usually starts the conversation at home, and the chances are that she'll be the one to break the ice at parties and pull her husband into the conversation after her pretty quickly.



Her conversation, which used to be about 10% on education and political lines, and 80% on clothes, social and domestic affairs, has changed to 15% on clothes, 25% on men and the rest on current events.

## Rest and Recreation

SHE'LL spend 13 weeks at the hairdresser and take in more than 1,300 movies.

The radio in her home is on for about five hours a day, and in the course of her married life she'll listen to some 44,720 radio serials for escape into *Other People's Problems*.

She's going to sleep for about 22½ years and would rather sleep in a double bed than her husband—even though he's usually the one to wake up with all the blankets. She prefers a double bed for (1) cold feet, (2) to cure spats.



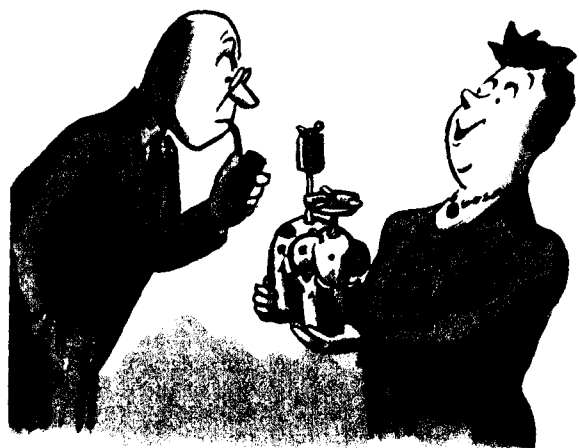
She writes about three times as many personal letters as her husband does, doing most of her letter-writing in impulsive spurts. When she writes a woman it's usually "darling" or "dearest." She'll keep almost every kind of letter indefinitely, but about the only ones she answers immediately are her love letters—and then she's often sorry she did.

## Money and Shopping

DURING the course of her life, her husband's going to lay out over \$3,000 for her coiffures and cosmetics—enough to come near banishing his worries about the income tax, and then some—and foot the bills for \$1,647 worth of dresses and lingerie and 580 pairs of stockings; most of which she'll buy without first consulting him. If placed end to end, her stockings (which she invariably wears out in the toe) would be well over one-half mile long.

And what's more, she's going to get outside of 788 pounds or almost six times her own weight in candy, most of which will be in "chocolates," for about a nickel, and a good part of which she'll buy herself.

Here's the statistical low-down on our wife and girl friend, the what and why, more or less, of her daily life. If you don't agree, blame the innumerable agencies, from government bureaus to department stores and life-insurance companies, that made the surveys upon which these conclusions are based. And it might be helpful to remember the adage: "All generalizations are false, including this one"



Though she usually has a definite shopping list before she leaves home and tries to stick to it, her eye will catch some attractive price tags and she will inevitably cart home some useless bargains and white elephants she "just couldn't resist."

On an average shopping day she covers about eight and one-third miles through the stores. She likes shopping better than her husband does, but is not as smart a buyer as he, for she returns 15% of the dresses she buys—with the inevitable excuse, "my husband didn't like it."

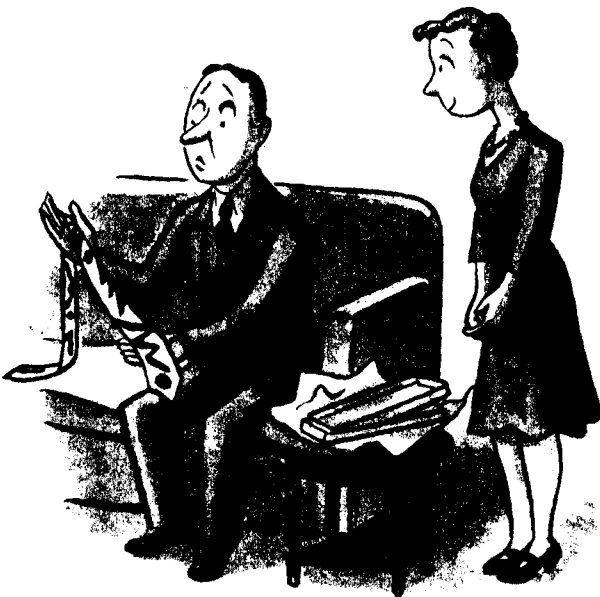
She's more of a pinchpenny with small change than her husband, doubtless quibbling over tips, trying to skimp on sales taxes and drive a mean bargain with the grocer. But she's more lavish with larger sums of money: for instance: her husband's pay check.

Her husband may wear the pants in the family now, but he won't hold the purse strings ad infinitum. Sooner or later he'll be turning over a good part of his pay check to her and she'll manage the family finances. And adeptly. Except for just one thing. She'll just never seem to be able to balance her checkbook. And will inevitably con-



script him to help. After all, his brain is 130 grams larger than hers.

The savings account (\$843.07) and her husband's life insurance policy (\$1,940) have a good chance of being in her name, and what's more she'll probably live to cash in on the latter, as she's got a good chance of reaching 67½ years and outliving her husband by 4½ years.



When she surprises her husband with a present, the chances are he won't like it. But it's ten to one he'll keep it just the same. She'll often try to palm off cheap gadgets that look expensive on him, just because she's more apt to be taken in by them than he is. Among her favorite Christmas gifts to him will be: a smoking jacket, necktie, handkerchiefs, socks, billfold, gloves, toilet articles and a pipe—the latter which she'll pick out chiefly for its color. And thereafter heckle him regularly to let her pack off the old ones he cherishes to the rummage sale.



### The Car

THOUGH her husband may rant about women drivers, she averages about the same speed as he, is less apt to fall asleep at the wheel or be hauled in for drunken driving. She has fewer accidents than he. Most common ones: forgetting to signal when she makes a left turn; bumping into the car in front of her. It's been estimated that her total damage to the family car will amount to three crumpled fenders, one torn-off garage door. It's in the books that she'll lose the car keys over 40 times—three times less than she loses her house keys. But to compensate: she'll have a decided way with the Arm of the Law which will probably get her out of more than one scrape, and save her husband a tidy sum of money in fines. Yet despite this, most people would rather drive with her husband.

### Appearance

SHE'S going to grow 11 yards of hair. By the time she's 35 and has grown 17½ feet of hair it will start to get gray. In this she'll have a five year headstart on her husband.

In the course of ten months her toenails will grow about one foot in the aggregate.

The average woman is five feet three inches tall, weighs 133½ pounds. Her bust measures 35½ inches, her waist 29 inches and her hips 39 inches. She is just three and one-half inches shorter and is 11½ pounds heavier than the Ideal Woman, and is definitely dumpy compared to the popular conception of the Glamor Girl.

### The Newspaper

HER husband usually gets first crack at the paper. When she finally sees it, she looks at (1) news, (2) ads, (3) society, (4) comics. And after she's through clipping, ripping, rumpling and crumpling, there's not very much left of it.

### Marriage

SHE marries at 24 and odds are four to one she'll have at least one baby: weight seven lbs. eight ounces.

No matter how good a man her husband may be, the chances are that she'll often wonder about The Man She Almost Married and the job she gave up. But no matter how often she may talk about going back to work, the odds are about six to one against her trying to pick up the threads again.

Most of the 258 marital frictions between her and her husband will take place before breakfast and it's a 50-50 tossup which one starts them. A breakfast quarrel increases his chances of being injured on his way to work.

Although she handles most of the domestic finances



and does most of the family buying, the chances are that her husband will be the boss. And if he isn't, she'll wish he were.

She tells many more white lies than her husband does, but she really kids herself into believing her almost continual series of small exaggerations.

She has one chance in 80 of having twins.

She has one chance in 6,400 of having triplets.

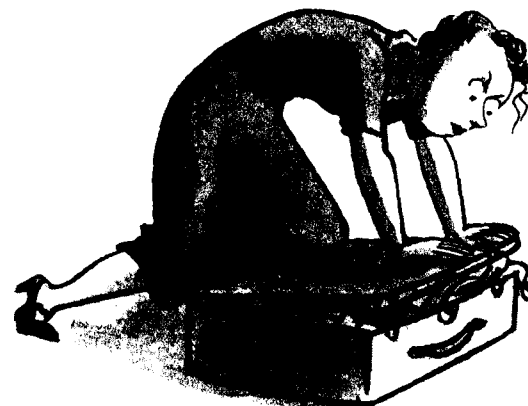
She has one chance in 512,000 of having quadruplets.

She has one chance in 40,960,000 of having quintuplets.

The chances are six to one she won't get a divorce.

### Packing

SHE overstuffs both her purse and a suitcase by about 10%. Because she's a neater packer than her husband, who just throws things in, she does most of his packing. And when he'd rather take along two suitcases, she'll invariably try to make one overstuffed bag do the trick. Her pet ways of closing it are (1) kneeling on it, (2) sitting on it, (3) standing on it. ★★★





## Fine Feather

Continued from page 58



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The clinching demonstration of Willie's crowd-pleasing style came on November 20th of last year, the night he lifted Wright's title. Prior to that fight, Willie had appeared at Madison Square Garden in less than nine rounds, all in preliminaries. But the championship match established an all-time indoor featherweight record for attendance and receipts. A thumping crowd of 19,521 paid \$71,868 to see Willie's coronation.

Pep is the most appropriately named fighter in the business. He commences pounding and persecuting the other guy with the opening bell and he does not cease and desist until the gong bangs again. Unlike most perpetual-motion punchers, he does not flail aimlessly. Willie is a boxer rather than a mauler; he sternly eschews clinches and improvised waltz steps.

#### Prefers to Box

He specializes in speed, sharp hitting and slick maneuvering and, despite his inexperience, there isn't a cooler operator in circulation today. He has knocked out more than a third of his opponents—a nice batting average for a featherweight—but he is candid in confessing he prefers to win with his noodle, not his muscle.

"I'd rather outbox a feller than knock him out," he admits. "It's safer and cleaner that way. What's the use of kidding myself? I don't like to get hit or hurt, and anybody who does is punchy before a glove is laid on him."

Pound for pound, Willie probably is the best free-style eater in America. He's not spectacular, but he's steady. He never has been known to refuse an invitation to pull up a chair and he doesn't ask questions about the menu. Anything that is put in front of him is for Willie, and if beer goes with it, so much the better.

The boy's enormous appetite is a standing joke among the members of his entourage and he is encouraged in his labor of love by Bill Gore, his trainer. Since Willie never has had trouble making 126 pounds (he can take off five pounds in a week without weakening himself) Gore even approves of the beer he laps up. The Champ, Gore reasons, still is an adolescent and has to keep up his strength, but in rival camps there is a suspicion that Willie has no greater need for more muscle than a Flying Fortress has for another cannon. At that, the eating gag may be just a sly stratagem to keep Willie in one place for five consecutive minutes.

Folks who have spent an hour with the Pep kid have been known to go away with all the symptoms of the leaping fidgets and the screaming meemies. Willie always is rushing somewhere, and when he arrives, he immediately forgets the necessity for the haste and dashes off again.

Despite his extreme nervousness, Willie is surprisingly calm in the ring. When Willie was training for Wright he was stopped by every other citizen on the streets of Hartford and exhorted to bring back the title and their two-buck bets, but Willie never mentioned the champion's name once.

"Do you know who you're fighting?" Gore finally screamed in exasperation. "Say you're going to knock his brains out. Say something. It ain't natural to clam up like this!"

In plotting the plan of action to be used against Wright, Viscusi (his man-

ager) and Gore tore up the script the heir apparent to the crown knew so well. Willie's natural style features aggressiveness, carrying the fight to the enemy. The brain trust decided that such tactics against Wright, the veteran of more than 300 fights and the possessor of a right hand with the impact of a Missouri mule's hind leg, would lead Willie to frustration and quick unconsciousness.

They told their boy he would have to do everything backward, literally. Instead of rushing Wright, he was ordered to back-pedal all night, pile up points with his left jab and, for heaven's sake, don't let the guy get set to throw that right hand. Gore had a big sign, "Don't Lose Your Head," put over the ring in the old Charter Oak gym on Main Street and gravely assured Willie that it was not a mere figure of speech.

Came the night of the fight, and Willie once more was admonished to do good and follow instructions. That he did. He retreated rapidly and resolutely, like the Italian infantry. In common with most good fighters, Willie lashes back furiously when he is tagged with a hard punch, but not this night.

He jabbed Wright's face full of holes, made him miss with that murderous right hand from here to Easter, and practically fainted the smart old gent out of the building when he had Willie trapped in a corner and ripe to be nailed with Chalky's hand grenade.

Willie hated the strategy mapped out by his handlers. He wanted to make his usual, aggressive fight, but he obeyed orders without question until the end of the twelfth round. He looked up from his stool at Gore and asked wistfully, "Can I punch him now?"

Gore, who knew his boy was so far ahead on points that Wright could win only by a knockout, promised Willie he would be crowned with the water bucket if he deviated from the prearranged plan. It was not, frankly, a thrilling fight, but it was an impressive exhibition of a twenty-year-old boy's adaptability and intelligence.

Willie loathes the drudgery of training; he protested bitterly when Nat Rogers, Mike Jacobs' matchmaker, told him he would have to put in two and a half weeks of gym work preparing for Wright. Yet he trains faithfully and enthusiastically. He does six miles of road work every morning and frequently wants to go farther—to whip up an appetite, no doubt.

Three weeks after he won the title, Willie married Miss Mary Woodcock, of Hartford, in the culmination of what must have been the strangest courtship in New England since Miles Standish's. Nobody could figure out when Willie popped the question because he was a scarce swain who was home every night at nine o'clock and asleep by eleven. On one occasion he was afraid Gore would disown him when he stayed out until ten-thirty. He was caught in a blackout.

After the ceremony, the happy couple headed South to spend the honeymoon at Tampa with Manager Viscusi. At Washington, Willie kissed his bride tenderly and departed long enough to knock out Joe Torres for his fifty-fifth straight triumph, then resumed the journey. A conscientious youth, as you can see.

Another humble kid who has had Willie's spectacular success would get a rush of self-esteem to the head, but not our Willie. He is a restrained, polite youth; he always addressed Bill Lee, sports editor of the Hartford Courant and his most

ardent booster, as "Mister" until Lee asked him kindly to drop it.

"Now that you're the champ," Lee suggested, "I think it would be a nice touch if you called me Bill. More democratic, you know."

Willie has not been drafted because he is the sole support of his mother, his father (an invalid), his sister Frances, fourteen, and his brother Nick, six.

Willie recalls being taken by Papa to see his *paesano*, Primo Carnera, in an exhibition bout in 1930, and watching Battalino in training, but as far as he knows, he didn't give a thought to anything but pleasure fighting until an utter stranger stopped him in an impromptu street brawl one day.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," the man said severely. "You're a sucker. Why fight on the street for free when you can get eight dollars for the same thing in the gym?"

Willie pondered the advice and decided to look into the situation, since eight dollars was not a trifling sum in the Papaleo household. Willie entered a bootleg amateur tournament at Danbury when he was fifteen and proceeded to win nineteen fights in a row before losing to one Angelo Radano. Willie then weighed 109 pounds and had to give away eight to fifteen pounds to most of the boys he met. He put together another streak of nineteen straight, dropped a decision to Ray Robinson, then lost his third and last amateur decision to Earl Roys in the final round of the Connecticut Flyweight Championship in 1937, but won it the following year.

#### The Golden-Boy Touch

Having quit Hartford High School when he was sixteen, Willie was working for the Hoffman Wallpaper Company and was getting \$13 a week as a stock boy. He was making \$20 a week two years later, but by that time, he had turned pro and he gave up the job to go after the folding money.

There was the golden-boy touch to Willie's work in his first professional start against Joey Marcus at Hartford on July 25, 1940. The wonder child really began to come on early in '42 when Gore, who had owned a gym in Miami, came north to take charge of the kid's training. One glance told Gore that Willie knew everything about the fine science of modified murder, but he had to be built up physically to improve his punch and his stamina.

The turning point in Willie's career came on September 1st when he knocked out Bobby "Poison" Ivy at Hartford. Ivy, another local product, had been the people's choice and was in direct line for a shot at Wright's title until he made the mistake of trying contusions with Willie. Nine days later Willie put the chill on Frank Franconeri in one round in the Garden and thereafter the championship was just a matter of time and getting Wright inside the same ring.

Like Henry Armstrong and Tony Canzoneri, the best of the recent featherweights who preceded him, Willie will outgrow the division within a year and go after the lightweight crown. In pursuance of this ambition, he extended his winning streak to 59 straight on the night of January 29th by belting Allie Stolz, a strong contender in the lightweight class, all over the Madison Square Garden ring to win a nontitle ten-round bout.

THE END

# MOVING MANPOWER

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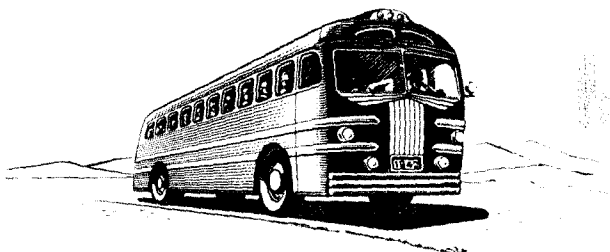
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## Five Who Vanished

Continued from page 40

calm, imperious way. "I want this man put off this island. He is desperate and dangerous. He will kill both of us."

Colton Grazzard turned his head and stared at his sister.

"I don't believe it," he said in his shaking voice. "You shot me. If he hadn't got that gun away from you, you'd have shot me again. You came here to kill me."

Bertha Grazzard was slowly nodding, confirming it. "I will explain everything, Colton," she said firmly. "But this is a family matter. This man is an outsider. Get him off the island and I will explain everything to you."

Jason, glancing at her brother, saw that he was so accustomed to her domination that he was helpless. His thin brown face had gone slack. He was staring at her with an expression that was plaintive and hopeless and bewildered.

"But you shot me, Bertha," he quavered. "You tried to kill me."

"Yes," she said, "since you force me to admit it—I tried to kill you, Colton. I thought it was necessary—to save the honor of the family. I was afraid you would talk."

HE WAS staring at her with fear and hatred. "But, Bertha," he protested in a quivering voice, "I've promised you so often I'd never talk."

"I was afraid you might," she said calmly.

"But I promised you again and again I wouldn't!" he said shakily. "So why did you come here to kill me?"

"She answered you," Jason said gently. "She has got herself into a hopeless mess. She was afraid you lacked the courage to back her up any longer. And I'm here, Mr. Grazzard, to try to prove to you that you cannot back her up any longer."

Colton Grazzard stared at him with that same helpless, frightened expression. "Who are you?" he whispered.

"Clark Amboy's son—Jason."

"Colton," Mrs. Grazzard said hurriedly, "I want you to listen to me. I want you to pay the closest attention to me. I did not shoot you. Do you understand? I hear people coming. They came in that boat. It was this man who shot you. I will see that Annah does not talk. For the honor of the family—for my sake and your own, Colton—you will say that. It was this man, not I, who tried to kill you. If you stick to that story, I will never try to kill you again. Do you understand, Colton?"

"If you stick to that story, Uncle Colton," Jason said gently, "you will fetch up on the end of a rope. The jig is up for her, believe me."

He heard voices on the lanai.

A screen door hinge squeaked. Three faces were grouped in the doorway. The first was Lorrin's. He was pale and his eyes were narrowed and menacing. Behind him were the white, frightened faces of Luana and Natalie Mace.

Luana cried, "Jason!" in a voice of relief.

Natalie looked quickly about the room. "Jason! Where's Channing?"

"Ask Aunt Bertha," Jason hoped that Lorrin was unarmed. The situation might readily become messy if he had a gun.

Luana, Lorrin and Natalie had evidently come in the power boat, which he had guessed was a Coast Guard or Naval Patrol. Jason wondered where, if that was the case, her crew was. At this moment, the one thing he did not want was official interference.

"What's going on here?" Lorrin said in a heavy voice.

"This man," his mother answered, "just attempted to kill your uncle. I arrived only in time to prevent it."

"Stay where you are, all of you," Jason said. "Lorrin, put your hands on the back of that chair. This revolver is loaded. I don't want to use it, but I won't hesitate to if it's necessary."

"Aunt Bertha has just accused me of trying to kill Uncle Colton. She has just instructed him to say that I tried to kill him. Before I'm through I'm quite sure Uncle Colton will confirm what I say—that it was she, not I, who tried to kill

she said firmly, "you were in Burma in 1916. Have you forgotten?"

"Too late," Jason said promptly. "He never was in Burma. I checked that in Honolulu, Aunt Bertha. At least, he wasn't in Burma from 1914 to 1920. He was either in Honolulu or Kokala. And that punctures the story that my brother and I have tried to blackmail you, Aunt Bertha, for a crime that Uncle Colton committed in Burma. You put that story into circulation for your own purposes—and you kept it in circulation. Did you know about that, Uncle Colton?"

"He has nothing to say," Aunt Bertha

firmly. "I warned all of you. This is very *akamai*."

"But it is your pencil," Luana said with equal firmness. "I've seen you wear it a thousand times."

"It may resemble it, but it is not mine," Aunt Bertha stated.

"You killed my brother with this mounted ice pick," Jason went on steadily. "You killed Winfield Grazzard with it. When you came creeping into the lanai this morning, assuming I was asleep—"

"Amboy!" Lorrin said threateningly. "Let him finish!" Luana cried.

Aunt Bertha was looking uneasily at the pencil. "He is lying, Lorrin," she said. "The things he is saying are posterous and outrageous."

"Don't move, Lorrin," Jason said quickly. "Very well, Aunt Bertha, wasn't you. It was a man that you saw. We all know this man. He was seen leaving your lanai, after a conference with you, and going to my bungalow. An excellent witness saw him. This same witness was present on my lanai when this man attempted to kill me." I paused. He said slowly, "Aunt Bertha, where is Channing Mace?"

"Jason!" Natalie cried.

"Yes, Natalie," he said gently, "I'm sorry. But it's true."

Aunt Bertha was staring at the stilet in his hand, not at him. She was, he believed, wholly absorbed in the gold pencil. It was, possibly, a hopeful sign. Possibly she did not know that Flack had been a stowaway on her sampan. As it was, Jason realized, a faint hope.

JASON tossed the pencil on a table. "Aunt Bertha, you took Channing in this conspiracy at the last minute—because you were afraid to tackle me alone. You sent him into my bungalow to kill me—but not with this pencil. You didn't know he had your pencil. I'm afraid I double-crossed you, Aunt Bertha. I think he intended to leave it there if I failed."

Aunt Bertha stared at him. "I have no idea what's behind these outrageous lies you're telling," she said calmly, "but I assure you, you will regret this, Jason."

"Where is Channing?" Natalie cried. "He went to her house. Where is he?"

"He did not come here with me," Aunt Bertha said firmly.

"That means he has vanished, then," said Jason. "Who went aboard the sampan with you?"

"No one. I came alone!"

"But you and he passed within a few feet of where Flack and I were sitting under the trees," Jason said. "I plainly heard him say, 'You'll never have another chance at that fellow'—meaning me. And I plainly heard you say, 'Ye Come along. There is only one course—meaning to murder your brother.'"

"Lorrin," Aunt Bertha said, "I cannot will not, stand any more of this."

"Weren't you there, Uncle Colton," Jason said quickly, "when she had that famous quarrel with her husband?"

Uncle Colton stared at him. "That—that has nothing to do with this."

"Two days ago in the Honolulu court house," Jason quickly went on, "I examined a photostatic copy of Uncle Hiram's probated will. He drew a quick breath. 'The testator's and the witnesses' signatures are forgeries.'"

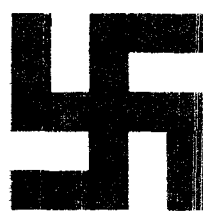
"Of course," Lorrin said heavily, "you can prove that?"

"Experts can," said Jason steadily.

"What do you want, Amboy?" Lorrin

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him. She has just said she had to kill him to prevent his talking—to save the family honor. And I've just said that he will talk—or else."

Lorrin was glaring at him. "You lying blackmailer!"

"I'll take that up in a moment," said Jason. "Aunt Bertha insists that this whole matter concerns the family honor. I agree with her to a point. And I'm willing to keep it a family matter if it's possible. I am going to make some very grave accusations. I am going to prove something to Uncle Colton that he already knows—that Aunt Bertha is a murderer many times over. Because I want him to talk—before witnesses."

JASON turned quickly to Uncle Colton. "Tell me when you were last in Burma! Just the year! Quick!"

"Colton!" Aunt Bertha said warningly.

Uncle Colton was gazing up at Jason in bewilderment. The question had caught him, Jason hoped, completely off guard.

"But I never was in Burma!" he gasped. Then, realizing that this might be a trap, he glanced anxiously at his sister.

Her lips were compressed. "Colton,"

answered quickly. "I represent the family. I will do the talking for it."

"Uncle Colton?" Jason said.

Colton made a futile gesture with his hands. "I have nothing to say, young man. You heard my sister." Yet the glance he sent to her was, to Jason, a hopeful sign. It was full of hatred.

Natalie said firmly, "I want to know where my husband is."

"Ask Aunt Bertha," Jason told her.

"Aunt Bertha, where is Channing?"

"I do not know, Natalie."

"Lorrin," Jason said, "put your hands back on that chair."

"Amboy," Lorrin said, "you must be utterly insane. We know you're a blackmailer. We know you won't hesitate at murder. But what do you expect to gain by this?"

"Someone tried to kill me tonight," Jason answered. "Someone came into my lanai at two-forty this morning, intending to kill me—with this."

He took the gold pencil out of his pocket. Bertha Grazzard stared at it.

Jason held up the pencil. He depressed the sapphire. The slender, fluted blade shot out and locked.

Natalie gasped, "It's her pencil! It's a dagger!"

"It is not my pencil," Aunt Bertha said



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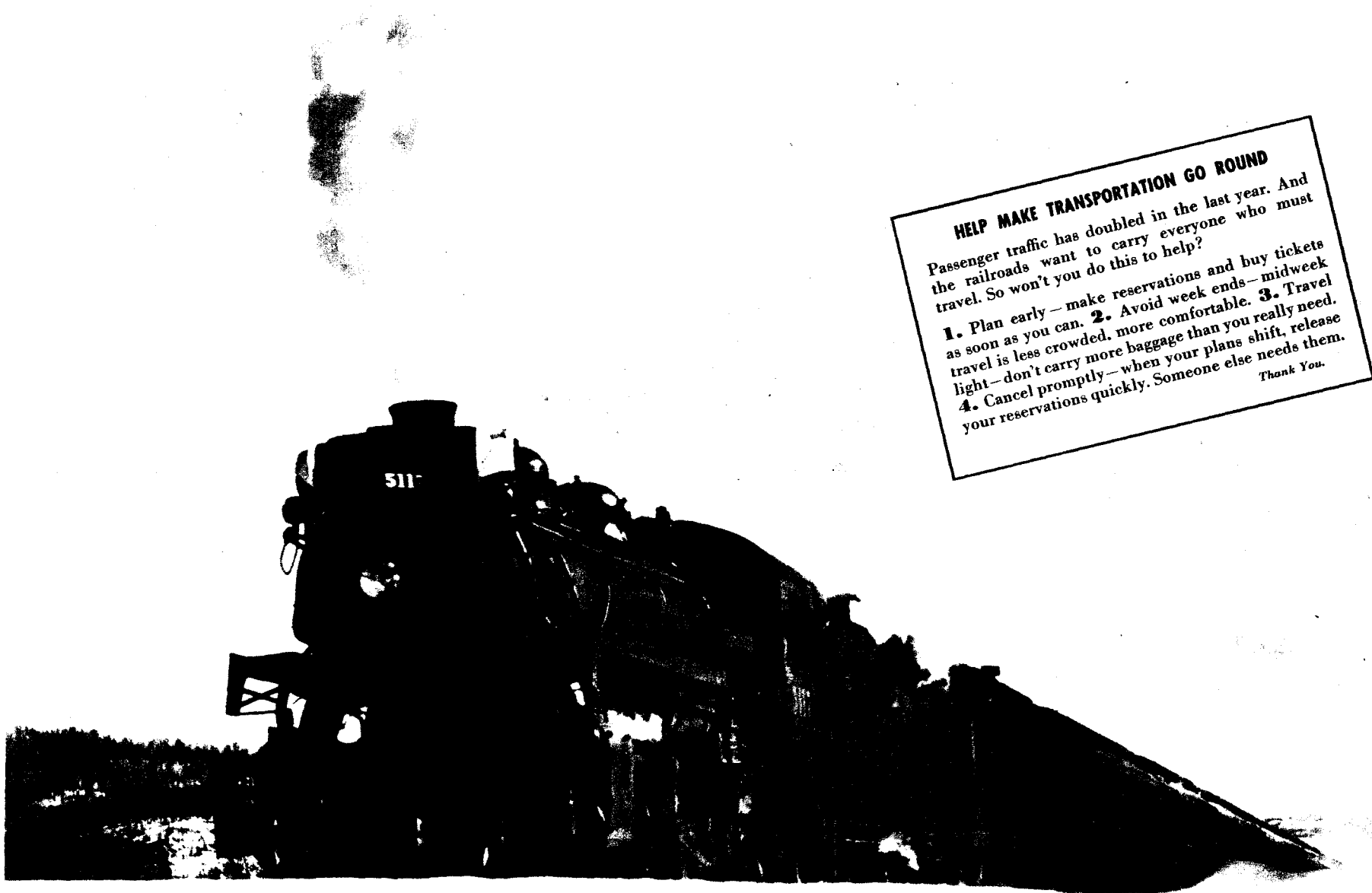
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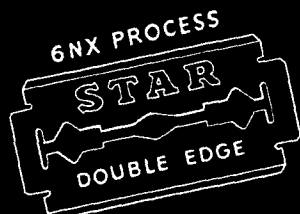
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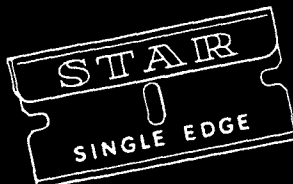


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asked. "Is this extortion? If it is, you're crazier than I think you are."

"Uncle Colton?" Jason said.

"Be careful, Colton," Aunt Bertha warned him. "This man is cleverly trying to build something up. He will try to lead you into some sort of trap."

"And it's too late to stop me," Jason said. "We can settle this here, now, or I can go back to Honolulu and have Hiram Grazzard's will inspected by experts. Uncle Colton, do you want to talk now?"

"You're doing the talking," Uncle Colton answered, and his voice was almost a jeer. He seemed to have himself rather well under control at last. "Go on, Amboy."

"But I don't want him to go on, Colton," his sister said firmly. "This is too much for you. That wound may give you a fever. You should be in bed."

"HERE," said Jason, "is a chronology of events that took place in the year 1921. On January fifteenth, Ezra Crumpton, the lawyer, drew Hiram Grazzard's will. Ezra Crumpton and his secretary, a young man named Peter Blissing, signed the will as witnesses. On February tenth, Ezra Crumpton died in Honolulu of pneumonia."

"On March third, Hiram Grazzard died following that famous quarrel with Aunt Bertha. You were there, Uncle Colton. You know what the quarrel was about. You know how furious she was when she learned the terms of his will. And you know how he died."

"It was a heart attack," Uncle Colton said firmly.

"Was it? Or was it a native poison she put into his drink?"

"No!" Uncle Colton said shrilly.

"A poison that killed swiftly," Jason went on. "And when Dr. Hustings, the Kokala company doctor, was called—she told him it was a heart attack. Did Dr. Hustings examine the body for poisoning—or was Hiram Grazzard buried without—"

Aunt Bertha started out of her chair. "Make this man stop saying these horrible things!" she cried. "You men have somehow got to stop him! I can't stand it! Lorrin!"

"Be patient, Aunt Bertha," Natalie said. "He can't go on forever."

"For who," Jason broke into the babble, "would question the word of Mrs. Hiram Grazzard—Queen Bertha? And you were there, Uncle Colton—on March eighth—five days after Hiram Grazzard's murder—Luana's father and mother, who were also in the house at the time of the quarrel, set out from Kokala Bay for Hilo in their outrigger sailing canoe. They were drowned that day or the next—somewhere in Kaieie-waho Channel."

"Jason—" Luana began.

"I did some checking on that, too, Luana. According to the Honolulu weather bureau, there was no bad weather on either of those days. Your father was an expert sailor. His disappearance at that time was, to say the least, extremely mysterious."

"Jason!" Luana cried. "Do you realize what you're saying?"

"I'm saying that your father and mother disappeared altogether too conveniently." Jason was watching Uncle Colton. He had seen Uncle Colton's eyes flutter, and Uncle Colton was now staring at the floor and gripping the arms of his chair. "Do you want to talk now, Uncle Colton?"

"No," said Uncle Colton, but his voice no longer resembled a jeer.

Jason looked at him thoughtfully. His throat was growing tired. He had thought he was making very little headway with Uncle Colton, until he had

mentioned Luana's father and mother. But where was Flack?

"On March eleventh," Jason continued, "three days after their disappearance, the forged will of Uncle Hiram was probated. On March twelfth, Peter Blissing—the lawyer's secretary and the only surviving signatory witness—left Honolulu on the Union Line steamship Ventura for Australia and has not been heard from since."

"Amboy," Lorrin broke in, "you aren't even being akamai now. You're babbling. Your scheme is as full of bugs as your engine is. Last night, my mother settled with you for one hundred and ten thousand dollars. Isn't that enough?"

"On March seventeenth," Jason went on, "you came to this island, Uncle Colton, and you haven't left it since. You've had what you wanted—solitude and books. That was your price, wasn't it—to be let alone?"

"I will listen to no more," Aunt Bertha said decisively. She gripped the arms of her chair.

"Aunt Bertha—please don't move," Jason said. "I've almost finished." He returned his attention to her brother. "I claim, Uncle Colton, that this woman after poisoning her husband, drew up this new will and traced the signatures of Uncle Hiram and the two witnesses, then bribed Peter Blissing, who was the only man living except you who knew the terms of the original will, to leave the islands. Peter Blissing went to Burma. I claim that, in an attempt at protecting herself from discovery, she has—if Channing Mace can't be produced—caused at one time or another, five people to vanish!"

Uncle Colton had, all this time, been staring at the floor. His right shoulder was lower. Now he looked up.

"You can't prove a word you're saying!" he said defiantly.

"All I have to prove," Jason said, "is that the will now on file is a forgery."

"In other words," Lorrin said, "you can't prove anything."

"My brother Wayne," Jason went on still addressing Uncle Colton, "and your cousin Winfield spent years in Burma trying to track down Peter Blissing. They knew all that I know—possibly more. Aunt Bertha, you told me my brother was alive—a prisoner on this island. Where is he?"

"Your brother," Lorrin said, "is on this island. We will produce him in due course."

JASON gazed at him. "Lorrin," he said, "you are terrific. You are simply terrific. Uncle Colton, wasn't my brother here about two months ago?"

"Was he?" Lorrin said angrily. "Can you—"

"You said my cousin Winfield was dead," Uncle Colton suddenly interrupted.

"He was lying," Aunt Bertha said firmly.

"He was a stowaway in my cabin on the Tasmania," Jason said.

Uncle Colton was staring at him. "Did Winfield tell you any of the ridiculous things you're saying?"

"Inadvertently—yes. He gave me a phony name and a phony story. Because he didn't trust me; he didn't know where I stood. Mrs. Grazzard got into my stateroom and stabbed him with this thing and pushed him out the porthole, just as she got into my brother's bungalow in Kokala, stabbed him to death, got him somehow aboard her sampan—and dumped him into the sea."

Uncle Colton was bending forward, with his right shoulder well down.

"Colton," his sister said warningly, "remember what I said."



"But I want to know what he means. He says Winfield is dead? He says Winfield inadvertently told him things."

Jason took out of his pocket the slip of yellow paper which Roth, the room steward, had given him the morning following the stowaway's disappearance.

"Here," he said, "are some notes he was making shortly before she murdered him." He gave the yellow slip to Uncle Colton, who held it in trembling hands and stared at it.

"He made a list of the initials of all of us who are directly involved in this," Jason explained. "He was speculating about some of us, and he knew a great deal about the rest of us. You'll notice after my brother's and my initials a question mark. He didn't know where we stood. He could not have worked with my brother in Burma, trying to track down Peter Blissing, or he would have trusted me. He worked alone. He didn't even know my brother was dead."

"WHAT do the initials VA and IC stand for?" Uncle Colton asked.

"That," Jason answered, "is very interesting. Winfield Grazzard was an ordnance inspector in a certain steel plant. The initials IC and VA are stamped on all inspected equipment. You'll notice IC after the initials of Aunt Bertha, Lorrin and Mr. Mace. And you'll notice VA after Luana's and Natalie's initials. IC means 'inspected and condemned' and VA means 'viewed and approved.' I heartily agree with him."

"But what have these two young ladies to do with this?"

"Nothing," Jason answered. "He was speculating. But his comments on the other initials are very significant."

Aunt Bertha was stirring restlessly. "Let me see that," she said imperiously.

"In a moment," Jason said. "You'll notice, Uncle Colton, that there's no line drawn through my mother's and father's initials. They died naturally. But there is a line through the initials of Hiram Grazzard, Bruce Topping and Caroline Topping. He had somehow learned that those three were murdered. The dotted line through my initials is pretty obvious. I was next—because I, too, was learning too much. The only missing initials are his and yours."

Lorrin's face was gray and wet, and his eyes were black. "Have you finished?" he said.

"Almost," Jason said. "Will you talk now, Uncle Colton?"

Uncle Colton licked his lips. "No," he said. "You haven't proved a thing."

The screen door hinge squeaked again. Jason glanced at it. A short, bandy-legged man in bedraggled dungarees stood in the doorway. His thin black hair was plastered to his scalp. Water ran in trickles down his face. His shoes made a sucking sound with each step.

"At your service, sir," said Flack. "May I come in?"

There was a tall dark-faced young man behind Flack. He wore the khaki uniform of a Coast Guard officer. He looked about the room, then he turned and walked away. He looked grim and purposeful. Jason suspected that he wanted Singapore Sam Shay.

Natalie sprang up. "Flack!" she cried. "Oh, Flack!"

"Where," Luana cried, "have you been, Flack?"

"On Mrs. Grazzard's sampan," Flack answered. "It got away, Miss Topping. It drifted out to sea. And I regret very much to admit that I cannot swim a stroke. And I could not start the engine. Singapore Sam, who eventually rescued me, discovered that Mrs. Grazzard uses a secret starting switch. He is at present—"

"Where is my husband?" Natalie stopped him.

Flack gazed at her sadly. "I am very, very sorry to have to tell you, Mrs. Mace—he is dead."

Natalie sat down slowly with her hands to her mouth.

Flack glanced at Jason. "Shall I talk, sir?"

"By all means, Flack!"

"Lorrin!" Aunt Bertha cried. "Stop that man!"

"Don't move," Jason said grimly. "Go on, Flack."

"Yes, sir. When I left you, I stowed away in the bows of her sampan just after she and Mr. Mace went aboard aft. They were quarreling. Do you wish a verbatim report of the quarrel or just the gist?"

"For the present, just the gist."

"Yes, sir. He argued that she had gone too far. She accused him of bungling the job of killing you. He said he had had enough. She struck him, I believe, with a belying pin. It was all very sudden. She pushed his body over the rail. She did not even slow the sampan down."

Aunt Bertha started up. Lorrin started around the chair.

"Both of you!" Jason snapped. "Don't move! Flack, I am trying to convince this gentleman that he should talk. I think he may be inclined to talk now. She tried to kill him tonight, too. This is Mr. Colton Grazzard, Flack. Will you bear me out that she instructed Mr. Mace to kill me tonight and that he attempted it?"

"Yes, Mr. Amboy, I will, of course."

"Will you talk now, Uncle Colton?" Jason said gently.

"Colton!" Aunt Bertha said heavily. "It's no use, Aunt Bertha," said Jason.

"No, it's no use, Bertha," Uncle Colton echoed him. He licked his lips. There was elation in his thin dark face—a curious gratification.

"Tell it in your way," Jason encouraged him.

"Colton," Queen Bertha said, "I have warned you—"

"No, Bertha. I'm going to talk. I'm sick of it. I'm sick of you. All my life you've bossed me. You're a greedy, ruthless, horrible woman, Bertha! I hate you and I'm going to talk."

HIS sister was staring at him with blazing eyes. "You mean, you're going to destroy your own sister!"

"I'm so sick of all these horrible things you've done," Uncle Colton said. "You tried to kill me tonight. You killed this young woman's husband. You tried to kill this young man. You're a monster, Bertha. You'd kill your own son just as you killed your husband and Luana's father and mother and this boy's brother—if he stood in your way!"

"She didn't kill them!" Lorrin said savagely. "She didn't kill anybody! It's nothing but a scheme to extort money from us! It's a frame-up!"

"So help me, Lorrin," Jason said. "I'll shoot you if you take another step."

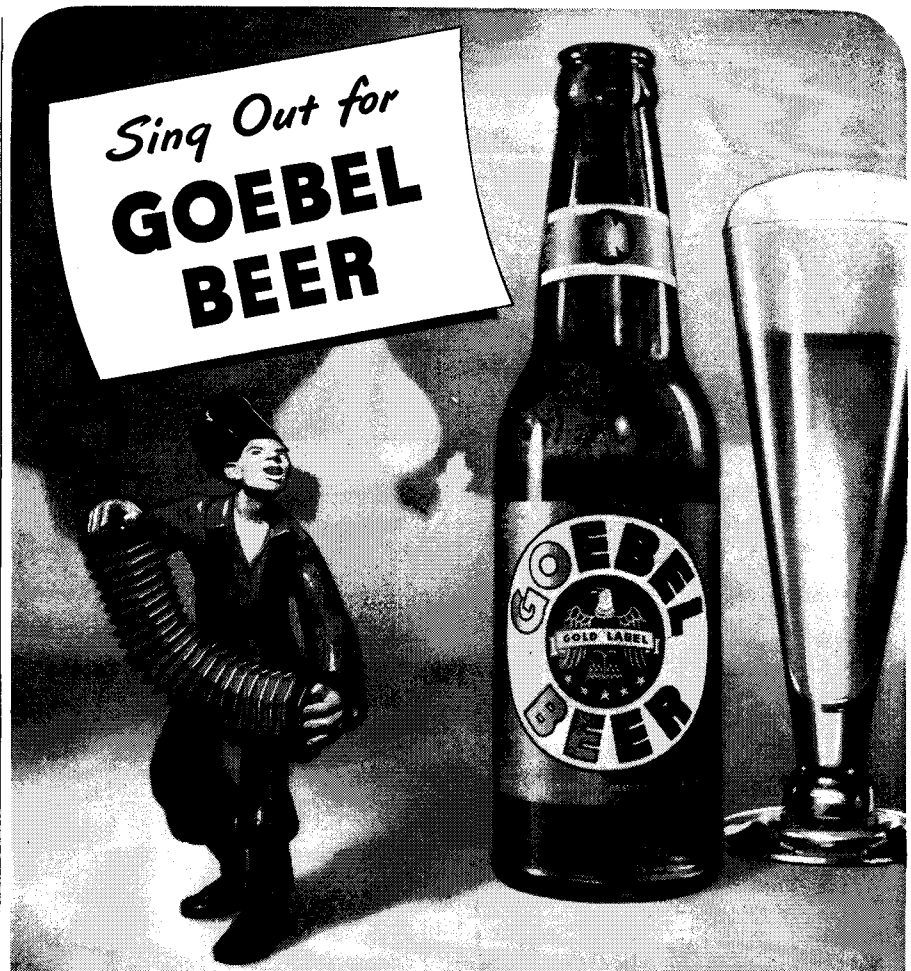
"Lorrin," Colton cried, "she killed your father! She told me so. She wasn't even ashamed of it. I saw her kill—"

"You're a liar!" Lorrin shouted.

"And this boy's brother—"

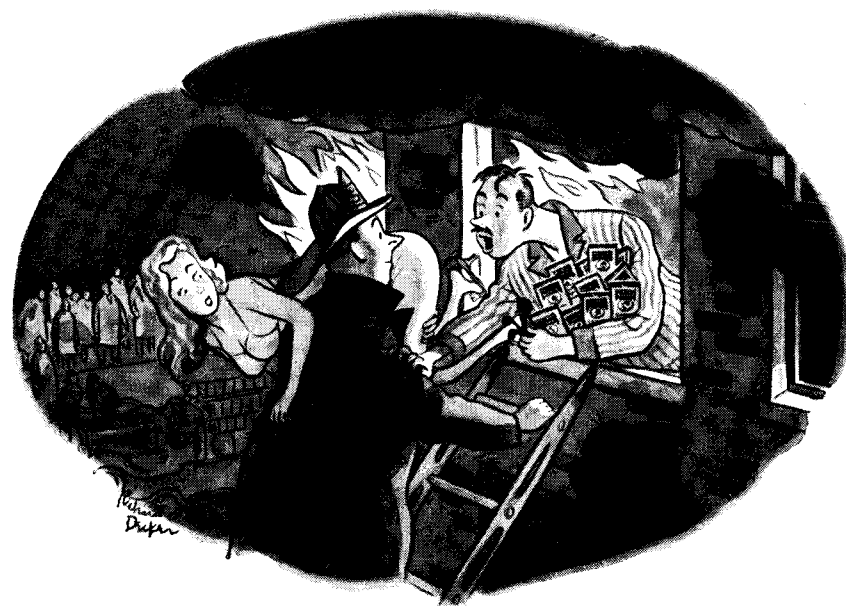
"Did you see that?"

"No, Lorrin. She told me about that, too. He had worked on this plantation for years. He insisted that she give him and this boy their share of the estate. He came here and I talked to him—down on the beach. I wouldn't let him land—but I talked to him. And I told her. She went back to Kokala and she went into the company bungalow where he lived. She stabbed him with that pencil dagger. She dragged his body into her car. She



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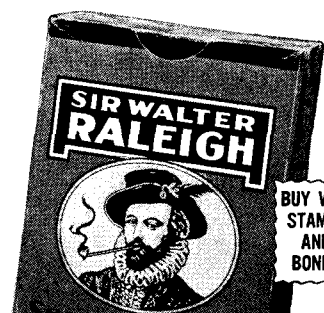
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loaded him into her sampan. She took him out to sea, weighted him down and dumped him overboard."

"I don't believe it!" Lorrin gasped.

Jason was watching Bertha Grazzard's face. The dull amber eyes were almost closed. She turned and walked slowly to the end of the room.

"Let her go," Uncle Colton whispered.

She pushed open the screen door and walked out.

"I can't believe this," Lorrin said thickly.

Natalie glanced up at him. "I can," she said grimly.

"Lorrin," Uncle Colton said tremulously, "every word this young man has said is the truth. It's an awful mess. I don't know what we're going to do about it. Things have gone so far. Sit down, Lorrin—sit down. You look sick."

Lorrin was glaring. "You little rat!" he panted. "You squealing little rat! You got plenty out of it!"

"I'm sorry you feel this way," his uncle said sadly. "What I got out of it is all in this room. Books, Lorrin! Books and solitude. That was how she bribed me. She knew I wanted that more than anything in the world. And I've loved the solitude, and I've loved these simple, kindly people who live here. They're my kind. I wanted to get away from her. I've always hated her."

"I know how you feel, Lorrin. You hate me. But I was in the room the night she had that quarrel with your father. You've never seen her like that. He told her he felt the Grazzards had always been too greedy—he didn't believe a few people had the right to control so much land. Then he told her that, under the terms of his new will, she would get only half, that the other half would be distributed among Luana's parents and this boy's parents. There was a fifty-thousand-dollar bequest to our cousin Winfield. When he finished, she flew into this awful rage. She screamed and ranted at him."

Uncle Colton closed his eyes a moment. He said thinly, "She poisoned your father, Lorrin. She told me so. When Dr. Hastings came to make out the death certificate, she hardly let him see your father's body. Did Dr. Hastings tell you this, Amboy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he suspect poison?"

"He did after we'd talked about it most of this afternoon."

LORRIN dropped into a chair and pressed the heels of his hands against his temples. "I don't believe it."

"You might as well begin to believe it," his uncle said. "It's the truth. She killed Luana's father and mother because they'd heard that quarrel, too—and may have suspected the poisoning. According to her lights, she had to kill them before the will she forged was probated."

Lorrin muttered, "You're lying, you're lying."

"I was there when it happened, Lorrin. I did inadvertently just what this man Flack did deliberately tonight. I was a stowaway on her sampan when she rode them down. I'd been feeling horrible. I had got myself very drunk. I felt like drowning myself, and I wish now I had."

"I went aboard the sampan that night and fell asleep in the bows. When I woke up, it was early morning, and the sampan was at sea, almost out of sight of the land. I was too sick to stand up. I was on my knees at the rail when I saw the outrigger dead ahead."

"She ran that canoe down before I could say a word. I was too weak to move. She ran it down at full speed, and she ran back and forth over the spot until nothing was left but kindling."

Jason was watching Luana. When she swayed, he started toward her. Flack helped her into a chair. She put her face into her hands.

"She didn't know I was aboard until she heard me being sick at the rail," Uncle Colton went on. "Well," he said wearily, "I did what she told me to. Until tonight, I always did." He looked pityingly at Lorrin.

"The Grazzard women have always been ruthless and greedy and domineering, but she was the worst of them all. Lorrin," Uncle Colton said gently, "your mother is dead."

Lorrin sprang up. He stood with his feet planted apart, staring at his uncle.

"When she went out that door, I knew what she intended to do," the old man explained. "She threatened to do it if things ever went wrong for her. I am very sorry for you, Lorrin. You'll find her at the foot of the fire *pali*."

JASON was finishing dressing when the tall, slim, black-mustached young man he had seen at Rodgers airport brandishing a brief case knocked at the *lanai* door. He still had the brief case in his hand.

He said briskly, "Mr. Amboy, my name in Carrington J. Hambledon." He spoke with a pronounced British accent. "I represent the British Aircraft Ministry."

"So you've heard that rumor, too," Jason said wryly.

"What rumor, Mr. Amboy?"

"That your government has bought my engine."

Mr. Hambledon's very British eyebrows went up. "But didn't you know, Mr. Amboy? The purchase has been authorized."

"Yes?" Jason whispered.

"Yes, Mr. Amboy. We have been testing the three engines we bought from you several months ago. We like them so much that we want to put the Amboy engine into immediate production for a new light pursuit ship—if we can agree on mutually satisfactory terms."

"Sit down, Mr. Hambledon," Jason said hoarsely. . . .

He had lunch with Natalie in her garden. She was pale, but she was composed and she showed no signs of tears.

"I suppose," she said, "it would be more becoming if I were in a slightly less philosophical mood. But, Jason, my emotional system is really bearing up rather well. Even when I learned definitely that Channing was dead—I was shocked only because he had died so unpleasantly. My only feeling is one of release."

"I think I understand," Jason said.

"Yes, I'm sure you do. You suspected all along that, underneath my bitterness, I was really in love with him. The curious thing is, I thought so myself. But I wasn't. It wasn't love. He held me with fear and hatred—and nothing else. He was always cruel and selfish and thoughtless. I can't even say honestly I'm sorry he's dead. All I wonder now is—just how guilty was he?"

"I think," Jason answered, "he wasn't really guilty—until last night—of anything but credulity. He believed what Queen Bertha told him about me—the blackmail story—and I think she worked him up to a pitch last night—so that he really wanted to beat my brains out with that club. And I think her real reason for killing him was that she told him too much. He certainly must have known that she intended to kill her brother."

"Do you think Lorrin knew?"

"He may have had his suspicions, but he was duped, too. What are your plans?"

Her blue eyes studied him. "Channing

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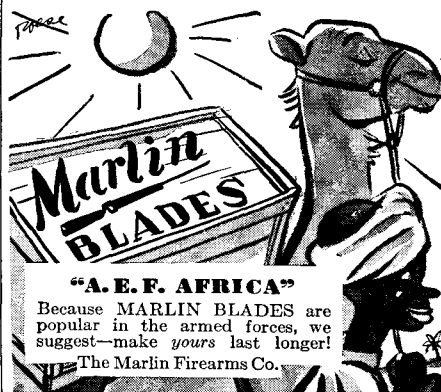
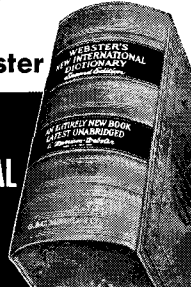
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WEBSTER'S  
NEW INTERNATIONAL  
DICTIONARY  
Second Edition



"A. E. F. AFRICA"

Because MARLIN BLADES are popular in the armed forces, we suggest—make yours last longer!

The Marlin Firearms Co.

## Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping the Kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. An iron clad guarantee insures an immediate refund of the full cost unless you are completely satisfied. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose under the money back guarantee so get Cystex from your druggist today for **only 35c**.



left me very well provided for—inadvertently. I'm going back to the mainland. I'm going to open a hat shop with my young sister on Hollywood Boulevard. It's where I really belong—the street of lights, love and laughter."

"You sound just a little cynical," said Jason.

Her blue eyes glowed at him. "But eternally hopeful, my dear."

LORRIN came to Jason's bungalow late in the afternoon. His eyes had a haggard expression, and his mouth was drawn. But he had himself well in hand.

"Of course, Amboy," he said in his heavy way, "I am deeply shocked by what has happened."

"I understand," Jason said quickly. He appreciated how this proud young man must be suffering, and he felt very uncomfortable.

"I assure you," Lorrin went on, "I am most anxious to clear everything up and to see that a just distribution of the estate is made under the terms of my father's original will. As soon as Uncle Colton can leave the hospital, will it be satisfactory if we all meet at my lawyer's in Honolulu?"

"Quite satisfactory," said Jason.

Lorrin took a deep breath. His dark eyes seemed to smolder. "I'm sure you'll be interested to know, Amboy, that Luana and I have broken our engagement."

"I am very sorry—for you," said Jason. At the moment he was sure he had never felt so sorry for anyone.

FLACK left with Singapore Sam Shay on the afternoon plane for Honolulu. They had been at Coast Guard headquarters since their return from Kahuna Island, answering questions, trying to explain how a cargo of yeast, consigned to the Quartermaster Corps of the United States Army at Nawiliwili, Kauai, in a sampan captained by an expert small-boat navigator and escorted by a destroyer halfway across the Kaieiwaho Channel, had happened to arrive at Kahuna Island, approximately fifty miles off course.

The Coast Guard officer in command of the patrol boat in which Luana, Lorrin and Natalie had followed Bertha Grazzard to Kahuna, had placed Flack and Sam Shay under arrest. They were a pair of extremely suspicious characters, he asserted, and should be held for a thorough investigation.

The situation was saved by the arrival at Coast Guard Headquarters of a colonel of U. S. Engineers. After a short private talk with the suspects, he quickly convinced the commanding officer at Coast Guard Headquarters how urgently cherry-picker and cat-rig operators were needed on numerous big-scale defense projects—and the two crane operators were freed.

Jason and Luana took them to the airport in her roadster.

"Flack, before you go out of my life forever," said Jason, "will you please give me an honest answer to that question?"

"What question, sir?"

"Why did you send Sam Shay up to the paddle-tennis court that night to wallop me?"

Flack looked uneasy. He glanced unhappily at Luana. "Mr. Amboy, I may never see you or Miss Topping again. Can't we part friends?"

Luana was smiling mysteriously.

"We are parting friends," Jason said firmly.

"I'm not so sure we will if I answer that question. I want you to remember me pleasantly."

"I will, Flack. I will always think of you pleasantly."

Flack glanced inquiringly at Luana. "Miss Topping, shall I tell him?"

"By all means," Luana said. "A man always loves to hear about his weaknesses."

"My weaknesses?" said Jason suspiciously.

A glint came into Flack's eyes. "Very well, Mr. Amboy. Here it is: I was extremely resentful of the way you continually told me I was flying high, going off the deep end, and running wild. I felt that you richly deserved that wallop. I hope you won't hold it against me, sir. . . . And I know your marriage will be very happy."

Jason and Luana saw them aboard the Honolulu plane, and they saw the plane take off, then walk back to her roadster.

He kissed her as she slid behind the wheel.

"Do you think so?" she said.

"What?" said Jason.

"That our marriage will be very happy?"

"It's certified," said Jason. "Flack is never wrong."

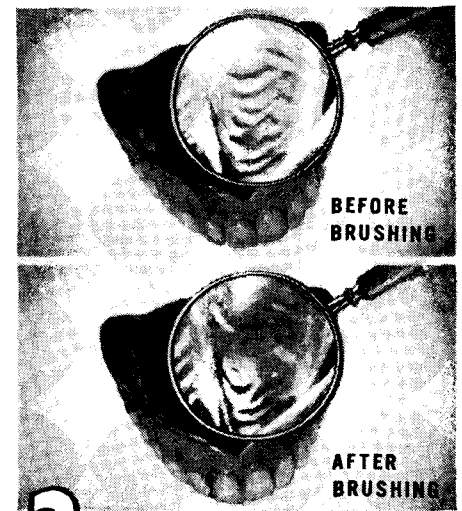
THE END

# DOUBLE DANGER TO FALSE TEETH IN BRUSHING WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS



## 1 BREAKING

The more you handle your dental plate while cleaning it, the greater the danger of dropping and breaking it. Brushing involves too much handling and too rough handling also. Millions of experienced denture wearers have changed from dangerous, old-fashioned brushing methods to the modern short-cut way of soaking the plate in Polident. Try it. You will find this method not only means the least possible handling but also cleans your plate thoroughly—beautifully.



## 2 WEARING DOWN

Toothpastes, toothpowders, soap and household cleaners are only "makeshifts" when it comes to cleaning dental plates—which are much softer than natural teeth. Brushing with "makeshifts" may scratch and wear down dental plates. See above pictures. *Fitting ridges worn down by brushing.* In addition, the scratches brushed into the plate cause stains to collect faster, cling tighter. To avoid this serious damage, soak your plate in Polident daily.

**PLAY SAFE... SOAK THEM  
CLEAN IN POLIDENT**

**DO THIS EVERY DAY!**  
Put one level teaspoonful of POLIDENT in 1/2 glass of lukewarm water. Stir briskly. Place plate or bridge in solution for 15 min. or longer—overnight if convenient. Rinse well—and use.  
*No Brushing—No Scouring.*

### PREVENTS "DENTURE BREATH"

The film that collects on plates, bridges, soaks up odors and impurities. This often causes offensive "Denture Breath." You won't know you have it—but others will! Yet POLIDENT, used regularly, dissolves film—leaves plates odor-free, sweet. Millions call Polident a blessing.

Soaking plates and bridges in Polident is not only a safer method—it's a much better way—cleans them thoroughly, beautifully. The Polident solution works into hard-to-reach corners and crevices and dissolves daily accumulations of food particles and stains.

Daily use of Polident maintains the original natural appearance of your denture. Polident is recommended by many leading dentists and approved by the leading makers of denture materials.

### LESS THAN A PENNY A DAY

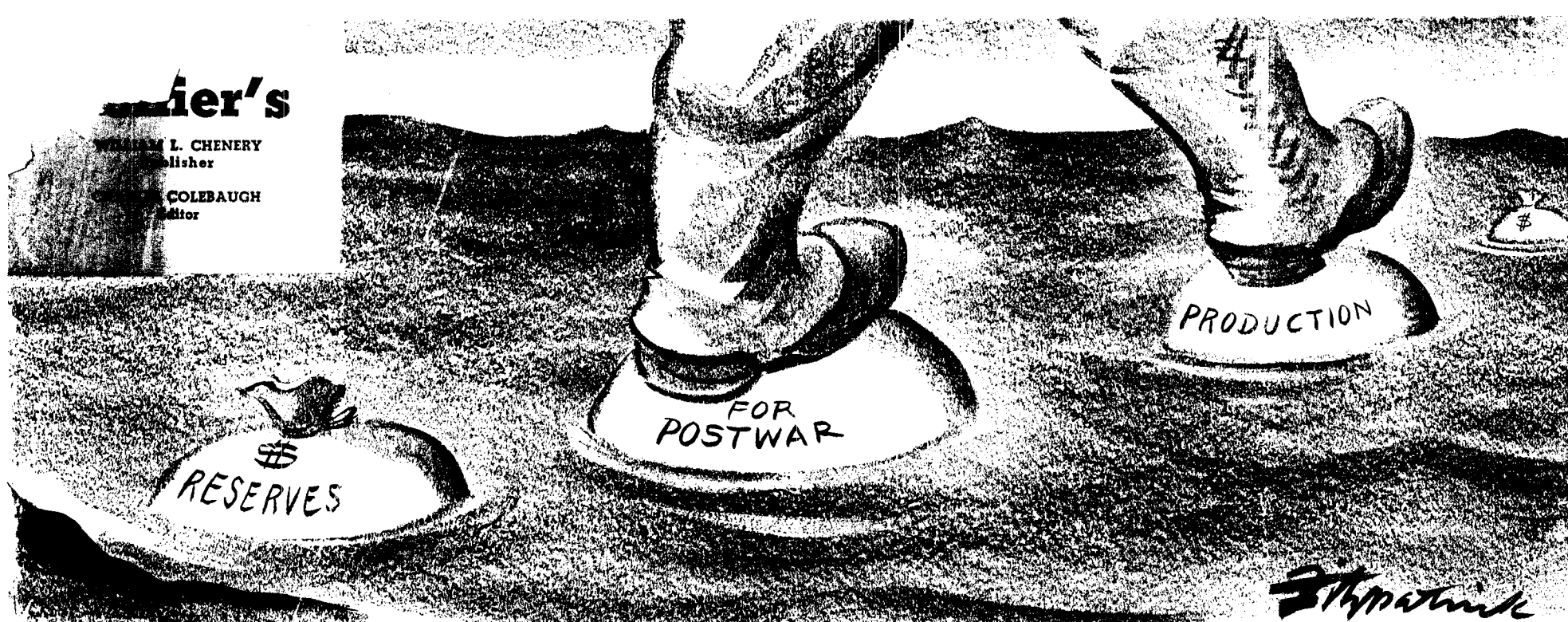
Generous 3 oz. size—30¢, Economy size, 7 oz.—60¢. At all drug, department, variety stores. Less than 1¢ a day for safe cleaning of dentures. Today—get Polident.

# POLIDENT

The Safe, Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges







## CASH FOR POSTWAR TRADE

**F**IRST we've got to win the war; but it is none too early to begin discussing ways and means for priming the peacetime industry pump as soon as the war is over.

One school of thought feels that nothing but the government can do this; that we must go on after the war for an indefinite number of years of deficit spending, WPA and PWA "work," and so on.

Government pump priming can help, but in nine years it failed to remove the threat of depression. In our opinion, private enterprise is the only agency that can furnish the millions of jobs that will be wanted when the boys come home, and that can turn out the millions of consumer items for which consumers by that time will be yelling their heads off.

It seems mathematical to us, too, that private enterprise can do this only if it has postwar money to invest in plant expansion or conversion to peacetime production, in building sales organiza-

tions, in organizing outlets, and so on. Therefore, we would like to put in an emphatic good word for a couple of proposals now in circulation looking toward the laying up of postwar cash and business prospects for American private enterprise.

One of these is the proposal that Congress, in levying new taxes, be careful not to make it impossible for industries to lay aside money reserves for quick mobilization while the fighters are demobilizing. A striking case in point (though by no means the only case) is that of the airplane industry.

This industry's expansion has been a major phenomenon of this war. It is turning out planes for military use, which after the war can be converted and dressed up into passenger carriers which will make present-day air travel look archaic by comparison. If the airplane industry is picked clean of its war earnings, however, it cannot make good in peacetime on this wartime

promise; and civilian air travel will be hobbled for years.

The other proposal that looks good to us is the "lay-away buying" scheme. Here's the general idea: The longer the war goes on, the scarcer consumer goods will become, yet the more people will be making enough money to buy those things if they could be bought. Why not, then, enable these people to buy a special government bond cashable in payment for autos, radios, refrigerators, prefabricated homes, etc., after the war?

The government would get this money to use during the war; the bond buyers would get a species of lien on the goods when they come into existence; industry would get a rough idea of how its postwar domestic markets might be expected to shape up.

So long as the bonds were made elastic, so that you wouldn't be bound to buy any particular article with any particular bond, we think the "lay-away buying" idea has great possibilities.

## SCORE ONE FOR FREEDOM

**W**E'VE deplored a couple of times in this space the recent Supreme Court decisions which permit towns to collect license fees from distributors of religious tracts or to prohibit such distribution altogether. These decisions look to us (as they looked to Chief Justice Stone) like dangerous nicks in the Bill of Rights, which flatly guarantees freedom of speech, press and religion.

It is a great pleasure, therefore, to report that the New York Court of Appeals, one of the nation's most respected tribunals, has refused to follow the Supreme Court in a case of this kind. The town of Irondequoit, Monroe County, New York, recently convicted a member of the Jehovah's

Witnesses sect of distributing and trying to sell Bibles and religious tracts without a license.

Said the New York Court of Appeals, tossing out the conviction:

The Bill of Rights embodied in the constitutions of the state and nation is not an arbitrary restriction upon the powers of government. It is a guarantee of those rights which are essential to the preservation of the freedom of the individual—rights which are part of our democratic traditions and which no government may invade.

At times when a legislative body has sought to invade a field from which, under the Bill of Rights, the government is excluded, and has violated rights

guaranteed by the Constitution, the courts must refuse to sanction the legislative decree. . . .

That is the long and the short of the matter, we believe—and in striking contrast to the tortured reasoning and hairsplitting of the Supreme Court's bare majority of five in these cases. Either a nation has liberty of religion, speech and press, or it hasn't. It cannot have the matter both ways. Until public opinion impels the Supreme Court to rectify this mistake, our home-grown enemies of freedom (of whom we have too many) will continue to have a toe hold for an all-out offensive some day against the constitutional provisions which make this country a democracy.

## THOSE 4 A. M. BLUES

**W**E SURMISE that a lot of Americans these days are having the 4 A. M. blues one or more nights per week. You wake up in the small hours and begin to worry about your boy away at the wars or about your family or your income tax or your Victory tax or whatever; and sometimes you keep at it till the alarm clock goes off.

This is not a guaranteed cure for the 4 A. M. horrors, but we think it will help in many cases. Just

reflect that at that time of day your vitality is as low as it ever gets in all the day's twenty-four hours, and that consequently you cannot expect your brain to function well. If you let it do so, your brain at 4 A. M. will feed you all manner of exaggerations, distortions and fears, which have little or no basis in fact. Your 4 A. M. thoughts are most likely not worth a hoot, and you cannot at that time have any reasonable hope of working

out sound plans for fighting your troubles next day. So, instead, why not "unlax" and go back to sleep?

Give this scheme a fair trial—say for five straight minutes—the next time you wake up and begin to flounder through the 4 A. M. blues. If it doesn't work the first time, try it again—and again. We think it is based on some very sound psychology.