



Burridge Carries On

IN THE NEXT CHAPTER

Burridge was sure she'd done the right thing. She wasn't so sure about the way she'd done it: you might say she'd used her place to deceive the mistress

BURRIDGE was polishing furniture in the drawing room when Mrs. Talbot hurried through in a white negligee, looking distraught. She gave a respectful little nod to which Mrs. Talbot paid no heed. So Burridge knew the mistress was in a tantrum. She wondered whether it was a new one or simply the remains of yesterday's. In the month she'd been waitress in the Talbots' New York penthouse, Burridge had wondered a good deal about the mistress' eruptive tendencies.

Take yesterday. At lunch, Haines, the butler, had brought in a telegram which Mrs. Talbot scanned and then, with joyful little cries, handed over to Miss Angela. Having at that moment to carry out the bouillon cups, Burridge, to her regret, missed the thread. When she brought in the sole, Mrs. Talbot was saying something about "the mission"—which was astonishing because Mrs. Talbot wasn't at all that sort of person—and Miss Angela, with a disturbed look, said, "But, Mother, I can't."

"Nonsense, darling," cried Mrs. Talbot. "Of course you'll go."

"But I have an appointment."

"Break it, darling, break it. This is important."

Burridge had to go fetch the broccoli just then. From the kitchen, she heard Mrs. Talbot's tantrum-scream, and as she came through the pantry door, Miss Angela, subdued, was saying, "Oh, all right." Mrs. Talbot removed a handkerchief from her eyes and helped herself to broccoli. Miss Angela's expression was one no girl of nineteen should have. And what, thought Burridge, do you make of that?

Later, in the kitchen, Haines remarked that young Roger Strong had come but Miss Angela was finishing him off in the front hall. With an excuse about linens, Burridge hurried into the pantry, and pushed the swinging door open a little so she could see them. Young Roger had his arms around the girl, hunching down his great height till his dark head touched her fair one. Miss Angela's face was white; her eyes enormous.

"You know I do," she said. "Always and always. But when Mother's in one of her moods— Really you must go now." She pulled out of his arms and drew him to the door.

An hour later, the two went out together, Mrs. Talbot looking triumphant and Miss Angela with that expression that tore your heart.

Mrs. Talbot was blondly handsome and so full of verve that, just at the start, Burridge had wondered how she'd do behind footlights. Just at the start, though. Mrs. Talbot was strictly social; you could mark that day in red that she wasn't flouncing off to cocktails and dinners, or having swells in for parties. Burridge enjoyed the parties. Stationed by the powder-room door to assist with wraps, she got to see everyone who came, and once she'd seen a gentleman she'd known in London. He hadn't noticed her, and she hadn't ventured to address him, but the moment had pulsed with feeling. Young Roger never came when grand company was present.

Mr. Talbot, a mildish gentleman, generally went to sit in his club when the mistress' tantrums came on. Sometimes, if the company was extra grand,

his expression became apprehensive. Once when she was serving at table, Burridge had heard him speak of his young days in Oklahoma, digging ditches that ended in Oil. That time, Mrs. Talbot's expression became apprehensive.

The closest Burridge had come to catching a glimmer was on the night loud voices in the living room had brought her, on tiptoe, to the buffet behind the dining-room arch.

"... and I don't care if she is your broker's wife," stormed Mrs. Talbot. "It's an insult to be asked the very same day. What does she think I am?"

"Not this, I don't suppose," chuckled Mr. Talbot, taking out his big old-fashioned watch and opening the back. "Remember, Kitty?"

"Oh," Mrs. Talbot let out her breath. "You don't mean you've still got that old snapshot!"

"You were mighty cute, Kitty. Those were nice times. Not so damn' much stewing around. I get a lot of fun thinking back."

"Well, I don't. I'm glad we're where we are. And that old picture—it's darling of you to keep it, but must you carry it around? If anyone ever saw it and started piecing things together—"

"Nothing to be ashamed of. You were cute. The cutest of the bunch."

Then, just as Burridge held her breath so as not to miss the thing Mrs. Talbot was ashamed of, one of them rang the bell. By the time Burridge had scudded into the pantry and out through the other door, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot were sitting quietly, requiring vermouth.

Burridge wondered about it all.

Polishing the furniture, she thought what a pity that you knew only what you picked up in odd snatches. The walls of this magnificent penthouse were thick, the doors had no keyholes, and it was bad form for a newcomer to put questions in the servants' sitting room. Besides, if you put questions to others, sooner or later others put questions to you. And that wouldn't do. There were things Burridge never talked about.

This was a good service she had—a fine room, American comforts, good wages. What with the devaluated pound, she was getting more than a character actress in the West End. Those were the things to consider. If she felt it a humiliation to be waitress at Talbots' when for five-and-twenty years she'd been the best-known theatrical maid in London, at least the Talbot's problems need not concern her.

MISS ANGELA'S bell rang just before noon. The girl sat at her desk in the window, and the sharp October sunlight emphasized the pallor of her face. Burridge reminded herself that the pallor was no affair of hers.

"And is it to be early lunch, Miss? Now what would you fancy?"

"Oh—" The girl gave a wan smile. "I don't want anything. I'd just like a letter mailed. Would you take it?" She held out a square envelope.

"Oh, come, Miss. You'd better have something."

"Maybe later on. I'll ring." She forced another bleak smile and Burridge stood there a moment longer than was necessary.

In the corridor, Burridge immediately scrutinized the letter. It was thick, marked Special Delivery, and addressed to Roger Strong in Minetta Lane. Burridge had no idea where (Continued on page 46)

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ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

Lions 'n' Tigers 'n' CLYDE

For 29 years the great trainer has carried on a flirtation with death. But he's still putting the show on the road



LIKE any year, the year 1921 had its memorable moments, but the most exciting thing that happened was, to a large number of people, the magic day that Howe's Great London Circus and Van Amburg's Trained Wild Animals came to town.

Oh, it was wonderful! Where the big, bright circus train had come from nobody seemed to know, but there it was. The night before, the familiar lot had been empty and full of weeds, but now, miracle of miracles, a great canvas city stood there, peopled by mysterious strangers who promised untold wonders and delights for as little as one thin dime, the tenth part of a dollar. There were pennants, freaks and cotton candy, lions, tigers and weak lemonade, a calliope, acrobats and Egyptian princesses, and before you knew it, the weeds had turned to violets and the smells were not of dust and roasting peanuts but rather of rare Oriental perfume.

Naturally there had been a parade, and after the parade, as early as twelve o'clock, Herman Hackenschmidt, the wrestler, appeared majestically on a platform overlooking the midway, flexing his muscles and daring to meet all comers. Men exchanged embarrassed glances with one another until finally a husky, sunburned farm boy, urged on by his friends, bashfully mounted the platform and met his inevitable humiliation while the crowd groaned its disappointment and hissed Hackenschmidt as a bully.

Emmett Kelly, "novelty clown and cartoonist tramp comedian," was in charge of capturing young hearts for Howe's Great London Circus, a feat he performed with antics which can only be described as incomparable. In addition, there was a real giant; an enchantress of snakes; the world's smallest soprano; Prince Bo Bo, the cannibal chief; Professor Montell Proctor's Colored Band and Minstrels; and Louis Roth, positively the King of All Wild Animal Trainers. Also listed in the program were six "cage boys," one of whom was Clyde Beatty, a muscular, bandy-legged youth of eighteen who, having been helplessly captivated by a circus poster some months earlier, had finally run away from his farm home near Bainbridge, Ohio, and was now engaged, at \$3 a week, as valet to the fearless Captain Roth's wild animals.

It has been 30 years since that happy summer when Howe's circus brought its magic to scores of American towns, but the basic flavor of the circus has not changed, and Clyde Beatty, the onetime cage boy, has proved to be especially durable. Not only is he now the sole owner of the Clyde Beatty Circus, a big three-ring show, but after three death-defying decades in the center ring he is still the foremost subjugator of ferocious jungle brutes in all the world.

While it is not a pleasant thought, the prospect of seeing a man eaten alive is irresistible to a great portion of the population, and so this summer, assuming it is a normal season, something over a million persons will again crowd under the big top to see a "gigantic host of sensational circus wizards headed by Clyde Beatty in person in the most dangerous, suicidal, bloodcurdling wild-animal display ever conceived and performed by man."

Barring sudden disaster, which remains an ever-present possibility, the pattern will be repeated hundreds of times in scores of towns and cities. First there will be a "gorgeously produced processional pageant of kaleidoscopic splendor featuring Spangleland Stars and Performers from All Parts of the World." Then Beatty himself, a curly-haired, forty-eight-year-old, five-and-a-half-foot welterweight

Stepdaughter Alvina Beatty, 17, riding lead elephant, travels with circus during summer, continues studies at Hillsdale College, Mich.

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